

Prabuddha Bharata

उत्तिष्ठत जाग्रत



प्राप्य वरान्निबोधत ।

Katha Upa. I. iii. 4

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

—Swami Vivekananda.

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SAYINGS OF THE SWAMI VIVEKANANDA—IX

When by reasoning the Truth is comprehended by the intellect, then it is realised in the heart, the fountainhead of feeling. Thus the head and the heart become illumined at the same moment, and then only as says the Upanishad, "The knot of the heart is rent asunder, and all doubts cease."

When in ancient times, this Knowledge (*Jnāna*) and this feeling (*Bhāva*) thus blossomed forth simultaneously in the heart of the Rishi, then the Highest Truth became poetic, and then the Vedas and other Scriptures were composed. It is for this reason, that one finds, in studying them, that the two parallel lines of *Bhāva* and *Jnāna* have at last met as it were in the plane of the Vedas and become combined and inseparable.

The Scriptures of different religions point out different means to attain the ideals of universal love, freedom, manliness and Selfless benevolence. Every religious sect is generally at variance as to its idea of what is virtue and what is vice, and fights with others over the means of attaining virtue and eschewing vice instead of aiming to realise

the end. Every means is helpful more or less; and as the Gita says, "Every undertaking is enveloped by defects as fire by smoke," so the means will no doubt appear more or less defective. But as we are to attain the highest virtue through the means laid down in our respective Scriptures we should try our best to follow them. Moreover, they should be tempered with reason and discrimination. Thus, as we progress the riddle of virtue and vice will be solved by itself.

How many in our country truly understand the Shastras nowadays? They have only learnt such words, as Brahman, Maya, Prakriti and so on, and confuse their heads with them. Setting aside the real meaning and purpose of the Shastras, they fight over the words only. If the Shastras cannot help all men in all conditions at all times, of what use, then are such Shastras? If the Shastras show the way to the Sannyasins only and not to the householders, then what need has a householder for such one-sided Shastras? If the Shastras can only help men when they give up all work and retire into the forests, and cannot show the Way by lighting the lamp

of hope, in the hearts of the men of the every-day world in the midst of their daily toil, disease, misery and poverty, in the despondency of the penitent, in the self-reproach of the down-trodden, in the terror of the battle-field, in lust, anger and pleasure, in the joy of victory, in the darkness of defeat, and finally, in the dreaded night of death,—then, weak humanity has no need of such Shastras, and such Shastras will be no Shastras at all!

Through *Bhoga* (enjoyment) *Yoga* will come in time. But, alas, such is the lot of my countrymen that, what to speak of possessing *Yoga* they cannot even have a little *Bhoga*! Suffering all sorts of indignities they can with the utmost difficulty only meet the barest needs of the body—and even that everyone cannot do! It is strange that such a state of affairs does not disturb our sleep and rouse us to our immediate duties.

Agitate ever so much for your rights and privileges, but remember that so long as we do not truly elevate ourselves by rousing intensely the feeling of self-respect in the nation, so long our hope of gaining rights and privileges is like the day-dream of Alnaskar.

When a genius or a man with some special great power takes birth, all the best and creative qualities and faculties of his whole heredity are drawn towards the making up of his personality, and squeezed dry as it were. It is for this reason that we find that all those who are subsequently born in such a family are either idiots or worthless, or men

of very ordinary calibre, and that in time, such a family in many cases becomes extinct.

If you cannot attain salvation in this life, what proof is there, that you can attain it in the life or lives to come?

While visiting the Taj at Agra he remarked:—"If you squeeze a bit of these marbles, it will drip drops of Royal Love and its Sorrow." Further he observed, "It takes really six months to study a square inch of its interior works of beauty."

When the real history of India will be unearthed, it will be proved that, as in matters of religion so in fine arts India is the primal Guru of the whole world.

Speaking of Architecture he said:—People say Calcutta is a city of palaces, but the houses look much like so many boxes placed one upon the other! They convey no idea whatever. In Rajputana you can still find much pure Hindu architecture. If you look at a Dharmasála, you will feel as if it calls you with open arms to take shelter within, and partake of its unqualified hospitableness. If you look at a temple, you are sure to find a Divine Presence in and about it. If you look about a rural cottage, you will at once be able to comprehend the special meanings of its different portions, and that the whole structure bears evidence to the predominant nature and ideal of the owner thereof. This sort of expressive architecture I have seen nowhere else except in Italy.

OCCASIONAL NOTES

IT is the duty of Indian parents to acquaint their children with the culture and the history of their forefathers. Else how shall the national consciousness be preserved or intensified! It is not only in universities that

one can read the glories of the past; they can be told even in the homes so that a child may understand. How many are the epics and the tales of Indian folklore! How many the side-visions of character and heroism in

the Ramayana and the Mahabharata! How many the stories of great queens and powerful kings with which the Indian historic experience is replete! Begin from this day to instruct the children in a knowledge of their historic heritage, for the citizens and the Indians of the future are the children of to-day. Coming home from his daily occupation, let the father gather the children together, and in the evening stillness let him tell them of the deeds and thoughts of their great ancestors. It is to be borne in mind that the greater part of education should be imparted in the family circle!

But it is not only the small children that are to be educated. Let the father, returning from the marts of civic life, gather about him the grown-up sons and daughters, telling them of the culture of the race and of the problems of the India of to-day. Let father and son exchange confidences concerning the leading movements of the day. Let them both conjointly sound the character of the Modern Transition in India. Upon the wisdom of the elders and the enthusiasm of the young men depends the character of our Indian Future.

Without a doubt the inspiration that dwells embodied in the language of the Bhagavad-Gita represents the accumulated treasures of ages of spiritual effort in the direction of insight. The Mahabharata is largely permeated, as all epics are, with Pouranic or imaginative elements, but the chapters that make up the Bhagavad-Gita are the essence of pure VEDA or Truth. The Gita is the testimony of the spiritual experience. Throughout its embodiment one finds the spirit of man and the soul of innumerable ages. The language itself is the language of insight, the powerful language of those who have *seen*. Throughout is felt the mighty note of that victory which is the discovery of the Eternal even within the rush and flow of time.

Throughout is felt an impassioned optimism, positive in its denial of that which *seems* real and its assertion of that which *is* real. There is no trace in the Gita of that weakness or that ignorance the junction of which makes up the pessimism of life,—for pessimism is always weak, and it is the ignorant who are pessimists. The courage of the other heroes on the battlefield of Kurukshetra, which was the scene of the Gospel of the Blessed One, was but a wavelet on the surface as compared with the oceanic depth of that fearless insight which made Arjuna, at Sri Krishna's bidding, see the formless Reality, beyond all embodiment and beyond all distinction, and which made him mindful of the idea that there was neither birth nor death in the Eternal.

He is not a true Hindu who, though having been born within the folds of the Sanatana Dharma, has not acquainted himself with the spirit of the Bhagavad-Gita. He is a Hindu in name only, for the Bhagavad-Gita is the Indian experience in epitome. In it one finds the whole contents of Hinduism defined in the term of Swadharma. Verily, in the Bhagavad-Gita one finds the message of the Most High to the sons of men.

We find ourselves surrounded by all manner of difficulties. Life itself is a struggle. But this is no reason to be despondent. Though a struggle, life is also an opportunity, and the purpose of the true man is to become the master in this struggle. Struggle and hardship are welcomed by the wise. They recognise that it is these that draw out the latent powers of character, and character is the aim of existence. And is it not a satisfaction to know that one is master? From pain and effort all things come that have true and intrinsic worth. Aye, there is nothing so sublime as the will to conquer and to be the master of one's fate, the captain of one's soul.

There are sermons everywhere. The evening quiet, sunrise or sunset, mountain or stream, rain or shine, may each alike spell sermons to the eye or ear. Natural glories may lead to the vision of spiritual glories. And truly has it been said, "In the presence of the wonders of Nature one indeed draws close to the Spirit of things."

Knowledge is an effort at remembering the Infinite Omniscience within us.

In the setting of the modern perspective, amongst many others, two figures are most prominent. These are Bhagavan Sri Ramakrishna and Srimat Swami Vivekananda. And this statement is borne out by the message that they have given to the modern world. "Let those who run, read," as says the proverb.

Sri Ramakrishna was a man who spoke plainly and simply at all times. His sayings need no commentaries. His was the highest

truth and that was why his language was the simplest. The highest truth is never complex. Sri Ramakrishna was not a philosopher. That is why he never speculated; he never theorised. He was a man of realisation; he *knew*. The most common object, such as a cocoanut or a fly, he would utilise in the explanation of his doctrines. Any of his sayings reveal this. Sri Ramakrishna spoke simply. His was the language of vision, the language of reality.

Sri Ramakrishna brought the struggle for Mukti on quite an objective plane. He diverted the idea of Maya from its metaphysical environment. He said that Maya is "lust and gold." That takes away the purely metaphysical element and makes character the test of vision. No man whose life is solely immersed in the senses, who lives from one sensation to another can attain the goal. Intellect has little to do with spirituality. Character is everything, and the ultimate aim of character is complete renunciation. It embodies the ideals of selflessness and sincerity which are the only path to realisation.

CONCENTRATION

Unpublished Notes of Class Talks by the Swami Vivekananda

CONCENTRATION is the essence of all knowledge; nothing can be done without it. Ninety per cent. of thought force is wasted by the ordinary human being and therefore he is constantly committing blunders; the trained man or mind never makes a mistake. When the mind is concentrated and turned backward on itself, all within us will be our servants, not our masters. The Greeks applied their concentration to the external world and the result was perfection in art, literature, etc. The Hindu concen-

trated on the internal world, upon the unseen realms in the self, and developed the science of Yoga. Yoga is controlling the senses, will and mind. The benefit of its study is that we learn to control instead of being controlled. Mind seems to be layer on layer. Our real goal is to cross all these intervening strata of our being and find God. The end and aim of Yoga is to realise God. To do this we must go beyond relative knowledge, go beyond the sense world. The world is awake to the senses, the children of the Lord are asleep

on that plane. The world is asleep to the Eternal, the children of the Lord are awake in that realm. These are the sons of God. There is but one way to control the senses,— to see Him who is the Reality in the universe. Then and only then can we really conquer our senses.

Concentration is restraining the mind into smaller and smaller limits. There are eight processes for thus restraining the mind. The first is *Yama*, controlling the mind by avoiding externals. All Morality is included in this. Beget no evil. Injure no living creature. If you injure nothing for twelve years, then even lions and tigers will go down before you. Practise truthfulness. Twelve years of absolute truthfulness in thought, word and deed gives a man what he will. Be chaste in thought, word and action. Chastity is the basis of all religion. Personal purity is imperative. Next is *Niyama*, not allowing the mind to wander in any direction. Then *Asana*, posture. There are eighty-four postures: but the best is that most natural to each one; that is, which can be kept longest with greatest ease. After this comes *Pranayama*, restraint of breath. Then *Pratyâhara*, drawing in of the organs from their objects. Then *Dharana*, concentration. Then *Dhyana*, contemplation or meditation. (This is the kernel of the Yoga system.) And last, *Samadhi*, superconsciousness. The purer the body and mind the quicker the desired result will be obtained. You must be perfectly pure. Do not think of evil things, such thoughts will surely drag you down. If you are perfectly pure and practise faithfully, your mind can finally be made a searchlight of infinite power. There is no limit to its scope. But there must be constant practice and non-attachment to the world. When a man reaches the superconscious state, all feeling of body melts away. Then alone does he become free and immortal. To all external appearances un-

consciousness and superconsciousness are the same, but they differ as a lump of clay from a lump of gold. The one whose whole soul is given up to God has reached the superconscious plane.

—From *The Message of the East*, Boston, Nov. '12

THE HIMALAYAS

Ever do these Himalayan heights loom vast
 Like Titan-deities above the plains,
 Ever do their vari-coloured shades
 Befit the gods Whose forms they thus adorn.
 Ever do their Masses All-Tremendous
 Seem Visions vast of that Beyond all dreams,
 For these are the highest worldly heights;
 Nothing soars above their crests imperial,—
 Nothing but the Infinite Expanse.
 These are the lordly pillars of the earth,
 Towering superior to all human sight.
 His eye can scan those great plateaus
 That seem cathedral spires from below.
 But, there the gods hold concourse
 Easily surveying all the earth.
 There they dwell invisible to all,
 Save those who know and seek the Truth,
 Renouncing all to climb the steep ascents
 That lead to those Olympian abodes.
 Hail ye Himalayan Gods
 From your snow-capped haunts!
 Ye see the speeding, radiating stars
 And ye commune with Them concerning
 Cosmic Life and Cosmic Destinies!
 Hail ye Gods! Great Shiva is your chief!
 Ye lend your Marble Whiteness to His Form,
 So that It captivates the heart and mind
 Of him who longs to see That Shining Face,
 And enter within the Cosmic Soul of Him
 Who dwells All-Pure and Free
 In the Sacred House on Kailas-Peak.

A Western Pilgrim.

Mayavati, May 7, 1911.

THE PROPHET

THE prophet was one in whom nature had manifested all her buoyancy. His youth was that of a poet. It was that of all things that are young and glad in youth, but too bounteous had been Nature's bequest. The excessive strength of life is ever its weakness; and too great pleasure turns surely into pain. Disillusion comes. Such was the experience of the prophet. So at an early age he rent the garments that covered his beauty and placed ashes and sackcloth on his person so that its beauty was forlorn amid this token of death.

He shaved his wealth of hair and his countenance became as one who had met with death. He took off his jewelled sandals,—for he was a king's son,—and went with naked feet from out the palace into the highways. He gave up all his treasures and forsook all that which appeals to the life of the senses.

With shorn head, with bare feet, clad in ashes he forsook life and courted death; and because others saw not with him the Great Vision beyond life he broke forth into solemn lamentations execrating everything that turned the mind of man from God.

And the message was as follows, and it was shouted as the prophet wandered along the highway:

“Everything in the world is a myth. Everything is false. Even the sun is darkness and all the stars dead things. I have found the truth. And there is no room in the truth for life.

“I have learned that the body is a myth; and I have learned that the Adorable is never incorporated. I have learned that death is a myth and that the Great Death of all form and thought is the Salvation of the world and of man.

“I press to my Self all that the world loathes, for the world, I discover, loathes truth. It loves the frames of bodies and is satisfied with the husks of swine. I have gone beyond the body and beyond its changes and have attained Nirvana.

“I know that Nature is a passing show, for there was a time when the worlds were not. And I know there will be a time when the worlds will again not be. I mock all forms, knowing that they have been degraded into idols and no longer stand as symbols of the Truth.

“I am a monk; and as a monk I execrate the things which the world adores, for the world is Mammon and the Truth is God. All hail to Truth!

“I know that there is no freedom in this net of bondage. This do I know. I am glad because of the death of life and glad because of the Ever-Free behind the appearance. O death to all appearance and salutation to the Dawn of Truth! I know that pain is in the heart of pleasure and thus knowing I am free from the deceptions of Desire. I know what the world is and I have given up its show. I shall chant the Name of the Soul behind the world to whom the world is a dead thing, yea, a corpse. I am a monk and I preach the monk's message, blown about as I may be by the winds of truth. I am thus the Prophet of the Truth being free from the World, and I call on my brother-men to wake up and see the glorious Sunrise of the Truth when the World shall have passed into Naught.”

Om Mani Padme Hum!

Nirvanananda Bhikshu,

THE RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE : ITS HISTORIC IMPORTANCE

ENTERING into a survey of the mystical consciousness as it has been manifested throughout the history of mankind, we find that the religious experience has been an essential phenomenon in human progress and affairs. Religious ideas have ruled the world and have caused the rise and fall of tides upon tides of emotion. History reveals the coming and going of many empires according to the origin or modification of the religious outlook. India is one continuous evidence, the Asokan Empire being one of its highest testimonials to the import of religious culture. Mohammedanism and Christianity loom up respectively against the historic background of the empires of the Caliph Omar and Constantine the Great. The great "heresy" of Arianism in the making of early Christianity and the "Protestant Reformation" in a latter period of Christian civilisation attest to the unimaginably powerful influence of religious ideas upon human affairs. And all these and many other historic movements, too numerous to be mentioned, in connection with the development of religious belief, are unimpeachable witnesses to the significant place religion holds amongst the moulding influences on human destiny and events. Even to-day there are movements where noteworthy religious import attest to the profound influence of the spiritual impulse and vision upon mankind.

From an historic view-point, then, religion has been continuously demonstrating its practicability and essentially valuable contribution to human experience. For religion, be it well remembered, is *not only* theology: it is a tidal-wave-impulse, entering into each and every function of human faculty as the latter expresses itself in the drama of human events and in the theatre of human life. For

art and song and literature and philosophy are inseparably associated with the religious vision; and in the vanguard or in the wake, as the case may be, of conquest and commerce, and in the intellectual and moral exchange of ideals between the nations of the earth, one finds that religion, both as an intellectual and social-moral power, is ubiquitously evident. To the student of comparative theology or the student of philology the influence of one religious system upon another is peculiarly patent. He sees Hinduism as the mother of Buddhism, and Buddhism, in turn, through the Alexandrian philosophical schools, as the mother of Christianity. He notices the assimilating properties of Christianity in its appropriation of many of the rites and symbols of Egyptian, Assyrian and Judaic and Roman religious idealism. And he becomes aware, also, of the social aspects of religion, both in the Orient and the Occident, in determining historic happenings and in introducing new modes of manners and mannerisms amongst the various empires of the world. One need only refer to the structures of Egyptian, Roman and Hindu society in this connection; in this connection one need mention only the Mohammedan conquests of the Eastern Empire of the Romans and the doubtful conquests of the Christian crusades, when, in both instances, Europe and Asia met and intermingled in all conceivable forms of human contact. So many geographical discoveries and colonising enterprises are inseparably blended with the religious temperament. The discovery of the Western world and the many minute discoveries upon the American continent, the settlement of Java and Ceylon and Siam by Buddhist devotees were all carried out under religious patronage.

