PRABUDDHA BHARATA

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"उत्तिष्ठत जाग्रत प्राप्य वरान्निबोधत ।"

"Arise ! Awake ! And stop not till the Goal is reached."

REMINISCENCES OF SWAMI VIVEKANANDA

By Sister Nivedita

Calcutta,

February 15, 1899.

My lecture on Kali came off on Monday. The Albert Hall was crammed. The Chairman spoke against Kali and me, and was very touching, when unfortunately a devotee got up and amidst tremendous excitement called him all sorts of names. I am sorry to tell you that I laugh whenever I think about it all. Swami was greatly pleased about the lecture, and I trust that there is some reason, for I have several times since been inclined to think that I had done nothing but harm. You see the—declare that *that* was not Kali Worship, and that only what appealed to their lowest feelings was understood by the mob.

Anyway, the Kalighat people have asked me to speak on Kali Worship there, at Kalighat. It may not come to anything, but Swami thinks that would be the greatest blow that could be struck against exclusiveness. One lovely gift my lecture has brought me is the friendship and enthusiasm of a young boy full of noble impulses and freshness. I have found out the culminating point of sacrifice, and wonder if I could express it. It seems that the sacrifice of animals only goes on till the devotee is strong enough to offer himself instead, and then, like the Pelican he draws his own blood, and buries the feet of the Mother in flowers dipped in it. To me it explains and justifies the whole. I don't know how you will feel about it. Everyone seemed to know about that when Swami explained it to me, so I suppose it is recognized.

Yesterday morning two of us went early to be blessed by the old Devendra Nath Tagore. Swami sent word early that he was particularly pleased, and I told the old man this, and said I felt that I was making Swami's Pranams as well as my own. He was quite touched, said he had met Swami once when wandering round in a boat, and would greatly like him to come to him once more. When I told Swami, he was wonderfully moved, and said, "Of course I'll go, and you can go with me, and fix a day as soon as you please!" It seems that as a boy he clambered up into Mr. T's. boat and put anxious questions about Advaitism, and the old man paused and said gently at last, "The Lord has only shown me Dualism." And then he had patted him and said he had the Yogi's eyes.

Calcutta,
February 21, 1899.

My Kali lecture had been a good foundation for bringing Swami to an issue with some friends, whom we were visiting. And so the talk had been all of Symbolism. He said, "Poor M. has never studied the History of Symbolism, that is why he does not understand that the natural symbols are no good. You see I had a curious education; I went to Sri Ramakrishna and I loved the man but I hated all his ideas. And so for six years it was hard fighting all the time. I would say, 'I don't care in the least for this thing you want me to do,' and he would say, 'Never mind, just do it, and you will see that certain results follow.' And all that time he gave me such love; no one has ever given me such love, and there was so much reverence with it. He used to think, 'This boy will be So- and so-', I suppose, and he would never let me do any menial service for him. He kept that up to the very moment of his death, too. He wouldn't let me fan him, and many other things he would not let me do."

SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES OF SRI RAMAKRISHNA

[In His Own Words]

Referring to a certain stage after the Tântrika practices, Sri Ramakrishna said, "People used to stare at the loveliness of my form. The chest and face were always flushed, and the whole body seemed to be luminous. To escape public notice I had to wrap a stout sheet round my body. I prayed to Mother, 'Take back Thy outward beauty, Mother, and give me instead Thy inner beauty, and purity of the spirit.' I used to stroke the body gently and repeat, 'Dive inward.' After a long time the exterior became dull as it is now."

*

About the metal image of Râmlâlâ or the "Child Râma" which was given to him by a devotee of Râma, named Jatâdhâri, Sri Ramakrishna said:

"I could see the actions of Râmlâlâ; so I used to spend the whole day with the Bâbâji (meaning Jatâdhâri) to

watch him. Days passed in this way, and Râmlâlâ became more and more intimate with me. As long as I remained with Jatâdhâri, Râmlâlâ was cheerful, but the moment I left, he followed me to my room. No argument would affect him. At first I thought that it might be a hallucination, for how could Râmlâlâ prefer me—practically a stranger—to Jatâdhâri whose whole life was spent in his service? I argued that I might be deceived once or twice; but this scene was repeated every day. I saw Râmlâlâ as vividly as I see you all—now dancing gracefully before me, now springing on my back, or insisting on being taken up in my arms. Sometimes I would hold him on my lap. He would not remain there, but run to the fields in the sun, pluck flowers from thorny bushes, or jump into the Ganges. I would remonstrate saying, 'Don't run in the sun, your feet will get blistered. Don't remain so long in water, you will catch cold and get fever.' But Râmlâlâ would turn a deaf ear. He would fix his beautiful eyes on me and smile, or like a naughty boy, he would go on with his pranks, or pout his lips or make faces at me. Sometimes I would lose my temper and cry, 'Wait, you naughty boy, I am going to beat you black and blue.' I would drag him away, and diverting him with various toys, ask him to play inside the room. But sometimes I lost patience and slapped him. With tearful eyes and trembling lips he would look at me. Oh, what pain I would feel then for having punished him! I would take him in my lap and console him. All these things actually happened.

"One day I was going to bathe. Râmlâlâ insisted on accompanying me. I took him with me. But he would not come out of the water, nor did he heed my remonstrances. Then I got angry, and pressing him under the water said, 'Now play in it as much as you like.' Ah, I saw him struggling for breath. Then repenting of my act I took him up in my arms. Another incident pained me greatly, and I wept bitterly for it. He insisted on having something which I could not supply. To divert him, I gave him some parched rice not well husked. As he was chewing them I found his tender tongue was scratched. The sight was too much for me. I took him on my lap and cried out, 'Mother Kausalyâ used to feed you with cream or butter with the greatest care, and I was so thoughtless as to give you this coarse stuff!'

"Sometimes, the Bâbâji after cooking his food could not find Râmlâlâ. Being sorely distressed he would run to my room and find Râmlâlâ playing with me. In wounded pride the Sâdhu would say: 'The food is ready, and I have been searching for you, and here you are playing at your ease! Well, that is your nature. You do whatever you like. You have no feelings. Hard and unkind, you left your parents and went to the forest. Your father died of a broken heart, but you did not return even to see him on his deathbed.' Scolding thus he would take Râmlâlâ away and feed him. The Bâbâji stayed here for a long time, because Râmlâlâ would not go away from me, and the Bâbâji could not leave behind his dearly beloved Râmlâlâ.

"One day Jatâdhâri came weeping to me and said, 'Râmlâlâ out of his infinite grace has fulfilled my desire. He has revealed himself to me in the form I prefer, but he has told me that he will not go and leave you behind. But I am not distressed on that account. I am filled with joy to see him live here happily and play with you. I am satisfied when he is happy. I shall gladly leave him with you and go my

way. It gladdens my heart to think that he is happy in your company.' With these words Jatâdhâri left Râmlâlâ with me and bade adieu to Dakshineswar. Ever since Râmlâla has been here."

THE GROUND FOR SOCIAL GOOD

By the Editor

I

The real progress of society does not consist in the political advancement alone. Nor can we say that a particular society is happy simply because its members do not suffer from starvation or poverty. Political and economic conditions have, of course, much bearing on the life and character of a people. But are there no greater considerations which make a people really happy and progressive? Material comforts alone cannot bring a people so many other factors of happiness. Political status too cannot, under all circumstances, make a people secure against economic wants and competition. That society can be said to be really happy, in which men not only live comfortably, but in close amity with one another. We can imagine a society to be progressive, in which the greatest number of men live in conformity not only with law and order, but with justice and righteousness also. Apart from political and economic freedom, every society needs some higher ideal for its inner strength and integrity. The ideal must be no less than the realization of Truth. The duty of the members of a society should be to make society square with Truth. "That society is the greatest," said Swami Vivekananda, "where the highest truths become practical." If a society fails to adjust itself to the noblest aspirations of human life, it degenerates into a state where men would only have creature comforts and never rise above them.

In ancient India, the Rishis held that the science of Truth is the foundation of all the sciences of finite material things. Therefore, they regulated social codes, details of daily life and religious duties so that men may gradually travel towards Truth. In every art and science they cultivated, there was a conscious effort for realizing Truth from different angles of vision. Even in mundane affairs, they aimed at preparing the ground for the fruition of the spirit in man. In a Sanskrit verse, we find: "For the family sacrifice the individual, for the community the family, for the country the community, and for the spirit the whole world." The spirit of man was given the greatest importance and society had to guard it under all circumstances. The Brâhmanas were given leisure and opportunities to cultivate the spiritual ideals of purity, self-denial and wisdom. They acted as the torch-bearers of Truth and practically guided every limb of the social organism. They lived unselfish lives and so could look to the best interests of society from a higher point of view. The economic, political and other aspects of life were subordinated to the supreme demand of the spiritual ideal. "This principle saved the State," observes Sir Radhakrishnan, "from becoming a mere military despotism. The sovereign power is not identified

with the interests of the governing classes but with those of the people at large. While Dharma represents the totality of the institutions by which the commonweal is secured and the life of the people is carried on, Government is the political organization which secures for all, the conditions under which the best life can be developed. The State did not include the other institutions, trade guilds, family life, etc., which were allowed freedom to manage their own affairs. It did not interfere with art, science and religion, while it secured the external conditions of peace and liberty necessary for them all. Today, the functions of the State are practically unlimited, and embrace almost the whole of social life."

Manu says that the ruler of the State shall be endowed with the best spiritual and temporal education appropriate for his functions, shall be of self-denying and chivalrous temperament, free from lust, greed, pride and all vices, and ever eager to protect and defend the laws and the people from all injurious attack, even at the cost of his life. The great law-giver lays especial stress on the men of wisdom, who have realized Truth and are free from any sort of self-seeking. It is they who can properly appoint, correct and punish any ruler, and entrust to him the means, the machinery and the weapons for the protection of the people. When new situations arise, for which suitable laws do not exist already, these men of wisdom must dictate laws, because it is they who know human nature and its requirements quite well, can observe facts accurately, draw conclusions and foresee consequences far-sightedly. These men apart from their wisdom must know the sciences, history and traditions closely and above all, they must be men of self-denial and public spirit. That society is blessed, where such type of people remain at the helm of social affairs. Because men would be in a position to practise the highest truths in that society and the main trend of social activities would be directed towards common good and a spiritual ideal. Average men would then enjoy the best fruits from the social organization. When the leaders of society are thus inspired by a higher ideal, the common run of people must naturally be swayed by their character and examples. When the spirit of serving a lofty ideal becomes the pivot of social forces, most of the differences that exist between the ruler and the ruled, the classes and the masses are sure to disappear. The darker forces that destroy the peace of society can be easily held back. The main principle of the social organization would be co-operation, and neither opposition nor competition can hinder the progress of such a society. People of different occupations would discharge their duties in a spirit of service for the general good of all. The rulers and leaders of society would protect people and love them as parents do their children. Society would then be a big family of fellow beings.

