

PRABUDDHA BHARATA

OR

Awakened India

उत्तिष्ठत जाग्रत प्राण्य वरान्निबोधत ।

Arise! Awake! and stop not till the goal is reached.

-Katha. Uva. I. iii.-4

No. 78, JANUARY 1903

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SRI RAMAKRISHNA'S TEACHINGS

THE VIDYA EGO OR THE HIGHER SELF—III

AS a piece of burnt rope retains its form but no binding can be done with it, so is the ego which is burnt by the fire of Supreme Knowledge.

WHEN a leaf of the cocoa-nut tree drops off, it leaves a segmental mark on the trunk, by which it is inferred that there was once a leaf there. So also he has only the mark of egoism—the marks of passions and anger—who has attained God. His nature is just like that of a child—as it has no consistency of the qualities of *satva*, *rajas* and *tamas*, as it is as quick to attach itself to a thing as to leave it. You can persuade a boy to hand over to you a cloth worth five rupees in exchange for a toy worth a pice. At first he would tell you deliberately, "No, I won't give you, father has bought it for me." To the boy everyone is equal,—he has no discrimination of high and low, consequently no distinction of caste. Mother has said, "So and so is your brother," so he would take rice of the same plate even if the former is a carpenter's son. He has also no hatred, no idea of cleanliness and pollution (*shuchi* and *ashuchi*.)

ONE dreams that some one is coming to cut one to pieces. Frightened one wakes up making a gurgling and groaning noise. Looking towards the door one sees it closed from within and no one in the room. Even knowing this for certain, one's heart goes on palpitating for some time. So does the momentum of Abhiman or egoism linger some time even after its departure.

Q. Do you have, sir, the slightest idea of ego when you are merged in Samadhi?

A. YES, usually very little ego remains. It is like the particle of gold-dust which if rubbed on a lump of gold does not wear itself off completely. All outward consciousness disappears, but the Lord keeps a little ego to let me enjoy Him.

Sometimes He rubs off even that little ego. This is formless Samadhi. No one can speak what that state is,—it is absolute transformation of one's self into His. The salt doll went to the ocean to measure it. But no sooner did he plunge into it than he was dissolved. Then who would come up and give information of how deep the ocean was?

TO A FRIEND

RENDERED FROM A BENGALI POEM CONTRIBUTED IN THE UDBODHANA

BY SWAMI VIVEKANANDA

WHERE darkness is taken as light,
 Misery as happiness,
 Where disease passes for health,
 Where the new-born's cry shows it's alive ;
 Dost thou, wise, expect happiness here ?
 A glaring mixture of heaven and hell,
 Who can fly the world ?
 Tied in the neck with Karma's rope,
 Say, where can the slave escape ?
 Yoga and sense-pleasure,
 Family-life and Sannyas,
 Devotion and worship and earning riches,
 Vows, renunciation and austerities severe,
 I have seen through them all ;
 I know there's not a jot of happiness,
 Life's a cup of Tantalus ;
 The nobler your heart,
 Be sure, the more your misery.
 Thou large-hearted Lover unselfish,
 No room in this world for thee ;
 Can a marble figure brook the blow
 That an iron mass can bear ?
 Couldst thou be as one inert, abject,
 Honey-mouthed, but poison in heart,
 Devoid of truth and worshipping self,
 Then thou wouldst have a place in this world.
 Pledging life for learning,
 I spent half my days ;
 For love, as one insane,
 I clutched at shadows lifeless ;
 Friendless, clad in rags,
 Feeding from door to door,

The frame broken under austerities' weight,
 What riches have I earned ?

Listen, I speak my heart to thee,
 I have found in my life this truth supreme,—
 Buffeted by waves, this whirl of life,
 One ferry takes across,—

The formulas of worship, the control of breath,
 Science, philosophy, systems varied,
 Renunciation and possession,
 Are but delusions of the mind ;—
 Love, Love, that is the only thing.

Jiva and Brahman, man and God,
 Ghosts and wraiths and spirits all,
 Devas, beasts, birds, insects and worms,
 This Love dwells in the heart of all.

Say, who else is the God of gods ?
 Say, who moves all ?
 The mother dies for her young,
 The robber robs !
 —The impulse of Love !!

Beyond the ken of speech and mind,
 It dwells in weal and woe ;
 It is that which comes,
 As the all-powerful, all-destroyer Kali,
 And as the mother.

Disease, bereavement, the pinch of poverty,
 Virtue and vice,
 The results of actions good and bad,
 All are but II's worship :
 Say, what does a Jiva do ?

Deluded is he, who pleasure seeks,
 Lunatic he who misery wishes,

Mad he too who longs for death,
Immortality——vain desire.

Far, however far you go,
Lounded on the mental car,
It's the same ocean of world,
Joy and woe whirling on.

Listen, bird, devoid of wings,
It's not the way to escape ;
Time and again you get blows,
Why then attempt the impossible ?

Let go knowledge,
Prayers, offerings and strength,
For Love self-less is the sole resource ;
Lo, the insect teaches,
By embracing the flame.

Base insect,
Blinded, by beauty charmed,
Your soul is drunk with Love ;
O Lover,
Cast into the fire thy dross of self.

Say,
Comes happiness ever to a beggar ?
What good, being object of charity ?
Give away, nor ask in return,
Should there be wealth in the heart.

Heir to the Infinite thou art,
In the heart is the ocean of Love,
“Give,” “Give,”—whoever asks back,
His ocean dwindles to a drop.

From Brahman to the worm,
And the atom minute,
Everywhere is the same All-Love ;
Do, friend, offer
Mind, soul, body at their feet.

His manifold forms before thee
Leaving, where seekest for God ?
Who loves all beings,
He serves his God.

FROM J. C. BOSE*

(Continued from Vol. VII, page 214.)

Light is only electricity in a state of rapid waves of great intensity. By food we take in stores of assimilated light. Light,—that is all there is. Atoms are only centres of light-force.

