

THE PRABUDDHA BHARATA OR AWAKENED INDIA

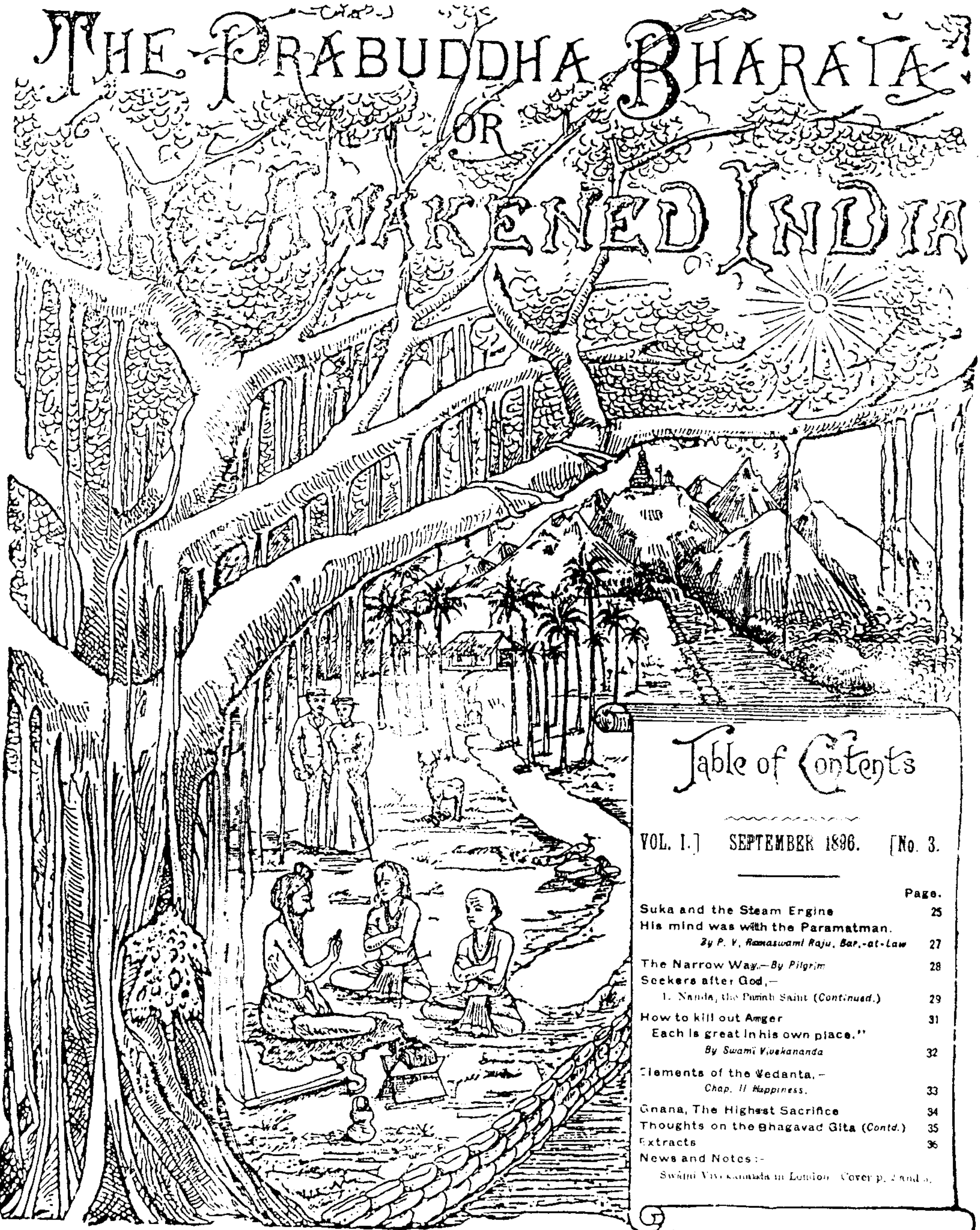


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News and Notes.

SWAMI VIVEKANANDA IN LONDON.

During the London season, Swami Vivekananda has been teaching and lecturing to considerable numbers of people who have been attracted by his doctrine and philosophy. Most English people fancy that England has practical monopoly of missionary enterprise, almost unbroken save for a small effort on the part of France. I therefore sought the Swami in his temporary home in South Belgravia to enquire what message India could possibly send to England, apart from the remonstrances she has too often had to make on the subject of home charges, judicial and executive functions combined in one person, the settlement of expenses connected with Sudanese and other expeditions.

"It is no new thing," said the Swami composedly, "that India should send forth missionaries. She used to do so under the Emperor Asoka, in days when the Buddhist faith was younger, when she had something to teach surrounding nations."

"Well, might one ask why she ever ceased doing so, and why she has now begun again?"

"She ceased because she grew selfish, forgot the principle that nations and individuals alike subsist and prosper by a system of give and take. Her mission to the world has always been the same. It is spiritual, the realm of introspective thought has been hers through all the ages, abstract science, metaphysics, logic, are her special domain. In reality my mission to England is an outcome of England's to India. It has been hers to conquer, to govern, to use her knowledge of physical science to her advantage and ours. In trying to sum up India's contribution to the world, I am reminded of a Sanskrit and an English idiom. When you say a man dies, your phrase is 'He gave up the ghost,' whereas we say, 'He gave up the body.' Similarly, you more than imply that the body is the chief part of man by saying it possesses a soul. Whereas we say man is a soul and possesses a body. These are but small ripples on the surface, yet they show the current of your national thought. I should like to remind you how Schopenhauer predicted that the influence of Indian philosophy upon Europe would be as momentous when it became well known, as was the revival of Greek and Latin learning at the close of the Dark Ages. Oriental research is making great progress; a new world of ideas is opening to the seeker after truth."

"And is India finally to conquer her conquerors?"

"Yes, in the world of ideas. England has the sword, the material world, as our Muhammadan conquerors had before her. Yet Akbar the Great became practically a Hindu; educated Muhammadans, the Sufis, are hardly to be distinguished from Hindus; they do not eat cow, and in other ways conform to our usage. Their thought has become permeated by ours."

"So that is the fate you foresee for the lordly sahib? Just at this moment he seems to be a long way off it."

"No, it is not so remote as you imply. In the world of religious ideas the Hindu and the Englishman have much in common, and there is proof of the same thing among other religious communities. Where the English ruler or civil servant has had any knowledge of India's literature, especially her philosophy, there exists the ground of a common sympathy, a territory constantly widening. It is not too much to say that only ignorance is the cause of that exclusive—sometimes even contemptuous—attitude assumed by some."

"Yes, it is the measure of folly. Will you say why you went to America rather than to England on your mission?"

"That was a mere accident—a result of the World's Parliament of Religions being held in Chicago at the time of the World's Fair, instead of in London, as it ought to have been. The Raja of Mysore and some other friends sent me to America as the Hindu representative. I stayed there three years, with the exception of last summer and this summer, when I came to lecture in London. The Americans are a great people, with

a great future before them. I admire them very much, and found many kind friends among them. They are less prejudiced than the English, more ready to weigh and examine a new idea, to value it in spite of newness. They are most hospitable too; far less time is lost in showing one's credentials, as it were. You travel in America, as I did, from city to city, always lecturing among friends. I saw Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Des Moines, Memphis, and numbers of other places."

"And leaving disciples in each of them?"

"Yes, disciples, but not organisations. That is no part of my work. Of these there are enough in all conscience. Organisations need men to manage them; they must seek power, money, influence. Often they struggle for domination, and even fight."

"Could the gist of this mission of yours be summed up in a few words? Is it comparative religion you want to preach?"

"It is really the philosophy of religion, the kernel of all its outward forms. All forms of religion have an essential and a non-essential part. If we strip from them the latter, there remains the real basis of all religion, which all forms of religion possess in common. Unity is behind them all. We may call it God, Allah, Jahvé, the Spirit, Love, it is the same unity that animates all life, from its lowest form to its noblest manifestation in man. It is on this unity we need to lay stress, whereas in the west, and indeed everywhere, it is on the non-essential that men are apt to lay stress. They will fight and kill each other for these forms, to make their fellows conform. Seeing that the essential is love of God and love of man, this is curious, to say the least."

"I suppose a Hindu could never persecute."

"He never yet has done so: he is the most tolerant of all the races of men. Considering how profoundly religious he is, one might have thought that he would persecute those who believe in no God. The Jains regard such belief as sheer delusion; yet no Jain has ever been persecuted. In India the Muhammadans were the first who ever took the sword."

"What progress does the doctrine of essential unity make in England? Here we have a thousand sects."

"They must gradually disappear as liberty and knowledge increase. They are founded on the non-essential, which by the nature of things cannot survive. The sects have served their purpose, which was that of an exclusive brotherhood on lines comprehended by those within it. Gradually we reach the idea of universal brotherhood by flinging down the walls of partition which separate such aggregations of individuals. In England the work proceeds slowly, possibly because the time is not more than ripe for it; but all the same, it makes progress. Let me call your attention to the similar work that England is engaged upon in India. Modern caste distinction is a barrier to India's progress. It narrows, restricts, separates. It will crumble before the advance of ideas."

"Yet some Englishmen, and they are not the least sympathetic to India, nor the most ignorant of her history, regard caste as in the main beneficent. One may easily be too much Europeanised. You yourself condemn many of our ideals as materialistic."

"True. No reasonable person aims at assimilating India to England; the body is made by the thought that lies behind it. The body politic is thus the expression of national thought, and in India of thousands of years of thought. To Europeanise India is therefore an impossible and foolish task: the elements of progress were always actively present in India. As soon as a peaceful government was there, these have always shown themselves. From the time of the Upanishads down to the present day nearly all our great teachers have wanted to break through the barriers of caste, i.e., caste in its degenerate state, not the original system. What little good you see in the present caste clings to it from the original caste, which was the most glorious social institution. Buddha tried to re-establish caste in its original form."

(Continued on cover page 3).

News and Notes—(Continued).