II

Economic plans, however well-thought-out they might be, cannot meet the varied needs and requirements of individual homes in a society. No social codes, however thorough they might be, can prevent men from committing theft, murder and adultery. Therefore, society needs the ideal of self-sacrifice so that love and goodwill may prevail. The virtue of self-denial is the mightiest social force. It inspires the most heroic and unselfish actions. Blessed is that society in which a good number of men are inspired by the spirit

of sacrifice. Every society badly needs such men as can forgo the less for the sake of the greater, the baser for the sake of the nobler, and the unrighteous for the sake of the righteous. Social good can hardly be achieved, if lesser demands of life are not sacrificed. Greatest service was done to mankind by the greatest men of the world through the power of self-sacrifice. Râma sacrificed the imperial throne and leaving it to his younger brother went to the forest. Krishna gave up his right to the throne of Mathurâ and installed his enemy's old father on it. Buddha is said to have refused to enter Nirvâna so long as a single being remained in misery. Instances are not rare in the history of ancient India, when men of divine knowledge undertook the burden of social duties and responsibilities for the welfare of society. Such men felt, as expressed in an immortal verse of the *Bhâgavatam*: "I desire not the supreme state of bliss with its eight perfections, nor the cessation of rebirth. May I take up the sorrow of all creatures who suffer, and enter into them so that they may be made free from grief." Jesus taught his disciples in the same strain: "Whoever wishes to save his life shall lose it, but whoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it."

The doctrine of service solves beyond measure the universal problem of suffering. It requires no ritual, dogma or belief to be followed. It transcends the considerations of race, colour and faith. It appeals to one's heart and reason, provided one feels for others. In a recent book, H. G. Wells speaks of religion in the new world and emphasizes: "The first sentence in the modern creed must be, not 'I believe', but 'I give myself.'" He points out the prime necessity of following such a doctrine in the modern times. "It seems unavoidable," says he, "that if religion is to develop unifying and directive power in the present confusion of human affairs, it must adapt itself to this forward-looking, individuality-analyzing turn of mind; it must divest itself of its sacred histories, its gross pre-occupations, its posthumous prolongation of personal ends. *The desire for service, for sub-ordination, for permanent effect, for an escape from the distressful pettiness and mortality of the individual life, is the undying element in every religious system.*"

If we examine the spiritual exercises as inculcated in different religions, we shall find that self-abnegation is the very essence of religious life. The virtue is held in great esteem in all scriptures. It is indispensable for spiritual progress. So long as there is the little self in us, Truth can never shine. So, a man of spiritual hankering wants to kill it by means of a long process of suffering and service to others. When religion dawns in the life of a man, he has a wider vision of everything around him. He begins to look upon all creatures from a new angle of vision. It leads to the gradual expansion of his heart, the seat of all spiritual realizations. It then gives him a catholic outlook on men and things.

People level charges against religion, saying that it makes men indifferent to the woes of the world. They take religion for a device invented by the rich to keep the poor in poverty, the illiterate in ignorance, and the masses in degradation. If we examine religious life and its purpose, we find that these ideas are founded on false data and are unjustifiable. It is presumptuous to blame religion itself, if people carry on selfish pursuits in its name and under its sacred garb. Nor is it right

to say that there is no good in the propagation of religious ideas in the world. All religions were founded by men of immense suffering and intense self-sacrifice. Love and service were the keynote of their success. Even if we leave aside their divine message, we have no reason to deny that it was they who were the greatest inspirers of social service. The foundations of human society would have crumbled into dust but for their precepts and examples. Buddha exhorted his disciples to remain calm even if robbers and murderers should sever their joints and ribs with a saw. Jesus asked his followers to love their neighbours as themselves. If people could put into practice even a little amount of what they did and said, mankind would have been blessed and society would have been relieved of its huge load of miseries. In modern times, we proceed to alleviate the sufferings of men by a mechanical process of laws and associations. Such methods might do some good, but they have been found wanting and have failed to create a real spirit of service and genuine sense of fellowship among people. We have not been able to wash off, to any appreciable degree, the bad blood between labour and capital, between the ruler and the ruled. How can we hoodwink society by adopting insincere measures? Can any lasting good be done to society by talking like a parrot and acting like a machine? Even brutes can understand our insincerity. How then can we befool our own brethren? Society needs bands of sincere workers, because it is sincerity alone on which the edifice of society can stand firmly grounded.

The principle of social service should cover all mankind. But unfortunately, national rivalries and industrial competitions have in these days made the field of social service too narrow. Social workers must rise above petty animosities, party strifes and religious differences. No bias of any description should get the better of their good sense. They need to extend their charity to all, irrespective of race, colour and creed. They need to feel not only the unity of man, but of all beings in the world. The ideal of Karma Yoga as taught in the *Gita* can be followed to the greatest good of society. Social workers must eschew personal motives and practise evenness of mind under varying circumstances. If the goal of life is to realize the oneness of life, that can be attained by a steady process of self-purification arising out of non-attachment and self-abnegation. The reward for social service done in such manner is spiritual joy ultimately leading one to eternal freedom of the spirit.

REVIVAL OF ARYAN FAITH IN EUROPE

By Prof. Ernest P. Horrwitz

This year, 1935 the Germans, for the first time since their conversion to Christianity, have kept Easter-tide as an Aryan festival. They publicly celebrated the resurrection of the sun-god, *Sigfrid* the dragon-slayer; he is the Nordic equivalent of Vishnu Balibandhana who slew the dread winter-demon Bali, and sent him down the winter-solstice, to Pâtâla, the lowest

hell. The revival of Aryan terms and ancient rites in the Awakened Aryan Germany (Prabuddha Aryâvarta) is specially conspicuous in Spring or Easter Dedication ceremonies. The New Faith movement is designed to fill an important place in the German child's life, hitherto taken by *confirmation*. "Dedication of Youth' (Jugendweihe) is held in the open air. Youth-rallies are convened in old Rhenish castles which have been turned into hostels for youthful hikers. For the first time the Lower Rhine saw beside the Swastika-flag the blue banner of the German faith with its golden sun-wheel (Vishnu-chakra; Chakravarti-chakra). German Youth fervently believes in Aryan gods. Brown-shirted lads and lasses know that the State ideal of the Third Reich demands unstinted dedication to an immortal Germany; young soldiers realize that their implicit Aryan faith guarantees the perpetuation of 'New Germany' (Prabuddha Aryâvarta). The gorgeous Easter processions of 1935 were formed with the blue Nordic flag, and flaming torches in front. The marchers halted at a soldier's grave; they grouped themselves round the stone, and honoured the departed national heroes. Below in the Rhine-valley stretch the broad primeval homelands, bequeathed to the race by Mother Earth, the broad-breasted goddess *Folde;* the etymological equivalent of Sanskrit Pri-thivi. For the first time in a thousand years the new community stood in the Aryan faith on that pristine soil,—Folde's inheritance! Soil and blood constitute the race; unbounded is its faith in the Reich under the red flag of the racial resurgence of Chancellor Hitler, and the blue flag of the revolution of the German soul. The children then swore to make themselves answerable to the land of their fathers with their whole lives. These young Sigfrids (Vishnu-prasâdas), self-confident and fearless, are dedicated, body and soul, to their blood, their soil, their eternal fatherland! They ended joyous Easter (Vasanta) by wandering with parents and friends in the neighbouring woods, the experiences of the thrilling day deepening with awakening nature! Such is the Nazi conception of *atma-bodhi* or self-realization. The Hitler children, like their Christian fellows enjoyed Easter hares, and hunted in the grass for coloured eggs, a world-old symbol for *prapancha*, the prolific 'spread' of vernal vegetation.

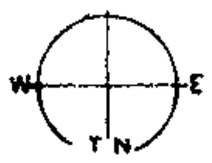
The two most troublesome, yet most dynamic nations of Europe, the Reich and Russia, both antagonize the 'Capitalistic Church' with its rigid creed and frigid traditions. Both struggle for a heroic faith, more humane and less dogmatic. Nazi Germany and the Soviet Union dread rather than hate each other. Ultimately they will be aligned side by side since they need each other, and have many cultural and economic contacts. Not just yet, but 1950 or even 1940; history wills it!

The N. E. passage through the Arctic Sea from Murmansk, in extreme N. E. Russia, to Vladivostok, is scheduled to be opened to regular freight traffic in July, 1935. These voyages fulfil the dream of a short route to the Far East, that once fired Henry VIII of England. The July celebrations will emphasize the rapidity with which the Soviet Union makes a productive region of what not long ago was a frozen waste. Even now countless expeditions discover coal and copper, gold and oil at various points within the 'Arctic Circle' (Sweta-Dwipa).

Soviet aviators have conquered polar Neptune; in a single season they navigate the N. E. passage. The thrilling adventure intensifies the interest of archæologists in palæolithic

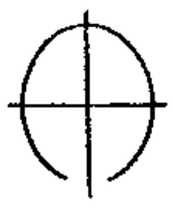
records yet untappcd. The Circumpolar Zone is the ancestral nest of the Aryan race, and the Arctic calendar is the cultural parent of Christian and Buddhist saga-lore.

Mongolian tribesmen still invoke Buddha as wheel-turner or cycle-spinner; the Sanskrit term, Chakravarti, can be traced back to the Aryan home-land, lit up by the *Aurora Borealis* and the Seven Bears, Ushas and Saptarksha, corrupted to Saptarshi, since the white polar bear after which the constellation was named, was unknown in Vedic India. At one time, in a remote geological period, the Artic girdle alone was inhabitable, the more southern latitudes being glaciated. When the first glimmer of the Northern Light (Ushas) appeared after the drear dark winter, the proto-Aryans must have been thrilled and stirred, as they suddenly awakened to new planning and activity after their long hibernation. Priestly mathematicians, the primitive Rishis, eagerly watched through the twelve solstitial nights (December 24 to January 6) for the Sun-god's advent: the astronomer-mages computed the nativity of Godson, alternately bound and released in the year-ring, and turning the solar wheel year after year in *sæcula sæculorum.*



TN stands for the Twelve Nights (Xmas Eve to Epiphany), the matrix of light. Our polar sires conceived the winter solstice as the "Mother of God" (Devaki), his crib and cave, his rise and root. The new-born light, risen in the east (Easter), waxes and grows stronger, until midsummer night is reached. Then the rotating god ('Ixion on the wheel' in Greek mythology) suffers and sinks. Samson's golden locks are shorn; the Semitic name signifies 'sun'. The circling light lingers and wanes, or to use the legendary language of church tradition, is 'crucified' until the next resurrection of the roseate aurora. Arctic memories survive in the lovely Ushas-hymns of the Rig Veda and the hoary Xmas carol beginning: a red rose bud has sprung from a dark tender root! The bud is the bambino; the root the madonna.