* * *

Every force, carried far enough, negates itself. This is the doctrine of reversals. Is it not the same as Maya ?

* * *

Pain does not increase in proportion to stimulus, any more than light-consciousness. Sensation always lags behind. Two thousand candles seem to give only as much light as one thousand, because our senses can perceive only one thousand. For this reason, the torture of imagination is so much more than that of sense.

* * *

The living body responds to stress. And the stone responds. There is no difference. But the dead body does NOT respond. There is therefore a sense in which we may say that Death is the supreme token of Life.

* * *

The true Hinduism, that makes men *work*, not dream.

*We are indebted to Sister Nivedita for these *sparks from the anril* of the great Indian scientist who has built for himself a world-wide reputation by his brilliant physical investigations.—Ed.

The stress of a sunbeam on matter always brings about an electric response in a given direction. The mechanical stress given by twist, whether the twist be to left or right, always produces response in the opposite direction. Do you see why light produces this up-curve, and twist produces it backwards?..... Because the one is light coming *towards* matter, and the other is light returning *outwards*, being given up in work.

[When two great men meet, as an exchange of salutations, they offer each to the other the best thing he has. And the final test of their equality is the use each makes of the gift. Let a Frenchman meet a Hottentot. What does he give? What does the Hottentot become?

So let us have done with these degrading disputes about priority! Can you pick out anything in "science that you can call *English*,"—anything that they do not owe somewhere or other to international interdependence?

What does it matter, whether Greece borrowed from India, or India stole from Greece? The main thing is that when they met, each was ready for the greatest of the other, and that the counter gift flourished and was improved by each alike. For the ultimate proof of the greatness of two nations as of two friends is that both prove finer and better for the shock of contact.†

†Although we print this manly protest of Prof. Bose, we do not imply any personal respect for the paltry nonsense that is too much in evidence about some hypothetical debt of India to Hellenic culture. Personally, we are completely

Like the oscillation of the seasons round the earth, when spring comes, the seed is ready, and the dormant life springs forth. So the great pulsation of intellectual life passed over the nations. Who were ready?

Is it not probable that to-day also the life that is ours by inheritance, by culture, by temper, is latent, ready to spring forth into the fruit and blossom of science, given but the warmth and opportunity?

On the usefulness of useless knowledge!.....All the geography and history and algebra and what not, that make up the worry and fret of childish life. They make the mind what it is. By all means, do better if you can. But if not, keep there. Nothing like them.

One needs blows, the instant we forget that work is for its own sake, not for success.

Christianity puts her dead in circulation with microbes and bacteria. But Hinduism puts you in circulation with the sunlight, and dispenses you to the free air.]

THIS infinite power of the spirit brought to bear upon matter evolves material development, made to act upon thought evolves intellectuality, and made to act upon itself makes of man a God.

—*Vivekananda*.

satisfied by the theory that finds behind Greece, Egypt, India and China a common substratum of early Asiatic civilisation and culture, of which all these are but so many differentiations.

—Ed.

MAYA

THE tree buds ; the blossom becomes the fruit ; the fruit ripens and rots to drop down. Rottenness is the end ; then, why the anxiety, the attempt to develop the bud into a nice ripe fruit ? The boy grows up ; becomes old. In the old man is the accumulated experience of a whole life. Death takes him off. How much the young, the erring could have been benefited by the sound counsels of the old. Nations rose and fell. Destroy all that you perfect—is the meaningless command Nature studiously obeys.

True, new trees come up from the seeds of a rotten fruit ; an old animal perishes, leaving ten young in its place. But the successors repeat and only widen the process.

An eternal endeavour to attain the end and eternal readiness to frustrate it, when attained ! This is Maya.

One man has enough to eat and drink ; another dies of hunger and cold. Men are with strong impulses and ideas for enjoyment ; there is nothing outside to fill them.

Happiness to one is direct or indirect misery to another. Not a breath can be drawn without destroying hundreds of lives. Every morsel the rich man eats can have saved the life of the poor dying of starvation. The victorious rejoice ; the vanquished weep.

Culture is so beautiful ! The uncultured man in the forest has his pleasures and pains only in the senses. His senses

are gross ; so are his pleasures and pains. The sense of the cultured man is sharpened. But the very sharpening of the sense which develops in him higher powers of enjoyment, is fatally attended with a proportional development of his higher powers of suffering too. Culture multiplies the sources of pleasure ; it multiplies equally, if not more, the sources of misery too.

Intellectual progress opens the gates to a wealth of new pleasures. It brings about its revenges too. The man of weak and undeveloped intellect is unable to think much of the past and the future and therefore undergoes sufferings which the man of strong and developed intellect avoids by his mental ability to look before and after. But with the widening of the intellectual field, man's consciousness of his relations with the past and the future, his memory of the past and his morbid anxiety for the future, incessantly create new anxieties for him, till life seems all vexation and weariness and not worth living. The rude man solves his problems in a rough and ready way. Cultured reflection invents modes of reasoning, each more intricate than its predecessor, till the commonplace questions turn out the most bewildering puzzles, painful doubts torment tired intellect, all peace of mind is lost and man exclaims,

“Alas ! I have explored
Philosophy, and Law, and Medicine ;
And over deep Divinity have pored,

Studying with ardent and laborious zeal;
 And here I am at last, a very fool,
 With useless learning cursed,
 No wiser than at first!

... ..

Whate'er I knew, or thought I knew,
 Seems now unmeaning or untrue."

Death is the goal of life, of beauty, of wealth, of love, of power, of vice, of virtue too; everything dies; yet tremendous clinging on to life exists.

Eternal change and unrest is the rule of the universe. The dearest friend of to-day is the deadliest enemy of to-morrow. Not one particle of the universe is at rest. Yet this mass of never-ceasing change is producing appearances of permanence, which everybody thinks will be his and for which everybody struggles till death. The essential nature of time, space and matter has baffled penetration of the greatest philosophers of old and present. Yet man has to take these as real and work in and through them, while they may be all the while entire delusion.

