

THE PRABUDDHA BHARATA OR AWAKENED INDIA

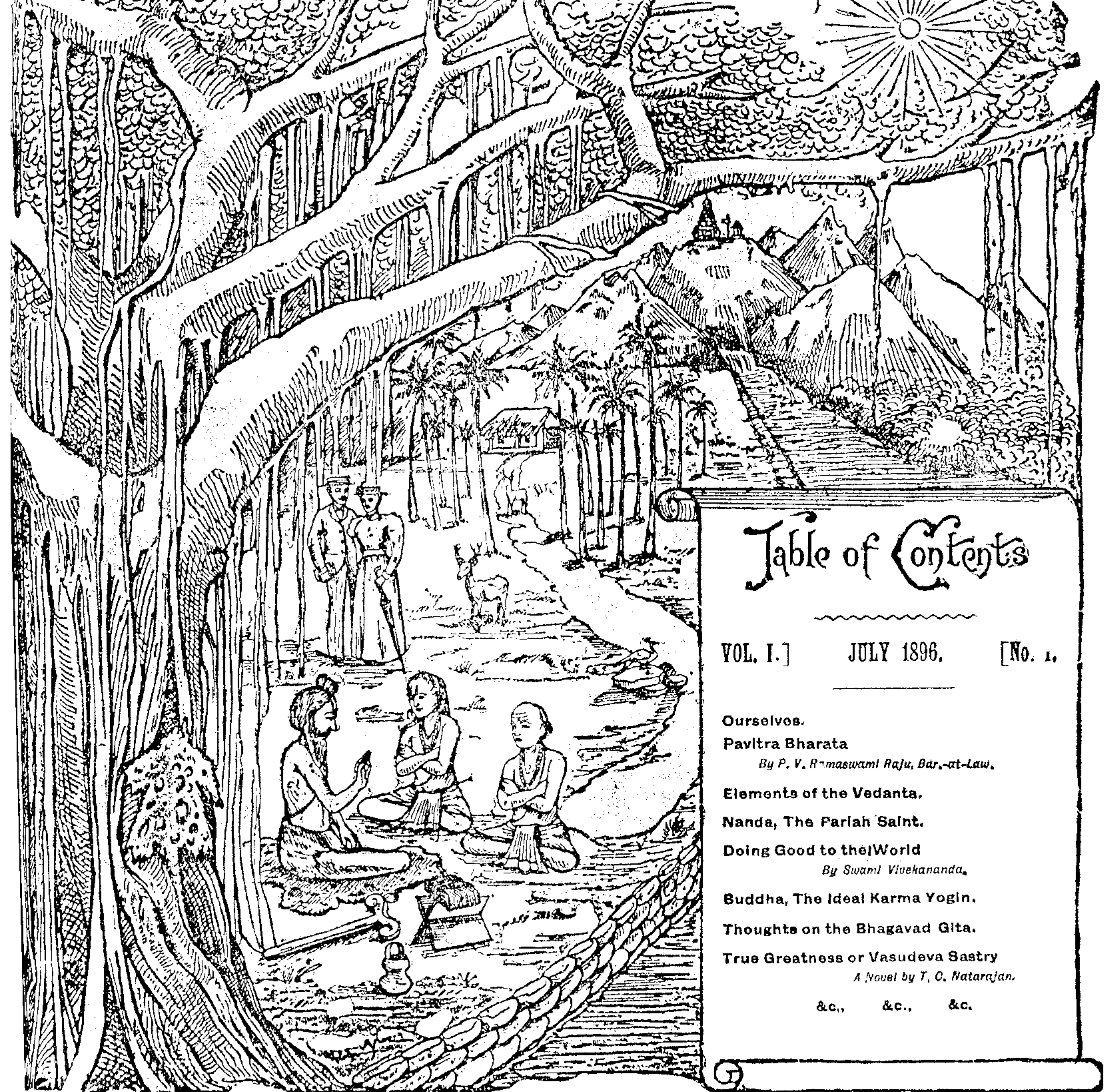


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PROSPECTUS.

'The Prabuddha Bharata or Awakened India.

A Monthly Magazine devoted to Religion and Philosophy published on the 1st of every Month.

In the wonderful disposition of Providence, it has been designed that truths revealed, perhaps for the first time to the sages of our country and treasured up by them in a monumental form, should cross oceans and mountains and spread among nations utterly foreign to us both in their past and their present lives. The Kantian revolution in Western Philosophy the out-pourings of the Upanishad-intoxicated Schopenhaur, the abstruse metaphysics of the Post-Kantians, the revival of Sanskrit Study, the Theosophic Movement, the conversion and activity of Mrs. Besant, the remarkable lectures of Max Muller, the Great Parliament of Religions and the timely appearance of Swami Vivekananda have all been unswervingly tending to the dissemination of those great truths, Kripânanda, Abhayânanda, Yogânanda and a whole host of converts to Vedantism are springing up everywhere. Science itself has become a willing tool in the hands of our ancient philosophy. The word Vedanta is nearly as familiar on the shores of Lake Michigan as on the banks of the Ganges.

In the midst of such revivalistic stirring, noise and fervour abroad, it is painful to notice that materialism,—such is the result of the one-sided Western education given in our Schools and colleges—should in one form or another still have a considerable sway in our own country. With a view to remedy this sad state of affairs as far as it may be in our humble means, it has been arranged to start a Journal devoted to our Religion and Philosophy called the **Prabuddha Bha'rata** or **AWAKENED INDIA**. It will be a sort of supplement to the **Brahmavadin** and seek to do for students, young men and others what that is already doing so successfully for the more advanced classes. It will with that view endeavour to present the sacred truths of Hindu Religion and the sublime and beautiful ideal of the Vedanta in as simple homely, and interesting a manner as possible, and amongst others, will contain **Puranic and Classical Episodes** illustrative of those great truths and that high ideal, **Philosophical Tales and Novels of Modern type**, short articles on Philosophical Subjects written in a *simple, popular style free from technicalities* and the **Lives and Teachings of Great Sages and Bhaktas** irrespective of caste, creed or nationality, who are and ever will be the beacon lights of humanity.

The conductors of the magazine undertake the work purely as a labour of love and they have secured the sympathy and support of some of the eminent Thinkers of the day including **Swami Vivekananda** now in America. They look for no personal gain from the concern and their only aim is to get for the truths of the Hindu Religion as wide a circulation as possible. The subscription is fixed at the very low figure of **Re. 1-8 per annum**, including postage, specially with a view to place it within the means of every one, however poor, who has a regard for the higher interests of life. To our youths who are misled by the glamour of materialism, the **Prabuddha Bha'rata** will ever be a continual warning voice and a religious instructor and to our more advanced brethren its pages will afford a pleasant and healthy spiritual recreation. It should therefore be the look-out of every young man to provide himself with a copy, and parents especially will be failing in their duty if they do not subscribe for the Journal at least in the interests of their children.

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THE Prabuddha Bhārata* OR AWAKENED INDIA.

ब्रह्मविदाप्नोति परम्.

"He who knows the Supreme attains the highest."—*Tait. Upan. II. 1. 1.*

VOL. I.
No. 1.

MADRAS, JULY 1896.

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Ourself.

THE ready response with which our prospectus has been favored on all sides, the eagerness with which our movement has been welcomed, and the support that has been generously promised to us in several quarters, all show that the time is ripe for similar undertakings, that there is a real demand in the country for spiritual nourishment—for the refreshment of the soul. But a few years ago, the *Prabuddha Bhārata* or the *Brahmavādin* would have been utterly impossible. The promise of many a western 'ism' had to be tried, and the problem of life had itself been forgotten for a while in the noise and novelty of the steam-engine and the electric tram; but unfortunately steam-engines and electric trams do not clear up the mystery; they only thicken it. This was found out, and a cry, like that of the hungry lion, arose for religion and things of the soul. Science eagerly offered its latest discoveries, but all its evolution theories and heredity doctrines did not go deep enough. Agnosticism offered its philosophy of indifference, but no amount of that kind of opium-eating could cure the fever of the heart. The Christian Missionary offered his creed, but as a creed it would not suit; India had grown too big for that coat.

