SRI RAMAKRISHNA'S TEACHINGS

THE JNANI AND HIS BODILY ILLNESS

When the mind is attached to the consciousness of the external world it sees gross objects and abides in the Annamaya-Kosha, the physical sheath of the soul, which depends on food. When the mind turns inward, it is like shutting the door of a house and entering its inner apartments; that is to say, it goes from the gross into the subtle, thence into the causal, till it reaches the final causal state. In that state the mind is merged in the Absolute and nothing can be told.

Pandit Sadadhar seeing the Master's illness asked him: Why dost thou not concentrate thy mind upon the diseased part and thus cure thyself?

The Bhagavan replied: How can I fix my mind Which I have given to God, upon this cage of flesh and blood?

Sadadhar said: Why dost thou not pray to thy Divine Mother for cure of thy illness?

The Bhagavan answered: When I think of my Mother, the physical body vanishes and I am entirely out of it, so it is impossible for me to pray for anything concerning the body.

When Sri Ramakrishna's illness was so bad that he could hardly speak or swallow any food, he exclaimed: I am how speaking and eating through so many mouths. I am the Soul of all the souls, I have immense mouths. I am the Infinite Spirit covered by a human-skin which has a wound somewhere in the throat. When the body is ill, the illness reacts upon the mind. When one is burned-by hot water one says: The water has burned me, but the true cause is heat burns and not the water. All pain is in the body, all disease is in the body but the Spirit is above pain and beyond the reach of disease.

The Mother has brought on this illness in me to teach man how to think of the Spirit and how to live in God consciousness even when there is extreme pain within the body; when the body is suffering from agony of pain and starvation, when there is no remedy within human power; even then the Mother shows me that Spirit is the inner core of the body. My Divine Mother has taught this illness upon this body to combat the sceptics that Atman is divine, that God-consciousness is true, that when one reaches perfection, freedom from all bondage is attained.

Extracted from The Gospel of Sri Ramakrishna by M. in Bengali.
WE fail oftentimes to give the deserved credit to the People for their part in the making of our Hindu culture. This defect prevents many of us from forming a true conception of the greatness of our People; it prevents us likewise from having a sense of true and organic nationalism and a truly placed patriotism. The People are as much necessary in the history of any religious culture as its greatest exponents: What would even Sankaracharya be without the Sadhana of the People as the background of his sublime utterances? Sri Krishna and Sri Rama Themselves are only creations of the nation’s faculty for idealising. Great men are the expression, the embodiment of great nations. Let us look, henceforth, at the character of the People through the perspective of the greatness of its representatives, and vice versa. Then alone shall we understand that devotion to the Sages, ayé even to God—and devotion to the People is identically the same and equally spiritual. Sankaracharya, Chaitanya, Ramanuja, Kabir, Nanak and other makers of religious thought in Hinduism are only the point of transition, from the ideal into the real, from the abstract into the concrete, of the general tendencies of the Indian mind in its developing new aspects in our national thought and outlook. Why not study these as well as—if not, indeed, more than—the sages and logicians of centuries long dead? Because a philosophy or epic is old is no sign that it has any right, strictly speaking, to be venerated or regarded as infallible. The Sages of old, let it be remembered, were MODERN in their time. They expressed the new national vigour and renaissance of their own age. So in our own day, the prophets of our own time must be revered and their ideas heeded and assimilated. Let us keep abreast with “To-day.” Just as it is physically true that “To-morrow” and “To-day” precede “Yesterday,” so it should be equally morally and intellectually true that the revelations of the future and the present should receive a prior attention over those of the remote, or even the immediate past.

“The spirit of modernism” may not be propitious to archaic and time-ridden institutions, but it is essentially necessary for the progress of all social and truly religious life. One of the greatest prophets of “modernism,” and particularly as it affected the present transition in India, was unquestionably the Swami Vivekananda. His prime motto—which has become so current in our present national life—was, “If I find something better, some greater truth on the morrow, I shall change it immediately for what I possess and believe to-day.” The intensification in our midst of such courageous determination with reference to the problems which confront us in the adjustment between “Old India” and “New India” would assuredly develop marvellously our progressive tendencies. We must be ready to change century-worn theories at a moment’s notice if better theories are offered.
us. The spontaneity with which India as a whole has responded to the "new ideas" propagated in Hinduism by the Swami Vivekananda, on his triumphant return from his religious reform work in the West is an unimpeachable testimony that India is not only alive but is ready and eager to enter vigorously into the open fields of a complete Renaissance.

Europe awoke to a new order of life at the beginning of the sixteenth century. Though it was a religious awakening it proved to be an influence in every phase of Western civilisation, creating new nationalities and the scientific and modernist movements which affect us even to this present moment. India is awakening in the twentieth century, but this does not imply that she possesses less vitality than the West. The period "for the germination of ideas and the transposition of forms of racial thought and feeling" may have taken some time longer, but we believe that the longer the developing process, the surer and the more invincible the translation of national potentiality into power. India, it may be, is somewhat slow in her rotation upon the axis of her culture, but she is infallibly sure. No one knew that better than the Swami Vivekananda, for the furtherance of whose ideas this magazine exists. A few centuries of latent development, here and there, in the course of her history does not mean that India is asleep or dead. In the wake of the great silence of the Vedic periods we come suddenly upon the glories of the age of the Mahabharata, and so it will always be. There is no occasion for "hope" because there is no occasion for "despair." Hoping and despairing are the business of dreamers. We are awake.

It is well enough to call loudly and extravagantly for the education of our Indian women and to deplore their present condition, but in doing so we are apt to lose sight of a very important fact, namely, that they are already highly cultured and refined. It is only a cad that runs down the institutions of his country wholesale or speaks of its women as "inferior." We may be confronted, it is true, with certain women's problems, but knowing well the value of our Dharma we know also the value of our Indian women. If we have national self-respect and are the sons of Mother India, we are also the sons of our mothers and proud to be known as such. Is a smattering of secular knowledge and that mostly foreign which reformers assert or character of final value? And if we believe that character is the goal, then we say that our women have no character. That would be bastardy, indeed!! We should know that the Dharma holds out equal opportunities for its sons and daughters in the development of character. Let us always bear in mind that, though we may have problems in connection with Indian Womanhood, before we are reformers, we are above all the sons of our mothers and Indians to the core.

---

SHRINES

About a holy shrine or sacred place
Where many hearts are bowed in earnest prayer,
The loveliest spirits congregate from afar
And bring their sweet uplifting influence near.

If in your chamber you pray on and pray,
Soon will there winged messengers arrive,
And make their home with you, and there
All worthy toil and purposes shall thrive.

