

Prabuddha Bharata

OR

Awakened India



उत्तिष्ठत जाग्रत प्राप्य वरान्निबोधत ।

Katha Upa. I. iii 4.

Vol. XVIII, No. 198, JANUARY 1913

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Arise! Awake! And stop not till the Goal is reached.

—Swami Vivekananda.

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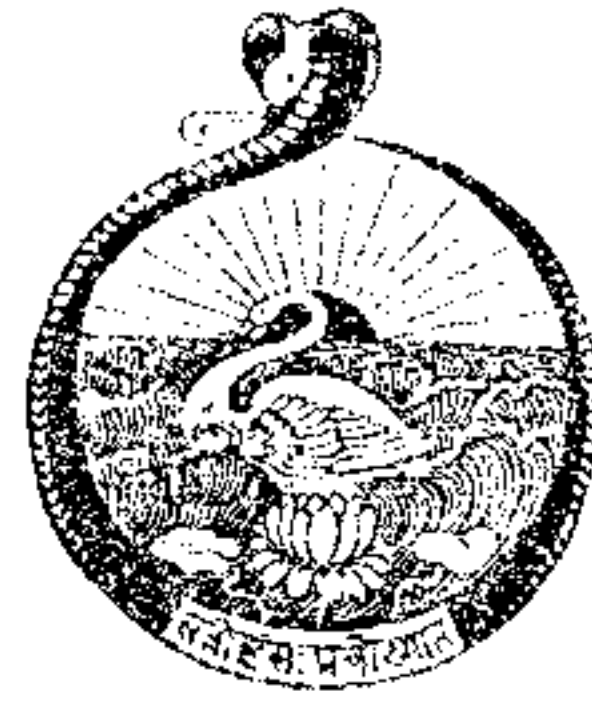
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—Swami Vivekananda.

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SRI RAMAKRISHNA'S TEACHINGS

THE THREE GUNAS

A MAN was going through the woods. On his way he was caught by a band of three robbers. They took away everything he had. Then the first robber asked: "What is the use of keeping this man alive?" And drawing his sword he was about to kill him, when the second robber stopped him, saying: "What good will be done by killing him? Tie his hands and feet and throw him to one side." So they bound his hands and feet and went away leaving him by the roadside. After they had been gone for a while, the third robber returned and said to him: "Ah! are you hurt? Come, let me untie the cords and release you." Then when he had removed the cords he said: "Now come with me. I will show you the road." After walking for a long distance, they found the road, and then the robber said: "Look, there is your home. Follow the road and you will soon reach it." The man thanking him replied: "Sir, you have done me a great service. I am greatly obliged to you. Will you not come with me to my house?" The robber answered: "No, I cannot go there; the guard would find me out."

This world is the wilderness. The three robbers are the three Gunas of nature,—Satva, Rajas, and Tamas. Jivā, or the individual soul is the traveller; Self-knowledge is his treasure. The Tamas quality tries to destroy the Jiva, the Rajas quality binds him with the fetters of the world, but the Satva quality protects him from the actions of Rajas and Tamas. By taking refuge with the Satva quality, Jiva becomes free from lust, anger and delusion which are the effects of Tamas; the Satva quality also emancipates the Jiva from the bondage of the world. But the Satva quality itself is also a robber. It cannot give Divine Wisdom or the knowledge of the Absolute. It leads one, however, up to the path of the Supreme Abode and then it says: "Behold, there is thy home!" Then it disappears. Even the Satva quality cannot go near the Abode of the Absolute.

A DEVOTEE of Sâtvic nature offers *payesh* (sweetened milk-rice) to his chosen Deity; a Râjasic devotee gives as offerings fifty richly-spiced dishes to his God; a devotee of the *tâmasic* type offers goats and other animals as sacrifices. Difference of nature makes all the difference in the act of worship.

OCCASIONAL NOTES

ANOTHER year has rolled by and with it many circumstances have come and gone which have left their impress upon our characters. Another year of opportunity has flown by, and naturally the sincere mind examines itself as to how it has been availed of. There is no greater spur to resolution than the knowledge of opportunity unemployed. It causes one's personality to re-act upon itself in an impatient mood of repentance and to determine to face the on-coming year with greater high-mindedness and more sublime resolve. And in this sense of being dissatisfied with the results of the past year and determined to make the year that is dawning, a bright, holy one, rich with loftier purposes and richer insight—we wish most cordially to all our readers and well-wishers a **HAPPY NEW YEAR.**

To be dissatisfied with what has gone by is one of the unmistakable signs of the aspiring life. A sublime dissatisfaction is indeed the secret way of wisdom. If we are forever content with ourselves and with our realisations, what spur have we to march on with a new spirit into other fields of experience? Yes, we may have done well in the year gone by; true, we may have risen to serene and victorious heights of vision and endeavour, but there are other heights beyond, and other visions yet to come. So let us be ready and be up and doing. Let us face the future with the hearts of heroes. If we have fulfilled the responsibilities that have been ours in the year past, let us joyfully proceed to the still richer fulfilment of still more important responsibilities that are to come. Motion is the sign of life; and, psychologically speaking, dissatisfaction is a form of motion. It is positive, spiritual, creative. It is to be welcomed and made the highest use of.

Therefore, we who stand before the portals of the New Year are **DISSATISFIED.** We want to enrich ourselves spiritually still more; we are anxious to reach out to more glorious goals; we are eager to battle with the obstacles of life with an even more martial spirit. And, indeed, we who have lived in the age when Ramakrishna taught, and Vivekananda preached, feel that we can face not only the New Year but the **Eternal Future** itself with the spirit of true progress. For we are of the line of the Prophets and our ears have taken heed of the words of the **Highest Wisdom.** We are still under the shadow of the **Great Spirit** that was with us some years since as Ramakrishna—Vivekananda, a spirit that is undying and that makes for heroes and saints. For by the example of their lives they have left with us a **Paraclete** of power and of insight, and we feel that ours is not only the reconstruction of our own personality in accordance with their **Light and Spirit**, but verily the spiritualising of the whole **Modern Transition**, as it expresses itself, not only in India, but in the whole world.

And what is the process? The diffusion of the ideas that these two great souls have left behind them as their legacy to the world. For this purpose was the magazine, '**Prabuddha Bharata**' established by the **Swami Vivekananda**, and for that reason has it received his blessings, good wishes and inspiration. For that reason has each and every one of us who are the sons and daughters of this **Modern Spirit** been working. Ours is the apostolic responsibility, and upon all of us, each according to his own light and nature, has the apostolic power been conferred.

Hence we can conceive of the New Year only as an opportunity of furthering the great, eclectic, liberal cause heralded by the Swami Vivekananda,—a cause identified with the preaching of the Word of God, the relief of the sufferings of the sick and distressed, the asceticism and realisation of the monk, the longings and realisations of the spiritual householder, the aspirations and the circumstances of the down-trodden masses, the spirit of righteousness and of spiritual progress at all times and in all places.

And Blessed India is our field of work. The Motherland of wisdom, the cradle of civilisation, the parent of the religious impulse and spirit,—her problems are our problems, her misery our very own! Our patriotism is one with our insight, for in India the love of country and the love of God—by the reason of the identity of religious and social interests and society being, as it were, permeated by religion—are one. He who sees deeply knows that there can be no progress for India or the Indian peoples, exclusive of the spiritual outlook and its consequent activity. And our task in the year that is upon us, will be to show throughout, the necessity of an invigoration of the spiritual consciousness, the necessity of an intensification of what the Swami Vivekananda entitled, "An Aggressive Hinduism," the necessity of spreading everywhere the knowledge of the contents and greatness of the Sanatana Dharma and the necessity of adding the activistic to the contemplative life.