At every period of India's awakening, there have always been great efforts made to break down caste. But it must always be we who build up a new India as an effect and continuation of her past, assimilating helpful foreign ideas wherever they may be found. Never can it be *they*; growth must proceed from within. All that England can do is to help India to work out her own salvation. All progress at the dictation of another, whose hand is at India's throat, is valueless, in my opinion. The highest work can only degenerate when slave-labour produces it."

"Have you given any attention to the Indian National Congress movement?"

"I cannot claim to have given much; my work is in another part of the field. But I regard the movement as significant, and heartily wish it success. A nation is being made out of India's different races. I sometimes think they are no less various than the different peoples of Europe. In the past, Europe has struggled for Indian trade, a trade which has played a tremendous part in the civilisation of the world; its acquisition might almost be called a turning-point in the history of humanity. We see the Dutch, Portuguese, French, and English contending for it in succession. The discovery of America may be traced to the indemnification the Venetian sought in the far distant West for the loss they suffered in the East."

"Where will it end?"

"It will certainly end in the working out of India's homogeneity, in her acquiring what we may call democratic ideas. Intelligence must not remain the monopoly of the cultured few; it will be disseminated from higher to lower classes. Education is coming, and compulsory education will follow. The immense power of our people for work must be utilised. India's potentialities are great, and will be called forth."

"Has any nation ever been great without being a great military power?"

"Yes," said the Swāmi without a moment's hesitation. "China has. Amongst other countries, I have travelled in China and Japan. To-day China is like a disorganised mob; but in the heyday of her greatness she possessed the most admirable organisation any nation has yet known. Many of the devices and methods we term modern were practised by the Chinese for hundreds and even thousands of years. Take competitive examinations as an illustration."

"Why did she become disorganised?"

"Because she could not produce men equal to the system. You have the saying that men cannot be made virtuous by Act of Parliament; the Chinese experienced it before you. And that is why religion is of deeper importance than politics, since it goes to the root, and deals with the essentials of conduct."

"Is India conscious of the awakening that you allude to?"

"Perfectly conscious. The world perhaps sees it chiefly in the Congress movement and in the field of social reform; but the awakening is quite as real in religion, though it works more silently."

"The West and East have such different ideals of life. Ours seems to be the perfecting of the social state. Whilst we are busy seeing to these matters, Orientals are meditating on abstractions. Here has Parliament been discussing the payment of the Indian army in the Sudan. All the respectable section of the Conservative press has made a loud outcry against the unjust decision of the Government, whereas you probably think the whole affair not worthy attention."

"But you are quite wrong," said the Swāmi, taking the paper and running his eye over extracts from the Conservative journals. "My sympathies in this matter are naturally with my country. Yet it reminds one of the old Sanskrit proverb: 'You have sold the elephant, why quarrel over the goad?' India always pays. The quarrels of politicians are very curious. It will take ages to bring religion into politics."

"One ought to make the effort very soon all the same."

"Yes, it is worth one's while to plant an idea in the heart of this great London, surely the greatest governing machine

that has ever been set in motion. I often watch it working, the power and perfection with which the minutest vein is reached, its wonderful system of circulation and distribution. It helps one to realize how great is the Empire, and how great its task. And with all the rest, it distributes thought. It would be worth a man's while to place some ideas in the heart of this great machine so that they might circulate to the remotest part."

"The Swāmi is a man of distinguished appearance. Tall, broad, with fine features enhanced by his picturesque Eastern dress, his personality is very striking. Swāmi is a title meaning master; Vivekānanda is an assumed name implying the bliss of discrimination. By birth, he is a Bengali, and by education, a graduate of Calcutta University. The Swāmi has taken the vow of Sanyāsa, renunciation of all property, position, and name. His gifts as an orator are high. He can speak for an hour-and-a-half without a note, or the slightest pause for a word. Towards the end of September his lectures at St. George's Road will be resumed for a few weeks before his departure for Calcutta.—India.

C. S. B.

A Hindu Missionary at Vizagapatam.—A Correspondent to the *Hindu* writes as follows:—"Mr. R. Jagannathiah, a Hindu Missionary from the *Sanmārga Samāj*, Bellary, who arrived here on the 3rd of August, has electrified the people here by his earnest, able and interesting addresses on Hindu religion. He addressed a large open air meeting in the premises of the local Reading Room opposite to the Telugu Mission Chapel on 'Religions-Comparative Merits of.' The missionary has an imposing appearance in his preaching garb with a pagidi on his head. He seems to have much insight into our Purānic literature and Upanishads. He attracts thousands to hear him. Even good, learned Sanskrit scholars are so much pleased with his addresses that they pay undivided attention to his learned addresses. The 3rd and 4th of August were made memorable in the annals of this town as the people rejoiced very much at the very idea that a Hindu missionary has come to the front to defend and guard the interest of the Aryan religion, which has unfortunately been much misunderstood and misrepresented in these days. On the evening of the 4th he lectured in the Hindu College Hall on "Hindu Rituals and Symbolism" under the presidency of Mr. V. Subramaniam Pantulu, B. A. and B. L., the District Munsiff. He (the lecturer) has a good knowledge of the Modern sciences which has made his lecture all the more interesting and instructive: he illustrated his lecture by apt quotations from Shāstras and from treatises on Physical Science and by diagrams. The learned Chairman in a short but forcible speech summarised the lecture and emphasised the statement that Hinduism is based upon the adamant rock of truth. The lecture was well attended and the lecturer left the hall amidst deafening cheers."

Growing Religious Activity.—Several meetings are being held in different parts of Madras, with a view to sound the views of the members of the Rajapat Community of the place with regard to the foundation of an *Arya Samāj* in Madras. When sufficient support has been gained, it is proposed to invite Swāmi Viswēśvarānanda Sarasvathi of Mysore to formally open a branch of the Samāj. We wish the promoters every success.

London Hindu Association.—On the 18th of July, a social conference of Indians, resident in Great Britain and Ireland was held under the auspices of the above named Association, when Swāmi Vivekānanda presided, and Mr. Ram Mohan Ray delivered an address on "Hindus and their Needs." Many English ladies and gentlemen attended.

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ब्रह्मविदामोतिपरम्.

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

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MONTHLY.

S'uka and the Steam Engine

OR

THE WORLD'S PROGRESS.

LET us fancy, and fancying has been our work ever since the world began, that the great rishi Śuka comes back to our midst to have a look at the nineteenth century civilisation. Doubtless, there would be much which he could not make out, much which he, in his good old days, would not have even dreamt of. Especially, if he go to England or America, he will see things which, if he were an ordinary man, might boundlessly excite his curiosity and interest. The busy steamships ploughing the main, the busier traffic of nations, the huge workshops and manufactories which form a leading feature of the modern day world, electric trains, telegraphs, telephones, talking machines and other vast and wonderful inventions and contrivances of the age—What will Śuka think of these? Supposing he is led to one of the great industrial exhibitions of the day, will he not get stupefied with wonder? The answer is, 'Not likely.' All the machines and manufactories of the world and all the wonderful inventions of the age will hardly succeed in eliciting from him a word of surprise, and if an enthusiastic Locksley speak to him of the fairy tales of Science, and spread before him the vision of the wonders that would be—'heavens filling with commerce, argosies of magic sails—pilots of the purple twilight dropping down with costly bales' and 'the parliament of man and the federation of the world,' he might smile and say, 'What if these be? These are no wonders; you are but children.' Even if all the stars in heaven were made by the sheer might of man to shine in the day, and he were enabled to cross from Mars to Venus and from Venus to Mercury as easily as from one room of a house to another,—nay, even if he were enabled to make a million

new stars and launch them all into space, it is not likely that the philosophic calmness of our Śuka would be disturbed with curiosity or wonder. Ask him if the world has not become better than it was in old days, and he would laugh and say, 'What do you take the world to be? It is the Supreme Self, the Ātman, changeless and eternal, shining through a vast variety of conditions (*Upādhis*) created by Māya (energy). Māya is constant and so your world neither grows nor decays. But this Māya, these *Upādhis*, and this world are only the dreams of the ignorant. To the wise all that is is God: all that is is God.'

What could Śuka mean? The Upanishads say:—

He who dwelling in the earth is within the earth, whom the earth does not know, whose body is the earth, who within rules the earth is thy soul, the Inner Ruler, immortal.

He who dwelling in the waters is within the waters, whom the waters do not know, whose body are the waters, who within rules the waters is thy soul, the Inner Ruler, immortal.

He who dwelling in the fire is within the fire, whom the fire does not know, whose body is the fire, who within rules the fire is thy soul, the Inner Ruler, immortal.

.

It is one and the same Self that is in the earth, in the waters, in the fire, in the man, in the stone and in the animal, but it is in them under extremely different conditions. Man is different from the animal as such, the animal is different from the stone as such, the wind is different from fire as such, but as pure *Existence* man, animal, stone, wind, fire are all one. All things that are, have *ipso facto* this element of Existence, and this Existence is not a mere dead one, for the whole world is instinct and bristling with life. The stone that lies as dead is not really so; it has a life and a consciousness peculiar to itself. It is this underlying existence, this ultimate inner life and consciousness pervading all through the universe, which is called the Self. Under certain conditions, (*Upādhis* as they are

called in Sanskrit) it appears as a man, under others as a stone, under others as a beast, under others as a star, and so on. As Swāmi Vivekānanda says, As a man you are separate from the woman, as a human being you are one with the woman. As a man you are separate from the animal, but as a living being, the man, the woman, the animal, the plant are all one: and as existence, you are one with the whole universe. That existence is God, the ultimate unity in this universe; in Him we are all one.' This common unity manifests itself in an infinite variety of conditions, and forms what is called the universe. All the endless differences which we see are differences only of conditions, of circumstances. Indeed, the world is nothing but a mass of conditions superimposed upon the Self, and creation means nothing more than the superimposition of these conditions, or, to speak from a different standpoint, the manifestation of these conditions.