One thus comprehends the worthiness and the workableness of the religious life. One thus sees that behind the higher forms of human endeavour, from the most ancient to the most modern times, there has been a great visualising and motive power, acting, directly or indirectly, as the religious spirit. The great temple at Madura and the Vatican at Rome, the temples of ancient Greece and of the ancient Oriental nations, as well as the mediæval and modern cathedrals of Europe, the statue of Buddha and the far-famed masterpieces of Ajanta in India and of Raphael and Michael Angelo in Europe, the stained glass windows of European cathedrals and the exquisite carvings on Indian and Assyrian temples, the masses of Mozart and the Indian *Jâtrâs*, the Justinian code and the Edicts of Asoka, the missionary enterprises of the world-wandering Buddhist monks and of other great missionaries, carrying their culture with them, whithersoever they went,—all these are direct tributes to humanity of the religious experience. In this new synthesis the great religious masters must be regarded, verily as the patrons and the saviours of humanity, ini-

tiating as they do a new spirit which, though in one sense, perhaps exclusively religious, nevertheless vitalises and renders dynamic and multiplies in various ways the higher aspirations of man.

Religion, in its broadest sense, is righteousness, that which in India is spoken of as Dharma. It is that which increases the vision of humanity and renders permanent, through the moral demands that it makes, the best elements in all human experience. It is the single impulse of the Spirit working itself manifoldly accordingly as it is appropriated by the variously-minded of the leaders of men. This explains why behind the thrones of Asoka and of Omar and of Constantine, loom higher than the thrones themselves the Master-Figures of the Buddha and the Prophet and the Christ; this explains, also, how behind the noble activities associated with the decline of worn-out-by-luxury empires and the rise and growth of spirited nations—always—in the sublime distance, untarnished by the details of events, stand the souls of those who have known the Beatific Vision.

IN THE HOURS OF MEDITATION

XV

When all was silence, in the deeps of meditation the Guru, appearing, said,—

“My son, meditate on the Power which is the Mother’s form, and then transcending all the fear the Power inspires thou shalt go beyond the Power into the Mother’s Spirit—which is Peace. Tremble not at the uncertainties of life. Though all the forms of the Terrible appear, multiplying themselves a thousandfold, remember, these can only affect the physical and not the spiritual self.

“Be steadfast and firm at all times, being fully aware that the spirit is indestructible.

Take thy stand on that which is the Self. Believe in nothing but that Reality which is innate alike in all. Then shalt thou remain undisturbed alike in the tempest or the seduction of appearances. That which comes and that which goes is not the Self. Identify thyself with the Self, not with the form. Impermanency predominates in the realm of things, in the objective world; permanency endures alone in that realm of eternal subjectivity wherein reigns the consciousness of the Spirit, free from the forms of thought and sense.

“That which is the True is immeasurable, like the great ocean; nothing can bind or

circumscribe it whatsoever. The predicates of existence do not apply to that shoreless ocean of divinity which rushes in upon the Self—as the Self—on the summits of Realisation.

“The misery of the world is in direct ratio to desire. Have, therefore, no blind attachment. Bind thyself to nothing. Aspire to be; do not desire to possess. Shall any possession satisfy thy True Nature! Art thou to be bound down by THINGS! Naked thou comest into the world; naked thou goest forth when the summons comes! Wherein then shalt thou have false pride? Let thy possessions be those treasures that perish not. The increase of Insight is its own reward. The more thou dost perfect thy nature, the more readily dost thou acquire eternal possessions by which thou shalt, in time, purchase the Kingdom of the Self.

“Therefore, from this moment, go and grow inwards,—not outwards. Invert the order of experience. Retreat from the sensuous life, as lived for its own sake. Spiritualise everything. Make the body a tabernacle for the soul; and let the soul be more and more revealed, day by day. Then shalt that darkness, which is ignorance, be gradually dispersed; and that light, which is the Divine Wisdom, shall gradually be revealed. All the forces in the universe are behind thee, working in harmony for thy progress—if thou wilt but *face* Truth. As said the Lord Buddha, ‘The Tathagatas are only great preachers. You yourselves must make an effort.’ Aye, the Teachers can only impart wisdom; the pupil MUST assimilate, and thus assimilation is the making of character; it is making wisdom one’s own. By himself is one saved, by none other.

“Therefore, arise. Be diligent, and stop not till the goal is reached. That is the Command of the Upanishads!

“Even as a wild animal seeks for its prey,

even as the slave of passion seeks for the gratification of his lust, even as a man dying from hunger desires food, even as the man who is being drowned calls for rescue—with that same intensity and strength of spirit do thou seek for Truth. Even as a lion, not trembling at noises, even as a lion, fearless and free—so do thou roam about in this world, bent on the acquisition of Truth. For, infinite strength is needed and infinite fearlessness. Go thou forth, knowing that all limitations shall burst asunder for thee, that for thee all crooked roads shall be made straight—if thou dost gather together the forces of thy soul and if thou dost boldly tear off the MASK.

“Dost thou search for God? Then know—that when thou hast seen the Self, the Self shall be revealed to thee as God.”

“Om Tat Sat!”

And the Guru’s Voice entered the Silence which is Peace,—his Form that Radiance which is God!

HAPPINESS

In quiet nooks where violets bend their heads,
 And pour sweet fragrance through the tufts of grass,
 Where daisies peep from out their mossy beds,
 And blush with joy to see the sunbeams pass—
 Away from all the world’s unnatural stress—
 There’s Happiness.

Where lowly spirits all contented dwell,
 And cultivate an atmosphere of love,
 And scandal scorn, and lawless passions quell,
 And with thanksgiving worship God above—
 Where’er men live to love, and love to bless—
 There’s Happiness.

—Olive Linnell.

EPISTLES OF SWAMI VIVEKANANDA

IX

C/o E. T. Sturdy Esqr.
Highview, Caversham
Reading, London,
5th August, 1896.

Dear Sahji—

Many thanks for your kind greetings. I have an inquiry to make; if you kindly forward me the information I seek I would be much obliged.

I want to start a Math in Almora or near Almora rather. I have heard that there was a certain Mr. Ramsay who lived in a Bungalow near Almora and that he had a garden round his Bungalow. Can't it be bought? What is the price? If not to be bought can it be rented?

Do you know of any suitable place near Almora where I can build my monastery with garden &c? I would rather like to have a hill all to myself.

Hoping to get an early reply, I remain with blessings and love to you and all the rest of our friends in Almora.

Vivekananda.

—

X

39 Victoria Street, S. W.
London,
21st. Nov. '96.

Dear Lalaji—

I reach Madras about the 7th of January; after a few days in the plains I intend to come up to Almora.

I have three English friends with me. Two of them, Mr. and Mrs. Sevier are going to settle in Almora. They are my disciples you know, and they are going to build the Math for me in the Himalayas. It was for that reason I asked you to look for some suitable

site. We want a whole hill, with a view of the snow range all to ourselves. It would of course take time to fix on the site and complete the building. In the meanwhile will you kindly engage a small Bungalow for my friends. The bungalow ought to accommodate three persons. I do not require a large one. A small one would do for the present. My friends will live in this Bungalow in Almora and then go about looking for a site and building.

You need not reply to this letter, as before your reply will reach me I shall be on my way to India. I will wire to you from Madras as soon as I reach there.

With love and blessings to you all.

Yours,

Vivekananda.

—

XI

C/o Lala Hansraj,
Rawalpindi,
Oct. 1897.

Dear M.

C'est bon mon ami—now you are doing just the thing. Come out, man! No sleeping all life; time is flying. Bravo! That is the way.

Many thanks for your publication—only I am afraid it will not pay its way in a pamphlet form. * * Never mind pay or no pay—let it see the blaze of day-light. You will have many blessings on you and many more curses—but that is always the way of the world!

This is the time.

Yours in the Lord,

Vivekananda.

—

XII

Written to a Mahomedan gentleman at Naini Tal.

Almora, 1898.

* * Whether we call it Vedantism or any *ism*, the truth is that Advaitism is the last word of religion and thought and the only position from which one can look upon all religions and sects with love. We believe it is the religion of the future enlightened humanity. The Hindus may get the credit of arriving at it earlier than other races, they being an older race than either the Hebrew or the Arab; yet practical Advaitism, which looks upon and behaves to all mankind as one's own soul, is yet to be developed among the Hindus universally.

On the other hand our experience is that if ever the followers of any religion approached to this equality in an appreciable degree in the plane of practical work-a-day life,—it may be quite unconscious generally of the deeper meaning and the underlying principle of such conduct, which the Hindus as a rule, so clearly perceive—it is those of Islam and Islam alone.

Therefore we are firmly persuaded that without the help of practical Islam, theories of Vedantism however fine and wonderful they may be, are entirely valueless to the vast mass of mankind. We want to lead mankind to the place where there is neither the Vedas nor the Bible, nor the Koran. Mankind ought to be taught that religions are but the varied expressions of THE RELIGION, which is oneness, so that each may choose the path that suits him best.

For our own motherland a junction of the two great systems, Hinduism and Islam—Vedanta brain and Islam body—is the only hope. Let my motherland manifest for her good the twofold ideal of an Islamic body and a Vedantic heart. * *

Yours with love,

Vivekananda.

WHO ART THOU?

To The Master

Who art thou? O thou beauteous one who cometh
with the dawn and Morning Star
Who shineth with a gleam of green and gold!
Winged are thy thoughts, and sharp and burning are
the darts of thy remembrance—
Bringer of many gems art thou and o'er thy shining
brow
An aureole of pearly light lingereth lovingly.
No sound doth issue from those lips of marble
strength,
Yet are our hearts attuned to thy good pleasure.
Who art thou? Speak! Yet doth thy silence
thrill the Soul and lo!
Thine eyes speak mysteries that sound would but
destroy!
Who art thou? Heart's desire that smileth in the
cool calm twilight of thy inner life
Drawing to shelter neath thy mantle folds the
tender flowers of love—Who art thou?
Who art thou? list! to the whispering hum of
Eastern seas!
The sigh of palms that rock on strands of gold!
Hark to the ice-bound peaks that thunder messages
to Vales below,
And rivers chanting to the world of men!—
All, all, they sing of *One*! Art thou that *One*?
Here under skies of purple hue, in Solitude
Of midnight calm, I lie and think of thee!
My soul doth question on the great Beyond
And thou art lost—as thoughts—
Like birds dart hither here and there to catch
their need—
One instant found, another gone—I do but wrestle
With mine own desires for *One*—Art thou that *One*?
Love speaks to me with hopeful glance and sees
the treasure that I strive to clasp
But 'tis not yet! Not yet, may portals ope or
heavens disclose
The fulness of the joy of death; and so I wait,
and in patience strive,
Till timeless shores and tideless seas disclose their
hidden ways and *Thou* shalt speak!
While aeons as the fleeting moments pass and
globes are born in trembling Bliss of Thee
Shall I still wait to know thee as thou art,
Deathless and ever hearkening
To the Soul's demand—"Who art thou"?
Shall I then hear Thee Say in accents sweet
"I am thy *One*," thy great "I am," thy all?
Shall I then gaze into the mirror of Thy heart and
see—myself?
Or shall I sink into the great abyss of joy, hear
Thy eternal chant
"Why linger thus so long in worlds that dream?
Behold Me! Behold Me! That thou art!"

"Tat tvam asi."

—A Mystic.

GLIMPSES

Point thy tongue on the anvil of truth.—Pindar.

—*—

No man is hurt but by himself.—Diogenes.

—*—

The happiness of your life depends upon the quality of your thoughts: therefore guard them accordingly.—Marcus Aurelius.

—*—

A man who lives a virtuous life and in the pursuit of knowledge may have great joy with only coarse rice to eat, water to drink, and his bended arm for a pillow.—Confucius.

—*—

May I, O Lord, always conquer covetousness, folly and anger, and may my mind be ever devoted to charity, truth, and self-restraint.

—King Yudhishtira.

—*—

There are the oil, the lamp, the wick, and the fire, but not until the lamp is lighted is there light, nor is darkness destroyed.—Surdas.

—*—

The Self which is free from sin, free from old age, from death and grief, from hunger and thirst, which desires nothing but what it ought to desire, and imagines nothing but what it ought to imagine, that it is which we must search out, that it is which we must try to understand. He who has searched out that Self and understands it, obtains all worlds and all desires.—Chandogya Upanishad.

—*—

There are neither two gods, nor three, nor four, nor ten. He is One and only One and pervades the whole universe. All other things live, move, and have their existence in Him.—Atharva Veda.

—*—

Men grow too great

For narrow creeds of right and wrong, which fade
Before the unmeasured thirst for good: while peace
Rises within them ever more and more. . .

I learned my own deep error: love's undoing
Taught me the worth of love in man's estate,
And what proportion love should hold with power
In his right constitution: love preceding

Power, and with much power, always much more love.

—Paracelsus.

—*—

Study therefore to withdraw thy heart from the love of visible things, and to turn thyself to things invisible; for they that follow the pleasures of sense, defile their conscience and lose the grace of God.—Thomes a Kempis.

—*—

He who considers all beings as existing in the Supreme Spirit, and the Supreme Spirit as pervading all beings, cannot view with contempt any creature whatsoever.

How can joy and sorrow overtake him who, through wisdom, perceives the Unit Spirit as dwelling in all beings?—Ishopanishat.

—*—

Just as the rivers falling into the sea lose their distinction, name, and form: so does the learned man, freed from the phenomenal world, obtain the Glorious Being who pervades all, and is Higher than the highest.—Mundakopanishat.

—*—

If God in His wisdom shutteth one door, in His beneficence and mercy, He openeth another.

—Sadi.

—*—

But by day alike and night,
Upon the righteous rises ever light.

—Pindar.

—*—

Religion consists in doing the least possible evil and the greatest possible good—in mercy, charity, truth and purity of life.—Edict of Asoka.

—*—

The Eternal is within us.—St. Augustine.

—*—

In the Supreme Spirit there is no distinction between the perceiver, perception, and the object perceived. In this quality of the Being, which is one, intelligent and happy, He shines by self-illumination.—Sankaracharya.

—*—

God has given us all wisdom and knowledge, reason and the power to perceive the past and the future; but we do not know it, because we are fooling away our time with outward and temporal things, and are asleep in regard to that which is within our own self.—Paracelsus.

—*—

The end of life is to be like unto God; and the soul following God will be like unto Him; He being the beginning, middle, and end of all things.—Socrates.

THE LOVE OF GOD

[A newspaper report of a lecture delivered by the Swami Vivekananda in Detroit, U. S. A. on Feb., 20, 1894.]

VIVEKANANDA delivered a lecture on "The Love of God" at the Unitarian Church, before the largest audience that he has yet had. The trend of the lecturer's remarks was to show that we do not accept God because we really want Him, but because we have need of Him for selfish purposes. Love, said the speaker, is something absolutely unselfish; that which has no thought beyond the glorification and adoration of the object upon which our affections are bestowed. It is a quality which bows down and worships and asks nothing in return. Merely to love is the sole request that true love has to ask. A story was told of the religion of a Hindu Saint. She said to her husband, the Emperor, when they were married, "I am already married."

"To whom?" asked the Emperor.

"To God," was the reply.

She went among the poor and needy and taught the doctrine of extreme love for God. One of her prayers is significant, showing the manner in which her heart was moved: "I ask not for wealth; I ask not for position; I ask not for salvation; place me in a hundred hells, if it be Thy wish, but let me continue to regard Thee as my love." The early language of the Hindus abounds in the beautiful prayers of this woman. The lecturer repeated one in which she idealizes the wondrous sweetness of a kiss from God. When her sad end came—it was thought that she committed suicide upon the banks of a river. But she just before her death had composed a beautiful song, in which she stated that she was going to meet her Beloved. Men, remarked the lecturer, are capable of philosophical analysis in religion. A woman is devotional by nature and loves God from the heart and soul and not from the mere mind or intellect.

The Songs of Solomon were cited by the speaker as one of the most beautiful parts of the Christian Bible. The language in them is much of that affectionate kind that is found in the prayers of the early Hindu woman who founded a beautiful creed

in India. And yet the speaker stated, he heard that the Christians were going to have those incomparable songs removed. He heard an explanation of the songs in which it appeared that Solomon loved a young girl and desired her to return his royal affection. The girl, however, loved a young man and did not want to have anything to do with Solomon. This explanation was excellent to some people because they could not understand such wondrous love for God as is embodied in the Songs. The love for God in India is different from the love for God elsewhere, because when you get into a country where the thermometer is forty degrees below zero the temperament of the people changes. The aspirations of the people in the climate where the books of the Bible were said to have been written were different from the aspirations of the cold-blooded Western nations, where they are more apt to worship the almighty dollar with the warmth expressed in the Songs than they are to worship God. The love for God with people in the West, seems to be based upon the idea of "What can I get out of it?" In their prayers they ask for all kinds of selfish things.

