

THE PRABUDDHA BHARATA OR WAKENED INDIA

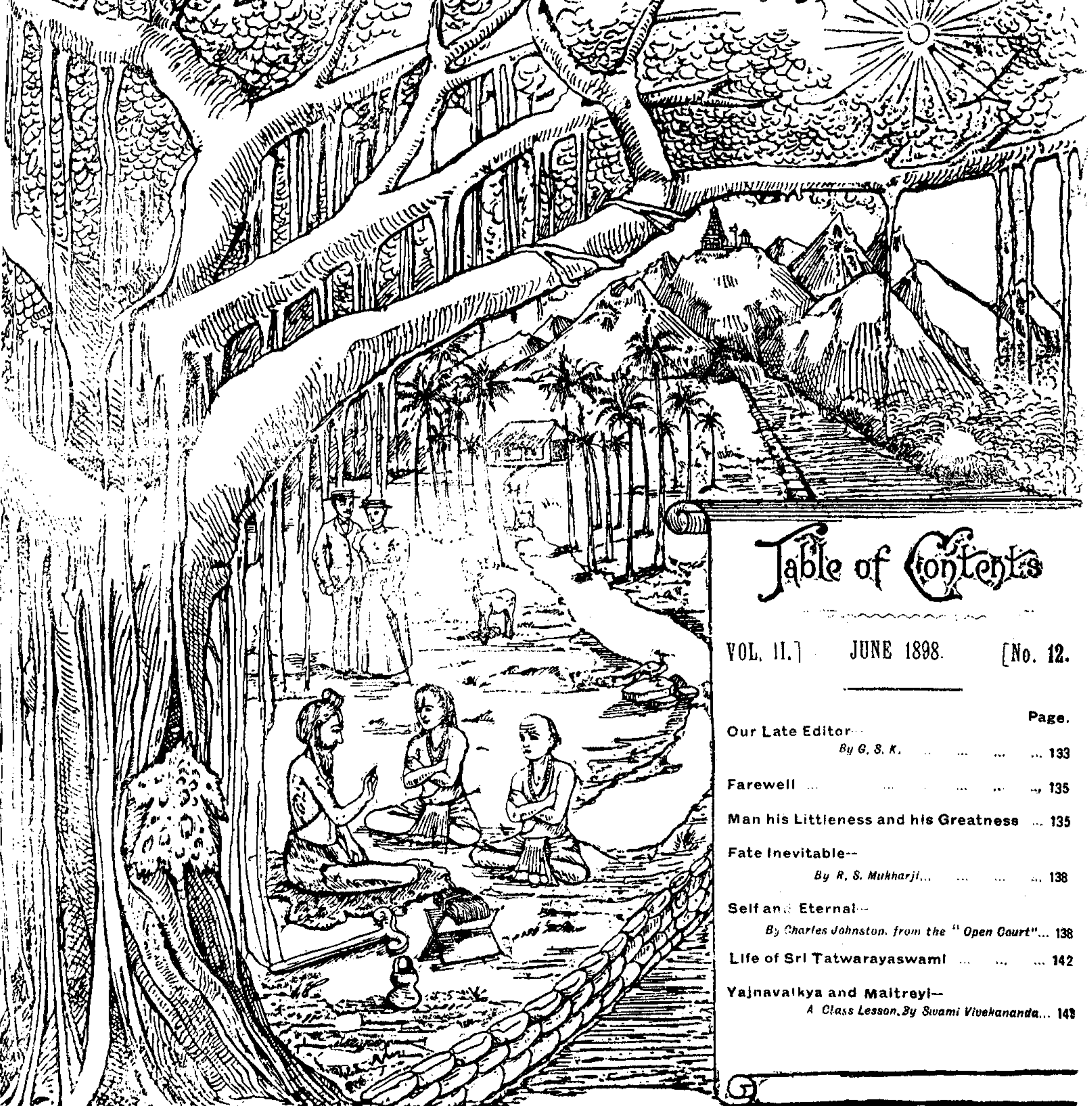


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Books Received.

We beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following books :—

Buddhism and Its Christian Critics. by Dr. Paul Carns. 8 vo. Pages 311. Price \$1 25. Contents:—The Origin of Buddhism, The Philosophy of Buddhism, The Psychological Problem, The Basic concepts of Buddhism, Buddhism and Christianity, Christian critics of Buddhism. *The Open Court Pub. Co., Chicago U. S. A.*

Karma Yoga. a criticism of Swami Vivekananda's teaching. by James Phillips. D. D.

An introduction to an exposition of the philosophy of the Bhagavad Gita. by Chhaganlal G. Kaji, L. M. and S., Medical Officer. Prince Victor Leper Asylum, Junagad, Kathiawar, a pamphlet of 35 pages Royal 8 vo.

The Hindu Holy Bible in Tamil. containing the 'Old Testament or Upanishads, compiled by Mr. S. P. Narasimmau Nayudu, Editor of the Coimbatore Crescent. Author of Great Religions of the World, &c. Price Re. 1-8-0. Apply to the Manager, Crescent Press, Coimbatore.

Jewel Mania கதைப் பொத்தலம் Part I in Tamil, by Mr. S. Ramaswami Aiyar, B. A., B. L., District Munsiff of Parur, Travancore Territory. Demi 8 vo., 181 pp. Price 8 as. Published by T. A. Swaminatha Aiyar, Black Town, Madras.

A free rendering of Swami Vivekananda's Lectures in lucid Tamil, by Mr. V. Nataraja Aiyar, Editor, "Lokopakari," Madras. Comprises Real and Apparent Man, Hinduism and Karma Yoga. Price 8 as. Demi 8 vo., 100 pp.

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* * * * *

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“He who knows the Supreme attains the highest.”—*Tait. Upa.* II. 1. 1.

VOL. II.
No. 12.

MADRAS, JUNE 1898.

PUBLISHED
MONTHLY.

Our Late Editor.

(It is with the deepest sorrow that we announce the death, on the 13th of last month, at the very early age of 26, of Mr. B. R. Rajam Iyer, B. A., Editor of *Awakened India*.) The deceased was in fairly good health, till in October 1896 he had an attack of intestinal obstruction which nearly killed him, but from which he fortunately recovered, and had ever since been in possession of good health. About two months ago a subacute form of Bright's disease set in insidiously, which was neglected at first and was discovered only about a fortnight previous to his death, when it had suddenly developed into its acute form, and, in spite of the best medical aid given, the disease steadily progressed and carried him away. To his numerous friends and admirers, his death will be a matter for most painful surprise. Our heartiest sympathies are with the unfortunate parents of the deceased, whose lot it has been to see their eldest and brightest son snatched away in the prime of youth; and we feel still more keenly for the widow, who having been a very loving and inseparable companion to him ever since their marriage, is now utterly inconsolable.

(Mr. Rajam Iyer was born in 1872 at Batlagundu, a village in the Madura District. Nothing that is of interest is known of his early life, except that he was a shy boy and never used to join in the ordinary boyish games and amusements. After passing his F. A. Examination at Madura, he came to Madras in 1887 and joined the Christian College, from which he graduated in 1889.) During the next three years, when he was attending the Law College at Madras, he devoted considerable attention to English poets and novelists, and in course of time he acquired a marvellous insight into the genius and art of English poetry, which is undoubtedly the grandest and most elevating portion of English literature. (Endowed by nature with an imagination which was at once lofty, subtle and wild, and a keen sensibility, he revelled by turns in Shakespeare, Byron, Keats, Shelley, Wordsworth and George Elliot. He seemed to have been most profoundly influenced by these masters, especially Shelley and Wordsworth, and to have permanently imbibed a genuine passion for truth, power and beauty, of which their poetry contains a purest and truest expression in such a vast variety—a passion which very soon developed into the philosophic yearning for realizing the Truth, the Atman itself.) He did not

confine himself to the English poets. He acquired a like insight into the beauties of the poetry of Thâyumâ navar, the great Tamil saint, and of the great Tamil poet Kamban, whom Mr. Rajam Iyer considered as the greatest poet of the world. Some idea of Mr. Rajam Iyer's appreciation of the leading English poets may be formed from the following pithy summing up by him of their respective merits—'Byron is an ocean-spirit so grand and powerful, Keats is a moon-spirit so sweet and sensuous, Shelley is an angel fluttering in the mid air between Earth and Heaven, Wordsworth a spirit of the lonely star standing aloof, self-luminous and witnessing all things with unruffled peace and ease, Tennyson is a sweet bard.' Mr. Rajam Iyer's abilities first attracted the attention of the public in 1892, when he published in the pages of the *Christian College Magazine* his excellent criticism on Kachikalambakam, a Tamil poem by the late Professor Ranganatha Mudaliyar, which is but an imitation of a species of mediæval and most artificial poetry. About the same time, he began to publish as a serial in the pages of *Viveka Chintamani*, his famous Tamil novel *Kamalâmbâl*, which the late P. Sundaram Pillai considered 'would do great credit to any first-class Magazine in Europe.' In the author's own words, the novel records "the innermost experiences of a restless soul which struggled much, and, after a long course of suffering, has at last found a fountain all undefiled and pure to slake its thirst of ages." The novel also aims at popularising Kamban, the great Tamil poet, by bringing into currency the rich expressions with which he has grifted the Tamil language. This being the main object of the novel, it is also a faithful portrait of Hindu life and manners, and is replete with sentiments breathing the subtle and imaginative poetry of Shelley and Wordsworth. Already, Mr. Rajam Iyer, had apparently come under the influence of Vedânta philosophy, of which the conclusions are largely adopted in his novel. Even English poetry was no longer sufficient for his growing imagination. For, in his own words, "Poetry gives both pleasure and pain: it has to record both the greatness of the universe and the littleness of man. Then again it cannot fall in love with the sultry day, the dirty tank, the barren desert and things of that kind of which there is no lack on earth. At the best therefore poetry is but a resting place on the wayside, a *mantapa* on the road to the Temple. A higher happi-