I know a humble, plainly furnished room,
So thronged with presences serene and bright
The heaviest heart therein forgets its gloom.
As in some gorgeous temple filled with light.

These heavenly spirits, glorious and divine,
Live only in the atmosphere of prayer.
Make for yourself a sacred, fervent shrine,
And you will find them swiftly flocking.
THE NATURE OF THE SOUL AND ITS GOAL.

Unpublished lecture by Swami Vivekananda

The earliest idea is that a man, when he dies, is not annihilated. Something lives and grows on living even after the man is dead. It would be better to compare the three ancient nations, the Egyptians, the Babylonians, and the ancient Hindus, and take this idea of them. With the Egyptians and the Babylonians is a sort of soul idea—that of a soul leaving this body, according to them, the body which is moving and working, the outer body dies, the double lives on for a certain length of time; the life of the double is limited by the presence of the outer body. If the body which the double was living in is injured in any part, the double is also injured in that part. That is why among the ancient Egyptians such care was taken not to destroy the body of a person who had committed a sin or building pyramids, etc. We find that with the Babylonians and the ancient Egyptians, the double cannot live on through any number of ages, cannot live on for a certain time as long as the body it has left can live.

But is that there is an element of this double. It is always under the power of its state of existence, is always under the control of what it is. It is again and again coming back. They are living, asking for food, and they ask that they can no more have. They ask of the waters of the Nile, the wind, and cannot have more drink. It wants it, it is used to enjoy, while it finds it cannot get them, the desire sometimes threatening the soul with disaster if it is not supplied with a similar nature: the one optimistic and the other pessimistic, being the elementary. The one is the evolution of the other. It is quite possible that the Aryans themselves had, or may have had, in very ancient times exactly the same idea as the Egyptians. In studying their most ancient records, we find the possibility of this very idea.
THE NATURE OF THE SOUL AND ITS GOAL.

quile a bright thing, something bright. When a man dies, this soul goes to live with the fathers and lives there enjoying their happiness. These fathers receive it with great kindness; this is the most ancient idea in India of a soul. Later on, this idea becomes higher and higher. Then it was found out that what they called the soul before was 'not' really the soul. This bright body, fine body, however fine it might be, was a body after all; and all bodies must be made up of materials, either gross or fine. Whatever had form or shape must be limited, and could not be eternal. Change is inherent in every form. How could that which is changeful be eternal? So, behind this bright body, as it were, they found something which was the soul of man. It was called the Aiman, the Self. This Self idea then began. It had also to undergo various changes. By some it was thought that this Self was eternal; that it was very minute, almost as minute as an atom; that it lived in a certain part of the body, and when a man died, his Self went away, taking along with it the bright body. There were other people who denied the atomic nature of the soul on the same ground on which they had denied that this bright body was the soul.

Out of all these various opinions rose Sankhya philosophy, where at once we find immense differences. The idea there is that man has first this gross body; behind the gross body is the fine body, which is the vehicle of the mind, as it were; and behind even that is the Self, the Perceiver, as the Sankhyas call it, of the mind; and this is omnipresent. That is, your soul, and my soul, and everyone's soul, is everywhere at the same time. If it is formless, how can it be said to occupy space? Everything that occupies space has form. The formless can only be infinite. So, each soul is everywhere. The second theory put forward is still more startling. They all saw in ancient times that human beings are progressive, at least many of them. They grew in purity and power; and it was natural that question was asked, whence was this knowledge, this purity, this strength, which men manifested. Here is a baby without any knowledge. This baby grows and becomes a strong, powerful and wise man. Whence did that baby get its wealth of knowledge and power? The answer was that it was in the soul; the soul of the baby had this knowledge and power from the very beginning. This power, this purity, this strength were in that soul, but they were unmanifested; they had become manifested. What is meant by this manifestation or unmanifestation? That, each soul is pure and perfect, omnipotent and omniscient, as they say in the Shankashastra; but it can manifest itself externally only according to the mind it has got. The mind is, as it were, the reflecting mirror of the soul. My mind reflects to a certain extent the powers of my soul; so your soul, and so everyone's. That mirror which is clearer reflects the soul better. So the manifestation varies according to the mind one possesses; but the souls in themselves are pure and perfect. There was another school who thought that this could not be. Though souls are pure and perfect by their nature, this purity and perfection become, as they say, contracted at times, and expanded at other times. There are certain actions and certain thoughts which, as it were, contract the nature of the soul; and then also other thoughts and acts which bring its nature out, manifest it. This again is explained. All thoughts and acts which contract the power and purity of the soul get contracted, are evil actions, evil thoughts, and all those thoughts and actions which make the soul manifest itself, make the powers come to life. All good and moral actions. The difference between the two theories is very slight. One more or less playing on the words contraction and expansion. One that holds that the universe is dependent on the mind the soul has got, the better explanation of no doubt, but the contracting, and expanding theory wants to take refuge behind the two words and they should be asked what it means by contraction of soul, or expansion of soul and spirit. You can question it by means of contraction, or expansion, without regard to whether gross, which are all matter and the mind, but beyond that, it is not clear, that is to say, whether it is bound by space or by time, how to explain the words contraction and expansion with regard to that? So it seems that this theory holds that the soul is pure and perfect but only its nature is more reflected in some minds than in others, is the best. As the mind, changing its character grows, as it were, more and more
... and gives a better reflection of the soul. Thus goes on, until the mind has become so purified, that the quality of the soul; then the liberated.

What is the nature of the soul? What is the goal? It is the same in all the different sects and teaching. There is one idea and that is liberation. Man is infinite, which he exists now is not. But through these limitations he is limited, and forward until he reaches the unlimited, his birthright, his nature. The limitations and recombination and the events around us, are not the aim nor the object, nor merely by the way and in the passing. The aim is the aim is the birthright of the soul. Its nature and the soul is free. The soul is, as it were, taking up a lower body and expressing itself through that. It finds that to be insufficient, throws it aside and a higher one is taken up. Through that it struggles to express itself. That also is found to be insufficient, is rejected, and a higher one comes, so on and on until a body is found through which the soul manifests its highest aspirations. Then the soul becomes free.

(Concluded in the next number.)

—From The Message of the East, Boston.

---

IN THE HOURS OF MEDITATION.

XVII.