Christians are always wanting God to give them something. They appear as beggars before the throne of the Almighty. A story was told of a beggar who applied to an Emperor for alms. While he was waiting for them the time came for the Emperor to offer up prayers. The Emperor prayed: "Oh, God, give me more wealth; give me more power; give me more empire—." Here the beggar started to leave. The Emperor turned—

"Why are you going?" he asked.

"I don't beg of beggars," was the reply.

Some people find it difficult to understand the frenzy of religious fervour which moved the heart of Mahomet. He would grovel in the dust and writhe in agony. Holy men who have experienced these extreme emotions have been called epileptic subjects! Throughout his discourse the speaker emphasised the absence of the thought of self which should characterise the love for God. "Religion nowadays," remarked the speaker, "has become a mere hobby and fashion. People go to church like a flock of sheep. They do not embrace God because they need Him. Most persons

are unconscious atheists, who self-complacently think that they are devout believers." In a forcible manner Vivekananda referred to the foibles of the Western world and there was much justice in his comments upon alleged Western culture.

THE GLORY OF THE LOIN-CLOTH

[A free translation of Sri Sankara's *Kaupinapanchakam*]

Ever delighting in Vedanta texts,
 Ever contented with the alms he gets,
 In a woelless heart ever finds full meed,
 The man with the Kaupin*'s blessed indeed !

The tree's cool shade the only home he has,
 His palms ever serve him as dish or glass,
 For Mammon like his quilt he feels no need,
 The man with the Kaupin's blessed indeed !

His cage of flesh doth he never think of,
 Seeing the Self in's self feels full of love,
 Of end, middle, out, doth he ne'er take heed,
 The man with the Kaupin's blessed indeed !

With a cheerful heart and a mind content,
 All senses controll'd and on joy e'er bent,
 On Brahman's bliss doth his mind ever feed,
 The man with the Kaupin's blessed indeed !

Ever on's lips the hallow'd letters five,
 And the Great Siva's name in's heart doth thrive,
 On alms living, the wide world is journeyed,
 The man with the Kaupin's blessed indeed.

N. N. S.

* *The man with the Kaupin*—One who has no other possession in the world except his *Kaupina*, or the two bare strips of linen which serve as a Sannyasin's loin-cloth. Hence it means, the man of perfect renunciation.

WHAT IS DRIVING MEN BACK TO RELIGION

THE distinguished professor Rudolf Eucken, of Jena, has just gone to deliver a course of lectures at Harvard University, and the "Harvard Theological Review" publishes a remarkable article from his pen in which he points out "What is driving men back to religion to-day." Writes Professor Eucken :—

"He is but a superficial observer of the times who can think that the movement of life to-day is altogether against religion, and that only the denial of religion has the spirit of the age with it.

"For, certain as it is, that blatant denial still holds the public ear and is more and more permeating the masses, yet in the work of the intellect, and likewise in the depths of men's souls, the case is different. Here, with even greater vigour, is springing up the feeling that religion is indispensable, the yearning for religion.

MORE DEPTH OF LIFE.

"What is understood by religion is often anything but clear, and often very different from the traditional forms of religion; but the demand is unmistakable for more depth of life and for the establishment of profounder, inner connections than our visible existence affords. In the spiritual life of the present day, molecular transformations are taking place, inconspicuous at first but constantly increasing, which will eventually burst upon our view, and which will necessarily provoke essential changes in the entire condition of life. To-day this movement is still an undercurrent, and on the surface the tide flows in the opposite direction. But more and more the undercurrent is rising to the surface, and unless every indication fails, it will soon come into control.

CIVILISATION DOES NOT SATISFY.

"The most fundamental reason for this tendency may be indicated by a single sentence.

"It is caused by the increasing dissatisfaction with modern civilisation, or at least with those aspects of civilisation which now occupy the surface of life.

"All the splendour of the external successes of civilisation cannot hide the fact that it does not satisfy the whole man with his inner needs, and that the amelioration of the world around us which it has accomplished does not compensate for the inner emptiness of its excessive concentration of effort on the visible world, its secularisation of life.

"We moderns have set ourselves at work with all our might, have acquired technical perfection, have combined isolated achievements into great systems. By the increased efficiency of our labour we have increasingly subdued the world, and at the same time have imposed upon human society a far more rational form. But, while we have given every care and effort to the means and conditions of life, we have exposed ourselves to the risk of losing life itself, and while performing astounding external feats, inwardly we have become smaller and smaller. Our work has separated itself from our souls, and it now reacts over-masteringly upon them, threatening to absorb them utterly. Our own creations have become our masters and oppressors. Moreover, as the division of labour increases, work constantly becomes more specialised and engages an ever smaller part of each individual soul; the whole man comes less and less to activity, and we lose any superior unity of our nature. Thus more and more we become mere parts of a civilisation machine.

"In contrast to the enormously expanded space and time which nature has opened to modern research the whole human circle is shrinking into tiny littleness. Rightly did William Jones emphasise the fact that for one hundred and fifty years progress seems to have meant nothing but a continual magnifying of the material world, and a steady diminution of the importance of man.

ARE WE NOBLER MEN?

"If only we were quite sure that all our pains and care and haste were bringing about progress for the whole of human life! but that, again we are not. True, we are constantly advancing in exact science, as we are in the technical mastery of our environment; we are compelling the elements into our service; we are freeing our existence from pain and enriching it with pleasure. But are we by all that winning a closer connection with the depths

of reality? Are we growing in spiritual power as in ethical sentiment? Are we becoming greater and nobler men? As life gains in pleasure do our inner contentment and true happiness increase in due proportion? In truth, we are growing only in our relations to the world outside, not in the essence of our being; and hence the question is not to be evaded, whether the unspeakable toil of modern civilisation is worth while. We work and work, and know not to what end; for in giving up eternity we have also lost every inner bond of the ages and all power of comprehensive view. Without a guiding star we drift on the waves of the time.

"Men crave more love and more solidarity in the human race than modern civilisation affords, and that, too, is driving men to religion. Christianity not only had made love the kernel of religion, but also, starting from a Kingdom of God, it had established an inner human solidarity and created an organisation on a spiritual foundation.

"The same principles which govern individual conduct are extended to social groups and entire nations; self-interest is the single rule of action; the moral interest of mankind is relaxed and dissolved. The danger is imminent that the end may be a war of all against all. Undoubtedly the resulting rivalry and strife has affected much that is great; it has given life a thorough shaking up, and banished all idle repose.

"And on this new foundation cohesive forces are by no means lacking. Such a force in particular is Work, which with its growth to great combination perfects organisation, assigns to each single element a definite part, and binds them all firmly together. But such gearing together of performances by no means amounts to harmony of sentiment; if it did the antinomies of the social question and our economic conflicts would be impossible.

INNER HUMAN BONDS.

"Among the monstrous confusions of the present time the demand for stable connections grows insistent, connections which take concern both for the common weal and for the individual. If however, this demand plants itself wholly on the basis of the visible world and denies everything invisible, it must inevitably assume the form of a harsh

oppression and compulsion, for it can produce its effect not through conviction but solely through force. In the social democratic movement of the present such a danger already shows itself in full distinctness. But while the modern man struggles with all his soul against such a compulsion, a solution of the entanglement is to be sought in no other direction than that of a recovery of inner human bonds and of recourse to an inner world, common to all of convictions, faith, ideals. We need to upbuild humanity from within, and this cannot be done without a profound deepening of life, and this in turn is not possible without religion.

AN INNER UPLIFT.

“Soul, eternity, love—these are not brought to us quickly and painlessly by the world about us; they require an inner elevation, they demand a new world.

“By no readjustment within the human circle can greatness be given to man, if human nature is not capable of elevation from within, if man is a mere natural being.

“Just because our life is ever growing more intense and more laborious, we must unconditionally demand that it be given an aim and a meaning. Therefore, in all deeper souls to-day is stirring a demand for an inner uplift of human nature for a new idealism. And this demand will necessarily have to seek an alliance with religion. No matter how many opponents religion may still encounter, nevertheless, stronger than all opponents, stronger even than all intellectual difficulties, is the necessity of the spiritual self-preservation of humanity and of man. Out of the very resistance to the menace of annihilation will proceed elemental forces—which are the strongest thing in the world.

THE OLD THAT AGES NOT

“Thus, though it be through a course of hard lights and radical upheavals (as history indirectly tends to prove), religion will surely come to new ascendancy. But the return to religion by no means signifies a return to the old forms of religion. Through modern culture too much in the condition of life has been changed for us to resume these forms unchanged. Religion will win back men’s souls so much the sooner the more ener-

getically it harks back to its original sources, the more sharply it separates the temporal and the eternal in their own spheres, and so brings the eternal to new effectiveness and sets it in close and fruitful relation to the real needs of the present. The superiority of the eternal consists not in that it persists unchanged within time, but in that it can enter all times without losing itself in them and from them all can elicit that particular portion of truth which their endeavour holds.

“The old that ages, he must let go, who would hold fast the old that ages not.

“Without religion genuine optimism is impossible.”

THE IMMANENCE OF GOD

God sends his teachers unto every age,
To every clime, and every race of men,
With revelations fitted to their growth
And shape of mind, nor gives the realm of Truth
Into the selfish rule of one sole race :
Therefore, each form of worship that hath swayed
The life of man, and given it to grasp
The master-key of knowledge—reverence—
Infolds some germs of goodness and of right.

* * * * *

God is not dumb, that He should speak no more.
If thou hast wanderings in the wilderness
And find’st not Sinai, ’tis thy soul is poor.
There towers the mountain of the Voice no less,
Which whoso seeks shall find, but he who bends,
Intent on manner still and mortal ends,
Sees it not, neither hears its thundered lore.

Slowly the Bible of the race is writ,
And not on paper leaves nor leaves of stone,
Each age, each kindred, adds a verse to it,
Texts of despair or hope, of joy or moan.
While swings the sea, while mists the mountains
shroud,
While thunder’s surges burst on cliffs of cloud,
Still at the prophet’s feet the nations sit !

James Russel Lowell.

IN THE LAND OF THE MUMMY

(Continued from page 15)

THE Museum of Cairo contains the finest collection in the world of Egyptian antiquities. It is there that one learns how true is the adage "There is nothing new under the sun." The wonders one sees! Let me enumerate a few of them. The Royal Mummies and their fine enamelled wood coffins; objects found in the tombs; the very jewels the long dead queens used to wear; statues of gods in stone, bronze, glazed and other ware; papyri, scribes' and artists' materials; fragments of pottery inscribed with notes, texts, epitaphs, etc.; harps with their strings intact, vases, cups, chains of beads. Besides this indescribable display there are various Egyptian details of life as it existed many thousand years ago, all vastly edifying.

We turn to the cases containing ornaments, seals, cylinders and scarabs. Here we find scarabs in different materials, agate, gold, lapis-lazuli, ivory, and some are made in limestone. These last are glazed in the fire with enamels of various colours, mostly of a light bluish greeny hue. The royal ones inscribed with the cartouches, Egyptian symbols of the kings, are of priceless value.

Then there are the series of ornaments in the jewel-room illustrating the art of the goldsmith and jeweller during a period of 5,000 years, which should be studied and admired. One is struck by the perfection reached in this delicate art in the earliest times. Most of the exhibits were found on mummies. Two beautiful crowns of Queen Khnumit, of gold, lapis-lazuli, carnelian, red jasper and green felspar are very fine.

The wealth of the Egyptians was proverbial with the neighbouring nations, and the existing monuments of their magnificence prove that Egypt was a highly civilised country in the remote past.

The most absorbing objects of interest are naturally the Mummies. Originally, their forms lay hidden under wrapping after wrapping, until strangers overran the land, opening up tombs and unbinding with sacrilegious hands the linen bands in which they were swathed. The Mummy of Menotaph which lies in a glass enclosed case in the museum, is supposed to have been the Pharaoh—who was the hard task-master of the children of Israel, in Egypt. A certain learned German investigator has examined the Mummy's teeth and says, "They are full of cavities, in which exposed nerves must have throbbed, throwing Egypt's ruler into a savage temper—just the frame of mind in which a despot would order his slaves to make bricks without straw or build a pyramid." He also claims that, "It is proved, from the examination of Pharaoh's body, that in life he must have suffered from gout, for his blood-vessels and ribs show undoubted signs of chalky degeneration." He adds "Here then, is a very reasonable explanation of what has never been understood before—the irritable nature and fickleness of mind which characterised that Pharaoh who ruled over Egypt when the Israelites marched out after the plagues had been inflicted upon the luckless people and their king."

The scarabs or sacred beetles were placed inside the case of the Mummy, because the beetle was the chosen emblem of a future life and of a resurrection from the dead. The pectoral or funeral scarab was placed over the heart of the Mummy. The collar of beads or gold placed on the neck, was to give him power to free himself from his bandages; the symbolic eye, representing the sun and moon giving the deceased their protection; the key of life symbolising that life which

belongs both to man and the gods; the heart, which replaced in the Mummy the actual heart, and sundry other amulets. Instructions regarding the efficacy of and disposition on the Mummy of all the amulets, are given in the Book of the Dead. In some of the Mummy cases of children it was found to be the custom to bury the toys of a dead child with the body, so that the little boy or girl should have the familiar toy animals or dolls to play with in the other world. The dolls have life-like heads, but the bodies and lower limbs are in some instances non-existent. The rag doll is stuffed with papyrus.

Conspicuous amongst a number of other notable statues are, the magnificent statue of Cephren, the builder of the second Pyramid of Giseh, and a monument in black granite, representing Ra, chief herald of the king, on his funerary bed with a small figure typifying the soul re-united with the body. A wooden statue of an old Egyptian Sheikh, discovered at Sakkarah, attracts universal attention from its life-like appearance and the vigour and attitude of the figure. In fact, it brought vividly to my mind, the type of the Indian Sannyasin with his shaven head, loin-cloth and staff. Superb statues of Pepi I. and his little son, made of plates of copper represent one of the most celebrated Pharaohs of Memphis. The many fine statues though not graceful are imposing, simple and often colossal. Astonishingly fresh in appearance are they as if they had only been chiseled yesterday. Here, too, is a funeral sailing boat with sail, in a state of wonderful preservation. So also is a bas-relief in limestone, representing King Amenothas IV. making an offering to the solar disc; the rays of the sun end in hands which transmit life to the king and queen.

I cannot do better than quote in full the words of Mr. Robert Hichens respecting the chapel of the Hathor Cow, from Der-el-Bainri,

B. C. 1600, or perhaps as early as 1368. "And positively this cow is to be worshipped. She is shown in the act apparently of stepping gravely forward out of a small, arched shrine, the walls of which are decorated with brilliant paintings. Her colour is red and yellowish red, and is covered with blotches of very dark green, which look almost black; only one or two are of a bluish colour. Her height is moderate. I stand about five feet nine, and I found that on her pedestal the line of her back was about level with my chest. The lower part of the body, much of which is concealed by the under-block of limestone, is white tinged with yellow. The tail is red. Above the head, open and closed lotus flowers form a head-dress, with the lunar disc and two feathers. And the long lotus stalks flow down on each side of the neck towards the ground. At the back of this head dress are a scarab and a cartouche. The goddess is advancing solemnly and gently. A wonderful calm, a matchless, serene dignity enfold her. In the body of this cow one is able—indeed, one is almost obliged—to feel the soul of the goddess. The incredible is accomplished. The dead Egyptian makes the ironic, the sceptical, modern world, feel deity in a limestone cow. How is it done? I know not; but it is done. Genius can do nearly anything, it seems. Under the chin of the cow there is a standing statue of the king Mentu-Hotep, and beneath her the king kneels as a boy. Wonderfully expressive and solemnly refined is the cow's face, which is of a dark colour, like the colour of almost black earth—earth fertilised by the Nile. Dignified, dominating, almost, but just not, stern, strongly intelligent, and through its beautiful intelligence, entirely sympathetic ('to understand all is to pardon all'), this face, once thoroughly seen, completely noticed, can never be forgotten. This, indeed, is one of the most beautiful statues in the world."

The Cairo Museum is a place to linger

over and to ponder as one stands before the many remains which mark the energies of the dead past. One seems to breathe the air of profound antiquity and is transported at once to the kingdom and dynasties of the dim and distant past.

After spending days in visiting the Coptic churches, the Tombs of the Khalifs and numerous other places of note, the new comer finds it extremely recreative and amusing to walk in the bazaars. They are always new, strange and entrancing, not to be missed and often to be re-visited. The inhabitants follow composedly their own peculiar manners and customs, eat their own dishes, wear their own costumes, and everywhere is the strange Oriental smell that is so agreeable to Eastern noses. All manner of purchases can be made, for many a shop is a multifarious repository of tempting and bizarre articles which captivate the foreigner; visitors are cordially invited to enter the shops and inspect the countless goods displayed. There is so much to see in Cairo and many quiet corners to explore.

In addition to the attractions which are to be found within the city itself, there are a number of short and enjoyable excursions which may be taken: such as to the Obelisk, and Remains at Heliopolis, the Ostrich Farm and Aquarium. Near Helwan are the quarries of Turâ and Masâra. It is only within recent years that the former has sprung into fame on account of its natural mineral waters. One can visit the Delta Barrage and the petrified forest, or one can journey farther afield to the Fayum and Oases.

