

Prabuddha Bharata

उत्तिष्ठत जाग्रत



प्राप्य वराधिबोधत ।

Katha Upa. I. iii. 4

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

—Sri Sri Virekananda.

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SRI RAMAKRISHNA'S TEACHINGS

ABOUT FOOD.

When Divine Bliss is attained, one becomes intoxicated with it ; he does not need to drink wine, though he looks like one drunk. When I see the feet of my Divine Mother, I feel as intoxicated as if I have drunk five bottles of wine. In this state one cannot eat—anything and everything.

Q. As regards eating, should not one eat what one gets?

Sri Ramakrishna : That depends upon the spiritual state. In the path of Jnana that produces no harm ; when a Jnani eats, he pours the food as an offering in the fire of *Kundalini*. But for a Bhakta it is different. A Bhakta should eat only pure food, such food as he can freely offer to his Beloved Lord. Animal food is not for a Bhakta.

But at the same time I must say that if a man loves God, living upon the flesh of a pig, he is blessed, and wretched is the man who lives on milk and rice or on *Habishyanna* but whose mind is absorbed in Lust and Gold.

Once I took as *mantram* the name of Allah from a Mahomedan teacher and repeated the name for several days strictly observing their ways, and ate their food. During that period

I could not go to the Temple of Mother Kali, or take the names of Hindu Gods and Goddesses.

Why is it that people are fed at a religious feast? Do you not think that it is the same as offering a sacrifice to God who is the Living Fire in all creatures? But bad men, not God-fearing, guilty of adultery and fornication, should on no account be entertained at such a feast. Their sins are so great that several cubits of earth beneath the place where they eat are held to become polluted.

Once a butcher was taking a cow for slaughter to a distant place. Being ill-treated in the hands of a stranger the cow was unruly on the way and the man found great difficulty in driving her. After several hours, at noon, he arrived at a village, and being thoroughly exhausted he went to a house of charity near by and partook of the *sadācrata*. Feeling himself refreshed after a full meal he was able to lead the cow easily to her destination. Now, a part of the sin of killing that cow fell upon the donor of the *sadācrata*. So even in giving food and alms in charity, one should discriminate that the recipient is not a vicious and sinning person who would use the gift to evil purposes.

Extracted from 'The Gospel of Sri Ramakrishna' by M. in Bengali.

OCCASIONAL NOTES

FOR a faithful understanding of the Dharma we must bring to the study thereof a real piety and reverence. In this day, when the contact with other civilisations is pressing hard upon our ideals, we are apt to be overpowered by their "intellectualism" and not realise the great intellectual inheritance to which we ourselves are born *by reason of being Hindus*. A true and earnest study of our own culture will give us that self-consciousness so necessary in our relation with people of other faiths and nationalities.

It must always be remembered, both by ourselves and by them, that we are not beggars. We have as much to give as we receive. It is for us to *know* what we have to give. Our great weakness lies in our inexcusable ignorance with reference to ourselves. Men like Vivekananda, rising in our midst, by their masterly insight into the values of the culture from which they spring, are empowered with a marvellous consciousness and stand before the whole world, pointing out with a prophetic fervour and patriotism the unprecedented glories of the motherland.

But their insight was no easy acquisition. To understand Hinduism and to perceive the possibilities for a renaissance in India, Vivekananda went through a supreme intellectual struggle. There went on in his self a tremendous conflict between the Orient and the Occident, the former winning eventually. Then, as a Sannyasin, he travelled the length and breadth of this land, rooting out the provincial consciousness and superseding it with the consciousness of the unity of All-India, both in thought and in culture.

We must see and emphasise the strong side of our nature. The trouble with many of our social reform movements is, that they proclaim only the weak side and lament over our apparent hopelessness. India does not stand in need of any self-humiliation. She has had enough of that. It is high time for the development of a manful self-awareness, and this can be done only when the *greatness* of Hinduism and of Hindu social ideals is recognised by each of us and widely heralded.

Our strength lies in our spiritual outlook. Hinduism in its essence represents all the real elements in human progress. Standing for the ideas of the solidarity of the universe, the common brotherhood of man, the abolition of unrighteous privilege, the establishment of universal peace, and the spreading of spiritual ideas—its place among the nations of the world is unparalleled. While other races have been bent upon physical expansion at the cost of weaker nations, India's mission to humanity has always been the preservation of the highest ideals that have ever been vouchsafed to man.

It is historically evident that whensoever a nation loses its spirituality it perishes. Rome, in conquering the world by fire and sword, forgot those civic virtues which marked her, in her earlier history, as first among the nations in culture. The result was that, debauched by misdirected power and unrighteousness, she, the strongest of the nations of antiquity, fell an easy prey to the barbarian. Persia, departing from her ancient wisdom, met with a similar fate, while the history of Greece attests to the same fortune. Nations which have lost the moral

sense and the spiritual outlook must pass as dust before the wind.

India has survived. Why? Let the Indians search for the cause. Then, perhaps, they will hesitate before accepting as final and superior any of the values either of foreign ethics or foreign culture. It may be that we have much to criticise in our own modern customs and usages, as being divergent from the original purpose of the Rishis or as being accretions in the course of contact with alien powers, but we can do so profitably without losing our self-respect, and our faith and reverence to our Mother-Church. Our Past dates before the founding of the great empires of antiquity, our Present rests upon the unshakable rock of our inner strength born of the faith in our religion. Even in the Present we consider ourselves as privileged to be the inheritors of the highest spiritual ideals among the nations of the earth. What reason have we therefore to distrust the Future?

The contribution of India to the thought of the world has been nothing short of immense. Buddhism, the daughter of Hinduism, spread itself throughout Asia; and through Athens, Antioch and Alexandria it affected alike the Greek and the Christian mind. Socrates, Plato, Pythagoras and many of the "Christian Fathers" give evidences, in their writing and philosophy, of direct Indian influence. The atmosphere of monasticism, so prevalent in Judæa and Egypt and Syria in the early Christian centuries, is but a huge reflection, projected into the West by the aeon-old monastic ideals of India itself. The Neo-Platonists of Alexandria, are Hindu philosophers over again, and Christianity, in many of its early sects, represented as many Indian theological schools. Whenever the roads of civilisation become crossed, as they were in other days by the genius of a Cæsar

or an Alexander, Indian thought like some mighty river of the spirit, floods the opened channels.

This is the glory of our nation; and therefore back to the source of our glory,—Religion! It has been the backbone and strength of Indian culture throughout its history; and history teaches that we may safely rely upon it. Let the Hindus study it closely, intelligently, and assimilate it in their everyday life as their great sages have done and they will produce great Rishis who will lead the nation to glory even as in the past. Therein lies the salvation of India.

WHAT IS THOUGHT?

Ah, what is thought? A mighty force,
A vast eternal power,
It plans the greatest universe,
Designs the smallest flower.

Only a thought, yet, winged by Love,
That thought can triumphs win,
Ope wide the doors of darkened hearts
And let the sunshine in.

Only a thought, yet thoughts can help
When other help is vain,
Can heal the wounds no eye may see
And soothe the hidden pain.

Only a thought, yet it may shine
On life's dark, stormy main,
A star of hope to shipwrecked souls
To guide them home again.

As golden threads in some brother's life,
In a gladder, fairer day,
Lo! once again thou shalt find thy thought
In the future, far away!