For ages, by the life of the spirit, we have gathered the Power; through contemplation we have come to know ourselves. Now, what is needed is the manifestation of that Power, the Being of ourselves. And this manifestation implies that we shall be fearless, strong and free, that we shall be true men and true women, welcoming all obstacles, laughing

with the joy of the spirit at all difficulties. For we know that we, the South, have never had death nor fear, nor yet birth or bondage, and in the language of Jesus Christ, neither the Power of the world nor even the gates of hell itself shall stand against us. Ours is already the Victory. Each year is proving this. The past year has contributed something. The New Year shall contribute more. For India is proving herself equal to the demands of the Modern Transition, and the Gospel of Sri Ramakrishna and the Mission of the Swami Vivekananda are with us as vital, positive, Man-making, progressive realities.

In this sense and in this spirit we begin the New Year, wishing the readers and all our friends in India and abroad—

"A Most Happy New Year!"

THE CUP

[By the Swami Vivekananda]

This is your cup—the cup assigned to you
from the beginning.

Nay, My child, I know how much of that dark
drink is your own brew

Of fault and passion, ages long ago.

In the deep years of yesterday, I know.

This is your road—a painful road and drear.

I made the stones that never give you rest.

I set your friend in pleasant ways and clear,

And he shall come like you, unto my breast.

But you, My child, must travel here.

This is your task. It has no joy or grace,

But it is not meant for any other hand,

And in My universe hath measured place.

Take it. I do not bid you understand.

I bid you close your eyes to see My face.

THE FINENESS OF CHARACTER

[By the Sister Nivedita]

ALWAYS by the path of ideas! The Motherland is nothing in the world but a vast university, and every child born within her sphere is one of its students. The ideas and ideals that constitute India have never suffered any rude wholesale interruption. They have grown steadily, always ready to adopt a new light on the old truth, the most extraordinary example in the world of absorption mingled with conservatism. Acceptance and resistance in one breath!

India is a vast university, and every child born within her borders owes to her the service of a student. Every life however simple, helps to bind up the inheritance for the future. Infinite as is our debt to the famous names of the past, it is still greater to the shadowy crowds of the *Unknown Dead*, with whom we ourselves may look to be one day joined. We must remember that in all universities, not only in the Indian university; behind all intellectual cultures, not only behind that of the *dharma*; the driving-force is CHARACTER, and the mind of humanity—which for each man is the heart of his own people—is the treasure-house, in which the fruit of our lives should rest.

It is our duty to the nation, to make the most of our opportunities of learning. In order to make the most of them, we must first cultivate fine character. Fine character is always known by the nobility of its tastes. Its leisure is always well-spent, on ends both lofty and refined. Tell me your hobbies, and I will tell you what sort of citizens you will make. Why must a man be poor in order to be admirable? The modern type of university specially sets itself to create activities to which even rich men must devote all their resources, if they are to succeed. Great libraries, archæological collections, fine

instruments, the culture of to-day offers careers of a thousand kinds in all these directions. But in all these things a man must toil for himself. He cannot employ a servant to do his learning for him. Scholarship was never done by proxy!

The man who has fine tastes can never be vulgar. He is true to his own refinement, in every moment of his life. The respect which he has for himself, he accords to other people. He seeks noble company, and his manners tell of his own freedom of heart, and his reverence for the freedom of others. We should carry with us into all companies the memory of having been with noble persons. Without this, we are not fit for great associations, for we are ourselves without dignity. And without a constant up-springing of love and reverence to those who are about us, we cannot realise this memory. Only by respect for ourselves, respect for women as women, and respect for old age, can we build up true dignity.

Accustomed to our language with its fine gradations of terms, those who speak English are apt to imagine that there are in modern languages no means of expressing delicate degrees of honour. But let the *feeling* of honour and reverence be in the mind, and you will find that *any* language will express it for you! The word *you* becomes fifty different words, for the man who is really conscious of what is due to others.

Yet in fine manners there is no Slavishness. There must be grandeur and freedom of bearing. The man's homage must be to the *ideal* that he recognises, not merely to the *person* who for the moment embodies it. There must be no LAZINESS. The quiet of outward conduct must be expressive of intense activity of mind and heart.

Laziness, like cowardice, is an affront to those who call us theirs. For their sakes, if not for our own, we must bear ourselves as those entrusted with great parts. But our activity must not be *fussiness*. Are these distinctions not of the very essence of fine manners?

Above all, our great duty as Hindus is to hold the world always as a network of ideals. Behind the new fact, we must strive ever to find the ideal that it illustrates. In our reverence for those about us, we must pay our homage to the ideals of our own past. We must remember that the problems of to-day are all problems of the ideal world. If we can step from ideal to ideal, from the realisation of the known, to the struggle for the unknown, then we shall do our whole duty. It is the man who sees externals who brings about degradation. The man who dreams only of the spirit within the external, is the true world-builder.

In the strength of the past, not despising or doubting it, we have to plunge into the future. With belief in ourselves, we have to learn reverence with freedom. Because we are born into the university of Idealism, we must approach the task of throwing the old ideals into new forms. Our fathers have shown us how to worship. We have inherited from them the love of truth and the thirst for knowledge. Shall we not hold the new knowledge holy as well as the old? As they used to approach individual perfection through the *swadharma*, the duty of the caste, so must we, each man through his own subject, approach his own ideal. Shall we be less strenuous for science, for history, for ethnology, than they were for philosophy, for logic, for mathematics, for grammar? And how they worked! They made no distinction in knowledge. They did not choose the easy path. *Nalanda toila*. And in whatever we engage, let us remember that the one dynamic force is character, that—

Yato Dharmastato jayah.

THE LORD IS PASSING BY.

Before the world was I was here,
 Before the land or sea—
 No monarch or master ever set
 A bound to My liberty.
 To the soil parched by the thirsty heat
 I bring the cooling showers ;
 And the loneliest, quietest spots on earth
 I deck with the sweetest flowers ;
 And the loneliest, saddest hearts on earth
 With My whispers of hope I cheer ;
 And in My heart of Omniscient Love
 Is a balm for every fear.

The seed hid away in mother earth
 To await the coming spring
 Bursts forth unto the light, its second birth,
 By virtue of the strength I bring,
 The dainty tints of the delicate flower
 With my unseen brush I paint ;
 I flutter the rags of shame and sin ;
 I smooth the robes of the saint ;
 The harvest's wealth and the strong man's health
 Are equally due to Me ;
 And talents all, whether great or small,
 Bring accountability.

All kindly thoughts and gentle deeds,
 As the busy moments fly,
 I garner up in eternal stores
 For the use of the by-and-bye ;
 All cherished hopes for humanity's good,
 With aspirations high,
 Shall blossom there as roses fair,
 For love can never die ;
 The silent tear and the anxious fear,
 (Unmarked as the world goes round),
 I treasure up in my heart of hearts,
 Where the lost are ever found.

When Virtue trampled in mire and dust
 Breathes her expiring cry,
 And Wrong triumphs to outward sense,
 Behold! I am passing by ;
 I am passing by and I hear each sigh ;
 I know the griefs of the poor,
 The toiler's need and the spoiler's greed,
 And my rewards are sure ;
 I mark the Error and I mark the Truth—
 The darkness is light to Me ;
 I shine on the mountain's rocky steep ;
 I am buried beneath the sea ;
 I am! I am! I ever have been!
 I ever more shall be!

I mark the Error and I mark the Truth,
 And My own is known to Me!