At every step Nature proves man is a slave to her laws; yet, simultaneously, there is the idea that he is free; an idea, without which, who can live or enjoy life even for a moment?

The universe is a glaring mixture of contradictions and the Energy which sustains it and runs through its manifold changes and manifestations is termed Maha-Maya. As everything of the universe is born of the Energy, She is the Mother of the universe. As the universe is without beginning and without end, so is She without beginning and without end. She is all-powerful, eternally

playing with Her universe, creating and destroying; with purpose and, at the same time, purposeless.

All beings live, move and have their existence in Her. To work any way is to work in and with Her. And is it not madness to associate and work with Her? A great work is built up by the sacrifice of a whole life: at one touch of Her finger the whole thing crumbles down. Where are the works of Sri Krishna, Buddha, Sankara or Christ? They worked their whole lifetimes to do good to the world. The world is as bad as ever. True, by the advent of the great men, a wave of purity and goodness travels over the earth for some time; but that period, compared with eternity, is nothing.

These are terrible facts, for which there is no explanation. To understand them, one has to understand Maha-Maya. Is it possible to understand Her? To be understood, She has to be made the *object* of knowledge. But as long as the knower—the *subject* of knowledge—is within Maha-Maya, all his knowledge and *objects* of knowledge are *within* Her. Hence She can never be made the *object* of knowledge by any one who is within Her domain. Brahman-State, Vedanta says, is beyond Maha-Maya and, for those who go beyond Maha-Maya and reach the Brahman-State, She is no more. Maha-Maya is like darkness and Brahman-State is like light. No sooner light is brought in than darkness vanishes; even so, no sooner Brahman-State is attained than Maha-Maya vanishes. Attempt to know her by reaching the Brahman-State would be as futile as that to see darkness by means

of light. Hence the why of Her eternal play remains for ever unanswered by those who are within Her, because of their inability to bring Her within the limit of their cognizance, while by those who go beyond Her, because with them She is non-existent.

Is there no escape out of this stupendous mockery? Is man to be eternally cheated helplessly by the lies of Nature? The heart sinks at the thought.

The man who cannot or will not see the hideous falsity of Nature and is content to live in this world born as he is, lives the life of a brute. Again, of those who, intensely dissatisfied with the present state of things, dare stand up to find for themselves a way out of Maya, few succeed in the attempt. "One, perchance, in thousands of men, strives for perfection; and one, perchance, among the blessed ones, striving thus, knows Me in reality," says the Lord in the Gita, meaning by *perfection* and *Me* the state beyond Maya (Ch. VII, 3.). Yet, is it not better to give up life in the struggle for the high ideal than lead the life of continuous ignorance and mistake? On this side, is the world full of Maya's lies and contradictions; on the other, is at least the hope of victory over all the ills of life. Nay, if eternal defeat be certain, there is yet glory in fighting an unending battle!

Is there no hope? "Verily this my Maya, divine and made up of the *gunas*, is very difficult to cross. Those that come unto Me alone, cross this Maya," (Gita, VII, 14.) is the voice man hears in despair. And, child-like, he cries to his Great Mother Maha-Maya, "O Mother! Thou art all. Thou doest what-

ever Thou chooseth to do. Thy terrible play is the universe. I had enough of it. Take me now out of it. Or if it be Thy will, I be here, shew me it is Thou, behind death and life, behind misery and happiness, behind ignorance and light; shew me the whole universe is full of Thee, the One Mother Divine." This is self-resignation—fulfilment of Bhakti. The cry may not be heard: but the child cries for its Mother alone.

On the other side, is the Jnani—the violent son of Maha-Maya. He is a matricide. Raged at the cruel sport of his Mother, he stands with the sword, *Viveka*, in firm grip, to kill Her. He prays not for any help from Her. Reliant on his own strength, he will cut his way out of Maya. He is no more deceived by Her lies. Let whatever form or name of Hers come to him, he merges them, by his power of discrimination, into the Infinite One beyond Maha-Maya—his own Self, and is finally established in IT, when Maya's play ceases for ever for him. Perhaps the struggle never ends: but the Jnani is determined to wage an eternal war. Foolish child! Little does he know that the strength he calls his own flows from the Mother Herself, the fountain-head of all strength.

Whether one is a Bhakta or a Jnani, so long as one is within Maha-Maya, She cannot be deceived. The fruit drops not, unless it is fully ripe; death comes not, until one is old: that is the ordinary rule of Her universal region. Death in childhood or youth, death sudden and violent, is, as it were, unnatural. And what is Mukti? All individualities are within Maya. One who keeps up one's

individuality is bound to be within Maya. Mukti, or going beyond Maya, is another name for total annihilation of one's individuality. This death of individuality is the only real death. Other so-called deaths are only apparent, they being mere change of one form into another. This death of individuality is the most natural death. To die such a death, none escape the universal rule of Maha-Maya, 'The fruit drops not, unless it is fully ripe.' The individuality-fruit will never drop down from Maya-tree, unless it is fully ripe. The Bhakta's individuality will have to be fully developed in Bhakti. From him is

demanded sincere and extreme self-resignation. The Jnani's individuality will have to be fully developed in Viveka. He must entirely forget that he is body or mind and live and stand firm in the Self, beyond body and mind. Nothing short of full development will do. When Bhakti or Viveka will reach its fully developed state of perfection, be sure the ripe individuality-fruit will drop of itself, in obedience to the immutable universal law, 'Destroy all that is perfect.' Its connection with Maya-tree ceases and emancipation from bondage of Maha-Maya is attained.

HOPE.

AT RISHIKESH

DOWN from her cradle at last!

The Daughter of the Mountain guarded close by the hills, her father's household, had had but little of fun and frolic. Her associates, the dull, heavy mountain-bases, the hard weather-worn hill-sides, and the frowning overhanging precipices had been uncongenial playmates,—too little supple for play. Her father's home had been too rock-bound, much too narrow and unyielding for a happy home. And here she descends from her cradle, runs away from her mountain parent and bursts forth for the first time, in the wild, overflowing joy of youth and freedom, on the plains.