—From the *Light*.

THE NATURE OF THE SOUL AND ITS GOAL.

Unpublished lecture by Swami Vivekananda

[Concluded from page 86]

NOW the question is, if the soul is infinite, and exists everywhere, as it must do, if it is a spirit, what is meant by its taking up bodies, and passing through body after body? The idea is that the soul neither comes nor goes, neither is born nor dies. How can the omnipresent be born? It is meaningless nonsense to say that the soul lives in a body. How can the unlimited live in a limited space? But as a man having a book in his hands reads one page and turns it over, goes to the next page, reads that, turns it over, and so on, yet it is the book that is being turned over, the pages that are revolving, and not he—he is where he is always; even so with regard to the soul. The whole of nature is that book which the soul is reading. Each life, as it were, is one page of that book; and that read, it is turned over, and so on and on, until the whole of the book is finished, and the soul becomes perfect, having got all the experiences of nature. Yet at the same time it never moved, nor came nor went; it was only gathering experiences. But it appears to us that we are moving. The earth moving, we yet think that the sun is moving instead of the earth, which we know to be a mistake, a delusion of the senses. So is also this delusion that we are born and that we die, that we come or that we go. We neither come nor go, nor have we been born. For where is the soul to go? There is no place for it to go. Where is it not already?

Thus the theory comes of the evolution of nature and the manifestation of the soul. The processes of evolution, higher and higher combinations, are not in the soul; it is already what it is. They are in nature. But as nature is evolving forward into higher and higher combinations, more and more of the majesty of the soul is manifesting itself. Supposing here is a screen, and behind the screen is wonderful scenery. There is one small hole in the screen through which we can catch only a little bit of that scenery behind. Suppose that hole becomes increased in size. As the hole increases in

size, more and more of the scenery behind comes within the range of vision; and when the whole screen has disappeared there is nothing between the scenery and you; you see the whole of it. This screen is the mind of man. Behind it is the majesty, the purity, the infinite power of the soul, and as the mind becomes clearer and clearer, purer and purer, more of the majesty of the soul manifests itself. Not that the soul is changing, but the change is in the screen. The soul is the unchangeable One, the immortal, the pure, the ever-blessed one.

So, at last, the theory comes to this. From the highest to the lowest and most wicked man, in the greatest of human beings and the lowest of crawling worms under our feet, is the soul, pure and perfect, infinite and ever blessed. In the worm that soul is manifesting only an infinitesimal part of its power and purity, and in the greatest man it is manifesting most of it. The difference consists in the degree of manifestation, but not in the essence. Through all beings exists the same pure and perfect soul.

There are also the ideas of heavens and other places, but these are thought to be second rate. The idea of heaven is thought to be a low idea. It arises from the desire for a place of enjoyment. We foolishly want to limit the whole universe with our present experience. Children think that the whole universe is full of children. Madmen think the whole universe a lunatic asylum, and so on. So those to whom this world is but sense enjoyment, whose whole life is in eating and feasting, with very little difference between them and brute beasts, such are naturally found to conceive of places where they will have more enjoyments, because this life is short. Their desire for enjoyment is infinite, so they are bound to think of places where they will have unobstructed enjoyment of the senses; and we see, as we go on, that those who want to go to such places will have to go; they will dream, and when this dream is

over, they will be in another dream where there is plenty of sense enjoyment; and when that dream breaks, they will have to think of something else. Thus they will be driving about from dream to dream.

Then comes the last theory, one more idea about the soul. If the soul is pure and perfect in its essence and nature, and if every soul is infinite and omnipresent, how is it that there can be many souls? There cannot be many infinities. There cannot be two even, not to speak of many. If there were two infinities, one would limit the other, and both become finite. The infinite can only be one, and boldly the last conclusion is approached, that it is but one and not two.

Two birds are sitting on the same tree, one on the top, the other below, both of most beautiful plumage. The one eats the fruits, while the other remains calm and majestic, concentrated in its own glory. The lower bird is eating fruits, good and evil, going after sense enjoyments; and when it eats an occasionally bitter fruit it gets higher, and looks up and sees the other bird sitting there calm and majestic, neither caring for good fruit nor for evil, sufficient unto itself, seeking no enjoyment beyond itself. It itself is enjoyment; what to seek beyond itself? The lower bird looks at the upper bird and wants to get near. It goes a little higher; but its old impressions are upon it, and still it goes about eating the same fruit. Again an exceptionally bitter fruit comes; it gets a shock, looks up. There the same calm and majestic one! It comes near but again is dragged down by past actions, and continues to eat the sweet and bitter fruit. Again the exceptionally bitter fruit comes, the bird looks up, gets nearer; and as it begins to get nearer and nearer, the light from the plumage of the other bird is reflected upon it. Its own plumage is melting away, and when it has come sufficiently near, the whole vision changes. The lower bird never existed, it was always the upper bird, and what it took for the lower bird was only a little bit of a reflection.

Such is the nature of the soul. This human soul goes after sense-enjoyments, vanities of the world; like animals it lives only in the senses, lives only in momentary titillations of the nerves. When there comes a blow, for a moment the head reels, and

everything begins to vanish, and it finds that the world was not what it thought it to be, that life was not so smooth. It looks upward and sees the infinite Lord a moment, catches a glimpse of the majestic one, comes a little nearer, but is dragged away by its past actions. Another blow comes, and sends it back again. It catches another glimpse of the infinite presence, comes nearer and as it approaches nearer and nearer, it begins to find out that its individuality—its low, vulgar, intensely selfish individuality—is melting away; the desire to sacrifice the whole world to make that little thing happy, is melting away; and as it gets gradually nearer and nearer, nature begins to melt away. When it has come sufficiently near, the whole vision changes and it finds that it was the other bird, that this infinity which it had viewed as from a distance was its own Self, this wonderful glimpse that it had got of the glory and majesty was its own Self, and it indeed was that reality. The soul then finds That which is true in everything. That which is in every atom, everywhere present, the essence of all things, the God of this universe,—“Know that thou art He, know that thou art free.”

—From *The Message of the East*, Boston.

A DEVOTIONAL SONG.

BY PRINCESS MIRABAI OF MEWAR.

He is my Love, my Girdhar Gopal, mine—
Upon His head there gleams the crown divine,
Within His hand the lotus white He bears,
A shining garland round His neck He wears—
He is my very Lord, and He alone.
Mother and Father, kinsfolk I disown,

They are as nought to me; the world may speak,
Only the presence of the Lord I seek.
They know and scoff, but what is it to me
That they make mock of all my ecstasy?
The creeper of my love has climbed on high,
Watered by founts of tears that never dry.
Whate'er befall to me, little reck I,
For Krishna's joyful slave is Mirabai.

—Translated from the Hindi by Jai Sri
in the *Rajput Herald*.

THE SENSE OF THE INFINITE.