Just then it was found, and here is the wonder of Providential disposition, that the eyes of the western world were themselves turned towards India, turned, not as of old for the gold and silver she could give, but for the more lasting treasures contained in her ancient sacred literature. Christian Missionaries in their eager-

ness to vilify the Hindu, had opened an ancient magic chest the very smell of whose contents caused them to faint. Oriental scholars, the Livingstones of eastern literature, had unwittingly invoked a deity, which it was not in their power to appease. As philologists are succeeded by philosophers, Colebrookes and Caldwells give birth to Schopenhauers and Deussens. The white man and his fair lady stray into the Indian woods and there, come across the Hindu sage under the banyan tree. The hoary tree, the cool shade, the refreshing stream, and above all the hoarier, cooler and the more refreshing philosophy that falls from his lips enchant them. The discovery is published; pilgrims multiply. A Sanyasin from our midst carries the altar fire across the seas. The spirit of the Upanishads makes a progress in distant lands. The procession develops into a festival. Its noise reaches Indian shores, and behold! our motherland is awakening.

We all remember the story—the Sleeping Beauty—how she was shut up by enchantment in a castle where she slept a hundred years, how during that time an impenetrable wood sprang up around her, and how at last she was disenchanted by a fair young prince and married him. India may be likened to that Sleeping Beauty: she has slept very long indeed and thick forests of confusing creeds—social, political and religious—have grown up around her. The enchantment that sent her to sleep was Providence itself, the most mysterious of all kinds of magic. When she began to sleep, the fair young prince (the modern civilised world)

* A name suggested by Swāmi Vivekānanda which, while it means Awakened India, also indicates the close relationship that exists between Hinduism and Buddhism.

now wooing her was not on the scene. At present however, the lover's suit is progressing, the thick forests are clearing away, and the marriage of the east and the west, which promises to come off in no distant date, will be one of the grandest, the most romantic and the most fruitful marriages known to history.

The awakening we speak of, of which there is an abundance of symptoms on every side will however not be like that of an eagle, which rises from sleep with renewed vigor and strength to roam and to fight, but that of a nightingale melting the hearers' hearts with its soft sweet melodies. Already the message of our motherland has gone to nations burning with social and political fever, and soothed them. To serve in the spreading of that message, and help in clearing away the haze that naturally prevails in our newly awakened country, after so long a sleep, will be the ambition of the Journal we have been enabled to bring into life to-day. The task we have set to ourselves is lighter than it would otherwise be, as there are journals like the *Brahma-vaidin* already working in the field with wonderful results. Ours is only a humble attempt in the direction of these Journals and simplicity and fervour will be our chief aim. We have great faith in the system of teaching principles by means of stories and indeed, as Swâmi Vivekânanda wrote in his letter to us 'There is a great great chance, much more than you dream of, for those wonderful stories scattered all over the Sanskrit literature to be re-written and made popular.' For these stories are not like the unhealthy, sensational, fifth-rate French novels of the day, the cobwebs spun by idle brains, but the natural flowers of great minds that could, from a Himalayas-like philosophic altitude take a sweeping and sympathetic survey of the human race. That is why they bear the stamp of immortality on them. Centuries rolled away before the Râmâyana and Mahâbhârata appeared, and centuries have yet to roll on before another of their kind can be made. They are not older than the mountains, but they will live longer than the mountains, and have more influence. One special feature of these stories is that they have a different meaning for every stage of human growth, and the ordinary man as well as the philosopher enjoys them, though each understands them in his own way. The reason for that is, that these stories were

composed by men, far advanced in the ladder of human progress, some of whom, indeed, were on the top-most rung. Extracts and adaptations from these great books will be a chief feature of our Journal.

It is not however, intended to fill the whole Journal with stories only. Every issue will contain a number of articles on serious subjects; but care will be taken to make them simple and interesting, and the technicalities of metaphysics will be scrupulously avoided. We shall endeavour to act up, as far as we can, to the advice which Swâmi Vivekânanda has kindly given us with regard to the conduct of the Journal:—"Avoid all attempts to make the Journal scholarly; it will slowly make its way all over the world, I am sure. Use the simplest language possible and you will succeed. The main feature should be the teaching of *principles* through stories. Do not make it metaphysical at all. . . . Go on bravely. Do not expect success in a day or a year. Always hold on to the highest. Be steady. . . . Be obedient and eternally faithful to the cause of truth, humanity and your country and you will move the world. Remember it is the person—the life which is the secret of power, nothing else. . . ."—and he has generously undertaken to contribute to the Journal as often as he can.

Though an organ of Hindu religion, the *Prabuddha Bhârata* will have no quarrel with any other religion; for, really speaking, all religions are simply different phases of the same Truth, different methods of approaching God. 'I am in all religions as the string in a pearl garland,' says the Lord. What humanity is to man, what existence is to living beings, that, Vedântism is to religions: it is their common essence, their inner unity, and as such, it can possibly have no quarrel with any of them—the whole has no quarrel with the part. On the other hand, it approves of the existing differences, and even welcomes their multiplication, so that no man might be left godless for want of a religion suited to his nature.

This Vedântic ideal of religious unity, or rather, of religious variety implies, not merely the spiritual growth of the individual from stage to stage but also the growth of society by the due co-ordination of creeds. The *Prabuddha Bhârata* will deal with both the aspects of the ideal. The individuals make up the society, and the advancement of the former necessarily results in that of the latter. At

the same time, society acts upon the individual, and conditions him. As the two are thus found to act and re-act on each other, it is necessary, that, side by side with the ideal of individual perfection, that of social perfection should also be presented. The ideal society, according to the Vedānta, is not a millennium on earth, nor a reign of angels, where there will be nothing but thorough equality of men, and peace, and joy—the Vedānta indulges in no such chimeras—but one, where religious toleration, neighbourly charity, and kindness even to animals form the leading features, where the fleeting concerns of life are subordinated to the eternal, where man strives not to externalise, but to internalise himself more and more, and the whole social organism moves, as it were, with a sure instinct towards God. This ideal will be steadily presented in these pages, but no attempt will be made to restore old institutions which have had their day, any more than to restore to life a dead tree. Our object will be to present the ideal, which, fortunately, never gets too old, leaving everyone to seek his own path of realisation. The policy of breaking away from society and that of allowing it to grow of itself have, both of them their uses, and are equally welcome. But it is our firm conviction, that any real social advancement towards the ideal can only be effected by the example and teachings of men, who are intimately acquainted with the foundations of our society, or for that matter, any society whatsoever, who, by means of their own perfection, can understand the successive stages of human evolution as fully and as naturally, as the old man understands the child, the boy, and the adult, who know that, whether we will or no, the progress of the society as well as of the individual is always Godward, and know also that the means has always to be consistently subordinated to the end. Society is no toy and its architects *cannot* be ordinary men. The truest social reform has, at all times, come only from men, who strove to *be* good, rather than to *do* good, men from whose personal goodness sprang social advancement as naturally, as noiselessly and as beautifully as the smell from the full blown rose.

Having thus far stated, at some length, the objects and methods of the present Journal, we leave it to our readers to judge for themselves how far they are right and deserve encouragement. The movement would not have sprung into existence but for the active support of some really

great men. 'To work we have the right' and the fruits are cheerfully resigned to Him who guides all and Himself wants no guide.

Pavitra Bhārata

AND

THE STORY OF NACHIKETA.