And what a joy it is!

Dashing her vivid green crystal waters against the powerless earth, here undermining a tree, there making a detour

round a huge boulder—a chip of her old paternal block, and rounding it off with every wave by way of defiance, rolling down numberless stone balls in her track, laying huge deposits of sand and earth and ever encroaching upon her mild neighbour—that is Mother Gangâ at Rishikesh.

Did the first Rishi who chose this spot for his abode, choose it because of this idea of Freedom, of which Gangâ here is the eloquent message, which she reveals in her person by bursting the prison of her mountain home and casting herself, like a Sannyasin, on the face of the vast unknown earth?

Right down to the water's edge, covering an area of about a mile in circumference, amidst bushes and jungles rise hundreds of tiny grass huts of Sadhus every winter. The charity of the rich

provides free kitchens called *satras*, where food, coarse but enough, is distributed to the Sadhus. Thus the element of discord arising out of the struggle for the possession of food, which comprises about half the antispiritual element in the world, is eliminated from this atmosphere.

It was early in the morning. In a hut a Sannyasin was commissioning a Brahmacharin who had just taken the life, to execute an order at Hardwar. "Look on every woman as thy mother, my son," said the Guru in conclusion, "In no case stay near or associate with her. Mahâmâyâ expresses Herself through woman. Her power therefore is great for good and evil. Avoid her by all means. Do not look her in the face, do not even touch her clothes and may Mahâmâyâ protect you!"

The disciple bowed his head to the ground, received the Guru's blessing and started.

The path from Rishikesh to Hardwar lies through the *terai* jungle. Dense long thick grass shuts out the view on both sides. A few Sadhus and a bullock-cart had stirred out at that early hour. Our Brahmacharin walked aloof from them. By and by the sun rose and the jungle woke up. A boar crossed the path and foxes with beautiful wooly tails showed themselves. Many little streams flowing across the path had to be waded through. The Brahmacharin was to have his meal at the *satra* at Satyanarayana, halfway between Rishikesh and Hardwar.

As he approached the big stream near Satyanarayana, an Ekka came up from behind carrying one old and two young women. The women came down from the Ekka and walked into the water,

preferring to wade it across than risk it on the Ekka. The water in the middle was more than knee-deep and the old woman unable to keep her foot-hold in that strong current tumbled down and was carried some distance. The young women shrieked and quick as thought, the Brahmacharin, who was a little ahead, turned back and caught the old woman. The poor old soul with her dress all wet and dreadfully frightened could hardly stand on her feet and supported herself on the Brahmacharin, in whose mind the parting words of his Guru were making themselves felt. Another moment, and the youngest woman of the three gave a cry "Babaji, I am gone!" The Brahmacharin dragging his old charge with one hand, caught the sinking woman firmly by the wrist and pulled her up. By this time the third woman had come up and caught hold of his stick, and his Guru's injunction notwithstanding, the Brahmacharin holding two women firmly by their hands and clutched at by another, with considerable difficulty, crossed the stream.

Once safe on the bank opposite, the women opened a volley of abuse on the Ekka-driver, while the youngest undid a couple of pice from the end of her *sari* and pressed them on the Brahmacharin "to buy himself tobacco." The Brahmacharin said he did not smoke and not without some trouble made his escape good from those two pice.

Blessed was the violation of the letters of his Guru's order in the beginning of his Brahmacharya. "For the well-being of the world and the freedom of self", says the Veda, is the life of the Sannyasin. "Well begun, half done," says the proverb.

A LOOKER-ON.

THE HIDDEN SECRETS OF CREATION

CONSCIOUSNESS OF MATTER

A FISHING-ROD has been unkindly described as a stick with a worm at one end and a fool at the other. This is not always or even often true; but it ought never to be said of the microscope. With more truth this wonderful instrument can be described as having a pigmy at one end and a giant at the other, and possessing the marvellous property of making the pigmy look large and making the giant feel small. This is the proper spirit in which to use the delicate lenses which give one an insight into the hidden secrets of creation.

Too often, alas, one's friends bother one to show them "an animal, a large animal,...whole!" Well, the Zoo is the best place for that; but we do not say so. We duly exhibit the proboscis of the house-fly, and our friends greatly marvel; but still,...they want to see the "whole fly!" Size is really all the average man or woman wants to see! And, whatever it is, it should "move." Now, show them the wheels of a rotifer, moving with inconceivable rapidity—undoubtedly a wonderful sight—and they are delighted. They cry out in wonder, they stare and stare until they say the light hurts their eyes, and then,...then they want some tea and cakes, and "it is getting about time to go home."

What the uninitiated mostly call a piece of dirt, at which they do not glance twice, is often more suggestive and more

mysterious than the most wonderful "animal," and the secret springs of its movements are so deep and difficult to understand that a lifetime could be spent in investigating its causes. One of the first things a thoughtful student manages to lose is the ordinary sense of size and space, for the movement itself is magnified because the space is enlarged. It is difficult always to remember this, and more difficult to understand how it is that a Diatom, being a vegetable, moves about in all directions. It is supposed to obey the law which causes a balloon to rise in the air, by reason of the liquid contained in the Diatom being less dense than the surrounding water; but there is an astonishing fact which throws some doubt on this theory, and seems to prove a certain *consciousness* in *vegetable* matter! The question is of so delicate a nature that one approaches it with a slight hesitation, for the issues are terribly far-reaching, and induction is a most dangerous process of reasoning. The following, however, are the incontestable facts.