THERE are certain exquisite moments in life when one is brought into throbbing contact with the very soul of things. A sense of intimate and indissoluble unity pursues one; personality is caught up, almost unawares, in sheerest ecstasy, and it is found that even in the meanest objects of one's environment there is incarnate, in actual and living form, some aspect,—however small it may be—of the highest beauty and perfection. Vision is for the time enlarged divinely; an indescribable sweetness pervades the soul and it realises, in a way, well-nigh mysterious, the all-absorbing, love-saturated oneness that is everywhere. In such a mood as this the body itself takes part, one feels as if treading on air and is overcome with the very joy of living, the mere blessedness of life. This is the sensing, in an initiatory form, of what has been termed the Infinite. The simplest phenomenon may be the key to this exalted state. The splendour of a perfect day, the stillness of mountainous retreats, a vision of the starry firmament, the moon seen through a veil of fleeting clouds, a breath of the breeze of spring, or a glimpse of the sea at night—all these may touch the harp-strings of the soul, causing it to vibrate in an ecstasy of musical response. In such a time as this the Infinite is pressing in upon the human consciousness, transfiguring, for one brief, glorious moment, all its finiteness with the alchemy of the universal awareness. These experiences, though invariably spontaneous, being, as it were, sudden uprushes from the deeps of personality, are the outcome of numerous efforts to perceive truth and beauty in all forms of life. They are the result of a constant alertness of the soul to interpret, in the highest form, the message of sense and thought. They come when the elements of personality, body, mind and soul,

have been made one in the spiritual transfiguration, when the bounds of personality have been widened—and one has come to know a vaster and a richer Self.

When insight, through constant increase, has attained a certain level, one sees even in physical nature the forms and glories of the spirit. Those, indeed, are narrow-minded who would divorce Nature from its counterpart, the Soul. It is not Nature that is dwarfed, but the mind's reading thereof. With the spiritual attitude there is nothing that is defiled; the universal brotherhood of life dawns on the mind; all sense of race and space proportions is blotted out. In every physical and human form something to love and reverence is recognised. The barriers of separate personality and form are broken down. The truth, "All this is one" is realised. There is no longer a world of relation, but of inter-relation, and the sense of "each" is swallowed up in that of "all." The "each-consciousness" is dissipated, and in its stead the universal sense shines forth. This is in very truth the sense of the Infinite, manifest on the plane of actual life. Boundary lines vanish when this appears, difference is lost in non-distinction and separateness engulfed in non-separatedness. With the increase of this wisdom, form and spirit are perceived of as aspects of a third factor,—the Reality—and no longer in their points of conflict. The pluralistic universe in which the soul dwells embodied is reconciled in all its varying relations by the attitude of oneness. Indeed, a multi-verse is transformed into an universe. Thus is the philosophy of the Infinite made practical.

The fact that the whole of nature can be metamorphosed through the personal attitude is the absolute guarantee of Divinity within,

With the purification of the mind the changes that occur in the functions of perception are nothing short of marvellous. Because of this the unintermittent formation of character is expressly insisted on in the spiritual process. There can be no enlightenment, no peace until personality through purification has been completely harmonised. The fact that the human spirit can overcome finiteness through the development of character and the translation of selfishness into selflessness, is the surest proof that the Infinite exists, that Man himself potentially is That. The constitution of the human mind, its functions for idealising, its evolution of the idea of God, the moral forces with which it is endowed, all point to the existence of a Self, in its final potentiality, as beyond all bonds and intrinsically perfect and divine. From this standpoint, life, in all its variety of experience, presents an opportunity for the active declaration of the Divinity Within. *Per se* it is inevitable that eventually the Infinite should be attained and all difficulties mastered in the warfare between the lesser and the Highest Self. It is the Infinite within human nature that makes us aware of its existence. Once knowing this all desire becomes aspiration, the whole of life a form of meditation and worship is made of work. Thus it is that the Hindu idea of worship covers the whole extent of living.

To sense the Infinite we need only re-interpret our individual universes, the microcosms that constitute our perception-worlds. This introduces the task of true Self-discovery and self-expression, involving in turn a re-organisation of our human outlook. It means in the end that, through a development of the knowledge of "who we are," we *become* more and more the Self which is our inmost Reality, and inhabit ever-widening worlds of thought and feeling. Each experience we have, may become, as it were, a window of the soul, through which we may have glimpses

of the Infinite. Therefore nothing is to be underrated. In this unifying sense the lowest and the highest, the farthest and the nearest are made one. The circumference is swallowed up in the circle itself—and the centre of that is the Infinite.

The Infinite surrounds us on every side; only it must be recognised. Such recognition entails immediately the fullest Self-realisation and the highest development of the powers of personality. When the moral sense has been educated and all sense of "I"-ness has vanished in the vision of the Impersonal, then personality itself embodies the Infinite. Bound down by body-limitations and immeasurable ignorance, man fails to explore the existence of the richer contents of his nature. But the mystical experience in particular and religion in general, devoting themselves to this supreme task, have developed a complete science with regard to man's higher nature and have come into the very presence of the Infinite. Even material science supports the theory of the Infinite inasmuch as each scientific discovery breaks down to some extent the walls of "relation" and "finiteness" and assists in proving the oneness and solidarity of the whole universe,—physical and psychical. The very expansion of life involves the disappearance of relativity and the expansion of personality, by destroying false individuality, and overcomes the appearance of a plurality of selves, substituting instead the reality of a Unit Consciousness.

Anything that lifts one beyond the boundaries of the normal, body-bound consciousness, anything that breaks down multiplicity, wherein all differentiation exists, has become a Messenger of the Infinite. But after all it is within personality itself that the transition from the perception of finiteness to the perception of the Infinite must come. The gradual conquest of instinct, the gradual attainment of the spiritual consciousness, the gradual formation of character and acquisition

of insight,—these heightened, broadened and deepened—do gradually increase the boundaries of personality until in truth they shall have faded off, having become merged in that which is the Infinite, and the only consciousness that remains is that of Brahman the Absolute.

THE SONG OF THE FREE

[An unpublished Poem by the Swami Vivekananda.]

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The wounded snake its hood unfurls,
The flame stirred up doth blaze,
The desert air resounds the calls
Of heart-struck lion's rage—

The cloud puts forth its deluge strength
When lightning cleaves its breast,
When the soul is stirred to its inmost depth
Great ones unfold their best !

Let eyes grow dim and heart grow faint
And friendship fail and love betray,
Let Fate its hundred horrors send
And clotted darkness block the way—

All nature wear one angry frown
To crush you out—still know my soul
You are Divine—March on and on
Nor right nor left but to the goal !

Nor angel I, nor man nor brute,
Nor body, mind, nor he nor she,

The books do stop in wonder mute
To tell my nature ;—I am He !

Before the sun, the moon, the earth,
Before the stars or comets free,
Before e'en Time has had its birth
I was, I am and I will be !

The beauteous earth, the glorious sun,
The calm sweet moon, the spangled sky,
Causation's laws do make them run,
They live in bonds, in bonds they die—

And mind its mantle dreamy net
Casts o'er them all and holds them fast.
In warp and woof of thought are set
Earth, hells and heavens, or worst or
best.

Know these are but the outer crust—
All space and time all effect cause,
I am beyond all sense all thought,
The Witness of the Universe !

Not two or many, 'tis but One,
And thus in me all one's I have,
I cannot hate, I cannot shun
Myself from me—I can but love !

From dreams awake, from bonds be free!
Be not afraid—This mystery
My shadow, cannot frighten me !
Know once for all that I am He !



IN THE HOURS OF MEDITATION

XVIII.