ness than what poetry can give is the birthright of man. It is his prerogative to be eternally and changelessly happy, to rejoice as much at sultry weather as at a moonlit night, to regard with equal composure the wanton wickedness of men and their benevolent self-sacrifice, not merely to weep with joy at a Cambrian sunset, and fly into space with a singing sky-lark's flight but to 'mingle in the universe and feeling what he can never express, but cannot all conceal,' become himself the sun, the setting, the splendour, the sky-lark, the singing and the sky and all the rest in the glorious universe. Man is destined to conquer the heavens, the stars, the mountains, and the rivers, along with his body, his mind, and his senses, and even in this life, to dissolve himself into boundless space, and feel all within himself the roaring sea, the high mountain, the shining stars, and the noisy cataract. In this sense, he is the Lord of the creation—its exultant and all-pervading Lord, the Parabrahman of the Vedas, and at this stage he is above all anger, all meanness, and all wickedness. The rage of intellect, and the storm of the senses are all over, and in the mind of the highest emancipated man, there is an eternal moony splendour, boundless beatitude that is above all expression."

(In 1894 he seriously set his heart upon realizing this Infinite happiness to which the whole creation is moving consciously or unconsciously. For two years he went about from place to place in the hope of finding some one who could cure the fever of his heart, otherwise preferring to remain alone and obscure and seeking the privacy of his own glorious light.) About the close of 1885 in Madras, where he always preferred to live because, as he said, he could lose himself in that wilderness of houses and be obscure, and in the busiest part of the town, he found some one who could put him in the way of acquiring that peace and happiness for which his soul was panting for sometime past. From this time up to his death, he addressed himself to his supreme duty with a single-mindedness, devotion and self-sacrifice which may be called truly heroic. Nothing could ruffle the sweet serenity and the even temper of his mind, and in the moment of the greatest physical agony, which he experienced during the attack of intestinal obstruction in 1896, and when face to face with Death now, he never fretted, faltered or feared. (He sought the company of no one except that of his Guru, and preferred to hide himself in the light of his own thought or rather *Existence*, for even thought and speech he felt as a burden. He was either meditating, reading devotional or philosophical works, or writing for the *Prabuddha Bharata*; and towards the close of his short life he devoted nearly the whole of his time to meditation, so much so that he found the editing of the journal a burden.) To all who went to him, he was exceedingly kind and courteous, and to the few who knew him intimately, he was a source of great strength, illumination and blessedness. Generally, he was sparing in speech, and it may be said he uttered a single speech and a thousand silences. He was most remarkable for his absolutely unoffending nature and cheerful calmness under trials.

During the two years the *Awakened India* was in existence, Mr. Rajam Iyer was its sole editor. It is not for us to speak of the merits of the journal under his editorship. But we may say that he brought to his work a real and intimate knowledge of the subject. He had himself realized, in no small measure, the Truth he was expounding, and always spoke from the innermost experience of his soul, and herein consisted the rare value of his writings. His one aim was throughout to present the

Vedanta in its purest and simplest form without losing sight of its essentially human and poetic interest, and to remove so far as it lay in his power, the several misconceptions and mysticisms which have gathered round it. To this end he assiduously studied the Upanishads, the Gita and works of Sankara. During these two years, he was not merely writing all the leaders, but, under several *nom-de-plumes*, almost all the articles appearing in each issue, of which his stirring account of Nanda the Pariah saint is the most typical.

In our view Mr. Rajam Iyer was a most beautiful and genuine flower of English education considered in its moral and spiritual aspect, not the less so because it bloomed and blushed unseen. A poetic soul, nursed and fed by the greatest masters of English poetry, he gradually outgrew their influence, only to come under the influence of the highest poetry of the Upanishads and of the Atman itself. As must have been observed, the transition from Poetry to Philosophy was so gradual and imperceptible. Mr. Rajam Iyer used to remark that true Poetry and true Philosophy are identical and the end of both is the same. Surely God must be the reward of a whole hearted devotion to what is grand and beautiful.

While Mr. Rajam Iyer's life thus illustrates on the one hand the possible power of Poetry as a means for salvation, it illustrates on the other that God is His own law and reveals Himself under any conditions and that he certainly refuses to be bound by the orthodox conditions. A young man, yet in his twenties, without actual experience of life, becoming an aspirant after salvation is what would not appeal to an orthodox imagination. A real Vedantin and yet a devoted husband, an untiring though a silent worker, with a sympathy, in his universality, with antipathy itself, Mr. Rajam Iyer was a most practical and convincing protest against all the superstitions and idle apprehensions currently entertained of Vedanta, whose end, he was always holding, is the highest culture. All men are bound, and are working, and that with a view to be happy. They differ only in the sort of happiness which they obtain and in the manner of obtaining it. The happiness we generally obtain is more or less impermanent: while ourselves trying to be happy, we inflict harm on others. Now the Vedantin, too, works for happiness, but works with the immediate object of realizing an absolutely permanent happiness without causing the least injury to others. Now the chief value and peculiarity of Mr. Rajam Iyer's life consists in that he so early felt and recognized the value of such happiness and of an ideal so purely transcendental and impersonal, under conditions apparently out of the way of and hostile to such recognition and, succeeded in realizing it by realizing his own Self, the One without a second.

G. S. K.

Before closing we may remove a misapprehension which seems to have crept into some quarters. It was remarked that 'Mr. Rajam Iyer died a martyr to his philosophy'. If this means an insinuation that any *Yoga* practice followed by him, led to his ill-health and untimely death, we hasten to assure Mr. Rajam Iyer's friends and admirers that the *Nishta* or contemplation by which he realized the Atman was none of the common breath-stopping or tip-of-the-nose-watching kind. He lived a glorious and happy life, and died a natural and peaceful death. We who were with him till his last moments were struck with his serene and calm bearing to the last; and we could not wish to live more wisely or die more calmly.

P. S.

Farewell.

(We regret very much to intimate to our subscribers that we are forced to stop the journal with this issue, as we find the loss sustained in the premature death of our Editor, Mr. B. R. Rajam Iyer, irreparable. Except the few 'Contributions' and the 'Extracts,' all the articles were written by him, some under the following pseudonyms: T. C. Natarajan, M. Ranganatha Sâstri, A Recluse, and Nobody-knows-who. And if the articles were pleasing and edifying in a high degree, it was because the writer had himself some realization of the Truth, and his views were developed under the teaching of a great sage, the Mann whose 'Meditations' appeared in the journal.)

Even before he came in contact with the sage, the writer had a most marked religious bent, as shown by the leader of this issue, which was the article which first attracted our attention to him. On reading the article in the *Brahmavadin* in 1895 we felt the hand of a great man and longed to find him. And when we sought him out, we found him an unpolished diamond. He had himself been in search of a master for over two years, and we most opportunely fell in with him and took him to the sage, whom he accepted as his Gurn after some preliminary discussion. He soon received the necessary polish and his thoughts found vent in the *Prabuddha Bharata*. To praise his articles would look like self-praise, but those who have enjoyed and profited by them need no such words from us. Suffice it to say that the sage above referred to, remarked of the articles that they were 'அழ்வரத்தி'—inspired words.

To those who could read between the lines, it must have been evident that the *Prabuddha Bharata* presented a peculiar interpretation of the Vedanta, and in this sense the journal had a marked individuality or personality, that of its editor, or of the sage, his Gurn. It is our belief that the extraordinary popularity of the journal all over the length and breadth of India and even abroad was due not so much to the Vedanta merely as such promulgated by the journal as to the peculiarly beautiful and non-mystical interpretation which the journal presented. And as there is none to our knowledge who can rightly fill the place of the saint-editor whom we have lost, we are unable to continue the journal as other journals or magazines might under similar circumstances have been continued.

The journal was not started with the object of making money, but that of preaching the Truth. Truth broad and open as day-light and free from the hundred superstitions, mysticisms and misconceptions which adhere to it. Although, through the kindness of our subscribers, the journal was a thorough success as a business concern, yet in the interests of Truth it is our most painful duty to bring the journal to a close, in spite of the sore disappointment which we are aware this message will cause to our many subscribers, to whom we take this opportunity of bidding a sad farewell.