I made a trip to the Island of Roda to see the Nilometer, a graduated column marked with cubits, planted in a kind of well, which measures the height of the inundation. When the height of the river reaches about 16 cubits, the time for cutting the canals is proclaimed, and this ceremony takes place with festivities about the middle of August.

At the north side of the Island, in a garden, my attention was drawn to a wonder-working tree of the Saint Mandura. It was hung with scraps of clothing, all of which had come from sick persons, and had been exchanged for two leaves for the purpose of applying to the part affected.

C. E. S.

(To be continued).

STORM GODS

Roar on ye Maruts, keepers of the Winds !
 Ye are the servants of the Gods Himalayan ;
 Ye stand at their command !
 And when they bid ye do their will
 Behold ! Ye draw a curtain over earth,
 Ye cast a pall of clouds all o'er the plains
 And then ye forge the roaring thunder,
 Let loose the screaming winds
 And flash your passion over earth
 In lurid lightning and in mad refrain
 Of seething tempests and of hissing rain !
 Ye Maruts ! Ye are the Gods of storm,
 And from your high Himalayan caves
 Ye toss the waters of the sea
 And fling your whirling hurricanes
 Across the wide expanse of earth !
 Roar on, ye Storm-Gods wild !
 Ye are the worthy servants of the Gods,
 And of Great Shiva Mahadev,
 Destruction-bent and Death-delighting,
 Who keeps ye as His Minions !
 In Vedic days the Vedic bards sang
 High your praises, offering worship
 Unto ye ! And still ye live forever,
 Like Vulcans to the Throne of God !

—A Western Pilgrim.

Mayavati, May 7, 1911.

GLIMPSES OF THE SWAMI VIVEKANANDA'S LIFE

[Being a lecture given by F. J. Alexander Esqr., before the annual meeting of the Calcutta Vivekananda Society at the Belur Math under the presidency of the Swami Saradananda, Sunday, Feb. 9th 1913.]

TO speak concerning the Swami Vivekananda is to all of us here, I am sure, to be caught up into the sphere of divinity itself, for the whole meaning of the Swami's life was divine and the message he gave likewise divine. Consequently it is with a feeling of worship and spiritual recollection that I commence my discourse.

I wish to thank you with great sincerity for the privilege you have accorded me to speak concerning him. I well know how unworthy I am to be here as an exponent of the great Swami's ideas and life. Yet, when the invitation came I accepted it as a call, and through the grace of Swamiji and likewise through your reverent attitude to him, I hope that my words may be of some enlightenment.

Like great stars that shine in the darkness of night are the saints and sages amidst the Maya of the world. In the confusion of this world their voices ring out triumphant declaring that which is the Real. They are the beacon-lights of humanity on the paths of the soul.

The man whose name and personality we commemorate to-day was a shining light and his voice uttered the very highest wisdom and the highest Truth. We, who are gathered here to-day realise the sanctity of the Swami Vivekananda. We see in him a light made manifest for the good of the world—a light that still shines amongst us, greater than life, stronger than death, for it is the Light of God. His message unto mankind was that of the soul and, pondering over his message, one realises that he was himself the incarnate Spirit of his own teaching. He preached the beyond-body idea and the beyond-body life. Heeding the words that still live, afire with the divine flame of his own personality, one is con-

scious that though the body he wore as a garment has passed into death, he still lives immortal and free, untouched by death in the radiance of that Light which he knew and realised as God. Verily he was That.

Encased in the body, burdened by the body-consciousness,—difficult is it for the human soul to know Reality. Heavy are the mists of the senses, dark are the clouds of ignorance, dense the fog of illusion. The heart of man wavers in anxiety, his way is blocked with countless obstacles. Despair and pain are everywhere. Desire runs rampant into anguish, and death runs riot everywhere. Where is there any hope? Thus speaks the heart of man.

When darkness is darkest and man labours in uttermost despair then is the Light made manifest. From out of the very anguish of man is born the Light of God. When the search for Truth becomes unbearable by reason of the fact that Truth is not yet found, then does Truth make itself manifest unto men.

Prior to the on-coming of that great force which we all recognise as Ramakrishna-Vivekananda, the whole world lay enthralled in a materialistic culture. Everywhere the physical predominated. Aye, even here in India did the nightmare of materialistic civilisation for a time torture the people, whose inspiration had been for countless ages the priceless treasures of the Vedas. The time was ripe of which Sri Krishna in a far distant age said unto Arjuna, "Whensoever virtue subsides and unrighteousness prevails then do I make Myself manifest; then do I come down to help mankind."

All of us know, in the light of the Vedanta, that spirituality and religion are synonymous with the conquest of the body-idea, and that immortality is the demonstration of the life of the soul, here and now, even when the body-consciousness presses most heavily upon the sense-imprisoned spirit. We Hindus wait for no hereafter to prove the existence of the soul, we do not wait for the shock of death, a mere physical event, to substantiate the fact that the soul is. Here and now is Nirvana to be attained; here and now is Mukti to be made our very own. A tremendous task,

indeed, a task attesting to the actual divinity of him who accomplishes it and stands victorious on the battle-field of life, the consciousness of sense vanquished, the consciousness of the soul triumphant. Such a conqueror, my friends, was the Swami Vivekananda. He was, in very fact, such a Divine Personality. The value of Swami Vivekananda's life to us is that he has lifted the veil which separates man from his true nature, which separates man from God. How exalted, therefore, does he loom up on the horizon of our spiritual imagination. It is almost incredible to think that in our very own age there has been one, who like some god has arisen in our midst, to point out to us the glorious reality of the soul and fulfil the holiest expectations that the heart of man has cherished in the history of human life. Bound down by the same limitations as ourselves, wearing the same body as we ourselves wear, going through the same struggles as we ourselves meet with, knowing the same anguish and despair that we ourselves know, being confronted with the same problems that we ourselves are confronted with,—and solving them, the Swami Vivekananda is not far removed from us as some Incarnations have been by reason of their surpassing Glory. He was with us and of us and is with us and of us. Therefore when I speak of him I seem to feel that it is of one who is human as we ourselves are human, and present here amongst us. And because of his very intimate humanity with ourselves, his life and personality seem all the more divine, and his teaching all the more true, and his realisation all the more real. He was a man who came in touch with the Highest Consciousness, a man who *knew* he was not the body, a man in whose heart the loftiest emotions of the soul burst forth, killing out all that which was mortal and of the body. In other words, he knew he was the Spirit; he knew and saw God.

Descending to the story of his humanity, let us pass through the history of his realisation. Let us survey the years of his struggle to know God, when he passed through periods of longing and struggle and finally became that Illumination which made him the Swami Vivekananda.

His very birth was enshrouded in prayer and meditation. Aye, even prior to his birth was the

family in which he was to be born, purified for that momentous event. The grandfather of the Swami Vivekananda at the age of twenty-five threw off the bondage of the world and became a Sannyasin. His own mother beseeching Shiva for a son, after long months of meditation and austerity had finally, like another Mary, a vision that the Lord Himself should be borne unto her.

Whatever be the value of this vision,—one thing is certain that as time went on his life was a revelation of the Shiva-consciousness, that consciousness which knows itself as Soul, beyond the body and all bondage.

In his youth we find how, here and there, he manifested signs of being possessed of no ordinary boy's personality. The only way in which his mother could tame his refractory spirit was with the threat that Shiva would not let him go back to Kailas. The monk in him instinctively rebelled, in a boyish way, when he heard that Rama and Sita were married. Boyishly he broke their images into bits and enthroned upon his little altar the image of Lord Shiva, Mahadev, instead. He was wont to play at meditation; and oftentimes such play became awesome, for his relatives would have to shake him out of that meditative play, so instinctively concentrated had the boy-mind of him become. At an early age he had the vision of a luminous figure. It had come to him like a Sannyasin, with a wonderful face, while he played at meditation. Later in life he thought that this figure had been that of Lord Buddha Himself. His dying uncle, seeing into the future, as often dying persons are privileged to do, predicted that Norendra, whom he had asked to read to him a chapter of the Mahabharata, would become a great man with a marvellous future. Even in the days of his childhood he was the acknowledged leader amongst his playmates. His school-days showed how unusual were his faculties of mind. And all through his boyhood days, besides play and study, he prayed and meditated before the Image of the Lord of Monks.

When his boyhood days passed and he entered the larger life of college study and experience, we find him a restless and impatient soul, suspicious of all knowledge that did not bring him truth. True, he studied history and literature and the

philosophies of the East and West, but he wanted something more. This desire in him at last became torture. He investigated everything; he ransacked the treasure-house of all worldly knowledge, sounding all systems of philosophy and creed, joining the Brahmo Somaj, reading the "Imitation of Christ" and the Upanishads, familiarising himself with the Old and New Testaments, listening to Christian missionaries, thinking for himself on spiritual subjects of all description until his brain almost burst with the terrible strain. One day, in a mood of spiritual analysis, he dashed his head against a tree to see if his own body existed. He was satisfied with nothing. He wanted no more theories, no more theology, no more philosophy, and one sees him bursting into the meditation-room on the house-boat of the Maharshi Debendra Nath Tagore, his eyes ablaze with spiritual fire, his whole person tense with spiritual longing, asking that great man, "Mahashaya, have you seen God?" Aye, he was sick with theories about God. His soul was aflame. He was almost mad with yearning. He wanted no more to hear about God. He wanted to find one who had *seen* God. He demanded that he himself should see God.

When the Maharshi Debendra Nath heard the question of the young man before him, he exclaimed, "My boy, you have Yogi's eyes." Noren, as the Swami was then called, found no satisfaction anywhere. For days he was as if mad. The Bhagavad Gita entered into his brain like fire. He had, even in his dreams, visions of the exalted life. But he was not satisfied. His soul cried out for one who had *seen* God. At length a saint who had *seen* God came into his life. All of you know who that saint was. It was our Bhagavan, Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa Deva. Ramchandra Dutta, the uncle of our sage, acted as a go-between. He told Noren, calling him by his pet name, "Bileh! Wander no longer here and there. Go no longer to this or that man. Come, I will show you a man who has *seen* God.

And Noren went to the temple whose domes loom up in the distance beyond us,—the temple of Kali, the Mother of the Universe. And there he found the man who told him unequivocally, "Yes, my boy, I have seen God!" Noren was

dumbfounded. He could not believe his ears. He was overcome with ecstasy. His first experience with the Lord was wonderful. Sri Ramakrishna acted as if Noren were always known to him and said, "O my boy, my boy, you have come, you have come!" His love for Noren was instantaneous and marvellously intense. People wondered, but the Master in a vision told those about him, "It is because this boy is filled with Divinity that I am so strongly attached to him." Aye, it was strange that the man, to whom the sages and epoch-makers in modern Hinduism came as disciples to a Guru, a man who had freed himself from all bondage of Maya, should look with such endearment upon one who was but as yet a boy. The Master prophesied many wonderful things concerning the young man before him. He said that he was one of the Saptarshis, that the tendency of his mind in meditation was towards the Absolute Brahman, that verily he had Shiva Sakti in him, that he was possessed of uncommon powers, that the radiance of his nature was divine, that he would move the world, that he was to be like a great banyan tree which should give shelter to many souls, that his work would be astonishing, that, in fact, Noren was a roaring fire of spirituality, that he was to become an awakener of souls.

But Noren besides being all these was a great thinker, and as a great thinker, he was also a great doubter. He would not move one step, spiritually speaking, without seeing the reason why. So, after Noren's first ecstasy with the Master, one finds him challenging him, questioning his realisations, laughing at his childish faith in Mother Kali. In his great intellectual struggle previously, Noren had questioned the truths of Hinduism. He condemned them wholesale. He was horrified at some of the religious ideas in Hinduism. He had lost the Hindu perspective and become agnostic. In him the turbulent transition of Modern India found its very embodiment. Thus the history of his discipleship is the history of New India becoming reconciled to and understanding the true worth of the Old India. Ramakrishna Paramahansa was the India of Old, possessed of all the realisations of the Hindu Past. Day after day, month after month, for five years, and after intense struggles the doubting mind of Norendra Nath Dutta, was vanquished

by the soul of his Master. The spiritual experiences of the Master which Noren at first doubted and even ridiculed became in time his very own. One by one the Master bequeathed to Noren each and every realisation he had ever known. He was glad that his disciple challenged him. He had prayed for such a disciple. He drew out all the possibilities of Norendra. He instructed him by day and by night how to meditate, how to transfigure his nature, how to conserve his forces, and above all he made him see the sanity and truth of every Hindu idea. He revealed to him the reality of Shiva and Kali, of Radha and Krishna, and of Rama and Sita in a light he had never dreamed of. And as the result Noren saw the philosophy of Hinduism. More than that, he saw these Hindu ideals as forms, actual and real, of that all-inclusive reality which is Brahman.

The tale is too long to tell. It would involve a complete recital of the whole life of Sri Ramakrishna itself, not alone that, but of the whole Modern Transition in India as well. Suffice it to say that, at the passing of Sri Ramakrishna, Norendra Nath Dutta, the brilliant intellect, the aggressive seeker after truth, the former denouncer of Hinduism, the prophet of a feverish modernism in India, came to understand India and India's problems in the light of Hinduism, and had spiritual experience after spiritual experience that made him pass through the whole history of the religious life from doubting and transient visions to the glory of the Nirvikalpa Samadhi itself.

After the Mahasamadhi of Sri Ramakrishna, Norendra Nath Dutta, now a Sannyasin, after organising with the help of his brother-monks the Order of Sri Ramakrishna, wandered over the extent of his native land. He had Spiritual illumination. He had seen God. He looked upon his own Master as God. But a great determination came over him to make practical all that he had learned at the feet of his Master. How could his spiritual realisation help India! Staff in hand, without any possessions, mostly alone, begging his food from door to door, defiant of heat and of cold, of hunger and thirst, knowing himself as the Self, one sees him wandering through one province after another on the dusty high roads of his native land, from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin, from Tarake-

swar to Dwarka, now in the houses of the poor, now in the palaces of Maharajas, at all times studying India, studying Hinduism, actually and historically, solving Indian problems, and at last reaching the southernmost extremity of India at the Temple of Kanya Kumari. Here he performed a great meditation out of which arising he determined, like another Buddha and another Sankaracharya, and with Akbar's vision of a united India, to reconstruct the whole Indian world, to preach everywhere the Gospel of Hinduism and to wander to the far distant lands of the West to find means and methods for the redemption of the Indian People and the final solution of their problems.

Instinctively, all who came in touch with him at the time, saw in him "A condensed India," a lover of Old India and a prophet of the India to come. With funds obtained from some of the Indian princes and from the people of Madras, he at length embarked on the mission which was his, the mission whose spirit had thrown him from out the caves in the Himalayas and from the heights of meditation to do the work appointed for him from On High.

Now one is suddenly translated to the greatest religious concourse the Western world has ever known, the Parliament of Religions at Chicago, in America. Seven thousand people sit listening to the wisdom of the world's religions. Bishops, priests and clergymen from all countries of the world are gathered together. It is the greatest moment in the history of religion, not only in the West, but in the whole world. The occasion was ripe for the appearance of a mighty prophet with a new gospel. One speaker after another follows. At length arises a young Sannyasin from India. At his very appearance, at the first words uttered by his lips, the whole, silent gathering of thousands is taken by storm. Hundreds rise to their feet, hundreds of others cheer wildly. Then a wonderful silence ensued; and in that great silence rang out the words which have since become the modern Gospel of the West, the words surcharged with Hindu ideas and Hindu realisations, the words of the Swami Vivekananda, the Prophet of the Modern Religious Transition in the West. Verily, he was the first Oriental since the time of Christ with such a spiritual message. The

Parliament of Religions dispersed; and all over America and Europe were spread by wondering hearts the words and teaching of the Swami Vivekananda and the great spirit of Hinduism, the great spirit of the Vedas and the Vedanta, the great spirit of Bharatavarsha.

Then one sees the mind of the Swami Vivekananda busied with a thousand concerns. In Europe, in America, in India he had vital interests, he was solving problems, he was making disciples and spreading the cause of Hinduism and of India. In numerous lectures he defended India, interpreted Hinduism and gave to the peoples of the West the message of the Vedanta. Now from Los Angeles, California, and London, Italy, Paris and in Germany, aye, even under the shadow of St. Paul's Cathedral in London are heard messages breathing the spirit of the Vedanta and of the Swami Vivekananda. Religion is becoming liberal in the West, seciarism is dying out. The ideal of a Universal Religion is spreading, and in the Anglican and Roman Catholic Churches new movements are rising filled with a broader, deeper, and truer spirit because Ramakrishna lived and Vivekananda preached the message of the Sanatana Dharma, the Religion Eternal.

Again, the scene shifts to India—with all India, rising practically as one man to do honour to the young monk who had aroused the whole West and drew the attention of hundreds of thinkers to India and its religion. Gatherings are held everywhere, from Colombo to Almora. For the first time India sees in her midst people from the distant West as converts to the aeon-old philosophy of the Upanishads. And from Ceylon to the Himalayas, India hears a voice thundering the greatness of Bharatavarsha, the grandeur of Hindu ideals, the glory of the Indian Past, the superiority of her civilisation over the whole world. And this voice is the voice of the Swami Vivekananda. New conceptions are being introduced into India, conceptions of service, of nation-making, of reform and of Hinduism in general. Through the insight of the Swami Vivekananda, India, as it were, is growing self-conscious. The spirit of the Asokan age and of Sankaracharya are, as it were, stirring abroad. Here and there, *monasteries* are being built, and centres of service.