The Voice of the Guru spoke unto my soul:—

“My son, there is nothing so fascinating as the history of thine own development. It is development of personality that makes life interesting. Be the witness! Stand aside, as it were, and observe thy personality as though it were a thing apart. Study the wayward thought, the fleeting desire. How transient the importance of yesterday’s experience! What doth anything matter a decade of years hence! Thinking this, go through life undisturbed. Nothing which is earthly matters. It passes. Therefore give thy time up to things of the Spirit. Be unattached. Plunge into meditation. Let thine be the monastic spirit. The value of any experience or of any idea is its tendency in the way of making character. Realising this, do thou acquire a new perspective in life.

“How much time do the worldly give unto the body,—that fragile bit of clay. How much are their minds concerned with ephemeral physical things. They perish in perishable things. They are swallowed up in Maya. Refrain, therefore, from concerning thyself with worldly things. Shun the society of the worldly-minded. How subtle is the mind! It endeavours constantly to idealise the physical. That is the witchery of Maya. Be not deceived by false beauty and by the gaudiness of appearances. Lose not thy insight. From immemorial time this struggle has been going on. What is all earthly attachment compared with the love of God for thy soul! Attachment is of the body, and therefore is bondage. But thou lovest me with thy soul. That is the difference. My son, it has not been amiss that thou shouldst pass through much pain in order to realise the danger and falseness of the world. The more thou dost

suffer, the closer art thou brought to me.

“Cultivate passivity! Thou art altogether too irresponsible and too aggressive. Before thou seest the faults of others and dost criticise them without mercy, discover thine own glaring faults. If thou canst not bridle thy tongue, let it rant against thyself, not against others. First of all, keep thine own house in proper order. Such precepts as these are in direct accordance with the highest philosophy of Self-realisation. For there can be no Self-realisation without character. Humility, meekness, gentleness, forbearance, the non-seeing of evil in others—all these are the practical elements in realisation. Pay no attention to what others do to thee; be busied with thine own improvement. When thou hast learned this, thou hast mastered a great secret. Egoism is at the bottom of everything. Root out egotism. And as for passion, keep careful guard. Thou canst not be SURE of victory over it until thy body is laid at the burning-ghat. Make thy mind the *smashân* and burn into ashes all thy desires if thou desirest to be free even in life.

“Thou must learn ‘blind’ obedience. What art thou but a child! Hast thou any real knowledge? Be led along the path, even as a child is led. Give thyself up entirely to my wishes. Am I not even as a *mother* unto thee in my love; and yet I am as a father unto thee as well, inasmuch as I do not spare the rod of chastisement. If thou wouldst be a Master, first of all learn how to be a disciple. Discipline is what thou requirest.

“Before, thy enthusiasm for my cause was boyish and effervescent. Now it is becoming tempered by true insight. The child is thoughtless, the youth is wilful; it is the *man* that is worth while. My intention is to make a *man* of thee in the spiritual sense. I would have thee deep, responsible, earnest,

well-disciplined, and make manifest thy loyalty and love for me in steadfastness and sincerity of character. March forward. My love and blessings are ever with thee."

XIX.

In the hours of meditation I heard the Voice addressing me:—

"Have no bitterness in thine heart. Be candid with thyself. Root out all false notions with regard to thyself. Root out all false attachment. See divinity instead of body. See thyself as others see thee. Above all, have no false self-commiseration. Be strong! If thou must have faults, let them be the faults of a lion.

"The Law is mighty. It will crush thy heart and shatter thy personality in exact ratio to thy self-will. But it will also lead thee to true self-knowledge. Base thy faith therefore on the Law. Action breeds reaction. Therefore let thy actions proceed from purity of heart and thought. Then shalt thou know peace.

"Under the name of sentiment oftentimes a multitude of sins is covered; at bottom the grossest physical instincts may be at work. Throwing a cloth of gold over them does not mend matters. One is liable to idealise the purely physical sensations as lofty emotions. But discrimination tears off the disguise and teaches that false attachment is always self-centred, dominating, cruel and conscience-less. It is wilful, blind, and body-bound. True love, on the contrary, is pure, related to the spirit, gives infinite freedom to the beloved one and is full of wisdom and self-renunciation. Vomit out from thy heart, accordingly, all attachment and misplaced sentiment. And once you have done it, as thou wouldst not as much as look at thy vomit, being repelled, do not even as much as think of attachment. It is bondage, terrible bondage. Remember this, and march on bravely to Freedom's Goal!

"Monasticism is the highest of all vocations.

By cutting thyself loose from all bondage, thou dost help all that have known thee or shall ever come into thy life. By Self-realisation the monk fulfils all duties. By his self-sacrifice others are redeemed. Be thou a monk in thy heart and deeds. Depend on nothing or on no one. Give others their freedom and be thou thyself free.

"Be not disheartened because of thy disadvantages, for thy very disadvantages, given a spiritual direction, shall be transfigured into advantages. Spiritualise thy feeling, then, when no malice or nervous irritation exists in thy nature, thou shalt stand on thy ground, and yet be a light and a help unto many, though thou shouldst not e'en see them. Be a lion; then all weakness will fall away from thee. Aspire to be a god; then the limitations of thy body-consciousness will disperse. Thou shalt become pure spirit. Take thy lesson from the sublime phenomena of nature,—the mountains, the vast seas and shining suns. Become one with strong things.

"Self-regeneration, my son, is a long and painful process. Before thou canst grow, it is necessary that thou be overwhelmingly frank with thyself. All veils of self-excuse or self-commiseration must be rent asunder by repeated experiences of pain and the humiliation of thy pride. There can be no foolishness with God and no hypocrisy with thine own soul. The finest and best must come forth. Be grateful, therefore, for each messenger of pain, that reveals at once thy weakness and thy Self to thee. Exclaim 'Blessed, blessed pain!'

"A little learning has made thee an intellectual egotist; a greater learning will make thee spiritual. Remember that mind is not the soul. So let experience pound the mind as it will. It will purify it. That is the main thing. Gradually the sun of the soul will pierce the dark clouds of ignorance; and then the goal shall be revealed to thee, and thou shalt be merged in its effulgence.

IN THE LAND OF THE MUMMY

(Continued from page 92)

LUXOR.

THE modern village of Luxor is of little importance apart from its being the centre for travellers visiting the splendid ruins and the royal tombs, which make it a place of pilgrimage and one of the spots dearest to antiquarians.

Here, one was exposed to the incursion of flies and mosquitoes, and the former might really be reckoned as one of the plagues of Egypt. The constant movement of a palm-leaf fan was absolutely necessary, and these petty tormentors made one feel in a murderous mood.

Thebes, the ancient capital of Egypt, in the Thebaïd or Upper Egypt, was built on both sides of the Nile, and all that remains of its former magnificence are the two temples of Luxor and Karnak on the eastern shore, and the temples of El-Goornah, the Ramasseum and Medénet Hâbû on the Western side.

The Temple of Luxor was dedicated to the Theban triad—Amen Ra, the Hidden One, His wife Mût, the Mother goddess, and their son, Khensu, the lunar god,—whose figures occur repeatedly on the walls. Thebes was the great centre of Amen worship and it is to this god that most of the temples were dedicated. The first government of Thebes was priestly and when it became a monarchy, the kings were always invested with a sacerdotal character.

Above the entrance to the temple was sculptured the Winged Globe, the protecting divinity of entrances, with the names of the divinities to whom the temple was dedicated and of the Pharaoh who built it. It is universal in Egypt, and is a beautiful emblem of Providence overshadowing the land of the Nile.