Now, as the totality of these conditions makes up what is seen as the world, the energy or power (Śakti or Māya) through which they become manifest is the sum-total of the energy in the universe. This sum-total, science assures us, is a constant quantity. Western science has conclusively established that the quantity of energy in the world is constant, i.e., it cannot be less one day, and greater another, less in B.C., and greater in A.D. As our philosophers put it in their usual poetic way, the wife of the Lord—Pārvatī, Lakshmi, Śakti or Kālī as she is called, is, though she has given birth to children innumerable and worlds innumerable, yet a blooming girl. What follows? The Self or God is beyond growth and decay; so also is Śree, i.e., the energy which creates the diverse conditions through which that Self shines. It is obvious therefore that the world, which is the combination of the Self and Śree—Prakriti and Puruṣa—is incapable of progress and decay. It cannot be better one day and worse another. All that is possible is only change. The energy in it may be latent at one time and manifest at another. The energy in the seed, for instance, is latent, that of the tree is manifest; and when the tree springs forth from the seed and grows, the energy in the world does not increase, no new thing is brought into it: there is simply a change of conditions. The world as a whole neither improves nor declines. What were once seed, earth, water and air, now combine together and form a tree; and similarly when the tree is pulled down and cut up into chairs and tables, what really happens is simply a change of conditions. What was before of the form of a tree and called *suci*, is now changed in form and is called a table or chair as the case may be. There is change only in name and form. Or, to put the same thing in another way, the new thing is in essence the same as the old, but posterior in time, is different in size and shape, i.e., in space, and has a few more links in the chain of causation—in other words, is different from the former in space, time and causality.

So again in the building of a pyramid, in the construction of a steam engine, in the demolition of an ancient castle, in the falling down of an ancient empire, all that really happens is but a change of conditions, a change in name and form, a change in time, space and causality—neither improvement nor decay so far as the totality of the world is concerned.

That there is nothing new under the sun is a piece of profound philosophy. Only it does not go far enough. There is nothing new under the sun and beyond the sun. Continents became oceans, oceans became continents, mountains became seas, and seas became mountains, mammoths died and man sprang—did the world improve or decline? It did neither. All that really happened was only a change of conditions, a change in name and form, a change in time, space and causality. So again in the organisation of large joint stock companies, in the building of huge manufactories, in the vast and wonderful mechanical contrivances of the age, 'in the steamship, the railway and the thought that shake mankind'—in short, in all that goes by the name of modern civilisation, there has been only change and not improvement, so far as the totality of the world is concerned: the world as a whole has neither got better nor worse. All our civilisation is nothing, really speaking, but a change in name and form, a change in time, space and causality.

But is this change at least absolutely real? There might not have been any improvement, but has there been at least a real change? 'No' is the reply from the east and the west alike. Time, space and causality, says Kant, are merely forms of the mind. 'The name and form of the pot are not in the clay but in your mind, says Śāṅkara. They are not where the mind is not manifest. The mind then, is a kind of spectacles: when you look through them, the world appears bound down and diversified with the conditions of time, space and causality—these innumerable names and forms, just as to the jaundiced eye everything appears yellow. It is given to man, and here is his highest privilege, to leave behind this differentiating mind—to remove at will the spectacles-like mechanism, so to speak, which creates this world of names and forms, and soar into the regions of pure unconditioned consciousness. In that blissful state of halcyon rest and calmness, the waves of names and forms die, and there is neither caste nor creed, neither steamship nor railway, neither animal nor man, neither mountain nor sea, neither male nor female, neither death nor life, neither heaven nor hell. All these immense worlds, all our glorious civilisation and all the innumerable differences that attract and repel us by turns, all vanish; and what remains is the pure unconditioned, eternal and blissful Self, the Ātman or God.

It is said that there is a kind of magic oil known in Malabar, and that when a lamp is fed with it, the whole area illumined by its light at once appears covered with

a multitude of ugly snakes crawling and creeping over one another. The dreadful vision continues until all the oil is consumed, and no one that sees it can, unless he knows the secret, ever take it for a vision. The mind may be likened to that magic oil. It has been steadily presenting to us a vision which we, not knowing the secret, have been mistaking for an eternal reality and got hopelessly terrified at. To him that knows the secret, there is no fear.

All this world, this infinitely differentiated world together with the improvements, as they are called, which have been introduced into it, is found to be a phantasmagoria presented by the magic lantern of the mind, a mere hallucination, and flies away like a dream after waking, when the great, profound and blissful secret of the Self is known and realised. A certain Brahmin performed a great sacrifice in honor of Indra, and the latter, pleased with him, asked him what he wanted. The avaricious Brahmin at once asked for the Kalpaka tree—the most favorite treasure of Indra, and the request was granted. The tree had one most remarkable property, and that was, that whatever its possessor thought in his mind actually came to pass. The Brahmin thought that it would be well for him to have wealth, and at once there came an abundance of gold and silver; he was greatly pleased and then thought it would be well to have kingdoms, and at once there came more kingdoms than he could rule; then he thought of women, and at once there was a brilliant host of them. All these things happened so rapidly that the poor Brahmin thought they might all of them, including the tree, be a mere dream and pass away, and so it was at once: the tree, the wealth, the kingdoms and the women, all of them vanished as suddenly as they came. The mind is such a Kalpaka tree. It presents to us just such a vision as we want (or wanted before); the world is beautiful and pleasant, or ugly and miserable, and we are happy or unhappy just as the mind chooses. It is a very wonderful Kalpaka tree, this mind, and when we question its reality, and the reality of the things it gives us, the whole vision passes away and we find we have been dreaming.

Absolutely speaking, then, all our civilisation, the triumphs of science, politics and philosophy, the glories of agriculture, industry and commerce, are all dreams from which we are all of us bound to awake some time or other,—a conclusion not perhaps palatable to some, but truth is truth for all that.

"The reproach of being unpractical is often made against those who are deeply imbued with the philosophic spirit—they may not have the ready panacea for the cure of existing evils demanded by the philanthropist, whose partial remedy he is so apt to consider as such, and to apply with ill-considered action—but they who look deep down see the real remedy, though their words may fall as vain sounds on the ears of the world."—*Pilgrim*.

Pleasure! You're indeed a pleasant thing.
Although one must be damned for you, no doubt.—*Byron*.

Janaka,

OR

HIS MIND WAS WITH THE PARAMĀTMAN.

By P. V. RAMASWAMI RAJU,

Barrister-at-Law.

Janaka the lord of the Videhas was a Rājarsi, i. e., a royal sage. Many were the holy men that went to him for instruction. He was ever ready to receive them and do his best to enlighten their minds. A certain *Brahmachārin*, who lived at some distance from Mithila the capital of the king presented himself at court and addressed Janaka as follows:—"Sire, innumerable are the stories that I have heard of the greatness of your mind and the depth of your learning. There is no doubt that you cannot clear in matters spiritual. You are capable of revealing the Paramātmā, they say, just as you can show a man the fruit in yonder tree in your garden. Yet you are ever in the midst of the affairs of state. There is hardly a province of your kingdom which does not receive your attention daily. The poorest among your subjects have audience of you at all times of the day. They say, you have arranged to give audience to your subjects even at night, should the emergency of the case require it. Again, you have been a most attentive husband and father; as a friend you have been counted priceless. In conversation your powers have been seldom surpassed. Of all the sovereign princes in *Jambudwīpa* you have managed your exchequer on the soundest principles. There is not a cowl that you have to pay in the shape of debt. The public works in your realm, of all other things, have received your constant care and application. In war you have been celebrated as a great leader. Your chariots, elephants, horses and foot-soldiers have been the best equipped and disciplined in *Jambudwīpa*. There is no prince that thinks of drawing the sword against you, for he knows there is no use in his doing so. On all state occasions the magnificence of the ceremonial of your court has become proverbial among the people. I have myself witnessed a function at which you were seated on a lofty throne, like the sun in the orient, with a diadem each of the diamonds in which was of the size of a pigeon's egg. Your courtiers were decked in garments brilliant as the sun, the moon and the stars. O king, how do you keep up the equanimity of your mind in the midst of all this? How have you been able to acquire the title 'Rishi' in the midst of all this hubbub? How is it that worldly grandeur has not diverted your attention?" The king replied with a smile of peace:—"O sage, your questions are most pertinent. The ways of this world and the ways of the holy are often different. But there are instances in which the two go together. It is extremely difficult to explain satisfactorily by means of words how this happens. But it is easy to indicate the same by a practical illustration. I request you will be so good as to submit to it. It is not my object to insult you by it, but only to show to you effectually what I mean." The sage replied that at the suggestion of such a great king and 'Rishi' he would submit to anything; because Janaka was never known to intend wrong with respect to any one on this mundane sphere. The king was pleased with the answer given by the sage. The head of the sage was shaved clean. He had a thin piece of cloth simply to cover his waist; on his head was placed a wide plate, with a very low brim, containing quicksilver. Four tall soldiers of martial fame with drawn swords attended on

him on four sides. The instructions of the king to these four men were these:—"Take the sage round the city. Let there be music and dancing at every stage. Let everything else that would charm the senses be placed in his way so as to attract his attention. At the same time he is bound to see that not a drop of the quicksilver in the plate is spilt. Should any be spilt, you must instantly cut off his head." The sage heard the words of the king. Instantly his heart was with the plate. He went round the whole city. The journey began in the morning and ended in the evening. When the king was engaged in his *Japa Mandiram* or prayer hall, the soldiers brought the sage to him. He requested the sage to put the plate down. The sage did so and sat down quite exhausted on the turf in the vicinity of the edifices by the side of a fountain where the lily welcomed the moon beams as they glanced through the foliage of the woodlands around. The king requested the sage to narrate to him all that he had seen in the city as he went round the streets. "Sire," said the sage, "I can tell you nothing about anything that I saw, because, as a matter of fact, I saw nothing. My mind was with the plate of quicksilver." The king replied:—"Just so; the best music in the city was got up for you. There was Punch and Judy everywhere as you went. Theatricals were to be seen at every turn in the streets. Fair women, like the lotus and the jessamine, smiled in your course. Elephants with gorgeous trappings followed you; horses caparisoned with cloth of silver and gold preceded you. Perfumes, the most agreeable and costly were burnt all round in censers of gold bedecked with priceless gems. But you noticed nothing as your mind was with the plate. Similarly O sage, although in the midst of the cares of a kingdom surrounded by all the splendour and magnificence appendant to it, I notice nothing about them or about those that delight in them because my mind is with the Paramâtman." The sage had his doubt most effectively cleared and departed in peace saying—"Sânti, Sânti, Sânti."