Of course the proposed Tamil Journal, *Prabodha Chandrika*, which promised to give full scope to the rich imagination, fine critical faculty and ecstatic outpouring of the departed genius, will not be started.

(The *Awakened India* office will, however, be continued, and copies of the second volume and the back issues as well as the books of the *Prabuddha Bharata* and *Brahmavadin* series will be sold.)

The Prabuddha Bharata

OR

AWAKENED INDIA.

JUNE 1898.

Man his Littleness and his Greatness.*

Familiarity, it has been said, is our worst enemy. There are ever so many things in this world, which, because we see them daily, we have ceased to be curious about. 'How few of us look at the sky,' Ruskin asks. Indeed, very few really see it, for it has been our companion from the earliest moments of our lives, and has by its assuring constancy lulled to rest the spirit of questioning. The child stares with surprise at a stranger, but never so at its own mother. To Miranda, the desert bred maiden, Fernandez, though quite as much man as her own father, is full of curiosity and interest. For the same reason, we look more wistfully at a new spinning-wheel than at the sky, with all its serried phalanx of stars. If, however, the same sky with its gilded heraldry, had not been when we were born, and were to surprise us with a sudden arrival, our wonder and curiosity would reach a poetic height, and the lowest of the little men of earth would lift up his hands with awe and reverence and pour forth in the simplicity and fulness of his fear a hymn of praise with almost Vedic vigor. But now look at our dulness. The sky is hourly, minutely phenomenal. No two moments of its life are alike: clouds pass and repass; the sun rises and sets with epic pomp, the moon shines out with lyric sweetness; there is a ceaseless rising and falling of the curtains above, and the scenes there are being endlessly shifted; but the majority of us are perfectly dull to such charms, though we know absolutely nothing about them.

But why talk of the sky: we are hardly concerned with it; how far it is going to meddle with our day's work, the meteorological chart shows us, and that is quite enough for all our practical purposes; let us go to things nearer home; let us take man himself, the one object in creation with which we are most closely concerned. Very few men can rid themselves of human associations; in work and out of work, we are always with man. 'Society, love and friendship' is the silent cry even of our spare moments. But what do we know of man? Nothing. He comes and goes, we do not know where. One man is a poet and another a warrior, we hardly know why. Man breathes while he lives, but at the moment of death breath fails: no human physiology can tell us satisfactorily enough what it is, that lies breathless, and what that which was breathing, why we came, and where we go, if the life we lived ends with death, and whether we are matter, or spirit, or soul, or mind, or the senses, or everything, or nothing. The great and profound mystery that encircles us all around baffles our feeble attempt to unravel it, and it was in the fulness of this sense of the darkness around that Goethe cried out, 'We are eternally in contact with problems.'

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Man is an obscure being : he knows little of the world and of himself least of all.' In the same way Rousseau has said 'we have no measure for this huge machine—the world. We cannot calculate its relations ; we know neither its primary laws nor its final causes. We do not know ourselves ; we know neither our nature nor our active principle.' These are great sayings—the sayings of men who have at least shaken off the dulness of familiarity. To feel the mystery, to understand the problem, to recognise the feebleness of our understanding is itself a privilege in the world, where man too often falls a victim to the sense of familiarity, and, being hardly able to raise himself above his little concerns that rise in successive surprise, resembles the fisherman swimmer on the sea who, while battling with its wavelet for the sake of prey, feels not the majesty of its voice or the glory of its storms.

We of to-day are, however, the heirs of ages and great men—god-like men have been before us ; and in the light of the visions they have had, and the truths they have bequeathed to the world, we shall proceed to chalk out however vaguely the range of the curious self-reflecting animal called 'man.'

इन्द्रियाणिपराण्याहुरिन्द्रियेभ्यः परमनः ।

मनसस्तुपराबुद्धि र्याबुद्धेः परतस्तुसः ॥

i. e., the senses are higher than the body, the mind is higher than the senses, the intellect is higher than the mind ; the soul or the *Atman* is higher than all these.

Man has been called 'the roof of creation ;' but he can hardly be so called if we take his body alone into account. Though he is 'express and admirable,' as Shakespeare puts it, in form and moving, animals there are which are stronger, more beautiful, more majestic and better than he is in the qualities of the body. Huxley considers the horse the best built animal in creation. There is a majesty about the tusked Indian Elephant to which the best gladiator can lay no claim. The bearing of a lion is more royal than that of a horn king. The gait of a well-bred bull of Southern India would shame that of a warrior. The peacock's spreading its feathers is a splendid festival. Not even Nurjehan had the soft complexion of a parrot. The skylark, the 'pilgrim of the sky,' is much more privileged than man chained down to earth. The cobra that spreads its hood at the sound of sweet music is almost divine, while the Garuda bird that hymns across the sky is certainly so. Man, then, is not more favored than other animals in creation, in point of physique, and is indeed a more dirty animal than many a wild beast. Schopenhauer considers the faces of most men common-place. Pattanathu Pillaiyar, the great Dravidian philosopher, says, 'I have survived the shafts of women's eyes : My lord has made me one with Him. So whether I live or die it matters not, my happiness is all the same. Still it is disgusting to bear company with this body.' The pride of man is not therefore his body. The dignity he has and the majesty of his 'heaven erect' face are primarily due to the grandeur of the spirit that beams forth from within.

Passing on from the body of man to his senses and mind, there too we find he has little reason for pride. So far as the activity of the senses is concerned, he is almost inferior to animals. Schopenhauer goes to the length of putting him down as decidedly lower than most animals. There are men that make the tiger and the bear good and virtuous. The tiger and the bear

have enemies marked out instinctively. The tiger does not interfere with the crow, the bear kills not cats. Man on the other hand has no such discrimination with respect to his quarrels. 'All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, and the fish of the sea and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas—all are his possible enemies. From the innocent ant upwards to man himself, there is not one animal which he hesitates to injure for his purposes. In the storm of the senses the most sacred of social relations are set at nought. One word, *dâyida*, meaning a cognate, has become a synonym for foe. Schopenhauer says, 'Do we desire to know what men morally considered are worth as a whole and in general? We have only to consider their fate as a whole. That is want, wretchedness, affliction, misery and death. If men were not as a whole worthless, their fate would not be so sad.' And then when we take the question of criminal responsibility into account, when we remember that man has few instincts of enmity to obey and has a will free to use and abuse, we hardly know where to place him in the list of living animals. The ant and the spider have taught many a man. The parliament of the bees would shame the assembly at the Westminster Hall. The gentleness of the cow is proverbial. Serpents with their ear for music and their taste for flowers and smells would shame a poet. Man's boundless selfishness, his vanity, his cruelty, his arrogance and wantonness are purely devilish and Hamlet might well ask, 'Who would bear the oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely, the pangs of despised love, the law's delay, the insolence of office and the spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes?' Indeed a great French writer has remarked that he is not worth living who has not in the midst of men even once seriously thought of suicide, 'Blow, blow, thou winter wind, thou art not so unkind as man's ingratitude,' has in it a philosophy that must be appreciated. Pascal said that half the evils of the world would vanish if only people will learn to be quiet, but that man cannot ; and as the *Gîtâ* says, he is doing *Karma* and sowing the seeds of sinful life every moment of his existence. The rage of the lion, the rancour of the elephant, the ferocity of the tiger, the venom of the serpent, the low cunning of the fox, the ugly instincts of the boar, the vileness of the rat have all their counterpart in the mind of man. Nay, he often overdoes these so-called lower animals, and is weaving a constant and ever thickening web of hatred and desire as naturally as a spider weaves its cobweb.

Now passing on to man's intellect, we observe he leaves many animals far behind. Indeed the intellect is a saving element in him. Newton losing himself in his mathematical calculations leaves the earth far behind. Archimedes running naked from the river with a grand discovery in his head is a demigod in human form. Galileo, 'the Tuscan artist viewing the moon through optic glass' from the top of Fesole is a veritable mountain spirit. But, alas ! how few are our heroes, how few when compared with the vast and never ending wilderness of men. Every man has intellect, but, mixed up with his senses, it is no more a sanctuary to shelter him, but a whirlwind to toss him to and fro, on the already stormy sea of this sensuous world. Intellect, the precious gift of man, is in most cases prostituted, and, in professions like that of the lawyer and the merchant, proves often a curse to the society and to the individual. It may be that it is given to us 'to fill the heavens with commerce,' 'to rift the hills, roll

the waters, flash the lightnings, and weigh the sun.' As Rerian says, the world has a destination, and to its end it goes with a sure instinct. So forward, forward let us range, that the great world may spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change, and as we go let us sing a triumphant anthem to the deity of knowledge—the goddess Saraswati.