In front of the pylon are two gigantic statues of Rameses II, forty-five feet high, and near by is a red granite obelisk; its companion obelisk is now in the Place de la Concorde in Paris. The walls of the temple are covered with paintings and sculptures which are of marked interest. Amen Ra is always painted blue, and he is further distinguished by two high feathers he wears in his cap. The Egyptians are represented with red and yellow complexions, red ochre for the men and yellow for the women. The hair of the Kings is frequently painted blue, but that of ordinary men black. In Egyptian Sculpture the erect figure invariably has the left leg advanced, as if about to march.

The Colonnade built by Amenhetep, but not completed according to the original plan, is enclosed with a wall decorated with reliefs representing the processions at the great festival of Amen. But the object which most calls for attention consists in the sculptures which cover the east wing of the northern front. They contain a representation of a victory of one of the Egyptian Kings over his Asiatic enemies. The number of figures introduced amounts to fifteen hundred.

Proceeding south, we find our way into the Sanctuary built by Alexander the Great. The inscription says that "It has acacia gates overlaid with gold." The ceiling of the chamber is well preserved.

If one studied every detail of wonder in the temple, it is not a day but a month which would be necessary to devote to it.

KARNAK.

My dragoman procured an excellent donkey with a European saddle, for my expedition to Karnak, and I felt quite expectant as I

rode along the embankment which leads to the great series of temples known by the name of Karnak. The actual old road, three miles long, leading from Luxor was originally a *dromeo* (avenue), 6,500 ft. long, of sphinxes having ram's heads and a figure of Amenhetep III, between their fore-paws. But now few traces of these remain. Following this majestic approach, one at length gets the first glimpse of Karnak, the crowning glory of Thebes.

As we approached the ruins, we were confronted by an enormous portal, certainly one of the very finest specimens of Egyptian architecture remaining. Nothing can exceed the grand simplicity of its massive proportions as it stands upreared and lonely among the wrecks around, with a peculiarly striking effect, and in passing under it, one's ideas are raised to a height of amazement and prepared for the immensity of the scale and vast extent of the field of ruins to which it gives access.

The first impression to be made on the beholder is that, there are no ruins like these ruins. They stand like the colossal skeleton of a giant fabric in solitude and silence. In the original state they must have assumed a vastness and splendour unequalled by any other monument in Thebes. The whole formed a maze of religious structures which in their pristine perfection with the gorgeous ceremonials of the worship performed in them, must have produced a soul-subduing effect upon this superstitious people, when every contrivance of the priests tended to arouse a spirit of awe-inspiring devotion. The huge columns with lotus-shaped capitals, still display patches of their original vividness in the paintings which covered them.

You see before you the stones which formed stupendous walls, temples, palaces and towers, thrown down in vast heaps. Some are still standing erect as the Titan master-masons placed them, and where their materials have

been fine, their surfaces and corners smooth, sharp and uninjured by time. What strikes one above all is that they are neither gray nor blackened. Like the bones of animals they seem to bleach under the sun of the desert. Here is no moss, no lichen, no grass or mantling creeper.

The Hypostyle Hall originated by Seti I, is the most prodigious monument of the kind in Egypt. The roof, now gone, was supported by a forest of pillars placed close together representing a grove of papyrus; the effect of the mighty piers of the nave and the 122 columns of the aisles is stupendous. On the north wall are seen pictures of Seti kneeling under the sacred tree while Thoth, a lunar god with human figure and head of Ibis, records his name on its leaves. The god Harmakhis is seated under a canopy, Seti kneeling before him.

The great Temple, the various Pylons, the Obelisk of Hatshepsu, the Hall of Thothmes III, the Sanctuary of Thothmes III, and Khensu are all wonderful. The monuments of Egypt give us actual representations of the scenes that took place ages ago. Some notion of the minuteness of the details may be gathered from the portrayal of the Triumph of Rameses and of Seti. The garments, the ornaments, the countenances, even the colour of the hair of the different races which took part in the processions, may all be seen to-day upon the walls of the palaces which witnessed them. Every feature of the procession which trod the long aisles of Karnak, the vessels of purification, the company of singers, the quadruple ranks of priests and many other things have been preserved for our inspection, no less than the words of the solemn litany which the worshippers addressed to Ra, the Unseen Light. Indeed, religion was interwoven with everything in Egypt. A spirit of devotion was kept alive in the people by a constant round of religious ceremonies, a reference of everything to the gods.

I wandered slowly about, examining the hieroglyphics and paintings, and finally seating myself on a fallen obelisk, gazed at those still standing upright amidst the great fragments of granite lying about. Among these ruins, surroundings and circumstances act upon the mind—and tell their own tale and it is left for one to remain quiescent and receptive, to sense something of what Karnak was ages ago, and something of the spirit that once animated this ancient city which was the capital of the then known world. There is an immensity in all the elements of the scene and in the ideas they excite in the mind. Everything is so strange, so suggestive of a host of wonderful associations,—the historic world, the birthplace of gods, the thrones of kings, the centre of civilisation, old rites, ceremonials, processions, pilgrimages, markets, and of great feats of building!

Then the years are rolled back for me as I look down the stream of time and peer into the recesses of the past, re-peopling these ruined haunts of men, with their shadowy ghosts of learning, art, speculation and ambition. Here, humanity has been at labour! How many mighty triumphs of the minds of men that have been dust for centuries, have planned these buildings! Hands long dead have built them. Lives long ended have throbbed out their hurried day here. Children have been born, lovers have loved. The gay laughed and each one chased his favourite phantom. Dead hands have been folded beneath these roofs. As these scenes flashed on my mind and figured in parade before me, they stimulated the imagination and helped me to realise that there were other worlds of thought and morality than our own; it helped me to see, almost as efficiently and as clearly as if one had lived in those times, the manners, the customs, the modes of thought and of life in ancient Egypt.

From every portion of Egypt the past has yielded up its records, and from the relics of

an elder age discovered and deciphered by modern research and excavation, we are given a vivid insight into the life of the people and can piece together a faithful picture of the social and religious life and inner working of the Egyptian mind in the past.

One feels how utterly indescribable it all is, even while trying to describe these unparalleled ruins. Everyone can learn something here, and the globe-trotter with restless brain and hurrying feet, pauses with bated breath before these fallen giants of the past.

When riding homewards, the beauty of the climate, the lightness of the air, the glorious sunset and the soft-scented airs clinging about the river, all made a delightful impression on my mind.

(To be continued.)

C. E. S.

BENARES.

Benares,—O soul-entrancing, temple-jewelled,
O century-crowned and immemorial Benares!
The dust of most ancient ages rests upon thee;
And beside thy Holy River thou hast beheld
From times unthinkable, until thy present day,
The rise and fall and ebb and flow
Of tides innumerable of lives.
Upon thine ancient soil have trod in every age
Those Sons of Men and God the world calls
Thrice-holy, blessed and divine.

Thou hast watched with even vision and
With depth unsearchable of soul
The onward flight of centuries,
Aye, thou knowest the vanity of things and
From thy Being hast sent forth in every time
Hosts of saints to preach Renunciation's call,
Viewing life,—themselves lifeless to life—
Through the perspective of the Infinite.