The evening's thought of releasing myself from the bondage of this world, of escaping from the net of life, that in order to live beyond life, one must continue to the supreme task, and the conquest is through the physical instincts that lead deep and wide and awake and true which comes to tempt and for to progress and anticipate the faintest rise of resistance over thy mind, or thyself with that which is thy task and thy time. The mind does not change, as it were, of a sudden, before the mind has time to become aware of what is happening. One is apparently hurried on to the point of yielding. All saints understand this. Therefore they anticipate evil thought, defeating its strength and the possibility of its arising by strenuous good thought. By thought is one made and unmade. Beware then, that thou dost think good thoughts.

“Remember that it is the mind which thou must keep constantly buoyed up. Never let it be idle. Idleness is the counterpart of evil, the nest wherein it bears itself most fruitfully. Beware of idleness. Take life seriously. Realise the shortness of time and the greatness of the task of self-unfoldment before thee. Now is thy time; now is the opportunity. Bitterly shalt thou repentd if thou dost allow thyself to drift endlessly into conditions of limitations and struggle.
worse than the one in which thou dost now find thyself: Be worthy of a better future, a better birth, by making thy present life a success of the spirit.

"The world abounds with death. The law of Karma is inevitable. Take heed, lest death find thee in the midst of thy sinning and lest Karma follow thy yielding to physical desire with increased bondage and dire misery. My son, after thou hast once tasted of the nectar of immortality, how is it possible for thee to feed on the husks of swine?

"Yet, do not be alarmed. The Grace of God is greater than mountain-loads of sin. So long as thou dost believe, so long is there hope. But the way is almost infinite in length. Think of the life-times necessary for the complete eradication of evil, for the final transformation of the human into the divine consciousness. Canst thou, then, not understand how seriously thou shouldst labour for thine own good? And if thou dost love me, wilt thou not for my sake at least try to reach the Goal? How long have I waited for thee to be made whole, and to struggle manfully? I have yearned for thy righteousness. I shall always stand by thee; I shall always love thee, but thou must shake off thy lethargy. Come out of thy moral slothfulness; come, be a man!

"Thy love for me is the pole-star of thy life. It is the basis of thy being. And there is good reason, for by thy love for me thou shalt be saved. Devotion to the Guru is the one thing needed. That will straighten out all thy difficulties. So be of good cheer. Know, always, that I am with thee. My longing for God, my realisation, all that I am or possess shall be given unto thee, for it is the pleasure of the Guru to give even himself, if need be, for the good of the disciple. Once that I have accepted thee, it is forever, for eternity. Now go in peace, and be mindful that if thou art true to thyself, thou dost add even unto my glory and even unto mine own vision.

THE SHIVA DANCE:

Let the cymbals clash, the tom-toms drum,
Now the whirling, wheeling, reeling dance begins.
With the name of Mahadev, rending all the depths of space,
With the name of Mahadev echoing triumphantly
Across the distances of sense and thought.

Hara Hara Vyom Vyom

Behold the world-renouncing devotee leaping and with joy
Midst the burning flames of the deities of the world,
Themselves untouched and scattering the flames,
Drowning their lurid, blood-red glare
With the strong celestial light of the sun.

Hara Hara Vyom Vyom

The dancer-in-chief is Mahadev Himself;
Great Shiva, adamantine in form and thought;
Death is His form; His thought is made of form,
With but one step He steps the realm of life;
He stamps upon the universe itself.

Hara Hara Vyom Vyom

His dance beats hollow like a glock
And yet it drowns the thunder of the voice of death.
His leaping form, His rhythm, and all around
Suns and moons and worlds, and even over
Even though it becomes

Hara Hara Vyom Vyom

Now the glory of Great Nataraja
Adding eloquence to His voice, resounding
Seeing the ecstasy on the face of the Mahadev.
My soul is overcome, I too am a dancer.
Singing, shouting, dancing, with leaping

Hara Hara Vyom Vyom

Shivaratri, 1917
The Painted Matha.

Swarup Bhatkhande
AND I stood alone in the void; and mine eye were red with much weeping; weeping that had lasted through the ages; I had been toiling throughout the ages; and my soul was weary, for in all the universe I could not find Him for Whom I was searching. And I had ascended the great mountain of life, and all beneath my feet was the dust of illusion; and terrible clouds of darkness, the darkness of doubt, covered the face of the sun, and the glistening heights of the great peak of life seemed agleam through the strange colour of the clouds, and felt the chill air of the heights, and by chance my eye fell upon the distance I had traveled, and I saw that I had lost the way which I had come, and precipices on all sides. And, I cried out, "If With a God, in this wide, wild state, let me come into me for I shall either fall from the precipices, or the very distance between me and the terrors of the ascent and the sumptuousness of the Path will rob me of my very soul must tread the Path—through doubt and pain, and much experience under the summit of the ages, of the world itself was weeping; and the past and the present and the future accused bitterly the dead. And the clouds grew blacker over the mountain of life, drowned in the mists of the morning, and the white heights glistened with madness, and to rush forth and crush me. And then—from the depth of my soul-there rose a conflict and all the universal pen up, for centuries of illusion stormed and cursed and burned and were mad with destruction, but the Strength of Him Whose Voice I had heard tore asunder everything and rent the veil of the world as though they were made of fine threads; and all the forces of illusion were hurled upon themselves; and then a transformation occurred. The clouds were gone. They had melted into floods and the precipices had been filled with the fruition of all things that had peopled the scene and had defied the progress of the soul; and the Presence of the Most High within me had transfigured itself into a wonderful sheen of glory; and by the light of that glory I saw the hillsides green with promise and the forests alive with beautiful forms that awakened in me the sense of the beautiful, whereas before only the terrible existed. But as I gazed on high, I knelt and wept in adoration and my adoration merged itself in ecstasy for I saw the Sun. "The Sun, The Sun," I cried "The Sun!". Ah, it was the Sun for which I had been searching. "Glory to the Sun of Life, the Atman within, for I am the son of that Brahman. Verily, I am that Brahman."

—A Seer of Truth.

GATHER US IN:

Each sees one colour of Thy rainbow light,
Each looks upon one tint and calls it Heaven;
Thou art the fulness of our partial sight;
We are not perfect till we find the seven,
Gather us in.

Thine is the mystic life great India craves,
Thine is the Parsee's sin-destroying beam;
Thine is the Buddha's rest from toiling waves;
Thine is the Empire of vast China's dream.
Gather us in.

—George Mathison.
IN THE LAND OF THE MUMMY

(Continued from page 39)

THE RIVER.

One of the greatest features of Egypt is the Nile, to whose beneficent agency the ancient Egyptians owed their greatness and which was, with their characteristic reverence of spirit, regarded by them as peculiarly sacred. It received divine honours from them, and at a later period also from the Greeks and Romans. It is hallowed with associations which take us back to the very dawn of civilisation.