The Narrow Way.

"For straight is the gate, and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it; but wide is the gate, and broad is the way and many there be that go in thereat."—St. Matthew, VII., 13-14.

Truly the path is as a razor's edge, hard to tread; for straight is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life. The world is ever attacking us on one side, seducing us on another, and who can always keep his thoughts in the celestial region? Even while we are yet enduring the torture that has taught us to look beyond these things of the senses for our final peace, the deep depression that levels all things to its own hideous deformity may enter our souls, and make us cry vainly to death to free us from our pains, or the demon of rage seizes us—rage at the continuance of our apparently unmerited suffering—seizes us and tears us, and we curse all the powers of heaven and earth in our anger, with a concentrated bitterness of soul that only those who have experienced it can realise. And though we know by absolute conviction that there is no getting rid of our past Karma, and that it must be worked out to the sweet or the bitter end through innumerable incarnations, the doubtings of Lucretius still come back to our memory, with almost a wish that his suggested solution might be

practicable—doubtings whether man's best hope might not be to quench in annihilation his insatiable longings and his deep despair.

Or again we are relieved from our pains, and again the sun shines in a clear sky. Then do the smiles of our friends carry to our souls a still more subtle poison, for we are led to fancy that the life we so lately scorned and hated is still worth living, and the infinite possibilities of the future gleam in radiating colours as love again begins to lift her gauzy veil. So do our imaginations go on weaving the old unreal dreams. What help is there for natures so crossed and traversed by passion? They have slept and dreamed in the arms of lust, and though when awakened they have seen and fled from her deformity, it seems as though she were again able to assume for them the mask of beauty; they have gazed into the abysses of hate, and have indeed recoiled from their awful depths, but a power again urges them to the brink. After having gone over the whole gamut of the sense-passions and forsworn them, again the passions shew their mastery—drawing as with a magnet.

What hope for one who lives in so fluctuating a state of mind, and is so unable to keep his soul in equilibrium? and how can he expect to attain to passionate tranquillity—the very antithesis of his present state?

Krishna answers Arjuna "Let him regain his kingdom." Let him turn the very passion of his nature to the contest and he will conquer. Let him oftener and oftener lift his mind to the celestial regions and he will be reinvigorated by some reflex from the great souls who dwell there. Let him conquer tranquillity by fervency of spirit.

One who realises this difficulty of controlling the heart, and who desires to rid himself of these constant fluctuations of feeling should pursue his search in a systematic manner, and the following four rules may be taken as guides.

1st. Read the holy books—read them though the heart may be cold and torpid, and if indeed the slothful and despairing quality of "Tamas" be at the moment paramount there is all the greater necessity to end its reign, for all the three qualities alternately dominate us, and the slow steady progress towards perfection is only made permanent by arousing the nature when invaded by the sloth of "Tamas" and refusing to allow it to sink into the stagnation of lethargy, and by restraining it when dominated by the passion of "Rajas," until the duration of control by these evil forces is gradually lessened, and the nature tends more and more to permanence in the tranquillity of "Satwa."

And out of that tranquillity shall rise
The end and healing of his earthly pains,
Since the will governed sets the soul at peace.
The soul of the ungoverned is not his,
Nor hath he knowledge of himself; which lacked,
How grows serenity? and, wanting that,
Whence shall he hope for happiness?

Read the holy books of all ages and all peoples, the Vedas, the Dhammapada, the Bible, the Zend Avesta, and the Koran, whichever is found by practical experience to have most effect on the life, for we are all governed by our emotions and require different influences. But above all and before all, read the Song Celestial of the heavenly Krishna.

2nd. Attend to any conversation about spiritual things you may have the opportunity of hearing*—attend to it

*This hearing or *Sravaṇam* is more important than even reading Holy books for, while the latter may bewilder and mislead, the former will not, provided it is from a proper guru who has realised the truth; besides, it has all the immense advantage of the eye-to-eye teaching.—Ep.

whether you understand it fully or not; whether it is to you a mere statement of truisms, or whether, as is more likely, its metaphysical philosophy seems to soar above your head. Store in your memory whatever you can grasp, for a time will come when you will understand more fully, and your future progress will be facilitated by what you may now learn.

3rd. Realise as fully as possible the current opinions about duty in the society and nation in which you have been born and brought up. However much you may have—or think you have—transcended the ordinary current notions of morality, the study and comparison of the opinions of others is a necessary part of your education. The reader may here remark that this is as it were the prelude or commencement of that “intelligent looking into the hearts of men” which is one of the rules laid down by those who desire to advance in knowledge, though its complete attainment, it need scarcely be said, is impossible till many stages of initiation have been passed. This purely intellectual comparison of opinions from one's own standpoint might seem at first sight unnecessary compared with personal advance in holiness, but the student cannot too soon grasp the idea that for the attainment of perfection the whole nature must be cultivated equally, and the fewer painful re-adjustments of the equilibrium that may subsequently be required, with the help of the master, the less trouble will he give and the steadier will be his progress.

4th. Act so as to give yourself only satisfaction. This, the fourth rule in the descending scale, deals more especially with the physical nature. Act so as never to incur the upbraidings of conscience. Should experience have taught that any act is followed by inward shame, avoid that act in future; and as the whole nature develops conscience develops also. What might previously have been done without a qualm will now evoke the stings of shame, for as the standard becomes more exalted so will the inward pressure become more severe till we make the outer accord with the inner. So the traveller along the narrow way pursues its course after untold failures in the innumerable diverging paths which we have tried and found misleading. Yes, conscience is indeed the ever sharpened goad that will never let us rest; it is turned into an instrument of torture when in our waverings we are led to embrace a lower life, but it is the surest guarantee of our God-head, and contains in itself the potency of all progress.

(From the *Problems of Hidden Life*—By Pilgrim).

Seekers after God.

I. NANDA, THE PARIAH SAINT

(Continued from page 18.)

HENCEFORTH it became the one passion of Nanda's life, to visit the great temple of Natarāja. Day and night he would pant for it. While working in the fields, while staying at home, while laying himself down to sleep, always his mind was with the great God dancing as it were the unceasing dance of creation, destruction and maintenance. Every day he would think of begging his master to let him go to Chidambaram, but day after day passed without his venturing to do so, for fear of a refusal. He would tell his friends every day, ‘I go to Chidambaram

to-morrow, but a great many to-morrows became to-days and he had not gone: he became a veritable ‘dupe of to-morrow’ and his very friends began to nickname him ‘one that goes to-morrow’ (*Tirunālai-ārār*).

In the meantime, the pariah community of Adhanūr, among whom, true *bhakti* (devotion) was a thing altogether unknown, observed first with curiosity and then with alarm, the change that was coming over Nanda. The constant repetition of the holy name of Śiva, the frequent besmearing of the body with sacred ashes, the exercises of meditation, in which he was often engaged, and more even than these, the thorough change that had come over the inner man, his extreme meekness and humility, his constant and involuntary references to God, his inability to talk of anything but Him and His glory, his self-absorption even in the midst of work, caused real uneasiness in the minds of his ignorant kinsmen, to whom any kind of deviation from the accustomed run of life was a source of fear. He would seldom mix in the cruel and barbarous sports of his community; meat and toddy lost their sway over him. Butoherry was an act of abomination in his eyes, and he discouraged it whenever he had occasion. Often while the rest of the community was engaged in quarrel or gossip, he would unconcernedly repose under some tree and meditate: he would look at the wonderful creation around him, admire the unceasing miracles of the universe—plants, rivers, mountains, trees, etc., and say, ‘Ah, all this deceptive phenomenal wealth is the glory of that one foot of Natarāja so firmly planted down. Beautiful as all this is, let me O God cross over to you and see you not as you seem, but as you are.’ Then he would fix his mind on the raised foot of Natarāja and pray with eyes filled with tears to be sheltered under its blissful shade of wisdom. One day Nanda had long sat meditating in this way till his eyes were suffused with tears of joy and himself passed into a state of ecstatic trance, when a curious neighbour went near him, and finding him unconscious and his body wetted with tears, gave the alarm to the whole community that something was wrong with Nanda. The report found ready acceptance on all sides, and soon our poor friend was redely shaken and disturbed and was at once demanded an explanation; but all that he could say was, ‘Knowing that there is a God, who can help worshipping Him?’, which of course was not found satisfactory. The result was that a council was at once formed on the spot, and it was unanimously resolved by the wise of the community, that Nanda's melody was due to the fault of not having held feasts for their gods more frequently, and that therefore one should be celebrated the very next day.

Grand were the preparations that were made for the feast. A huge *pandal* (shed) was erected and decorated with plantain trees, coconuts, mango leaves and flags. Fowls and sheep were procured in abundance for sacrifice. A Valluva priest of oracular fame was called in, and grotesque clay figures of the mighty gods of wonderful names—*Veeran*, *Irulan*, *Kāṭṭeri*, *Veryan*, *Nandi*, *Ohdmundi*, *Nallakarupan*, *Pettannan*, *Paradi* and a multitude of others too numerous to be mentioned here, were made. The next morning, the whole village gathered together under the *pandal*. The clay gods were arranged in order of importance fowls and sheep and pots of toddy were ready for the feast. Nanda was held by main force, for which however there was no need, in the centre of the assembly, and the high priest Vallavanar shook his *d marukam* (a little drum); and at once there was a wild blowing of horns and a

reckless beating of 'drums and timbrels loud' and, as soon as they stopped, the holy priest got inspired; god had descended unto him, and he rose making all sorts of hideous cries; about ten people held him down, perhaps to prevent his escape to heaven. Thus held down, and shaking forth his *damarukam*, he delivered with appropriate gestures the following oracular utterances. 'Nandan,' he said, 'Nandan—Nandan—Nandan—is possessed with the big long-haired devil which resides in the market tamarind tree; it will make him laugh and weep and run and talk and sleep' (many people do these things without the help of the devil), and he asked, 'Does he not do all these?', to which there was a tumultuous reply of, 'aye, aye, how true the oracle, how right!'. Nanda said nothing but thought within himself, 'O Lord how wonderful is thy dance! Here is a wonderful scene being played in Thy endless drama!'. 'Kill a hundred sheep,' continued the oracle, 'and two hundred fowls and offer them with pots of toddy to god *Karuppan* and his brothers, and they say that Nanda will at once be cured. The great gods are extremely angry with you for having neglected them so long.' The oracle ceased and immediately a large dancing group of middle aged Pariahs was arranged and they sang,

Pedāri great, the guardian dev
Of all our fields, poor Nanda save!