Such are the polar origins of the 'religion of the cross', long overgrown with the weeds of petrified doctrine and conventions. The crucifix or sign of the cross can be



found rudely engraven in endless examples and exemplars on rocks all over the skull-cap of the northern hemisphere,—Greenland and Spitzbergen, Siberia and Alaska. The Aleüt Islands further south may be a remainder, volcanically dynamited and geologically metamorphosed, of submerged Atlantis. *Wirth* is engaged on an epoch-making work on Arctic-Atlantean origins (heilige urschrift der menschheit Leipzig); Tilak treated the same futurist topic from an astronomical viewpoint (The Arctic Home in the Vedas; Poona 1903), and Horrwitz dealt with it semasiologically (Indo-Iranian Philology; Bombay 1929). The cross in the circle or Godson in the ring (chakravat; Latin: *deus in rota*) is the Hindu chakravarti whose Arctic significance was not even remembered in Vedic times. The sacrosanct name became an epithet of Buddha or the Awakened One; originally, awakened from Arctic gloom and darkness, and subsequently from the illusions of transient life, and from the dream of established sacerdotalism. Russian *budity* (awaken) is phonetically akin to Buddha. The reminiscence of the boreal Sun awakening on the drowsy winter couch, soon to be a bed of daffodils and roses, and safely delivered from

the womb of the old year, was carried down the stream of ages to the Elizabethan age and Hohenzollern era. It is a mark of superconscious genius on the part of Shakespeare and Wagner, to have unwittingly recast the old Arctic theme; the one in 'Twelfth Night' and 'Midsummer Night's Dream', two interludes enacted between supper and bedtime, and the other in the 'Nibelung Ring'.

The Arctis is not lost like Atlantis. Here is vast cultural material to be utilized; virgin-soil, almost untouched! U S S R has the longest coast line touching the polar seas, but Nordic folklorists are more deeply interested in following the luminous trail left by Tilak. Aryan Saga-lore needs a brand-new interpretation. The Arctic origin of the Aryan race does not dim the light of the world, but rather adds to the deathless glory of the Holy Cross. *Via crucis, via lucis!*

TWO AMERICAN BLIND WOMEN

By Dr. Sudhindra Bose, Ph.D.

I

The recent return of Helen Keller and Anne Sullivan from Scotland has corroborated a report, broadcast from Europe last winter, that one blind person is teaching another.

Miss Helen Keller who, though blind and deaf, became one of America's most famous women. And today Miss Keller is teaching Anne Sullivan, her nurse, teacher and companion since she was 7, the things Anne Sullivan taught her. Anne Sullivan, herself, has almost lost her eyesight. It is her once helpless pupil who guides, strengthens and comforts her as Helen Keller teaches Anne Sullivan's faltering fingers to follow the Braille alphabet Anne Sullivan once taught her now famous charge.

II

The story of Helen Keller is not so well known in India as it deserves to be. At eighteen months, as the result of an infantile sickness she became both blind and deaf. When she was some seven years old, she was unmanageable and it was impossible to reach her intelligence in any known way. It was then that Anne Sullivan, who had herself because of defective eyesight been educated at a school for the blind, became interested in the child and undertook to teach her.

From that day Miss Sullivan became the unfortunate girl's constant companion. Step by step she began to teach the child how to live. First Helen learned the manual alphabet, progressing slowly and with great difficulty.

Miss Sullivan would pour water over the child's hand, then tap the five letters of the word "water" into the palm until the pupil learned to associate the two sensations. And so Helen progressed from word to word.

By the time Helen was ten, her sense of touch was developed to such a high degree that she was ready to begin the formation of words. It was Helen's own idea that she could make words with her mouth as she had felt others do. Finally it was done by placing her left hand on Miss Sullivan's face, her thumb on her larynx, the figures on the muscles of the cheek, and on the lips and nose. Then as Miss Sullivan pro-

nounced a word, Helen would make the same facial and throat motions, and in the end could pronounce the word. Helen Keller can now pronounce every word in the dictionary, and every word has been learned separately by this laborious method.

After familiarizing herself with the English language, Miss Keller went on to learn French and German, and later was reading Latin and Greek classics in the original. At the age of twenty, she entered Radcliffe College which is a part of the Harvard University. She took her B.A. degree with honors in 1904.

While yet an undergraduate student at Radcliffe, she wrote her first book : *The Story of My Life*. This autobiography earned high praise from critics. It sold in the United States alone 100,000 copies and has been translated into almost every language known to civilization.

After her graduation she began her life work of writing and lecturing. In the company of her teacher, Anne Sullivan, who had married John A. Macy, Helen Keller travelled extensively in the United States and Europe. It was my privilege once to hear Miss Keller address a large public meeting. The sound of her voice seemed at first a bit unnatural, but as I got used to it in a few moments I had no difficulty in understanding her. She spoke of her own experiences and on the possibilities of an intellectual life for the deaf and blind.

Helen Keller has always worked in the interests of the blind. It was largely through her efforts that the public became aware of the fact that many cases of blindness could be prevented by treating the eyes of new-born infants with a solution of silver nitrate. Many persons who now enjoy normal vision would have become sightless, if their eyes had not received this application in accordance with what is now the general practice throughout the United States.

She served on the Massachusetts State Commission for the Blind. And not long ago she received a 15-thousand rupees "achievement prize" from an American magazine. This was awarded chiefly in recognition of her successful efforts to raise a 3-million rupees fund for the American Foundation for the Blind. She made it possible to have a weekly newspaper in Braille for the use of the blind.

In addition to doing all in her power to help the spread of education among the blind, Miss Keller has worked tirelessly in the interests of the labouring classes. At an early age she became a Socialist, and made her first speech on behalf of the Socialist Party in 1918. She is also an international peace worker. During the Great War she spoke against militarism and its savagery. After the entry of the United States into the War, she aided the blinded soldiers of both sides. Later she championed the cause of women's suffrage.

Miss Keller followed up her early autobiography with a more mature work called *Midstream*, which was published in 1929. Among her other writings are *Optimism, The World I Live In, The Story of the Stone Wall, Out of the Dark*, and *My Religion*. Her life stands as a truly remarkable record of personal achievement.

Miss Keller has met and talked with many prominent persons in the course of her travels. She has been entertained by Presidents of the United States and members of European royalty galore. Andrew Carnegie, the multi-millionaire steel manufacturer, and Graham Bell, the inventor of telephone, were her friends. She exchanged ideas

with Thomas Edison, Rabindranath Tagore and Jagadis Chandra Bosé. And Mark Twain expressed his opinion of her in these words : "The two most interesting characters of the nineteenth century are Napoleon and Helen Keller."

III

Here I like to think of the fact that with all her potential capacity, Helen Keller was in for a very sorry life if Mrs. Anne Snllivan Macy had not come along and given an untiring devotion to a seemingly hopeless task. Deprived of sight and hearing when a child, she was sitting alone and waiting "at life's shut gate." It was Mrs. Macy who opened the gate : it was her training that brought out what was hidden in Helen Keller. Now, I wonder what the same sort of training might bring out in any child if directed as intelligently and as devotedly.

Helen Keller might have latent ability, but she certainly could not have been brought out without the training. And how is anybody to know what his or her heredity is until put in a favorable environment and properly trained?

It seems to me that the plain business of our social order is to have constantly more Mrs. Macys for the generations that are coming. For in a sense every child is both blind and deaf and dumb. Unfortunately too many of us go through life without ever being conscious of it.

IV

It was more than forty years ago that Mrs. Anne Sullivan Macy went to the Keller home to become the companion and teacher to Helen Keller—the little Helen who was made rebellious by the dark and silent world in which she lived. With infinite patience, love—and difficulty—she at length taught her pupil to speak and to read. The teacher brought the pupil a world of many dimensions. She opened the world of thought and action to the blind girl, deaf and dumb, awakening her to intellectual life and bringing out her genius.

In the course of her struggle for intellectual attainment, Helen Keller acquired a lofty philosophy of life which has served to complete her happiness in the years of her maturity. All the unrealized longings and all the secret joys of the blind, the deaf and the dumb have been made articulate by this woman who can never see the beauty of the world, or hear its melodies.

Helen Keller's is a poet's world. Her quick imagination transfigures the hard, bare facts of life into new and living dreams. No world of reality could be half so enchanting. To her all nature is beautiful and kindly.

She is an optimist, but not an ignorant Utopian. In her *Midstream*, there is a deeply psychic chapter : "Thoughts That Will Not Let Me Sleep." It is an exquisite chapter for those who are spiritually inclined and for those who sorrow over the "tragedy of slum children who for their heart-hunger are given dust to eat," and for those who grieve over anti-religious Russia, not seeing that "the furrow Lenin left is sown with the unshatterable seed of a new life for mankind, and the disintegration of old Russia is the working of God's undeviating Order."

She belongs to no Christian church, and subscribes to no Christian creed. Yet she is profoundly religious. She says : "God is light in my darkness and voice in my silence. I carry a magic light in my heart. Faith, that spiritual strong searchlight, illumines the way to the presence of the Lord."

V

Despite her handicaps, Helen Keller has become world famous. By her writings and her talks she achieved such prominence that she was chosen recently in a nation-wide poll as one of the twelve American women who have distinguished themselves exceptionally in the last hundred years.

But Miss Keller is very modest. To her, Mrs. Macy has meant life itself. She feels deeply that the world has paid her far too much honour, while it has neglected her other half—Mrs. Macy, the teacher.

Two years ago Miss Keller and Mrs. Macy went to Scotland, and settled in a countryside. A year ago the shadows began to dim the eyes of the one-time teacher. Slowly darkness began shutting her off from the world.

Teacher became ill and pupil rushed faithfully to her side. Miss Keller sat by her bed, spiritually guiding Mrs. Macy through her own strong will, physically guiding the one-time teacher's fingers over the Braille characters which formerly she knew well, but had long since forgotten. For Mrs. Macy it is a great tragedy.

In their old age the rôles of the teacher and the pupil have been reversed. Anne Sullivan Macy is almost blind, and it is now Helen Keller who takes care of her and keeps her in touch with the world. To this task the former pupil's life is chiefly devoted, though she still finds time for a remarkable range of activities.

Miss Keller is constantly busy. She occupies herself with all manner of work, from house-keeping to writing. Her correspondence is voluminous. She is up at 7 A.M., and has a simple breakfast. Then she launches into her day's work, which would tax the energy of many seeing and stronger persons.