It may be of interest to my Indian readers to insert here an ancient hymn to the Nile, translated by Mr. F. C. Cook.

The Nile deified under the name of Hapi,
"The Hidden."

"Hail to thee, O Nile!
Thou showest thyself in this land,
Coming in peace, giving life to Egypt;
O Ammon, thou fairest night and day,
A leading that rejoices the heart!
Overflowing, the gardens created by Ra;
Giving life to all animals;
Watering the land without ceasing;
The way of heaven descending;
Lover of food, bestower of corn,
Giving life to every home, O Phthiah!....

O inundation of Nile, offerings are made to thee;
Oxen are slain to thee;
Great festivals are kept for thee;
Fowls are sacrificed to thee;
Beasts of the field are caught for thee;
Pure flames are offered to thee;
Offerings are made to every god,
As they are made unto Nile;
Incense is sent unto heaven,
Offered, fowls are burnt;
Nile make for himself canals in the Thebaid,
Unknown is his name in heaven.
He doth surpass all his forms;
In art are his representations.

Mortal is he, and the cycle of gods!
As he is for the terrible ones;
His son is the lord of all.

To Enlighten all Egypt.
Shine forth, Shining forth, O Nile! Shine forth.
Giving life to men by his omen;
Giving life to his omen by the pastures!
Shine forth in glory, O Nile!

As rain rarely falls in Egypt the prosperity of the country entirely depends upon the overflowing of the Nile. That source of perennial life and freshness to the land, as of old, rises and falls and fills and lean years come and go. On the subsiding of the water the land is found to be covered with a brown, slimy deposit, which so fertilises the otherwise barren soil, that it produces two crops a year. The river begins to rise in June and continues to increase until September, attaining the height of about 5 feet in Cairo. The water remains stationary for a day or two, when it gradually begins to subside until the end of October; the land is then dry again. The soil is then ploughed and artificial irrigation is continued by means of the Sakkara water wheels or by the Shaduf, both similar to those found in India in present day. The latter has been in use from very early times and is a proof of the mode of raising water at an elevation on the site of the ancient town of Thebes. The land is covered with cereals—such as millet and maize being the principal grains—cotton, sugar-cane and tobacco, also being widely cultivated. The harvest festival

Some plants constitute the ancient sculpture, have vitality in the Flame, in the pink house, the elevation of those which suggested the elegant columns and capitals of the columnar architecture and the valuable papyri the paper of the ancient Egyptians. The only trees are the palm, which single or in groups form characteristic features of the land, and

The Nile abounds in fish, and water-fowls.
Crocodiles are now never seen in Lower Egypt. Plutarch states that the crocodile was used as a symbol of Deity among the Egyptians, because it is the only aquatic animal that has its eyes covered with a thin, transparent membrane, by reason of which it sees and is not seen. He also gives another reason for this, “The Egyptians worship God symbolically in the crocodile, perhaps the only animal without a tongue, that is, the divine Logos, which standeth not in need of speech.”

Over the spirit of everyone who arrives as a guest in Egypt, whether or not a votary of the river, a new sentiment slowly and quietly steals. The importance and dignity of the Nile reveal themselves in an entirely new light as one finds a whole population engaged in toil and prayer, to speak, round the river, and its animal duties and associations of country people alike, circling as if in the bidding of a new, strange element, perhaps, rather than in submission to the gentle passion, calm, and orderly, therefore, with the lure of the Nile, to whose call the Nile responded gladly.

Upper Egypt constitutes the heart of the country. The first stop, Aswan, and the whole trip are more than 500 miles long, but the extensions which it is often traversed are a mystery, the tourist can get a taste of the exploring the by steaming Nile. Those with the most time at their disposal go Lussor and Assouan, and then to Cairo. While a moderate amount of luggage, I packed, on this not a large amount, a safe and delightful trip.

The night was exquisitely warm and barmy. In a beautiful, almost magical stillness, beneath the silvery moon, the river lay calm and sparkling, while overhead thousands of golden stars keep their loving vigil. The night was exquisitely warm and barmy. The air was filled with the fragrance of flowers, and the sound of birds was everywhere heard.
and again the deep silence was broken by the sound of splashing oars, and picturesque boats with their lateen sails glided mysteriously past us.

Beautiful is the daybreak in every land, but in the Orient it is peculiarly grateful from its softly refreshing coolness, too soon exchanged for the glare and heat of the day. The first morning on board, I rose early and gave myself up to the witchery of the sunrise. The incipient blush of pale opal dawn flushed the sky with roseate hues, and gradually the orb of day shed its glorious radiance over the horizon and like a ball of fire rose over the tawny desert and the river. It was a gorgeous sight.

Nothing can be more delicious than these morning experiences on the Nile as one moves slowly along the shore in the freshness and serenity of the morning glory.

On this river journey the scenery constantly changes. Sometimes, we see the peasant ploughing with his antiquated plough, or reaping his clover which makes bright patches of cultivation along the banks, with the arid desert on one hand and the life-giving river on the other. Sometimes the river narrows with high, sun-baked cliffs on either side. Occasionally, we pass clusters of palms, a creaking water-wheel, and tiny villages of mud huts scattered over the plain. From time to time, a string of laden camels with tinkling bells, accompanied by Arabs of stately mien are clearly silhouetted against the sky, and then long stretches of bare hills stand out in strong relief.

One of such hills is called "Bird-mountain." On the top is a Coptic Convent. In bygone days the monks used to descend and swim out to passage boats to beg for alms.

Some miles from the town of Minia is a large modern cemetery. The bee-hive-like tops of the tombs are visible from the river. Three times a year the relatives of the deceased cross the river to visit the tombs and make offerings of dates and other gifts to them.

Ben Hasan attracts much notice on account of its fine rock chambers cut in the face of the cliffs, the walls of which are covered with pictures representing the life of the period. Further inland are many tombs and rock temples which claim attention, if time permits. Not far distant is a cemetery of mummmied cats where the goddess Bast, with a cat's head, was worshipped, and farther south lies Kynopolis with a cemetery of dog mummies.

The town of Asyut is one of the most important places in Egypt, and we passed through the Barrage just below. The rocky hill-side is full of tombs in which are found remains of embalmed wolves. It was from the worship of these animals that the town took the ancient title of Lykopolis, city of Wolves.

Red and black pottery, multicoloured sticks and black and white frescoes, decorated with scraps of gold or silver metal are specialties of Asyut. A merchant came on board here and displayed his wares to our admiring gaze to so much that in the same hall, using such perfunctory manner of that many of the passengers, myself among them, were induced to purchase one of the prettiest bespangled shawls.