—*The World's Advance Thought.*

IN THE HOURS OF MEDITATION

XIV

When my soul had entered the Silence of meditation, the Voice of the Guru said,—

“My son, do I not know all thy weaknesses? Why dost thou worry? Is not life beset with trials and tribulations? But thou art a Man. Let not faint-heartedness take possession of thy soul. Remember that within thee is the Almighty Spirit. Thou canst be what thou chooseth. There is only one obstacle,—thyself. The body rebels, the mind wavers,—but of the end be sure. For nothing can ultimately withstand the power of the Spirit. If thou art sincere with thyself, if in the depth of thy self there is integrity then all is well. Nothing can have full or final possession of thee. Cultivate openness of mind and heart. Conceal nothing from me with reference to thyself. Study thy mind as though it were a thing apart from thee. Speak frankly concerning thyself to those with whom thy soul finds true association. For the gates of hell itself cannot stand against a soul which is sincere. Sincerity is the one thing needed.

“After all, most of thy faults arise out of the body-consciousness. Treat thy body as though it were a lump of clay. Make it subservient to the purposes of thy will. Character is everything, and the power of character is the power of will. This is the whole secret of the spiritual life; this is the whole meaning of religious effort. Behold the civilisations. How man glories over the pomp of sense powers and sense realities. But at bottom it is all sex and food. The mind of the majority has arisen out of these two all-comprising facts. We cover the corpse with flowers, but it is all the same a corpse. Therefore, let the child of the spirit be deep in his study of what the world calls great. For at heart it is all putrid, being grossly

corporeal and physical. Have nothing to do with the ephemeral things of the world or with its attractions. Tear off the masks with which the body hides its shame. Enter into that insight where thou knowest that thou art not of these things. Thou art the Spirit; and know that the rise or fall of empires, the tendencies of cultures or of civilisations are of little import to the highest spiritual consciousness. Know That which is unseen to be truly great; know That to be truly desirable.

“Be thou the child of poverty; have thou an intense passion for purity. Lust and Gold make up the fabric of the worldly spirit. Root these out from thy nature. Know all tendencies thereunto to be poisons, one and all. Vomit out from thy nature all defilement. Wash thy soul clean from all impurities. See life as it is; and then shalt thou know it as Maya, neither good, nor yet evil, but something to be utterly given up, for it is all of the body and of the body-idea. Harken to each whispering of thy higher nature. Seize avariciously each message of thy Self. For Spiritual opportunity is a rare privilege, and unless thou takest heed, when the Voice enters the Silence, thou being busied with the call of the senses shalt not hear It; and thy personality shall fall into the clutches of habits that will cause it to perish. Only one message have I for thee: Remember that thou art the Spirit. The Power is behind thee. To be sincere is to be free. Be loyal to thy spiritual inheritance, for to be loyal is likewise to be free. Let every step which thou dost take be a step forward, and as thou goest along the highway of life, more and more shalt thou feel that thou art free. If thou hast integrity behind thee thou canst face all men. Be true to thyself. Then shall thy words ring with the accents of reality. Thou shalt speak the

language of realisation. And thou shalt gain the power which shall make others whole.

"Each man radiates the force of his character. One can never hide himself. If one is physically deformed, all men see the deformity. And if thou art spiritually deformed, likewise intuitively all men shall know. For when thou speakest of the things of the soul, men will feel that thou speakest that which is not in thy heart. Thou wilt not be able to communicate unto them anything whatsoever of the spiritual life. For thou thyself art not in and of it. Therefore, if thou wouldst become a Prophet of the Most High, busy thyself with self-reform. Keep guard over thy nature; watch every impulse; spiritualise thy instincts. Be sincere. But I would charge thee to keep thy realisations in reserve. Cast not thy pearls before swine. If thou dost feel wondrous states of the Spirit, remain silent, lest by loud talk thou dost detract from their intensity. Ponder over what thou receivest. Go with all things into the silence of the Spirit. Guard all thy wisdom and all thy realisations as a thief guards his possessions. Thou must conserve thyself; and when thou hast practised silence for some time, then shall that with which thy heart has become full, overflow; and thou shalt become a treasure and a power unto men.

"There is one path of austerity which I recommend to thee. Meditate on the terrible. For the terrible is everywhere. Truly, has it been said by a Sage, 'Everything that one touches is pain.' Know this not in a morbid, but in a triumphant sense. In all mystical experience, in one form or another, thou shalt find this worship of the terrible. In reality, it is NOT the worship of the terrible. It is terrible only to him who dwells in the senses. Pleasing and terrible are terms which have meaning only to one who is the bond-slave of the body-idea. But thou hast gone beyond,—at least in thought and aspiration, if not in realisation. By

meditation on the terrible thou shalt assuredly overcome the lust of the senses. Thou shalt embrace the life of the soul. Thou shalt be made pure and free. And thus, more and more thou shalt become united with me, who am on the other side of life. Never see life physically; study it psychically. Realise it spiritually. Then immediately the whole purport of the spiritual life shall be made clear to thee. Thou shalt know why saints love poverty and purity and shun, by fight or flight, anything that savours of Lust and Gold.

"Let this suffice. Follow what I have said. Think over it until the nervous system takes it up, and the fever of these ideas and their loftiness and ecstasy course through thy veins, renew thy personality and make thee altogether whole."

THREE WORDS OF STRENGTH

There are three lessons I would write,—

Three words with a burning pen,
In tracings of eternal light,
Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope. Though clouds environ now,
Gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put off the Shadow from thy brow,
No night but hath its morn.

Have Faith. Where'er thy bark is driven,—
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth,—
Know this,—God rules the hosts of Heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have Love. Not love alone for one,—
But man, as man, thy brother call.
And scatter like the circling sun
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul,—
Hope, Faith, and Love, and thou shalt find
Strength, when life's surges rudest roll,
Light, when thou else wert blind.

—Schiller.

GLEANINGS

(Collected by a Seeker)

Mind is clever, mind is king and mind is beggar; but the mind which seeks God will undoubtedly meet God.

Although in you is your looking-glass, you cannot see your face in it; but you will see it, if only the wanderings of your mind will cease.—Kabir.

* * *

Before the wisdom of faith, the wisest of men must hide their faces in very shame. It is such faith as this which sees God everywhere and evolves truth and purity even out of this world of impurity.

—Keshub Chandra Sen.

* * *

The Divine is beauty, wisdom, goodness and the like—by these the wing of the soul is nourished and grows apace.—Plato.

* * *

No truth is ours until we first live it; until it enters our lives and we become it.—D. S. Jordan.

* * *

For nothing other than a noble aim
Up from its depth can stir humanity,
The narrow circle narrows, too, the mind
And man grows greater as his ends are great.

—Schiller.

* * *

How many unessential things can we let go with a smile; how many things can we hold on to with a grim determination! This means the extent to which we are lords of ourselves. And because the things that cumber us are so vastly in excess of the things that aid us, the process of relinquishing takes first importance in *any regime* of soul-growth.—E. Purinton.

* * *

Never be in a hurry; do everything quietly and in a calm spirit. Do not lose your inward peace for anything whatsoever, even if your whole world seems upset.—St. Francis De Sales.

* * *

What are members kind,
By force of custom, man who man would be
Must rule the empire himself, in it
Must be supreme establishing his theme
On vanquished will, quelling the anarchy
Of hopes and fears, being himself alone.

—Shelley.

* * *

Tolerance means reverence for all the possibilities of truth; it means acknowledgment that she dwells in diverse mansions, and wears vestures of many colours and speaks in strange tongues; it means frank respect for freedom of indwelling conscience against mechanic forms, official conventions, social force; it means the charity that is greater than even faith and hope.

—John Morley.

* * *

To worship a black stone because it fell from heaven may not be wholly wise, but it is half way to being wise, half way to worship heaven itself. It is not true folly to think that stones see, but it is to think that eyes do not. It is not true folly to think that stones live—but it is to think that souls do not.—Ruskin.