"Yes," said Miss Keller in answer to the question of an interviewer, "it is true. My teacher is now practically blind. I read to her every day, and I make notes for her in Braille. She knew Braille when she was at school, and when she taught me. But since then the system has undergone a great change. Half the letters are different. We have lots of fun when she makes mistakes, using the old letters."

The tragic affliction has brought the two closer. "Now I feel even nearer to her," said Miss Keller. "Ours is a friendship which even death will not sever." Was there ever such another example in the Western world as this friendship and mutual devotion of two women? What were Damon and Pythias in comparison with them?

And yet, even in their age—Miss Keller is 53, and Mrs. Macy, 67—they think of themselves last. They are planning, Miss Keller says, "to carry on together in work for the sightless."

PURITY: A SPIRITUAL AND MORAL FORCE

By Swami Nikhilananda

The entire essence of Christianity, as well as of all other religions, has been put into that one sentence: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." No other virtue but purity has been mentioned as the condition precedent for the realization of God. Such virtues as poverty, suffering, meekness, desire for righteousness, mercy, etc., may enable one to enjoy particular aspects of spiritual exaltation; but the enjoyment of God, which is the culmination of all our yearnings, is reserved only for the pure in spirit. As a practical demonstration of this virtue of purity, Christ said: "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." The best way to understand the state of purity, is to look at the children. Unless all religious aspirants become as innocent, guileless and pure as children, they cannot enter the kingdom of heaven. Again, by way of indicating its nature, Jesus said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Here also one finds that the purity of the child (which, by the way, is a negative virtue) is the passport to heaven.

The strongest weapon of a saint is his purity. He attracts all to him by this virtue alone. Often behind the learned utterances of the philosopher one does not discover any worth-while truth; but a word or two from a pure-hearted man changes our entire life. We go to a learned lecturer, his logic stimulates our mind, and his oratory sends a thrill through our entire being. We are caught in the glamour of his language and rhetoric. But when we leave his presence and try to find out what we have learned from him, we sadly realize that we have retained nothing of his lecture in our memory. On the other hand, we go to a simple man who can hardly speak two sentences correctly, most of whose instructions are imparted in silence, but still the few words we hear from him are for ever imbedded in our mind and stand as a beacon light in the midst of our confusion and uncertainty. The reason is that the one is endowed with purity, while the other is merely a learned man without this cardinal virtue.

The spiritual power of saints and saviours consists of purity alone. There they tower high above all of us, making us revere them as God or as divine beings. It is not the immaculate conception, or the many reported miracles, that have made Jesus one of the saviours of humanity; it is his innate purity, his keeping away from all unholy desires, that makes us all bow our heads in reverence before him. He was untainted by evil. He never pursued any desire that was low or elemental. His desires never led him astray. He was never allured by temptations. There lies the divinity of Christ and of all prophets and saviours. The greatest spiritual force in the world is purity. In modern times we find many founders of cults and religions; but these cults appear and disappear like clouds in the autumn sky, while the religion that is founded on the bedrock of purity manifested in word, thought and deed endures for ever. Even if men forget all about Christ and Christianity, and even if all Scriptures are drowned in the ocean,

and all prophets thrown into the limbo of oblivion, still, if that one sentence: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," is preserved and practised by one man alone, that will save humanity.

What is purity? It is difficult to define. As we have already hinted, it is a negative virtue. It is a state of being untainted by evil, of not being led astray by desires and not being allured by temptations. We are not conscious of it when we possess it; but when we lose it we know that we have been robbed of a great treasure. It is the original state before any guilt, the virtue of the child, which has no merit in it and yet is a moral quality of the highest worth. It is like our liver, whose existence we know only when it is deranged. A normal man is not aware that he possesses a liver at all, but a person stricken with jaundice is very well aware that one of his organs is not functioning well. A child in full possession of purity is not aware of this priceless treasure; but on the threshold of youth, when he is about to make a false step, he hesitates and trembles. With a sort of moral instinct he tries to defend himself from the impending evil, though he does not know fully well what constitutes good and evil.

We can try to understand purity by its contrast with morality. A moral man has a many-sided experience of life. Such a man, aware of the meaning of good and evil, passes through conflicts. His maturity is derived from the richness of his experiences, but at the sacrifice of his innocence. He is no longer guileless as a child. He has already tasted the fruit of the forbidden tree. He is already a partaker of the dualism of the phenomenal world. From experience he chooses certain virtues, based upon expediency, which will steer him through the Scylla and Charybdis of suffering and evil with the least amount of resistance. A moral man is a man of experience; and the richer his experience is in content, the more he must have come in contact with things of the world. He is already lost in the labyrinth of life and makes the best use of the experiences he has had, to avoid unpleasant and miserable results. His eyes have been opened by coming in contact with everything. But purity is the antinomy of morality based upon the many experiences of life. A pure soul is ignorant, simple and childlike. A pure man, without any effort or previous experience, has immediate perception of the right way. He does not reason, but *sees*. A moral man, burdened with the heavy experiences of the past, hesitates before any new problem; but a pure soul, with his unsullied simplicity, guilelessness and straightforwardness, sees through heaven and earth, as it were. With an intuitive directness he faces the battle of life and comes out of it unscathed. There is something in the pure which is convincing, irresistible and redemptive. We all feel it in the presence of the child or childlike holy men. To get back the purity of the child is the aspiration of the sinner.

Purity is, and remains, the deepest yearning of our soul, because it is our basic virtue. The fall of Adam and Eve from Paradise is only a story which teaches us how man by entering into the manifold experiences of the world has been deprived of his birthright of perfection. During his sojourn in the world of experiences, he has acquired for self-protection the traits of concealment, secretiveness and hypocrisy. Because he is impure, he cannot undertake any enterprise without reflection. He cannot make straight for the matter in hand. He employs subterfuge, He has no directness of conduct. The shame of

the guilty always pursues him like a shadow. The more he tries to get out of the maze through his logic and reason, the more he creates new situations, more difficult than the previous ones. At last he tires of the whole show of life. In desperation he cuts the Gordian knot with one stroke. He shakes off the complexities of life. This is what is called renunciation, which is the beginning of spiritual life. Thus is begun the return journey to his true home, from which he has been an exile. He recovers his peace of mind only when he attains to his pristine purity. The fall of man is, more or less, the philosophy underlying all religions. According to the Hindu theory, there is no actual fall. We have forgotten for the time being our real nature. It is always there. We have only to rediscover it. We are now hypnotized by the moral values of the illusory world. The purpose of religion is to dehypnotize ourselves. The nearer a man approaches his goal, the more he captures his lost purity. He has less and less to conceal; secretiveness becomes alien to him. A pure soul willingly lets others know. He is not disturbed by the shame of the guilty. His nudity is not nakedness.

A pure soul is often an enigma to the worldly-minded. People are puzzled by the directness of his conduct. As we are crooked and cunning, we cannot understand one who is devoid of these traits. One sees one's reflection everywhere. As an ingenious person sees ingeniousness everywhere, so a pure person sees everywhere simplicity and absence of motive. As he has not an intricate or calculating nature, he takes everything on its face value. Therefore he is misunderstood. The wise men of his time did not know what to do with Jesus. But the pure at once recognizes the pure without any difficulty.

Nicolai Hartmann writes in his monumental book on Ethics: "As the impure mind has an evil influence and infects with evil, so the pure mind has an influence for good. In this respect, pure-mindedness, despite its originally negative character, shows itself to be an eminently positive and creative energy in life. Nothing perhaps works so powerfully, so convincingly, for good, and so transforms others in their innermost character, as the mere presence of a pure-minded person who pursues the right undisturbed, just as he sees it and understands it in his simplicity. Precisely in his obliviousness to evil, in his failure to understand it and to react to it, he becomes a symbol and attracts the fallen and the morally prostrate. In this—and by no means in the very doubtful superiority of the mature man—lies the charm of association with a child, the assuaging and liberating effect of childhood upon the experienced and worldly-wise man, the education of the grown-up through the child. This power is the secret of purity, its veritable mystery. Innocence does not resist evil, simply because it does not see it, or, seeing, does not understand and believe. Outwardly it is defenceless; but it is clad in a coat of mail and is equipped as no other type of ethos is. Its failure to defend itself is not a weakness. It is the guilty man who is powerless against it. He never feels his weakness more acutely than when he encounters the glance of a pure-minded man who does not see the evil in him, or even in seeing, cannot believe it. In that the pure-minded man reacts to him, as if he himself were pure, the guilty sees himself denied in his innermost being, sees himself judged, cast out—as no conscious judgment could censure and condemn."

An absolutely pure soul carries with it a great redemptive spiritual and moral

power. Look at the conversion of Mary Magdalene. It is the purity of Christ which rescued her from the bottomless pit of vice. No worldly wisdom or intellectual instruction could achieve that. There is a beautiful incident in the life of Sri Ramakrishna. At one time Mathur Babu, his disciple and caretaker, wanted to test his purity of character. Mathur arranged the matter with some fallen girls. Sri Ramakrishna was taken to a room, where the girls with their bewitching charms planned to entrap him. No sooner did he see them than Sri Ramakrishna, with the simplicity of a child, addressed them as "Mother" and fell into a state of ecstasy. He did not see their moral perversity nor their ugly design. In his guileless mind every woman was the manifestation of the Divine Mother. He could not see evil in anything. This child-like purity of his soul worked the miracle. The suppressed motherhood in the women came out. They repented of their sins and promised to lead a new life. There is an equally attractive story in Hindu mythology. A young saint, Rishyasringa by name, was practising austerities in the forest. He was unsmitten by any idea of evil. The king of the country began to tremble before his spiritual power. He and his minister conspired with some courtesans, who were commissioned to divert the mind of the young saint from the path of rectitude. Early one morning the saint went to the lake for his daily ablution. The surface was covered with purple and white lotuses, and the sun in its morning glory peeped from the eastern horizon. The saint stood in the water pondering over the purity of the creation. Suddenly there was a splashing around him, and casting his look about he saw young girls of exquisite beauty darting their charming smiles at him. The pure soul of the saint saw in them the beauty of the Creator. He addressed them as "Mother." All their evil designs were defeated in an instant. Their leader came back to the minister and said, "We have been chastised by the pure look of the saint. He called us 'Mother,' and the purity of the Eternal Mother in us asserted itself. You always looked upon us as the objects of your enjoyment. We were the fire in which you constantly offered the oblation of lust and passion. You wanted to propitiate the devil in us and in your presence we forgot the God which is our heritage. But had you ever worshipped that divinity you would have received in return the heavenly nectar of immortality. You wanted the clay of our physical charm, and so we were mere toys in your hands. But the soul of this saint, with his innate purity, brought back our divinity."