We now approached the hill called Gerd Sheik赫. Here, under the name of this Sheikh is venerated a prominent with miraculous healing powers, which tradition says has inhabited this mountain for seven years. The patient can walk barefoot, eat and drink there an annual festival is held.

At Abydos the principal temple worshipped was the jackal-headed god, but later it became the chief place of worship of Osiris. Here was discovered the celebrated stele of Abydos, giving in hieroglyphics a genealogy of the eighteenth dynasty of the Pharaohs, and throwing much light on Egyptian history.

It is now Edfu,
Beyond Abydos we next see the shrine dedicated to Sheik Selim, at which the boat generally make an offering for a safe passage.

Sixty miles above Abydos, the boat gradually slackened and stopped at Taramsa. Here we found boys and donkeys at the landing stage, in readiness to take us to Denderah. We were excessively amused as well as provoked, at the donkey-boys who instantly, simultaneously, with their animals, assailed us the while in a deafening chorus of imitations, in ludicrous variety, to their own special beast, in a mingled Eastern dialect. After mounting, we proceeded at a smart trot of the donkeys, followed by the clamming calls of drivers, and reached the temple about half an hour. The inhabitants of the ancient Denderah were crocodiles translated to a deadly war with the deity, where the reptile was

is dedicated to Hathor, the goddess of beauty, love and joy, and is one of the sacred temples in Egypt. The temple of Denderah is sculptured on twelve sides, and built in the time of Osiris. Many hieroglyphics decorate the walls and pillars, and there have been several representations of her

As soon as Cleopatra it her residence, the imagination to fill the ears with gossip and disjointed talk of her times. The stately

temple is one of the finest in Egypt, and was decorated, among others, by a long line of majestic temple sculptures. She is the laughing population crowding its waters; the dancing, the thrilling of harp and lute, the songs, the games, the wrestlings, the feasts; the boats of pleasure jostling with the sacred funerary barques of the dead—set in the brilliant clearness of the cloudless sky in an Oriental atmosphere, this motley pageant seemed to pass in review before me.

After sauntering about these fascinating ruins for sometime, the spell breaks and one lapses into the present prosaic world.

We then made our way back to the boat. On the road thither we came upon a group of peasant children dancing and singing in the green clover, their supple brown bodies girdled only with a circlet of leaves about the waist, a garland round the neck, and a wreath on their shining black hair. These blithe little dancers with their airy grace and soulful eyes, looked like gods and seemed intoxicated with gaiety and the joy of life. It was a pretty sight which gladdened my heart, and I had the happiness of adding to their glee by throwing a few piastres in their midst, which resulted in a picturesque scramble with much laughing and shouting.

I rose on the last day of my river voyage, full of glowing anticipation, which in travel, as in everything, carries with it half the charms of existence. A few hours, and Thebes with all its wonders opened before us. As you approach Luxor, some of the ruins come in sight. The situation is one of the best on the Nile. The hills are far enough away to allow of a broad belt of cultivation. On the left bank gradually appeared, the pylons (gateways) of Karnak, and later the village of Luxor with the beautiful colonnades of its great temple, reflected in the water.

Luxor being my present destination I bid adieu to my companions of the last few days and with many regrets quitted the boat, which continued on its course to Assouan.

(To be continued.)

C. E. S.
GLIMPSES

The One remains, the many change and pass;
Heavens' light for ever shines, Earths' shadows fly;
Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity,
Until Death tramples it to fragments.
—Shelley.

I am all that was, all that is, all that will be. No mortal has lifted my veil.
—Inscription from the Temple of Sais, Egypt.

Be content with doing with calmness the little which depends upon yourself, and let all else be to you as though it was not.—Fénélon.

God is, being an essence; but His existence is known only by being manifested in His works.
—From the Sanskrit.

Man is the soul using the body as an instrument.—Proclus.

Strength at the centre; freedom at the circumference.—Delsarte.

To do something is the ideal of the Philistine, and to be something the ideal of the noble.—Goethe.

Never value anything as profitable to thyself which shall compel thee to break thy promise, to lose thy self-respect, to hate any man, to suspect, to curse, to act the hypocrite, to desire anything which needs walls and curtains.—Marcus Aurelius.

Whoso setteth his face towards God with a perfect self-surrender, is a doer of that which is good, hath indeed laid hold on the surest handle.
—The Koran.

The greatest prayer is Patience.—The Buddha.

They who know, do not speak, and they who speak, do not know.—I do not know its name and for want of a better, I call it Tao, the Way. Its excellence and discipline consist in becoming at one with the law which is in and yet above all, and in moving spontaneously with it.—To know the unknowable, that is elevating: Not to know the unknowable, that is sickness.—Lao tse.

That unchangeable and One Nature, which reaching after he would not err, and reaching to, he would not grieve.—St. Augustine.

God is not God without me. I am a necessary element to His existence.—Angelus Silicus.

O, Nānak, everyone in this world is unhappy, it is only the name of the All-supporter that is happy.—Nānak.

There is no difference between God with attributes and God without attributes. That which is without attributes, form, beyond the reach of thought, becomes associated with attributes, out of love for His decrees. But how can that which is without attributes become associated with attributes? Just as water crystallized into ice is not different from water.—Tuśaṅga.

ON THE ROAD TO MAYAVATI

Two hundred feet in splendid height
And yet below my mountain feet
Stand those noble feet, the mountain feet
On the sloping mountain feet
Each time like a mandrake, a mandrake,
So straight, so slender in the Campas Park-like the earth beneath whose side
Strewn lavishly with needles and with cones,
The ground like to a carpet spread,
That stretched lavishly green
Should tread that ground
With spreading boughs of royal canopy
Higher than my soul.

The vast Himalayan mass
Above a cloudless sky.

At break of day, through the smoke
Her lustrous glory, like the sun's disk
Lies bathed in opalescent light,
Fresh the odours of the morning dawn
As waited on the pilgrim mountain guide
Unto my ears came the joyful strains
Of falling, speeding water
In swaying canoe:

Here and there a man in tombs of rock sings
As long as breath will serve my ear
Folded by the mountains and the trees
Alas! The might of Brahman's power is shown.

That saints of pictures vision I had read
Made me reflect: Not a soul in vain
That sages long to meditate.

At Western Priyati.
SWAMI VIVEKANANDA: A STUDY.

[Speech by Mr. T. G. Harrison at the Fifth Birthday Celebration of Swami Vivekananda by the Vivekananda Society of Colombo.]