But in the highest height of knowledge where are we? What we once knew to be water we now know to be oxygen plus hydrogen; but what is hydrogen and what oxygen—who can tell? What we once knew to be an element we now know to be a compound, but what further can we say? In Biology, in Geology, in Physiology, in Astronomy, in Physics, in Chemistry, and in fact in every one of the various branches of human knowledge there is an imperial edict, 'Thus far shalt thou and no further' thundered forth in solemn majesty; and as we go farther and farther, the mystery thickens instead of dissolving, so that at last after an untiring, earnest and almost frantic pursuit after the phantom of knowledge, the verdict has come forth from the lips of no less an apostle than Kant that ontology is unknowable. It is, however, an old conclusion given out in all humility by Socrates in Europe and Sankara in India. Newton's metaphor, that he was but playing on the shore of the roaring sea of knowledge, was no mock humlility. I take a drop of water, I call it water and cast it away. Turner takes it and draws it on a piece of paper. Tyndall takes it, weighs it, examines it by the microscope, and wonder of wonders—innumerable creatures are found living in it, all full of life, full of consciousness, and full of activity and carrying out their mission on earth with as much earnestness and freedom as man. Poor Tyndall is struck dumb with awe and wonder, lets fall the little drop and swoons away in meditation. As for knowing that drop of water, neither you, nor I, nor Turner, nor Tyndall can do it, it is impossible and absolutely so—a melancholy conclusion, no doubt, but inevitable.

In point of intellect, then, though we are far superior to other animals, with the ever ringing 'I know nothing,' we have no special reason to be proud—much less to glorify ourselves as the lords of creation. We hardly know what beings beside ourselves live, what powers they have, what worlds hang out on space. We do not know the air we breathe, the earth we stand on, the stars that shine above—'those innumerable pitiless, passionless eyes in the heavens which burn and brand his nothingness into man.' But we know that the universe is boundless, that there are millions and millions of worlds like ours, that the whole creation is unutterably grand, and that we ourselves with the littleness of our body, the lowness of our senses, with the feebleness of our understanding and with our wickedness, vanity, and ignorance are unspeakably insignificant. We are atoms, poor insignificant atoms in this mighty, measureless and glorious universe. In the old superstition man was the centre of the world, but

'He is now but a cloud and a smoke who once was a pillar of fire

The guess of a worm in the dark and the shadow of its desire.'

There is one faculty, however, in man which goes a little way in making up for this extreme littleness. It is the faculty of imagination: it is a magic possession as precious as the fabled jewel in the head of a toad. It is a

priceless faculty with which we can measure the universe. Of it the poet has said—

'Whatever God did say
Is all thy plain and smooth uninterrupted way:
Nay even beyond His works thy voyages are known.'

Poetry, I mean the highest imaginative poetry, like that of Shelley and Wordsworth is its most fragrant flower. True, we cannot understand the universe, but we can enjoy it. As Wordsworth so beautifully puts it, 'The poet is content to enjoy the things which others might (or might not) understand.' Shelley really measures the sky when he sings—

'Palace-roof of cloudless heights,
Paradise of golden lights!
Deep, immeasurable vast
Which art now and which wert then!

.....
Presence-chamber, temple, home

.....
Even thy name is as a good.

.....
Generations as they pass

.....
Worship thee with bended knees.

Nay, not content with this, he is able to go farther and say,

'What is heaven? a globe of dew, &c.

Here is poetry of the most splendid kind, a tacit but rapturous recognition of the power of the human mind, which tramples under foot the low cares of life, and soars aloft like the sky-lark into the domain of boundless space, becoming for that time that boundless space itself. No fetters can here bind the man, nothing can check his heavenward flight, and no one here at least can say, 'Thus far shalt thou.' Sing forth, O spirit, till your dirty bonds break asunder, for thou art on the road to salvation, very near the radiant throne of the Almighty, who rejoices in thy flight and welcomes thee with open arms. Here man is grand, nay, boundlessly so.

Even this is not the height of man's glory, for poetry, gives both pleasure and pain: it has to record both the greatness of the universe and the littleness of man. Then, again, it cannot fall in love with the sultry day, the dirty tank, the barren desert and things of that kind, of which there is no lack on earth. At the best, therefore, poetry is but a resting place on the wayside, a *mantapa* on the road to the Temple.

A higher happiness than what poetry can give is the birthright of man. It is his prerogative to be eternally and changelessly happy, to rejoice as much at sultry weather as at a moonlit night, to regard with equal composure the wanton wickedness of men and their benevolent self-sacrifice, not merely to weep with joy at a Cumbrian sunset, and fly into space with a singing sky-lark's flight, but to 'mingle in the universe and, feeling what he can never express but cannot all conceal,' become himself the sun, the setting, the splendour, the sky-lark, the singing and the sky and all the rest in the glorious universe. Man is destined to conquer the heavens, the stars, the mountains, and the rivers, along with his body, his mind, and his senses, and even in this life, to dissolve himself into boundless space, and feel all within himself the roaring sea, the high mountain, the shining stars, and the noisy cataract. In this sense, he is the Lord of the creation—its exultant and all-pervading Lord, the Parabrahman of the Vedas, and at this stage he is above all anger, all meanness, and all wickedness. The rage of intellect and the storm of the senses are all over, and in the mind of the highest emancipated man, there is an eternal moony splendour,

boundless beatitude that is above all expression. Now he can sing with the author of the Maitreya Upanishad—

अहमस्मिपरश्चास्मि ब्रह्मास्मिप्रभवोस्म्यहम् ।

सर्वलोकगुरुश्चास्मि सर्वलोकोस्मिसोस्म्यहम् ॥

i.e., I am myself, I am others, I am *Brahman*, I am the author of creation. I am the *Guru* to the whole world, and I am the whole world, and I am He, for he is himself the *Atman*, the birthless, changeless, deathless *Atman* whom swords cannot kill, fire cannot burn, water cannot moisten and wind cannot wither. This then is the height of human glory, which man, senseless man, is battering away every moment for the low pleasures of life—this his birthright which, blinded by passion, he sells away for 'a mess of pottage!'

Most of us do not know ourselves: we do not realise our resources; we do not think about the treasures that lie concealed within the four walls of our little frame. The Vedānta philosophy, like Manackāl Nambi in the story of Ālavandār, invites us to take hold of our priceless birthright and be eternally happy. This the grand promise of the Upanishad which, not few have found, is kept to the very letter. Having thus known the potentiality of man, the greatness to which he is heir, the psalm shall no longer be:

'O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth, who hast set Thy glory above the heavens, when I consider the heavens the work of Thy fingers, etc.,' but

'O man! O man! how excellent is, Thy name in all the earth, who hast set Thy glory above the heavens—who art Thyself the heavens, the sun, the moon, and the stars, and the God that made them all'—Aum Tat Sat.

Fate Inevitable.

It was mid-night. A dim oil-lamp was giving light to a low-built-hut in the village of Subarnapure in lower Bengal. The occupants of the hut, a young Brahman and his spouse, were locked up in the fond arms of profound slumber. With a sudden start the husband awoke and found a straw from the thatch falling down on the floor. In the twinkling of an eye the straw changed into a cobra-de-capello, and bit the sleeping wife, who groaned and died in consequence. The Brahman was very much astonished at this curious incident. Leaving the cremation of his wife to his relations, he followed the reptile, which in an instant left the hut. After crawling a few yards, the snake turned into a jackal and killed a boy who had just come out of a house. The jackal then left that village and entered into another village and was transformed to a mad dog and killed two pedestrians. The Brahman was silently following this wonderful creature and watching its movements unseen. He had resolved to see it to the very end.

Now it was morning: the great orb of the day was appearing in the eastern horizon. The hitherto sleeping nature was reviving to fresh animation. The mad dog again changed shape, and turned into a big buffalo and gored to death some more persons. This being done, it left that place and took the Grand Trunk Road, and after proceeding a few miles changed into a beautiful damsel of sixteen and sat under the cooling shade of a *Bar* tree. It so happened that two up-country Rajput brothers were returning home by this road after their long

service in Upper Bengal. No sooner did the female figure meet their eyes, than they were enamoured of her beauty. Both went near the charming damsel and the elder brother enquired her of her whereabouts, but ere she had answered his questions, she said she was dying with thirst and wanted a glass of water. The elder brother hastened to the nearest well with his *lota* and *duri*, and asked the younger to take care of the stranger in his absence. In a few minutes the elder returned with a *lota* of water, but was amazed to find that the girl was beating her breast, tearing her hair and crying piteously. The girl in a bewailing tone informed the elder Rajput that his brother had attempted to ravish her in his absence, that she had entreated him to desist from the attempt, that he had given no heed to her entreaty, and that her honor was saved only by his timely arrival. The elder Rajput's anger knew no bounds, he threw off the *lota*, and quick as lightning drew his sword from its sheath. Though the younger knew that his brother was labouring under a misapprehension, he could not wait to give an explanation, as none but a coward Rajput would delay in measuring his sword with his antagonist when challenged. A fight ensued. Both were expert warriors. Their swords clashed and flew fire. The fight was desperate. To kill or to die was their resolution. The duel went on for about half an hour, in the course of which both the brothers were mortally wounded; they began to lose blood, fell down faint and expired at the damsel's feet.