The pure soul exerts his redemptive power over the evil-minded, not by emphasizing their evil nature, but by directly putting his finger on the essentially divine spark in them, which is never extinguished. He is not familiar with crookedness. He cannot impute motives to anybody. He cannot comprehend the sordidness of the everyday world. This trustfulness is his great power and by it he disarms all dubiousness and hypocrisy. Anyone who comes into the charmed circle of the pure soul at once feels his elevating influence. This is more convincing than the study of holy books. Therefore all religions recommend the company of holy men as the greatest purifying agent in life. A pure man is the power of goodness become flesh. Such is exemplified in the life of Jesus. At his mere sight, or by his mere word, shrewd calculation and subtlety were silenced. The Pharisees could never entangle him with their cunning logic. A pure soul goes directly into the heart of things. Neither

heaven nor hell can keep its secrets from him. His penetrating insight unravels the mystery of everything. However the darkness may have accumulated for thousands of years, it is instantly dissipated by a spark of light. So the piled-up sin of ages disappears at the advent of a pure man. The power of purity is positive, whereas evil is a non-existing entity which appears to exist only in our perverted imagination.

The presence of a pure soul in society is its greatest corrective force. Though he does not judge or condemn, yet he is the monitor, a wandering conscience for the impure. A pure soul, by his silent presence, destroys the atmosphere of anger, hatred, envy, resentment and the baser passions and restores the spirit of serenity and calmness. In his presence, the impure soul ready to chastise the impure act of another hears the admonition : "He who is without sin, let him cast the first stone."

Purity is the very bedrock of spiritual life. It is not an abstract virtue, but it manifests itself in all forms of our thought and activity. A spiritual man preserves his purity in deed, word, thought, will and disposition. Our deeds, words, thoughts, etc. when inspired by purity, bear always a special impress. Purity of deed is straightforwardness of action, absence of all subterfuge and freedom from concealment and cunningness. Pure words do not admit of any double meaning, ambiguity or offensiveness. When our thought is pure, it means the simple presentation of facts and absence of masked motives and ulterior purposes. The pure in disposition view with sameness, love and hatred, admiration and contempt, good-will and anger. It arises from their inability to see evil anywhere. A pure person cannot indulge in envious admiration, jealous love or suppressed rage. He can never be a sneak. The one unmistakable characteristic of purity is that the possessor of it harmonizes his inward attitude with his outward, his unconscious with the conscious. He is incapable of any duplicity. Purity of will manifests itself in wholehearted and absolute surrender to the end in view. He never undertakes any work in a careless or light-hearted manner. One can trust him in everything.

From the ethical standpoint, purity once lost cannot be regained. It is a state of original innocence and lack of a manifold experience of life. It is something with which we are born. It cannot be striven after nor actualized in life. We zealously guard it as long as we possess it; but once we have lost it, we may hanker after it, though we cannot get it back. Artificial teeth can never take the place of natural ones. But though we cannot recapture what we have lost, still we can preserve what is still left to us. The deeper we sink and the more we lose this saving virtue, the stronger is our desire to see it restored to its pristine glory. But as purity and manifold experience of life are antinomical in character, ethics cannot suggest any way for the fallen and the sinner.

It is the province of religion to resolve this antinomy of values. Religion alone shows us how to rid ourselves of this complexity of manifold experience and the conflict of life. In ancient times, religion prescribed the ceremony of purification for the wiping out of guilt. Christianity substituted the formula of forgiveness and salvation, through the suffering and sacrifice of the divinity intervening for man. Purity returns as an act of grace. The method is the simple act of belief. Religion alone shows the way to a Mary Magdalene to become a saint. But this is not any mechanical sort of belief.

Neither is it a mechanical observance of ceremonies. Such purification arises from a firm conviction in God as the source of all goodness and purity. A living contact with such a God washes away all dirt and filth. A living faith is absolutely necessary. One possessing such faith says to himself, "I shall now make my homeward journey." It is the return of the prodigal son to the house of his all-loving father.

According to the philosophy of Vedanta, the soul of man is never contaminated. It may be hypnotized into believing in the manifold of experience, but its spark of divine nature is never extinguished. The sun may be covered for the time being by a patch of cloud; but however thick it may be, it can never diminish the sun's resplendence. Gold may remain buried under earth for thousands of years, but that cannot destroy its natural brilliance. It has only to be dug out and the golden colour at once reveals itself. Flint may be under water for years, but the moment it is taken out and rubbed against a stone, the spark comes out. The idea of impurity comes when we forget our divine nature. If the student says with all the sincerity he can command, "I am divine," instantly he will regain his divinity. But it must be done with all the forcefulness of his nature. Nothing in the world can destroy that divine element. The so-called sin may hide or cover it, but it can never destroy it.

The different religions of the world may quarrel about dogmas and creeds, but all agree on purity as the one condition of spiritual illumination. The spiritual disciplines enjoined by different religions have only one end in view, namely, to enable the student to lead a pure life. All injunctions regarding self-restraint and self-control are motivated by this ideal alone. The God of dualistic religions, or the Absolute of the Vedanta, is the embodiment of purity. In Truth there is no sex. Neither attachment nor taint is associated with Truth. Therefore those who aspire after It must be free from the ideas of sex, or desire, or attachment.

Religion says to the man who is tired of the complexities of life: "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy-laden, and I shall give you rest." The same message is declared in the Gita: "Give up all ideas of moral duty. Take refuge in Me alone. I shall help you to reach the other shore of life." Again, we read in the Upanishad: "He who seeks the pure Truth with single-minded devotion, unto him alone the Lord of Truth reveals Himself." The language may be different, but the message is the same. We must tear off this veil of ignorance which conjures up before our vision the snare of the manifold and conceals our absolute nature, which is one with the entire universe. It is not God that makes us do evil deeds or refrain from virtuous ones; we are deluded about good and evil and caught in the net of the manifold simply because of our ignorance. It is only when this ignorance is removed that we realize our innate divinity, which is pure always and for evermore.

THE TRANSCENDENTAL APPROACH IN VEDANTISM: ITS VALIDITY

By Prof. Sheo Narayana Lal Shrivastava, M.A.

I

While there is amongst the generality of men a grave distrust of the value of philosophical enquiry as such, there is amongst the philosophers themselves no settled opinion with regard to the nature or method of philosophical enquiry. 'As many ways of philosophical approach, as there are philosophical thinkers'—is what strikes even a casual observer of contemporary philosophical tendencies. The bewildering multiplicity of philosophical systems, increasing every day like mushrooms, simply deepens the distrust in the hearts of men who are inclined to believe that philosophy may after all be but a wild-goose chase and the philosopher, as an old adage says, "a mad man searching for a black cat in a dark room where there is no cat." This looking with disfavour on philosophy, has, it appears to me, imperceptibly affected the trend of contemporary philosophical thinking. The present day philosophical thinkers have become, or at any rate, appear to have become apologetic of their mission. They seem to be fighting shy of facing the adverse criticisms of the multitude and betray an anxiety to bring their philosophical formulations more and more in a line with common-sense and the naïve beliefs of the generality of mankind. Our age has witnessed the successful spread of pragmatic, humanistic, positivistic and naïvely realistic philosophical theories, which are to my mind symptomatic of its utter metaphysical incapacity. The accentuation by some of the contemporary philosophers of common-sense and naïvely realistic theories, reflects more an attitude of mind that hazards to take bold steps in metaphysical enquiry, than one of sober philosophical reflection.

Be it remembered that the philosopher who means fair play in his game, should not turn his back against conclusions that appear to be subversive of everyday unreflecting experience. The philosopher who shuts his eyes before the sun of Truth for fear of being dazzled is a disgrace to his mission. Every serious thinker, on the other hand, has been driven to recognize the unreality and illusoriness of everyday experience. "In philosophy," says Bosanquet, "we turn our usual ideas upside down." "The fact of illusion and error," writes Mr. Bradley, "is in various ways forced early upon the mind; and the ideas by which we try to understand the universe, may be considered as attempts to set right our failure." (Bradley: Appearance and Reality, Introduction.)

With these preliminary remarks, we now turn to our present theme—the nature of philosophical enquiry in the system of Vedanta. The question of the validity of method is one of paramount importance in any system of philosophical thought. The validity of *what* we conclude depends mainly on the validity of *how* we arrive at those conclusions. It is the procedure, the methodology, that ultimately shapes the edifice of any philosophical system.

In the search of Truth, nothing is more important than that we are seeking aright. In the history of philo-

sophy, all new departure, all fresh start, was made with the innovation of a new method of investigation. The unsoundness of a prior system of thought has ever been vindicated by a criticism of the method of approach employed by it. When Descartes had to pull down the edifice of Empiricism and raise in its place the superstructure of a rationalistic system, he had to vindicate, before anything else, the essential validity of the rationalistic method of approach. This he did by showing the inherent defectiveness of the empirical method. The empirical method of approach, he pointed out, ignores or leaves behind the Self, *for* which all things are real, and *from* which they all derive their validity. What Descartes contended was that any philosophy which ignored the essential correlativity of the objects to the Self, would be suicidal; for the Self is the primal fact, a fact of indubitable certainty. Similarly, when Kant sought to make way for his Critical Philosophy, he felt it of primary importance to establish the validity of his new method—the critical method. The first task to which he addressed himself was to show that all previous philosophies were doomed, for their methods were dogmatic and uncritical, inasmuch as they made assertions without first examining the powers and the validity of the mind which made those assertions. The right procedure, he showed, was the critical procedure which started with a criticism of the very faculty of reason and discovering its *á priori* presuppositions. So also when Hegel sought to give a new orientation to philosophical thinking and direct its course towards an intellectualistic view of the world—a view which dominates idealistic thought down to our own day, he had to vindicate the validity of the intellectualistic approach by showing the essential identity of thought and reality and making metaphysics "the *thinking* study of things."

Thus a new turn has always been given to philosophical thinking by an innovation in the way of approach. And at each turn, the particular way of approach resorted to, was believed to be the only secure way; while its inadequacy was only exposed by a subsequent thinker. Even today in the sphere of speculative thought, there is hardly visible anything like an established method of philosophical investigation, a method whch may be universally assented to and relied upon. Instead, we find a congeries of rival philosophical schools, growing daily like mushrooms; while none succeeds in taking us near the all-important problem of Ultimate Reality. If we choose to adhere to any of the so-called accredited systems of modern philosophical thinking, we are either left unprofitably preoccupied with such minor issues as whether in knowledge we know the object *per se* or a complex of characters belonging to it, and so on; or, we are driven to some hazy and pseudo-philosophical generalizations about the Absolute, as in the philosophy of Bradley. Bradley tells us in so many fine words that the Absolute is a supra-relational harmonious blend of all appearances, where the appearances are so transmuted and transfused as to end in a final harmony. But asked as to what are the principles of such transmutation and transfusion, he has only to give us like the Indian of Locke, a disappointing negative—"I do not know." It passes my comprehension how a conglomeration of appearances, each unreal and each retaining its unique individuality, results in the fullness of reality which is the Absolute. The Vedantic position, according to which the Absolute is not a summation or interfusion of appearances, but a Reality transcending the region of

appearances, seems to me much more acceptable.