Have I met here to-day to honour a great, good, and spiritual devotee, a saint whose ideal was to raise humanity above their tendencies and attributes into the knowledge, moral and spiritual life. Within fifty years or more an intellectual battle was fought in the Western world, against the idea of confusion; silent, sweeping, everything, nothing, stayed by nothing, nothing. The mighty change has gone on. The traditions, old sanctities have been swept away in their desolation. The thought of the world has changed. Theories that were long immmorial time are discredited. The old things cherished in simplicity and independence are being steadily swept away by the dogmas that had boasted of their superhuman power.

The thought of the world is different. The past is apologetic, the present is forgotten, the future is in the hands of the few, and the few who are not even finite, but have neither the East, adopting them. At the present moment, the Western World, the intellectual and scientific Hinduism and Buddhism. The power of the Hindu sages have been at times into the minds of men, and their influence has been at times into the minds of men, and their influence has been

Swami Vivekananda from his boyhood cherished the idea of cultivating a spiritual life. Highly educated and with the highest abilities as a worldly life could procure for him, and which were at his disposal, he discarded all, and dressed in the robes of a Sannyasi he sat at the feet of his Divine Master, Ramakrishna Paramahamsa Deva, to learn of him the Path that leadeth unto Righteousness and Peace. Having attained his aim by dint of perseverance and a will that was never satisfied with anything less than Perfection, he launched his barque on the spiritual waters of the Divine within him, and with the last blessings of his great and Divine Master, he left the precincts of his Master's sacred institution invested with the office of a Sannyasi and entered upon his艰巨 responsible work. After his Master had passed away, he felt the call to proceed to the Congress of Religions in America to preach the inspired doctrines of Hinduism. He went out strong with all spiritual power to preach the inspired doctrines of Hinduism, and they fell from his lips touched by the Divine fire that illumined his bodily form.

His labours and their results we need not repeat. Suffice it to say, his words kindled a spark in every heart that listened to them: this light is the flame and its action is the outcome of Hinduism spreading among the educated and intelligent classes who can comprehend its philosophy and penetrate into the depths of Divine knowledge attainable by concentration and the inward search of the Divine. It is only a sermon matured amidst these fervent communions with the Divine within one that will bring everlasting realities vividly before one and fit one to enter into the eternal truth with the burning zeal of a true disciple; and the
astounding results are noticed in the conversion of thousands in America and other Western lands, gained through the spiritual power of Ramakrishna Paramahamsa Deva and his enlightened disciple Swami Vivekananda.

There are salient points in the characteristics of different ages which we may compare, and upon which we may profitably reflect. Rishis flourished in the age when spirituality was in its full-blown glory, and if without entering into a minute comparison, we contrast age with this, it might safely be affirmed that, whilst ours is the age of materialistic devices and designs, that was preeminently the age of gigantic minds—of India's loftiest spiritual heroes. We are too much moulded in the manufactory of custom. In the days of the gigantic minds some of the noblest thoughts were evolved and by some of the noblest and spiritual intellects that time ever produced. The age was one of great men, who laboured and men like Ramakrishna Paramahamsa Deva, Swami Vivekananda and others entered into their labours—aye, their labours wrought out in deep sufferings, agonising thoughts, tears and their life-blood. Their very words bore the impress of their spiritual grandeur. In those days through the earnest religious stress of the times, every man was compelled as we would say, to think and to act in reference to the greatest subjects that touch human nature.

Those who had entered into the labours of the gigantic minds of that age had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of those superior beings and eternal interests; and of the impulse of their earnestness many partook and are partaking. Swami Vivekananda combined the heart of an innocent child with the imagination of a poet and the magnanimity of a divine spirit. His soul was large, benignant and sincere, and within his bosom throbbed a heart of Infinite Love.

He preached and was favourably received, and lectured and discoursed in various parts of America. His silvery eloquence was irresistible in its charm and awakened in every heart a feeling for the knowledge of that Inward Search for the Divine. His works do follow him. The Shastras teach that the Supreme whose work is the Universe, always dwelling in the heart of all beings, is revealed by the heart. Those that knew Him become immortal and this knowledge is gained by ceaseless concentration.

Swami Vivekananda's sermons, lectures and discourses have fulfilled the expectations of those who appreciate the highest class of religious literature. Many have expressed their conviction that they desire to be ranked among the very noblest productions of spiritual eloquence which have reached them for many years. They are full of thought and vigour and surpass anything yet known in their simplicity for the illustration of spiritual truth, which is the greatest boon conferred on the Western student. The Swami's works are unutterably precious and a combination of the richest and priceless gems. How many troubled hearts have they comforted? How many fears dispelled! One can scarcely conceive the blank their obliteration would leave among the spiritually inclined.

When his theme brings him into the presence of the Divine agency working within him in nature or in mind he never fails to glow into serenity and rise to strains of lofty and spiritual eloquence. In his lectures in India, he bluntly declared: "The shastras are a disastrous state into which metaphysical studies among the Brâhmans had fallen, which were unmeritorious and injurious to the position they held and detrimental to the development of righteousness among the Hindus." He remarked that the Shastras had lost precision and depth among them, and their science was taking a materialistic turn and that mental discipline was the key to spiritual training among the Brâhmans had lacked that element which such and such supply. It would be difficult to exaggerate the importance of the remarks here suggested. Are they in a position to decide that, the intuitions of the past pose were absolutely trustworthy? Are they in a position to accept with unaltering confidence the instinctive judgments of their intellectual and moral nature? How are they going to distinguish between those judgments which are intuitive and those which only seem so? By what processes do we arrive at knowledge of axiomatic truths? Are they innate or acquired, and if acquired, by what? The Brâhmans ought to be a convert to the dynamic metaphysical and eto-lyric religion of the Hindu Shastras. He is a character in grave importance and the great interpreter of their inquiries, and we must welcome that before all is lost, a great faith in the attributions, custodians of the eternal verities, and the Shastras should, through the greatness their acquired knowledge, be forced into the minds of one and all to be the teachers of Peace the Shâstras and the Verses of the concentricative energy of the Inward Search for the Divine within us, to be the teachers of God in the heart, for God is in the heart. God is in the heart, says the Vedânta, and henceforth his mind and heart. Me. I will be pollution, I will be devotion.