* * *

We cannot know God truly unless we are God.

If God is defined to mean an existence other than the existence of which I am a mode, then I deny God and affirm that it is impossible God can be, that is I affirm one existence and deny that there can be more than one.—Bradlaugh.

* * *

Great souls are like mountain summits. The wind beats upon them, clouds envelop them; but we breathe better and deeper there than elsewhere. The air on those heights possesses a purity which cleanses the heart of its defilements, and when the clouds part we dominate the human race.—Romain Rolland.

* * *

“I resolve to do my work! To live!
To see to it I grow, I gain, I give;
Never to look behind me for an hour,
To wait in weakness, and to walk in power;
But always fronting forward to the fight,
Always, and always facing toward the light,
On with what strength I have, back to the way.”

SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE VEDANTA PHILOSOPHY AND CHRISTIANITY

[*Unpublished Notes of a lecture delivered by the Swami Vivekananda at the Unitarian Church.*

Feb. 28th. 1900]

BETWEEN all great religions of the world there are many points of similarity; and so startling is this likeness, at times, as to suggest the idea that in many particulars the different religions have copied from each other.

This act of imitation has been laid at the door of different religions, but that it is a superficial charge is evident from the following facts:—

Religion is fundamental in the very soul of humanity,—and as all life is the evolution of that which is within,—it of necessity expresses itself through various peoples and nations.

The language of the soul is one, the languages of nations are many; their customs and methods of life are widely different. Religion is of the soul and finds expression through various nations, languages and customs. Hence it follows that the difference between the religions of the world is one of expression and not of substance; and their points of similarity and unity are of the soul, are intrinsic, as the language of the soul is one, in whatever peoples and under whatever circumstances it manifests itself. The same sweet harmony is vibrant there also, as it is on many and diverse instruments.

The first thing in common in all great religions of the world is the possession of an authentic book. When religious systems have failed to have such a book, they have become extinct. Such was the fate of the religions of Egypt. The authentic book is the hearthstone, so to speak, of each great religious system, around which its adherents gather, and from which radiates the energy and life of the system.

Each religion, again, lays the claim that its particular book is the only authentic word of God; and that all other sacred books are false and are impositions upon poor human credulity; and that to follow another religion is to be ignorant and spiritually blind.

Such bigotry is characteristic of the orthodox element of all religions. For instance, the orthodox followers of the Vedas claim that the Vedas are the only authentic word of God in the world;

that God has spoken to the world only through the Vedas; not only that, but that the world itself exists by virtue of the Vedas. Before the world was, the Vedas were. Every thing in the world exists because it is in the Vedas. A cow exists because the name cow is in the Vedas; that is, because the animal we know as a cow is mentioned in the Vedas. The language of the Vedas is the original language of God, all other languages are mere dialects and not of God. Every word and syllable in the Vedas must be pronounced correctly, each sound must be given its true vibration, and every departure from this rigid exactness is a terrible sin and unpardonable.

Thus, this kind of bigotry is predominant in the orthodox element of all religions. This fighting over the letter is indulged in only by the ignorant, the spiritually blind. All who have actually attained any real religious nature never wrangle over the form in which the different religions are expressed. They know that the life of all religions is the same, and, consequently, they have no quarrel with anybody because he does not speak the same tongue.

The Vedas are, in fact, the oldest sacred books in the world. Nobody knows anything about the time when they were written or by whom. They are contained in many volumes and I doubt that any one man ever read them all.

The religion of the Vedas is the religion of the Hindus, and the foundation of all Oriental religions; that is, all other Oriental religions are offshoots of the Vedas; all Eastern systems of religions have the Vedas as authority.

It is an irrational claim to believe in the teachings of Jesus Christ and at the same time to hold that the greater part of His teachings have no application at the present time. If you say that the reason that the powers do not follow them that believe, (as Christ said they would,) is because you have not faith enough, and are not pure enough,—that will be all right. But to say

that they have no application at the present time is to be ridiculous.

I have never seen the man who was not, at least, my equal. I have travelled all over the world; I have been among the very worst kind of people—among cannibals—and I have never seen the man who is not at least my equal. I have done as they do,—when I was a fool. Then I did not know any better, now I do. Now they do not know any better; after a while they will. Every one acts according to his own nature. We are all in process of growth. From this standpoint one man is not better than another.

THE MASTER OF THE FLAME

(An Advaita Sutra)

Know I the All-Devouring Flame,
The Life-and-Death-Devouring Flame!
Aye,—and the Feeder of the Flame!
For ere, the Light Primeval dawned,
Ere the Semblances of Form arose,
I dwelt—the maker of the Flame—
Encompassed within the Self I am!
And the Self is That All-Mightiness!
Indifferent am I how the Flame
Leaps and twists and burns and runs.
For I am the Flameless Essence of the Flame.
Yea—I am He Whom the Flame knows not.
Aye, in the Darkest-Secret do I dwell;
Nor can the Flame of Life illumine That.
The Light and Force that is the flame,
In the proper timings of Thy Will,
I draw into the Fathomlessness
Of That which is the Everlasting I
And Self Eternal ere the Dawn of Life.
Lo! I am the Free, the Limitless, the Free,
Snatcher of the Flame of life and death!
In myriad concordances of light
I make the One-Shaped Flame the Myriad Many.
And, yet, I blot out the Myriad-many,
Yea,—blot out as well the One-Shaped Flame.
And all that doth remain is I,
Maker, Feeder, Destroyer of the Flame—
I, the Ancient Self Inscrutable,
Shrouded in the Unit Formlessness!
I am the Space-transcending, Oceanic Self,
The rush of Timeless, Thoughtless Being!
With thought and form, I feed the Flame;
But—apart from thought and form—
I am the Essence, the Flameless Essence!
—Brahmachari Sankaradas.

EPISTLES OF

SWAMI VIVEKANANDA

III

Ajmere, 14th April, 1891.

Dear G. S.—

* * Try to be pure and unselfish—that is the whole of religion. * *

Yours with love,

V.

IV

Abu, 30th April, 1891

Dear G. S.—

Have you done the Upanayana of that Brâhman boy? Are you studying Sanskrit? How far have you advanced? I think you must have finished the first part.....Are you diligent in your Shiva Puja? If not, try to be so. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and all good things will be added unto you." Follow God and you shall have whatever you desire....To the two Commander Sahebs my best regards; they being men of high position were very kind to a poor fakir like me. My children, the secret of religion lies not in theories but in practice. To be good and to do good—that is the whole of religion. Not he that crieth 'Lord,' 'Lord,' but he that doeth the will of the Father." You are a nice band of young men, you Alwaris, and I hope in no distant future many of you will be ornaments of the society and blessings to the country you are born in.

Yours with blessings,

V.

P. S.—Don't be ruffled if now and then you get a brush from the world; it will be over in no time and everything will be all right.

V

Mount Abu, 1891

Dear G. S.—

You must go on with your Japam whatever direction the mind takes. Tell Harbux

that he is to begin with the Pranayama in the following way. * *

Try hard with your Sanskrit studies.

Yours with love,
V.

—
VI

C/o G. W. Hale, Chicago,
U. S. A.

Dear G. S.—

Do you keep any correspondence with my *gurubhāis* of Calcutta? Are you progressing morally, spiritually and in your worldly affairs?.....Perhaps you have heard how for more than a year I have been preaching Hindu religion in America. I am doing very well here. Write to me as soon as you can and as often as you like.

Yours with love,
Vivekananda.

—
VII

U. S. A.

Dear G. S.—

* * Honesty is the best policy, and a virtuous man must gain in the end.....you must always bear in mind, my son, that however busy or however distant, or living with men however high in position I may be, I am always praying, blessing and remembering everyone of my friends, even the humblest.