Along the margins of thy Sacred River Gangâ,
We have seen, in silent, solemn meditation,
Thy Gerra-clothed and world-renouncing monks,
At rise of dawn, at dusk of eve, their eyes,
Throughout the glowing day, were viewless
To the stormy stream of surging life.

Along the margins of thy Imperial Ganga
Lying swathed upon the pyres of thy burning-ghats
We saw thy children who have passed beyond,
And bathing in the sacramental waters,
Whilst calling on Great Shiva, Lord of monks,
We saw thy living, praying thousands upon thousands
Merged in the Vision of their souls' own Self.

The mountains crumble into dust and
Worlds are hurled into annihilation,
But thy soul, O Spirit-pondering Benares,
Concerns itself throughout the centuries
With That which is Imperishable, which
Never was, nor ever will embodied be,
For It is the Everlasting Truth beyond
All form, beyond all sense and thought.
And thou art even one-d with That,
O beloved, sacred, indescribable Benares!

Beside thy sacred, flower-strewn River,
And in thy incense-fragrant, God-enshrining temples,
O Holy Kashi, we have left our hearts.
O Benares, seat and sovereign of Religion,
Thou undying surge of the Spiritual Life,
Mother of Timeless Jñāna and the Spiritual Vision,
Divine enchantress of the Souls of Man,
Thou mind and heart and soul of Aryavarta,
To thee our fervent salutation
Forever and forever more!
With lotus-blossoms from the hearts of devotees,
With the purest jewels of their inmost minds
We crown thee, Queen of Dharma, Queen of Ind!

Benares,
Feb. 1911.

A Western Pilgrim.

FROM THE PSALMS OF TAYUMANA
SWAMI.—I.

Tayumana Swami, the great poet, philosopher and Saint of Southern India, was born in the village of Vedaranyam near Point Calimere, of a respectable Vellala family. His father had removed to Trichinopoly to earn his livelihood, and appears to have been employed under Vijaya Raghunatha Chokkalinga Nayak, the then king of Trichinopoly, about the latter half of the 16th century. The Swami was brought up there. Very early in life

he evinced a deep insight in spiritual matters and despised the lusts of the flesh. He took up the appointment of his father, at his death, under the orders of the King. He had already been initiated into the science of self-realisation by his Teacher Mouna Guru, of the Parampara of Sri Tirumoolar, the well-known author of the 'Tirumantram.' But he was enjoined by his Guru to be a Grihastha for some time before giving up the world. Accordingly he lived the married life for a time, and is said to have had a son, Kanakasabapathy Pillai by name. When his wife died some years after, he handed over his son to the charge of his brother and renounced the world. In the course of his wanderings he appears to have gone to Ramnad, the capital of the Setupathis, where he is said to have entered 'Maha-samadhi.' There is a temple dedicated to Tayumana Swami in Ramnad. He must have been well versed in Sanskrit, for in his compositions he makes free use of Sanskrit words and phrases which give a peculiar dignity and charm to his verses. While he is equalled only by the immortal trio, Appar, Sundarar and Manikya-Vachakar in devotional depth, he is perhaps unsurpassed in the psychological analysis of his mind groping and struggling on its way onward. The three following stanzas form the prayer with which he begins his verses. Though the Psalms of Tayumana Swami are, truly speaking, untranslatable, yet I hope the following translation of his verses will give a faint idea of the spirit of the original.

THE INVOCATION.

Not there, nor here, but shining everywhere,
Perfect in bliss, what filleth all with Grace?
Who thrives in all as Life of life, ordaining
The whole of million, million globes and all
To bide at will within His realm of Love?
What lies beyond the reach of mind and tongue?
Of whom the million noisy creeds and sects
Wage ceaseless war in every clime and age?
All-powerful, Blessed, Eternal Intelligence,
What goes beyond the bounds of night and day?
Him who is verily the quest of my heart,
The expanse of Peace that circles all,—we adore.
Lo! Countless places! countless too the names!
Countless our kith and kin! and countless births
Of Karma's make, in countless works engaged!

truth we have found with the portion found by them.—Herbert Spencer.

* * *

I look for ultimate unity, not from the world's coming round to me while I stand still, but from a converging movement of thought, affecting all faithful men, toward a centre of repose as yet invisible.—James Martineau.

* * *

We are always the martyrs of our own faults.
—Carmen Sylva.

* * *

Search for the truth is the noblest occupation of man: its publication a duty.—Madame de Staël.

* * *

Human improvement is from within outward.
—J. A. Froude.

“MY PHILOSOPHY.”

BY HENRY BERGSON.

“The difficulties in the way of putting the substance of my philosophy into a few brief paragraphs are insuperable,” said the celebrated Prof. Bergson who is now touring in America. “If I were to attempt it I should be framing a creed and should thus defeat the end sought. The creed is the province of religion, not of philosophy.”

“The average man is too busy with the duties of his profession, his business or his occupation to give the time to philosophic truths.”

“It is not that he has not sufficient brain power, but merely that he has not had the requisite training and has no time to acquire it in the turmoil of modern life.”

“To make comprehensive to the average man the principles of philosophy would be even more difficult than to set forth briefly a comprehension of the higher mathematics, chemistry or physics. The philosopher, like the true chemist and physicist, does not concern himself with the practical results of his discoveries and teachings. It is for others to take the truths he enunciates and apply them to the practical affairs of life. And in general I firmly believe that no philosophy which has not some practical application to life is worth while.”

ETERNAL LIFE OF THE SOUL.

“After thirty years of original investigation and study I find that in the main the fundamental truth of our Western religions is not at variance with my philosophy. That truth predicates the existence of a creative force—God—call it what you will. Theology says that this force is a personal God. I do not pretend to say.”

Bergson says that the old conception of the future is all wrong, that the future exists in the present. The future is something which the vital principle makes exist with its own will and action.

From this is deduced what he terms the world will, which some call God, but if it be God, it is a different God from the popular conception, being without omnipotence and struggling upward through the world of matter and manifesting itself in individual lives, according to the Bergson philosophy.

“I firmly believe in the survival of the individual after death,” continued Prof. Bergson. “I cannot say that this future life will go on forever. Memory, intuition and pure reasoning exist independent of the brain. These things constituting the mind may be termed the soul of man; theology, indeed, so terms them. I have studied this matter for years, and I cannot in a few words give my reasons for believing as I do, but if it be true that the mind or soul, call it what you will, is independent of the brain, merely working through it, then it follows that this part of us lives after physical death.”

“And I further believe that we shall maintain after death our individuality—in other words, our identity. This soul of ours is a part of the great world will, or God, as some term it. Memory forms an important constituent of the mind; and why, if this is apart and distinct from the physical, should it perish with the body? It is against all logic that it should, and it is, furthermore, against scientific truth, which I believe to have been established.”

“Souls are nothing else than the little rills into which the great river of life divides itself, flowing through the body of humanity. The movement of the stream is distinct from the river-bed, although it must adopt its winding course. Consciousness is distinct from the organism it animates, although it must undergo its vicissitudes.”

SWAMI VIVEKANANDA.