BHĀRATA is the name of our country, which foreigners have called India. Bhārata is of many kinds. There is Brahma Bhārata or the Bhārata of the priestly class, who aim at salvation by ritualistic observances enjoined by the Vedas. There is Kshatriya Bhārata of the military classes, who have, from time immemorial, been famous for their valour in the field of battle, and for the skill with which they have protected the rights of the various classes of people that constitute a kingdom. There is Vanija Bhārata or the Bhārata of the mercantile communities. Similarly there is Pevitra Bhārata, or, Holy India as we may put it in English, of the many men of internal light and peace, who, in conformity with the exalted tenets of that creed of creeds—the Vedānta—have concentrated their minds on the glory of the Paramatman and qualified themselves for bliss that knows no alloy. The character of this Pavitra Bhārata—i.e., mainly with respect to its aims—is illustrated by the beautiful story of Nachiketa. There was a great king who had a son named Nachiketa. Prince Nachiketa did not trouble himself much about mundane matters. He had a devotional turn of mind. His instincts led him to the Parametman. He was desirous of knowing all about Him. His father performed a great sacrifice, at which all the worldly effects at his command were given away to the officiating priests. The very territories of the king, including the royal domains, were given away. Nachiketa asked his father in a meditative mood—"Father, to whom do you give me?" The king replied—"I give you unto death." Nachiketa went over to the mansion of death, and lay down on the dais in front of the portal of his garden. Three days had so passed away; Yama turned up eventually, and finding the royal youth at his gate, said—"Young man, I am sorry to see you here without food or drink for three days. The wise have said that the man, who lies at the gate of another without food or drink for a day, takes away a great deal of the good that belongs to him. You have been at my gate, for three days like that. I am certainly a loser to a great extent by it. Let me compensate myself by granting you three boons. Specify them as you please." Nachiketa began by saying—"O Yama, my first boon shall be a mind free from passion and full of peace." Yama saw the direction in which the young man was moving. He replied—"O Nachiketa, it behoves you to ask for more useful and desirable things than this. Here are fair women, excellent

chariots, concerts of music, immense wealth, luxuries seldom known to men, take them all and many more like them. I shall give you long life—ay, longer life than the longest yet known on earth, with perpetual youth and vigour. Take them all my good man and be happy.” Nachiketa replied—“O Yama, these are all subject to ‘the taint of a to-morrow.’ I want that which is eternal and which knows no beginning nor middle nor end.” The young man stuck to his point. Yama endeavoured his best to get him out of it. But all his efforts were in vain. Nachiketa had his wish. The Paramatman was revealed to him by Yama. The Prince returned to his father’s house and lived like a *Samyamee*, or, spiritual anchorite, attending to the affairs of this world in the spirit in which one like him alone could attend to them. He used to say to every one that asked him—“who attained pre-eminent happiness?”—in the words of scripture, “*Brahma Vid-āpnotiparam.*”—i.e., “He, who knows the Supremo Being attains Supreme Bliss.” This is the innate wish of all good and holy men who form Pavitra Bhārata. It is their greatness that makes up the greatest greatness of Bhārata. It is this greatness of Bhārata that has secured for it the reverence of the world’s population. Long live Pavitra Bhārata!

P. V. RAMANWAMI RAJU,
(Bar.-at-Law.)

A Fowler and a Serpent.

THERE was an old lady of the name of Gautami who was remarkable for her patience and tranquillity of mind. One day she found her son dead in consequence of having been bitten by a serpent. A fowler, by name Arjunaka, bound the serpent with a string, brought it before Gautami and said “This wicked serpent has been the cause of thy son’s death. O blessed lady, tell me quickly how this wretch is to be destroyed! Shall I throw it into the fire or shall I hack it into pieces? This infamous killer of a child does not deserve to live longer.”

Gautami replied: “Do thou, O Arjunaka! release this serpent. It doth not deserve death at thy hands. By killing it, this my boy will not be restored to life and by letting it live, no harm will be caused to thee. Who would go to the interminable regions of death by slaying this living creature? Those that make themselves light by the practice of virtue, manage to cross the sea of life, even as a ship crosses the ocean. But those that make themselves heavy with sin, sink into the bottom, even as an arrow thrown into the water.”

The fowler—“I know, O thou lady that knoweth the difference between right and wrong, that the great are afflicted at the afflictions of all creatures. Those who value peace of mind assign every thing to the course of Time, but practical men soon assuage their grief by revenge. Therefore, O lady, assuage thy grief by having the serpent destroyed by me.”

Gautami—“People like us are never afflicted by such misfortune. Good men are always intent on virtue, the death of the boy was predestined: therefore I am unable to approve of the destruction of this serpent. Brahmins do not harbour resentment, because resentment leads to pain. Do thou, O good man, forgive and release the serpent out of compassion.”

The fowler—“Let us earn great and inexhaustible merit hereafter, by killing this creature, even as a man acquires great merit and confers it on his victim as well, by sacrifice upon the altar. Merit is acquired by killing an enemy; by killing this despicable creature, thou shalt acquire great and true merit hereafter.”

Gautami—“What good is there in tormenting and killing an enemy, and what good is won by not releasing an enemy in our power? Therefore, O thou of benign countenance, why should we not forgive this serpent and earn merit by releasing it.”

The fowler—“A great number of creatures ought to be protected from the wickedness of this one. Virtuous men abandon the vicious to their doom. Let me therefore kill this wicked creature.”

Gautami—“By killing this serpent, my son, O fowler, will not be restored to life, nor do I see that any other end will be attained by its death; therefore, do thou, O fowler, release that living creature. It came not into life by our order, nor does it live through our sufferance, we have no right to kill it.”

The fowler said—“Nor had it any right to kill thy child, O sacred mother?”

Gautami—“The death of my child was a predestined affair, it was the will of God and the serpent was only the instrument. And even granting that it was the real and only cause of my child’s death, its committing a sin will not justify our doing the same. It fell into error through ignorance and our killing it will be much more than an error: it will be a sin committed with knowledge and therefore wilfully.”

The fowler: “By killing Vritra, Indra secured the best portion of sacrificial offerings and so also did Mahadeva by destroying a wicked sacrifice. Do thou, therefore, destroy this serpent immediately without any misgivings in thy mind.”

Although thus repeatedly urged by the fowler for the destruction of the serpent, the high-souled Gautami did not bend her mind to that sinful act. The serpent painfully bound with the cord, sighing a little and maintaining its composure with great difficulty, then uttered these words slowly in human voice.

“O foolish Arjunaka, what fault is there of mine? I have no will of my own and am not independent! Mrityu (the God of death) sent me on this errand! By his direction have I bitten this child and not out of any anger or choice on my part, therefore, if there be any sin in this, O fowler, the sin is his.”

The fowler said “If thou hast done this evil led thereto by another, the sin is thine also, as thou art an instrument in the act. As in the making of an earthen vessel, the potter’s wheel and rod and

other things are all regarded as causes, so art thou O serpent, a cause in the matter.

The serpent said—'As the potter's wheel, rod and other things are not independent causes, even so I am not an independent cause! Therefore this is no fault of mine, nor am I guilty of any sin! Or if thou thinkest that there is sin, it lies in the aggregate of causes.'

The fowler said—'Not deserving of life, O foolish one, why dost thou bandy so many words, O wretch of a serpent? Thou deservest death at my hands.'

The serpent replied—'O fowler, as the officiating priests at a sacrifice do not acquire the merit of the act, even so should I be regarded with respect to the result in this connection.'

The serpent directed by Mrityu, having said this, Mrityu himself appeared there and, addressing the serpent, spoke thus:

'Guided by Kāla, (Time) I, O serpent, sent thee on this errand and neither thou nor I am the cause of this child's death. Even as the clouds are tossed hither and thither by the wind, I am, O serpent, directed by Kāla. All influences appertaining to Satwa or Rajas or Tamas have Kāla for their soul, as they operate in all creatures. The whole universe, O serpent, is imbued with this same influence of Kāla. Sun, moon, water, wind, fire, sky, earth, rivers and oceans and all existent and non-existent objects are created and destroyed by Kāla. Knowing this, why dost thou, O serpent accuse me? If any fault attach to me in this, thou also wouldst be to blame.'

The serpent replied—'I do not, O Mrityu, blame thee. I only aver that I was influenced and directed by thee. Whether any blame attaches to Kāla or not, it is not for me to say.'

Then addressing the fowler, it said 'thou hast listened to what Mrityu has said; therefore it is not proper for thee to torment me who am guiltless, by tying me with this cord!'

The fowler replied—'I have listened to thee as well as to Mrityu and both of you are the cause of the child's death. Accursed be the wicked and vengeful Mrityu that causes affliction to the good! Thee, I shall kill, that art sinful and engaged in sinful acts.'

Mrityu said,—'We both are not free agents, but are dependent on Kāla and ordained to do our appointed work. Thou shouldst not find fault with us, if thou dost consider the matter thoroughly.'

Hardly had he said this, when Kāla himself appeared on the scene and spoke thus to the party assembled together.