Yours with blessings
Vivekananda.

—
VIII

63 St. George's Road.
London, S. W.
6th July, 1896,

Dear F—

* * * * *

Things are going on with me very well on this side of the Atlantic.

The Sunday lectures were quite successful, so were the classes. The season has ended,

and I too am thoroughly exhausted. I am going to make a tour in Switzerland with Miss Muller. The G—s have been very very kind. J— brought them round splendidly. I simply admire J— in her tact and quiet way. She is a feminine statesman or woman. She can wield a kingdom. I have seldom seen such strong yet good common sense in a human being. I will return next Autumn and take up the work in America.

The night before last I was at a party at Mrs. M—'s, about whom you must already know a good deal from J—.

Well, the work is growing silently yet surely in England. Almost every other man or woman came to me and talked about the work. This British Empire with all its drawbacks is the greatest machine that ever existed for the dissemination of ideas. I mean to put my ideas in the centre of this machine, and they will spread all over the world. Of course, all great work is slow and the difficulties are too many, especially as we Hindus are the conquered race. Yet, that is the very reason why it is bound to work, for spiritual ideals have always come from the down-trodden. Jews overwhelmed the Roman Empire with their spiritual ideals. You will be pleased to know that I am also learning my lessons every day in patience and, above all, in sympathy. I think I am beginning to see the Divine, even inside the high and mighty Anglo-Indians. I think I am slowly approaching to that state when I would be able to love the very "Devil" himself, if there were any.

At twenty years of age I was the most unsympathetic, uncompromising fanatic; I would not walk on the footpath, on the theatre-side of the streets in Calcutta. At thirty-three, I can live in the same house with prostitutes and never would think of saying a word of reproach to them. Is it degenerate? or is it that I am broadening out into the Universal Love which is the Lord Himself?

Again, I have heard that if one does not see the evil round him, he cannot do good work—he lapses into a sort of fatalism. I do not see that. On the other hand, my power of work is immensely increasing and becoming immensely effective. Some days I get into a sort of ecstasy. I feel that I must bless every one, everything, love and embrace everything, and I do see that evil is a delusion. I am in one of these moods now, dear F—, and am actually shedding tears of joy at the thought of you and Mrs. L—'s love and kindness to me. I bless the day I was born. I have had so much of kindness and love here, and that love infinite that brought me into being has guarded every one of my actions good or bad, (don't be frightened), for what am I, what was I ever but a tool in His hands?—for whose service I have given up everything, my beloved ones, my joys, my life. He is my playful darling, I am His playfellow. There is neither rhyme nor reason in the Universe! What reason binds Him? He the playful one is playing these tears and laughter over all parts of the play! Great fun, great fun, as J— says.

It is a funny world, and the funniest chap you ever saw is He—the Beloved-Infinite! Fun, is it not? Brotherhood or playmatehood—a school of romping children let out to play in this playground of the world! Isn't it? Whom to praise, whom to blame, it is all His play. They want explanations, but how can you explain Him? He is brainless, nor has He any reason. He is fooling us with little brains and reason, but this time He won't find me napping.

I have learnt a thing or two: Beyond, beyond reason and learning and talking is the feeling, the "Love," the "Beloved." Aye, "Sake" fill up the cup and we will be mad.

Yours ever in madness,

Vivekananda.

AN ADVAITA STOTRA

Supreme, distinct from mind and form,
Above the bounds of space and time,
There is the Deathless Atman, Free.
It alone is real, alone is true.
The fetters of sense are myriad-many :
The Atman is beyond their bondage ;
They bind the dreamer, make his dream,—
The Awakened One they cannot touch ;
Myriad the realms of form and mind.
Myriadfold, of causes and effects, the law
That makes and breaks the universe we know,—
The Formless, Causeless Atman is beyond ;
Beyond this darkness, beyond this living death,
Beyond all change, beyond all good or ill,
Beyond attraction, and beyond attachment,—
It is the Self-contained, the Self-concerned !
What is that Self! No words can speak,
No reach of thought can ever touch
Formless,—It pervades the universe ;
Thoughtless,—It transcends the highest flights of
mind.
It is the Great and Everlasting Truth
Beyond the lie of life, beyond its dreams ;
It is the Vast, Divine Illumination
Beyond the Night of Time, the Night of Life.
The universe but an appearance is
Of That which ever dwells beyond appearance.
The whole world's form is but a fleeting shadow
Of the formlessness of That which is the Self.
Know, Great One, whate'er the Dream contains
Of good or ill, of pleasure or of pain
Thy Self,—It is beyond the void of dreams,
Beyond their bondage and beyond their cause.
Thine is Freedom ; Thou art the Ever-Free
Thy Self is God ; God is Thy Very Self !

Brahmachari Sankaradas.

IN THE LAND OF THE MUMMY

NO part of the world holds a monopoly on the opportunities for health, or for wealth or for happiness, for these things depend much on the individual. To the one whose bodily frailty makes living in regions of extreme heat or cold, or of sudden and violent changes of temperature, a burden to himself and others; to the seeker after rest or recreation, in change of environment; to the one who would spend a vacation under conditions that are certain to be wholly interesting, Egypt offers many advantages. Perhaps at no period of the year is Egypt more delightful than in February and March. The atmosphere is extremely clear and dry, the air cool and balmy, and the ground covered with verdure.

No European can travel in this country without a perpetual reminder that he is indeed in an old-world land stored with historic interests, places whose very names breathe romance and adventures, where one can lose oneself in glorious reveries on the lessons of the past, its sciences, discoveries and strange traditions, and the exploits and achievements of those who were great and famous in the land.

It is surprising that of the thousands of Westerners who annually return home from India, but a small proportion turn aside from their homeward course to visit Egypt. Yet those who pass it by, forego the memory of a country stately, impressive, and Oriental. It is true the country must suffer in comparison with its grander sister India, for its beauty is of dignity rather than of reverence: it has not the sense of reverence, the suggestion of veiled infinities that catch at your heart-strings in Hindusthan.

Even people sated with much sight-seeing are thrilled by what they see in Egypt, for so many centuries the land of the buried, but

which has now become the land of the risen dead.

Cairo teems with interest and is one of the most fascinating cities of the East and must be seen and enjoyed by all cosmopolitans.

Its character was originally purely Arabic and is still mainly so, though in modern times the European style in architecture has become more and more prevalent, especially in the newer quarters. In the centre of the town is situated the Esbekiya Square, which displays a combination of the European and Asiatic elements. Streets upon streets of houses, mosques with imposing domes and stately minarets meet the eye on every side and the hum and rumour of active life strike upon the ear persistently.

The thoroughfares are gay with Copts, Jews, Armenians, Nubians, Europeans, and the extraordinary conglomeration of races that make up the city. Electric trams buzz along filled with passengers, carriages and motors ebb and flow every hour of the day, the Hotel-porters shoulder the importunate hawkers of spurious antiquities, dragomen elbow tourists and smartly-dressed ladies pass hither and thither. The shrieking of the *arabiya* coachmen, the voices of the donkey-boys, the cry of the camel-drivers, the clang of the brasses of the sherbet-sellers, the song of the vendors of the sweetmeats, all add to the turmoil and hubbub of the streets. Indeed, this is a picture which once seen is never forgotten.

The extraordinary mixture of the old order and the new is very noticeable, at first. One sees the two worlds in vivid contrast, the world of the bustling West, blending with the old world where the ox still treadeth out the corn and the faithful turn to Mecca at the call from the neighbouring *muezzin*.

