

THE PRABUDDHA BHARATA OR AWAKENED INDIA



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MAY 1897.

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IMPORTANT NOTICE.

As the first year of the "Awakened India" is drawing to a close, the Manager takes this opportunity to request the subscribers to be good enough to register their names for the second year, either by remitting Re. 1-8. by M. O. or by sending a post card authorising him to send the July number i.e., the 1st number of the second volume by V. P. P. for Re. 1-10. including the V. P. commission.

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Reviews.

The Human Aura by A. Marques. S. D. (Office of Mercury Native Sons' Building, 414 Mason's Street, San Francisco, Cal. Price 40 cents.; also Manager of the Theosophist, Madras, price Rs. 2). This very interesting contribution was originally meant as a lecture to the groups of Theosophists of the Shola Branch, Honolulu, and of the Golden Gate Lodge, San Francisco. It contains nearly all that has been said by the best authorities on the Aura, supplemented here and there by the author's own observations. Miss Marie A. Walsh rightly observes in her able preface, 'The book is really far more than tentative, and the reader who hospitably receives its message will find herein a synthetic conception of the Aura, which will serve as a foundation and framework for all future building on the subject. Whoever reads it will want to build, to investigate; he will want to verify and to know for himself this unseen "I" now objectified in form and color with all the links that moor it to dewdrop and crystal, to star dust and flower petal, to light, sound, form and colour, to the very central sun itself.' Great and momentous consequences for humanity are looked for from the extensive cultivation of the faculty of seeing the aura. 'Now, admitting that there is' observed the author on a former occasion 'a growing number of sensitives who can perceive this aura, there can eventually be one result. All hypocrisy and crime will be vain, when man will be able to see every other man just as he really is, not as he tries to appear; and the world must, therefore, be on the eve of some psychical revolution as occultism intimates, and as the Bible predicted for the time when 'men will rush to and fro and knowledge will increase,' as it certainly is the case now-a-days. The aura is as is now well known 'a subtle, invisible essence of fluid that emanates from human and animal bodies and even things; it is a psychic effluvia, partaking of both the mind and the body, as it is the electro-vital and at the same time an electro-mental aura, called in Theosophy, the akasic or magnetic'. The existence of the aura was well known to our ancients. In the caves of Ellora, there is a figure of Iadrane, the wife of Indra, sitting with her infant Sun-god in her arms and elsewhere exists a picture of Krishna nursed by Devaki, the heads of all the personages mentioned in both cases represented as surrounded with a golden halo, thus anticipating by several centuries before Christ the favorite representation of the Catholic aureoled 'Santissima Maria' with her divine 'Bambino'. The aura was also well known in ancient Egypt, Greece and even Yucata and Peru. The book is very interesting and suggestive throughout and contains three appendices, the last of which gives in detail the method of training the psychicsight; the method, the author says, may be supplemented at will by the cautious practice of what the Hindus term 'the outer method' of the Taraka system of Raja Yoga, though the simple study of aura does not necessitate going deeply into Yoga practices.

The beautiful frontispiece is really a triumph in the art of color painting. The book contains several illustrations which are all neatly executed.

Gitarthasangraha by C. Ramayya Gari, Madras, (sold by N. Narasimha Iyengar, No. 6, Narayana Mudali Street, Black Town, Madras). This is a Telugu translation of the Bhagavad Gita. The rendering generally follows Sankara's commentary and is throughout wonderfully spirited and accurate. Indeed, few other translations bring out the spirit of the original more fully. The Bhagavad Gita being a member of the *Prasthantraya* (the three legs as they are called, of our religion and philosophy) has been commented upon by a host of philosophers of all schools. Every word of it has been interpreted in a variety of ways and few other books afford so wide a scope for the display of exegetical talents and the war of philosophies. To steer clear of these controversies and bring out a faithful translation of the great book is therefore no easy affair; and Mr. Ramayya deserves our hearty congratulation for the wonderfully successful manner in which he has accomplished his difficult task. The book, though it has not been properly advertised has run through five editions, which shows how it is appreciated by the public. The translation has the merit of being acceptable alike to dualists, monists and qualified monists and therefore finds favor with all Telugu-knowing people. It has already become a household book in many families and deserves to be in the hands of every Telugu knowing man and woman. The translator has done wisely in publishing on one page the text and on the next, opposite to it, his translation. This is of great help to those who wish to make *Parayanam* of the sacred book. The get up is excellent and the book is in every way sufficiently attractive. (Price 14 as.; by V. P. P. Re. 1-2.)

The Scorpion: This is the name of an article originally contributed to the Indian Medical Record and reprinted in pamphlet form by V. S. Balasundara Mudaliar, Diplomate in Medicine and Surgery, Member of Indian Medical Association, Member of the Malthusian League, London, Member of the Royal Asiatic Society, &c., &c. (Record Press, 150, Dharmasala Street, Calcutta). The writer appears to have made a special study of the scorpion and gives in a succinct form the European, the Indian and the Persian methods of treatment for scorpion sting. The writer quotes from the Theosophist a *mantra* and evidently believes in the efficacy of mantras and charms.

News and Notes.

Female Education—a very sensible advice:—In a well considered article, contributed to the *Theosophist* (March No.) Mrs. Besant, one of the sincerest and most valued friends of our poor motherland says:—Needless to say that in India there is no prospect of such a complete revolution in social life as would break up the family system, drive the women out into the world to earn their bread, make them competitors with men in every walk of life. Of what possible value can it be to her to know all about the Wars of the Roses and the dates of great English battles? How much is she the better for learning Latin? of what value to her is it to pass the Matriculation examination? Why should ordinary Indian girls have a detailed knowledge of English Geography, while ordinary English girls are never taught details of Indian Geography—for the very sufficient reason that it would not be of any use to them. But above all else must the Indian girl be trained in the devotion and piety to which her nature so readily responds. Not only should she read, but she should learn by heart, stories and poems from the best Indian Literature, stotras and sacred verses. No girl should leave school without becoming familiar with the Bhagavad Gita and knowing much if not all of it by heart. All the great heroines of Indian story should be made familiar to her, with their inspiring example and elevating influence. The Indian ideal of womanhood should be made living to her in these heroic figures and she should be taught to regard them as her exemplars in her own life. With heart thus trained and memory thus stored, she

will be fit to be "the Lakshmi of the house" and the hearts of husbands and children will safely trust in her. Girls thus educated will make the Indian home what it ought to be—the centre of spirituality, the strength of the national religious life. Among them we may hope to see revived the glories of the past, the tenderness and fidelity of Sita and Savitri, the intellectual grandeur of Gargi, the all-sacrificing spirituality of Maitreyi.

The Birth-place of Buddha: The pillar erected by Asoka on the sacred spot where Buddha was born and recently discovered by Dr. Fuhrer contains an inscription to the effect that "King Piyadasi (that is Asoka) twenty years after his accession (literally 'anointing') himself came to the very spot and there worshipped saying 'Here was the Buddha, the Sakya Aseetic, born' and that he erected this stone-pillar which records that 'here the venerable one was born.' The pillar is 25 ft. high and was found near the Nepalese village of Padeira, two English miles North of Bhagavanpore.

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THE Prabuddha Bhârata OR AWAKENED INDIA.

ब्रह्मविदामोतिपरम्.

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

VOL. I.
No. 11.

MADRAS, MAY 1897.

PUBLISHED
MONTHLY.

Work and Saintship.

“By works the votary doth rise to Saint,
And Saintship is ceasing from all works.”

Blagavad-Gita.

Our ignorance is simply appalling. Verily has it been described as an unfathomable ocean of darkness.

Who made this utter darkness my home,’ cries Thâyumânavar, ‘and reduced my knowledge to lightning-like flashes?’ When the divinity within us reveals itself in such occasional flashes we realise the slavery we are in, the depths of ignorance in which we are sunk, but the moment their glare vanishes, we forget our position and fall in love like the prisoner in the story with the very chains that bind us. ‘Aho!’ exclaims the sage, pitying the lot of man who, forgetting his real Self which is infinite, fancies the fleeting world to be all-in-all, ‘look at the wonderful work of ignorance; it has magnified an atom into a mountain and reduced a mountain to an atom.’ We have lost all sense of proportion, or rather, an adequate sense of proportion is impossible to us so long as we are what we are—the victims of illusion. No wonder then, that truth is not always welcome to us and that in our ignorance we often glorify our very bondage.