In every living cell the Protoplasm, a substance alive in itself and as far as we now know *the* life-giving matter, circulates continually as long as the cell lives. Now take a tender leaf, tease it with the needles until the tiniest morsel is separated, and place this under the lens. *No* movement is perceptible: the *shock* (fright?) *has*

stopped it! But watch it carefully, and in a few hours the living substance has recovered from the shock and begins circulating again round the nucleus! Consequently, formless matter, without organs, without separate entity, can, and does in this instance (and who can say in how many more?), already act like the complicated organism of an animal or a man. Unless the induction is wrong, this is too deep a mystery for words—almost for thought.

I ought to add that this mysterious fact can only be seen by most careful adjustment of the instrument. A water-immersion objective of .1", with condenser of equal power, and a slightly oblique illumination, are required. Artificial light gives better results than daylight.

But there is a stronger proof, a more direct evidence of some force unseen and unsuspected. I had the great good fortune to detect it one day in a case of conjunction of *Closterium Lunula*, a most beautiful crescent-shaped Desmid, not unlike a half-moon, from which it takes its name. In a drop of pond-water under the cover-glass, two of these pretty vegetable cells were resting near to one another, *but not touching*,—there was the space of the width of one between them. Yet, explain it how one may, these two invisible specks of pure vegetable matter *were aware of each other's presence!*

I know very well that, put in such plain terms, this is a startling theory; but it must have occurred to many observers. Much depends on the exact definition of consciousness. Chemical affinity or electric action will explain a good deal, but then it will explain our own conscious-

ness as well, for where can we draw the line of demarcation? Anyhow, this is what followed:—

Aware, as I must repeat, of each other's presence, the movement of the circulating protoplasm in the cells became more marked and quickened. The cellulose envelope of each cell slowly bulged out in the direction of the other, until finally the two projections touched. The stream of protoplasm meanwhile had become so active as to appear like boiling in the two bulging-out parts. At last these burst, and the contents of one cell passed rapidly into the other. This is the usual mode of Conjunction of Desmids; but this whole procreative process, which takes a few hours, was set going by the strange consciousness which, as there was no contact at first, and the cells did not move from their place, I have had to suppose and to suggest.

Of course there is even more mystery here than what actually meets the eye. I do not know whether these unicellular plants are sexually differentiated, but hybridisation is, I believe, unknown, and does not seem possible in Diatoms and Desmids; and this at all events is a certainty—that, had one of the tiny cells been a Desmid of a different species, say a *Cosmarium* instead of a *Closterium*, the above-described process would *not* have taken place. The two tiny specks would have remained still and quiescent. How is it possible to deny them a certain consciousness? Such consciousness inherent in matter would of course be an entirely different thing from consciousness of *self*. This may, for what we know,

be the exclusive privilege (or the reverse) of mankind. Speculation on this question can only be metaphysical, and is as yet beyond the range of scientific observation.

But if formless matter can perceive a shock, if invisible vegetable cells can be aware of each other, then we might at all events come near to answering the oft-repeated question whether a flower feels when it is plucked, or when the sun shines

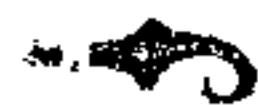
on it. In any case, this may serve as an illustration of the absolute necessity of looking through the microscope with the mind's eye. In average intelligent hands it endows the student with a superhuman sense, which allows him to see a little further than unaided nature has granted to man, into the unfathomable secret of existence.

- MARCUS REED in *The Pall Mall Magazine* (London).

A Loving Tribute

TO

SWAMI VIVEKANANDA



A pure, grand soul hath left us journeying here
 While he, a victor crowned, hath sped to heav'nlier sphere :
 We mourn our loss, and sadly gaze, with grief untold,
 Along that shining way on which his spirit bold,
 Yet calm and wise, hath gone. Alas, no more
 Shall we his gentle presence know. *This* we deplore !

"To live in hearts we live behind is not to die."
 A poet sang. *So lives he* in our hearts for aye.
 The magic spell of his surpassing eloquence
 Oft filled our souls with longings deep, intense
 And prayerful, as the splendour of his thought,
 All glowing with a light from heaven caught,
 Moved us to wonder, rapture, smiles and tears,—
 Sweet memories to linger through th' eternal years !

* * *

Farewell, Dear Brother ! Thou wert one of "God's own kin,"—
 Thy home of *peace* and *rest* thou now hast entered in !

DR. JOHN C. WYMAN.

IN MEMORIAM: SWAMI VIVEKANANDA

A MEMORIAL Service in Honor of the Blessed Swami Vivekananda was held by the Vedanta Society of New York, in the Society House, on the afternoon of Sunday, October 26th.

It was not possible to organize an earlier meeting because of the dismembered condition of the Society during the summer months. Scarcely a handful of students, indeed, could have been gathered together at the time when the sad news of the Swami's passing away reached New York, and out of consideration for the many devoted disciples and friends who would have felt it a real deprivation not to be present, it was deemed best to postpone the commemorative service until all had returned to the city.

The wisdom of this decision was abundantly proved by the eager response to the invitation made by every one. Not only did the regular members come in large numbers, but also many outside friends, who in loving devotion to their former Master, travelled, some of them, long distances to do honor to his memory. The masses of flowers which filled the rooms bore equally strong testimony to the tender regard in which he was held. Everywhere were they banked in profusion, but especially about the platform on which stood the Swami's portrait linked by garlands and the soft silk of a turban to the picture of RAMAKRISHNA, hanging above under the star.

The service opened with prayers,

meditation, and an address by the Swami Abhedananda, during which were read extracts from the letters of brother Swamis in India describing the wonderful passing out of the great Soul. Although his emotion was so intense as at times well-nigh to master him, the Swami Abhedananda was none the less able to bring home forcefully to his listeners all that they owed to the Swami Vivekananda as the daring pioneer who had first proclaimed the lofty truths of Vedanta to America.

Dr. Parker, the president of the Society, next dwelt with earnest reverence upon what it had meant to us and to the world to have known so profound a thinker and so great a spiritual leader, and how irretrievable must be his loss to all concerned in the uplifting of the human race. In conclusion he offered in the name of the Society the following resolutions:

RESOLVED:

First, That the members of the Vedanta Society and the students of the Vedanta Philosophy feel how great and irreparable is the loss to the Society in the untimely passing away of the Blessed Swami Vivekananda, the Founder, Master, and Spiritual Director of the Vedanta Society of New York.