A new spirit is in evidence. The name of Ramakrishna rings throughout the land. The monastic order, founded by Sri Ramakrishna is increasing. In America and in Europe converts to the Vedanta are multiplying. A great spirit is at work, a spirit, of which Sri Ramakrishna said, "It shall move the world."

And in the very midst of this wondrous activity, this renewed life of Hindusthan receives a terrible shock. Carried into the innermost heart of things by the very power of his work, the soul of the Swami, even in the very midst of success and tremendous activity, hears the Call of Shiva. Remembering that which he was, and fulfilling in this respect the prophecy of his Master, he casts off the bondages of the body. In the silent hours of meditation, even in the midst of work, like another Arjuna in the battle-field of the Kurukshetra of this life, he hears the words of the Great Master and enters the Nirvikalpa Samadhi from which he never returned. For a time sorrow seizes all. It is, as if, the very heart of India itself stopped all of a sudden. That vast light had suddenly become extinguished. That which had been, as it were, India itself incarnate had suddenly ceased to be. But what of that! Do we not remember the words of the Swami, preaching like another Paul, "There is no death!" Aye, ecstasy takes the place of sorrow. The whole character of the Swami's life comes upon us with terrific meaning *because* he lived. And we feel like exclaiming, "We shall be men because he lived! We will hold the body as nothing because he lived and preached! Because he lived we shall, even as he, offer ourselves for the good of the world, for the redemption of the Indian peoples and for the spreading of India's Gospel throughout the world!" We shall exclaim because he lived, "We are glad that we are Indians, glad that we are disciples of this great Master."

And he is with us still. Did he not say, "I may find it good to throw off this body as one throws off an old garment, but I shall never cease to work?"



THE LIFE AND TEACHINGS OF THE SWAMI VIVEKANANDA

[An extract of a speech delivered by Mr. T. N. Mukherji at the Birthday Anniversary of Swami Vivekananda held at Benares.]

Gentlemen,—

The poor are being fed on the other side. I consider that work more important than giving a lecture. However, I shall say a few words at your request.

It is a pity that a man like Swami Vivekananda should be taken away from us at such an early age. I well remember the day when the news of his unimely demise flew about in Calcutta. It fell like a thunder-bolt upon the heart of Bengal, and the people then fully realised what a great and irreparable loss India had suffered by his death. It was as if a great beacon-light was suddenly extinguished, and the people left to grope again in darkness. It seems that God allows some of His choicest sons to shed a gleam upon the world only for a short while. So it was with Sankaracharya, so it was with Jesus Christ. But their work remains behind. Perhaps they are sent only to sow the seed. The seed in due course sprouts and the little seedling nourished by time grows into a gigantic tree, under which find refuge millions of souls, after being beaten, battered and tossed by the tempestuous turmoils of the world. The seed which Swami Vivekananda sowed has grown into a tree, which is already bearing fruit.

I do not think that the people of Bengal fully appreciated his value during the early days of his life. He was then better known in Madras and other parts of India. Then, one morning the people of Bengal rose and rubbed their eyes to find that they had a Cæsar among them, a Cæsar not of wars and battles but of peace and wisdom, who had gone to America, seen America and had conquered America. He had taken by storm the hearts of sages and divines, representatives of various religions, who had assembled from all quarters of the globe to meet at the Parliament of Religions held at Chicago. That day were fulfilled the predictions made about him by learned and pious men, who came in contact with him in the days of his boyhood. Babu Surendra Nath Banerji, the greatest orator India has ever produced, was once moved with admiration at the eloquence of Narendra, for that was his name, when he was still a schoolboy. Afterwards, when he was studying law, an eminent barrister predicted that he would be a great lawyer. Others foretold that he would shine the most in whatever path of life he might choose to follow. But it was men possessing spiritual insight who noticed other tokens in him which presaged a life of an entirely

different character. The venerable sage, Maharsi Devendra Nath Tagore, once remarked to him,—“Boy! You have the eyes of a Yogi!”

But it was the Master, Sri Ramakrishna, at whose feet Vivekananda imbibed wisdom, who really and fully saw what sort of stuff he was made of. Their first meeting was extremely pathetic. Advised by a friend Narendra one day went to the temple of Dakshineswar, near Calcutta, where the saint passed his days in worship and meditation. The Master bade him sing a song. Listening to him his face all of a sudden became radiant with joy, and tears streamed from his eyes and he exclaimed,—“Boy, my boy! I have been waiting for you for years. At last you have come.” That day a sacred tie was established between the boy and the saint. The Master used to say,—“Noren is a lotus with a thousand petals; he is free from attachment, and is above all sensual desires.” This last remark was verified in his life in several instances. No temptation could move Noren from the path of purity and rectitude.

The heart of the Master gradually got indissolubly bound with that of the disciple. A spiritual love sprang up between them, such love as no layman could conceive, measure or feel. He gradually made him the foremost of his disciples, drew out the energy that slept in his character, nurtured the spirituality that lay latent in his soul, filled his mind with divine wisdom, made him Self-conscious, and at the end, like another great Master who came nineteen hundred years ago, sent him forth to the world to preach the sublime doctrine of the Vedanta philosophy. To the last day of his life he ceaselessly trained his beloved disciple for this noble mission. About two days before his passing away, Noren sat by his bedside lost in deep meditation, and when he opened his eyes he saw the Master in tears. He said to him in a feeble voice “I am a beggar now, Noren! I have given you my all!”—meaning thereby, that at that solemn moment he had bequeathed to Noren all the spiritual powers and realisations he possessed. Thus equipped, Swami Vivekananda had no fear to face the world and to place before it the knowledge for which it had long been hankering.

The large-heartedness and devotional character of Swami Vivekananda were manifested at a very early age. Two days ago a newly-published book entitled “The Life of the Swami Vivekananda,” was placed at my disposal. I had only time to glance over some of its pages. But if any of you feel an interest in the subject, I would recommend you to read this book. It will repay perusal. You will learn much from it, and understand what

qualities differentiate a prophet from the common people of the world. The subject is large, but my knowledge is limited. I can therefore mention only a few incidents of Swami Vivekananda's early life. Once when, he was a little boy of six or seven years, he went with a playmate to see a fair. There he purchased some clay-images of Shiva both for himself and his companion. On their way back, he suddenly found that his friend was in imminent danger of being run over and crushed under the wheels of a carriage which was coming from behind at a furious speed. At considerable risk to his own life he rushed to the rescue of his playmate, and catching hold of him dragged him out of danger. On another occasion some of his friends were being ill-treated by some impertinent boatmen. Norendra was too small a boy to render help. Just at that moment he saw two British soldiers passing by. Now, a British soldier in the eyes of our boys is an object to inspire dread. But without the slightest shadow of fear, Norendra ran to the soldiers and in broken English besought their assistance, which the good Britishers gave, perhaps not without some amusement and admiration at the courage shewn by the bright-faced lad. When a college student, Norendra extricated another student from a pecuniary difficulty, which otherwise would have ruined his future career. He himself had no power or means, but he saved his friend by that impetuosity of will which in after life enabled him to accomplish mighty things.

The devotional tendency of his nature also manifested at an early age. One evening, when accompanying his father on a journey to the Central Provinces, he began to sing a song in praise of God. He sang with such fervour that he fell into an ecstasy—that ecstasy which he afterwards often experienced when leading the life of an ascetic. After the death of his father, when the burden of supporting the family fell upon his tender shoulders, the whole family tasted the bitterness of adversity. It was a time of great trial and tribulation for him. His mother, he himself, and his two younger brothers were often in want of the common necessities of life, and sometimes they had even to go without food. One day, he went to the Master in the hope of lightening the heaviness of his heart by pouring the tale of his sorrows into his sympathetic ear. The Master bade him go to the temple of the Mother Kali close by and to pray. He went, and after some time when he returned, the Master asked him,—“What did you pray for?” “I prayed for Faith, for Love and for Knowledge,” was the reply. The Master sent him to pray again, and when he returned, the same question was put to him and the same answer was given. He was sent to pray a third time, with however the same result. Mark here, that harassed by cares and anxieties he went

to relate his woes to the Master, who thrice sent him to pray. But instead of praying for food or money, which he needed so urgently at the time, he prayed for Faith, Love and Knowledge! What was gold or silver to him who was destined to inherit the riches that no mine of South Africa ever kept hidden in its bowels, and which no king ever dreamt of in his wildest dreams. Was he not a worthy disciple of that Master whose fingers got paralysed at the mere touch of gold and silver?

Gradually his mind was filled with that faith and realisation, which transcendental minds receive on rare occasions from Heaven above. Thus endowed, he stood unawed before the eyes of sages and divines who had assembled at the Parliament of Religions, at Chicago. “Who can be this coloured man, clad in saffron garb, who has the presumption to stand before us?” must have been the thought of many present on that memorable occasion. But this presumptuous young man was soon to give them a shock not unmingled with surprise and admiration. Moved almost by divine inspiration, Swami Vivekananda delivered his address which, partly by the fire of his eloquence, but more by the depth of the sentiments he uttered, kept his hearers spellbound, and threw them into raptures, making them realise that in the ancient archives of India lay the key to unravel the mysteries of life, which for centuries had baffled Western minds. The address sent a thrill through the world, and sages and savants of all countries stood on tip-toe to gaze upon this ancient land which had given birth to this wonderful son. India can never be too grateful to Swami Vivekananda for thus extorting respect for her, from people who had formed the habit of looking down with contempt upon man not white in colour and not professing their religion, and who did not possess sufficient breadth of mind to distinguish the intellectual inhabitants of China from the wild Bushmen of Australia, or a Kalidasa of India from a Hiawatha of America. Americans, among whom as a nation, colour prejudice prevails in a virulent form, sat at the feet of an Oriental to drink deep the nectar that flowed from his lips. For Vivekananda was a world-teacher, like those who appear from time to time to shed light when the world gets enveloped in darkness. Such illustrious personages have been born upon earth from the remotest ages—from that hazy past when our forefathers sang hymns in the Land of the Five Rivers, down to the time when a prophet, kindled by Heavenly fire, preached amid the sandy desert of Arabia, or later still, when a devotee intoxicated with the love of God, danced on the village roads of Bengal, or on the sea-beach of Puri.

As a Vedantist, Swami Vivekananda considered all souls to be potentially divine, as so many beams emanating from the One glorious effulgence

called Brahman. But he found these beams enveloped in the mist of Avidya. He set himself to teach men how to remove this ignorance, how to be free from all impurities in heart and in spirit. Like Western men of science, with materialistic opinions, he too had at first doubts about the wisdom of God. Seeing misery on all sides, seeing the red claws of nature, seeing that all creatures are engaged in devouring each other, his mind was in despair. But these doubts and this despair were soon dispelled by the teaching of the Master. He soon understood that misery is an agency for the purification and evolution of the soul, that nature is for the education of the soul and the soul is infinitely more powerful than nature. He learnt that through struggle for existence and through the will to conquer nature the soul of man gradually evolves. Nature tries at every step to limit man, to crush even the very life out of him, while the man puts forth his best exertion to escape from its all-devouring laws. This exertion on both sides, of the one to destroy and of the other not to be destroyed, sharpens the faculties and evolves a lower being into a higher being. Primitive man crossed a river with the help of a log of wood; from the log evolved the canoe; from the canoe the boat, and from the boat the mighty steamship of the present day, which goes from one end of the earth to the other, regardless of tide and tempest, and in defiance of mountain-high waves. The primitive cart has given place to the locomotive of to-day, which in a few hours travels over a distance which formerly took more than a month. A message, which was formerly almost impossible to send from one part of the world to the other, now reaches its destination in the wink of an eye. Thus the exertion to live, to avoid pain and discomfort, to seek pleasure, is the force by which primitive man has been evolved into modern man. But the conquest of the external nature only, cannot satisfy the soul of man for all time. Man as he grows is confronted with another world—the internal. He has to pause to know the truth by which he may be the master of himself and attain peace. That truth has for long been taught but never fully recognised and not often consciously practised,—the truth that self-sacrifice is the means to evolve man into a divine being.

All creatures, unconsciously or consciously, are working towards this end. The whole world is guided by the law of self-sacrifice,—from the lowest form of life to the Lord Jesus who consciously allowed himself to be crucified for the sake of humanity. The more conscious the sacrifice, the brighter shines the divinity in man. But I fear to go further into the subject, for the more I go, perhaps the deeper will I be dragged into perplexing questions of subtle metaphysics, from which I may not have the time to

extricate myself. Suffice it to say that Swami Vivekananda preached with the greatest emphasis the doctrine that service to our fellow-creatures, without distinction of creed, colour or caste, is service to God. His teachings have borne fruit, as the very existence of this institution shows. Centres of service are springing up here, there and in many places, and our young men are now fired with a new spirit of work, the work of alleviating the misery of others. The workers of this Institution go about picking up from roadsides unfortunate beings stricken down by illness. Some of them are found to suffer from the most loathsome diseases. Yet the noble workers of this Institution nurse them with the utmost care, and handle the most repugnant cases without the least feeling of disgust and without the least fear of infection and death. All honour to them. Indeed, the Swami Vivekananda has breathed a new life into the dry bones of India.

Compared with Swami Vivekananda, I am a mere worm grovelling upon earth, while the souls of men like him soar in the exalted spheres above, immersed in the spirit of God. Men like me can only *strive* to do their duty. But if we wish we can all do some good, however little it may be. The field for work is vast, but workers are few. Millions of our countrymen are steeped in ignorance. Millions live in the midst of misery from the day of their birth to the day of their death and thousands die of preventable diseases. No charity could be greater than that of labouring for the rescue of the millions of unfortunate beings. No work could be nobler than the work of illumining with the light of knowledge the mind of the ignorant masses. Let us therefore try to do some good deed, every day of our life, remembering that service rendered to our fellow-creatures, is the highest worship rendered to God.

TO THE SWAMI VIVEKANANDA.

O Prophet Teacher, Inspirer of our time;
 Arising like the Sages of the olden days,
 Renewing the Spirit of our Vedic Lays
 Thou standest forth, amongst us, all sublime.
 Vivekanand', a Sankaracharya thou,
 Another Seer of Upanishadic Lore,
 Thou hast made the whole wide world to bow
 Unto Ind's Ancient Wisdom, and e'en more,
 For in thy footsteps arise anew and grand
 The glories of our Dharma and our Land.
 Shiva and Sheva alike thou preached;
 Because of thee we again have reached
 Towards our ancient greatnesses,
 Our spiritual blessedness.

A Disciple.

THE FIFTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION OF THE SWAMI VIVEKANANDA

AT THE RAMAKRISHNA MATH, BELUR.

ON Sunday, the second of February, the birthday anniversary of Srimat Swami Vivekananda was publicly commemorated by thousands of persons, of all ages and description, at the Belur Math. From early morning until late at night vast crowds came and went joining in triumphant shouts of praise in the great Swami's honour, worshipping his picture, visiting his room with great reverence and sojourning in meditation before the image in marble, recently placed in the Memorial Chapel erected in his honour. The very atmosphere was surcharged with the spirit of devotion, and one felt that the Swami himself was amongst the immense gathering.

The Math, the chapel of Sri Ramakrishna, the Swami's memorial shrine, all were festively decorated, giving a bright and jubilant effect to the scene and to the day itself. A festive spirit pervaded the air. Sankirtan parties were everywhere in evidence throughout the day. Many devotees joined in joyous dancing parties the while they rent the air with shouts of "Jai Sri Swamiji Maharaj ki Jai!" A bazaar had transported itself from the city to the monastery grounds. Pictures, lockets and motto-cards of Swamiji, his writings and the "Life" of him, recently published, were on sale at many stalls. All day long, because of the large crowds, it was an effort to move from one place to another even on the spacious grounds.

All sorts and descriptions of people were present. Mahomedans, Hindus of all denominations and sects, Brahmos, Christians, and European admirers of the Swami had come to pay their respects to one, the celebration of whose memory constituted this glorious occasion. Some had come from afar, and one seemed to see people from all parts of India. There were Madrasis and Punjabis and Mahrattas besides the Bengalees. And it was right that this should be the case as the Swami Vivekananda himself was, as it were, "A Condensed India."

The inmates of the monastery had done their best to make the celebration a success. For days they had been making preparations, and their work was hastened and made a task of blessedness by the joy of their anticipation. It was they who received the guests, saw to their comforts, and entertained them in every way. In the much-felt absence of Swami Brahmananda in Benares, the revered Swamis Premananda and Saradananda supervised the arrangements and the order of events. When

any uncertainty arose, they were appealed to, and thousands sought them out specially to receive their blessings. Many pious devotees, on seeing them, exclaimed, "Think of it! These *saw* the Lord Himself—and were His *very own* disciples. These were the *gurubhais* of Swamiji himself."

Each year seems to bring additional members to the feet of Swamiji on this hallowed day. This year they were more than ever before. And those who are old in the Order of Sri Ramakrishna and many householders who sat at the feet of Sri Ramakrishna, expressed their sense of amazement at this tremendous progress of the Swami's following and of the Bhaktas of Sri Ramakrishna. Yes, the Spirit is at work, and one felt on this day that the Swami Vivekananda has not died, though his body has indeed been consumed by the flames of the funeral pyre. He is still in our midst, as mighty for the cause of India and of righteousness as when he stood as some Master-Prophet before the thousands at the Parliament of Religions, or when he preached, by his famous lectures and conversations, in the palmiest days of his triumph, from Colombo to Almora.