The swarthy children of the desert come and go with staid composure, sauntering in

a languid way, condescending to act as guide and servant to the visitors in consideration of good *backshish*. The Bedouin in his brown and white raiment passes by calm and dignified, and the peasant class, called *fellahs*, in blue garments and brown caps mingle with the throng. The women are clad in a long, loose-sleeved dress, mostly of black and veiled in the old Egyptian fashion, up to the eyes. The better class wear voluminous black silk cloaks, and the face veil with a curious old ornament on their foreheads. Though the women are secluded they have much more liberty than the same class in India. The Egyptian of the town is of mixed descent. He wears the *tarboosh*, the red flat-topped fez, which is used by all except the poorest.

As one strolls through the crowded streets one seems to be withdrawn for a while from the precincts of modern life and to live for once in the past and amidst past recollections and past incidents. One rubs one's eyes and wonders if one is moving in the twentieth century. The scene is more like something from the Arabian Nights!

Great and irresistible are the manifold charms of Cairo. Its position on the border of the desert, near by the Sphinx and the Pyramids of Giseh, give it a remarkable interest which has inspired many a lively and facile pen.

The Citadel stands on a rocky eminence and its glittering spires reaching out to the blue of the sky are to be seen from almost any part of the city. The red brick building looks very formidable. It contains the fine mosque of Mohammed Ali, with its slender minarets and its rich decorations in alabaster. Visitors and townspeople mount to this crown of Cairo to gaze with pride at the magnificent panorama unfolded at their feet. To see the glory of the sunset at Cairo this is the best position. From the ramparts of the Citadel I watched the sunset bathing the Pyramids in a purple and gold light throwing a glamour

over the Western plain, with splashes of intense colour and softer shades melting away into deepest shadows. To witness this scene is to see a dream become materialised!

Just before I arrived in Cairo (Feb. 27th) the return of the Kisweh or Holy Carpet had been celebrated with general rejoicing by the faithful. The Kisweh is the covering of the Temple of Mecca which contains the *Kaaba*, consecrated to the memory of the Prophet, a religious tribute annually supplied by Cairo. Over three hundred people are employed every year to make the Carpet which costs £ 10,000. Crowds of pilgrims attend the journeyings of the Kisweh and the prescribed ceremonies at Mecca are still zealously regarded with every attention to early tradition. The ceremony consists in walking round the *Kaaba* seven times, salutation of the Holy Stone, the drinking of the water of the Holy Well of Zemzem and visits to the Mountains of Ararat and Zafa. Every good Muslim wishes to perform the pilgrimage to Mecca once in his lifetime.

There are upwards of four hundred mosques in Cairo, all more or less on the plan of the Sacred Mosque of Mecca, but many of them are hastening to decay. The mosque of Sultan Hassan is constructed of the casing-stones of the great Pyramid and is well worth a visit. The Mosque of Sultan Tulum was said to be built more than a thousand years ago and has the oldest pointed arches in the world. The Mosque of El Azhar was turned into a university and has been much added to and altered. Mussulmans resort thither from all parts of the world for instruction in the law and religion of Islam. The teaching consists of learning by heart various old treatises on religion, jurisprudence, logic, rhetoric, poetry, etc. The student stays from three to five years and when he has qualified in every subject he receives a diploma. The number of students used to be between nine and ten thousand but has considerably de-

creased of recent years. In the Mosque is a fine collection of Korans which are shown to visitors.

Early one morning I sallied forth into the bright sunshine to take the electric tram to the Mena House, crossing the great Kasr-en-Nil bridge *en route*. The drive along the eight miles which separates the Pyramids from Cairo leads through an avenue of *lebbeh* (accacia) trees, skirting the Nile. On arriving at the Mena House I alighted and surveyed with some apprehension the dromedary which my dragoman invited me to mount. However, I found the leisurely stride of my steed not at all uncomfortable. There are about seventy Pyramids around Memphis, but the most remarkable are the three at Giseh,—the tombs of Cheops (Khufu), Cephren (Khafra) and Mycerinus (Menkara), all kings of the fourth dynasty. These mysterious tombs which excited the conjectures and baffled the scrutiny of ages, seem now to reveal by the "wand of hieroglyphical discovery" a world of curious information of a civilisation existing thousands of years ago. It seemed impossible that these massive creations could ever crumble away, when one thought of the centuries they had stood in defiance of Time's ravages. What architect of the present day would undertake to erect a building more than four hundred feet high, full of chambers of the most elaborate description which would never need repair for 6,000 years! It is not until you stand close beneath the Pyramids that you realise their magnitude and their grandeur. In looking up at the countless layers of masonry, imagination readily exaggerates the difficulty of its ascent, but travellers often climb the Great Pyramid and to the Arabs the feat is an easy one. A Bedouin scrambled up the long and steep incline to the top and made the descent within 15 minutes, for my edification and the recompense of a few coins.

The stone Sphinx of Giseh nestles beneath

the mighty, protecting arms of the Pyramids. In contemplating this marvel of the ancient world, one would almost think that this sculptured Sphinx with the enigmatical face and breast of a man and lion form, had strange thoughts in its huge granite brain, which holds the eternal mystery of the desert in its keeping. One would like to fathom what lies behind those impenetrable features, that look out quietly, calmly, and indifferently over the rolling leagues of the desert. This combination of man and beast was supposed to denote the union of intellect and power required in a king. It is carved out of the rock excavated for the purpose to a depth of 60ft. and the height of the figure from the crown of the head to paws is 70ft. The sands are constantly accumulating around it and have to be removed. All around the stillness of the desert speaks with its magical voice and one cannot but feel its charm.

My dragoman was very prompt in driving away persevering beggars whose insatiable desire for *backshish* leads them to dog the footsteps of tourists for the chance of a stray coin, on such occasions when silence no less than solitude is so desirable.

(To be continued).

C. E. S.

THE PERSONAL VISION

LET a man be concerned with his own vision; let him realise it in the silence and in intensity! For how shall he voice the glory of his vision, unless he has, first of all, perceived in a clear manner that which his vision observes, and unless he has realised its contents? Locked up behind the iron bars of the incommunicable, all vision is personal because the full contents observed and the intensity of feeling and vision experienced can never be completely expressed. The world of illumination is always entered into by one's self,—for this reason is the

personal vision forever exclusive, and for this reason each man must work out and does work out his own salvation.

No one can understand another; no one can help another. Each being singly concerned with his own vision helps all thereby. The purpose that nature has with each soul is a full response to the pressure of truth and reality. In so far as each intensifies his own vision does he perform real labour, even though his hands are bereft of power and even though he dwells in a cave. The growth of the perspective of vision alone affords joy to the soul, and of itself it affords joy. That is why, ultimately, knowledge and bliss are one.

Each thought, each word, each turning of desire is a weight in the balance that determines whether the soul chooses the light or the darkness, whether it chooses vision or blindness. The very object of life is that the soul may see beyond it. Many are the ways of seeing beyond, but they are all personal. Therefore are there as many paths for the attaining of the goal as there are individuals. But each person is alone in his vision and his personal business is—realisation. In so far as he realises does he spread the gospel of his vision. Greater than expression is the intensity of vision. Greater than the art of a thing is its heart. According to the intensity of realisation is the spreading of the gospel, though the lips of the prophet be sealed in the silence, or sealed in the bliss of his vision.

Only he lives who is possessed of vision. All others, though living, are dead to the reality of things. He who is possessed of no vision,—in him the soul is asleep. Life is real only in so far as the powers of vision are developed. To plunge his soul into the chaos of life and find reality and truth, that is the greatness and that is the opportunity of man. To quicken within itself the command over all things, this is the determination of the awakened soul. To be beyond all

necessities, that is its aim. To become greater within itself than all the greatness of that which is without, aye, even to engulf that greatness in the might of its spiritual realisation,—this is the sublime purpose of the soul. Only he who sees these possibilities has vision.