Second, That the Society expresses deep sorrow and sends heartfelt sympathy to his brother Sannyasins, disciples, followers, and co-workers residing in the monastery at Belur, in Madras and other

parts of India, in Europe and America.

Third, That it is the desire of the Society to hold Memorial Services in a public hall in honor of Swami Vivekananda, and to raise funds to perpetuate his memory as the Founder of the Vedanta Society.

Fourth, That a copy of these Resolutions be filed in the records of the Vedanta Society and be sent to the Magazines published here and in India.

After Dr. Parker, Mr. Goodyear, the Society's treasurer and a warm personal friend of the Swami Vivekananda, in his turn paid glowing tribute to him, as did another disciple, Dr. Street. Miss McLeod, who had been with the Swami not only here but in his own country, told how near India was to his heart; while Miss Sarah Farmer, the founder of the Summer School for the Comparative Study of Religions at Green Acre, who was prevented by the severe illness of a near relative from being present, wrote of him in the following terms:

"My duty is here, but in reality my spirit will be with you all as you bear witness to the spiritual uplift which, under God, you all received from this dear brother. To know him was a renewed consecration; to have him under one's roof was to feel empowered to go forth to the children of men and to help them all to a realization of their birthright as Sons of God. What Green Acre owes to him cannot be put into words. A little band of people had started to prove the providing care of God for those who rely upon Him in utter faith and love. This great soul came into our midst and did more than any other to give to the work its true

tone, for he *lived* every day the truths which his lips proclaimed, and was to us the living evidence of the power manifested nineteen hundred years ago in that he went about his Father's business in perfect joyousness and childlike trust, without "purse or script" and found all promises fulfilled, all needs met. For ever after, as he grew in knowledge and in power, his influence increased among us and helped to strengthen our faith, and to-day his power for good is even greater and will continue to be, if we are true to Him who worketh in us "to will and to do His good pleasure."

"When the news of the transition of this beloved servant of God reached us, we assembled in the grove consecrated by him and his brothers and under "the Prophets Pine" gave thanks to God for what he had been to us, for what he is now and ever will be. It was a blessed hour, and I pray that to-morrow the Spirit of God may move mightily among you all, leading each to know the unity of God, and find that in Him we are all one, visibly and invisibly, clothed upon with Him who is our Sun and Shield.

"May this transition give renewed impetus to his work here and in the far east. I shall always give thanks that I was permitted to work at his side when the first precious seeds were planted in New York. God bless you all!"

Mrs. Ole Bull, who fortunately arrived from Europe just in time to attend the Service, and who like Miss Farmer, had witnessed the incalculable good accomplished by Swami Vivekananda at Green Acre as well as in other parts of the United States and at home among

his own people, made an eloquent appeal for earnest workers, who in return for the priceless spiritual teaching which India had sent to them, would go out to aid her in the reconstruction of her social fabric, not by offering her new ideals, but by helping her men and women to value and apply those given to them ages ago by their own Great Teachers.

So impressive and convincing were her words that few could have heard them without feeling the desire to share in the noble work already begun by RAMAKRISHNA'S disciples ; and when at the close Swami Abhedananda, in ringing tones recited Swami Vivekananda's "Song of the Sannyasin," every heart must have felt renunciation a privilege, and the voice which had first uttered that loud call to freedom worth following, wherever it might lead.

—

ON the 4th of July last, Swami Vivekananda, the distinguished pupil and disciple of the late Ramakrishna Paramahansa, departed this life, at Belur, a suburb of Calcutta, in the 40th year of his age. His brief but brilliant public career dates back from 1893, when he astonished all America by the eloquent orations in which he defended the Hindu religion and expounded the doctrine of the Vedanta. The scene at the platform in the great hall of the Parliament of Religions at Chicago, when the meeting broke up, as described in the local newspapers of the day, was most striking. Many of the first ladies in the audience crowded round him in a state of great excitement, overwhelming him with compliments and trying to get a chance to touch his hand, or even to intercept a

glance of his eyes. So completely had the Western public been deceived about the character and attainments of the inhabitants of India, that this quaintly garbed man with the brown skin and deep, penetrating eyes, whose platform oratory challenged comparison with that of the best American public speakers, came flashing before them like a brilliant meteor. Their first impressions were deepened by his subsequent public lectures : he was invited to all parts of the States, and remained in the country until 1897 ; disciples of both sexes gathered about him, a Vedanta Society was formed, several of his fellow-pupils of the Paramahansa went to the States and are still working there, and a demand for ten more helpers was, it is said, recently sent him.

Vivekananda's health has been feeble ever since his return, and his death, although sudden, has not much surprised his friends. The Swami has left behind him several works of a religious character, but it is as an orator and public teacher that he will be longest remembered. He had a strong personal magnetism and was naturally combative. It can hardly be said that he was a friend of the Theosophical Society nor a believer in the assistance of our Great Teachers ; still, he was an intense Hindu and a most able expounder of the school of philosophy to which he belonged.

H. S. O.

—*The Theosophist, Madras, August.*

ETERNITY

I cannot see beyond the bounds of death,
But like a child beside a frosted pane,
I clear a space with life's illusive breath,
And daily see a still increasing plain.

—*Alonso L. Rice.*

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor, Prabuddha Bharata.
Sir,

Will you permit me to draw your readers' attention to the HUMANITARIAN LEAGUE, an association of thinkers and workers, irrespective of class or creed, who have united for the sole purpose of humanising, as far as is possible, the conditions of modern life? The main principle of the League is that "it is iniquitous to inflict avoidable suffering on any sentient being", and it endeavours to assert and apply this principle by placing on record a systematic protest against the numerous barbarisms of civilisation—the cruelties inflicted by men on men, and the not less atrocious ill-treatment of the lower animals. It is our desire to show that Humanitarianism is not merely a kindly sentiment, a product of the heart rather than of the head, but an integral portion of any intelligible system of Ethics or Social Science.