The damsel, who had all this time been laughing in the sleeve, stood up and made toward a neighbouring forest; and when she was in the midst of it, changed to an old Brahman. The young Brahman, who had hitherto been silently watching this wonderful creature, now came forward and asked the old Brahman, who and what he was. The old Brahman gave no answer and quickened his speed to avoid his pursuer.

The young Brahman followed the old one in quick pace, and overtook him shortly. The following dialogue then passed between the two:

Young Brahman.—I have been watching your actions from the very beginning. Pray tell me who and what you are, and why you committed so many foul deeds.

Old Brahman.—Don't interfere with me. Begone, or remain at your peril.

Young Brahman.—Had I not washed my hands of my life, I would not have followed you to this lonely forest. I fear not death. Pray, let me know what I want to know, or I will kill myself in your presence, and thus you would be the cause of my death.

Old Brahman.—I am a messenger of Yamarāja (Death), and to carry out the behest of my master I did what you saw me doing. If, in the natural course of events the commission of an act becomes impossible, we, the messengers of death, step in for the fulfilment of the same. Now depart in peace and leave me unmolested.

Young Brahman.—One word more and I have done. Pray, tell me, how, when and where I shall meet my death.

Old Brahman.—I cannot. Leave me.

Young Brahman.—I will not, unless and until you tell me what I want to know.

Seeing further parley with the irresistible young man of no use, the messenger of Death replied thus, and vanished. "At the 50th year of your age, in the river Bhāgirathi, you will be devoured by an alligator."

The young Brahman became very much terrified on learning his sad destiny. However, to avoid it, he resolved not to return home, and he retreated to a place where

even the name of the river Bhâgirathi was known only to a very few. Here he lived in the house of a rich man who had no issue. During the Brahman's stay at the rich man's house, the wife of the latter presented him a handsome boy; this made the Brahman's advent in the house an auspicious event, and he was all the more adored for it. Time went on, and the boy grew in age. The Brahman was engaged as tutor to the boy, and in a short time the boy grew very fond of his teacher.

It so happened that a grand *yog* for bathing in the Bhâgirathi drew near. People bathing there on this *yog* occasion will have their sins of the past and present lives washed off. The rich man proposed to go to the Bhâgirathi with his family and child, and bathe in it on the holy occasion. Every preparation was made for the journey. The rich man desired his son's tutor to accompany him, but he flatly declined to do so. When the boy came to know that his teacher was not going with them, he sternly refused to go along with them; the mother would not go without the child. The rich man was in a fix. Now the teacher must go with the family, or they would lose this golden opportunity for washing off their sins. When much pressed, the tutor revealed all, and plainly told his patron why he feared to bathe in the Bhâgirathi. The rich man argued that prophecies are not always fulfilled; in any case, they were perfectly on the safe side, as the bathing ghat would be fenced up with stout iron railings and the water in it dragged. The tutor reluctantly gave way. In due time the party reached the sacred bank of mother Bhâgirathi. The family performed their ablutions. Now the tutor went to the river and dived, but no sooner was he under the water, than his pupil jumped down into the river, turned into a big alligator, caught the teacher's neck and disappeared, saying, "O! Brahman, you have given me no end of trouble for my weakness in yielding to your request, but, see, a man can never avoid his destiny."

R. S. MUKHARJI.

Self and Eternal.*

A Study of Indian Monism.

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON.

"As the web-wombed spider puts forth and draws to him, as trees come forth upon the earth, as from a living man his locks and tresses, from the unchanging eternal comes forth all the world."

—*Mundaka Upanishad.*

The teaching of the Upanishads is this: the real self of each being and of all beings is the supreme eternal; this self, though unchanging, falls into dream; it dreams itself first into many separate hostile selves; then it dreams for their enjoyment the manifold sensuous life of the three worlds; then, that the hostile selves may not fall into perpetual fascination and enthrallment, the self dreams the last and sanative dream of death; and through the power of that last dream the wandered selves find no lasting joy in their sensuous ways, for they see that all this fades and wastes and wanes; that there is no unchanging joy outside the self, the self has re-become one and

awakened from all dreams to the reality of its immemorial oneness.

Thus awakened from the dream of life, they see the steps through which they fell to dreaming the dream of the world; they see that, as the rivers come from the ocean and return again to the ocean, as kindred sparkles come forth from a well-lit fire, so this dream of the world, this world of dream, came forth from the self, from the eternal, that the seers plainly see as the womb of the worlds.

These teachings of the Upanishads are high inspirations and intuitions, from the golden dawn of India's life,—if indeed their essence and doctrines be not older even than India. To these high intuitions we cannot rise at once, though they awaken strong echoes in our hearts; for, since those sunny days, the self's great dream has grown heavier and darker, so that we can no longer hold clear truth directly by strong intuition, but must fortify intuition by intellect; must support the verdict of our souls by the reasonings of our philosophies.

Thus, it came that, in the latest period of India's life, the clear intuitions and shining wisdom of the Upanishads were expressed anew in the philosophy of the Vedânta, whose lucid thought and admirable statement can compare with the highest work of the human mind in any age, and only gain by the comparison.

When one speaks of the Vedânta, one means for the most part, the greatest man of the Vedânta school, the Teacher Sankara, who holds in India the supremacy that Plato holds in Greece, or Kant in the philosophy of today. Though his life was very brief, Sankara did all that could have been done to restore for later ages the pure wisdom of India's dawn; the Upanishads themselves he commented on and interpreted, writing much also of the poem which best reflects their spirit, the Bhagavad Gîtâ,—“the Master's songs.” In his day, the learning of the school of the Vedântins was enshrined in a book full of enigmas and obscurities, quite meaningless in parts, without an added explanation; this obscure book of memorial verses, the Brahma Sutras of Bâdarâyana, Sankara took as the theme of his most extensive, and, doubtless his greatest work, and did all that lucidity, intense concentration of thought, and fluent language could do, to make its dark places light, its rough ways smooth. Besides all this, and many practical labors of reformation and teaching that accompanied it, Sankara found time to write a whole series of lesser works in verse and prose, full of that wisdom of old, the love of which was the single passion of his passionless life.

From one of these lesser treatises, the “Awakening to Reality,”—*Tattva Bodha*,—we shall take so much as is needed to make quite clear, in the language of philosophy, what is meant by the great Indian teaching of oneness, the doctrine of the one self in all selves, the unity of the self and the eternal.

After certain sentences of introduction and benediction and an enumeration of the power of mind and heart required for the gaining of wisdom, Sankara harks back to the title of his book, and asks,—for most of the work is in the form of question and answer,—“What is the discerning of reality? It is this,” he answers; “That the self is real; that all things other than self are delusive.” Then with that intentness of logical thought which gives Sankara such a charm, this is at once followed by another question and a definition: “What is the self? He who stands apart from the physical, emotional, and causal, vestures; who is beyond the five veils; who is witness of the three modes; whose own nature is being, consciousness, bliss,—this is the self.”

* This excellent article which appeared last year in the ‘Open Court’ is published in this journal with a view to give it a wide Indian circulation which it so eminently deserves but has not yet had.—ED.

Not a word in all this, whose meaning is not nicely and carefully defined, whose exact value in thought is not precisely ascertained. And as this sentence contains all that the self is not, as well as all that the self is,—in a word, all things whatsoever that exist,—by gaining a full insight into this one sentence we shall have mastered the whole world-teaching of the Vedāntins, and, above all, their supreme teaching of the One, above every change and seeming separation.

Beginning with what the self is not, in the individual, and with the assertion already made, that the physical vesture is not the self, Śāṅkara asks: "What is this physical vesture?" And replies in a formula full of concentrated meaning, in which the wisdom of many ages, of many philosophers, is worn down to the fewest possible words: "Formed of the five elements five-folded, born through works, it is the dwelling where opposing forces like pleasure and pain are experienced; it has these six accidents: it becomes, it comes to birth, it grows, it change, it declines, it perishes; this is the physical vesture."

We may ask here, as Śāṅkara does in a later part of his book,—when he has left the individual to speak of the building of worlds,—what are the five elements of which the fivefolded nature of the physical body is formed? We must preface the answer by saying that, from the very beginning, Indian philosophy had become entirely penetrated with the thought that we can know nothing except our own states of consciousness; that anything outside our states of consciousness can only be, as Professor Huxley once said, matter for more or less probable hypothesis. With this belief and knowledge, the best Indian philosophy never speaks of matter and force as things-in-themselves, as independent realities, as anything but more or less probable hypothesis; the phenomena which we should call the phenomena of matter and force they always expressed as far as possible in terms of our states of consciousness, and not as independent realities.

Looking in this way at the phenomena of the physical world,—the field in which the physical vesture is manifested,—they found that the states of consciousness from which we infer the existence of the physical world have five leading characteristics or qualities, or shades of colour; in other words, the states of consciousness, which not only represent, but also are, the physical world, are five; these five are what we call the five senses, and what Indian philosophy calls the five perceptive, or knowing, powers: hearing, touching, seeing, tasting, smelling.