Nanda added,

None but *Nates'an* has that power,
For he's my chosen lord and lover.

They sang,

O *Vira* dark with turband huge,
Beneath thy feet we seek refuge.

Nanda said,

No turband could you make for one
Who filleth all these worlds alone.

They sang (admiringly),

Irula fat with aspect brave,
Thy belly is of goats the grave.

Nanda,

Trust not, ye fools! to demons base,
But Him who is all love and grace.

The enthusiastic dancers heard not Nanda, or at any rate heeded him not; but the dance was followed by a more serious affair—the butchering of innocent fowls and sheep. Nanda rose and vehemently protested against it, but in vain; he eloquently preached to them about the grace and glory of the Creator, invited them to throw away their wicked gods and barbarous sacrifices and exhorted them to join with him in the worship of the beautiful, eternal *Natarāja*, but all his words were as pearls cast before the swine; nay, worse than that, they tended to strengthen the current notions about his madness. Nanda turned away from that ignorant multitude in sorrow, and filled with pity for them prayed to God that they might be saved. With every moment of prayer, the longing to visit *Chidambaram* gained new strength, till it grew irrepressible and forced him to apply to his master for leave. After considerable hesitation, the Brahmin landlord was asked; but in the meanwhile, the pious devotees of *Pedāri* and company, finding that their gods had no power over Nanda, had carried their appeal to the more powerful tribunal of their visible agricultural god—the said Brahmin landlord, who unlike the invisible gods vouchsafed a prompt enquiry. Nanda appeared before his master just a little after the above deputation had gone from there, and made his application. The landlord was greatly en-

raged at the silly and impertinent request as he took it, and exclaimed, 'Eh, you want to visit *Chidambaram*, you Pariah fool, you want to become a brahmin I suppose, you rogue, you deserve to be whipped for this impertinence. You-vi-sit-Chi-dam-baram!!!'. Poor Nanda was thunderstruck, he felt himself undone and returned weeping without speaking a word. He went to the shade of his favourite tree, and there wept in torrents. 'O God', he said to himself, 'How cruel art thou! I have no right to blame the brahmin, he of course spoke under Thy prompting, for not an atom moves save at Thy bidding. I am a poor Pariah too low for Thy grace, Ah! how cold art thou! Thou hast no pity on this wretched, miserable, forlorn creature. I have nothing to be proud of—no wealth, no beauty, no fame, no learning and as if this were not enough, I am a born low caste bondsman. All this was nothing to me, so long as I had hope of Thy grace, and now I have been deprived even of that. Oh God, how then can I live!' He even meditated suicide, saying, 'I shall do away with this my life and die a victim to Thy cruelty.' But hope, that most wonderful of all things, again asserted itself, and after a few hours of weeping, he thought within himself, 'God knows what is best for me, infinitely better than I do. I shall resign myself to His will in all things great and small. I am a rebellious spoilt child, and till I learn obedience and cheerful resignation, how can I obtain His grace? The Brahmin master might relent; and I am sure, when I am fit to enter His presence, I shall be allowed to do so.' A few days after, a second application was made for leave with a similar result of refusal combined with rebuke; but the disappointment this time had a different effect on him; he consoled himself with the idea that he was not yet fitted for the holy presence, and that therefore he should strive to be more pious and god-loving and purer in heart. He redoubled his meditation, that there might not be in his waking state a single moment in which God was forgotten, curtailed his hours of sleep, danced in a wild and ecstatic way both morning and evening, and at other times wept for God's grace or rejoiced over his illimitable glory. In the stream, in the bird, in the tree, in man, in short, wherever he saw life, there he felt the presence of *Natarāja*; and under the sway of this strange fancy, often played with the stream, embraced the tree, ran after the bird and did a thousand other wild things which positively confirmed his kinsmen in the idea of his lunacy. They, poor folk, tried all sorts of remedies, even bound him by fetters and tortured him, but all in vain. Even while being tortured, he would not turn away from his *Natarāja* to get angry with his persecutors, and if the physical suffering was unbearable he would say, 'O Lord, the fault is not theirs, nothing is done but at Thy inward prompting, forgive them, if only for my humble sake.' To him everything in the world was divine, and his love and tenderness to living creatures was simply boundless: he would feed the ants with sugar, would take up the worms from the roadside lest they might be scorched by the sun or crushed under the feet of the passers-by, play with children and enjoy the music of the birds as if he were himself one of them.

In the meanwhile however, the harvest time had come and, his kinsmen being desperately engaged with him, work in the fields really suffered. The landlord got enraged and sent for his slaves. All of them came except Nanda, and related everything that happened. The Brahmin angrily dismissed them and sent for Nanda. Nanda came, bowed to his master and stood. The Brahmin was greatly surprised at the

remarkable degree of joy, calmness and humility that shone in his face. It clearly struck him that Nanda was no ordinary man, and that what was misconstrued by the ignorant Pariahs as madness was nothing but an extravagance of piety and fervour; but he did not want to encourage him, and got really angry when the request to go to Chidambaram was put forward; yet he was moved at the extremely piteous, sincere and imploring way in which it was urged and the quivering and suspense with which his reply was awaited, as if a soul's destiny hung upon his one word; and so he gently replied, "Nanda, you are a really good fellow, but have fallen into wild ways; you have not been doing your work properly of late. This is the harvest season, the corn has to be reaped, after all the harvest is gathered in, I shall give you leave to go to Chidambaram. No sooner was this said than Nanda sprang into the fields dancing and leaping like a wild deer, and a few hours later, again called at the landlord's backyard. When the Brahmin asked why he was wanted, Nanda replied, 'Do me the favor, sire, to go with me into the fields,' and led the way followed by his master; and what was the latter's wonder when he found that the whole of his vast paddy fields had been reaped and the harvest gathered in like a mountain of gold—all the work of a single man, and that in the space of a few hours! He could hardly believe his eyes, and struggled to know if he was not dreaming; what he saw was, however, no vision but a concrete and thorough reality, and when convinced of this, he could only say, 'Nanda, you could not have done this work, nor all your kinsmen together, what a miracle has God worked in my fields through you. This is the reward of your devotion—the proof to us incredible fools, of your greatness. Nanda, you are the greatest, holiest and purest man that I have known, God's dearest *bhakta*, ah! what a sin have I committed by treating you as my slave,—from this moment, I am thy slave and this whole estate is yours. Bless me and recommend me to that high God who is so near and dear and kind to you.'

Nanda's feat was at the same time a miracle and not a miracle—not a miracle in the superstitions sense generally attached to the word, but a miracle, a genuine miracle in that it was beyond the power and comprehension of ordinary men. Most of us are ignorant of the resources of love. Its intensity, its abundance, and its wonderful possibilities are foreign to our mediocrity and when measured by our laden standard, appear legendary. Love rolls the hills, leaps over the seas, annihilates the elements and shakes the universe. What can it not do and what has it not done? It is the energy of the Soul, nay it is the Soul itself, and when Nanda threw his whole soul into the work on which hung the fulfilment of his life's ambition, the result was miraculous, divine. The astonished Brahmin fell at his feet; and here by the way, it may be said to the credit of our caste system, that however rigorous it may be on the social plane, it has ever been liberal on the religious one. Many of the saints worshipped in our temples are men of the lower castes, some of them being of the very lowest; and the Brahmin is as ready to-day as he was in the days of Nanda to fall at the feet of any man irrespective of caste, if any high religious merit be at least plausible. Nanda ran to his master, raised him up, repeatedly fell at his feet and with tears in his eyes said, 'My lord, what a sin have you committed by bowing to your Pariah slave' to which the Brahmin replied, 'you are no longer either a Pariah or a slave, you the holiest of men, the greatest of *bhaktas*. Go to Chidambaram, but bless me before you go, forgive me for my

treatment of you and recommend me to God's High Grace.' And saying this he took Nanda's hands and placing them on his head implored him to give him some parting advice. 'This is all that your humble slave could say my lord', said Nanda, 'Love God as well as you love your wife, children, lands and wealth, What more O lord does this uncultured slave know? The Brahmin looked up at the radiant face of Nanda and worshipping him once again reluctantly let him go. With great many kindly expressions they parted; but hardly had Nanda gone a few yards, when the Brahmin ran up to him and asked, 'Nanda, dear Nanda, O my gurn, when may I see you back? when will you return?' Nanda replied, 'Now O my master, we part once for all. O my lord, who really goes to Chidambaram, and comes back? I loathe again to enter into this mortal coil. My master, I hope no longer to return.' The Brahmin did not understand what Nanda said, but we may perhaps do from the sequel of the narrative.

(To be concluded.)

How to kill out anger.

The renowned philosopher, Sree Vidyaranya Swami gives in his '*Jivanmukti Prakarana*' the following advice to the Mumukshu (aspirant for salvation) as to how anger may gradually be overcome:—

When you are tempted to get angry with others, you should address your mind and say, "Oh, mind! if you would get angry with those who do mischief to you, then why do you not get angry with anger itself? For it does the greatest mischief; it prevents a man from attaining the four great ends of life—charity, wealth, happiness and salvation and throws him into hell (even before his death): therefore there is no enemy worse than anger." The meaning of this truth should be repeatedly thought upon, and you should get angry with anger. By doing this you will attain peace and salvation. When anger grows so far as to give birth to abuse and blows, it at once destroys all charity and fame: when it does not develop to this full extent, it scorches the mind at least. Therefore how could anger, which gives rise to so much mischief here and hereafter ever spring in the minds of the sages? To think as above is the best means of killing out anger.