Swami Vivekananda's work is godly and sublime. He who wishes to study it must go to the temple and think of the devoted labourers, of Sannyâsa and others.
MESSAGE TO THE WORLD

Correspondent of "The Advocate,"

writes as follows:—

The study of Comparative Religion has obviously undertaken in this country an inquietude has been struck by many English to the belief of non-themselves. I have been so much in a sermon which I heard last Sunday at Christ Church, Wimbledon (Congregational) with the Indian idea of the existence of Souls, that I feel sure you will not send them a fairly full version of what was said. The preacher was the Rev. Mr. A. L. B. Minister of the Congregational Church for some years been one of our opponents of the modern view of Mr. Sadler took for his text the

"say that the son of man is? And by John the Baptist, some Elijah, or one of the prophets." In these words, said the cons of transmigrated souls characteristic of the Hindu

The course of Hindu religious thought may be said to have had about 5000 to 8000 B.C. — the period of Veda were written in Sanskrit. The powers of Nature Surya the sun, Adit the All-god began in this supreme god in Canaan and Zeus the thunder, in Greece.

The period of the Brahman was the time of ritual and cere- monial of the time.

Gautama the Buddha protested against the asceticism and pity of the Vedas. He preached the path of the Veda.

The Upanishads thus speak (I quote the translation by Sri Chandra Vasu of Allahabad):

"Though this body be reduced to ashes, the Indwelling Spirit, the Lord, does not die. He is immortal... The support of the Universe is the Dweller in the hearts of all creatures. No man can ever be satisfied with wealth. The Inner Self of all creatures is One only. He is awake when men sleep. He is the Inner Self of all creatures. He makes his form manifold. By truthfulness, right knowledge and self-control is Atmanic bliss (of soul) reached... God is far, yet near. He is within the Universe. Whoever beholds all living creatures as
in Him, and Him the Universal Spirit, as in all, henceforth regards no creature with contempt."

Thus the Upanishads regard one life as being in all souls, and salvation consists in striving in bodies and forms to become conscious of the One instead of being lost in the sensations (which are illusive). That our senses do deceive us is evident, because colour, size, opacity, hardness, sweetness, do not really belong to objects themselves, but exist only in relation to our minds, (e.g. in X-rays wood and flesh are no longer opaque; we can see through them).

CAN CHRISTIANS BELIEVE IT?

Can we believe in the transmigration of soul? Probably we shall at first reject the idea with scorn. It sounds so different from anything we have been taught, and it cannot be proved. But a few thoughts about it may help us to give the idea at least a place in our minds.

The doctrine of transmigration is believed, and has been believed, all over the world. Chamber's Encyclopaedia has an article on "Transmigration," which shows it to have been held among Buddhists in many parts of Asia, by the Egyptians, the Druids, the ancient Greeks, the people of Madagascar, various African tribes and by several races in North America. Ovid, too, the Roman poet, said,—

"Dies not the spirit,
But, new life repeats,
Into other forms,
And only changes seats.

Even I, who these mysterious truths declare,
Was once Eucharis, in the Trojan war;
My name and lineage I remember well.
Thus all things are but altered, nothing dies,
And here and there the unbodied spirit flies."

The idea is also in the Bible. Jacob's dream of a ladder reaching to heaven is probably an old myth, by means of which the idea of believing in transmigration was thrown back... in history; even to Jacob, who was an eponymous ancestor of the Jews.

Origen (about 250 A.D.) said that the descent of souls was inscribed symbolically by a ladder reaching from heaven to earth, and in the cult of Mithras a ladder was placed in the cave (the temple) to represent souls coming from heaven to earth. So in Jacob's dream, the angels (souls) were descending and ascending.

Further, in Matthew XVI, 14, and XVII, 12, we get the same idea; for it undoubtedly lies behind the sayings that Elijah had come again in John the Baptist and Jeremiah had come again in the Messiah. The Jews certainly believed in transmigration. Many Rabbis taught it. They said that Adam came again in David and would come again in the Messiah.

EMBRYOLOGY AND HEREDITY.

We know from embryology that we have had some kind of a pre-existence. We come from the union of two germ-plasms or cells. But these cells each come from two other cells, and so backwards. Thus the germ-plasm of which our bodies are made had a pre-existence in many bodies, and if our bodies explain us we have existed long ago. But embryology although it explains our physical form, does not explain us. We are souls, and use our bodies as vehicles. Embryology cannot explain why variations of species occur. Professor J. Arthur Thomson and D. Archibald Reid, in their books on heredity, frankly confess this. "What explains variations then, but various souls which form bodies?"

Souls permeate all things. Indeed, we have the authority of Dr. MacTaggart of Cambridge for the statement that nothing exists but souls and their states. Physically, therefore, we have had an existence backward, a pre-existence.

Then, as Christians we believe in a present life, which will be in a body. See Corinthians XV, 44, where Paul argues for a spiritual body hereafter. Now, if there is to be a transmigration from a body here to a body yonder after death, is it impossible to believe that we have come into these bodies from a previous existence? Surely, it sounds very reasonable.

KARMA.

Further, the doctrine of transmigration would help us to explain geniuses and prodigies, as well as vicious-born characters. That is, feeling the good or bad results of a previous existence. Karma, a crude and hard word, is simply the law of effect. Hence we all believe in. Indeed, the idea that a man cannot become better, but that the more continually vicious he becomes more vicious still... changes, by some good influence working more upon him.

There are many who say that they remember a past life....

The alternative to reincarnation or predestination. Why should one man remain in one created body, and another a lunar one, and another another, of saintly desires... The doctrine explains much, and our bodies are not capricious gods. We believe that they are created such bodies by God, to keep to the previous bodies. So we seem eternal, if persistently as well as temporarily, and we have at least to entertain the message of the best thoughts...
real India as a "working hypothesis" and being to acquire into it. Anyway, we can feel we are souls—focus-points of the infinite and omni-powerful God, and that we are moving up to Him by His help.

The modern missionary, going to India, ought to be a comrade in truth-seeking, not as judging all he sees. He must not judge them by the crude superstitions of the peasant, shown before a snake or an elephant, or an idol of these; any more than he would judge of semantics by the babblings of a child.

Christian missionaries have a message to take something to learn from India. It is comprehended in the words (habitually) is born of God and "The craving for the incarnate need of the heart for a loving command, true missionary will not in languages, or creeds, or politics, but in teaching what he feels in the ineffable. That is the nature of life, from whom, and through whom, all things.

---

BY THE WAY

I am immensely amused at the way, they turn from "Great Thoughts," of published in London. We are these lines were not meant by the readers of that paper at Hindus. For otherwise it is how any learned person can write

LIFE OF A HINDU WOMAN.

A woman lives in a small room of and walls are of clay with no ornaments, whatever, and the least there. Every morning she has to pray to the gods, that she has no money for rain, and general expenditures. She doesn’t eat it with her hands, fans him at his request. She either sleeps, gossips, or sometimes a reader reads to her gods. These stories are vile from beginning to end. The children and women are taught them. At night they prepare their husband’s meal in the same manner. They are not protected against the weather and the winds, nor are they properly fed and clothed. The rich live the same as the poor. If sick, they are deemed cursed by the gods, and are taken to the stable and left alone. The only food they can get is left by stealth. Thousands die of neglect. The first day that a Hindu boy abuses his mother is a festive occasion with his father, who boasts of it to his friends.