One such example of our worshipping our own fetters is doubtless the false importance we attach to active work, active benevolence and the like, and the preference we often give to them over calm meditation and silent worship. The sage who buries himself in Self-realisation is generally regarded as a mere lumber and active work is proclaimed as the be-all and end-all of existence. ‘Get leave to work,’ says the poetess, and adds ‘*it is the highest you get at all.*’ To seek for truth with the utmost singleness of purpose and the most unflinching courage, to kill out all ‘sense of separateness,’ and become the transcendental Reality that lies behind the universe, by a course of the most intense and the

most absorbing meditation—all this is nothing, and ‘getting leave to work’ is the highest that one can get! Referring to this deification of action, a great English writer justly observes ‘What is bred in the bone comes out in the flesh. Like the sportsman, who, by the most curious perversion of logic and glorying in his very shame, defends the brutality of slaughter or the cruelty of hunting an animal to death on the ground, forsooth, that the courage of the human animal is thereby fed and increased (as if true courage required to be kept up by such means!), so the man, who has been brought up to Western ways of thinking, not only fails to realise the very first axiom of true thought, but with the perverted idea of his race glories in his very shame, for he exalts action above meditation.’ When we come to know what is really meant by action, and what place it occupies in our evolution, we will have no hesitation in fully endorsing the above remarks, and proclaiming that not getting leave *to* work, but getting leave *from* work is the ideal to which one should aspire with all his heart.

For, what is action? Action is a necessity of our nature. By the very nature of things it has been forced upon us. We have not to get leave to work; we are bound to work. There is not a single moment in which we really are not working. Here working or action is of course not confined merely to physical or external activity. The corresponding Sanskrit word *Karma* has been thus defined by Sankara.—*Karma* is the activity or restlessness of the body, mind or the senses. In this its largest sense, ‘there is never a single moment,’ says the Gita ‘when man does not do Karma; for all men who are not masters of themselves are compelled by the principles in their nature to do Karma.’ (III. 5). Until we transcend nature and become masters over ourselves, we are always working and bound to work; and all compulsion is slavery though we may not realise our position.

Nor is this all. The necessity to which we are subject is itself a child of ignorance. For whence came the

necessity to work thus incessantly? The only satisfactory reply to this question is furnished by the Vedānta. Few systems of philosophy go deep enough to supply an answer and the theories of Divine Will, Fatalism and the like offered by others, are hardly satisfying. The truth is, as the Vedānta says, we are ignorant of the fact that all that exists is one infinite undefinable ocean of Pragnāna (consciousness and there is no duality anywhere. 'Verily,' says the Chāndogya Upanishad, 'that Immen-sity (Pragnāna) extends from below, it extends from above, it extends from behind, it extends from before, it extends from the south, it extends from the north—of a truth it is all this.' (VII, xxv, 1.) Our sense of separateness is then mere ignorance. And 'where there is, as it were, duality,' says the Brihadāranyaka Upanishad (IV, v. 15), 'there sees another, another thing, there smells another, another thing, there tastes another, another thing, there speaks another, another thing, there hears another, another thing, there minds another, another thing, there touches another, another thing, there knows another, another thing.' In other words there arises the necessity to do Karma. The genesis of Karma is more fully given elsewhere in the same Upanishad as follows. The root of Karma is desire and the root of desire is *Sankalpa* which may be figuratively described as the out-breathing of the Ātman through Māya. The earliest beginning of manifestation is Sankalpa. In other words, as soon as the Unmanifest began to manifest itself, duality sprang and then naturally desire, and through it Karma, and through it of course plurality, i.e., the world. Karma then is due to desire, which itself is the off-spring of duality, which again originated through *avidya* or ignorance.

According to the Vedānta then, we alone are responsible for our misery; it does not make the slightest attempt to throw the blame on any one else. That we are incessantly compelled to work is our own fault. Ignorance is the cause of bondage. This explanation of the Vedānta is the best conceivable; for no fate outside us can reasonably be held responsible for our slavery; and to attribute our suffering to the Will of Providence is against all pious and enlightened conceptions of God. We suffer, because we fancy ourselves separate from Him, the only Reality. We are really infinite, but think ourselves to be finite; we are really eternal, but through our ignorance fancy ourselves mortal; and the moment we cut up by our misguided imagination the indivisible One into parts, selfishness, desire, passions; Karma and slavery follow. We are restless then, because we are ignorant; we incessantly work like slaves, because we do not know who in reality we are. All this is not mere theory; for it could easily be seen that as soon we realise our infinity, our eternality, our oneness with all that is, all Karma must in reality cease; no more could there be any compulsion to

work; for as the Brihadāranyaka Upanishad says, 'How does one, to whom all has become his own Self, see anything, how smell anything, how taste anything, how speak anything, how hear anything, how mind anything, how touch anything, how know anything?' According to the Vedānta then, or, as we might as well say, as a matter of fact, the necessity under which we labour—that of having to perform Karma and thus sowing the seed for successive rounds of births and deaths is due to our ignorance. We fancy, through *avidya*, that we are separate from the Brahman and that the world exists apart from us. As soon as this idea of separateness comes, the mind, the senses, and the body, all become active and the result naturally is Karma. And any action however noble, however benevolent and however praiseworthy according to our false standards, is necessarily the result of ignorance and therefore cannot absolutely good. 'However we may try,' says Swāmi Vivekānanda, 'there cannot be any action which is perfectly pure or any which is perfectly impure, taking purity or impurity in the sense of injury or non-injury. We cannot breathe or live without injuring others and every bit of food we eat is fallen from another's mouth: our very lives are crowding out some other lives. It may be men or animals or small microbes, but some one we have to crowd out. That being the case, it naturally follows that perfection can never be attained by work. We may work through all eternity, but there will be no way out of this maze: you may work on and on and on but there will be no end.'

It clearly follows from what we have said that getting leave to work cannot be the highest we can get. We are bound to be incessantly active and every act which we do, however good it may appear to us, is necessarily the combined result of ignorance and compulsion and besides, is a mixture of good and evil. We work not as masters but as slaves, not wisely but in ignorance and our work can never be absolutely good. The Gītā says, 'Every work bath blame as every flame is wrapped in smoke.' Such being the nature of action, can that be our ideal? Certainly not, unless ignorance, slavery and evil could satisfy our wants. Deification of action then practically means worshipping our fetters or, to use the words of the writer above quoted, 'glorying in our shame.' Action or restlessness is not the ideal. Our deepest and the most persistent impulses all point just the other way and they deserve to be respected. They are really the voice of the Deity within us, and it is through them and not against them that we can possibly work out our salvation, and they all unmistakably point towards rest or repose, towards knowledge, towards freedom and towards truth. Happiness, truth, freedom, goodness, these are the ideals or rather, the ideal for, they are really but different aspects of the same ideal. There is not a single moment in our lives or for that matter, in the life of any

sentient being, in which the struggle to reach the ideal, the groping though in the dark after freedom, truth, and happiness is really absent. Even things which we are wont to call inanimate struggle for them. Indeed all change, all restlessness, all activity is for repose and freedom. Like all the rest of the universe, we also work then, not for the sake of work but for the sake of rest. There is only one man who works for work's sake and that is the *gnāni* (wise man) for whom nothing more has to be gained, and who even working does not really work (Gītā III, 27), but for us who are always consciously or subconsciously seeking happiness and rest, action is the means and actionlessness the end. So the Gita says

By works the votary doth rise to saint,
And saintship is ceasing from all works.

We work in order that we may be freed from work. The highest then is not to get leave to work, but to get leave from work.

The only possible way to escape the necessity to work, to transcend nature which has enslaved us is to clear up our ignorance which is the mother of all our misery. 'The natural cows are not cows', says the Nārada parivrajika Upanishad, 'but they are the real cows who think that they are different from the Brahman. Wise men escape death by knowing the Brahman. There is no other road to salvation.' 'If in this world', says the Kena Upanishad, 'a person knows the Self, then the true end (of all human aspiration) is gained; and great is the loss of him who does not thus know.' (II 5.) That ignorance is the cause of our slavery and knowledge of our real nature alone can free us from it is very well put in the following Śruti. 'Those who believe in duality are not masters of their own selves and go to perishable regions, while he who realises the reverse becomes his own king.' 'I am immovable; I never become old. I am immortal. I am without the distinctions of mine and another's. Wisdom is the essence of my nature. I am verily the ocean of the bliss of Moksha (freedom)' says the sage, in the Ātmabodha Upanishad. Moksha is defined as freedom from the bondage of attachment which arises through ignorance (Sarvasāropanishad). To the sage who 'breaks the bond of ignorance by knowing the supreme immortal Brahman dwelling in the heart' (Mund. Upa. II, I, 10) the necessity for doing Karma ceases, 'for he is his own king' and has transcended nature. He is free, he is blissful, he enjoys supreme rest and he is himself the Truth, for Truth means 'the Absolute and the only Existence (the Brahman) of which the Vedas speak.' (Sar. Upa.) In him all the ideals meet. 'He is the adorable one,' say the Upanishads. 'All beings pray to him who knows the Brahman.' To such a man, there is nothing more to be done. 'The man who rejoices in his Self, is satisfied and happy in his Self, has no more Karma to perform. To him no benefit could arise by doing Karma here, nor does any loss accrue by not doing; and there is not in all things which

have been created, any object on which he has to depend (Gītā III, 17, 18). 'My ignorance has fled,' says the sage, 'I cannot say where. My little self which was doing Karma is dead and I have nothing more to do as a necessity' (Ātma. Upa.) 'To the Yogin, who is gladdened with the nectar of wisdom, and whose duties have all been performed, there is nothing to be done. If there be' it is added, 'he is not a real knower.' 'Let men sorry or ignorant,' says the Tripti Dipa, 'make themselves busy from desire of a son and the like; but I do not; for I have nothing to wish for, being full of joy. Let them who wish to go to other worlds perform Karma; but how should I, who am all the worlds in myself perform Karma, what am I to perform and for what purpose?.....I shall, though my deed is done, live for the good of the world in the path prescribed in the Śāstras.'