When others get angry with you, you should not think, 'I have done no wrong. Why do these people get angry with me who am innocent', and get angry with them in return. You are not really innocent, for is it not a great wrong that you have not yet crossed beyond the three bodies (*Sthūla*, *Sūkshma* and *Kāraṇa*) and attained the bliss of wisdom? The attainment of *gnāna* is the true innocence; and until you have attained that, how could you think that you are innocent?

There is yet another means by which we may avoid being provoked by others' anger towards us; and that is that we should regard those that get angry with us as our benefactors and feel thankful to them for their anger; for by getting angry with us, they reveal to us our faults and strengthen our *Vairāgya* (non-attachment). To do us this service, they sacrifice their own peace of mind and therefore we should feel all the more thankful to them. Thinking in this way is a great help to us.

"Give up all argumentation and other distractions. Is there anything in this dry intellectual jargon? It only throws the mind off its balance and disturbs it. So give up all vain talk. Read only those books which have been written by persons who have had realisation."—Swami Vivekānanda.

"Each is great in his own Place."

(An abstract of a lecture.)

BY

SWAMI VIVEKA'NANDA.

EVERY man should take up his own ideal and endeavour to accomplish it; that is a surer way than taking up other men's ideals, which he can never hope to accomplish. For instance, we take a baby and at once give him the task of walking twenty miles; either the baby dies, or one in a thousand will crawl the twenty miles to reach the end exhausted and half dead. That is what we generally try to do with the world. All men and women, in any society, are not of the same mind, capacity, or of the same power to understand a thing; they must have different ideals, and we have no right to sneer at any ideal. Let every one do the best he can for his own ideal. I should not be judged by yours nor you by mine. The apple tree should not be judged by the standard of the oak nor the oak by that of the apple. To judge the apple tree you must take the apple standard and for the oak its own standard, and so with all of us.

Unity in variety is the plan of creation. However men and women may vary individually, there is unity in the back ground. The different individual characters and classes of men and women are natural variations in the law of creation. Hence, we ought not to judge them by the same standard nor put the same ideal before them. Such a course creates only an unnatural struggle, and the result is that man begins to hate himself and is hindered from becoming religious and good. Our duty is to encourage every one in his struggle to live up to his own highest ideal and strive to make that ideal as near as possible to the truth.

In the Hindu system of morality we had that this fact has been recognised from very ancient times, and in their scriptures and books on ethics different rules are laid down for the different classes of men—for the householder the *Sanyāsin* (the man who has renounced the world) and the student. The life of every individual, according to the Hindu Scriptures, has its peculiar duties apart from what belongs to universal humanity; to each stage of life certain duties are attached by its own nature. No one of these stages of life is superior to the other; the life of the married man is quite as great as that of the man who is not married, but who has devoted himself to religious work. The scavenger in the street is as great and glorious as the king on the throne. Take the king off his throne, make him do the work of the scavenger and see how he fares. Take the scavenger and see how he will rule. It is useless to say that the man who lives out of the world is a greater man than he who lives in the world; it is much more difficult to live in the world and worship God than to give it up and live a free and easy life. The householder marries and carries on his duties as a citizen, and the duties of the man who gives up the world are to devote his energies only to religion.

If a man goes out of the world to worship God he must not think that those who live in the world and work for the good of the world are not worshipping God; neither must those who live in the world, for wife and children, think that those who give up the world are low vagabonds. Each is great in his own place.

This thought I will illustrate by a story.

A certain King used to inquire of all the *Sanyāsins* that came to his country, "Which is the greater man—he who gives up the world and becomes a *Sanyāsin*, or he who lives in the world and performs his duties as a householder?" Many wise men tried to solve this problem. Some asserted that the *Sanyāsin* was the greater, upon which the King demanded that they should prove their assertion. When they could not, he ordered them to marry and become householders. Then others came and said "The householder who performs his duties is the greater man." Of them, too, the King demanded the proofs. When they could not give them he made them also settled down as householders. At last there came a young *Sanyāsin* and the King put the same question to him. He answered "Each, O King, is equally great in his place." "Prove this to me," said the King. "I will prove to you," said the *Sanyāsin*, "But you must first come and live as I do for a few days, that I may be able to prove to you what I say." The King consented and followed the *Sanyāsin* out of his own territory and passed through many territories, until they came to another kingdom. In the capital of that kingdom a great ceremony was going on. The King and the *Sanyāsin* heard the sound of drums and music, and oriers and the people were assembled in the streets in gala dress, and a great proclamation was being made. The King and the *Sanyāsin* stood there to see what was going on. The crier was saying that the princess, the daughter of the King of that country, was going to choose a husband from among those assembled before her.

It was an old custom in India for princesses to choose husbands in this way, and each one had certain ideas of the sort of man she wanted for a husband; some would have the handsomest man; others would have only the most learned, others would have the richest and so on. The princess, in the most splendid array, was carried on a throne, and the announcement was made by oriers that the princess so-and-so was about to choose a husband. Then all the princes of the neighbourhood put on their bravest attire and presented themselves before her. Sometimes they, too, had their own oriers to enumerate their advantages, and the reasons why they hoped the princess would choose them. The princess was taken round and she looked at them and heard what they had to offer, and if she was not pleased she asked her bearers to move on, and no more notice was taken of the rejected suitors. If, however, the princess was pleased with any one of them, she threw a garland upon him and he became her husband.

The princess of the country to which our King and the *Sanyāsin* had come was having one of these interesting ceremonies. She was the most beautiful princess of the world, and the husband of the princess would be ruler of the kingdom after her father's death. The idea of this princess was to marry the handsomest man, but she could not find the right one to please her. Several times these meetings had taken place, and yet the princess had not selected any one. This meeting was the most splendid of all; more people than ever had come to it, and it was a most gorgeous scene. The princess came in on a throne, and the bearers carried her from place to place. She does not seem to care for any one even on this occasion, and every one has almost become disappointed that this meeting too is to be broken up without anyone being chosen as the husband of the princess. Just then comes a young man, a *Sanyāsin* as handsome as if the sun had come down to the earth, and he stands in one corner of the assembly seeing what is going on. The throne with the

princess comes near him, and as soon as she sees the beautiful *Sanyāsin*, she stops and throws the garland over him. The young *Sanyāsin* seizes the garland and throws it off, exclaiming "What nonsense do you mean by that? I am a *Sanyāsin*, what is marriage to me?" The King of that country thinks that perhaps this man is poor, so does not dare to marry the princess, so he says to him "with my daughter goes half my kingdom now, and the whole kingdom after my death," and puts the garland again on the *Sanyāsin*. The young man throws it off once more, saying "What nonsense is this? I do not want to marry," and walks quickly away from the assembly.

Now the princess fell so much in love with this young man that she said "I must marry this man or I shall die;" and she went after him to bring him back. Then our other *Sanyāsin*, who had brought our King there because of the controversy, said to the King—"King, let us follow this pair;" so they walked after them, but at a good distance behind. The young *Sanyāsin* who had refused to marry the princess, walked out into the country for several miles, when he came to a forest, and struck into it and the princess followed him, and the other two followed them. Now this young *Sanyāsin* was well acquainted with that forest, and knew all the intricate passages in it, and suddenly he jumped into one of these and disappeared and the princess could not discover him. After trying for a long time, to find him, she sat down under a tree and began to weep, for she did not know the way to get out of the forest again. Then our King and the other *Sanyāsin* came up to her and said "Do not weep, we will show you the way out of this forest, but it is too dark for us to find it now. Here is a big tree; let us rest under it, and in the morning we will go early and show you the road to get out."

Now a little bird and his wife and three little baby-birds lived on that tree in a nest. This little bird looked down and saw the three people under the tree, and said to his wife, "My dear, what shall be done; here are some guests in the house, and it is winter, and we have no fire?" So he flew away and got a bit of burning firewood in his beak and dropped it before the guests and they added fuel to it and made a blazing fire. But the little bird was not satisfied; he said again to his wife "My dear, what shall we do, there is nothing to give these people to eat, and they are hungry and we are householders; it is our duty to feed any one who comes to the house. I must do what I can, I will give them my body." So he plunged down into the midst of the fire and perished. The guests saw him falling and tried to save him, but he was too quick for them, and dashed into the fire and was killed. The little bird's wife saw what her husband did, and she said "Here are three persons and only one little bird for them to eat: it is not enough; it is my duty as a wife not to let my husband's effort be in vain; let them have my body also", and she plunged down into the fire and was burned to death. Then the three baby-birds, when they saw what was done, and that there was still not enough food for the three guests, said "Our parents have done what they could and still it is not enough; it is our duty to carry on the work of our parents; let our bodies go too", and they all dashed down into the fire. The three people could not eat these birds, and they were amazed at what they saw. Somehow or other they passed the night without food, and in the morning the King and the *Sanyāsin* showed the princess the way, and she went back to her father. Then the *Sanyāsin* said to the King—"King, you have seen that each is great in his own place. If you want to live in the world, live like those birds, ready at any moment

to sacrifice yourself for others. If you want to renounce the world be like that young man, to whom the most beautiful woman and a kingdom were as nothing. If you want to be a householder hold your life a sacrifice for the welfare of others; and if you choose the life of renunciation, do not even see beauty and money and power. Each is great in his own place, but the duty of the one is not the duty of the other."

Elements of the Veda'nta.

CHAPTER II.—HAPPINESS.

"To be happy, to possess eternal life, to be in God, to be saved—all these are the same. All alike mean the solution of the problem, the aim of existence..... Happiness has no limits because God has neither bottom nor bounds, and because happiness is nothing but the conquest of God through love."

The beautiful scene on the Jumna described in the last chapter did not close with the resuscitation of the calf. Jānaki's^o words raised new topics and gave an altogether new turn to the general conversation of the confreres. The first to speak after the calf arose was Gopi Maitreyi.