Neither Mrityu nor the serpent nor I, am guilty of the death of any creature. We are merely the immediate causes. The true cause is the past karma (action) of that creature. The child here, died by the result of its own karma in the past. As men make, from a lump of clay, whatever they wish to make even so do men attain to various results determined by karma. As light and shadow are related to each other, so are men related to karma through their own actions. Therefore none here

caused the child's death, he himself was the cause.'

Gautami said—'Neither Kāla, nor Mrityu, nor the serpent is the cause in this matter. This child has met with death as the result of its own karma. I too have so acted in the past, that my son should now die. Let now Kāla and Mrityu retire from this place and do thou Arjuna release this serpent.'

Then Kāla and Mrityu and the serpent and the fowler went back to their respective places, but Gautami who knew the truth smiled and said to herself—'What a drama! this is! Karma is itself a conventional word. The ruth is, not in atoms, but by the bidding of the Lord, nay not an atom is outside Him and where then are life and death?'

—(Adapted from the Mahabharata.)

Elements of the Vedānta.

CHAPTER I.

THE OBJECT OF VEDĀNTA.

It was a very 'beauteous evening calm and free' like the heart of saint. Nature seemed to be wrapt up in herself in blissful meditation—like a sage in Samadhi. The birds had gone to their nests; the cattle were safe in their sheds, and after the day's toil, man was either saying his prayers, or enjoying the repose that reigned throughout. The nightingale alone was pouring forth a flood of the softest melody, which accorded very well with the sublime stillness of the hour. The song of any other bird would have appeared silly at that time. The gentle, unobtrusive smell of the flowers of the evening enhanced its sweetness, while the gentle stream of the infant moon-light of the time lent to it an ineffable charm. The Jamna was flowing on at its usual majestic pace, and on its silver sands, now become classic by the wealth of associations, and on that splendid moon-lit evening, sat Krishna accompanied by the gopis, and Radha. Rukhmani and Satyabama. The favorite flute was soon on his lips, and the tune he sang at that silent hour,—ah! who can describe it—was to the galaxy that surrounded him a veritable magic spell. This harmony was not however to last long, for shortly after, Krishna noticed a calf lying dead at a few yards' distance from them, and when approached, it was found to be his most favourite one. The sorrow for the loss was general, but after musing for a while, Krishna said: 'No matter: it can be restored to life. There is one way for it and only one, and that is, that every one of you should speak out what she most sincerely desires at this hour, what thoughts the moonlight, the river and this evening hour put into her mind. This, if honestly and frankly said would bring back the calf to life. Such is the power of truth.'

It was agreed to, and the ladies began one after another to speak out their hearts. One gopi said 'I should most like to undisturbedly enjoy the music of thy magic flute, O my Krishna! That I value above all others.' Another said 'I wish to swim with thee in this delightful moonlight in this Jumna which flows on like melted silver.' A third said 'I have always been longing, and the desire is now intensified, O! Krishna, for as much independence as man has, longing to set at naught all social superstitions about woman's modesty, weakness and so forth, all of which merely mean woman's slavery, to wear male attire, and walk about with a stick in hand and shoes and turban just wherever I please. Woman's life, as it is, is simply a curse.' A fourth said 'I should like to be a rishi saying his prayers on the Himalayas and performing ablutions on evenings like these at the very birthplace of the Ganges.' Another said 'I wish to go about helping the poor, looking after the sick and the wounded and carry consolation and peace to desolate homes. What selfish enjoyment could be desired in this world so full of misery?' 'I should like to be a great orator' said another delivering, on evenings like the, eloquent speeches on the reform of society, advancement of civilisation and so on, and be talked about everywhere. 'These do not please me' said another 'I should like to be the very harmony that reigns in this hour, the inner calm that pervades the world this splendid evening.' The turn passed on—one wanted wealth, another jewels, another beauty, and so on—till it came to Satyabama and she said 'my only wish at all times, is to have you my Krishna, incomprehensible cunning Krishna, all for myself.' Then followed Radha saying 'Beautiful as our bodies are, I wish that we should cast them off and be the very love that binds us both. I wish to be all love and nothing else. There is nothing sweeter or more beautiful.' Last came Rukhmani's turn and she said 'My Lord, what a curious drama you have acted in so short a time! All my sisters here have spoken the truth, but what pleased one did not please the rest, and that is because the things desired have no intrinsic virtue of their own. One thing however is common among all here, namely, a desire for happiness and that too for that kind of happiness, knowing which the mind does not wish to know further and where it permanently abides. It is this stability, this fullness of knowledge and this happiness that all seek alike, but they seek for them exactly where they are not. The large catalogue of things now desired by them itself shows that it is not in the power of any external thing to give what they seek. I have learnt this, and knowing this, sit calm; and in the 'myself' or rather the self that alone remains (for the 'my' is a changing external thing) are all the three—permanence, bliss and knowledge. All I desire is, that I should desire nothing and be the self alone.' No sooner were these words spoken, than the calf, which had already begun to show signs of life, rose up and danced with joy before the lovely group.

Rukhmani's words in the above story are pregnant with wisdom. To understand them aright, we shall study the story a little more closely. Gopi Lakshmi wants jewels: she thinks that they would make her happy. Here, evidently the desire is not, for jewels as such, but for the happiness which she expects them to give. Gopi Sarasvati thinks about Lakshmi's request within herself 'Jewels I have known, they please it is true, but only for a while. A more lasting pleasure is that of learning: nobody can rob me of that: so I want learning. It will make me perfectly happy.' Had Lakshmi already known about the happiness which jewels give, doubtless, she would have asked for something else. It is therefore plain that the mind seeks not for mere happiness, but for happiness with a new element of permanence added to it, and it tries one thing after another and says 'this won't do: this won't do.' Had the happiness from jewels been stable and all sufficient, the mind would have rested there, and there would have been no longing to know about learning and the happiness that it could give. In other words the knowledge of jewels is not all-sufficient, because the happiness from it is not all-sufficient and stable. Where there is perfect happiness, there the mind does not seek to know further, for desire means insufficiency—want. Therefore perfect bliss is identical with all-knowledge (*i. e.*, the absence of necessity to know further), and no bliss can be perfect unless it be all-knowing as well as permanent. So perfect happiness means all-permanence all-knowledge and all-bliss. The mind is constantly seeking for perfect happiness, *i. e.*, for the above indivisible triad. Life is nothing but a chain of experiences and under the prompting of the inner impulse to seek this triad, we try one thing after another, wealth, learning, beauty, fame, &c., and after ages and ages of experience come to know what Rukhmani has said—that no external thing can ever give what we seek.

The result is, the mind gives up the futile search and ceases to do its only function—that of projecting itself into the external world, and searching for and collecting experience. But the cessation of this function does not mean total annihilation of life. There is an ultimate substratum of consciousness behind the mind, as is daily seen in sound dreamless slumber where the mind is at rest. This consciousness is always present, it is permanent. Does it want to know anything outside itself, or does it want anything at all? No, for the mind by which it communicated with the outer world has already given up its work as useless. When I go to office, I wear my coat and turban. Suppose I resign my office work as not worth my while: then I lay aside the turban and coat and remain free. Similarly when the search after external things is found not worth the while, the mind is laid aside and the consciousness behind it lives by itself: it does not want to know anything outside, nor does it want anything at all, and it always is. In other words it is all permanence, knowledge and bliss. It is this three-fold compound which is called the Self.

The mind, in all its longings after external things, as we have seen, really seeking the above indivisible compound—the Self—only in the wrong place, as the beetle in the story of Sir Walter Raleigh's escape from prison, that went seeking after butter smeared on its own head. Therefore does the Upanishad say 'Behold, not indeed for the husband's sake the husband is dear, but for the sake of the Self is dear, the husband. Behold, not indeed for the wife's sake the wife is dear, but for the sake of the Self is dear, the wife.'

This Self is not myself, or thyself for, the 'mine' and 'thine' belong to the mind which, as we have seen must cease before the Self is realised. In the light of the Self, the differences of I and You are not. The aim of the Vedānta is to point out where the Self is and how it can be reached. Whether we will or no, we or rather all living creatures are really seeking the Self in all their doings and the Vedānta only helps us in shaping our efforts in the right direction.