Following a definite plan, early in the morning the monks worshipped Bhagavan Sri Ramakrishna together with Swamiji. A large portrait of Swamiji, as the wandering Sannyasin, with staff in hand, had been brought from his room and installed in the courtyard of the monastery where it could be seen by all devotees. It was touching to see how hundreds prostrated themselves before this life-like Image. For hours in the morning a Sankirtan party sang songs before it, arousing a wonderful devotion in the hearts of all.

As time went on, the poor, who are always fed on Swamiji's festival, as a particular feature thereof, gathered in the monastery grounds from every direction. For days previously the event was announced by the beating of drums, in the villages far and near, inviting in the name of Swamiji, all the poor, who might care to come, to partake of food. So they had come, the poor whom Swamiji loved so much, from Calcutta, from Baranagore, from Belur, from Dakshineswar, from Bally, from Salkhia, from Howrah and other places. On this day, probably, for most of them they would have the feast of the year, if, indeed, not of their very lives. One could not help thinking of Swamiji himself as they arrived by the hundreds, until their assembly swelled, during the middle of the day, to the number of three thousand and more.

Under a great thatched open kitchen in the grounds of the monastery a score of Brâhman

cooks prepared the food which was to be partaken of by them. In huge earthen and brazen "hundas" rice and kitcheri and curries of various sorts had been cooking from the night previous. Numerous baskets of sweetmeats and pots of dahi had been purchased. Besides these, there were louchis and hallua and other delicacies. So that when the hundreds of the poor sat down for their food it was with an appetite made keen by long expectation and present anticipation. The Swamis moved amongst their guests,—or better said, the guests of Swamiji himself, encouraging them to ask for more without any hesitation. In the service of this huge number of people, the Brahmacharins of the Math were nobly assisted by young men, mostly college students from Calcutta. Fortunately, the weather was not in the slightest fatiguing, so that the open-air meal was really a joy in every respect. It needed no expression of satisfaction for the poor to give their thanks to their Sannyasin hosts. Their very appetite was in itself that and at the same time a great pleasure to those who had arranged and served at this tremendous entertainment.

When the meal had been partaken of, the name of Swamiji rang out triumphantly, times upon repeated times; and the masses of the poor felt, indeed, that in the great Swami they had verily both a father and a friend. The gentlemen, to the hundreds, who looked on with devotion and happiness at this feeding of the poor, caught likewise, their spirit, and all over the neighbourhood of Belur and even across the waters of the Ganges to the village of Baranagore, could be heard the triumphant shouts, of the Swami Vivekananda's name. Besides the poor, the numerous Bhaktas of Swamiji and Sri Ramakrishna came also as guests.

At about half-past four in the afternoon, large crowds gathered in the court immediately in front of the monastery to listen to two lectures concerning Swamiji's life, given by Srijut Suresh Chundra Samajpati, the Editor of *Sahitya*, and Srijut Panchouri Bannerjee, the Editor of *Nayaka*. Their addresses proved to be brilliant expositions of Swamiji's ideals and message and were received most sympathetically, being punctuated with frequent applause. All throughout the day Bhaktas indulged in reminiscences of the Master and in anecdotes regarding his life. Many repeated to each other extracts of his teachings which they had committed to memory. The attitude of others was that of prayer and glorification, while here and there still others, even amid the festivities and glorious rejoicing spent the time in silent meditation. Even until the late hours of the evening, were the devotees of the Master present, and many attended the *drati* in the monastery chapel.

Leaving the Math on this day one was overwhelmed with varying emotions. One wished

fervently that each and every day of the year might be like this one, a great day of celebration and commemoration in honour of that wonderful teacher—the Swami Vivekananda. It was a day that must linger long in the memory of him who saw it and must bring to mind, not only the teachings of this great modern prophet, but even the very presence of his personality itself.

A Western Disciple.

On the preceding Tuesday the Swamiji's birthday *Tilhipuja* ceremonies were celebrated privately by the Sannyasins of the Ramakrishna Order, and amongst other services, *homa* was performed.

AT THE RAMAKRISHNA MATH, MADRAS.

The celebrations began with *Bhajana* in the morning. The poor were fed. Mr. K. Thathachariar delivered a Tamil discourse in the afternoon on the life and teaching of the Swami. Mr. Srinivasa Iyengar, B. A., B. L., spoke at 5-30 P. M., on "The place of the Swami Vivekananda in Hinduism," before a large and enlightened audience. In the course of his interesting lecture he said:—

"To me it is the privilege of my life to be asked to take part in to-day's celebrations. I did not enjoy the advantage of a conversation with the Swami in person, but his lectures, writings and sayings as found in the Mayavati Memorial Edition of his Complete Works, give us a realistic presentment of the Swami.

"One of the wisest of historians, the late Lord Acton, said that the first of human concerns was religion and that it was the salient feature of the modern centuries. In India, it is the fashion for Indians as well as for Western observers to speak of religion as inspiring the everyday life of the Hindu. If by Hinduism is meant Brâhmanism, undoubtedly it has since the downfall of Buddhism held unquestioned sway subject to periodical disturbances like those caused by Ramanuja and Chaitanya. Since the age of the Upanishads there have been great prophets and preachers in India, but Buddhism was hardly more than a destructive gospel, destructive of shams and superstitions, of privileges and oppressions. The first and the most authoritative gospel is undoubtedly that of the preacher of the Gita. It has validity for all times and for all men. That, after all, is the human test of Revelation. The next gospel is that of Sankara, which has had enormous influence on Indian thought. The third gospel is that of Ramanuja whose heavenly touch converted the down-trodden *pariahs* into *Alwars*. The fourth and modern gospel is undoubtedly that of the Swami Vivekananda. He saw that Hinduism was in a state of arrested development and tried to infuse into it new life and energy. A mighty intellect and a noble heart, and the vision and the insight of a Seer enabled

him to preach the gospel of a new Hinduism. It is orthodox because it had its roots in the Upanishads and the Gita. It is progressive and energetic because it had got rid of Bráhmanism. He felt the truth that Hinduism in order to be an efficient religion must not be exclusive and must not claim privileges. He firmly believed in proselytising and evidently held the view that those features of Hinduism that could be presented to outsiders as lovable were exactly those that were its essential features. Swami Vivekananda combined the heart of Ramanuja with the great intellect of Sankara. He opened the door to the highest spiritual worship from the Bráhman to the pariah. There can be no doubt that if Hinduism should be a living faith it must be a missionary faith. If the Swami's zeal was so successful in foreign lands it was no less conspicuous in dealing with the problems of his own society. He rightly said that the Smritis and the social structure must go and he accordingly framed his preachings on noble lines. While he preserved everything in the ancient Hinduism which was eternally and universally valid, he rejected the features which had gathered round it as accretions in the course of centuries. The Swami is undoubtedly, the founder of new Hinduism. He is the discoverer of the true Vedantic Hinduism with added emphasis and meaning. He was not only the founder of Hinduism, he was also its energetic populariser. He has for the first time in the history of Hinduism made it possible for the meanest intellect to have a realisation of all that is best and noblest and undying in Hinduism."

The lecturer then quoted the saying of the Swami about the intellectual greatness of the Brahmans and their duty to work for the salvation of the rest of mankind in India. The Swami said: "He only is the Bráhman who has no secular employment. The secular employment is not for the Bráhmans but for the other castes. To the Bráhmans I appeal that they must work hard to raise the Indian people by teaching them what they know by giving out the culture they have accumulated for centuries." To the non-Bráhman castes he said, "Wait. Be not in a hurry. Do not seize every opportunity of fighting the Bráhman..... You are suffering for your own fault. Who told you to neglect spirituality and Sanskrit learning? Why do you now fret and fume, because somebody else had more brains, more energy and more pluck than you?" The Swami, the lecturer said, was no revivalist. He had no patience with vulgar and grotesque revivalism. Nothing was further from his mind than a mere revival or restoration of the Indian past. The Swami was against mystery-mongering and secret occultism in the name of religion. The lecturer concluded by quoting the message of Sri Ramakrishna to the modern world, "Do not care for dogmas, doctrines or sects.....criticise no one

.....show by your lives that religion does not mean words or names or sects but that it means spiritual realisation."

The lecture was replete with informing quotations from the sayings of the Swami Vivekananda. After the lecture was over, the Swami Sarvananda rose amidst loud cheers to propose a vote of thanks to the lecturer and said that great men came to the world with special duties to perform and that the Swami Vivekananda had a special mission in this world. He performed it in the noblest way that all of them knew so well. Some people were led away by materialistic influences. Human life was meant for higher purposes. The aim of great men had been to show the noble purpose of life to their fellow-beings. Swami Vivekananda laid great stress on the spiritual basis of religion. His religion was man-making religion. The essence of the Swami's teaching was that spirituality and not mere intellectual grasp was indispensable for the realisation of true religion. The gathering dispersed after the distribution of prasad.

AT BANGALORE CITY.

The birthday anniversary was celebrated on Feb. 2, with great enthusiasm in the Ramakrishna Ashrama, Basavangudi. A large gathering was present and all classes co-operated in making the function a success. Indian ladies attended in large numbers. Bhajana processions arrived from Ballapurpet, and Shoolay at 11 a. m. Bhajana continued till noon, and there was music and Harikatha from 3 to 5 p. m. Mr. Karpura Srinivasa Row, Chief Engineer, presided in the evening, when Mr. V. Subramanya Iyer, B. A., Head Master, Government High School, delivered a learned discourse, on the life and teachings of the Swami. He spoke of the Swami being a root reformer and of his having preached the ideal of the preservation of national life. That preservation was eventually to lead to the universal suffrage, universal co-operation, compulsory education and education of women. The lecturer pointed out that ignorance and poverty were the two great evils against the progress of any nation, and the Hindu, if he wants to have a chance of reviving, must dispel ignorance and poverty. Religion was the most efficient force for preserving life and as such, Hindus should cultivate and preserve their religion.

Mr. Karpur Srinivasa Rao, in the course of a spirited address said that Hinduism was a most universal religion and that Swami Vivekananda was the greatest reformer of the present century.

Mr. Narayana Iyengar, B. A., B. L., Registrar of the Co-operative Credit Societies read the letter of the Yuvaraj which was received just then, with a donation of Rs. 100 for the Ashrama. The gathering then dispersed after distribution of Prasad.

AT BANGALORE CANTONMENT

The anniversary was celebrated at the premises of Chatur Veda Siddhanta Sabha School, Cavalry Road, on the 9th February. The programme observed was as follows:—Feeding the poor from 11 to 3 p. m. Music, and discourse about the life of Swamiji from 4 to 6 p. m. Rathotsavam with Sankirtan from 6-30 p. m.

AT THE SEVASHRAMA, KANKHAL.

The Birthday Anniversary of Swamiji passed off splendidly this year. The whole Ashrama was beautifully decorated and special *puja* was performed. More than one thousand hungry Narayans were sumptuously entertained with halua, puri, and curry made with potatoes and beans grown in the Ashrama garden. Many leading Sadhus and gentry joined the Utsab.

AT BENARES.

The anniversary was celebrated in the Ramakrishna Advaita Ashrama. The feeding of the poor was the principal feature of the day, and it began at 1-30 p. m. and nearly 700 poor Narayans were fed. Next, a lecture was delivered by Mr. T. N. Mukherjee, on the Life and Teachings of Swamiji. It was followed by an interesting speech made by a college boy named Paramesh, on the same subject. Nearly 500 gentlemen attended the meeting. The audience were afterwards entertained with the masterly music of the famous musician, Srijut Aghore Chandra Chakravarty, as well as to a concert which was much appreciated. Lastly, at nightfall after distribution of Prasad the meeting dispersed. This year the interest of the whole affair was doubly enhanced by the ennobling presence of His Holiness Swami Brahmananda.

AT YELLAMANCHILY, VIZAGAPATAM.

The birthday anniversary of Sri Swami Vivekananda was celebrated on the 28th and 29th days of January. On the evening of the 28th, there was, as in previous years, Bhajana and procession. On the next day there was the feeding of the poor. In the evening a meeting was held, in the local reading-room with a young Swami as the president. Mr. M. Subbarao Pantulu and Mr. B. Venkatanarayana Naidu, spoke on the life of the Swamiji and his sayings. The meeting was brought to a close with a beautiful lecture from the president.

AT RAM MOHUN FREE LIBRARY, GUNTUR.

Under the auspices of the Ram Mohun Free Library, a public meeting was held in the local Edward Town Hall on the 2nd. February at 5-30 p. m. to commemorate the birthday anniversary of Sri Swami Vivekananda, at which Rao Bahadur T. Venkata Narasab Pantulu occupied the chair. The elite of the town was present. Among the speakers on the occasion was Mr. A. Kaleswara Rao, B. A., B. L., who pointed out the prominence

of Hinduism and how it was brought before the gaze of the Western world for the first time by the Swamiji in the Parliament of Religions, at Chicago. Though the congress was convened, he said, with the Utopian hope of Christianising the whole world, the organisers and others who were dreaming of one Christian globe, were confounded by the appearance of a Hindu clad in orange garment, who held them spellbound with his cogent logic and thundering eloquence, and impressed upon them that there was a religion which they did not rightly understand and which was destined to revolutionise the present tendency of religious thought. The meeting terminated with a vote of thanks to the chairman and the speakers.

AT KAITY, THE NILGIRIS.

The anniversary was celebrated with great enthusiasm by the members of the Mahatma Vivekananda Association, and by the people of Oothanatty in their village, on the 8th February. The whole of the population of the village together with their friends from the neighbouring villages were present and there were Puja and Bhajana. One of the members of the above Association lectured in Tamil on "The Life and Work of the Swami Vivekananda" to the full satisfaction of the audience.

In connection with the above celebration, Bro. Seetha Sing delivered a lecture in the village of Jagathala on the night of the 15th February on the Life of Bhagavan Sri Ramakrishna Deva, in Tamil.

AT TEPPAKULAM, TRICHINOPOLY.

Sri Swami's birthday anniversary was celebrated on the 9th Feb. by the Ramakrishna Vivekananda Vedanta Society. Through the exertions of the members, a sum of money was collected with which some 700 poor people were fed on that holy occasion and clothes were distributed to 36 cripples. In the afternoon, after the annual report was read, Mr. T. S. Nalliappa Sastrigal, B. A., L. T., delivered a very interesting lecture on the "Hindu idea of Evolution." He pointed out in what ways the Western theory was defective and asserted that the system of Reincarnation as explained by the Hindus suited all nations and all times. Mr. C. K. Tyagaraja Dikshitar, B. A., L. T., occupied the chair and spoke eloquently on the object of the meeting. The proceedings came to a close with Arati and distribution of Prasad.

To commemorate the birthday anniversary a pamphlet on the Life of the Swami Vivekananda was published. It contains an introduction from Swami Sharvananda of the Madras Math and also five small half-tone portraits and is priced at six annas per copy. It can be had from Mr. M. S. Natesan, the Secretary of the Society.

AT CONJEEVERAM.

The people of Conjeeveram celebrated the birthday of Sri Swamiji in the Hindu Girls' School,

Rajah Street. In the morning there was Puja, Bhajana, and feeding of the poor.

In the evening a public meeting consisting both of ladies and gentlemen was held, in which there were essay competitions, and recitations in Sanskrit and English, and prizes were awarded to the best essay and reciters. Mr. M. Vencatesa Aiyar, B. A. then spoke on 'Religion and its influence in the building up of a nation.' The Secretary, Sjt. M. Ramachandraw, read the report and appealed to the public for aid towards the building fund of the "Vivekananda Ashrama," for which purpose a site had been purchased. The whole proceedings were conducted under the presidency of Swami Sachidananda Indra Saraswati of Sri Upanishad Brahma Muth, and terminated with Mangalarati.

AT THE MURSHIDABAD, ORPHANAGE.

On the Janmaithi day special Puja, Homa, and Arati were performed and the boys of the Ashrama school were sumptuously fed with Prasad. On the public celebration day great religious enthusiasm prevailed. Several hundreds of the poor Narayanas were entertained to a hearty feast. A band of college students from the Ramakrishna Vivekananda Association of Berhampur came and took part in serving the poor. The success of the whole ceremony was due to the untiring labour of the Swami Akhandananda and the boys and teachers of the Orphanage.

AT SALKHIA, HOWRAH.

The Ramakrishna Anathbandhu Samiti celebrated its tenth anniversary by commemorating the Birthday ceremony of Sri Sri Swami Vivekananda. In the morning special Puja of Sri Ramakrishna was performed. Sankirtan parties enlivened the occasion from 11 a. m. to 5 p. m. and Prasad was served to the poor from 12 to 6 p. m. The Sannyasin members of the Belur Math joined to make the celebration a success.

AT BARISAL.

The Ramakrishna Mission of Barisal celebrated the Janmotsava with great enthusiasm. In the morning Sjt. Soshi Bhusan Chatterjee, M. A. of the B. M. College read the Kathopanishat. At 9 a. m. fruits and sweets were served to the inmates of the local hospital, numbering thirty-one, under the kind supervision of the doctor in charge, Babu Ashutosh Dutta. From 10 to 12 a. m. one seer of rice was distributed to each of the beggars to the number of 200, besides giving pice in addition, to the blind, the lame and the distressed.