WE have had lying on our table for some time a life of Swami Vivekananda published by the Swami Virajananda from the Advaita Ashrama in the Himalayas. It is the first volume, and the story of the great life which it portrays is only partially laid before us. The book closes with the *Nirvana* of the great teacher Ramakrishna Paramahansa who was the inspirer of the loftiest spiritual ideals of Vivekananda and who has exercised a profound and enduring influence upon the spiritual life of his generation. Not only Vivekananda, but the great Keshub Chunder Sen imbibed some of the most fruitful of his spiritual ideals and not a little of the catholicity which marked his latter-day teachings from the saint and hermit who lived in the quiet seclusion of the garden at Dakshineswar and incarnated in his personality—the spiritual aspiration of ancient and modern India. Among the great spiritual teachers of the world Ramakrishna Paramahansa will take his place in the front-rank. In deep and hourly communion with the impalpable, the invisible spirit pervading the universe, he had more of spiritual insight and illumination than what has been vouchsafed except to the most gifted; and Vivekananda was his chosen disciple. Ramakrishna was the Teacher and Vivekananda the Preacher. Ramakrishna was the fountain of inspiration; Vivekananda drank deep at the fountain and tempered the spiritual enthusiasm of the Master with an intellectuality that was his own and that had been broadened and strengthened by converse with the East and the West. Carlyle has told us in one of those sayings that will live, that the history of a nation is the history of its great men. There is a large substratum of truth behind this saying. A history of any particular epoch is the history of the forces social, religious and political which are operative in that age and are moulding the life of the community. A great man embodies the dominant forces of the time in any particular department of human action. He expresses them with emphasis. He gives them a direction all his own and imparts to them a volume and intensity which derives its impulse from the fervour of his enthusiasm. Ramakrishna and Vivekananda are great men in this sense. They are shining spiritual guides who will, for all time to come, influence the spiritual aspirations of the educated and the thoughtful among our countrymen. But Vivekananda was not merely a spiritual teacher. He was something more. He had full consciousness of the great truth that the human organism is a consistent whole; and the progress in a particular direction involves progress along the entire line, and that the vibrations of the rhythmic impulse would be felt over the entire organism. He was a patriot in the truest

sense of the term; and nothing gives a better description of the man and the teacher than the following observations of the biographer:—

“Not only as a monk does he travel, but as a prophet and patriot, observing constantly the customs, the usages and the culture of Hindusthan in all its parts. He busies himself with historic memories of the Past and with historic visions of the Future; he prays and weeps and hopes for a Better To-morrow in the land of his birth; and he is exultant and enthusiastic at what he perceives to be its inherent powers for constant Rejuvenescence and Adaptation. He becomes a Seer of the intrinsic superiorities in its Dharma and of the ultimate purposes of its social forms. He feels the heart-beats of the nation and comes to know wherein its life lies. He analyses and sees the strength and the greatness of the Hindu spiritual outlook, though he does not spare vigorous criticism of the way in which its highest ideals are being betrayed. Aye, even prior to the acquisition of his fame in the West, the Swami was the truest of patriots.”

“The Swami was the truest of patriots”—so says the biographer; and hence it was that the wrath of the *Englishman* was kindled; and the resources of invention were brought into requisition to slander the memory of a great man held in the highest respect by his countrymen. He was put down as preaching sedition in the guise of religion and appealing to the religious feelings of his countrymen to stir up hostility against the British Government. Never was a calumny more unfounded; and the lie direct to it is given in the pages of the volume which we have been reviewing and which we have great pleasure in recommending to the public. May not the *Englishman* go through it with profit?

—Editorial, *The Bengalee*, April 29, 13.

SWAMI ABHEDANANDA DOWN SOUTH

THE Atlanta Psychological Society has recently been the medium in and through which a rare and unusual privilege and opportunity has come to all who are interested in psychology, New Thought, metaphysics, Oriental philosophy, etc. Under the auspices of this society, Swami Abhedananda..... gave a series of lessons and lectures to a large and enthusiastic audiences.....

The keynote of the Vedanta is *Oneness*, and the Unity of All must be recognised in and through diversity, and in all the Swami's work he stressed and exemplified this oneness in Spirit and Truth. His initial lecture was given in the lecture room of

Carnegie Library. The subject was "The Relation of Soul to God." It was treated in a masterly way from both a scientific and metaphysical standpoint, satisfying both mind and heart, proving conclusively that all science leads to God, and showing the presence and immanence of God in and through and above all things, "a God at hand and not a God afar off." After hearing this lecture, one felt that the Relation of Soul to God is very close—very real and present—and that through the unifying principle of Love the Soul realises union with God and has Divine Communion.

At my home on Sunday evening, March 2, about sixty progressive people assembled to meet the Swami, and for a social evening. Some beautiful and interesting points were brought out here through the questions asked of the Swami. He talked much of his teacher, Ramakrishna, and his personal touch with him.....He also spoke of his spiritual brother or *gurubhai*, Swami Vivekananda....

On being asked of the Motherhood of God, the Swami said, the Divine Mother had always been recognised in Hindu religion, because the children can get so close to the Mother's heart. He says, as the child cries for its mother when it is tired and hungry, and its toys fail to amuse and satisfy it any more, and it desires only its mother and will have only her, and she takes it in her arms and to her bosom, and comforts it; so when *we*, the Divine Mother's *children*, are tired of all the toys of life, and are through with sense pleasures and enjoyments and long for and desire our Mother, cry for Her, and will to have only Her, then She will come to us.

At the Unitarian Church the Swami gave a course of eight lessons on Spiritual Unfoldment. These class lectures were largely attended by interested and sincere seekers after spiritual truth. He emphasised so vividly the importance of controlling and subjugating the lower nature by the awakening and conscious activity of the Higher. We must strive incessantly to know the Atman, or real Spiritual Self, and to sacrifice the selfish self, so that the Selfless Self or Spirit can manifest. Spirit will repulse all that is not Spiritual. Spiritual knowledge is the only knowledge worth while and to acquire Spiritual knowledge we must live the life of purity, that tends to grow such knowledge. We must, through concentration and meditation on higher things, and on the ideal, grow into higher things and reach our ideals and thus form a higher and more accurate ideal. The two final lectures of this course on God-Consciousness were gems of Spiritual worth, and the Divine afflatus felt by all will always linger.

The Unitarian and Universalist ministers invited the Swami to fill their pulpits, and a sermon given

by the Swami on Sunday morning, March the 9th, in the Unitarian Church, on account of the Spiritual power behind it and the veritable Power of the Presence, will go down in the lives of those who heard it as an hour of inspiration and uplift.

The Ethical Society also invited the Swami to lecture before them and a large crowd of Atlanta's representative people gathered at the Auditorium to hear him lecture on "India's Contribution to the World's Ethics." The salient and succinct truths that he brought out, about the invasion and subjugation of India's people, through living and practising the higher ethics of non-resistance and "loving thy neighbour as thyself," and "doing unto others as you would have others do unto you," and non-killing and non-stealing, were certainly forceful and food for thought. The lecture was very universal and covered the entire field of ethical research.

The Unity Club of the city, composed of the ministers of all churches, gave the Swami a reception in the parlours of the Piedmont Hotel, thus extending brotherly love and kindness and exemplifying the principle of Unity.

In all the Swami's sojourn with us he was never iconoclastic. Never tearing down or taking away, but giving a wider and more accurate perspective of all we had, he was truly eclectic, giving not only the best in Hindu philosophy, but the best in all philosophies.