Among the chief subjects that have been treated in the League's publications, or discussed at its meetings, the following may be mentioned:—The Reform of the Criminal Law and Prison System; Capital and Corporal Punishments; War and Arbitration; the Sweating System; the Poor Laws; Dangerous Trades; Women's Wages; Public Control of Hospitals; the Game Laws; Compulsory Vaccination; Cruel Sports; Vivisection; the Slaughter of Animals for Food; the Protection of Birds; the Treatment of Horses, Dogs, Cats, and other domestic animals. In

addition to its journal, THE HUMANITARIAN, the League publishes a series of pamphlets, designed to deal in a brief and businesslike way with such humanitarian questions, human and animal alike, as may from time to time be especially urgent or opportune.

The Humanitarian League may claim credit for recent improvements in the Criminal Law and Prison System, the defeat of more than one Flogging Bill, the abolition of the Royal Buckhounds, and other practical successes achieved during its ten years of activity; and still more, perhaps, for the increasingly favourable attitude of society and the press towards humanitarian questions in general. It is possible that some of your readers, who hitherto may not have heard of the League, will desire to become associated with it, and I shall be glad to send fuller information about its work and publications, terms of membership, etc., to anyone who communicates with me

Yours faithfully,

HENRY S. SALT,

Hon. Secretary.

HUMANITARIAN LEAGUE,

53, Chancery Lane, London, W. C.

(England)

SPECIAL

FOR SUBSCRIBERS

Several unpublished lectures of Swami Vivekananda, delivered in America, translations of some of his best writings in Bengali, and many epistles written by him to his friends and admirers, dealing with questions of great interest, that we have been able to secure, will enrich the pages of Prabuddha Bharata this year.

KANKHAL RAMAKRISHNA SEVASHRAMA :

SPECIAL APPEAL

THOUGH, in our Tirthas, the Sadhus do not usually suffer much for want of food, yet not unoften they undergo much suffering for want of proper arrangements to look after them when they are ailing and sick. To alleviate such suffering, the public are aware, a home for the sick and helpless Sadhus was started in June, 1901. at Kankhal near Hardwar, by the Sannyasin Brotherhood headed by Swami Vivekananda. Since its opening, the Home, now known as the Ramakrishna Sevashrama, has been enabled by public support to successfully carry on its work. Also a branch Sevashrama was opened for some time at Rishikesh. This year, the great *Purna-Kumbha-Mela* religious gathering will take place in April at Hardwar and thousands of Sadhus of all denominations will congregate there from all parts of India and pass several months at Hardwar, Kankhal and the adjacent places, before and after the day of the *Mela*. It need hardly be said that, during the period, the work of the Kankhal Sevashrama will unusually increase, which means added demand for funds. The balance of Rs. 276, which will appear from the Report of the Sevashrama given below to have been in hand at the end of the last year, will, we fear, fall far short of the extra demand on the occasion. To the generous public, to whom we take this opportunity of expressing our best thanks, who have all along shewn so much practical sympathy with the works undertaken by the Brotherhood, we therefore appeal and again look for help. Need it be urged that the Kankhal Sevashrama is a

medium of charity through which every pice spent to relieve the distress of these soldiers of God, who have been by far instrumental in protecting the priceless treasure of our Religion and bringing it at everybody's door, will go to serve the right purpose?

Contributions may be sent direct to Swami Kalyanananda, who is in charge of the Sevashrama, Kankhal P. O., Saharanpur Dt., U. P., or to the undersigned, at his address, Advaita Ashrama, Mayavati, Lohaghat P. O., Almora Dt., U.P. All contributions will be thankfully received and acknowledged duly in *Prabuddha Bharata* by the undersigned.

SACHCHIDANANDA.

Joint Editor, *Prabuddha Bharata*

— —

Report of the Kankhal Ramakrishna Sevashrama from its beginning, June 1901 to 31st. December, 1902.

KANKHAL MAIN CENTRE.

Outdoor patients :—399 Sadhus and 137 poor Grihasthas. Of the Sadhus, 368 were cured, 27 left treatment, 1 died and 3 are still under treatment. Of the Grihasthas, 117 were cured, 19 left treatment and 1 died.

Indoor patients :—128 Sadhus, of whom 112 were cured, 12 left treatment and 4 died.

RISHIKESH BRANCH CENTRE.

Outdoor patients :—286 Sadhus and 68 Grihasthas. Of the Sadhus, 269 were cured and 17 left treatment. Of the Grihasthas, 64 were cured and 4 left treatment.

Indoor patients :—36 Sadhus, of whom 33 were cured and 3 left treatment.

Receipts

Received from June 1901 to December 1902 and acknowledged from time to time in Prabuddha Bharata ... Total Rs. 899-0-6.

Kankhal Expenditures

	Rs.	As.	P.
Food ..	202	9	6
Clothing ...	9	5	0
Light ...	7	6	3
Postage ...	20	3	3
Medicine and Medical books	113	15	6
Ry. fare ...	56	15	6
Establishment ...	105	8	0
House-rent ...	54	11	0
Labour	1	11	0
Gift	2	8	7½
Sundries ..	4	13	4½
Total Rs.	579	11	0

Rishikesh Expenditures

	Rs.	As.	P.
Food	7	14	4½
Light	0	5	6
Postage	2	13	0
Medicine	20	11	3
Ry. fare ...	0	3	3
Establishment	4	10	0
Labour	3	3	3
Raising a hut ..	3	2	6
Sundries	0	6	3
Total Rs.	43	5	4½

Kankhal Total Rs. 579 11 0
Rishikesh " " 43 5 4½

Grand Total Rs. 623 0 4½

Balance in hand Rs. 276 0 1½

Total Rs. 899 0 6

Besides the above, at Kankhal, 22 mds. 9 srs. of flour, 8 mds. 12 srs. 11 chs. of rice, 1 md. 6 srs. 2½ chs. of salt, 6 mds. 31 srs. 4 chs. of *dal*, 8 srs. of sago, 3 srs. of arrow-root, 2 tins of barley and milk worth Rs. 53-4-4½ and, at Rishikesh, 34 srs. 4 chs. of flour, 1 md. 14 srs. of rice, 4 srs. 8 chs. of salt, 28 srs. 2 chs. of *dal*, 10 srs. of sago, 2½ srs. of arrow-root, 2 tins of barley, milk worth Rs. 7-4-6 and *khicheri* worth Re. 1, supplied by generous friends, were consumed.