A meeting was convened in the hall of the Dharmarakshini Sabha at half-past two. Sjt. Jagadish Mukherjee, B. A., Head Master of the B. M. Institution read and explained the Gita. Sjt. Jitendralal Chatterjee read an impressive essay on the Swami Vivekananda and Babu Nibaran Ch. Das Gupta, M. A., Govt. pleader, and Babu Ganesh

Ch. Das Gupta, M. A., B. L. spoke on Swamiji, as well. The proceedings lasted till 6-30 p. m. after which the members and admirers gathered in the Mission room and joined in the Sankirtan which continued till night. With the distribution of Prasad to the assembled gentlemen the ceremony was brought to a close. Leaflets containing songs especially composed for the occasion, and also those bearing the choice sayings of the Swami were freely distributed.

AT VINIAMBODY.

The 51st birthday anniversary of Sri Swami Vivekananda was celebrated on the 28th Feb. in the Swami Vivekananda Sankam, High Road, Pudur. The programme observed was as follows:— Pooja and Bhajana procession from 6 to 10 a. m. Feeding the poor from 12 to 2. p. m. Lecture on "Swamiji's Vedanta Avatkar" from 5 to 7 p. m. Then Mangalarati and distribution of Prasad.

AT THE MATH.

The Vivekananda Society, as usual celebrated the birthday anniversary of the Great Master by holding a meeting on the 9th Feb. in the Math, Belur, at 3 p. m. The big portrait of Swami Vivekananda as the Wandering Monk was tastefully decorated by the students. Swami Saradananda kindly presided. After music a report of last year's work was read by Dr. J. N. Ghoshal. The report showed the following important works done by the Society: (1) Formation of a regular weekly class, where the Upanishads and the Works of the Swami Vivekananda are read. (2) The establishment of an institution for the training and education of Hindu girls and widows according to Hindu ideals, known as the Saradeswari Ashrama. It is wholly managed by orthodox Hindu ladies under the care and control of Srimati Gourimata, a lady disciple of Sri Ramakrishna. (3) The starting of the Sister Nivedita Memorial Fund. Besides these, the Society had celebrated publicly the last anniversary of Buddha.

After two songs were sung with the accompaniment of an Harmonium and *Pakhwaj*, there were recitations from the "Pariyajaka," "The Song of the Sannyasin," and from a poem called "The Guru Puja." An excellent paper was read by Mr. F. J. Alexander, which is reproduced elsewhere. An impressive paper in Bengali was also read by Sjt. Kiran Chandra Dutt. Some four to five hundred young men from Calcutta attended. There were *Mahabir Puja* and Ram Nam Kirtan after the meeting. The Puja was done by Swami Premananda Maharaj. After the distribution of Prasad the gathering dispersed at about 6-30 p. m.

AT RANGOON.

The Janmaithi of the Swami Vivekananda was observed by the Ramakrishna Society on the 28th January 1913, with great solemnity and much devotion. The members gathered at the premises of the

Hindu Social Club early in the morning where the Swamiji was worshipped in the image. In the evening Mr. Ranganadham entertained the audience with select melodious hymns of the four great Saivite apostles of South India, which enraptured the hearts of all. At 10 p. m. Arati was performed and Prasad distributed.

The public celebration took place on the 2nd February, with great eclat and enthusiasm in the premises of the Hindu Social Club. Representatives of all Hindu communities were present, and the Madrasses, the Bengalees and the Guzratees joined and vied with one another to honour the patriot-saint of India. From early morning till late in the evening the main hall of the club was thronged with spectators. Photos and paintings of the Swamiji and his Gurubhais adorned the walls of the hall, while decorations with ferns excelled those of the previous year. Puja, prayer, and Bhajana to the accompaniment of the musical instruments were the principal feature of the morning service. Alms were distributed to the poor and the indigent.

The programme for the evening commenced with a meeting with Sriji Satya Charan Ganguli, B. A., in the chair. The first annual report of the Ramakrishna Society, Rangoon, was read. It mainly dealt with the work which the Society strove to do with a certain amount of success in different ways, viz, mass education, contribution to the Swami's Memorial Temple fund, study of the philosophic literature, etc. Dr. T. S. S. Rajan, M. R. C. S., L. R. C. P., read a thoughtful and interesting paper on the "Mission of the Swami Vivekananda." Mr. Siva Arunagri Mudaliar made a few valuable remarks on Universal Love upon which the whole structure of Vedanta is built. He laid great stress on the famous Biblical dictum 'Love thy neighbour as thyself,' which he said, the Swamiji preached and practised. The President, then in a few well-chosen words exhorted the different communities present to always unite to honour the great champion of the Vedic religion of the modern day. The proceedings terminated with Arati and distribution of sweets. A leaflet of the life-sketch of the Swamiji was also distributed.

AT MANIPAL VIVEKANANDA SOCIETY.

Swami Vivekananda's birthday anniversary was observed by inaugurating an arrangement to render help to the suffering poor. A number of tickets were issued to medical practitioners in the villages entitling those who were ill, to free gifts of rice at the Society's hall.

AT OTHER CENTRES.

The Birthday anniversary celebration was also duly observed at the Advaita Ashrama, Mayavati, and at the various other Centres of the Belur Math and in numerous Vivekananda Societies in India and abroad.

THE MISSION OF THE SWAMI VIVEKANANDA

[An extract from a paper read by Dr. T. S. S. Rajan, M. R. C. S., L. R. C. P., on 2nd. February 1913, on the occasion of the Swami's 51st. birthday celebrated by the Ramakrishna Society, Rangoon.]

I try to look back through the mists of years into the full life and ever-to-be-revered memory of the Swami Vivekananda; no longer can I appeal to those personal recollections in which we all could share, but in place thereof is an influence, a resurrection, and my outlook becomes essentially perspective.

Swami Vivekananda's influence is permeating the avenues of time, and the only gratitude we can show to that great soul is the annual commemoration, to celebrate which we have assembled here to-day.

The history of our times is abounding in stirring events of a most wonderful character. The rapid advancement of science has unveiled the wonderful treasures of knowledge hidden deeply in nature's bosom. Persistent observation and the studious efforts of man have crowned his untiring zeal with a success unparalleled in all past history. The development of machinery, the discovery of the powers of steam and petrol and the consequent advance in the oceanic and aerial navigation, the invention of the telephone, telegraph and the manifold manifestations of electrical and radio activity are all but a few of the outstanding landmarks of the century's history. With such glorious unravelling of Nature's secrets one would have thought that humanity would have progressed and attained to a better level of existence than it ever was in the centuries past. But comparative history has it exactly the other way. Man has not simultaneously advanced both in his moral and spiritual attainments. In the West the roar of looms, the smoke of factories, and the wear and whirl of life have smothered the natural development of man's subtle qualities. The genius and intellect of the nation have been spent upon the creation of perfect machinery, both for the purpose of production and destruction; but the artistic nature is nearly dead and gone. Look at the streets of all European Capitals; how tiringly monotonous they are, lacking in all that is essential but burdened with all that is superfluous. What of religion? You find it on everybody's lips only to be contradicted in every act. People are trained in the tenets of a religion, which they do not want to believe, for they see them flatly ignored in all relations of life. Men think it prudent to conceal under the mask of piety the atheism which they are not bold enough to avow. Their ways of life are as conventional as

their creed. Men have unconsciously become chronic hypocrites. Besides, mere lip-worship of an important ideal has deprived them of things spiritual and they have devoted themselves to mere material speculations. The soul of the nations has retrogressed while the growth of materialism has become abnormally rapid. The passionate zeal for the mastery of all forces of nature, wealth, intelligence, and power has become the dominant factor in society; but not even the barest attempt has been made to Christianise the Institutions. Speaking of Western polity a famous English writer remarks,—“It purports to represent a super-human ideal; in reality it does not represent even one that is human. It is of the earth, earthy; while from heaven far above, cries, like a ghost’s, the voice of the Nazarene, as pure, as clear, as ineffectual, as when first it flung from the shores of Galilee its challenge to the world-sustaining power of Rome.” And the new world—the world of Columbus—has fared no better than Europe. If materialism had made tremendous strides in the old world, it has been simply galloping in its mad onrush in the new. Such has been, and is the civilisation in the West when the Swami was dreaming his life’s dream as the young Noren in the presence of his counterpart and his Master Ramakrishna Paramahansa.

While things stood like this in the West, the East was fast sinking into insignificance. India, once the home of all that was great and pure, the Mother of the two of the great Religions of the World, the forerunner of all known civilisations, where is she! What is her children’s place in the comity of Nations? Evil in the shape of poverty, premature death, disease, economic and social servitude combined with ignorance form the sum total of the pain and agony under which our poor motherland is groaning. How few are there who will try to combat these evils! During the last eight or nine centuries India has ever been the forlorn child of misfortune, the victim of all calamities that ever visited humanity on its weary march through the ages. The springs of spirituality are drying up, and all life is dying out of the nation.

Think of our young men. How they are losing their manhood under the natural environments! Read the letter which the Swami Vivekananda wrote from Japan contrasting the progress of that country with our dormant state. How true and how sincere are those words! The culture of the heart amongst us has been neglected. Our moral and spiritual standards are giving place to intellectual and material culture for gain. Many of the vices of alien civilisation have been spreading rapidly all over the country. Such is our condition.

The world was drowned in misery; the wail of the poor, the heart-rending cries of the victims of

social tyranny, the sounds of agony of the dying millions reached the Throne of God. The world, both East and West, sadly wanted a Saviour and it had one in the person of the Swami Vivekananda. He came, lived his short life as all Great Saviours have done and has bequeathed to the world a vigour and energy which shall stand the test of time. The seeds of life have been sown far and wide and the tender plants are shooting out in plenty all over the world. From Chicago and San Francisco on the shores of the Pacific, to New York on the Atlantic, the sprouts have taken a deep root. From the snowy peaks of the Himalayas to the red sands of the Kannyakumari; from the sandy deserts of far-off Sindh to the many-mouthed deltas of the Irrawaddy, has his work spread. Even imperial London has not escaped the Swami’s influence; perhaps his field of work was not quite so far and wide in that Metropolis of the world; but know this, that it has given a Sister Nivedita to us, and we all know what her soul stood for and worked for. Even the Colonies have paid their respect to that conquering hero, and to-day many noble souls in Australia, Canada and South Africa have become ardent students of his sacred life and work. Swami Vivekananda lived only for thirty-nine years, but what of that? Does not the vigour of his spirit multiply itself in geometrical progression? Christ lived for thirty-two years, they say, and left a dozen disciples; and two thousand years thence half the world owes him allegiance. The great Sankaracharya died while quite young and yet how many millions of our countrymen pay homage to him! Lives of great men are not counted by months and years, but by the magnitude of work done and the quantity of the spirit infused. Like a Magician’s wand their words rouse the dead and dying nations into a wonderful living activity, and immorality and vice fly before them. They make an epoch and but for these the World could not exist. Swami Vivekananda developed an entire epoch, nay, I may say, a whole world for himself and others. His prophetic vision enabled him to see through the affairs of men. He saw his own motherland deteriorating with her three hundred millions of gentle, loving and pious people, with all her wealth of tradition and with her ancient and unapproached grandeur in domains of thought and speculation. He asked himself the question—‘Has this ancient race no great purpose to serve? Then why is it not yet swept off the earth and buried like those Babylonians, and Phoenicians of ancient times? Why should the children of India live unknown, unhonoured and even dishonoured? He felt that the hand of Providence is still over us protecting us for a great purpose, that we are still spared so that we might yet contribute something to the upliftment of the other races, that we

have still some fine notes to sing for the inspiration and enlightenment of humanity. In ready response to these thoughts his clarion voice urged his sleeping countrymen to arise and to awake and stop not till the goal is reached. The whole World listened to his song and listened to him wonderingly, admiringly and reverently.

The unknown Sadhu, the strange yellow-robed Sannyasin who was tramping the streets of Hindusthan, shot into the arena of the Parliament of Religions like a meteor and dazzled the representatives of world-religions and the anxious aspirants assembled there. The Chicago Parishad ostensibly held to prove the superiority of the Christian faith ended by ushering in the glorious Religion of the Vedas. Christianity as a world's Religion had failed to answer the great problems of life, bearing on the inequality between man and man. The inquiring genius was not able to find a logical answer to the manifold problems of matter and soul. The rapid advancement of science disillusioned many of the pet doctrines of Christian theology. Such words like "I and My Father are one," and "Love thy neighbour as thyself," though true and realised by that great Prophet could not be logically explained by Christian exponents. It required the philosophy of the Vedanta to unravel the mystery and the Indian Sannyasin carried the meaning and the message across the "Kala-pani" to the new world. His mission was the mission of unity. His powerful diction, his clear knowledge of the Vedanta, his lucid and yet simple way of expression have brought home to the people of the West the profound truths which he had to give them. Some have criticised the Swami's mission abroad as amounting to neglect of his own countrymen. But anyone who knows of the strong and deep-rooted patriotism in his heart will think twice before he lays the blame on his lack of sympathy for his countrymen. We always judge men by our own ideals and never by theirs. If our neighbour's act does not co-ordinate with our cherished views we are apt to judge unkindly of him. Most of us will admit that the Swami had a bigger and greater ideal before him than many of those that sit in judgment over his acts. He loved not only his countrymen, but loved all humanity, and it could not be otherwise with him who had realised the Spirit. His love for mankind was universal, pure and unfettered by worldly considerations. As is often said, the first sign of religious revival and growth is expansion—expansion beyond the narrow outlines of orthodoxy and provincialism. Besides, it was the West that found out the real man in that towering personality whom the world has come to know as Swami Vivekananda. Before he appeared on the stage at Chicago, he had wandered far and wide in his own motherland; but how many of us

then knew and appreciated what was in him? It was left to the Parliament of Religions to announce to the world the advent of the great soul amidst us. By his own example and his disinterested work in foreign lands he has shown that Vedanta is above all colour, race or religion.

(To be continued).

TO THE SWAMI VIVEKANANDA.

O Sun Celestial arising in the East
 Thou shed'st the Ancient Light far to the West!
 Thy saintly life knew not a moment's rest.
 By Duty's Call thou wert divinely pleased.
 And those approaching thee with doubting seized
 Were inspired with boldness and Vedanta free.
 Thou strengthened them Nirvana-wards to flee
 And didst heal others with binding Karma teased.
 Well-armed wert thou, O Siddha, for the strife
 With Kama-Kanchana's subtle sporting rife.
 Glorious and meteor-like thy earthly life,
 Man-making Dharma thou didst preach to all.
 Heeding thee, one heeds the Nation's Call;
 Following thee, one ne'er can know a fall.

N. Subramanian, B. A.

ELECTRIC RADIATION :

A LECTURE BY PROF. J. C. BOSE, C. S. I.

A crowded assembly met at the University Hall, Lahore, on the 22nd Feb. to hear the first of Professor Bose's discourses before the University of Lahore.

Dr. Bose opened his address by alluding to the historic journey of Jivaka, who afterwards became the Physician of Buddha, making his way from Bengal to the University of Taxila, in quest of knowledge. Twenty-five centuries had gone by and there was before them another pilgrim who had journeyed the same distance to bring, as an offering, what he had gathered in the domain of knowledge.

The lecturer called attention to the fact that knowledge was never the exclusive possession of any particular race, nor did it ever recognise geographical limitations. The whole world was interdependent, and a constant interchange of thought had been carried on throughout the ages, enriching the common heritage of mankind. Hellenistic Greeks and Eastern Aryans had met here in Taxila to exchange the best each had to offer. After many centuries the East and West had met once more, and it would be the test of the real

greatness of the two civilisations that both should be finer and better for the shock of contact. The apparent dormancy of intellectual life in India had been only a temporary phase. Just like the oscillations of the seasons round the globe, great pulsations of intellectual activity pass over the different peoples of the earth. With the coming of the spring the dormant life springs forth; similarly, the life that India conserves, by inheritance, culture and temperament, was only latent and was again ready to spring forth into the blossom and fruit of knowledge. Although science was neither of the East nor of the West but international in its universality, certain aspects of it gained richness of colour by reason of their place of origin. India, perhaps through its habit of synthesis, was apt to realise instinctively the idea of unity and to see in the phenomenal world an universe instead of a multiverse. It was this tendency, the lecturer thought, which had led an Indian physicist like himself when studying the effect of forces on matter to find boundary lines vanishing, and to see points of contact emerge between the realms of the living and non-living.

ELECTRIC WAVES.

In taking up the subject of the evening's discourse on electric radiation of Hertzian waves, the lecturer explained the constitution of the apparatus which he had devised for an exhaustive study of the properties of electric waves. His apparatus permitted experiments with the electric rays to be carried on with as much certainty as experiments with ordinary light, and he demonstrated the identity of electric radiation and light. The electric rays are reflected from plain and curved mirrors in the same way and subject to the same laws. Electric rays, like rays of light are refracted. Like rays of light too, electric waves can be selectively stopped by various substances, which are "electrically" coloured. Water, which is a conductor of electricity, stops the electric ray; whereas liquid air which is a non-conductor is quite transparent to the rays. Finally, Professor Bose explained his discovery of polarisation of those rays by various crystals. Tourmaline was a good polariser for ordinary light and the lecturer discovered that the crystal Nematite possessed the power of polarising the electric rays in the most perfect manner. Professor Bose also

explained how the internal constitution of an opaque mass was revealed by the help of light which was itself invisible.