To transcend nature, to destroy ignorance and 'attain perfect surcease of work' and be, what in truth we unconsciously are, the true, the omniscient, the infinite and the blissful Brahman, 'beyond the gaining whereof' as Bankara says 'there remains nothing to be gained, beyond the bliss whereof there remains no possibility of bliss, beyond the sight whereof there remains nothing to be seen, beyond becoming which, there remains nothing to be become, beyond knowing which there remains nothing to be known', and which has been described as 'the highest end, the best riches, the supremest world, the greatest joy'—this is the ideal. To check the ignorant wanderings of the restless mind and know that changeless illimitable Pragnana is our real nature and thus escape Karma, in a word to do nothing is the best thing to do.

It is not, however, for a moment asserted that action is useless and that great souls, who in the past have shed their life-blood in the cause of righteousness and justice, or for their country's sake, did a foolish thing. Action has its place and a very necessary one in our growth. As the Gītā says 'By works the votary doth rise to saint.' One beautiful contrivance in the Government of the Universe is that our very fetters help us, in course of time, in obtaining our freedom and thus, it is given to us so to work that we will have to work no longer as bondsmen. Freedom from work or saintship is the end which, whether we will or no, and consciously or unconsciously, we are struggling to attain every moment of our lives.

It need not be feared, however, that to become a saint is to become dead to the world. How sages serve the world and how work leads to saintship are subjects which we shall consider on a future occasion.

* Growth is better than permanence; and permanent growth is better than all.'

* Ideas are the great warriors of the world.'

Mababbhinishkramana

OR

THE GREAT RENUNCIATION.

(Continued from page 113).

Thenceforth his one aim was to find out the remedy, if remedy there be, for the woes of the world. The rubies and diamonds of the palace, the music of the Vina, the dance of women, all lost their charm for him, and many a time did Yasodhara catch him weeping with no selfish grief. She observed with anxiety the rapid change that was coming over her lord, and tried all her womanly arts to beguile him from his melancholy. The prince in return comforted her with kind words and sweet expressions of love which, however, only served to reveal the depths of the grief within.

Siddharta wept because the world was full of woe, and Yasodhara wept because her lord wept; and one night, a moon-light night it was, while she was sleeping sweetly pillowed on the royal bosom of her lord, she suddenly cried out with fear and turning round and kissing her lord three times awoke him, saying, "Awaken lord, awaken and assure me that thou art here with me and thou wilt not leave me." Siddharta woke up surprised and asked her, "What is it with thee, O my life. Why dost thou weep thus? why shouldst thou fear when I am by thy side? what frightens thee?" Speaking thus, he gently threw his arms round her and wiping her tears with his garment tried to compose her, but the more he sought to soothe her, the greater grew her grief and she burst out in tears saying, "My lord, take off thy hands. Be not so kind and loving, if thou art going to be cruel", and then suddenly raising her face bathed in tears which seemed to lend a new beauty to it, added, "Wilt thou really leave me, thy own poor Yasodhara? only say, O my love, that thou wilt not." The prince asked her the cause of such sudden suspicion and she replied, "Something is telling me these last so many days that thou art thinking of leaving me and to confirm my fear I dreamt now—ah, what a dream!—that a white bull came wildly coursing through the city and a cry arose from Indra's temple. 'If ye stay him not, the glory of the city goeth forth.' But none could stay him and I wept aloud and locking my arms about him, bade the gate be barred but he shook me off, trampled the warder down and passed away. Then the four Regents of the earth lighting from heaven swiftly swept unto our city; at once the golden flag of Indra on the gate fluttered and fell, and in its place there rose amidst showers of flowers from above a new banner all the folds of which contained happy message for all mankind. Then arose a fearful cry 'the time is nigh, the time is nigh' I heard that dreadful cry and looking for thee, found only an unpressed pillow and an empty robe and not thee, my life, my love, my king, my world; at once my belt of pearls on my waist changed to a stinging snake, my ankle rings and golden bangles all fell off, the jasmines in my hair withered to dust, and this our bridal couch sank to the ground and something rent asunder the crimson pardah. Then far away I heard the white bull low and far away the embroidered banner flap, and once again the cry 'the time is come!' But with that cry which still shakes my spirit, I woke, O my love, what may such visions mean, but that I die, or worse than any death, that thou shouldst forsake me and this innocent little child by my side?"

Siddharta fully understood the meaning of those dreams and realised within himself that the hour was come for

his glorious self-sacrifice, that he was summoned by the power above to take up the cause of suffering humanity. With a look full of compassion and 'soft like the last soft smile of sunset,' he embraced his weeping wife and said, "Comfort thee, my dear, what need for fear when I love thee more than I love myself. Be sure my love, that come what may, my love to thee will never change. For a long time past my heart is burning with passionate love for all that lives, and often hast thou caught me musing how to save man from the thralldom of misery. Life is at best a long drawn agony, only its pains abide, its pleasures are as birds which light and fly; men live and die and whirl upon the wheel and hug and kiss its spokes of agony, its tier of tears, its nave of nothingness. I have been yearning to know if this were the eternal lot of man, if there is no escape from this merciless round of misery, and if I grieve for griefs which are not mine and burn with love for souls unknown, how much should I not love those that share my griefs and joys and most of all thou my dearest, gentlest, best Yasodhara? Therefore take comfort my dear, and whatever happens, remember that I love thee and will always love thee well, and if sorrow falls, forget not that there may be a way to peace on earth through our woes, and as a proof of my unflinching love to thee, take this my kiss."

Thus comforted, the princess went to bed, her face still wet with tears, and locking up her lover in her arms as if she feared that he might forsake her or be taken away. Hardly had she slept when she sighed as if the former vision had passed again, 'the time, the time is come.'

"Whereat Siddharta turned,
And, lo! the moon shone by the Crab! the stars
In that same silver order long foretold
Stood ranged to say, "This is the night!—Choose thou
The way of greatness or the way of good:
To reign a king of kings, or wander lone,
Crownless and homeless, that the world be helped"

—alternatives in choosing between which surely most of us would at least have hesitated. Far different, however, was the action of the prince. No sooner did he hear the words 'the time, the time is come,' than he replied within himself, 'I come, I come. The picture of countless millions of souls struggling for escape on the vast prison-like earth stood before his eyes in all its awful vividness and casting a farewell look upon his weeping Yasodhara and gently freeing himself from her lovely embrace, he rose up and said within himself 'Dear sleeper, thy face is still wet with tears. But the tears of the numberless struggling souls shrieking for help weigh heavier in the balance. When thou wakest, weep not at the unpressed pillow and the vacant bed, but comfort thyself that thy lover though far away from thy fond embrace still loves thee with passionate but unselfish love, and pray that what comfort he might be able to wring from the vast unknown for the sake of suffering humanity might be thine also along with others, nay more thine than others'. Thy child may not inherit thrones and rule over kingdoms, yet, a more glorious inheritance may be his if the powers so will. 'Farewell my love, farewell my child, farewell my sweet Yasodhara,' and saying thus he gently kissed her sleeping face for the last time and closing his eyes as if for fear of being wooed from his mission, stepped towards the door but thrice he opened them and came back. At last half ashamed of himself and conjuring up with all the power of his imagination the vision of suffering souls, he bade a fourth and final farewell to the innocent Yasodhara and shut noiselessly behind him the door of the apartment in which she unsuspectingly lay sleeping.