II

Such being the state of things in the domain of speculative enquiry, it is no wonder that men should despair of philosophy and think it a barren pursuit. I do not mean to suggest here for a moment that nothing valuable was given to us by systems of philosophy that had their birth from time to time. What I am anxious to point out is simply this that the divergent streams of contemporary philosophical tendencies* laek a centrality and preciseness of method. *There is no commonly accepted principle of philosophical approach as such.* A centrality of method, as that witnessed in Science, is not visible in the sphere of reflective enquiry. At any rate, this is true of present-day philosophical tendencies in the West, though India presents a different case. What the dominant tendency in contemporary Indian philosophical thinking is, is difficult to state with precision. It is still, I believe, as it ever has been, Vedanta which holds sway over the best philosophical brains of the country, if amongst these we include not only the University teachers of philosophy but also a large section of philosophically minded people in general. But I am constrained to add here that though people in general still adhere to Vedanta as the *terminus ad quem* of philosophical thinking, there is, of late, noticeable amongst a considerable section of the University teachers of philosophy, a fondness to profess realistic, humanistic, and sceptical views which are the current coins of contemporary Western philosophy. It is a matter of profound regret that many of the learned professors of philosophy at our Indian Universities are not conversant with even the A B C of Indian thought; the consequence being that they are irresistibly obsessed by the latest phantasies of the West.

Be as it may, mine shall be an endeavour here to vindicate the soundness and validity of the Vedantic approach to Reality—a way of approach chalked out by the Upanishadic sages, Gauda-pâda, Samkara and other Vedantins who followed their footsteps.

We shall begin by taking notice of a point of vital difference between the speculative trend of the East and that of the West. Leaving aside the intuitional approach advocated by Bergson, a survey of the various forms of philosophical approaches in the West brings home to our minds a salient feature of philosophical thinking there, *viz.*, that Western philosophical investigation from Descartes down to our own day has always proceeded on one fundamental assumption which it has regarded as an undisputed and self-evident truth. This assumption is that the universe which philosophy is called upon to reflect over and discover its deepest meaning and ultimate truth, is *essentially a rational or intelligible universe*, which can only be interpreted or explained or understood in terms of the universal and *á priori* presuppositions of reason or certain ultimate and fundamental categories of thought. The entire objective universe being construed as the intelligible content of a *thinking intelligence or reason*, a principle more basic than reason itself was never enquired after or even as much as believed to exist. The rational has, therefore, been the one accredited method of philosophical approach in the West. Philosophy there has always been "a *thinking* study of things." "If you ask what

* When I say contemporary philosophical tendencies, I refer only to tendencies in the West; for reasons which shall appear in the sequel, I exclude Indian thought.

reality is," says Bosanquet, "you can in the end say nothing but that it is the whole which *thought* is always endeavouring to affirm."* This quotation is typical of the thorough-going intellectualistic outlook of Western philosophers.

In India, on the other hand, the rational approach was not given that accredited position which it obtained in the West. The ruling conception of Indian thought, the central peg round which is hung the entire fabric of Indian Vedantism, is Atman which reason cannot comprehend, but which is the presupposition of all rational experience. The self that *reasons* is the principle at the back of reasoning and is presupposed by it. Rationality or the reasoning-process would by itself remain blind, were it not lit up by *consciousness*. All reasoning is conscious reasoning or reasoning in the medinm of consciousness. Consciousness is the precondition and *prius* of intelligibility and the intelligible universe. It is not thought which is the *prius* of reality, but consciousness which comprehends thought itself. What sustains and makes possible the thinkability of the thinkable universe is consciousness. Thought is *for* consciousness. Brahman or the First Principle is not thought, but the *prius* of thought.† This *prius* of thought is the pure principle of consciousness, ultimate and underived), the primal fact. In a metaphysical system much depends, I believe, on what we take to be foundational in the scheme of reality. The West,‡ taking thought to be the *prius* of reality, could not hit upon the possibility of an understanding of reality other than in terms of the categories of thought. Indian speculation, finding Atman behind discursive intelligence, could not see final truth in a rational interpretation of the universe. The conception of Atman in Indian thought is at once a challenge to the metaphysical validity of rational experience and a promise for deeper illumination. The modern pan-logistic philosophers have the hardihood to declare that because we, by the very constitution of our minds, are committed to a rational understanding of the universe, the rational is the only way in which the deepest meaning of the universe can be revealed to us. They fail to perceive—and this is their besetting sin—that rational or conceptional knowledge itself presupposes and rests upon a basic intelligence which lends it life and sustenance. The necessity of positing a deeper and more basic intelligence than reason can well be understood if we examine carefully the discursive and relational character of conceptual knowledge. The various concepts that enter into and combine in every single act of judgment or unit of knowledge, are all isolated, distinct from one another, and appear successively. This process of synthesising the several distinct concepts and welding them together into a single act of judgment, presupposes a medium of intelligence which retains each preceding concept and gives birth to the one succeeding it.

(*To be concluded*)

* Contemporary British Philosophy, first series, p. 60.

† यन्मनसा न मनुते, येनाहुर्मनो मतं। तदेव ब्रह्मत्वं विद्धि etc.

‡ I do not mean to assert that there have been no mystics in the West or that there has been no anti-intellectualist philosopher there. But the general tendency there is to treat mystical accounts as extra-philosophical.

SOME CONTEMPORARY POETESSES OF JAPAN

By Prof. E. E. Speight

Seijaku wa
Imazo totoki
Ametsuchi ni
Koe naku tsuki to
Ware to ari tada.

The calm of this moment is very precious; there is no sound in heaven or earth, and I am alone with the moon.

—*Baroness Kujo.*

Every race has but the literature it deserves, it has been said, and the foreigner who could justly take the measure of the Japanese people from his familiarity with their literature has yet to appear. For that miracle long years of labour are needed, lighted by intuition and sanctified by a sympathy involving trustful self-surrender. Japanese thought is at a far remove from our own: script, language, allusion and metaphor are as a succession of dark veils before the landscape, and to explain a simple poem of the older kind would mean much more than might light-heartedly be supposed from a literal translation. It would be an adventure in the depths of that sphere so few may know but from the surface; time is not of it, nor the space we are in league and conflict with. They have given it such names as the Eternal Now: the lovely revelation of it at the head of this essay is as the music of those unheard bells summoning the Indian mystics of old to their hours of understanding through silence and adoration, whose only record is a perfect song.

O raka ni
O dera mekite
Kemuri hiku
Waga haru no hi no
Ji no koro kana.

As the smoke of the incense in my porcelain burner floats upward on this spring day of mine, my room is like a great temple and my heart serene.

—*Mrs. Akiko Yosano.*

*

In gentle words Rabindranath Tagore once spoke to me of the sadness this exclusion of Japanese poetry from the hearts of the world made him feel. It seemed to him that there was something almost perversely remote in a poetic literature whose deeper import could only be comprehended at such a cost. We naturally agreed that our Western poetry, in spite of its accessibility, presents abundant examples where the words, too successfully for so many of us, as *Sordello* for Carlyle, serve but to conceal and mystify. But his great heart was longing to hear the music with which it could beat in concord, the song that was nestling within his own deep self, waiting for the magic moment of awakening. He felt like the blind man in Mrs. Hiroko Katayama's verse:

Kojo meshii
Tebiki no hito wo
Machi-wabinu
Kaze wa nishi fuki
Mata minami fuku.

This blind man is waiting and waiting for a guiding hand, though the wind blow west and the wind blow south.

It seems to me that in the poems of the living poetesses of Japan we have a response to the appeal many besides Rabindranath have felt constrained to utter. In saying this I refer specially to poems in the conventional mode of the *uta* or *tanka*, as the more popular *hokku*, the tiniest of poems, I regard as of less moment—not because great things are not to be enclosed in these minute vessels, but because of all elements of poetic style I regard the subtle and elusive power of rhythm as the most essential, and hardly anything but an abrupt rhythm seems possible in Japanese in seventeen syllables. We have, in our own literature, examples of the *hokku*, exquisite enough in their isolation. It was Richard Jefferies, not Basho, who wrote these words:

When the crescent of the new moon shone, all the old thoughts were renewed.

And here are three more, the first from John Webster, the second from Whitman and the third from William Morris:

"My soul, like to a ship in a black storm, is driven, I know not whither."

"A horn sounding through the tangle of the forest, and the dying echoes."

"Friendly the sun, the bright flowers, and the grass seemed after the dark wood."

But such forms with us play a further part in association with their context. Freely repeated, as isolated rhythms and desirable attainments, they would inhibit advance and cause atrophy of real poetic ability. That is why they confess in Japan that good *hokku* are so infinitesimally few.

*

From this brief survey I also exclude the mass of free verse, which in Japan is of less distinction than in English or French literature from which it derives. Japanese poets of today are as unfortunate in their own tongue as Goethe and Heine felt themselves to be, though for different reasons. (On the other hand they are fortunate in not being the heirs of a language so stately and sonorous that the most trivial things became magniloquent, as in Spain.) The writers of free verse, which is, in the main, close to the colloquial, are bound to include numbers of those words which, whatever charm they may have in Chinese, are but as dead counters in their devitalized Japanese forms. However, the real *uta* have the virtue of being free from invasion, and tradition both permits and encourages the use of ancient words and locutions, in which there can be as rare a beauty, of sound as well as allusion, as in the most delicate of Avon or Ionian verses.

But, just as some of the loveliest vignettes in Greek poetry, from Sappho to Zonas, are spoiled by the repetition of the same syllable, chiefly as case endings, so we have poems like the following by Mrs. Akiko Yosano, where the fusion of sound and meaning is unattainable, and the beautiful thoughts of the poems sound better to a foreign ear in a translation than in the originals.

Shiranami no
Nuno ni sugarite
Araiso no
Aki no hajime no
Tsuki noborikinu.

Above the wild shore the first moon of autumn rose, clinging to a robe of white waves.

Natsugumo no
Kuzurete ochishi
Shiro no keshi
Hi no kata-hashi no
Kurenai no kishi.

The white poppies seem like broken, fallen clouds of summer, the red ones like fragments of the sun.

The redundance of certain vowel sounds in these two *tanka* reminds us of similar examples in our own literature, such as Tennyson's line:

"Past up the still rich city to his kin."