LIMITATIONS OF HUMAN PERCEPTION.

The lecturer concluded his discourse by drawing attention to the limitations of human perception. Man's power of hearing was confined to eleven octaves of sound-notes. In the case of vision the limitation was far more serious, his power of sight extending only through a single octave of those ether waves which constituted light. These ether vibrations of various frequencies could be maintained by electrical means. By pressing the stop-button of the apparatus which was exhibited, ether vibrations, 50,000 millions per second, were produced. A second stop gave rise to a different vibration. Let the readers imagine a large electric organ provided with an infinite number of stops, each stop giving rise to a particular ether note. Let the lowest stop produce one vibration a second. They should then get a gigantic wave 186,000 miles long. Let the next stop give rise to two vibrations in a second, and let each succeeding stop produce higher and higher notes. Let them imagine an unseen hand pressing the different stops in rapid succession, producing higher and higher notes. The ether note would thus rise in frequency from one vibration in a second, to tens, to hundreds, to thousands, to hundreds of thousands, to millions, to millions of millions! While the ethereal sea in which they were all immersed were being thus agitated by these multitudinous waves, they would remain entirely unaffected, for they possessed no organs of perception to respond to these waves. As the other note rose still higher in pitch, they would for a brief moment perceive a sensation of warmth. This would be the case when the ether vibration reached a frequency of several billions of times in a second. As the note rose still higher, their eyes would begin to be affected, a red glimmer of light being the first to make its appearance. From this point the few visible colours would be comprised within a single octave of vibration from 400 to 800 billions in one second. As the frequency of vibration rose still higher their organs of perception would fail them completely; a great gap in their consciousness would obliterate the rest. The brief flash of light would be succeeded by unbroken

darkness. How circumscribed was their knowledge! In reality they stood in the midst of a luminous ocean almost blind! The little they could see was as nothing compared to the vastness of that which they could not. But it may be said that, out of the very imperfection of his senses, man has been able, in science, to build for himself a raft of thought, by which to make daring adventure on the great seas of the unknown.

THE VIVEKANANDA MEMORIAL TEMPLE FUND

WE present below the list of donations received from our readers and friends in response to our appeal for funds, in the semicentennial year of the Swami Vivekananda's birth, for the completion of his Memorial Temple that is under construction in the grounds of the Ramakrishna Math, Belur. It will be noticed that besides Rs. 189-0-0 contributed by the Prabuddha Bharata Office, Advaita Ashrama and its members, we collected from the public Rs. 287-4-0 up to February 1913; and that the amount Rs. 607-15-0 was sent direct to the Swami Brahmananda, President, Belur Math, up to the end of December 1912, thus making the total of Rs. 1084-3-0.

While cordially thanking our *Vratīs* who fulfilled their vow of giving one-fiftieth of their earnings during the year, or whatever they could spare for the purpose, we are surprised to find how very few have responded to our appeal by contributing their mite in grateful memory of one who sacrificed his life in their service and did so much to raise them. However, there is no cause for despair. As followers and disciples of our great Master we should not give up our cherished scheme till its object is achieved. We have therefore decided to keep this fund open in order to give an opportunity to those who may wish to contribute voluntarily towards it.

Further contributions may be sent either to the undersigned, or to Swami Brahmananda, President, The Math, Belur, Dt. Howrah, and will be duly acknowledged in this paper.

DONATIONS TO THE V. M. TEMPLE.

Through the Prabuddha Bharata Office :—
Up to February 1913

	Rs.	As.	P.
Mrs. H. S. Wollberg, San Francisco ...	76	10	0
Dr. P. Venkatarangam, Bangalore ...	50	0	0
Mr. Gerald Nobel, Paris ...	35	0	0
„ D. K. Natu, Malvan ...	28	0	0
„ Krishna Ch. Sen Gupta, Cuttack ...	18	1	0
„ Radha Raman Sen, Gorakpur ...	16	0	0
„ Gopal Nair, Maymyo ...	15	0	0

Mr. Ramnath, Delhi ...	10	0	0
„ Naraindas Rattanmal Malkani, m. A. ...	10	0	0
„ K. G. Narasingha Iyer, Tumkur ...	6	12	0
„ P. Govindhan ...	5	8	0
„ J. C. Varadarayulu, Rangoon ...	5	0	0
„ V. Kanaran ...	3	0	0
„ Ramakrishna N. Kolbag, Bombay ...	2	0	0
„ N. Ghosal ...	1	6	0
„ Kanary Vaidiar ...	1	0	0
„ Mundayah Karathan ...	1	0	0
„ K. C. Sanyal ...	1	0	0
„ Sripad M. Kalambikar ...	1	0	0
„ Kanaran ...	0	8	0
„ Puthukey Kotay ...	0	7	0

The Prabuddha Bharata Office ...	111	0	0
The Advaita Ashrama, Mayavati ...	33	0	0
“Mother” ...	40	0	0
A Disciple, Mayavati ...	5	0	0

Total Rs. 476 4 0

Through the Ramakrishna Math, Belur,
up to 31st December 1912

The Ramakrishna Society, Rangoon, through Mr. S. Ramaswami Iyer, Secy. ...	162	0	0
Mr. H. N. Anderson, Dunedin, N. Z. ...	75	0	0
The Vedanta Box, No. 305, New Zealand ...	59	2	0
Mr. Behari Lal Ram, Calcutta ...	50	0	0
„ Radha Raman Nandy, Janipur ...	50	0	0
„ Haricharan Dass Dutta, Jullunder ...	39	10	0
„ V. K. S. Ayer ...	35	7	0
„ Amrita Lal Mukherji, Kushtia ...	25	0	0
Sm. Hemangini Devi, Janipur ...	10	0	0
Mr. Ratikanta Biswas, do. ...	10	0	0
„ T. Kambiram Menon, Badagara ...	10	0	0
„ T. Kunhrama Menon. do. ...	10	0	0
„ Dattatriya Balakrishna Kelelkar, Belgaum ...	10	0	0
„ Satkari Bannerjee ...	7	0	0
„ I. T. Mansukhani, Bankipur ...	6	0	0
„ M. Srinivasan, Madras ...	5	0	0
„ T. Venkatesam, Ramchandrapur ...	5	0	0
„ Abani Kanta Bannerjee, Rangoon ...	5	0	0
„ C. Krishnen, Nandalur ...	5	0	0
„ K. V. Kubal, Panchgari ...	5	0	0
„ Balaram Roy, Kushtia ...	4	0	0
Mother of Mr. Sukhdoyal Sahai, Srinagar ...	4	0	0
Mr. Satkari Mukherjee, Mullickpur ...	4	0	0
„ Hanshetti and Panada ...	4	0	0
„ P. A. Subramania Ayer ...	3	0	0
„ D. Gelram ...	2	8	0
„ M. Laxman Narhi Joshi, Ahmednagar ...	2	0	0
A devotee ...	0	4	0

Total Rs. 607 15 0

Grand Total Rs. 1084 3 0

Swami Virajananda,
President, Advaita Ashrama, Mayavati.

NEWS AND MISCELLANIES

(CULLED AND CONDENSED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES)

SEVERAL Villas, which can be turned round by hand to face in any direction desired, have recently been built at Munich.

THE wealth of London can be inferred from the fact that the income of its charitable institutions alone is estimated at £8,219,011 for 1911-12.

SWAMI Bodhananda has assumed charge of the Vedanta Society of New York and is holding classes and giving lectures at the Society House, 135 West 80th Street.

AT the Vedanta Society of San Francisco Swami Trigunatitananda and Swami Prakashananda are carrying out the following active programme: Three meetings every Sunday; Lectures on the Gita and the Vedas on Monday and Thursday, and a Meditation Class every morning at ten.

A PIECE of vacant land worth Rs. 300 has been presented to the Natrampally branch of the Vivekananda Society attached to the Ramakrishna Math of Vaniyambady, by Mr. R. Chinnagoomder & Brothers to erect a Math thereon at a cost of Rs. 2000 to be raised by public subscription.

FEW people know that the so-called light emitted by the Indian fire-fly, or glow-worm, possesses exactly the same powers as the famous Rontgen X-rays. Such, however, is the fact, according to a scientific journal, which states that they can penetrate a half inch board for optical purposes, though, of course, invisible to the human eye, and obvious only in the case of photographs.

PROFESSOR J. C. Bose has offered the whole amount of his honorarium, Rs. 1,200, for his University lectures delivered at Lahore as a gift to the University for the promoting of research work in the Punjab. He has suggested that a research scholarship of a hundred rupees a month be given to a deserving student for one year. The Syndicate of the University has accepted the gift.

WANTED a qualified medical man to take charge of our Mayavati Charitable Dispensary. One desirous to lead a retired spiritual life, but willing to do a little professional work freely for the good of his fellowmen will be welcome.

Apply for particulars to
The Editor of this paper.

ACCORDING to figures produced at the meeting of the commission to investigate the marriage and divorce laws, 1,850,000 divorces have been granted in the United States during the past forty years. Five million husbands, wives, and children were concerned in these proceedings. During the past year there were 100,000 divorces in America, and 70,000 children were deprived of one or both parents.

BONES of a human giant have been discovered at Ellensburg, North-West Canada. The size of the thigh and other bones indicate a man at least eight feet high, and from his massive structure he must have weighed over twenty stone. The massive size and enormous brain space of the skull mark it out from other prehistoric finds as possessing high intelligence, and it must have belonged, says Mr. L. L. Shary, to a prehistoric race of people who inhabited this part of America some time prior to the Indian control.

IN an article about "pets" the 'Indian Field' gives preference to the tiger over the leopard and says: "The tiger responds far more readily to good handling; he is playful, good-tempered and often reveals none of the ferocity of his kind even late in life. Many people have kept young tigers till they were six or nine months old and found them quite harmless and well-behaved.....The late ex-King of Oudh had among his fighting tigers a few which were perfectly tame and reliable even when full grown."

THE following curious law was passed in the reign of Richard I, for the Government of those going by sea to the Holy Land:—"He who kills a man on shipboard shall be bound to the dead body and thrown into the sea; if the man is killed on shore the slayer shall be bound to the dead body and buried with it. He who shall draw his knife to strike another or who shall have drawn blood from him, to lose his hand; if he shall have only struck with the palm of his hand without drawing blood he shall be thrice ducked in the sea."

THE Ontario Government, through the Hydro-Electric Commission, has been extending an electric

power service to the rural districts for labour-saving purposes on the farms. Electric power is being applied during harvest time, to stacking, threshing, milking cows, churning butter, and the cooking of dinner and supper for the men employed. The commissioners state that they endeavor to provide equipment at the lowest possible rates, and are confident that farmers will be able to secure sufficient power to operate every department of the farm for a charge of \$ 20 a year.

A MEDICAL authority says :—Lettuce has a soothing effect on the nerves and is excellent for sufferers from insomnia. Tomatoes are good for a torpid liver, but should be avoided by gouty people. Onions are a tonic for the nerves. Spinach has aperient qualities. Beetroot is fattening. Parsnips possess the same virtues as sarsaparilla. Apples, carrots, and nuts are excellent for sufferers from constipation. Celery contains sulphur, and helps to ward off rheumatism. It is also a nerve tonic. Dates are nourishing. The juice of grapes is laxative but the skin and seeds are dangerous. Bananas are beneficial to sufferers from chest complaint.

At a meeting held on 3rd February at the Sanskrit College, Calcutta, the Pundits under the presidency of Principal Mahamahopadhyaya Satis Chandra Vidyabhusan, conferred the title of "Bharati" on Miss Suzzane Karpeles, a young and distinguished French lady of considerable Sanskrit learning.

Miss Karpeles had her training in France under such illustrious professors as Sylvian Levi, Foucher and Finot. Her passion for Sanskrit literature and philosophy is remarkable. For the purpose of carrying her studies further into the fields of oriental learning she has now placed herself under the tuition of a distinguished Sanskrit Scholar selected for her by the Principal of the Sanskrit College.

A NEW fruit as a substitute for meat has been discovered by some agricultural experts. It grows on a tree called the Avocado, in Mexico. The fruit of the tree is pear-shaped, and it is composed of the substances which are to be found in meat. It contains about 20 per cent. of fat and many

other ingredients of great food value and it is said that one good-sized 'meat' pear is quite sufficient to make a meal for the average man. The natives of Mexico live almost entirely on the Avocado, and it is claimed that with a sufficient supply of the trees the world could do away with meat entirely. The reason why the fruit is so little known at present is because it is grown nowhere on a large scale; what few trees there are grow round the huts of the natives where they flourish with little care.

SWAMI Paramananda, head of the Vedanta Centre of Boston, returned to Boston on November 19th, after nearly six months of uninterrupted teaching in Europe. His first classes were held in Germany. He next went to Florence and gave some lectures on Vedanta, which awakened so much interest that he was urged to make his headquarters there. At Gryon in Switzerland, a Peace Retreat has been established. An Italian Review publishes the following account of this period :

"The Swami Paramananda has just closed a four weeks' visit at Gryon. Every afternoon while there he gave a lecture. More than fifty people came to hear him. He has left behind him the impression of a man of profound knowledge in the domain which is peculiarly his own,—that of the soul. He impressed us above all by his great spirituality, by his deep realisation of that which transcends the human senses, of that which is beyond action, speech and human thought. In his spirituality he is a saint; in his knowledge, a scholar; in his humanity, a child. He possesses simplicity joined to great wisdom and overflowing kindness. One feels one's self in the presence of something which goes beyond ordinary comprehension and which one desires to possess or realise. India has sent us one of her best Masters; it rests with us to accept the message of the East and to extend a brotherly and grateful hand to this one who comes to us like a message of love."

On the first of September the Swami returned to Florence and on the fourteenth began a course of eight lectures given on successive Saturdays, with a Gita Class on Thursday. He also held a Children's Service every Sunday.

At the Boston Centre he is conducting the Service with a Lecture on Sunday morning at 11,

and the Tuesday Evening Yoga Class for the regular students, besides giving a special course of Talks on the Upanishads on Thursday afternoon at 4. The daily Vesper Service continues as usual.

The *Daily News* of London has the following from the mouth of Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace :

“I have been meditating upon the condition of human progress, and I have taken a general survey of all history from those wonderful new discoveries in Egypt, going back seven thousand years, to the present day, and I have come to the general conclusion that there has been no advance, either in intellect or in morals, from the days of the earliest Egyptians and Syrians down to the keel-laying of the latest Dreadnought.

“Through all those thousands of years morals and intellect have been stationary. There has been of course, an immense accumulation of knowledge, but for all that we are no cleverer than the ancients. If Newton and Darwin had been born in the times of the Egyptians they could not have done more than the Egyptians did. The builders of the Pyramids were every whit as good mathematicians as Newton. And the average of mankind will remain the same until natural selection steps in to raise it.

“Now, I have lived nearly a hundred years. During that time what can be said of our social environment? What progress has been made? In every detail of that ‘progress’ throughout all the great mercantile and manufacturing operations, there has been nothing but the most abominable vice going on—every kind of cruelty to the poor and to the children vying with the other; adulteration everywhere in every commodity, and lies everywhere.

“I declare that from top to bottom our whole social environment is rotten, full of vice, and everything that is bad; and until selection comes in and a thorough weeding-out takes place, the rottenness and the vice and the badness will continue!

“The most vital thing of all is to get rid of the horrible, grinding poverty which is stalking the country like a grizzly spectre. Is it not astounding that the richer a country is at one end the poorer it is at the other? We have had a year with an enormous trade boom; we are the richest

country in the world; and yet the bones of starvation are clanking and rattling among us.....”

IN the course of a lecture on “Plant Autographs,” in the Presidency College, Calcutta, under the presidency of His Excellency the Governor of Bengal, and before a distinguished gathering of Europeans and Indians, Professor J. C. Bose said that the most sensitive organ for the perception of a stimulus was the human tongue. An average European could by his tongue detect an electrical current as feeble as six micro-amperes, a micro-amperes being a millionth part of a unit of electrical current. But he found that his Hindu pupils could detect a much feebler current, namely 15 micro-amperes. The plant when tested was found to be ten times more sensitive than a human being.

A scientific superstition existed regarding carbonic acid as being good for a plant. But Professor Bose’s experiments showed distinctly that the gas would suffocate the plant as readily as it did the animal. Only in the presence of sunlight could the effect be modified by secondary reaction.

It was also with pride that the lecturer referred to the co-operation of his pupils and assistants, through whose help extensive works requiring ceaseless labour both by day and night, had been accomplished. Doubt had been cast on the capacity of Indian students in the field of Science. From his personal experience Professor Bose bore testimony to their special fitness in this respect. An intellectual hunger had been created by the spread of education. An Indian student demanded something absorbing to think about and to give vent to his latent energies. If this could be done he would betake himself ardently to research into Nature which could never end.

Before concluding, the lecturer dwelt on the fact that all the varied and complex responses of the animal had been foreshadowed in the plant. The phenomena of life in the plant were thus not so remote as had been hitherto supposed. The plant-world like the animal was athrill and athrob with responsiveness to all the stimuli which fell upon it. Thus community throughout the great ocean of life, in all its different forms, outweighed apparent dissimilarity. Diversity was swallowed up in unity.