Great Siddhârta, resolute Siddhârta all glory to thee! — This poor earth of ours, sorely needed help and help was never more generously given than when thou crossed the threshold of thy secret chamber where 'skill had spent all lovely phantasies to lull the mind.' Few have felt with thee the blow given on the neighbour's cheek as if given on their own and very few indeed have made such bold sallies into the domain of truth and brought from there such lasting treasures as thou and to few, indeed, to none else within history's ken was it given to renounce a royal couch, a vast kingdom and the loveliest of wives and that when she was in a state which would have softened the stoniest of hearts. Thy heart was the tenderest that beat, thy life the largest ever lived, for it was lived for all the world. In thee, there was not the least tinge of the lower self, thou wert thyself the spirit of the universe, its all pervading life and no extravagant honor does the Hindu pay thee when he reckons thee among the *avatârs* of his God or the Buddhist when he worships thee as God himself. The other immortals of the world all seem to sink by thy side and among the pillars that have risen to heaven from age to age from our sad earth, few have risen higher than that which bears thy name. Numberless are the brave souls that dared to scoff at the Circean spell of the world and kicked away the pleasures that might have been theirs. But not even among the foremost of them, the Christs and Sankaras of the world was any whose renunciation was as glorious as that which is deservedly styled the *Mahâbhinishkrânti*, the *Great Renunciation*. In this country and elsewhere, numberless souls have knocked against the prison walls of the world, but few have sought the cure for the ill of life, purely for the sake of others. Buddha was as happy as worldly circumstances could make him; for himself he had no special cause of grief and never was that well-known saying of the English poet,

All are men,
Condemned alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
The unfeeling for his own.

more fully illustrated than in the life of prince Siddhârta.

To return to the story. The Rubicon was crossed and the beggar prince was soon on the back of his trusted steed which brought him before birth of dawn beyond his father's domains. The princely sword and belt, the last remnants of royalty were sent back to the king his father with a prayer to

".....forget him till he come
Ten times a Prince, with royal wisdom won
From lonely searchings and the strife for light:
Where, if I conquer, lo! all earth is mine—
Mine by chief service!—tell him—mine by love!
Since there is hope for man only in man,
And none hath sought for this as I will seek,
Who cast away my world to save my world."

The beggar's yellow robe and bowl were all that he now owned—a great renunciation indeed, but a greater one was soon to follow.

(To be continued.)

Earth is an island posted round with fears;
The way to Heaven is through the sea of tears;
It is a stormy passage, where is found
The wreck of many a ship but no man drowned.

Gna'na Yoga.

(CLASS LECTURES DELIVERED IN AMERICA)

BY

SWAMI VIVEKA'NANDA,

No. I, SIDDHANTAS OR PREPARATION.

(Concluded).

Now begins the inquiry, why is this discipline so necessary? Because religion is not to be understood through the ears, or through the eyes, nor yet through the brain. No scriptures can make us religious, we may study all the books that are in the world, yet we shall not understand a word of religion or of God. We may talk all our lives and yet shall not be better for it; we may be the most intellectual people the world ever saw, and yet we shall not come to God at all. On the other hand have you not seen what diabolical men have been produced out of the most intellectual training? It is one of the evils of your western civilisation that you are after intellectual education alone, and there is no safeguard with it. Here is one mistake made; you give the education, but you take no care of the heart. It only makes men ten times more selfish, and that will be your destruction. It is intellect every time. When there is conflict between the heart and the brain, let the heart be followed, because intellect has only one state, reason, and within that intellect works, and cannot get beyond it. Intellect is most wonderful and strong. The heart is a lower plane, it generally makes mistakes but it is soft and gentle. It is the heart alone which takes one to the highest plane, which intellect can never reach; it goes beyond intellect, reaches to what is called inspiration. Intellect can never become inspired, only the heart when it is enlightened. Never do you see a dried up old intellectual man become an inspired man. It is every time the heart that speaks in the man of love, the soft man; it discovers a greater instrument than intellect can give you, the instrument of inspiration. Just as the intellect is the instrument of knowledge, so is the heart the instrument of inspiration. In a lower state it is a much weaker instrument than intellect. An ignorant man knows nothing, but he is a little emotional by nature; compare with him a great professor, what wonderful power the latter possesses! But the professor is bound by his intellect and he can be a devil and an intellectual man at the same time; but the man of the heart can never be a devil; no man with emotion was ever a devil. Properly cultivated the heart can be changed and will go beyond intellect; it will be changed into inspiration and man will have to go beyond intellect in the end. Men of heart have attained to "butter" and the "butter milk" is left for these intellectual fools. The knowledge of man, his powers of perception, of reasoning and intellect and heart, all are busy churning this milk of the world; out of long churning comes butter and this butter is God. The man of the heart gets that, and the fools who are churning all their lives with only intellect, never reach true understanding.

These are all preparations for the heart, for that love, for that intense sympathy appertaining to the heart. It is not at all necessary to be educated or learned to get to God. A sage once told me, 'To commit suicide a pen-knife is sufficient, but to kill others swords and guns and bucklers are necessary, so, if you want to teach others, knowledge is necessary, but for your own salvation, not at all.' Are you pure? If you are pure you will reach God. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.' If you are not pure, and you know all the sciences in the

universe, that will not help you at all; you may be buried in all the books you read, but that will not help you. It is the heart that reaches the goal, follow the heart. A pure heart sees beyond the intellect; it gets inspired; it knows things that reason can never know, and whenever there is conflict between the pure heart and the intellect always side with the pure heart, even if you think what your heart is doing is unreasonable. Reasoning will come later on. Even though it may be every instant desiring to do good to the poor, and your brain may tell you that it is not politic to help these poor men, yet follow your heart, and you will find that you make less error than by following your intellect. The pure heart is the best mirror for the reflection of truth, so all these disciplines are purifying the heart, and as soon as it is pure all truths flash upon it in a minute; all truth in the universe will be there in your heart if you are sufficiently pure.)

These great truths about these atoms, and the finer elements, and the fine perceptions of men, have been discovered ages ago by men who never saw a telescope, or a microscope, or a laboratory. How did they know all these things? It was through the heart; they purified the heart. It is open to us to do the same to-day; it is the culture of the heart, really, that will lessen the misery of the world and not that of the intellect.

Intellect has been cultured; result—hundreds of sciences have been discovered, and their effect has been that the few have made slaves of the many—that is all the good that has been done. Artificial wants have been created; and every poor man, whether he has money or not, desires to have those wants satisfied, and when he cannot, he struggles, and dies in the struggle. This is the result. Through the intellect is not the way to solve the problem of misery, but through the heart. If all this vast amount of effort had been spent in making men purer, gentler, more forbearing, this world would have a thousandfold more happiness than it has to-day. Always cultivate the heart; through the heart the Lord speaks, and through the intellect you yourself speak.

You remember in the Old Testament where Moses was told "Take off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou treadest is holy ground." We must always approach the study of religion with that reverent attitude; he who comes with a pure heart and a reverent attitude, his heart will be opened; the doors will open for him and he will see the truth.

If you come with a crude sort of intellect you can have a little intellectual gymnastics, and when I have time enough I will be very glad to give you a little exercise in that line. You can have intellectual theories but not truth. Truth has such a face that any one who sees that face becomes convinced. The sun does not require any torch to show it; the sun is self-effulgent. If truth requires that evidence, who will evidence that evidence? If something also is witness for truth, where is the witness for that witness? We must approach with reverence and with love, and our heart will stand up and say this is truth, and this is untruth.

The field of religion is beyond our senses, beyond even our consciousness. We cannot "sense" God. Nobody has seen God with his eyes or ever will see; nobody has God in his consciousness. I am not conscious of God, nor you, nor anybody. Where is God? Where is the field of religion? It is beyond the senses, beyond consciousness. Consciousness is only one of the many planes in which we work, and you will have to transcend the field of consciousness, to go beyond the senses, approach nearer and nearer to your own own centre, and as you do that, you will approach nearer and nearer to

God. What is the proof of God? Direct perception *pratyaksham*, just as there is proof of this wall. I perceive it. God has been perceived that way by thousands before, and will be perceived by all who want to perceive Him. But this perception is no sense perception at all; it is super-sensuous, super-conscious, and all this training is needed to take us off from the senses. This body, as it were, by means of all sorts of past work and bondages is being dragged downwards; these preparations and purity will make it pure and light. Bondages will fall off by themselves, and we will be buoyed up beyond this plane of sense perception to which we are tied down, and then we will see, and hear, and feel things which men in three ordinary state neither feel, nor see, nor hear. Then we will speak the language, as it were, of madmen, and the world will not understand us, because they do not know anything but the senses. This religion is entirely transcendental. Every being that is in the universe has the potentiality of transcending the senses, even the little worm will one day transcend the senses and reach unto God. No life will be a failure; there is no such thing as failure in the universe. A hundred times man will hurt his foot, a thousand times he will tumble, but in the end he will realise that he is God. We know there is no progress in a straight line; you throw a stone into the air, and if you could stand long enough, it will come back exactly to your hand. Every soul is in a circle, and will have to complete it, and no soul can go so low but that there will come a time when it will have to go upwards. It may start straight down, but it must also have to take the upward curve, in order to complete the circuit. No one will be lost. We are all projected from one common circle which is God. We are like little bits of stone projected from a common centre; some go a little lower or higher, but each one will have to complete the circuit, and come back to the centre from which it started. The highest intelligence, and the lowest intelligence God ever projected, will come back to the Father of all lives. 'From whom all beings are projected. In whom all live, and unto whom they all return; that is God.'

(Martha and Mary.

'When there is no food for the ear, a little may be given for the belly'—*Kural*.