The very thought of these high purposes is itself the key to higher worlds of reality. A man who has no vision, though he be possessed of the earth and the higher spheres, still is he a beggar. The great poverty is upon him, the poverty to which the Christ referred when He said: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" To open the doorways of vision one must climb upward through the mists of sense beyond their touch and reach the height upon which is indestructibly founded the temple of the soul. Then must he himself break asunder all bars and throw open with power those doorways of vision. And then must he enter in; and there he finds worlds upon worlds of inner reality, but even here is no guide to lead him. He himself must find the way, even as he has to climb the long path past the mists of sense,—by himself. He must be for himself the way, the truth and the light. There is, indeed, a sense of joy and of power, in standing alone. How much more prized the victory gained through the personal effort! The destiny that makes each stand alone in his own effort and in his own realisation only seems to be destiny. It is not destiny. It is opportunity. After much struggle the time comes when man knows that all worlds are as veils that may be rent and all difficulties as dreams that shall pass away with the coming on of higher and higher forms of truth. This is the joy and the tempest of vision when the soul senses its own power and has no longer any fears, when the soul sees its own life and turns from all lesser things to be concerned with the self of reality, which is the divine self of all things.

Each soul must perceive the self and that self is one. For this reason, again, is each man's vision his very own, for the forms of perceiving vary in relation to every person; for this reason, also, is each individual's vision incommunicable, and yet, for this very reason, is the vision of each soul interblended with the vision of all,—for there is but one goal for all even as there is but one self,—God.

HOW TO GAIN TRUE HAPPINESS

THIS world of ours is, to a searcher after real happiness, nothing but a scene of unceasing changes and tribulations. Nothing is there that is permanent and stable; but all is ever-dying and evanescent. From the lofty mountains that stand in their invulnerable heights to the tiny houses of clay that men build with their own hands to shelter themselves from the inclemencies of weather and terrors of nature, all are entirely subject to decadence and destruction. Men come and go in this world just as actors do on the stage, and all their actions are like the shifting scenes of a phantasmagoria. The objects which seem to engage men's attention most to-day, call forth their greatest disgust to-morrow. To the poor beggar the want of food is that which troubles him most, but the rich never care about that; the miseries of the rich are of a different kind, to which the poor are quite strangers. Can any single individual in the world, from the highest sovereign that holds in the palm of his hand the destiny of millions, to the penniless loafer in tatters that goes about in the streets to pick up a few crumbs of food with which to satisfy his hunger, tell us that he or she is perfectly happy? Oh, no; for the world is full of misery. In whatever direction we turn our thoughts, we find decay, ruin, misery and vanity.

But in the midst of all the turmoils of the world and failures of our hopes there is a craving in each man's heart to obtain real happiness. So he clings with avidity to the things of the senses, thinking that they would give him the wished-for happiness. No doubt, at first the cup of happiness seems to be full to the brim and well within

his reach; and he longs to enjoy it. But the moment he brings it to his lips it slips off, and breaks into pieces with all his hopes; and when he meets with such an intolerable disappointment, his blood turns into water, his heart sinks and he gasps for a breath of life and he asks himself "What a tantalus-life we mortals lead! Why do I fail to secure real happiness? Is there nothing in this world below, or in the heavens above, that can evade decay and dissolution?" No, he finds no ray of cheer and his spirit is weighed down under the load of sorrow, dejection and despair. The whole horizon seems to be nothing but an impenetrable sheet of misery! Then, when the darkness is the deepest and the yearning the most intense, a voice comes from within the heart of his heart, and tells him—"How can you, O man, get eternal happiness through these fleeting objects of the senses. The mirage of desire is prompting you to run after vain shadows, which are but reflections of the Reality. Go beyond to seek that which is Bliss absolute." Then and then alone man attempts to probe deep into the mystery and find out whether there is anything real that does not die—gaining which all death is set at naught. Blessed indeed is the man who directs his soul towards such an enquiry.

Though most men seem to live in oblivion and do not care to bestow one moment's thought to destroy the root of all miseries and solve the problem of life yet there are some—the gems of humanity—who feel the burden of the world and are tormented with a thousand and one miseries born of nature. And it is they who devote themselves to the solution of the vital problems which confront the spirit and arrive at definite conclusions, who benefit humanity. Such were the Sages of ancient India, who flinging away all the happiness which the world could give, lived in deep forests and in mountain caves, where they thought out the most sublime thoughts and vouchsafed them to the deserving and aspiring souls for their benefit. They have declared: "Within each soul is the germinal seed of true unfoldment. That is the stamp of divine heredity—the promise of eternal growth. Within the hidden recesses of each nature are precious jewels of priceless value—the unmentionable wealth—the limitless

potencies of spiritual attainment. Throughout the infinite diversity runs the infinite force of divine unity. What one becomes, all may become in the grand ultimate."

To extirpate all miseries, to exterminate all troubles, to acquire eternal happiness—as Gautama had once done,—self-abnegation, self-effacement, a strong will and a complete renunciation of the world are the things most needful to have. Many are the steps leading to the temple of happiness—rugged is the way and patient must be the one who climbs. Steady and strong, and full of courage must be the Seekers after light and knowledge, for, such men alone shall wear the crown of sure success.

B. V. Chandrasegaram.

GLIMPSES

If thou thinkest evil, be thou sure
Thy acts will bear the shadow of the stains,
And if thy thought be perfect, then thy deed
Will be as of the perfect, true and pure.

—Confucius.

—*—

If you live according to nature, you never will be poor; if according to the world's caprice, you will never be rich.—Seneca.

—*—

Root out love of self, speak not harshly to any one, be strong and resolute as iron, with firm but loving heart.—Buddha.

—*—

As the sun does not wait for prayers and incantation that he may rise, but shines at once and is greeted by all; so, neither wait thou for applause, and shouts and eulogies, that thou may'st do well; but be a spontaneous benefactor, and thou shalt be beloved like the sun.

—Epictetus.

—*—

The human heart is like a millstone in a mill. When you put wheat under it, it turns and grinds and bruises the wheat to flour. If you put no

wheat, it still grinds on—and grinds itself away.
—Luther.

—*—

God will not seek thy race,
Nor will He ask thy birth;
Alone He will demand of thee,
What hast thou done on earth!
—From the Persian.

—*—

I offer praise to Him who is most bounteous, great, most affluent, of true prowess and might (incarnate), Him, whose all-pervading and ceaseless course of bounty is, like the course of waters on a slope, ever free (to flow).—Rigveda.

ANCIENT HINDU PREDOMINANCE

THE ignorance and doubt entertained by the European nations about the ancient greatness of the Hindus, and of their pre-eminent position as the inspirers and leaders of the ethical and spiritual evolution of humanity, are being dispelled by the labours of many Western Oriental Scholars in the field of archæology, philology and the study of comparative religions.

That mankind in every continent of the globe received their first spiritual enlightenment from the Sages of India and that Hindu civilisation penetrated in very ancient times into every known region of the world, is becoming more and more manifest with the advance of modern archæological investigations. Ancient Egypt is said to have been civilised by the Hindu pioneers, and the line of "Shepherd kings" who ruled in that land before the Pharaohs has been indentified with the clan of Yadhavas who held political supremacy in a part of India during the Mahabharata period. That the Chaldean, Babylonian, the ancient Grecian and Roman civilisations too, owed much to early Hindu influence has been admitted by competent investigators. The ancient civilisation of China also can undoubtedly be traced to the same source. In the American continent, Mexico and Peru had long been known to have been influenced by Hindu civilisation and the state of the country described in Prescott's Conquest of Mexico, as having prevailed at the time when Cortez and his Spanish followers destroyed the independence of the country by barbarous acts of wanton spoliation, resemble in many points the state of a Hindu

As with the expiry of January, 1913, will end the semicentennial year of Swamiji's birth, we beg to remind those who wish to donate the one-fiftieth part of their whole earnings during the year, in response to our appeal for funds to complete the Vivekananda Memorial Building at the Belur Math, to send in their donations, however small, to the Editor of this paper at an early date. These will be duly acknowledged in the next no. of P. B.

kingdom during the Pauranic period. Images of the Hindu God Ganesha and other Hindu images have been unearthed among the ruins of Mexico and Peru, and these have confirmed beyond the possibility of a doubt the assumption of Hindu influence in America centuries before Columbus discovered that continent to Europe.