In order to reach clearness of thought, to give expression to that tendency of our consciousness which sets subject and object up against each other, in complement to each other, they further divided each of these types of physical consciousness into a trinity of subject, predicate, and object; as, seer, seeing, seen; hearer, hearing, heard; knower, knowing, known. Then, seeking for an expression by which the last term in each of these trinities might be expressed by itself, and spoken of as having, for the sake of hypothesis, an independent existence, they developed the terminology of the five elements, ether, or rather the "forward shining" or "radiant" power, as the outward complement of hearing; wind, breath, or air, as the complement of touch, or, rather, extension; fire or light or radiance, as the complement of seeing; the waters, as the complement of tasting, because taste can only apprehend fluids; and, lastly earth, as the complement of smell.

But as each of these hypothetical elements of sensation contains within it the possibilities of other sensations than

the dominant one,—camphor, for example, being seen and touched and tasted, as well as smelt,—they were led to say that these elements, these types of physical consciousness, were not simple but compound, each having in it, besides its dominant character, a possibility of each of the other four; the dominant character and the four other subsidiary characters make the "five-folded" nature of the elements spoken of by Śāṅkara. Thus, the physical vesture or body is "formed of the five elements, five-folded."

It is "born through works," or, as we should say, it is subject to the law of causality; which, for the physical body, largely takes the form of heredity. Then again, the physical vesture is subject to the six accidents of generation and birth, growth and change, decline and death. This needs no comment. In each of these characteristics there is also implied a sentence of discrimination: "Therefore this is not the self." The physical vesture is subject to causality; the self is not subject to causality; therefore the physical body is not the self. The physical vesture is subject to change; the self, the pure idea of "I am," is not subject to change; therefore the physical vesture is not the self, and so on, with the other characters.

This doctrine of the five elements is, therefore, not merely defective physics, but far rather a metaphysical attempt to render the phenomena of physical consciousness, the physical world, into terms of our states of consciousness, in a simple and methodical way.

So far is the physical vesture, the first of the series of things which the self is not defined in order to show what the self is. The self is, further, other than the subtle—or psychic or emotional—vesture. This vesture, again, corresponds to a primary fact in our states of consciousness. We quite clearly recognise one set of facts in our states of consciousness as being outward, physical, objective; we not less clearly recognise another set of facts in our states of consciousness as being inward, mental or psychic, subjective. Both sets of facts, both series of pictures and feelings, are outward from consciousness, other than consciousness, objects of consciousness; therefore both are not self. But the clear difference between them must be marked; therefore, the outward, objective series are spoken of as the physical vesture, while the inward, subjective series belong to the physical or emotional vesture. Looked at closely, the real difference between these two is, that physical things are constrained and conditioned by both space and time; while psychic, mental things, though subject to time, are free from the rigid frame and outline of space. Both are, of course, subject to causality:

In the psychical, as in the physical states of consciousness, there are the "five knowing powers;" and we also speak of "the mind's eye," "mental touch," and so on. Indeed, according to Śāṅkara's philosophy, hearing, seeing, touching, and the rest are purely psychical powers, even when manifested through physical organs, as "the eye cannot see of itself, nor the ear hear of itself."

As the physical vesture is the complex or nexus of the physical states of consciousness, so the psychical vesture is the complex or nexus of the psychical or mental powers and states of consciousness; these are free from the tyranny of space, though subject to causality and time.

The mention of Kant's famous triad, space, time, and causality, brings us to the third vesture, of which Śāṅkara writes thus: "What is the causal vesture? Formed through ineffable, beginningless, unwise, it is the substance and cause of the other two vestures; though unknowing as to its own nature, it is yet in nature unerring; this is the causal vesture." Without comment,

this is hardly intelligible. The idea in it is this: Our states of consciousness, the pictures and feelings and sensations which are objective to our consciousness in unbroken series, are expanded, the one part in space and time, the other part in time only. Both are subject to causality. That is, the series of pictures, of feelings, of sensations are presented to our consciousness in a defined order, and we interpret this order as implying a causal connection; we consider the first of two states of consciousness in a series as being the cause of the second: the second as being the effect of the first. This attribution of causality, the division of our states of consciousness into cause, causing, and caused is a separation in a double sense. In the first place, it divides the single substance of existence threefold, into cause, copula and effect; and, in the second place, it separates the single substance of existence from consciousness, by establishing the idea of knower and known, of observer and observed, and thus sets up a duality. Now it is axiomatic with the Vedānta philosophy, for reasons which we shall presently see, that this duality does not really exist; that the substance of being, the self, is not thus divided into knower and known observer and observed.

Therefore it is said that this causal vesture or complex of the idea of causality is formed of unwisdom, the unwisdom which sets up a division in the undivided One. Now the idea of causality goes deeper than either space or time. It goes deeper than the idea of time, because time, properly considered, is a product of causality. Causality divides the objective into causal series. The elements of these series must appear before consciousness in order, in succession, for this succession of effect to cause is the essence of causality. Now it is this very succession in the series of objects, images, sensations, which is the parent of the idea of time; for consciousness of itself has no idea of time. If consciousness had a sense of the passage of time, then the sense of time, in different states of consciousness, would be equal; but in waking and dream, in dream and trance the sense of time is entirely different. Therefore the sense of time is derived, not original in the self; it has its rise in the succession of images which is the effect of causality.

Space is a further derivation of the same idea, arising from the presence of more than one causal series—or series of images, conditioned by causality—being presented to consciousness at the same time; thus giving a breadth or sideways extension to perception; and this breadth of extension is the sense or the idea of space.

Thus the ideas of time and space are not original and independent but derivative from the idea of causality; hence the causal vesture, or complex of the idea of causality, is said to be the cause and substance of the other two vestures, the psychical—or vesture of causality and time—and the physical—or vesture of causality, time, and space. We saw already that the causal vesture is formed of unwisdom, because the causal idea, the distribution of the one substance of being into causal series, is not inherent, or a property of the thing-in-itself, but merely the result of our mode of perception, "a result of intellect, which applies the idea of causation," as Sankara says, thus anticipating almost the very words of Kant.

Born of unwisdom, this idea of causality is necessarily beginningless, or outside of time. Because, as causality is the parent of time, it naturally follows that it cannot be expressed in terms of time, or be said to have a beginning in time. As again, this causal idea goes to the very root of intellect, it cannot be expressed in terms of intellect; so it is said to be ineffable, or not to be spoken of in the language of intellectual thought.

This causal idea seems to have its root in the seeming necessity of the one substance of being, the eternal, to reveal itself to itself gradually, in a successive series of revelations. This gradual series of revelations of the eternal to the eternal is the cause of manifested existence, or, to speak more strictly, is manifested existence. Now this gradual series of revelations implies a gradually increasing knowledge which shall stop short only at omniscience, when the whole of the eternal is revealed to the whole of the eternal. And each step in this gradual revelation is perfect in itself, and a perfecting and supplementing of all the revelations that have gone before. Hence each is "in its own nature unerring." But we saw that the revelation of each part of the eternal is in three degrees: first, as conditioned by space, time, and causality, in the physical world; then, as conditioned by time and causality, in the psychical or mental world; and, lastly, as conditioned by causality only, in the causal or moral world. Therefore the revelation in the moral world is freer from conditions than the other two, free from the errors of time and space, and thus "unerring wisdom" as compared with these. But before the whole of the eternal can be revealed to the whole of the eternal, the causal idea must disappear, must cease to separate the eternal into causal series; so that the causal idea is an element of error, of illusion, and therefore "unknowing as to its own nature." This plenary revelation of the whole eternal to the whole eternal is "the own-being of the supreme self"; therefore the self is above the causal vesture, the causal vesture is not the self.

To change for a moment from the language of philosophy to that of common life, the teaching is this: The individual is the Eternal; man is God; nature is Divinity. But the identity of the individual with the eternal, the oneness of man with God, is veiled and hidden, first by the physical body; secondly, by the personality, and lastly by the necessity of continuity which makes one physical body succeed another, one personality develop into another in the chain of rebirths which continuity and the conservation of—mental and moral, as well as physical—energy inevitably bring forth.

Now, freedom from this circle of necessity will only be reached when we have succeeded first in seeing that the physical body is not our true self, but outward from and objective to our true self; then that the psychic body—the complex of mental states—is likewise not our true self; and, lastly, that our causal vesture—as containing within it the suggestion of our separate individuality opposed to other separate individualities and thus different from the plenitude of the eternal which includes all individualities—is not our most real self; for our most real self is that very eternal, the "Theos which is all things in all things," as another teacher says. This is the awakening from the dream of the hostile selves, which, as we saw at the outset, the self falls into, and from which it will awake into a knowledge of its own fullness as the eternal.