In the course of his rambles, Jesus once went into a certain village where a woman named Martha received him into her house. And she had a sister called Mary who sat at Jesus' feet and heard his word. Martha was vexed at being left alone to attend to the supper, while her sister without minding her household duties sat listening to Jesus' preaching. So she came to him and said 'Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? bid her therefore that she help me.' And Jesus answered and said unto her 'Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things; but one thing alone is really needful in order to live and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her.'

Referring to this story 'Pilgrim' writes, 'The story of Martha and Mary is a standing protest against our deification of action...but the churches called after the name of the great Teacher, and whose representatives have become as a rule mere echoes of the world's self-seeking' have been reduced to accept the world's apologetic theory that the teachings of Christ are incapable of practical

application—indeed, as the author of *Scientific Religion* points out, the present state of things in Europe has absolutely made them so.

But though the literal application of Christ's teaching has become an impossibility in the West, there are still spots on the earth's surface where the fever of the modern life has not yet reached, where the lust of wealth and luxury—the Gods or Demons whom the West worships—have no power to quicken the pulses in many a quiet household, whose inmates have at least inherited from their nobler ancestors a juster appreciation than is met with in the West of the ephemeral character of life, and a worshipping reverence for those who are capable of true religion.

Thoughts on the Bhagavad Gita.

THE DOCTRINE OF NON-RESISTANCE

We have seen that Mr. Caldwell's argument is after all a profane parody due to want of proper understanding. After unwarrantedly applying the teaching of Krishna to the affairs of ordinary life, the learned bishop proceeds to observe, 'Here it must be remembered that Krishna does not base his exhortations to Arjuna on the justice of the war in which he was engaged. That ground might have been taken with propriety, and Arjuna was evidently persuaded of the justice of the Pandava cause. But Krishna's arguments are not based on the 'limited ideas' of justice and necessity, but upon transcendental doctrines respecting the immortality and impassability of the soul, which if they proved his point, would equally prove the most unjust war that ever was waged to be innocent.' Hasty criticism is the bread and cheese of some people and the bishop seems unfortunately to be one of them; and in his passion for condemning, he forgets that between Arjuna and Krishna there was and there could have been no question of the justice of the war. Arjuna had certainly no scruples on that point for the war was no sudden or unpremeditated affair; and he did not ask Krishna about it. All that happened was that on seeing the wilderness of men arrayed before him in battle order, determined to fall victims to the demon of war before the close of the day, he was struck all on a sudden with overwhelming pity and Krishna told him how a wise man would behave under the circumstances.

Naturally the advice of Krishna appears to us at the first sight as strange as bold; and it cannot appear otherwise, so long as we are not wise men—so long as the idea of our being bodies does not leave us. To the sage from whose standpoint alone does Krishna speak, all that is is Atman, and the idea of his being eternal and infinite is as natural to him, as that of being mortal and finite is to us. The sage simply laughs within himself at the hold which ignorance has over us, blinded by which we attribute death to that which can never die. Our ideas of life and death, however much we may cherish them, are anything but real, and it is unreasonable that the sage should give them the importance we attribute to them. Death is simply a change of conditions, nay, even less, a change of dress as Krishna puts it. To Puranjana, (in Sri Bhagavad), who fancies himself a woman and weeps over her dead husband in the forest, the sage says, 'Awake, thou great soul; remember what thou art. Thou art sexless, who is thy husband? Thou art the only Reality; then why dost thou weep? Remember who thou art and wake up.' Similar is the advice of Krishna. We are all dreaming and in the long and confusing dream we are in, we fancy ourselves loving, hating,

fighting and dying; there are, however, a few blessed souls here and there who have woken up from that dream and these are the wise men to whom Krishna refers; and to them there is neither joy nor grief, neither birth nor death. They being in an altogether different state of existence, to criticise them from our standpoint is, to say the least, an act of perversity which those who are anxious to wake from the dream of life will never commit themselves to. Dreaming as we are, it is a privilege to understand that we are dreaming, and that there are men who have woken up from the dream. It is a privilege certainly to grasp the idea that what is real to us cannot be real to them also.

Those who know say that the real spirit of the Vedānta can never be grasped until Krishna's advice to Arjuna and the story of Jada Bharata (see December issue) are understood in the proper light. Both teach the same lesson—that our love being a result of ignorance cannot be real and therefore does not deserve to be glorified. It may be useful to us; it may help us in growing, in drawing out the Spirit within us, but after a particular stage we shall ourselves see that it is a child of illusion, not different in its nature from mistaking a mother-of-pearl for silver. We must love not the illusory and perishable bodies, but the deathless Spirit within. The sage alone really loves, all our love is selfishness; we love because to love is pleasing to us, and we love only those who are related to us, or are useful to us. Arjuna had no scruples of conscience when he slew the innumerable hosts of Kālakeyas and other Rākshasas; his heart never troubled him then, and now, when he sees his kinsmen arrayed before him in battle order, he is struck with pity and feels unable to fight because they are his kinsmen. This surely is not love; it is too narrow and selfish to deserve the name of love. The sage on the other hand, loves all alike, in other words, loves because his nature is love. And to kill a living being is impossible for him, except when duty compels, and even when he so kills, he will never forget that really there is neither slayer nor the slain. This is the drift of Krishna's advice.

So far about Mr. Caldwell's criticism. Now we shall proceed to consider a question which we ourselves have raised, namely, whether Krishna's teaching is consistent with the doctrine of non-resistance which has been uniformly laid down in the scriptures of all countries, but whose real meaning has not been understood by its best advocates, and indeed, cannot be understood except in the light of the Vedānta. We shall see that Krishna's advice to Arjuna instead of being opposed as at first sight it appears to be, to that great doctrine, is in fact the correct interpretation of it—a point which, if established, will show that, whoever may be the prophet that proclaims a truth, one has to turn to the Vedānta for the correct interpretation of that truth. Indeed, the Vedānta philosophy is universal in its nature and affords the key to the scriptures of all countries alike, and, if they refuse to accept its aid they must go to the wall some day or other.

But a few years back, there occurred a circumstance which clearly shows that Christ can never be understood except with the help of the Vedānta. Count Tolstoi, one of the sincerest followers of Christ in these days, wrote a book called 'What I believe,' which attracted an immense amount of attention both in Europe and America, and the chief theme of which was the precept 'Resist not Evil.' And he put the following questions in connection with that teaching:—Did Christ really demand from His disciples that they should carry out what He taught them in the Sermon on the Mount? And can a Christian

then, or can he not, always remaining a Christian, go to law or make any use of the law or seek his own protection in the law? And can the Christian, or can he not, take part in the administration of government, using compulsion against his neighbours? And the most important question hanging over the heads of all of us in these days of universal military service—can the Christian or can he not, remaining a Christian, against Christ's direct prohibition, promise obedience in future actions directly opposed to his teaching? And can he, by taking his share of service in the army, prepare himself to murder men and even actually murder them? These were the questions put and according to the Count's own conviction, Christ's commandment, 'Resist not Evil' is incompatible with government of any kind, legislation, courts of justice, war, and indeed, everything without which society in these days is impossible. He contends, for a literal and thorough-going application of the Sermon on the Mount at any cost, and believes, that the moment it is done throughout the world, the Kingdom of God would come.

This position naturally provoked a good deal of discussion. Some critics said that by following Christ's commandment, the whole world and all good men would come to ruin; some that force may be used for defending others though not for selfish purposes—a position obviously not warranted by the precept which admits of no exceptions. A few others recognised the commandment, and thought it was nearly cancelled by some other teachings in the Bible. Others, like Parrar, entered into the discussion—but evaded risking a direct reply. Some plainly said that the doctrine of non-resistance was an immoral doctrine. According to others, 'the teaching on the Sermon on the Mount is a string of very pretty impracticable dreams, *de charmant doctrine* as Renan says, fit only for the simple and half savage inhabitants of Galilee who lived 1800 years ago and for the half savage Russian peasants—Sutaev and Bondarev—and the Russian mystic Tolstoi, but not at all consistent with a high degree of European culture.' 'Christ's teaching is no use' said Ingersoll, 'because it is inconsistent with our industrial age'.

This is how Christ has been understood in the West: his teachings are either immoral, or useless, or invalidated by those of others or inconsistent with the progress of the world. It must, however, be admitted that there is some sense in this almost unanimous disapproval of the doctrine of non-resistance as presented by Count Tolstoi. There is something in us which keeps telling that the commandment is in itself a grand and worthy ideal, but at the same time, it is obviously impossible that a whole society could ever follow it without at once getting wiped out of existence altogether. The fact is, the commandment of Jesus is an individual ideal and not meant for the society at large. Indeed, students of the Vedānta would readily see that the application of the doctrine to the life of a society is not merely harmful but altogether impossible, for every society is composed of men who are at different stages of spirit-progress, with infinitely different pasts, and infinitely different futures. No two men in the world are alike, for the Karmas of no two individuals can exactly be similar, though all of us have to progress on the same lines of evolution. There is such an infinite variety of stages in the course of our progress, that it is impossible that all in the world can simultaneously do a thing or attain a state. For instance, to become a sage may be the common ideal for all men, but a whole nation cannot attain to sage-ship at the same time. This, however, does not take away from the ideal itself: the ideal is true, and will be true for all eternity, though a nation of sages is an un-

realisable dream. In the same way, non-resistance is the ideal for all men alike, the end to which we have all of us to attain, though no society as a whole can adopt it as its practical morality.