NEWS AND NOTES

IN Japan nobody ever keeps any money in his house. Everything is invested in national banks to advance national prosperity.

MISS FOWLER, of Liverpool, has given £20,000 to found a new branch of the Wesleyan Children's Home and Orphanage in the North of England, to accommodate 300 more children.

IN Abyssinia none but those who are related to the monarch are permitted to wear gold in any form—they may deck themselves with diamonds and other precious stones, but the jewels must not be set in gold. The penalty for infringement of this law is death or decapitation.

THE birthday Anniversary of the Swami Vivekananda will be celebrated at the Belur Math on Sunday, the 25th January, 1903.

PROGRAMME ON THE OCCASION.

1. Reading from the Vedas and Upanishads ... 8 A.M. to 9 A.M.
2. Music ... 9 " to 1 P.M.
3. Feeding the poor ... 2 P.M. to 6 "

PARISIANS hope shortly to be growing vegetables of all kinds by electricity. Two Russian scientists, Messrs. Spyeskaeff and Krovkoff have discovered that an electric battery, buried in a field, electrifies the whole of its extent for a very small cost, and that in ground so electrified, potatoes, beet-root, barley, and nearly all vegetables grow not only

much more quickly, but give a much larger crop.

THE story of a brave deed is told in the *Gazette of India* in a notification which records the admission to the Order of Merit of Naik Hira Singh, 11th Burma Infantry, for conspicuous gallantry near Kumassi in Ashanti on the 6th August, 1900, when he, though hit three times and severely wounded during the attack on a stockade, continued to advance, and joined in the charge on the position and the subsequent pursuit of the enemy.

THE late Professor Max Muller has left on record in the Eighteenth Volume of his essays, which has just been published, his belief in the doctrine of re-incarnation. This open avowal, by a man of his attainment, will have its influence among many thoughtful people.

"I cannot help thinking that the souls towards whom we feel drawn in this life are the very souls whom we knew and loved in the former life, and that the souls who repel us here, we do not know why, are the souls that earned our disapproval, the souls from whom we kept aloof in a former life."

AGRICULTURE, after all, is, and must be the mainstay of the people of India, and the rulers of its provinces, when tempted to think of specious artificial means for inducing prosperity, would do well to have printed in bold type and hung up in front of them in their room, the well-known quotation from *Gulliver's Travels*—"And he gave it for his opinion that whoever could make two ears of corn or two blades of grass to grow upon

a spot of ground where only one grew before would deserve better of mankind and do more essential service to his country than the whole race of politicians put together."

THE late Lala Nanak Chand of Meerut in the U. P. of Agra and Oudh, has left property, which is understood to be worth about three lakhs, in trust for various charitable purposes. A fourth of the income will go to feed and clothe travellers, paupers and religious mendicants in a *Sadabrata*; another fourth to help widows, guardianless minors, and respectable but helpless persons who cannot beg openly; and with the remaining half, a school, to be called the "Nanak Chand Anglo-Sanskrit School," will be established and maintained in the city of Meerut. Students of no creed will be debarred, but preference will be given, in admission, to Hindu boys.

THE slaughter of the elephant in Africa is going on at such a rapid rate that unless it is possible to have a "close" time for the animal in the regions where he is still most numerous, it will not be long before the world's supply of ivory will be exhausted. Africa is the main source of supply, and it is estimated that every year 70,000 elephants are slaughtered for the needs of the ivory market. That is a rate of destruction that not even the great internal resources of the dark continent can long withstand, especially in the case of an animal that reproduces as slowly as the elephant. The effect of this wholesale slaughter has been visible in a gradually decreasing quantity of ivory on the market during recent years.

RAMAKRISHNA SEVASHRAMA

KANKHAL

	Rs.	As.	P.
Amount previously acknowledged	884	0	6
Mr. Raghachari	3	0	0
„ M. Ranga Swami Aiyangar	2	0	0
„ N. Harihar Satri	1	0	0
„ C. Ramanujachari	1	0	0
„ Natisa Aiyar	1	0	0
„ Jadupati Chatterjee	10	0	0
<hr/>			
Total	902	0	6

In the October report published in the December No. of Prabuddha Bharata 1902, Rs. 2 should be in place of Rs. 5, acknowledged against the name of Swami Nirmalananda. Hence the total amount received up to the end of December 1902 is Rs. 899-0-6.

REPORT OF THE SEVASHRAMA FOR
DECEMBER

Outdoor patients:—17 Sadhus and 3 poor Grihasthas. Of the Sadhus, 14 were cured, and 3 are still under treatment. All the Grihasthas were cured. Indoor patients:—5 Sadhus, who were all cured.

Expenditures

	R.	A.	P.
Food	13	3	0
Light	0	2	6
House-rent	3	0	0
Establishment	11	3	0
Postage	1	8	0
Sundries	0	0	9
Clothing	2	5	0
<hr/>			
Total	31	6	3

Besides the above, 1 md. 10 srs. of flour, 15 srs. of dal, 36 srs. of rice, 3 srs. 8 chs. of salt, and milk worth Rs. 6-5-4½ donated by a kind friend were consumed. We also acknowledge with thanks 100 pills from Dr. Nanjundo Rao, Madras.

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