The self, Sankara further said, "is other than the five veils." These five veils—physical, vital, emotional, intellectual, spiritual—are a development of the idea of the three vestures. The physical veil is the physical vesture, regarded as a form rather than as matter; as formal rather than material, in harmony with the conception of Faraday, that the atoms of matter are really pure centres of force; the seeming substantiality of matter belonging not to the atoms at all, but to the web or network of forces which are centred in the atoms. The idea of a "web" of forces is exactly that of the Vedānta, which con-

stantly speaks of the world as "woven" by the Eternal, as a spide weaves his "web."

The next three veils—vital, emotional, intellectual—are sub-divisions of the mental or psychical vesture. A precise determination of their values would lead us too far into the mental psychology of India to be practicable at present. The spiritual veil, again, is the causal vesture, of which we have said much already.

Again, the "three modes" of which the self is "witness," are what are called the Vedānta: waking, dreaming, and dreamlessness. They are the fields of the activities of the three vestures: waking, the field of the physical vesture; dreaming the field of the psychical or mental vesture, whether in day-dreams or the dreams of night; and dreamlessness, the field of the moral or causal vesture, whether in waking inspiration, dreaming vision, or dreamless trance. Here, again, to develop the subject fully would lead us too far afield.

Freedom, the conscious oneness with the most real self, which is the eternal, consists in setting aside these vestures, in stripping off these veils. How this is to be done we can best show by repeating the words of Sankara: "Just as there is the firm belief that 'I am the body,' 'I am a man,' 'I am a priest,' 'I am a servant,' so he who possesses the firm conviction that 'I am neither priest nor self, nor man, but stainless being, consciousness, bliss, the shining, the inner master, shining wisdom,' and realises this in direct perception, he verily, is free, even in life."

The life of Sri Tatwarayaswami.

About three hundred years ago, in a place called Veeramānagaram, the central part of the Madras Presidency, was born the subject of our sketch as the nephew (sister's son) of a great man with whom he was destined to be connected in a much closer and stronger tie than that of mere blood relationship. The latter was senior by a few years only; and the earthly mission of the two being one and the same, they exhibited a strange liking to each other from their very infancy. Being Brāhmins they were duly educated in Sanskrit and became very learned in the Sacred Scriptures. In addition to this, they also attained to a high degree of scholarship in Tamil. They were strict in the observance of Śāstric injunctions as to external and internal purity, conduct in life and reverence to elders and so on. At a very early age, while they were yet bachelors, both of them took the same right view of life—there is no permanent resting place in the world of the senses and intellect. Life is deceptive, man being played upon every moment and led into pit-falls by his organs of action and knowledge. The little pleasures which he occasionally gets are bounded on either side by pain, and resemble the minute drops of honey in thorn flowers, and that the only refuge from death, delusion and pain, is to direct the vision inward and become the unconditioned and changeless One, Whose glory the *Upanishads* declare, and Whom Nature trying to translate, heaps universe upon universe during myriads of centuries and still does not express her great harangue going on from eternity, which is put an end to by the *mauna* (silence) of mind. To get back to the centre from which all life starts, the two boy prodigies made sallies into the secret recesses of the Śrutis, but the more they wanted to go in, the stronger became the obstacles in the way, and after years of unsuccessful rōping in the dark they felt the need for the hand that would lead and the personal light

that would reveal the impersonal light within. The world had no temptations for them, they having done all that one has to do with the world in previous incarnations; and its Sirens' songs were to them like the howlings of demons from which one would seek to fly. They did not care to marry, and were determined to be done with the false life of sin and sorrow before their breaths would stop, and they sought the Truth with such one-pointedness that they were called by their neighbours and relations Tatwarāya and Swarūpananda respectively. Their former names have not been handed down to us, but that is immaterial.

Tatwarāya and his uncle Swarūpananda, finding the insufficiency of book-learning and being anxious to obtain a teacher, went from place to place with the eagerness with which a man whose hair has caught fire, runs for water, but nowhere could they find a satisfactory guide. After wandering thus for a long time, they one day rested under a banyan tree in a beautiful grove, and there settled the following plan, namely, that one of them should go North and the other South, and whoever finds the teacher first and realises the Truth should become the teacher of the other. This, as the event proved, was a wise plan. Swarūpananda went Southward; and after visiting many villages, towns, forests, mountain-caves, river-sides and ruined temples, besides the famous places of pilgrimage such as Srirangam, Jambukeswaram and Paingili Vallarai, he went to Govardhan, when all on a sudden he felt a strange blissful sensation creeping over his body and his hair stood on end. It was a delightful feeling similar to what the poet describes in the following lines:—

For more than once when I
Sat all alone, revolving in myself
The word that is the symbol of myself,
The mortal limit of the Self was loosed,
And passed into the Nameless, as a cloud
Melts into Heaven. I touched my limbs, the limbs
Were strange not mine—and yet no shade of doubt,
But utter clearness, and thro' loss of Self
The gain of such large life as matched with ours
Were Sun to spark—unshadowable in words.
'Themselves but shadows of a shadow world.

This assertion of the Over-soul which was as blissful as spontaneous, gave Swarūpananda the hope that his weary sojourn was at an end, and that the true Guru he so eagerly sought was there, within the limits of that village. The delighted wisdom-seeker went round the village three times as a mark of honor to the holy land; and, entering it, inquired of the people of the village if there was any great sage, *mahatma*, there. They told him that near the place was a dense reed bush, in which lived a great man whose name was Swāmi Sivaprakāsa, and that he would on some evenings come out of it. Needless to say that Swarūpananda hastened to the spot and waited outside for the appearance of the sage. One evening the Swāmi came out, and the young devotee ran to him, fell at his feet, wetted them with tears, saying, "Salutation, O Lord, full of compassion, O friend of those who prostrate themselves before Thee, hallowed be Thy holy feet. Sprinkle on me thy grace, O Lord, scorched as I am by the forest-fire of birth and rebirth, gratify my ear with ambrosial words as they flow from Thee, mingled with the essence of Thy Self-experience and the bliss afforded by Brahmajñana, sacred and cooling. Happy are they who come into Thy sight even for a moment, for they become fit recipients of divine wisdom and are accepted as pupils." The Swāmi raised him from the ground, and, looking at him, found that he was an earnest seeker. Then they

conversed for a time and Swarūpananda, being found to be deserving, was initiated into the mystery of Rāja-yoga. He staid with his teacher, hearing from him the divine mysteries of the Vedānta, which are too subtle and precious to find a place in books, and practising Samādhi in his company. After the necessary amount of practice, the Truth hermetically sealed up in the apparently simple words, 'Thou art That' was unfolded to him.

In the meanwhile, Tatwariya Swāmi, who had wandered all over the North in quest of a teacher returned to the South with a heart laden with grief, but, seeing his uncle and hearing from him his happy history, adopted him as his teacher, and falling at his feet, sought his grace and protection. Swarūpananda taught him all that he had learnt, and both remained together, spending the greater part of their time in that silent communion with God in which thought is not and expires enjoyment.

Yajnavalkya and Maitreyi.

A class lesson by Swami Vivekananda.

He says "That day is indeed a bad day on which we do not hear the name of the Lord, but a cloudy day is not a bad day at all." Yajnavalkya was a great sage. You know the ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~state~~ in India that every man ~~must~~ ^{must} give up the world when he becomes old. So Yajnavalkya said to his wife, "My beloved, here is all my money and my possessions, and I am going away." She replied, "Sir, if I had this whole earth full of wealth, would that give me immortality?" Yajnavalkya said, "No, that ~~cannot~~ ^{cannot} be. Your life will be that of the rich, and that will be all, but wealth cannot give us immortality." She replied, "That through which I shall become immortal, what shall I do to gain that? If you know that, tell me that." Yajnavalkya replied, "You have been always my beloved; you are more beloved now by this question. Come, take your seat, and I will tell you, and when you have heard, meditate upon it." He said, "It is not for the sake of the husband that the wife loves the husband, but for the sake of the Atman that she loves the husband, because she loves the Self. None loves the wife for the sake of the wife, but it is because he loves the Self that he loves the wife. None loves children for the children; but because he loves the Self, therefore he loves the children. None loves wealth on account of the wealth; but because he loves the Self, therefore he loves wealth. None loves the Brāhman for the sake of the Brāhman; but because he loves the Self, he loves the Brāhman. So none loves the Kshatriya for the sake of the Kshatriya, but because he loves the Self. Neither does any one love the world on account of the world, but because he loves the Self. None, similarly, loves the gods on account of the gods, but because he loves the Self. None loves anything for that thing's sake; but it is for the Self of that thing that he loves it. This Self, therefore, is to be heard, is to be reasoned, and is to be meditated upon. O my Maitreyi, when that Self has been heard, when that Self has been seen, when that Self has been realized, then, all this becomes known." What do we get then? Before us we find a curious philosophy. The statement has been made that every love is selfishness in the lowest sense of the word: because I love myself, therefore I love another; it cannot be. There have been philosophers in modern times who have said that self is the only motive-power in the world. That is true, and yet it is wrong. But this self is but the shadow of that real Self which is behind. It appears wrong and evil