But to the Japanese mind the repetition of the syllables *no* and *shi* does not arrest the attention. It is probable that their consent rests upon a vague feeling of some cross-rhythm or syncopation being suggested by these little bell-whispers sounding along the main rhythm, a kind of escape for the spirit provided by the very exigencies of the convention.

*

It goes without saying that such a form as the *tanka* has its limitations. Its extension to stanzaic function has never been seriously regarded, so we never find it a part of any such larger species of poetry as M. Paul Claudel describes as a vast commotion of images and ideas. On the other hand it can be very much more than the result of a touch on the nerves, to use another vivid expression of M. Claudel in reference to Poe and Baudelaire.

The world's great poets have cast their blossoms to the winds in similar ways, though so many of them are hidden in withered foliage. All the lovely fragments that are left of Sappho's verse are tiny as Japanese poems, and it may be that the greater part of all poetry we remember with our hearts consists of such treasures of luminous intensity as the best *Tanka*. The following verses of English poetry are all about equal in length to that form.

There is in God—some say—
A deep, but dazzling darkness,
as men here
Say it is late and dusky, because they
See not all clear.

—*Henry Vaughan.*

At my back I always hear
Time's winged chariot hurrying near,
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast eternity.

—*Andrew Marvell.*

Her eyes were like the wave within;
Like water-reeds the poise
Of her soft body dainty thin;
And like the water's noise
Her plaintive voice.

—*D. G. Rossetti.*

My brother prays, so saith Kabir,
To brass and stone in heathen wise;
But in my brother's prayer I hear
My own unanswered agonies.

—*Rudyard Kipling.*

*

As I look over this little selection of poems made from the work of but a few of the innumerable poetesses of the present day, they seem to me like a rosary of beautiful beads, lustrous and dark, starry and sombre, clear as the autumn moon or mysterious as an ancient forest.

Within the narrow limits of the *uta*, as in that other serious convention, the *tsuba*, or sword-guard, the Japanese creative faculty contrives to enshrine all that it holds dear and in reverence—all that it fears, too, thereby stilling the tremor of the heart awhile.

Here are the frankly uttered joys and sorrows of the passage from girlhood to conscious womanhood, the dreams and desires haunting the lonely hours of motherhood.

Ningyo ni
Koi wo yurushinu
Tarachine wa
Itokenaki hi no
Chisaki kaina ni.

In the days of my childhood I had in my little arms the dolls my parents let me love.

—*Byakuren.*

Musashino no
Sorin ni tachite
Otsuru hi no
Haha to narabite
Ogamu ko nariki.

When I was a girl, standing at my mother's side in the sparse woods of Musashino, I prayed to the setting sun.

—*Mrs. Kanoko Okamoto.*

Ao-ao to
Tsuki sashiireba
Haha to ko ga
Tomoshibi mo sede
Neshi mori no ie.

When the green moonbeams came into our woodland home, Mother and I would go to bed without lighting the lamps.

—*Mrs. Kanoko Okamoto.*

Hei no ue no
Akaki yuhi ni
Mi-iritari
Toku mari tsuku
Kono koe kikoyu.

I stared over the fence at the red setting sun, listening to the voices of children afar as they bounced their ball up and down.

—*Mrs. Mitsuko Shiga.*

Haha wa waga
Uchi-mi katachino
Otoroe wo
Nagekedo yameru
Kokoro wa shirazu mo.

My mother is anxious about the decline of my health, but she does not know the pain of my heart.

—*Miss Asao Hara.*

Kono hokage
Kanashi karikeri
Kaneshitaru
Hito no kokoro wo
Omoi-yaru toki.

When I think of the heart of him I sent away, this light seems very sad.

—*Miss Takako Yazawa.*

Nigoritaru
Omoi wa motaji
Waga mune ni
Yadaoreru hito no
Kage mo kumoran.

I will not have any sullied thoughts, for I am afraid of clouding the image of Him who dwells in my heart.

—*Mrs. Hiroko Katayama.*

Usuiro no
Neru no ifuku wo
Kisetareba
Nao yawarakashi
Marushi waga ko wa.

When I clothe her in a light-coloured flannel dress, she becomes still softer and rounder—this little girl of mine.

—*Mrs. Kishiko Wakayama.*

*

There are little personal touches, quaint or trembling with sorrow:

Kame no ko wa
Nosori-nosori to
Hate yuku
Kimi warukeredo
Ware mo yuku kana.

The lazy creeping of the young tortoises gives me an uncomfortable feeling, yet I walk just like them.

—*Mrs. Hiroko Katayama.*

Yuki kaeri
Hachiman sujino
Kagamiya no
Kagami ni obi wo
Utsu ko narishi.

In my childhood as I went past the mirror-makers in the streets of Hachiman, I saw the reflection of my girdle.

—*Mrs. Akiko Yosano.*

Honoo nasu
Hi no fusuma mi wo
Tsutsume domo
Tsumeta karikeri
Kono mi kono mune.

Though I wrap myself in scarlet, flame-like quilts, they are cold, this my body, this my bosom.

—*Baroness Kujo.*

Nani naranu
Hakana goto iu mo
Waga namida
Atsuku hashirinu
Shi wo tsuguru goto.

For slight and trifling reasons my tears flowed burningly as if telling of death.

—*Mrs. Masako Chino.*

Mono iu mo
Kiku mo urusashi
Waga heya ni
Kugi uchi-tsukete
Hitori nakabaya.

I wish to nail up the door and weep alone in my room, because talking and listening are both unbearable.

—*Miss Akiko Saga.*

Hana no ka ni
Utsura-utsura to
Sasowareru
Nemuri yo to wa ni
Samezushi mo are.

O sleep to which I have been led so dreamingly among the perfume of flowers—come not to an end for ever and ever.

—*Miss Itoeko Tachibana.*

There are vignettes of home-life, little signals to the humanity that knows no difference of race or region. The four poems by Mrs. Okamoto, the wife of Mr. Ippei Okamoto, the famous caricaturist, I have combined because their subjects are the same.

Asa shimo ya
Kozeni to ii to
Mote inishi
Yo no nusubito wo
Awaremi nikeri.

On a frosty morning I pitied a robber who went off with some coppers and rice.

—*Mrs. Hiroko Katayama.*

Netsukarenu
Yo wa hiyayakeki
Aogaya no
Suso ni sara-sara
Ashifurete minu.

In the night when I could not fall asleep I tried to rub my feet against the border of the cool mosquito net.

—*Miss Hatsuko Matsumoto.*

Omima naru ware ni kawarite mono kau to kimi ide-yukinu samuki tonomo ni.

Kai-narenu obotsuka-nasa ni kai mo ede ame ni nuretsutsu kimi ga kaeran.

Kai-narenu kimi ga kai-kishi negi no ne no mashirosa itodo aware fukashi mo.

Furoshiki no haji yori moruri negi no ne wo oi-kanetsutsu kimi kaeri kinu.

Instead of me, the woman, he has gone out in the cold to buy things.

As he is not used to marketing, it is quite likely that he will come home wet through without anything bought.

He who is not used to marketing has bought and brought home some leeks, and when I see their whiteness, I feel deep sympathy with him.

He could not keep them from peeping out from the corner of his parcel, the roots of the leeks he brought home.

—*Mrs. Kanoko Okamoto.*

*

There are glimpses of nature, most abundant—sudden impressions of things heard and seen and taken into the heart.

Myojo wa
Kaeran kuni mo
Motanu goto
Tori-nokosarete
Aki-kaze zo fuku.

The morning star is left alone as though it had no country to return to, and the autumn wind is blowing.

—*Mrs. Akike Yosano.*

Yo to nareba
Waga katawara e
Yori-kitari
Yama-mizu ga iu
Inishie no koto.

This poem was paraphrased as follows by one of my students :

When the night comes, the world, covered with quietness, becomes enchanted, and I hear the mountain stream murmuring old stories.

—*Mrs. Yosano.*

Chi wa hitotsu
Dai byakuren no
Hana to minu
Yuki no naka yori
Hi no noboru toki.

As the sun was rising from the snow, the earth was a great white lotus flower.

—*Mrs. Yosano.*

Nurete saku
Fuji no gotoku mo
Shioretaru
Hashira no hito wo
Mishiya tsubakura?

O swallow, did you see one who, leaning against a pillar, was drooping like wistaria blooming in the rain?

—*Miss Asao Hara.*

Hana to hana
Usu-murasaki to
Kurenai to
Unasuki-au wa
Nani no kokoro zo?

I wonder what they mean, these light purple and scarlet flowers nodding to one another.

—*Byakuren.*

Omoki kaze
Yo no machi fukinu
O nai no
Kitaru ga gotoki
Mono no airo ni.

A strong wind was blowing in the night-street, and from everything about me I felt as if a great earthquake had come.

—*Mrs. Masako Chino.*

(One is tempted to take the two last Japanese words as English, and so to translate : And I felt the irony of life !)

Araiso no
Sentagahana ni
Uchiyosuru
Nami no oto todoro
Tsuki akaki yogoro.

The waves that break on the rough beach of Sentagahana roam through the night of a brilliant moon.

—*Mrs. Kishiko Wakayama.*

Kuru kumo wa
Kokochi voki kana
Ikaru toki
Hi sae oite
Habakarazu yuku.

That dark cloud—what a delightful vision to my heart, covering even the sun in its anger, and passing proudly away.

—*Miss Kotoko Harada.*

*

The play of imagination shown in the poems I have quoted is transcended in others in ways which seem to point to Western influence.

Kuroki sora
Waga shi wo negau
Hebi no me no
Hitotsu hikarinu
Aoki hi no hoshi.

In the dark sky green Mars was gleaming like the eye of a serpent desiring my death.

—*Mrs. Masako Chino.*

Wakaki hi wa
Yasuge naki koso
Okashikero
Gingano moto ni
Yo wo akasu nado.

When we are young many things which are not easy are yet interesting, such as spending a night beneath the Milky Way.

—*Mrs. Yosano.*

Onna cho
Mayoi no kuni wo
Misoji hodo
Ayumi ayumite
Fumishi hosomichi.

For these thirty years I have been wandering through the country called woman on a narrow road.

—*Mrs. Hiroko Katayama.*

Haijiro no
Kinu kiru rojo
Maboroshi ni
Urei no hana no
Waga kami ni oku.

In a vision an old woman in a robe pale as ashes put a flower of sadness into my hair.