Seekers after God.

1. NANDA, THE PARIAH SAINT.

It has been well remarked, 'how poor a thing is man if above himself he cannot erect himself'; and this erecting of ourselves above ourselves means nothing more than drawing out and developing the divinity that lies concealed in us. Man is a compound of brutality, humanity and divinity (Tamas, Rajas and Satwa) and in proportion as the last is developed, the other two leave him. Not the least remarkable of those that succeeded in this development of divinity—this erecting of oneself above oneself—was Nanda otherwise called, as we shall see why, *Tirunalaipovar*.

Nanda was born in the Pariah caste, about six hundred years ago. The pariahs are probably the remnants of the ancient non-Aryans of the land and are, as is well-known, a despised class. They are regarded as outside the pale of the great Hindu castes—Brahma, Kshatriya, Vaisya and Sudra—and it is considered pollution for a man of the three higher castes to approach a pariah. They are in some places attached to land as serfs and in others live by cultivating the soil and are, for their labor, rewarded with a share of the produce, just enough to maintain themselves and their families. In no case however, have they the opportunity for growing rich or owning property. The religious generosity of the higher castes having seldom been so great as to reach this neglected factor of the community, it has been quite passively suffered to build its own society and its own pantheon, and the result is a number of gross and curious social customs and a multitude of demoniac gods.

The parachery (the quarters of the pariahs, always remote from those of the other castes) of Adhanur*

in which Nanda was born did not, we may be sure, differ in any leading feature from those of to-day. A number of small, unventilated, single roomed, hovel-like huts with pumpkin creepers covering their tops and scattered too wildly to be classified into streets or rows, black earthenware generally kept outside the huts, broken mud walls, heaps of rotting bones and other filthy matter abounding on every side, cocks and hens that chuckled and bode their time, dogs that barked all day long, half-naked women that barked oftener and louder and troops of dirty, sunburnt and naked children playing or quarrelling—such were the surroundings amidst which our great saint was ushered into the world. Our actions are mixed in character, partly good and partly bad and Nanda, to whom it was given, by the goodness of his previous Karma, to set an inspiring example to the world and grow into god, was destined, by the necessary counterpart of the same Karma, to be born in the midst of a barbarous community: but the beauty of Providence is such that our very punishments are blessings in disguise, and the apparently unfavorable conditions, under which Nanda was born, themselves prove to be, as we shall see, for his own good and indirectly for that of the world.

Even in his early boyhood, he was, as we may easily understand, unlike the other boys of the parachery: his very play consisted in making figures in clay of God, i.e., as he at that age wanted Him to be—a stout, black man with bold whiskers, a huge lace turban, high-heeled native shoes, and an axe or a scythe in his hand and at the same time very trustworthy, and kind and merciful to those that sought his protection. To make such clay gods, to sing and dance around them, to carry them along in procession, to organise an infant band of baktas (pious men) and make festivals for his gods were his chief juvenile sports. The small circular gopuram (tower) of the Sivite temple in the Brahmin part of Adhanur had a strange fascination for his boyish imagination for there were beauty, grandeur and, as he could not approach it, mystery enough to set them forth in relief. It was this love of the grand, the beautiful and the mysterious that was remarkable in Nanda and chiefly contributed to his salvation. He would often wistfully gaze at that tower wondering at its shape, size and grandeur and busily form guesses about the treasure underneath concealed to his view, which it was meant to glorify. Often as the village god passed in procession with torchlight, music, drums and Vedic chant, Nanda, followed by other pariah boys would run forth to obtain a view, however distant of the festival and return deeply impressed with the procession and its poetic associations. He had an in-born respect for all holy things—temples, festivals, Brahmins and the Vedas, which his low birth tended greatly to develop.

As he grew into manhood, his imaginative fervour and piety also grew with him and deepened and he became more and more eager to contribute what he could, however humble it might be, to the service of the Lord. It is the tendency of true

* In the district of South Arcot, Madras Presidency.

to grow till it overflows the heart, and then it can no longer be shut up within, but must necessarily show itself out in action. Nanda long thought over what he could do to please the Lord: he was not rich: he was of low birth: no kind of charity readily suggested itself to him. One day while seriously thinking over the matter, it struck him, all on a sudden that he might supply temples with leather for drums. To him, there was something almost miraculous in the very suddenness of the thought and he rose up with joy and exclaimed 'the Lord has spoken to me. He has commanded me to supply his drums with leather,' and he immediately set about preparing it. The Lord, indeed, does always keep conversing with us, only, we do not hear Him: and of the things we offer to him He chooses, not by their value (for He is Himself the Lord of all things) but by the love and piety with which they are offered. The labor of procuring leather, of wetting and tanning it and cutting it into proper sizes, henceforth became to Nanda a sacred pastime and the very smell of leather roused in his imaginative mind a group of holy associations.

He had a few friends in the parashery, (it is a pity that their names have not been handed down to posterity) who shared his enthusiasm and sympathised with him in his labor. Every now and then he would speak to them of God's glory and grace, smear himself and them with sacred ashes, and one day, while there was no work to be done on the fields, he stole away with them (we must remember that these pariahs were slaves under the village landlords) to a famous temple a few miles off, called Tirupunkoor now known as Old Vaitheeswaran koil. They went round the village three times, repeatedly besmeared themselves with sacred ashes and shouted forth the names of Siva. Nanda was beside himself with pious enthusiasm and danced and wept, and after sunset, when the temple doors were opened, sent forth to the priest his offerings of coconuts, plaintain fruits and loads of leather. He and his companions stood outside the temple at a little distance from the flagstaff, and from there obtained occasional glimpses of the Image within. Their joy, particularly that of Nanda, knew no bounds, when they beheld for the first time, though from a distance, the mysterious *sanctasanctorum* of the great temple all radiant with light. The ringing of bells, the crowds of neat looking pious devotees, the recitation of sacred verses, the puja, the burning of camphor, the worshipping with light and other imposing rituals of the temple, and above all the Lingam (image of Siva) itself, which by its very form filled the whole place with a peculiar solemnity and sacredness, far exceeded his grandest expectations and impressed his imagination much more deeply (here his low birth was an advantage to him) than they did, that of the Brahmin worshippers inside, who were familiarised to them.

There was to him there a mystery only half cleared, and a solemnity he had never known before; he eagerly drank in the spectacle which to him was new and fascinating; tears flowed in torrents from his

eyes and his emotional communion with God became every moment closer and closer, till at last he became completely absorbed in meditation and all thought expired in the enjoyment. Those that saw him were filled with wonder at the steadiness of his devotion, his self-absorption and the serenity that shone in his face in spite of his low caste, and before he woke from his devotional trance, a large and admiring crowd had gathered around him. The sensation created at the time was so great, that his visit to Tirupunkoor has made a distinct epoch in its history and richly added to the glory of its temple, for tradition asserts that while he was standing behind the flag-staff and struggling to get a view of the Lingam inside, Siva took pity on him and ordered Nandi (the image of a bull placed opposite to the Lingam in all Sivite temples) to move a little to one side, that His low caste devotee might get a view of Him: and accordingly unto this day, the huge figure of Nandi at Tirupunkoor is placed not exactly opposite to the image of Siva but leaning to one side.

(To be continued).

Doing good to the World.

(A class lecture delivered in America.)

BY

SWAMI VIVEKA'NANDA.