She said, 'Krishna, sister Jānaki's words have created a doubt in me. She stated that happiness is the end which all alike seek. Is not that a low and unworthy aim in a world where misery stares us in the face all around? Had not rather charity and love be set up as the ideal? You only are worthy to clear this my doubt; so enlighten me, O Krishna.'

'Maitreyi, my love,' said Krishna, 'A certain child was weeping, it could not say, it did not itself exactly know what it wanted. It wanted something and cried. It was offered a doll; it turned it over and over for a while, but soon cast it away. Then a fruit was offered to it; it ate a little bit of it and then threw it away in anger. Then a picture was tried, then a book, then a toy, but the child did not get composed until it had what it sought. Like that child, you do not know what you really want and try one thing after another, but your mind can never rest unless it obtains what it really seeks—permanent and all-knowing bliss. You cannot help seeking this eternal Bliss, the great Self, any more than a stone thrown up can help falling towards the earth. Everything in the universe is constantly gravitating towards it consciously or unconsciously. All other things will please for a time and then will be thrown away. How many things have you not yourself tried within these few years and thrown away? Do you not remember, that once on these very sands, you desired me to get your jewels made like the wild flowers of the forest and put into them their smell too? I complied with your request, but in a few months you got tired of them. Now you want to exercise charity and love and help the world—a much nobler and a more unselfish desire than your former one. But in both, the end sought for is happiness, for desire means want, insufficiency of happiness; and you will feel miserable unless you are allowed to help the world. Like the child I spoke of, you have not yet understood what you seek. The thief who steals, the ruffian who murders, the soldier who falls without a murmur on the field of battle, the patriot who loves his country more than his home, the lover that is busy weaving love songs—all alike seek happiness only, but in extremely different things. The end is the same,

* On suggestion, that the mixing up of Rukhmani and Satyabhāma with the Gopis is not proper, we have substituted the names Jānaki and Sāvithri respectively.—Ed.

the means differ, some being good, some bad, others indifferent. But you may be sure of this that no external thing can ever give you what you seek. True and permanent happiness is only possible, when the hunt after external things is given up as futile and the mind subsides.

Maitreyi was satisfied with the reply, but Gôpi Gârgi asked 'Is it not selfish, O Krishna, to seek this happiness which you yourself call the self?'

'No, my dear,' replied Krishna, 'The happiness I speak of is all-happiness, all-knowledge, all-permanence; it is infinite. Do you think that that infinite bliss is immured in what you call 'yourself' and 'myself'? The ocean is more easily swallowed up by one of its droplets, the universe is more readily devoured by an atom, than the great, boundless, unconditioned and eternal bliss called the Self is crammed up within your little frame. 'Yourself' and 'myself' denote little, exclusive, differentiated and narrow things; for what is 'yourself' is not 'myself', and what is 'myself' is not 'yourself.' You call your mind and body 'yourself'; but all notions of your being a body, an external thing, and all the wild goose chase of your mind must cease before the happiness of the Self can be realised. So long as you think yourself as apart from others, you are little and this infinite happiness cannot be realised. Give up your little self and the great Self stands revealed. Selfishness is the worst enemy to this high realisation. It limits one's vision, makes one little, reduces one to a worm and how then could the infinite Self be perceived? The higher you rise out of the *pâtâla* (dark, nether world) of your little self, the nearer you are to the heaven of the Supreme Self. Charity and love to others will gradually lift you out of that *pâtâla*. So train yourself that you may love others better than you. Sink your little self in the great ocean of love, wear it away to nothingness by constant exercise of charity and, when by this holy exercise the little self is rubbed away, the great Self stands realised. Love is a precious balm, a sovereign cure for the wound of selfishness. It polishes your heart, baptises your understanding and purifies your whole nature. It transforms the beast into the man and the man into God. Nothing is dearer to God than love. When all yourself is lost, when you become all love, then the highest enjoyment is at hand. Happiness therefore is identical with all love.'

'Oh, I have made a wonderful discovery O Krishna,' cried Seetha.

'If so, let us have it,' said Krishna, 'and see how wonderful it is.'

'My discovery is,' replied Seetha, 'that happiness is not merely all-love, it is also all-knowledge, for where there is the least thing yet to be known, the mind gets into unrest and happiness becomes imperfect.'

'You are right my dear, you are right; ah! what a grand discovery and who else could have made it!' exclaimed Krishna.

'Is not this happiness then identical with pleasure?' asked the serious Sâvithri.

'They are as fire and water, as light and darkness. The one is all knowledge, the other is all ignorance. A certain poor man begged for bread all day long, but did not get enough. So he grieved within himself and was going home, when suddenly on his way, he perceived a bright thing shining like silver; he was rejoiced at its very sight and eagerly took it in his hand, but to his misfortune, he found it was not silver but mother-o'-pearl. The poor man's grief knew no bounds, he cursed his fate and wept home more sorrowful than before. Man's lot on earth is exactly similar; he wants happiness, firmly believes that a certain thing could give it,

longs for it, gets it and is pleased; but his pleasure is closely followed by pain, for he soon finds he was deceived, that the thing he got does not give him the happiness he looked for in it; so another thing is tried, then another and so on. Pleasure then is counterfeit for happiness—the illusion of happiness in a thing which cannot give it, like that of silver in mother-o'-pearl. It is deceptive and fleeting and is bounded on one side by want, and on the other by pain. Never confound happiness with pleasure. Pleasure tickles the mind and passes away, happiness is permanent and beyond the mind—the mind must subside before it can be realised; pleasure is deceptive, happiness is true; pleasure is the child of ignorance and illusion, happiness is all knowledge; pleasure is selfish and feeds selfishness; happiness is all-love and involves the killing of the self; pleasure is derived from external things and is dependant on them; happiness is beyond external things, beyond the body and the mind and is independent. Dear Sâvithri the two things should never be confounded.'

"Ah! what a splendid evening we have spent and how much have you taught us, O Krishna!" exclaimed the sweet Râdha. 'All things in the universe are consciously or unconsciously seeking happiness, but in the majority of cases, it is sought for in external things: and want, pleasure and pain are the result. The mind which carries on the trade with the external world must 'close its shop', before happiness can be realised. Happiness therefore is beyond the external world, beyond the body, beyond the mind, beyond the intellect, beyond all sensation, beyond what is known as 'yourself' and 'myself', is permanent, eternal, infinite, all-knowing, all-loving, all-truthful, all-independent, and is the great Self the *âtman*—*uay*, it is you my sweet, precious, loving and artful Krishna. 'I see', ejaculated Krishna, 'I see you have all become philosophers; henceforth I cannot control you, so I go', and accordingly he put his flute to his lips and singing, 'so I go so—I-go, the merry shepherd goes', began to walk forth, and the beautiful gôpies one and all of them went merrily running after him followed by the calf which knew not how to walk but danced and jumped.

Gnana—The highest Sacrifice.

'The very highest of sacrifices is Gnana-Yagna or Wisdom-Sacrifice—*Sâtyâyani Upanishad*.'

KRISHNA had a bow on which were hung a number of little bells. They had the power of ringing by themselves whenever any offering was made to Krishna; and the number of the bells ringing, the loudness of their sound and its duration were in proportion to the piety, wisdom and pure-mindedness with which the offering was made. When Yudhishtira, the eldest of the Pandavas, otherwise called Dharmaputra, performed his celebrated *Râja Sôya Yagam* (a kind of sacrifice), feeding numberless brahmîna and distributing a fabulous amount of money in charities, only one of the bells rang and that not very loudly. Dharmaputra was however gratified at even that recognition, for he had never before heard any of them make more than a slight tinkle, and felt proud within himself at the sacrifice he had celebrated. Pride is one of the most dangerous weaknesses to which man is liable and however justifiable it may seem, should never be suffered to enter into our hearts; for in proportion as we think highly of

ourselves we hinder our further growth. Pride, moreover, argues an inability to look into the infinity which surrounds us everywhere, in the midst of which we are nothing. Yudhishtira was generally a cautious man; but the mind of man being always on the alert to deceive him, or in his life even he felt a little proud.

Not long after however, when Krishna and Dharmaputra were together, all the bells on the former's bow began to ring at the same time and kept up their loud and continued music for more than half an hour. Poor Yudhishtira was struck dumb with surprise, and on recovering from the shock, humbly asked his divine companion the cause of the strange phenomenon. 'Nothing very particular, my royal friend,' said Krishna, 'a *Brahmagnāni* (one that has realised God) who lives close by the cremation ground at Muttra cooked dog's flesh, which was all he could get for his dinner to-day, and is now eating it having first offered it to me. Nothing extraordinary O Samrat.' Dharmaputra at once rose and falling down at the feet of the all-knowing Krishna confessed to him the sin of pride he had carelessly committed and said, 'Better far than a thousand sacrifices is the true knowledge of thee, O Lord.'

Brahmagnānam is the highest kind of sacrifice, for it means the total annihilation, the complete sacrifice of the lower self in man—which is a necessary condition for the realisation of the supreme Self, *Ātman* or God.

Wealth, friendship, love may all be sacrificed but the sacrifice of these things is not enough, for it leaves behind, as in the case of Dharmaputra, a residue, i.e., the self which is the most difficult thing to be surrendered. Therefore it is that the Lord says, 'Better than the sacrifice of wealth is Wisdom, the highest sacrifice, O Parantapa. All actions in their entirety, O Pārtha, are fulfilled in Wisdom.' (Gītā, IV, 33.)

All actions are contained in Wisdom, for Wisdom, i.e., the realisation of God is our highest duty, and in the performance of that duty is involved the discharge of all other duties. 'Know Thyself, it is the only thing for which thou art born', is the precept of the Vedas; and all acts done by him who has known himself, are done with the knowledge that the Supreme Self being beginningless, without qualities and imperishable though seated in the body, worketh not nor is soiled. (Gītā, XIII, 31.)