"To be a widow is the sum of unhappiness. She is especially cursed by the gods. As the husband dies, half a dozen barbers’ wives rush upon her and tear the jewels from the ears and nose. She is kept in a darkened room for fourteen days. At the end of this time her husband’s ashes are taken to the river, and, after a peculiar ceremony, prayers, the soul is supposed to be free. It may enter an insect or an animal. The worst punishment the soul can sustain is to enter the body of a woman."

How remarkably cheap were the prices of food-stuffs in Bengal in the middle of the last century, can be gleaned from the following items mentioned in a list of marriage expenses incurred in the year 1847 A. D.:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Quantity</th>
<th>Rate</th>
<th>Total</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Rice</td>
<td>1 maund</td>
<td>Rs. 1</td>
<td>Rs. 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kali (lentil)</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fine Flour</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ghee</td>
<td>20 srs.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sandesh</td>
<td>1 maund</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Curds</td>
<td>1½ maund</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Milk</td>
<td>20 srs.</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Potato</td>
<td>21 srs.</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Salt</td>
<td>5 srs.</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Total Rs. 25-0-0

So in those days a sumptuous feast could be given to about 300 persons with Rs. 25 only!

WANTED a qualified medical man to take charge of our Mayavati Charitable Dispensary. One desires 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,
NEWS AND MISCELLANIES
(Culled and condensed from various sources)

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

An offer of £24,000 has been refused for a carpet in the possession of Johan Kernowsky, a Prague antiquary, who claims that he can prove it to have been used by the Prophet Mahomet when at prayer.

According to a German paper a starch and potato drying corporation has placed a new syrup upon the market which is obtained from the potato-starch, and it is to be used for preserving fruit of all kinds. It is excellent for table purposes.—Indian Trade Journal.

Mr. Divachand Dharan, a well-known Jain merchant, is going to visit Europe for commercial purposes. During his stay in London he will make arrangements to establish there a first-class Hotel for orthodox Hindus. A strong committee is being formed to finance the scheme.

It gives us great pleasure to announce that the late Babu Nibaran Ch. Das, the famous Rudraksha-dealer of Benares city, bequeathed by a will to the Benares Ramakrishna Mission Home of Service, his house and business proceeds for the accommodation and maintenance of the poor and the destitute. Consequently the Jamgambiri Branch has been removed to his house near Dasagwamedh from April.

A small though pretty mirage may be seen at almost any time of the day in Calcutta, just now. Singular to relate, it always appears in one place, the north of Red Road, now regarded as the hottest thoroughfare in the city. On entering the south end of the road there appears in the distance what seems to be a pool of water reflecting Old Court House Street and the traffic in the foreground, the detail of the buildings even of S. Andrews Church which is nearly a mile from the spot, being particularly clear.—"Englishman."

A strange scientific discovery has been made by Professor Quervain, the well-known Swiss explorer of Zurich, on the Jungfrau mountain. The workmen employed 25 tons of dynamite while constructing the highest section of the line and there were explosions which were distinctly heard within a radius of 30 miles, then within a zone of the next 14 miles there was silence, but further up to a concentric circle of 50 miles the noise was again heard clearly. The Swiss scientist states that he is unable to account for the phenomenon.

The "plumotor," an apparatus for saving life by automatic respiration, was among the many interesting exhibits at the International Gas Exhibition at Amsterdam. Packed in wooden case, it weighs 45 pounds, and it includes an appliance automatically forcing air into the lungs and sucking it out with regulated force. A cylinder of oxygen sufficient for 40 minutes, and tongs for manipulating the tongue. The apparatus provides for all operations in respiration, including the revival of persons overcome by gas, nearly drowned, or stunned by electric shock.

The "Ramakrishna Ashrama, Haripal" was opened by His Holiness Swami Nirmalananda on the 14th of May. The following programme was duly observed: 4th May; 6 to 10 a.m. Mr. Kummer Japam, Gita Parayanam, Devi Mahatmya, Parayanam &c. 8 to 10 a.m. Procession from Vahakottaram to the Ashrama with Bhagvan Sri Ramakrishna's Photo mounted on an elephant. 10 to 11 a.m. Installation, a short speech by H.H. Swami Nirmalananda, and Bhajanam. 11 to 12 a.m. Refreshments. 5th May, 10 to 12 a.m. Feeding the poor. 3-30 to 5-30 p.m. Meeting and speech.

A Bavarian newspaper presents its readers with a striking record of the war of the last fifty years. Under a series of huge pictures of fallen soldiers on the battlefield it gives the number of the killed in each great war of that period, with the exception of the Boer War. Here is the record; Crimean War, 750,000; Italian War of 1865-66,
The frontier three times to see her sister in Tibet. She has travelled also through Russia and the Caucasus.

Mrs. Olive Temple made a daring and romantic journey of 4,500 miles to Wadai, and Central Africa, to pay a last tribute to Lieutenant Boyd Alexander, who was murdered by natives of Wadai in May 1910. She was the first white woman to make the journey and described her adventures in her book, "Chiefs and Cities of Central Africa."

Miss Gertrude Bell and Miss Emma Bell, daughters of Sir Hugh Bell, have both travelled extensively. Miss Gertrude Bell was once robbed by Kurds at Midiyad in Asiatic Turkey. She also achieved fame by making several first ascents of mountains in the Burmese Oberland.

Mrs. Longstaff, wife of Dr. Thomas Longstaff the mountaineer, has climbed in the Alps, Caucasus, Himalayas and Rockies.

The following Sunday lectures were delivered by the Swamis Trigunatita and Prakashananda at the Hindu Temple, San Francisco, U.S.A., during March and April:

March 2: Can We Harmonise Religion with Business-life? The Inner Consciousness. How to Develop the Art of Forgetting and Forgiving.


March 16: Sri Ramakrishna: The Modern Incarnation of Divinity. Sri Ramakrishna: His Universality. Sri Ramakrishna as an Ideal for all Classes of Men.

March 23: Have We Chosen Our Path? Mystery of Good and Evil. The Divine Awakening.

March 30: As Thou Thinkest, Thou Shalt Become. Self-will Merged in Divine Will, Ask and Ye Shall Receive.


April 13: Karma and Fatalism. The Search after the Beyond. The True Basis of Civilisation.