Our duty to others means helping others; doing good to the world. Why should we do good to the world? Apparently to help the world, but really to help ourselves. We should always try to help the world; that should be the highest motive power in us, but, when we analyse it properly, we shall find that this world does not require our help. This world was not made, that I or you should come and help it. I once read a sermon in which was said:—"all this beautiful world is very good, because it gives us time and opportunity to help others." Apparently, it was a very beautiful sentiment; but, in one sense it was a curse; for, is it not a blasphemy to say that the world needs our help? We cannot deny that there is much misery in it; to go out and help others is, therefore, the highest motive power we have, although, in the long run we shall find that it is only helping ourselves. As a boy I had some white mice. They were kept in a little box and had little wheels made for them, and when the mice tried to cross the wheels, the wheels turned and turned, and the mice never got anywhere. So with the world and our helping it. The only help is that you get exercise. This world is neither good nor evil; each man manufactures a world for himself. If a blind man begins to think of it, it is either as soft or hard, or cold or hot. We are a mass of happiness or misery; we have seen that, hundreds of times in our lives. As a rule, the young are optimistic, and the old pessimistic. The young have all life before them; and the old are complaining; their day is gone; hundreds of desires, which they cannot fulfill, are struggling in their brain. Life

at an end for them. Both are foolish. This life is neither good nor evil. It is according to the different states of mind in which we look at the world. The most practical man would call it neither good nor evil. Fire, by itself, is neither good nor evil. When it keeps us warm, we say:—"How beautiful is fire!" When it burns our fingers, we blame the fire. Still it was neither good nor bad. We use it, it produced in us the feeling of good or bad; and so also is this world. It is perfect. By perfection is meant that it is perfectly fitted to meet its ends. We can all be perfectly sure that it will go on, and need not bother our heads wanting to help it.

Yet we must do good; it is the highest motive power we have, knowing all the time that it is a privilege to help. Do not stand on a pedestal and take five cents and say, "Here, my poor man," but be grateful that the poor man is there, so that by giving to him you are able to help yourself. It is not the receiver that is blessed but the giver. Be thankful that you are allowed to exercise your power of benevolence and mercy in the world, and thus become pure and perfect. All good acts tend to make us pure and perfect. What can we do at best? Build a hospital, make roads, or erect charity asylums! We may organise a charity and collect two or three million dollars, build a hospital with one million, with the second give balls and drink champagne, and of the third let the officers steal half, and the rest may finally reach the poor, but what are these? The mighty wind, in five minutes, can break it all up. What shall we do then? One volcanic eruption can sweep away all our roads, and hospitals, and cities and buildings. Let us give up all this foolish talk of doing good to the world. It is not waiting for your or my help, yet we must work and constantly do good, because it is a blessing to ourselves. That is the only way we can become perfect. No beggar ever owed a single cent to us, we owe everything to him, because he has allowed us to exercise our powers of pity and charity to him. It is entirely wrong to think that we have done, or can do good to the world, or have helped such and such people. It is a foolish thought, and all foolish thoughts bring misery. We think we have helped some one and expect him to thank us, and, because he does not, unhappiness comes to us. Why expect anything? If we were really unattached, we should escape all this aim of vain expectation, and could do good work in the world. Never will unhappiness or misery come through work done without attachment. This world will go on with its happiness and misery through eternity.

There was a poor man who wanted some money, and, somehow, he had heard, that if he could get hold of a host or some spirit, he could command him to bring money or anything he liked; so he was very anxious to get hold of a ghost. He went about searching for a man, who would give him a ghost, and at last he found a sage, with great powers, and besought this sage to help him. The sage asked him what he would do with a ghost. "I want a ghost to work for me; teach me how to get hold of one, sir, I desire it very much," replied the man. But the sage said, "Don't disturb yourself, go home." The next day the man went again to the sage and began to weep and pray "Give me a host; I must have a ghost sir, to help me." At last the sage was disgusted and said, "Take this charm, repeat this magic word, and a ghost will come, and whatever you say to this ghost he will do. But beware; they are terrible beings, and must be kept continually busy. If you fail to give him work he will take your life." The man replied:—"That is easy; I can give him

work for all his life." Then he went to a forest, and after long repetition of the magic word, a huge ghost appeared before him, with big teeth, and said:—"I am a ghost. I have been conquered by your magic. But you must keep me constantly employed. The moment you stop I will kill you." The man said:—"Build me a palace," and the ghost said, "It is done; the palace is built." "Bring me money," said the man. "Here is your money," said the ghost. "Cut this forest down, and build a city in its place." "That is done," said the ghost; "anything more?" Now the man began to be frightened and said:—"I can give him nothing more to do; he does everything in a trice." The ghost said:—"Give me something to do or I will eat you up." The poor man could find no further occupation for him, and was frightened. So he ran and ran and at last reached the sage, and said, "Oh, sir, protect my life!" The sage asked him what was the matter, and the man replied:—"I have nothing to give the ghost to do. Everything I tell him to do he does in a moment, and he threatens to eat me up if I do not give him work." Just then the ghost arrived saying, "I'll eat you up; I'll eat you up," and he would have swallowed the man. The man began to shake; and begged the sage to save his life. The sage said:—"I will find you a way out. Look at that dog with a curly tail. Draw your sword quickly and cut the tail off and give it to the ghost to straighten out." The man cut off the dog's tail and gave it to the ghost, saying, "straighten that out for me." The ghost took it and slowly and carefully straightened it out, but as soon as he let go, it instantly curled up again. Once more he laboriously straightened it out, only to find it again curled up as soon as he attempted to let go of it. Again he patiently straightened it out, but as soon as he let it go, it curled up again. So he went on for days and days, until he was exhausted, and said, "I was never in such trouble before in my life. I am an old veteran ghost, but never before was I in such trouble. I will make compromise with you," he said to the man. "You let me off and I will let you keep all I have given you, and will promise not to harm you." The man was much pleased and accepted the offer gladly.

This world is that dog's curly tail, and people have been striving to straighten it out for hundreds of years, but when they let go, it curls up again. How can it be otherwise? One must first know, how to work without attachment, then he will not be a fanatic. When we know that this world is like a dog's curly tail and will never straighten, we shall not become fanatics. They can never do real work. If there were no fanaticism in the world it would make much more progress than it does now. It is all silly nonsense to think that fanaticism makes for the progress of mankind. It is, instead, a retarding block, by making hatred and anger and causing people to fight each other, and making them unsympathetic. Whatever we do or possess we think the best in the world, and those things we do not possess are of no value. So always remember this curly tail of the dog whenever you have a tendency to become a fanatic. You need not worry or make yourself sleepless; the world will go on. When you have avoided fanaticism then alone will you work well. It is the level-headed man, the calm man, of good judgment and cool nerves, of great sympathy and love, who does good work. The fanatic has no sympathy.

That is the first Great Purusha, who has neither hands nor feet, yet moves the swiftest; has neither eyes nor ears, yet sees and hears everything; is Himself uncomprehended yet comprehends everything.—*Svetâsvetâropanishad.*

Buddha.

THE IDEAL KARMA YOGIN.

SWA'MI Vivekânanda concluded one of his class lectures on Karma Yoga, delivered at New York in the following words:—

"I will tell you in a few words about one man who carried it (Karma Yoga) into practice. That man was Buddha. He is the one man who ever carried this into perfect practice. All the prophets of the world, except Buddha, had external motive power to move them. The prophets of the world, with his exception, can be divided into two sets, one set who say they are Gods come down on earth, and the other who say they are messengers from God; and both draw their impetus from outside, expect reward from outside, however spiritual may be the language they use. But Buddha is the only prophet who said 'I do not care to know your various theories about God. What is the use of discussing all the subtle doctrines about the soul? Do good and be good. And this will take you to whatever truth there is.' He was absolutely without motive power and what man worked more than he? Shew me in history one character who went so high above all; the whole human race has produced but one such character; such high philosophy; such sympathy; this great philosopher, preaching the highest philosophy, and having sympathy for the lowest animals, and never making any claims. He is the ideal Karma Yogin, acting entirely without motive, and the history of humanity shows him to have been the greatest man ever born; beyond compare of all others, the greatest combination of heart and brain that ever existed, the greatest soul-power that was ever manifested. He was the first great reformer the world ever saw. He was the first who dared to say, 'Believe not, because some old manuscripts are produced, believe not because it is your national belief, because you have been made to believe from your childhood, but reason it out, and after you have analysed it, then, if you find it will do good to one and all, believe it, live up to it and help others to live up to it.' He works best who works without any motive power, neither for money nor anything else, and when a man can do that, he will be a Buddha, and out of him will come the power to work in such a manner as to transform the world. This is the very ideal of Karma Yoga."

Him the Atman swords cannot kill, fire cannot burn, water cannot moisten, wind cannot wither: invulnerable, unburnt, unmoistened, undried. He is eternal, all-pervading, immovable, unchangeable. He is the All. He is said to be unseeable, unthinkable, unalterable: knowing Him to be such thou needest not grieve.—*Bhagavadgita*.