Christ's teachings then, are not really dangerous to progress and so may be followed more boldly than they appear to be. That they were thought immoral and harmful, only shows that their proper application and nature were not well understood. The Vedānta assures us that they can at the best only serve as ideals for the individual, though the Western people to whom the doctrine of Karma is not sufficiently familiar, still persist in dreaming of millenniums and kingdoms of God on earth. All the controversy about the doctrine of non-resistance would have been avoided had it been recognised, as what it really is—the ideal for the individual. It is a pity, that even the clergy did not lay any stress on the grandeur of the precept, but were content with regarding it as either impracticable or opposed to other portions of the Bible. This really is a melancholy state of affairs and shows how little Christ is appreciated. We Hindus, who can understand his teachings and appreciate them at their real worth, would seem to be much better Christians than those who regard the Sermon on the Mount as a string of pretty impracticable dreams; and we cannot altogether help sympathising with Count Tolstoi when he says, "Strange as it may seem, the church is, as churches have always been and cannot but be, institutions not only alien in spirit to Christ's teaching, but even directly antagonistic to it. With good reason Voltaire calls the church *l'infamie*; with good reason have all, or almost all, so-called sects of Christians recognised the church as the scarlet woman foretold in the Apocalypse; with good reason is the history of the church the history of the greatest cruelties and horrors. There is not only nothing in common between the churches as such and christianity except the name, but they represent two principles fundamentally opposed and antagonistic to one another. One represents pride, violence, self-assertion, stagnation and death: the other meekness, patience, humility, progress and life." Our object, however, is not to condemn Christian churches and so we request the reader to take these extracts at what they may be worth.

We have now seen the nature and application of the doctrine of non-resistance and now, let us proceed to enquire into the meaning of that great commandment. The Vedānta rightly points it out to be a proper ideal for the individual and the same philosophy may be trusted to give us its correct meaning.

(To be continued.)

An Idler and a Temple Trustee.

A certain sage was living in the temple of M... He occupied a corner in the temple and used to be sitting there all day long and till midnight with closed eyes; he would never stir from the place except for attending to the calls of nature. Nothing could draw him away from his corner, not even the festivals of the temple, nor the crowds of men and women that were coming and going. The trustee of the temple thinking that he was a sage ordered a ball of rice to be supplied to him from the temple kitchen every day, and in the evenings before going home, would scrupulously pay his respects to him. A few years after, this pious trustee died and was succeeded by his son. New brooms sweep clean; so the new trustee,

who like most other young men thought his father a fool, began to reform the temple according to his own wise notions and one of the reforms was that the 'idle fellow in the corner,' as the sage was respectfully styled by the trustee, was deprived of the ball of rice regularly supplied to him for a number of years. The 'idle fellow,' however, did not leave the corner on that account, nor seemed to be affected by the reform in any other way except that he went out for a few minutes in the noon to beg for his bread. This done, he returned to his corner and closed his eyes as ever, as if no new trustee had been appointed. To the young man who was anxious that his reform should be appreciated, and the 'idle fellow' should be taught to be more busy, it seemed doubtful if the latter even knew that the temple supply had been stopped and that he lived by begging—he seemed to take to the change so coolly and never trouble himself about the cause for that change. This, to be sure, was not sufficiently flattering to the young man who was bowed to and honored at every turn in the temple as if he were a monarch; and he was determined to bring the 'idle fellow' to his senses.

With this object he went to him one day and without the least ceremony asked him why he was idling away all his precious life-time. The sage welcomed him kindly and requested him to take his seat. The trustee accordingly sat down and the sage also sat as motionless as ever and spoke not a word. Thus five minutes passed. The trustee got no reply to his question nor did there seem any prospect of his getting one. He naturally got tired of the interview which was in truth the dullest he had had in his life-time. He was unable to sit composed, a thousand things distracted his attention; he grew restless and so rose up to depart. Just then, the sage looked up and requested him to sit for a few minutes more and the young man had to comply. But he had already exceeded the maximum amount of time he could sit in that fashion and so grew exceedingly restless and uneasy, while to his immense surprise the 'idle fellow' was as composed and silent as ever. On his making a second attempt to retreat, the sage entreated him again to sit for a few minutes more; the young man exclaimed 'Impossible, I cannot sit for one second more; sitting quiet is the most difficult thing I have known. I will do anything rather than sit as you do' and fled away. And the first thing he did after leaving the sage was to order two balls of rice to be supplied to him every day from that time at the rate, as he put it, of

'One ball to him that runs and jumps and fights,
And two to him that sits both days and nights.'

This funny little story illustrates the difficulty of calm and constant meditation. As Rāma said to Hanumān 'One can more easily cross all the oceans, 'drink off' all the air, and play with mountains as balls, than control the wandering mind.' In the same way Thāyumanāvar says 'One may with less difficulty control a mad elephant, bind the mouths of bears and tigers, ride on the back of a lion, play with the cobra, melt and alchemise all the five metals and live by it, roam in the world unseen, command the gods, live in eternal youth, enter other bodies, walk on water, live in fire, and acquire wonderful powers, than subdue the mind and be quiet.'

A RECLUSE.

'Can one get out of anything what is not in it? If we get life in any sense out of what we eat and drink and breathe, is it not because food and water and air have each life in them?'

HARIH. OM.

The Skandopanishad of the Vajur Veda.

THE PEACE CHANT.

Om ! May He protect us* both; may He be pleased with us. May we develop strength; illumined may our studies be. May there be no dispute.

Om ! Peace, Peace, Peace ! Harih. Om

Om ! O Mahādev ! Through a small fraction of Thy (boundless) grace, I am immortal; I am *Vignāna ghana* (all-wisdom, the Universal consciousness, boundless and pure); I am blissful. What is there higher than this !

Truth alone not as truth, because the mind was not pure. By the death of the (impure) mind, Hari is all-wisdom. As my nature also is all-wisdom, I am birthless. What is there higher than this !

All non-ānādic, non-real things (*jada*) vanish like dream. He who sees the real and the non-real, that immortal One (Achyuta) is by nature all-wisdom. He, verily he is the Great God (Mahādev). He, verily he is the Great Hari. He, verily he is the Light of all lights. He, verily he is the Great Lord (Parameswara). He, verily he is the Brahman. I am that Brahman. There is no doubt (about this) I am.

Verily the Jiva (the individual soul) is Siva. Verily Siva is the Jiva. That Jiva is verily none but Siva. What when bound by the husk is paddy, becomes rice when freed from the husk. In the self-same way, the Jiva bound by the effect of past actions is, when freed from it, always Siva. The Jiva is Jiva so long as it is fettered by desire. When freed from desire, it is Siva.

Prostration to Siva who is of the nature of Vishnu, and prostration to Vishnu who is of the nature of Siva ! Verily Siva's heart is Vishnu and Vishnu's heart is Siva. In what measure I see no difference between them both, just in the same measure may life and happiness be granted unto me ! No difference is there between Siva and Vishnu.

Verily is the body said to be the temple. The Jiva within is surely the bright, ever blissful One. After removing the faded flower of ignorance, worship should be done with the thought 'I am He that Siva.'

To view all things alike as Brahman is *gnāna* (wisdom). The non-attachment of the mind to sense-objects is *dhyāna* (contemplation). The control of the senses is *saucha* (cleaning). The nectar of Brahmic bliss should be drunk. This is the real drink (*pāna*). The body should be kept up by means of begging. One should dwell alone in a solitary place without a second, i.e., rapt up in the contemplation of the non-dualistic Brahman. His whole mind should be absorbed in the secondless Brahman. The wise man who behaves in this way attains salvation.

Prostration to Srimat Param Jotis—the Great Blissful Light ! May bliss and immortality be granted unto us ! O Narasimha ! O God of Gods ! By Thy grace do men know the real nature of Brahman who is of Virunchi Nārāyana Sankara Swarūpa, who is beyond thought, unmanifest, infinite, free from pain, and who is the Divine Soul.

* The guru and the disciple. The Upanishads are more in the nature of Sravanam, i.e., that which is heard, a discourse addressed by the teacher to the disciple, than regular treatises on philosophy. The knowledge of the identity of the Jiva and the Brahman is according to Sankara called Upanishad because it completely annihilates the world together with its cause ignorance (*avidya* means to destroy Upa neda, and in certainty). An exposition of that knowledge is also called Upanishad. The word also means 'the knowledge of That which ever shines nearest to us—the Atman.'