The September number of the "Indian Review" contains a lengthy article under the title "Did the Hindus discover America?" by the Hon. Alex Del Mar, which contains many proofs of the prevalence of Hindu influence in ancient times still further north in the American continent. A curious tablet dug in November 1841 from an ancient mound in Cincinnati, Ohio, has lately been recognised as a Calendar Stone which furnishes a data to fix the approximate date of those stupendous mounds which have been found scattered throughout the valley of the Mississippi and also a reliable clue as to the religion of the mound-builders. The writer says that those ancient mound-builders came from Mongolia to America, some time during the 13th century B. C. bringing with them the Shaman religion or worship of the sun. The writer refutes the theory of Mr. Fergusson given in his "History of Architecture" that these mound-builders were Turanians, and at last comes to the conclusion that "Whether the mound-builders were Turinians or not, their arts and religious ideas were evidently brought from Hindustan."

An important discovery made in these Mounds of North America, which unmistakably points to the prevalence of Hindu influence in those regions at a very remote period, is the fact that "several images of Buddha or Krishna (whichever they are) have been found in the American Mounds." "The slim waist, crossed legs, long feet, breadth of toes, the dots and circles shewn all over the body, the triple lines of garters or anklets etc., are very different from the costume of any North American and indicate a Hindu origin. The girdle about the waist, the girdle below the waist, the triangular dress covering the lower part of the body and, above all, the Swastika of the same material found with the statue afford strong evidence of Hindu communication and influence." This relic was dug in 1882 from the Big Toco Mound in Monroe country, Tennessee, by Mr. Emmert of the U. S. Bureau of Ethnology.—From *The Hindu Organ*.

NEWS AND MISCELLANIES

(CULLED AND CONDENSED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES)

THE prehistoric clay figures of bisons were discovered recently in a cave at Montesquieu. They are supposed to be 20,000 years old.

A Hindu Sabha was recently inaugurated in London, by a reception held on the occasion of the celebration of the Dipavali Festival. An Indian gentleman, Jessaraj Singh Sessodia is the Chairman of the Sabha, which is designed to foster brotherly relations among the Hindus in London, to assist them in times of distress, and to organise the celebration of the Hindu festivals. Dr. Ananda Coomaraswamy said at the reception that England greatly needed the dissemination of Oriental ideas. He urged that the head-quarters of the Sabha should be made a centre, where interested Westerners could be instructed in the psychology and basic ideas of the Orientals, particularly those regarding Hindu culture.

ON December 31, Mr. Montague, Under-Secretary of State for India, accompanied by Mr. Gourlay, visited the Presidency College of Calcutta. He spent considerable time at the Physical Laboratory where he followed with great interest the demonstration of some of Professor J. C. Bose's recent discoveries. He was not only much impressed by the experiments, but also by the great accuracy and extraordinarily high sensitiveness of the instruments invented by Professor Bose. He was greatly surprised when he heard that these very delicate instruments were all constructed in India by Professor Bose's Indian mechanics, under his instructions. He expressed a desire to personally congratulate them on the perfection of their handicraft. Addressing them he said that works like these were the highest expression of the true Swadeshi spirit. Before leaving, he complimented Professor Bose's scholars and assistants in being engaged in work of such importance for the advancement of knowledge.

SIR Berkeley Moynihan, of Leeds, in opening a tuberculosis exhibition in Huddersfield Town Hall, said that if they put a number of tubercle bacilli in battle array, it would require 16,000, as closely packed as they could get them before they covered the space of one inch. What the germ lacked in

size, however, he made up in productive capacity, for if they were to start at noon that day, one organism by next morning would have produced so many children that there would be one for every human being on the face of the globe. Of the 3,000,000,000 tubercle bacilli that would then exist, each one was capable of bringing into the world as large a family. This little enemy lurked in all the dark places of the earth, and accounted for the life of one person in every street in every civilised country. He claimed 60,000 victims every year.

TOLSTOI'S maxims on hygiene which brought him to hale old age are distributed throughout the Russian Empire. They may be summarised as follows:—

1. Fresh air, day and night.
2. Daily exercise.
3. Moderation in eating and drinking.
4. One hot bath weekly and a cold one daily.
5. Comfortable and not over-heavy clothing.
6. A dry, spacious and sunny dwelling.
7. Scrupulous cleanliness.
8. Regular and intensive work which acts as a preventive against ills of body and mind.
9. Rest after labour must not be sought in distractions, night was intended for sleep.
10. The chief condition for good health is a life fruitful in labour ennobled by good actions.

IN the regular meeting of the Ramakrishna Mission Boy's Society, Madanapalli, recently held, Mr. Subramaniam Iyer, the new President of the Society, delivered a very instructive speech succinctly explaining the teachings of the Swami Vivekananda. After pointing out how they aimed at man-making by bringing out to perfection the latent divine faculties in man, he spoke at length on the fourfold paths of Yoga for attaining that supreme goal. The man who through any of these four means, he said, sees the Divinity within him and others, becomes a Jivanmukta. He finally exhorted the members to have before them the ideal of service preached by the Swami, and to rise above those social differences which have now taken the place of religious ideas, and combine themselves for the study and practice of the great Swamiji's teachings for their self-improvement.

PROFESSOR William Stirling says thus about the inner organism of the body at the opening of the physiology lectures at Manchester University:—

“The air cells may amount to 300,000,000, giving a superficial area exposed to the air and the blood film in the inmost recesses of the lungs equal to 200 square yards, through which the exchanges of the gasses of the air and those in the blood take place.

“Each human kidney, contains roughly, 450,000 microscopic filters, making 900,000 in all, and a corresponding number of primary drainage tubes.

“In connection with this filtering apparatus, in man there are at least 4,500,000 microscopic vessels inside the filtering apparatus, and these in their turn give rise to 11,250,000 intra-glomerular capillary vessels through which the filtration of water takes place.

“A more formidable problem confronts us in the study of the liver,—the largest gland in the body, weighing about 4½ lbs. on an average. It is an immense aggregation of cells, arranged in lobules each lobule being about a millimetre in diameter, so that there are over 1,100,000 similar chemical factories united in one great chemical and metabolic factory, all enclosed within one common capsule. The number of cells in the liver amounts to 350,000,000 supplied by 100,000,000,000, tubular blood vessels, while the capillaries in the bile drainage system number 700,000,000,000.

“The internal combustion principle is an approach to what obtains in the animal body. The muscles are the motor apparatus. In the motor apparatus itself is generated the energy for the production of heat and movement. The blood stream supplies both the material, fuel, and the energy, and into it are discharged the waste products and the superfluous energy which is used to heat other parts of the organism.

“Moreover, Nature's reserves in the individual are extraordinary. Apparently without the slightest effort, she can meet the demands made on her. She can double the number of beats of the heart, accelerate the respirations, and increase the supply of the digestive juices to meet the demands that are made—often quite unexpectedly. ‘Ready, aye, ready!’ is Nature's motto.”