Polish a diamond and the brightness cometh of itself: in a similar wise, make pure thy mind and God will shine there of His own accord.—*Sree Sântânanda Saraswati*.

Thoughts on the Bhagavad Gita.

OF all the great treasures bequeathed to us by our forefathers, there is none, excepting, of course, the Upanishads, so priceless as the Gîtâ. It is a veritable song celestial and in its universality rivals God Himself. There is not one system of ethics, religion, or philosophy that does not silently take a corner in that wonderful little book which is, as it were, the Pantheon of the world. The most apparent contradictions find there a common meeting place and in the boundless diversity of its elements, there is a harmony as sweet and inspiring as that of the rainbow. The several members of the human body do not more willingly work together, the different strings of a well-tuned violin do not more beautifully harmonise, than the great and apparently contradictory systems of the Smkhya, Yoga, Karma and Bhakti in that celestial song of the Lord, and in the words of the great prayer "*Akâśât pathitham thôyam, &c.*," it may well be said that all the rivers of the great religions of the world joyously empty themselves in the ocean of the Gîtâ. Here is what an English writer has to say about it—"It is the work of the highest spiritual genius, the most deliberate and careful constructive skill, the most earnest desire of spiritual unity, and a spirit is moving through its speculative depths that could not be found within the limits of any creed—the spirit of universal religion."

One great feature of the Gîtâ is, that it is not too high for even the infant inquirer, nor too low for the highest philosopher. It provides with a singularity of breadth, for every stage of human evolution and has something to teach every man that makes him better and purer.

Another feature is that it is infinitely rich in its suggestiveness. One reads it a hundred times and even then one cannot say that one has done with it: and the reason for it is that the Gîtâ is not a treatise on philosophy nor a handbook of theories, but a conversation—a conversation, not however, between one man and another, nor one which took place several thousands of years ago which grandmotherly history has preserved for us, but a daily, nay hourly, minutely conversation between every man and God. As there is poetry in every one of our doings—reading, weeping, laughing, &c., so there is philosophy too, for philosophy is but the higher form of poetry, and we are conversing with God, in the sense of the Gîtâ, every moment of our lives. This is why the Gîtâ is so perennial in its suggestions. It appeals to you in every phase of your life, in every mood of your mind, and as you are infinite in your inside, so is the Gîtâ. You are living ever in its presence and there is a verse for every one of us there, in that book of life. Living as we do, as much under it as under the sky, let us know where we are and learn to regulate all our actions in its abounding light and live more and more consciously in its presence. It is with this

purpose that, that little book has been prescribed, among a host of others, for constant reading (Pārāyana).

Before entering into the subject of the Gītā, it may be well to consider the circumstances under which it was born. As it is well known, it was delivered by Sree Krishna to Arjuna on the occasion of one of the greatest battles of the world. Here, two very interesting questions naturally present themselves—(1) why it was delivered to Arjuna in preference to others, and (2) why the particular hour of battle, so apparently unfitted for calm thinking was chosen.

Taking the first question, it seems exceedingly strange at first sight, that Krishna should have chosen Arjuna for his disciple, while there were better men available in the Pāṇḍava camp itself. There was, for instance, Yudhishtira the very incarnation of virtue. Literature has no better example to present, of human goodness than this Dharmaputra who was in truth the hero as a good man (goodness demands more courage and heroism than wickedness) and whose whole life was one continued proof of the greatness of goodness.

(To be continued).

True Greatness or Vasudeva Sastry.

BY T. C. NATARAJAN.

CHAPTER I.

WHAT! Have not Ramaswamy Aiyer, Muthuswamy, Subbiah, Venkateswara Aiyer—have not all these come? You fool, why don't you go and bring them man? I have never seen a bigger fool than you. Run out and fetch them man, said a voice in a way which showed that it was accustomed to be obeyed. 'I, I, I, I, we-we-we-went and ca-and, ca-and called them. They said, they, they, they—' 'Stammer out' impatiently exclaimed the first voice again 'stammer your life out you rascal. Run out and fetch them, I say. Then you may be stammering all day long'; and Muthu, otherwise called Mottai (the bald-headed) at once ran out stammering. The voice, that commanded him belonged to Mr. Narayana Aiyer the great Deputy Collector of Madura, now enriched with a prefix Dewan Bahadur and a suffix C. I. E.—for some services. 'signal' as they were called, during a recent famine but more through the favor of the Government Gods. You must certainly have heard of Dewan Bahadur S. Narayana Aiyer, C. I. E., (otherwise there is no excuse for you, and not to know him argues yourself unknown) whose name appeared so many times in print in the *Fort St. George Gazette* itself whenever he was transferred or given privilege leave, who was every year freshly

immortalised in the Revenue List of the Presidency, who was more than once thanked by the very grateful Court of Wards, for the able management of some estates entrusted to him, whose common sense was vouchsafed for, by the Collector, Mr. Ascroft himself, who condescended to remark that as far as he knew, his deputy was intelligent; who was spoken of or referred to in the local newspapers at least once a month (such was the understanding), who had several times tasted the honor of a Municipal Chairmanship, and of whose other merits we can at present only say, &c., &c., &c. One thing—however we could not, without greatly offending him, omit to mention, and that was, that he was known to the Secretary of State and the honorable members in the Privy Council, for, his name had been very prominently referred to in one of the Judgments of the High Court which went up to England for appeal. As soon as he heard, that that particular Judgment went up to the Privy Council for appeal, it is said, but I do not profess to know this personally, that he specially thanked the Judge, who had done him the honor of a reference in his Judgment. These however are official matters, with which fortunately we shall have nothing more to do in the story. One or two non-official circumstances that went to make up his greatness, we must however note. In the first place he was rich. Secondly he was princely in his charities to the Brahmins and had, by public subscriptions and so forth, built many chattrams and hospitals. All these made him very popular. Besides he was a man of large sympathies and noble sentiments and there was for him, as we shall see, a grand future, which many might envy.

After sending away Mottai, he went inside the house and there finding Vasudeva Sastry performing puja in his usual grand style, said 'Vasu, enough, close your shop soon; people are waiting. To-day is not like other days: go on, finish the business soon; look sharp.' But what was the importance of that day, that even the gods should be so summarily dismissed? Narayana Aiyer was giving a feast that day to his friends in honor of the alphabeta newly affixed to his name. It was a grand gala-day with sumptuous entertainment and music and other festivities, and the host was really elated with joy, at the happening of so great an event in his life and heartily spoke to his friends, of the causes that brought it about,—how his fame and ability had attracted the notice of his Excellency the Governor, how eagerly he was sent for, how respectful and kind the interview was, how dexterously he managed it, how much his Excellency was struck with the nobility of his character, the high type of his intellect, his eloquence and his statesmanship, and very much more in the same strain. Indeed, it was his opinion, and his friends too shared in it,—that, if ever there was any great man, he was one. It was difficult for him to think of himself as anything less than a Dewan Bahadur, C. I. E. When he went to bathe, there he was a C. I. E. When eating, again was

he a C. I. E. At no moment was he anything except a C. I. E. No other Native Dy. Collector had that beautiful suffix. The three letters were more to him than the three letters of the Pranavam of which so much is said. And to add to this, that the Governor should have sent for him ah!—who could calmly bear such greatness!