because it is small. That ~~very~~ infinite love for the Self which is the universe appears to be evil, appears to be small, because it appears through a small part. Even when the wife loves the husband, whether she knows it or not, she loves the husband for that Self. It is selfishness as it is manifested in the world, but that selfishness is really but a small part of that Self-ness. Whenever one loves, one has to love in and through the Self. This Self has to be known. What is the difference? Those that love the Self without knowing what it is, their love is selfishness. Those that love knowing what that Self is, their love is free: they are sages. "Him the Brāhman gives up who sees the Brāhman anywhere else but in the Self. Him the Kshatriya gives up who sees the Kshatriya anywhere else but in the Self. The world gives him up who sees this world anywhere but in that Atman. The gods give him up who loves the gods knowing them to be anywhere else but in the Atman. Everything goes away from him who knows everything as something else except the Atman. These Brāhman, these Kshatriyas, this world, these gods, whatever exists, everything is that Atman." Thus he explains what he means by that love. Every time we particularise, I am trying to love a woman; as soon as that woman is particularised, is separated, from the Atman, that love will not be eternal, but will end in grief. But as soon as I see that woman as the Atman, that love becomes perfect, and will never suffer. So with anything; as soon as you are attached to anything in the universe, detaching it from the universe as a whole, from the Atman, there comes a reaction. With everything that we love outside the Self, grief and misery will be the result. If we enjoy everything in the Self, and as the Self, no misery or reaction will come. This is perfect bliss. How to come this ideal? Yajnavalkya goes on to tell us the process by which to reach that state. The universe is infinite; how can we take every particular thing and look at it as the Atman, without knowing the Atman? "As with a drum when we are at a distance we cannot catch the sound, we cannot conquer the sound, but as soon as we come to the drum, and put our hand on it, the sound is conquered. When the Conch-shell is being blown, we cannot catch or conquer the sound, until we come near and get hold of the shell and then it is conquered. When the Vina ~~later~~ is being played, when we have come to the Vina, we get to the centre of the sound, whence the sound is proceeding. As when some one is burning damp fuel, all sorts of smoke and sparks of various kinds come, even so from this great One has been breathed out knowledge: everything has come out of Him. He breathed out, as it were, all knowledge. As to all water, the one goal is the ocean, as to all touch, the skin is the one centre, as of all smell, the nose is the one centre, as of all taste, the tongue is the one goal, as of all form, the eyes are the one goal, as of all sounds, the ears are the one goal, as of all thought, the mind is the one goal, as of all knowledge, the heart is the one goal, as of all work, the hands are the one goal, as a morsel of salt put into the sea water melts away, we cannot take it back, even so, Maitreyi, is this universal being eternally infinite; ~~condemned~~ ^{condemned} knowledge is in it. The whole universe rises from Him, and again goes down into Him. No more is there any knowledge, dying or death." We get the idea that we have all come just like sparks from Him, and when you know Him then you go back, and become one with Him again. We are the Universal.

Maitreyi became frightened, just as everywhere people become frightened. Said she, "Sir, here is exactly where you have thrown a delusion over me. You have

frightened me by saying there will be no more gods; all individuality will be lost. There will be no one to recognise, no one to love, no one to hate. What will become of us?" "Maitreyi, I do not mean to ~~delude~~ you, or rather let it rest here. You may be frightened. Where there are two, one ~~smells~~ another, one sees another, one hears another, one welcomes another, one thinks of another, one knows another. But when the whole has become that Atman, ~~who is smelt by whom, who is seen by whom, who is to be heard by whom, who is to be welcomed by whom, who is to be known by whom?~~" That one sentence was taken up by Schopenhauer, and out of that his whole philosophy was ~~evolved~~. Through whom do we know this universe? Through what to know Him? How to know the knower? By what means can we know the knower? How can that be? Because in that ~~thing~~ and through that we know everything. By what means can we know Him? By no means. He is that means. To know that means is always necessary.

So far the idea is that it is all one infinite Being. That is the real individuality, when there is no more division, no more parts and ~~pieces~~; these little ideas are very low, ~~and~~ ~~illusory~~. But yet, in and through every spark of the individuality is shining that infinite. Everything is a manifestation of the Atman. How to reach that? First you make the statement. Second, just as ~~he~~ himself tells us—"This Atman is first to be heard;" so he stated the case; then he argued it out, and the last demonstration was how to know that through which all knowledge is possible. It cannot be. Then last it is to be meditated upon. He takes the contrast, the microcosm and the macrocosm, and how they are rolling on in particular lines, and how it is all beautiful. "This earth is so blissful, so helpful to every being; and all beings are so helpful to this earth: that self-effulgent, nothing can be helpful to it, the Atman." All that is bliss, even in the lowest sense, is but the reflection of Him. All that is good is His reflection, and when that reflection is a shadow it is called evil. There are no two gods. When He is less manifested, it is called darkness, evil; and when He is more manifested, it is called light. That is all. ~~That~~ Good and evil are only a question of degree, more manifested or less manifested. Just take the example of our own lives. How many things we see in our childhood which we think to be good, but which really are evil, and how many things seem to be evil which are good. How the ideas change. How an idea goes up and up. What we thought very good at one time we do not think so good now. So good and evil are but superstitions, and do not exist. The difference is only in degree. It is all a manifestation of that Atman; He is being manifested in everything: only, when the manifestation is very thick we call it evil; and ~~the~~ ~~thinner it is, the better it is~~. He himself is the best, when all covering goes away. So everything that is in the universe is first to be meditated upon, in that sense alone. That we can see it as all good, because it is all best. There is evil and there is good, and the apex, the centre, is the reality. He is neither evil nor good; He is the best. The best can be only one, the good can be many and the evil many. There will be degrees of variation between the good and the evil, but the best is only one, and that best when seen through thin coverings we call different sorts of good, and when through thick covers we call evil. ~~Evil and good~~ are different forms of superstition. They have gone through all sorts of dualistic delusion, and all sorts of ideas, and the words have gone into the hearts of human beings, terrorising men and women and living there as terrible tyrants. They make us become tigers. All the hatred with which we hate

others is caused by these foolish ideas which we have imbibed since our childhood—good and evil. Our judgment of humanity becomes entirely false; we make this beautiful earth a hell; ~~and~~ as soon as we can give up good and evil, it becomes a heaven.

This earth is blissful (sweet is the literal translation) to all beings and all beings are sweet to this earth; they all help each other. And all the sweetness is the Atman, that effulgent, immortal One who is inside this earth. Whose is this sweetness? How can there be any sweetness but He? That one sweetness is manifesting itself in various ways. Wherever there is any love, any sweetness in any human being, either in a saint or a sinner, either in an angel or a murderer, either in the body or the mind, or the senses, it is He. Physical enjoyments are but He, mental enjoyments are but He, spiritual enjoyments are but He. How can there be anything but He? How can there be twenty thousand gods and devils fighting with each other? Childish dreams! Whatever is the lowest physical enjoyment is He, and the Highest spiritual enjoyment is He. There is no sweetness but He. Thus says Yajnavalkya. When you come to that state and look upon all things with the same eye; when you see in the drunkard's pleasure in drink but that sweetness, then you have got the truth, and then alone you will know what happiness means, what peace means, what love means; and so long as you make these vain distinctions, silly, childish, foolish superstitions, all sorts of misery will come. But that immortal One, the effulgent One, He is inside the earth, it is all His sweetness, and the same in the body. This body is the earth, as it were, and inside, all the powers of the body, all the enjoyments of the body are He; the eyes see, the skin touches, what are all these enjoyments? That Self-effulgent One who is in the body: He is the Atman. This world, so sweet to all beings, and every being so sweet to it, is but the Self-effulgent; the immortal is the bliss in that world. In us he is also that bliss. He is the Brahman. "THIS AIR is so sweet to all beings, and all beings are so sweet to it. But He who is that Self-effulgent immortal Being in the air—is also in this body. He is expressing himself as the life of all beings. THIS SUN is so sweet to all beings. All beings are so sweet to this sun. He who is the Self-effulgent Being in the sun, we reflect Him as the smaller light. What can be there but his reflection? He is in the body, and it is His reflection which makes us see the light. THIS MOON is so sweet to all, and every one is so sweet to the moon, but that Self-effulgent and immortal One who is the soul of that man, he is in us expressing himself as mind. THIS LIGHTNING is so beautiful, every one is so sweet to the lightning, but the Self-effulgent and immortal one is the soul of this lightning, and is also in us, because all is that Brahman. Men are sweet to the animals and animals are sweet to men, but that is the soul in man, it is all the Atman. This Atman, this Self, is the king of all beings." These ideas are very helpful to men; they are for meditation. For instance, meditate on the earth; think of the earth and at the same time knowing that we have that which is in the earth; that both are the same. Identify the body with the earth, and identify the soul with the soul behind. Identify the air with the soul that is in the air, and that is in me. They are all one manifested in different forms.

O King, give me at night the lamp of hope, bestow upon my taper the everlasting ray!

Of the light which illuminates the eye of Thy heart, give me an atom, by the light of the sun!—FAIZI.