The wise always behold the glorious state of Vishnu as easily and freely as the naked eye beholds the vast expanse of heaven. The Brahmins (the knowers of the Brahman) whose eyes of wisdom are ever awake, praise the glorious state of Vishnu in diverse ways and make it widely known.

Thus commands the Veda regarding salvation. This is the Upanishad. Om Tat Sat.

Elements of the Vedānta.

CHAPTER V.

THE ĀTMAN.

Before compelling the stupendous and real-seeming world before us to take off its mask and unfold itself to us, it may be well to consider in some detail the nature of Pragnāna with which we have to prove its identity. We have already seen that it is the real Self within us as distinguished from the false Self or personality and that its nature is Sat-Chit-Ānanda. We have also seen that it is really changeless, being the *Sākshi* or witness to our changing moods and that Ahankāra, (our personality) will, intellect and Manas are not different from it in essence but only in functions.

Let us see what this means. All change is necessarily in space and time; change is inconceivable unless in space and time and whatever is changeless therefore transcends space and time, in other words, is infinite and eternal. Pragnāna being changeless is therefore infinite and eternal; besides, being changeless, it cannot be an effect, for every change is an effect due to some cause. This Pragnāna is our real Self and so we called it the Ātman. We are in reality infinite and eternal; and our regarding ourselves as finite and mortal is therefore a result of ignorance, *Māya* or *Avidyā* as it is called. We shall examine into the nature of this *Māya* later on, but it is a fact that all of us are really infinite and eternal; we are all Pragnāna and Pragnāna being changeless and therefore indivisible, there is no real finiteness anywhere. There can be no plurality of infinite existences; Pragnāna therefore exists alone without a second and all appearances of finiteness are necessarily unreal. They are mere illusion. The infinite Pragnāna appears as a multitude of finite things like a single sun appearing as many in different vessels of water—says the Vedānta. It clearly follows therefore that our Manas, intellect, will and Ahankāra are all illusory modifications of the Ātman and all that exists, all these innumerable worlds, these suns and stars and moons are only apparently different from the Infinite Pragnāna—our own Ātman. So says the Śruti, 'Verily I extend from below, I extend from above, I extend from behind, I extend from before, I extend from the south, I extend from the north—of a truth I am all this.... Verily the Soul extends from below, the Soul extends from above, the Soul extends from behind, the Soul extends from before, the Soul extends from the south, the Soul extends from the north—of a truth the Soul is all this.' (*Chândogya Upa.*, VII, xxv).

The conclusion appears a very bold one to be sure; but the logic of the argument is rigorous and irresistible. We are obliged to admit a changeless factor within us as the necessary background for all our changing moods; and that factor by the very fact of its being changeless is infinite, eternal and indivisible. Our Manas, intellect, will and Ahankāra are, we are bound to admit, not different from it in essence but only in functions; and these functions, the inner man or *Jīva* performs, because it fancies

itself and the world outside to be different from Pragnāna through ignorance. In truth there can be nothing outside the infinite Pragnāna; nor could there be anything inside it, for being changeless it is indivisible. Things may be different, says the Vedānta, which by the way is unsurpassed in its analysis of the subjects it treats of, in three and only three ways:—different in kind like a tree and a hill, or of the same kind but separately existing like one mango tree and another, or different as part and whole like a tree and its stem. The infinite and indivisible Ātman cannot admit of anything outside and different from it in kind, for in that case it cannot be infinite, nor could there be a similar thing outside it, for, then there will be two infinities which is impossible, nor could there be any part of it for it is indivisible. Therefore the Ātman exists alone without a second. The Ātman is 'without distinctions'. (*Māndūkya Upa.* 7.) There is nought beside the Ātman, say the Upanishads repeatedly and it being infinite and indivisible, all finiteness is mere appearance. 'One thing never becomes many but can appear as many' is an axiom. 'All this is born of Me, (i.e., the real Self) all this exists in Me and all this gets absorbed in Me... I am all the wonderful world' (*Kaivalya Upa.*) 'He is the Self of all. He is all. There is nothing outside Him. The changeless Ātman is one without a second. There is nothing so real as He. He is Sat, He is Chit, He is Ānanda; this Ātman is one without duality' (*Narhsimha Upa.*) 'There is no world outside the Ātman. There is no bliss outside the Ātman. There is no refuge outside the Ātman. All the world is (made of) the Ātman. There is nothing outside the Ātman anywhere. There is not a husk outside the Ātman. There is not even a husk outside the Ātman. All the world is in reality the Ātman' (*Thejo hindu Upa.*, VI). Since diversity in the universe must necessarily be unreal, the same Upanishad adds 'If there be anything outside Me, it is surely unreal like a mirage. The world may be said to exist if one could be frightened by the words of the son of a barren woman. The world may be said to exist if an elephant could be killed by the horns of a hare. The world may be said to exist if one's thirst could be quenched by drinking of a mirage.' 'Thou art all. Thou art all. Thou art all... There is nought outside Thee. It has been established that all that is seen is unreal.' (*Maha. Nara. Upa.* 1).

The universe then has no real existence apart from the Ātman and all differences are necessarily mere appearances. This is a logical conclusion which we are bound to accept, though its truth can be found out only by Self-realisation—by realising that we are infinite and eternal. We shall deal with this subject more fully later on, when we examine the nature of the universe itself; we came across this point in our inquiry into the nature of Pragnāna.

We have said that the nature of the Ātman is Sat-Chit-Ānanda, Existence absolute, Knowledge absolute and Bliss absolute. It cannot but be these, for unless it be absolute existence, its infinite nature is impossible. It is knowledge, for its very nature is Pragnāna (intelligence, or consciousness); and absolute, because there is nothing outside it; and we have seen it is Bliss itself. Sat, Chit and Ānanda, however, are not qualities of the Ātman; they are its nature (*Svarūpa*). They are merely different aspects of the Ātman and whatever is Sat is necessarily Chit and Ānanda and vice versa. If they were qualities, they might exist separately at least in idea from the Ātman, but the Ātman can be nothing unless it be Existence, Pragnāna and Bliss; it is impossible to separate them even in idea from it. These therefore are not attributes but different names, as it were, of the same thing accord-

ing to the aspects from which it is viewed, like the names Buddha, Siddharta and Gautama, which denote one and the same person. It is impossible to predicate any qualities of this absolute Existence-Knowledge-Bliss, for they would limit the illimitable and imply duality and all that we could say of it could only be different names of it due to the different aspects from which we read it, as for instance, Ancient, Immoveable, Self-creative, Unborn, Unknowable, Pure, Bodiless, Immortal and so on.

From what we have hitherto said, the Brahman or God cannot be different from the Atman. The Soul of the Universe must be identical with the real Soul within us; otherwise there would be two infinities. But let us proceed to discuss the nature of the Brahman separately.

Karma Yoga.

(A SYNOPSIS OF SWAMI SARADA'NANDA'S LECTURES.)

Karma Yoga means the method of obtaining union with the Supreme or freedom, by means of work. The Vedānta in its practical application is divided into four methods, or Yogas. The end and aim of all four is the same, but Vedāntists say that all men cannot attain this end by the same method. Some men have mystic tendencies; they must realise God by means of inner searching, by examining into the nature of the mind in all its workings. Others are of emotional tendencies, and must adopt devotional methods; they must concretise their ideals in a Personal God. Others are philosophers pure and simple; to them the idea of dependence upon a Being outside of themselves does not appeal, and reason and sheer force of will alone can help them. Lastly, there are men who require activity in order to make progress, and for them is the science of Karma Yoga.

Karma Yoga is mainly based on the law of Karma, the word here meaning the effect of work, rather than the work itself. It says that a man's character and tendencies are determined by his past actions. If his deeds have been good, so will his character and his desires be. If they have been evil, evil will be his tendencies. To remove the effect of past misdeeds, good deeds are the only remedy, and Karma Yoga shows how to purify our work to this end. It divides work into work with, and work without motive. Work with motive, again, it divides into work done for name, fame, material benefit, or reward in another world. The Vedānta tells us that we are what we have made ourselves, and if we work with any one of these motives we shall be bound by that motive, bound by the laws of cause and effect. Freedom is the end and aim of religion—freedom from the dualities, from happiness which entails corresponding unhappiness, for example—and therefore, to be rid of the effect (which is bondage,) we must first remove the cause. As long as there is motive in work, that work is selfish, and will keep us in bondage. We must remember what selfishness means. It is often urged against this philosophy that it is essentially selfish in its teachings, in that it teaches the pursuit of its methods with the object always before us of freedom for the Soul. It is true that the Vedānta says there is but one soul, but we must never lose sight of one most important factor: *This ego is not that Soul.* Therefore, in releasing the Soul from bondage, we are to all intents and purposes working for another. We are working for the destruction of the ego, in order that the reality, (the Soul,) which we do not at present know, may be freed from the prison-house of the ego.