The idea of *gnāna-yagna* (wisdom-sacrifice) is beautifully elaborated in the *Taittiriya* Upanishad. In every sacrifice there should be a performer, and he should be a *grihastha*, i.e., one living with his wife. A particular ground should be selected, cleaned and decorated; the sacrificial fire should be reared and fed with the fuel of the *Āśvattha* (the sacred Peepal) tree and ghee. The animal for sacrifice should be tied to a pole called *Yūpa Stambha* and made to die, not by slaughter but by the force of *mantra*. There should be three brahmins or parties of brahmins reciting the Rig, Sāma and Yajur Vedas and another brahmin representing the Prajāpati or Brahma. The performer should wear *diksha* (should not get his head shaved)* till the close of the sacrifice, drink *sōma* juice and distribute offerings (*dakshina*). In *gnāna-yagna* the performer is *Ātman* in the sense of pure Jiva and *Śraddha*, i.e., faith in the teachings of the guru and the Śāstras, is the wife. The breast is the sacrificial ground and *tapas*, the destroying of even the germs of desire in the light of the knowledge that the Brahman alone is real and the world an illusion—is the fire fed by the ghee of attachment (*abhihiṣa*). The body is the sacred fuel for the fire, for without it *Ātma* is impossible. 'Body is the boat by which we have to cross

the ocean of existence, says the *Mahābhārata*. *Krōdha* or anger is the animal to be sacrificed, and it is to die by the force of *mantra* (that which is beyond *manana* or meditation—*nididyāsana*). The pole to which that animal is to be tied is the firm heart. The mouth is the *Ritwik* (the brahmin reciting the Rig Veda), *prāna*—the life, the *Udgāta* (the brahmin reciting the Sāma Veda) and the eyes the *Adhvarya* (the brahmin reciting the Yajur Veda): the mind is the Prajāpati or Brahma because of its creative power. The sacrifice and its *diksha* last till the *prāna* lasts, all that is eaten and drunk by the performer of the wisdom-sacrifice has the virtue of the *Sōma* juice and the offering made (*dakshina*) is *Sama*—the wisdom that all that exist is God.

This *Ātma-yagna*, a further elaboration of which may be found in the *Taittiriya* Upanishad, is the highest and the truest sacrifice; other sacrifices have their uses in cleansing the mind or conferring temporal and spiritual benefits, but this is the most glorious and the most laudable. No wealth, no extraordinary learning and no favour from except ourselves and our guru are needed for this glorious *Yagna*: and seeing that it is so cheap and so precious may we all do it!

A RECLUSE.

Thoughts on the Bhagavad Gītā.

(Continued from page 21.)

If Krishna wanted to teach Arjuna, why should he have chosen for it the awful and anxious hour of battle? The tumult of the field, the beating of drums, the flying of colors, the blowing of trumpets, all rousing the sleeping brute in man, combined with the braggart shouts of infuriated combatants, the tramping of horses and the rattling of chariots—these obviously were anything but fitted for calm philosophical reasoning. Strangely enough however, this hour of the battle seems to have been peculiarly precious to Krishna. He had long waited for it. He had known Arjuna for a very long time, he had been with him in society and in the forest, with others and alone. If leisure had been a consideration, no better days could have been found than those they spent together in the *Kāndava* forest; but Krishna knew that the time was not then come; he waited for an opportunity when the heroic heart of his companion would lose confidence in itself, when its rage of valour would subside, and fear which alone is the beginning of all true knowledge would invade that impregnable fort. The whole of Arjuna's previous life was but a preparation for that one moment, in which, with tears in his eyes, he cried out, 'Save me, O Krishna, from this confusion. Thou art my teacher, O teach me what to do.' Krishna had busily ripened him for it: he had stood by him in weal and woe and obtained for him every gratification he desired. When he wanted to marry Subadra he contrived to bring them together, when he wanted to marry the daughter of the Pāndyan King, it was Krishna that equipped him forth as a snake-charmer and procured him admission into the royal harem. In the *Kāndava* forest the future author of the *Gītā* initiated his companion into the mysteries of conjugal love. In these and similar ways, he had lulled to rest by due gratification the feverish desire for pleasure, and the days the Pāndavas spent in the 'black forest' in the company of great rishis, hearing from them many tales of great moral worth had softened all of them, Bhīma included, most of all Arjuna,

* It is a customary vow among Hindus not to get one's head shaved till a particular undertaking is finished.

so that it was not in a sudden fit of grief, but in the due course of evolution, that he exclaimed, 'Seeing these my Kinsmen arrayed, O Krishna, eager to fight, my limbs fail and my mouth is parched, my body quivers and my hair stands on end; Gāndivā (his bow) slips from my hand, and my skin burns all over, I am not able to stand and my mind is whirling' (1. 28-30) and sank down on his seat.

Sweet are the uses of grief: it softens the heart, and ripens the understanding; it has a mellowing effect like the dews of December, and often has it been the instrument of salvation. In all Vedāntic treatises, the student is made to weep before the guru, before he is saved. Sorrow has often made saints of men, and in the intensity of grief, the sensory organs of mortals have been made alive to sights and sounds far above those of the earth. In the *Periya Purāna*, the child *Tirugnānasambandha* is represented as having been rewarded for his weeping with Pārvati's milk; and in life, the weeping child it is, that first receives the caresses of the mother. The first of the four truths that Buddha discovered under the Bo-tree was that the world is filled with misery; and the first right thing in Buddhism is the recognition of the sorrows of life and grief for them. Sorrow is the sweet unction to the heart, and as the Lord said, 'Blessed are those that mourn for they shall be comforted.'

'Knock and it shall be opened', is the precept; but no one so happily 'knocked as Arjuna, and like Daniel who went in search of asses and found a kingdom, he pressed for a solution of his immediate problem and, for the intensity of his grief and the earnestness of his demand was rewarded with a solution not merely of that problem, but also of the great one of life. No sooner did he get unmaned and let slip his Gāndivā, than there came for him an elixir from heaven which ravished his senses and raised him far above the tumult of the battlefield, and his own question even at so early a stage as the 3rd chapter is no longer, 'Shall I kill my brother or will he kill me?' but, 'Shall I attain Mōksha and how?' All that was required of Arjuna was that his heart should lose confidence in itself, and, filled with grief and fear, seek for guidance and help. The hour of the battle was the first hour in which the manly heart of the warrior felt itself weak, and Krishna had eagerly awaited the hour and ripened him for it in the latter's interests as well as in those of the world.

Now, let us recall to mind the true meaning of Krishna and Arjuna, and in its light see what the battlefield of Kurukshetra means. It is no longer the narrow field of a few acres in which a number of men gave up their ghosts, and which the geographer and the historian might busy themselves in discovering and explaining, but the whole universe, boundless and eternal,—the arena of the Atman, the theatre where that Atman dreams, and in the dream becomes the Jiva or 'the habitual self,' as it has been most poetically styled, and finds itself in course of time confronted with problems on every side. Kurukshetra is literally the field that was made, and therefore the world that is made by the mind. Similar to mistaking a spark of fire for a precious gem is the mistake which the mind first makes, that the world of senses it made is a world of pleasure. What was fancied to be a soft pillow to rest upon is gradually discovered to be a hone under the grinding wheel; the world of pleasure becomes a world of battle; and in a more special sense the Kurukshetra is the world, discovered when the mind has begun to inquire, to be a world of battle. Those who were or rather were fancied to be friends and relations

before the battle are now seen ranged as enemies; the war has to be carried on with the very things we before loved so well. This battle is to be carried on with the help of some allies, i.e., the bad *vrittis* or tendencies of the mind have to be conquered with the help of the good; but in the end both the allies and the enemies are slain, for the *nirvāna* is where all the outgoings of the mind cease, where there is neither hate nor love, where the mind rests with itself in its native bliss.

To make the meaning a little clearer, the love of wine, women and wealth all of which begin with pleasing, ends in hate—friends and relations become enemies. The love for these things is to be conquered by the love for higher things—learning, poetry, charity, God and so on. These are the allies in the battle: but these are valuable not for themselves but for the sake of the Self, for 'rousing the great giant', for rendering possible the blissful realisation of the Atman where the lower hates and loves cease,—the Atman which 'stands alone and without a second.'

To return to the point, Kurukshetra is the world which to the mind which has begun to discriminate, is full of problems—a veritable battlefield. Arjuna the Jiva or the human mind with its wonderful faculty of discrimination is the hero; the body is the chariot. 'Know the Jiva as the rider, the body as the car, know the intellect as the charioteer and the mental *vrittis* as the reins. They say, the senses are the horses and their objects are the roads' (*Katha Upan.*, III, 3, 4.) The intellect (*Jñāna Sakti*) being the brightest reflection of the Atman is the charioteer Krishna, the Paramātman in human body.

The great battle of Kurukshetra is not then a matter of antiquarian interest fought sometime ago, and somewhere but a daily, nay, hourly one. The sooner we enter into it with earnestness and zeal, the better will it be for us, for Krishna the Atman will reveal Himself to us in the shape of intellect or *Jñāna Sakti* and guide us safely through it, and the victory of salvation is sure to be ours in the end.

(To be continued.)

Extracts.

Each soul is potentially divine. The goal is to manifest this divinity within, by controlling nature, external and internal. Do this either by work, or worship, or psychic control, or philosophy, by one, or more, or all of these—and be free. This is the whole of Religion. Doctrines, or dogmas, or rituals, or books, or temples, or forms, are but secondary details.—*Sri Sri Sri Vivekananda*.

The perfection of man is in his total adhesion to God.—*St. Thomas Aquinas*.

The masses of men are as incapable of thinking as of flying. A few words of the sages of Atheism and as by a touch of Circe's wand, the glory and worship die away and we are reduced to our proper rank among the swine—*W. S. Lilly*.

To worship a black stone, because it fell from heaven, may not be wholly wise, but it is half way to being wise, half way to worship heaven itself. It is no true folly to think that stones see, but it is to think that eyes do not. It is not true folly to think that stones live but it is to think that souls do not.—*Ruskin*.

He who seeth, that Prakriti verily performs actions everywhere and that the self is actionless, he seeth.

As the omnipresent Akāśa is not soiled by reason of its subtlety, so seated everywhere in the body the self is not soiled.—*Bhagavad Gita*, XIII, 29, 32.