While he is from the heart of the Orient and his messages distinctly Oriental in its pristine purity, yet his only propaganda is the propaganda of Truth, and he teaches that no people, place or thing have a monopoly in Truth, but all have Truth in the degree that we live the life and unfold the Spirit from within, and that the only freedom we have is in Spirit, and that Spirit leads us into all Truth. His final lecture in Atlanta was on the very interesting subject, "Reincarnation," and the overflow audience that greeted him at Cable Hall, Sunday afternoon, March 9th, showed the interest in this subject. The questions and answers pertaining to this great subject, Reincarnation, were a feature of this lecture. Having been cradled in the thought and being in his own element, the Swami answered scientifically and metaphysically all the intricate questions propounded to him on the subject. This meeting was one of great interest and worth and provoked much thought.

His coming and going has left a spirit of love, harmony and a greater feeling of Unity and Peace....

Mrs. Rose M. Ashby,

President of Atlanta Psychological Society,

Atlanta, Ga., in *The New Thought News*.

March 25.

NEWS AND MISCELLANIES

(CULLED AND CONDENSED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES)

THE new parcel post system in America has so taken the fancy of the public that the people are entrusting "Uncle Sam" with all sorts of things, from babies to white mice and hot pies. The first baby to be sent through the parcel post was the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Bagle, who from their home at Batavias, Ohio, mailed the child. The postage was 7½d, and the "parcel" which arrived safely, was insured for £10.

The Andhra observes:—The "Prabuddha Bharata" for February—March is devoted entirely to the life and teachings of the Swami Vivekananda and is appropriately called the Swami Vivekananda number. The unpublished lectures and sayings of the great teacher give us new ideals and new thoughts for the regeneration of India. The number affords much food for reflection and places the ideal of Vedanta in clear outline.

THE great mass of the people of this country (England) are profoundly indifferent to all the churches and to religion as represented by them. The advance in scientific discovery and in temporal well-being has brought about a spirit of practical materialism which tends to make religion both unnecessary and unreal. It is quite true, as every careful observer must realise, that this is only part of a general decadence that marks our modern civilisation.—Dr. Selbie, M. A., D. D.

MR. A. C. Body, a West Australian miner went to the Beverley district three years ago with his wife, two children, £3 worth of stores, and £5 in cash. The timber at the new place was very thick, but Body cleared 300 acres of it singlehanded, and later sold the cleared farm for £600. He has now an outfit worth £1,000, 465 acres of fallow land, and

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.

250 acres in crops and he will put in 600 acres next year. All this was done on a £5 start, in three years, and Mr. Body had no loan from any bank.

IN the excavations which have been going on at Taxila, in the Rawalpindi district, already jewels, coins and a temple of the Scythian period have been discovered. With respect to the excavations at Taxila, only the suburbs have at present been reached and discoveries of even greater importance than those made up to now are expected when the Royal buildings are unearthed. The finds already made consist in part of gems, including a large number of pearls of various sizes which possess after so great a lapse of time some appreciable value even from a merely commercial point of view.

THE following Sunday lectures were delivered by the Swamis Trigunatita and Prakashananda at the Hindu Temple, San Francisco, U. S. A., during May.

May 4: Vedanta's Place in the Domain of Religion. Self-culture. Conversion of the Inner Man.

May 11: Simple and Complex Living. Does Vedanta Teach Pessimism? Trinity and Unity.

May 18: How to Lead the Life of Harmony? God-Realisation. Is Vedanta Pantheistic?

• May 25: Signs of a Freed Soul. Man: His Greatness in His Littleness. Science of the Supernatural.

MANY people imagine that to express a liking for onions denotes a vulgar taste; but this much despised vegetable has many excellent qualities. It contains a large quantity of nitrogenous matter and uncrystallisable sugar with a pungent sulphuric oil. If children were encouraged to eat onions, many an illness might be prevented, and many a doctor's bill saved, says a writer in the "Family Doctor." If baby has a cold, or seems croupy, frequent doses of onion syrup will give wonderful relief. The syrup is obtained by cutting the onion into slices, and covering each with brown sugar and putting one on the top of another in a basin. Roasted onions with sweet oil makes a good poultice for a cold in the chest. In the sick room

you cannot have a better disinfectant than the onion. It has a wonderful capacity for absorbing germs; a dish of sliced onions placed in a sick room will draw away the disease; they must be removed as soon as they lose their odour and become discoloured, and be replaced by fresh ones. For those who can take them, a raw onion eaten just before retiring is very beneficial—it acts as a tonic to the nervous system, purifies the blood, helps digestion, and very often prevents insomnia.

Awakened China is now going to have a brand-new alphabet. As the present Chinese alphabet consists of 8,000 characters, the change is going to be one of the most remarkable in the history of letters, for the new alphabet will contain only forty-two characters.

Hitherto the unfortunate Chinese children have been forced to memorise at least 8,000 ideograms or characters,—“Hieroglyphics,” we generally call them, the queer little quirks and quirleques. Then they have many more thousands to learn, for every one of the queer Chinese marks means some sound, some syllable or some object, and there is a different one for everything.

“The task” says a French publication, “was entrusted to a learned committee composed of Chow. Hi Chu, the secretary of the Chinese legation at Rome, the adjunct secretaries Wan and Chou, and Solonghello, professor of Chinese and Japanese at the School of Oriental Languages in Naples, and one of the greatest polyglots in the world. These gentlemen have studied all known alphabets and combined them to form one which shall represent every sound in the Chinese tongue. The alphabet adopted by them consists of forty-two characters, of which twenty-three are vowels and nineteen consonants.

“Of the vowels four are taken from the Greek, four from the Russian, five from Latin, and one from Chinese. Of the nine remaining vowels, two are modified signs, and seven are reversed ideograms.”

We gather the following interesting facts from a correspondent's letter to the *Manchester Guardian* :—

Women in Travancore—except the Bráhman women—are, and always have been, politically and

socially on an equality and more than on an equality with men. For this is the only civilised State in which “matriarchy” still prevails. That doesn't mean—though the word suggests it—that women govern, though, in fact, the succession to the throne passes to women equally with men. But it means that women is the head of the family, and that the property follows her line, not the man's. All women own property equally with men, and own it in their own right. The mother's property passes to her children, but the father's passes to his mother's brother or sister or their descendants. Relationship means descent from a common mother, whereas descent from a common father is a negligible fact. Women administer their own property, and administer it more prudently than the men.

The Nair women have in marriage the superior position occupied by men in the West. The Nair woman chooses her own husband; he comes to her house; she does not go to his; and, till recently, she could dismiss him as soon as she was tired of him. Now mutual consent is required by law for a valid divorce. Still the woman is, at least on this point, on an equality with the man. The people live under a paternal monarchy “by right divine.” The Rajah who consolidated the kingdom, early in the eighteenth century, handed it over formally to the God of the temple, and the state administers it in His name. Incidentally this gave the Rajah access to temple revenues. It also makes his person sacred. So much so that in a recent prison riot, when the convicts escaped and marched to the police with their grievances, the Rajah had only to appear and tell them to march back to prison, and they did so, to a man, and took their punishment. The government, it will be seen, is not by votes. Still there are votes for local councils, and women have them equally with men. Any other arrangement would have seemed merely preposterous to the Nairs and perhaps if any exclusion had been contemplated it would have been of men rather than of women.

Other incidental results follow from the equality of the sexes. The early marriages do not prevail among the Nairs. Consequently the schooling of girls is continued later. And this State holds the record in all India for female education.