In order that work may be unselfish it is absolutely essential that we shall be unattached. While we are working for another, because we have feelings of particular regard for that other, there is motive in our work. We must fill ourselves with the feeling that we are one with the whole universe; those who believe in God should see God in everything; and if we can get this idea it will be impossible that we become attached in our work; in other words, our work will be motiveless, and therefore not limited by cause and effect. Work as masters and not as servants. Care not for the results, for that also is a motive.

But to attain this end we must understand clearly that the lower kinds of work are not to be despised. The majority of us are unable to work without motive and Karma Yoga teaches us to make that motive the highest our ideal will allow us, to work for others rather than for ourselves, and constantly to increase the circle of those for whom we work until it attains the same goal in embracing all and everything. Duty is not to be despised; we must, indeed, work and by means of duty, but over recognising that duty is not the end, and recognising also—which is of great importance—that duty varies according to nationality and creed. The highest point of duty is reached when we recognise the truth and justice of the customs of those around us, among whom we are placed, and suit ourselves to the customs of those around us, rather than try to make their customs subservient to our own preconceived notions of what customs and habits should be.—As the Swami Vivekānanda once said, "we should always try to see the duty of others through their own eyes, never want to judge the customs of other races or other peoples by our own standard." The only way to do duty is to fulfil that which comes to hand. The nature of the work is not its test, but the manner in which it is done. "To work you have the right, but not to the fruits thereof," and the Karma Yoga says, man can work without motive and has done so in the past.

(Greenacre-Voice.)

True Greatness or Vasudeva Sastry.

BY T. C. NATARAJAN.

CHAPTER VII.

A MYSTERIOUS FIGURE.

It was six o'clock in the morning when a servant woman was engaged in sweeping the entrance to Mr. Narayana Iyer's house, and while so engaged she was also rebuking her young daughter, who was a few steps away from her inside, for her carelessness. "Why do you stare that way?" she exclaimed, addressing the little girl who really seemed staring at something and tongue-tied with fear. "Why do you stare that way, I ask, at the passers-by in the street, you silly girl. Mind your work or I will beat you with this broom" and so saying she actually raised aloft the weapon in her hand as if to show that she was determined to keep her word. As she erected herself up a little in this menacing attitude, she suddenly caught sight of a terrible figure which was standing just a foot behind her. It was that of a Yogi in a yellow robe hanging loosely over him from neck to foot and with a black cobra over his shoulders. His hair was matted and folded round above round over his head like the coils of a serpent; his beard was long; he wore a huge quantity of sacred ashes on his forehead and his eye-lids with a big circle of red powder in the middle and held in his hand a *yoga-danda*. He was

of a fair complexion and more than six feet in height with a body as stout as tall and at the same time strong and well-developed. There was a peculiar brightness in his face and his eyes had the power of assuming at will a piercing and terrible look and he had a peculiar manner of rolling them which easily struck terror into the hearts of children and women. When the sweeper woman saw him, he was standing quite stiff and erect like a big statue, just a foot behind her terribly rolling his eyes and darting a piercing look at her. The moment she caught sight of the strange figure with the serpent, standing so near her, she let slip her broom, screamed in terror and ran inside, while her little daughter who stood already terror-stricken now screamed louder than she did and ran with her inside crying 'mother, mother.' A male servant who was within the house at once ran up to them asking what the matter was. They could not, however, so soon find words and crying and trembling they pointed their hands towards the door. The servant came out and beholding quite unexpectedly the strange figure in Yogic pomp standing as stiff as a statue, started back with fear and before he could find words, the Yogi said in thundering tones 'Go tell thy master that his master is come. Go at once and bid him come.'

The servant at once ran upstairs in search of his master, but that gentleman was snoring over his soft pillows as if no Yogi had come to his house. The servant was now in a dilemma; between the sleeping Deputy Collector and the terrible Yogiśwara he was at a loss what to do. The question was, however, solved for him by others. The screams of the servant woman and her daughter had caused a regular commotion in the whole house and Seethalakshmi and Rukmani were themselves puzzled as to the whether and the how of receiving the terrible stranger. The result was Rukmani ran up to her Sreenivasan and Seethalakshmi to the Dewan Bahadur. Rukmani woke up her husband saying, 'Come, come a great, mysterious, Yogi-Rishi. Get up at once and run down.' No sooner did Sreenivasan hear the word Yogi than he ran down and looking up at the face of the stranger fell at his feet saying 'O Lord, how kind, how true, Thou art the lord of serpents. Iśwara of Kailas, I was dreaming of thee. What a wonder, come in Swāmi, my lord, my guru, honor this house by coming in. Peon, bring a seat.' Narayana Iyer, however, was not so easily disturbed as his son-in-law from his sleep or rather dream, for he was just then dreaming that he was talking over some important matters with his Collector who was very kindly disposed towards him. From the dream state to the waking is not always an easy transition and the Deputy Collector had to be shaken once, twice and thrice before he would exchange the one for the other and when his servant faithfully—for fear of being cursed—repeated to him the words of the mysterious stranger, he shouted for his tassa-silk long coat and lace turban, fancying that 'his master' meant the Collector and began preparing a little address of welcome for the great Saheb in his mind. He was, however, immediately undeceived by his wife and ran down to welcome the stranger and ask him what he wanted.

In the meanwhile the stranger himself came up, being led by Sreenivasan and followed by the whole household. He was seated on a chair, the serpent still playing over his shoulders, and Sreenivasan again fell at his feet calling him 'guru,' 'Swāmi' and so on, when the great Mr. Narayana Iyer came. The stranger laughed aloud for reasons best known only to himself as soon as his host saluted him in the orthodox fashion, and said, 'A guest comes to you and waits for half an hour to be admitted! No matter: good news come to you to-day.'

Then he took a pinch of sacred ashes in his hand from a purse in his possession and put it in the mouth of a girl who was standing by. At once the girl began to laugh and dance saying, 'I see Indrac; there is Indrāni; there is Urvasi; that is Ramba; how happy. I am coming to you' and so on, but all that ceased as soon as the mysterious stranger put his hand on her head. A second pinch of sacred ashes burst a boil on the hand of another. As the mysterious stranger was thus giving proofs of his wonderful powers, a Brahmin residing a few houses off rushed in and fell at his feet three times exclaiming 'Thou art a Siddha Purusha.* I beheld this glorious form with the serpent now before me, which for the first time these happy eyes of mine saw at Trichinopoly coming out from the image of Thāyumānaswami, flying last night across the sky among a host of radiant forms all of them perhaps Siddhas; and just now I heard that thy sacred feet had lighted here and blessed the house of our master.' 'My friend,' said the stranger 'Say not all this in public: this is nothing.' 'Certainly nothing' replied the Brahmin 'for a Siddha like you.' Then the stranger desired to be left alone for an hour in a separate room. A room was accordingly provided and as he was about to enter into it, the Brahmin said 'Swāmi, even stone walls were not able to keep you in at Madras. Therefore assure us that you will not suddenly leave us' and the Yogi condescendingly said 'I shall stay all this day here' and shut the door behind him.

As soon as he went in, the Brahmin approached Mr. Narayana Iyer and congratulated him on his extraordinary privilege of having as his guest no less a man than a Siddha Purusha. He related eloquently and with wonderful vividness how, when once he had gone to Trichy and was worshipping the god Thāyumānavar along with many others, the glorious guest of the Deputy Collector came out from the head of the image in the presence of all the people there, and how, after staying there for a few minutes to bless the worshippers, he flew into the air in open day light; how once when he made his appearance in Madras, holding in his hands wine bottles—for the holy ones can drink and do many other things with impunity—for which he had not obtained license, he was shut up by the then Police Commissioner in his own room, and how a half an hour after, he was walking along the beach with the same wine bottles, though the Commissioner had himself locked up the room and kept the key in his own possession, and how thereafter the police were ordered not to arrest him on any account whatever; how only the last night he was seen flying above with a host of Siddhas; and many other equally wonderful incidents of the great Yogi's past life. Narayana Iyer felt it difficult to believe all of them at the same time, though the wonderful efficacy of the sacred ashes which the stranger had, had to be admitted. Sreenivasan, however, thought that they should be true, all of them, and related his strange dream and the stranger coincidence that followed. 'Otherwise' he argued 'how could I have dreamt that wonderful dream? He should have been flitting in the skies at that time and descended here directly. What a most wonderful coincidence!' It was agreed on all hands that the stranger was a mysterious being, probably superhuman, possessing wonderful powers. Narayana Iyer was in doubt whether he, being the great and responsible officer he was, might endorse all that was said and thereby lend the weight of his position to it; but just then there happened an event which assured him that not merely all that was said, but much more that was not known must be true.

* Siddhas are men possessed with the Siddhis, wonderful powers like flying in the air, &c.