There was, however, one person in the household whom the day's festivities did not seem to have pleased, and that was strangely enough Mrs. Narayana Aiyer herself. The Dewan Bahadur noticed the coldness in her face; he wanted very much to be congratulated by her,—but in vain. He showed his readiness to go shares with her in the matter of his new honor, and when they were alone during the night, called her 'Dewan Bahadur Seetha Lakshmy' (that was her name! C. I. E., to which she only replied 'I feel sleepy, let us go to bed.' Narayana Aiyer, C. I. E., was exceedingly annoyed at 'this cold nonsense' as he called it, but checking himself said, 'I tell you this is the evil of ignorant uneducated, illiterate wives. What! I get two rare titles Dewan Bahadur and C. I. E., and you fool you do not know their value, any more than an ass knows the smell of camphor. Tell me, who else, which other Deputy Collector, has got these titles. There's not even a Dewan Bahadur among these Deputy Collectors. And then who else had an interview with the governor? You fool, you have no education and where's the good of my telling you these. You know nothing: this is the evil of ignorant wives. We must educate our women, educate them at once.' 'Certainly this very night,' replied Seetha. 'If getting mad over meaningless little things means education then God spare us from it. I have been watching you carefully all this day, and you have been almost beside yourself. Good God! What vanity, what self-praise, what joy at silly things and empty name! What is there in the three letters C. I. E., my dear? We may as well dub ourselves X. Y. Z. and feel mad over it, surely man is not born for such playful nothings and if we dance to-day like a jackal that tasted honey, to-morrow we might weep like a helpless child. Is this life?'—'I see' interrupted the mortified Dewan Bahadur 'I see, I see, it is the devil of a Vasu that has spoiled you; the wicked Vasudeva, *Sastry* as he calls himself, has robbed you of your brains I shall break his knavish pate to-morrow and now let the devil take care of you'; so saying he pushed her a little and left the bedroom in no very pleasant mood. Seetha followed him took him by the arm, fell at his feet, and with tears in her eyes entreated him to return; she gently soothed his anger saying 'My dear, I have been too rash; kindly excuse me. I was too hasty. Do you think I am insensible to the honors showered upon you. Are they not mine as well? They are really more mine than yours for you have other concerns to engage your attention, but to me you, your honors and your fame are the only concern. What is there more pleasing to the wife than the good reputation of the husband. The husband is our joy, our wealth and our God. My

dear, I know you are incapable of getting angry with me; you love me so well and our love can never suffer..."—words which only a woman knows how to speak and which in her mouth form a real power too much even for a Dewan Bahadur and C. I. E. put together, to resist. With kind words, betel chewing and sandal smearing the rest of the night passed on pleasantly enough.

(To be continued.)

THE SPIRIT UNIVERSAL.

TRANSLATED FROM NAMMA'LVAR'S* TIRUVOYMOZHI.

'It is I that made all this ocean-girt world;
It is I that become all this ocean-girt world;
It is I that own all this ocean-girt world;
It is I that dug out all this ocean-girt world;
It is I that ate up all this ocean-girt world;
Wedded to the Lord of the ocean-girt world,
—This is what my daughter (mind) says,
and Ye men of the ocean-girt world what shall I say to you?

I am all this visible earth;
I am all this visible sky;
I am all this visible fire;
I am all this visible wind;
I am all this visible ocean;
Wedded to the ocean-colored Lord,
—This is what my daughter says,
and ye men of the visible world what shall I say to you?

Extracts.

Body is the boat by which we must cross the river of life. Forgiveness is the oar by which it is so to be propelled. Truth is the ballast that is to steady it. The practice of righteousness is the rope for dragging it along difficult waters; and the wind to urge its sail onwards is charity.—*The Mahābhārata*.

Attachment to worldly things is productive of evil. The silk worm is finally destroyed by the cocoon that itself weaves.—*Ibid*.

Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed

Within thy beams O sun! or who could find
Whilst fly, and leaf, and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs 'thou mad'st us blind!
Why do we then shun death with anxious strife?
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?

—*Blanco White*.

The divine effort is never relaxed; the carrion in the sun will convert itself to grass and flowers: and man though in brothels, or jails, or on gibbets, is on his way to all that is good and true.—*Emerson*.

The end of education is to know ourselves and the world: the means for this end is to know the best which has been thought and said in the world.—*Mathew Arnold*.

God is revealed, whenever a man helps his neighbour, or a mother denies herself for her child, whenever a soldier dies without a murmur, or a sailor puts out into the darkness to rescue the perishing.—*Mrs. Humphrey Ward*.

A wise man on earth is a man fallen among wild beasts.—*Plato*.

* A great Vaishnavite poet, philosopher and saint.

News and Notes.

Swami Saradananda who is now in London is to go shortly to New York to take the place of **Swami Vivekânanda** now in England.

More Sanyasins to England:—*Swami Vivekânanda* is expected to be here by the end of this year, when *Swami Avédânanda* another disciple of Sree Paramahansa Ramakrishna Deva, will sail for England.

Mr. H. Dharmapala, General Secretary, *Maha-Bodhi Society* sends us the following most sympathetic letter.

"All hail to the Prabuddha Bhârata. I send herewith one pound sterling in the name of the Maha-Bodhi Society for the 'Prabuddha Bhârata.' May its mellifluous fragrance purify the materialistic atmosphere of fallen India! Your efforts will be crowned with success and 'Prabuddha Bhârata' will surely awaken the lethargic sons of Bhârata Varsha."

Swami Vivekananda in London:—

"Here in London, **Swami Vivekânanda** has been holding class lectures, 63, St. George's Road, S. W., every Tuesday and Thursday both in the morning and evening. The number of his students has been increasing very rapidly. He has, therefore, opened a *question class* which he holds every Friday, at 8-30 P.M. It is a great wonder, indeed, that the Swami has been able to attract, from the very commencement of the course of his lectures, so many men in a materialistic city like London, where none cares a fig for religion, where politics reigns supreme in the minds of the people, especially now at the time of the London season—the season of balls, feasts, and all sorts of entertainments. He who has once listened to the great Swami, is tempted to attend every lecture that he delivers. We cannot but own that the man possesses a great magnetic power or some power divine by which he even draws so many Londoners towards him. Many a lady and many a learned man here have become his students. To-day Rev. Canon Haweis, a very learned man, came to his class. He has at once marvelled at his lectures. * * *

Indian Mirror.

The Great Sankara Chariar.—The anniversary day of this great and unique personality in the exposition of Hindu religious thought fell on the 24th April. Gooty and its adjacent villages had a memorable time of it. Four thousand people in all, of all castes, and of no castes, and of all creeds, were

fed. Last year only 1,500 were fed; and this year the event attracted more notice, and entailed more expense. This year the ceremony extended over two days. On the first day, Brahmins and non-Brahmin Hindus who chose to accept invitation, and then, Mahomedans, Erikalas, Lambadis, Woddars, Malas, Madigas and Scavengers and all others who chose to come, were sumptuously fed in the spacious Munro Choultry and its compound. On the second day a limited number of people, Brahmins and a few others, all about three hundred, were fed. The feeding of people of all castes and colours, is an innovation for the better; and this we owe to the inspiration of the saintly Brahmin who is known by the name of **Molagavali Subbiah**. This Brahmin is a saint indeed by his piety and by his selfless conduct, and has therefore considerable influence over the people. One such man can do more than a thousand preachers. He makes *Hari Sankirtan* wherever he goes and the people venerate him. He makes regular pilgrimages to the sacred tomb of *Manickabrahma*, a Mahrattah Brahmin Sanyasi, near Umnabad in Hyderabad territory. This Subbiah preaches with great emotion and enthusiasm against the mischievous and sinful notions of despising *Chandalas* and others. He is Catholic in religion and a true philanthropist. And he wrote the other day that he was happy that Sankara's day was to be observed at Gooty; and that the organiser, Mr. J. Sreenivasa Row, should see that all people whether of caste or of no caste, should be given *prasadam* first, in an humble spirit and with cordiality, before he could partake of anything! In view of creating better ideas of duty and fellow feeling among bigoted people, for the betterment of their own selves as well as of their countrymen of all castes and out of the pale of caste, the event is a remarkable one.

The correspondent to the *Hindu* from which the above is extracted, proceeds:—

"The life of Sankarachariar, the great Teacher and Reformer, comes vividly before the mind's eye. A Brahmin by birth who gave up all that is held dear by the world, and adopted the life of an ascetic, not to seek solitude and attain moksha for himself, but to walk on foot from place to place all over this vast continent of India, to eradicate the vicious practices of certain classes of worshippers, purge all sects of their impurities, hold most subtle controversies with the keenest intellects of the age, make voluminous commentaries on *Brahma Sutras*, *Upanishads*, *Vishnu Sahasranamam*, *Bagavadgita*, and what not, which was of a philosophical nature, and to compose deeply devotional prayers. And all this he did with a sublime intellect and unrivalled energy within his short life of 32 years! A great benefactor of his race whose fame is now resounding throughout the world and whose thoughts are admired by the greatest intellects of the present age! * * *

All praise and honor to the organisers of the movement. The example deserves to be widely followed.

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