—*Mrs. Masako Chino.*

*

In every land the poetry of women is bound to be more intimate and cloistral than that of men. When William Sharp at last devoted himself to those poignant revelations of his ancestral memory, he shrank from the gaze of the world and hid himself in the guise of Fiona Macleod. In Japan it is the men who are bearing the brunt of Western ideas in literature; the hearts of the women are still rooted in the deep dark pools of the ancient imagination. Change they are undergoing, of course, and in varying degrees, as the poems I have translated will show. It seems to me, in my small acquaintance with a field of poetry that is vast and coextensive with the race itself, that Baroness Kujo stands typical of the reluctance to leave the old calm and beauty. In her sad, sweet verses there lingers the loneliness that is perhaps the most enduring trait throughout the twelve centuries of Japanese poetry, together with a spirit of resignation beautiful in itself and by reason of its religious associations.

Yaruse naki
Kokoro shizumete
Kinu nueba
Medetataekeri
Oibito domo wa.

At a loss I calmed my mind and took up my sewing, and the old people praised me.

Yugasumi
Nishi no yama no ha
Tsutsumu koro
Hitori no ware wa
Kanashi kari keri.

At the time when the evening mist is folding the hills of the west, I am sorrowing in my loneliness.

Hohoemite
Kyono hitohi mo
Kure keru yo
Yagoto naki mi to
Mede agamerare.

Smiling I spend the whole of this day, honoured as a noble lady.

Rakujitsu wa
Kyojin no tama ka
Waga tama ka
Honoo no gotoku
Chishio no gotoshi.

The setting sun—is it the spirit of some hero, or is it my soul—like a flame or the tides of the blood?

*

Most of this lady's poetry owes its charm to the things left unsaid, to the silence in which it lies unfolded, to the sense of relation with a deeper world than life as we know it. This cosmic intuition is suggested, and often vividly expressed, in the work of other living poetesses.

Waga tama wa
Iku tose mukashi
Sasurai no
Tabiji ni idete
Kyo mo kaeranu.

My soul went out wandering many years ago and even yet has not come back.

—*Byakuren.*

Tori mo nakazu
Shizuka naru hi yo
Waga tama no
Kasokeki hibiki
Sora ni kikoyu ya.

No birds are singing, it is a quiet day; the very gentle sound of my soul may be heard in the sky.

—*Mrs. Hiroko Katayama.*

Aoki hana
Ten no kanata ni
Emu to minu
Kimi ga mi-iki ni
Kami soyoga taki.

When by your breath my hair waved it seemed as though blue flowers were smiling in the heavens.

—*Mrs. Masako Chino.*

Saki no yo no
Furusato ni miru
Hikari shite
Warehiki tsukuru
Ochikata no umi.

Yon far-off sea is gleaming as if it were my home in the world to be, and drawing me thither.

—*Miss Takako Yazawa.*

*

Among modern poetesses Mrs. Yosano, of whose poems I have already quoted a number, is the best known because of her wide range of activities. Married to a poet-teacher herself, the centre of a numerous family, she yet finds opportunities for social and educational work such as a woman of any Western country might be proud of. Her poems are notably fresh and full of ideas: there is so often in them a sense of waking from a dream of the past, of outlook, expectancy, of new flowers growing in an ancient garden.

Kako no yowa
Umi yori fukashi
Shiratama mo
Sango mo saguri
Ide-gataki kana.

Because the world of the past is deeper than the sea, I cannot find pearl or coral.

Hi no yama mo
Osae nami ómo
Shizumubeshi
Koishiki koto wo
Ika ga subeki zo?

The fires of a volcano subside, and the waves sink back, but what shall I do with the might of love?

Hito no ko no
Tokubeki nazo mo
Mina tokeshi
Hika to oboyuru
Ganjitsu no hiru.

At the noon of New Year's Day it seems as if all the riddles that vex the children of men had been solved.

Yawa hada no
Atsuki chishio ni
Furemo mide
Sabishi karazuya
Michi wo toku kimi.

Are you not lonely, you who preach about virtue and have never felt the touch of warm blood (coursing through) soft skin?

*

Of these kinds then are the poems that are being written nowadays by the poetesses whose names are best known in Tokyo. It would be possible to make many such selections if one were able to take into account the best of the work appearing in the great number of magazines devoted to poetry and to the interests of women. In nearly every part of Japan there are magazines publishing poetry; everywhere there are people with at least one good poem in them. But it is a delight of a rare kind to come across such an achievement as the following by the late Miss Hide Takeyama:

Mizu yori mo
Tsumetaki
Iro wo matoitsutsu
Tsuki wa shizuka ni
Aki to narikeri.

Clothed in a robe of colours cooler than water, the moon in her calmness brings to my heart the autumn of the world.

Such a poem makes us realize what large tracts of our modern poetry are of quite other order and value than these quiet moments of vision. In fact, it is really only to certain parts of our richly varied English poetry, to the more intimate, central portions, that typical Japanese poetry can be justly compared.

If we turn from the immediate and the explicit to those deeper revelations which mark the advance and the greatness of poetry, we shall find that of their components two are supreme and inalienable, rhythm and metaphor. These are the things which make the final appeal to the subtler processes of our being and give us that intuition of ascension which is the criterion of all art. Japanese poetry hitherto, by its unfortunate and unnecessary limitation of form, cannot be compared with English poetry as a reflection of the vaster complexities of the universe. Both rhythm and metaphor are means to the reconciliation and unifying of the endless diversity about us. Within the limits of the *tanka* a great deal of the formal and conventional life of old Japan, and of the desire for escape from it has formal utterance; with the breaking of that rigidity and the coming of fresh air and harassing winds into the hearts and minds of people larger rhythms are beginning to assert themselves. The flood of free verse will serve its purpose, as in other lands, by sending poets back to more vital work

within the confines of old and new forms.

Meantime those who, like the ladies whose poems it has been my privilege to bring together here, are content to write according to the venerable tradition of the *uta*, are asserting their affinity with our own poets in those central human characteristics, which are represented in our poetry by the metaphors rather than by the main body of the verse.

> Look! how a bright star shooteth
> from the sky; so glides he in the night
> from Venus' eye.

In the same way the lady we know as Byakuren effects that startling unity in imagination of which Coleridge wrote in a memorable passage.

> Waga kata ni
> Hoshi wa nagarenu
> Omowazu mo
> Hito ni shirarenu
> Yorokobi ya emu.
> A star has come speeding toward me;
> perchance there may be for me some
> unexpected joy no one has ever known.

The study of the metaphors and similes employed by any Western poet will reveal the beauty he has stored up in remembrance largely unconsciously, to be called forth in the hour of creation. Such a study brings us into the closest touch with the personality, the individual distinction of a poet.

> Which when her lovely laughter shows
> They look like rosebuds filled with snow,
> For it was nimbler much than hinds
> And trod as if on the four winds.

> Thou from whose unseen presence the
> leaves dead
> Are driven, like ghosts from an
> enchanter fleeing.

It is to this part of our English poetry we should liken the higher reaches of the *uta*, of which a better description could hardly be found than Tennyson's

> "Short swallow-flights of song that dip
> Their wings in tears and skim away."

THE SPIRITUAL BASIS OF THE RAMAYANA

By Kapileswar Das, M.A., B.Ed.

I

The scientifically-rational modern Indian mind has been turned to a critical study of our ancient scriptures —the Vedas, the Epics, the Purânas and the Dharmasâstras—with a new orientation of outlook. For thousands of years these scriptures had been moulding, and guiding Indian life, sustaining it with ideals of culture, of education, of social conduct, without any remarkable counter-shock. Then came the intimate contact of the West with its consequent conflict of cultures. In the confluence of two cross-currents, at the first onset of organized force of the materialistic power-scrambling West, the Indian thought was taken aback. And naturally so; for it was in a state of decadence, not through any inherent defect of its own, but through unnecessary and undesirable accumulations, which have gathered round it in course of time. Very easily everything Indian, everything ancient was labelled as dead, superstitious, harmful, impeding the growth of nationhood. We were advised to start anew a course of making another culture, of adopting a scientific attitude of life. For a time the balance swerved. This was the case with us

in the early twenties and thirties of the last century. A new spirit in the name of tasting life, freedom and individualism stood in the forefront disbelieving, mocking and destroying all in a mood of despair and recklessness. Scepticism, a natural propensity associated with the first glimmer of twilight heralding the dawn of a New Age, worked its full. But a century of apish imitation, of the predominance of an alien culture brought us home the ridiculousness, the weakness of our situation towards the beginning of the present century. The immediate result of this was a going back to our ancient treasure-house of learning to scan the brilliance of the gems thereof, to apprehend their reality and to consider their utility in resurrecting the nation. But the *modus operandi* of this apprehension is fully modern. Hence the variety and complexity of interpretation and evaluation it gives to our ancient lore.

Our two Epics, the Râmâyana and the Mahâbhârata, are also being scrutinized under this gaze. Some take them as mythological stories with well laid-out plots. Others read in them the life of the Aryan culture. The moral aspect of the stories—the high idealism of the worldly conduct and the punishment of evil conduct—is increasingly stressed by many. Others value them for the light they throw on the geographical knowledge of the country and the historical conditions of the times. And there are not a few, who dismiss them as figments of an imaginative brain. For, it is asked, could monkeys and bears speak and discriminate? To what limbo should many-headed, many-handed monsters be relegated but to that of fantasy? Where are the archæological ruins of the bridge constructed over the sea? Where are the immortal Vibhishana, Hanumân and Parasurâma to be seen? Can Lanka hide itself before our undaunted explorers? These are a few of the many doubts which persuade a modern reader to charge his cannon of scepticism in this direction.

But whatever it may be—and our scholars, psychologists, historians will answer the aforementioned questions—the deep spiritual significance of the Epics cannot be ignored or contradicted. The Mahâbhârata is bulky, complex, intricate in its insertions and interpolations and exhibits a many-sidedness, difficult of comprehension. But the Râmâyana is more simple, homogeneous and sweetly irresistible in its appeal. It is the scope of this brief essay to give a few indications of the deep, spiritual significance on which it is based, as told in the Adhyâtma (Spiritual) Râmâyana.

II

The Râmâyana—the story of the struggle of Jiva (Individual) to attain Parama (Transcendent), of the finite realizing the infinite of trials and tribulations, joys and sorrows, conquests and failures, Bhukti (enjoyments) and Mukti (liberation)—begins with Dasaratha (Manas) of the family of the Sun (Tejas). Verily it is said that mind is the cause of Jiva's bondage and liberation—the pivot on which the cycle of creation revolves through time, space and causation. This mind, as also every principle of creation, functions by means of Tejas—the universal energy, of which the solar energy may be a representation. Dasaratha was the king of Ayodhyâ (The Panchakosa), the owner of chariots (Sarira), drawn by swift-running horses (the Indriyas : senses). Thus the function of the mind begins experiencing the objective universe, desiring and acting, fulfilling physical, psychical and intellectual

needs of the embodied soul. The king had three queens—Kausalyâ (Nivritti), Kaikeyi (Pravritti) and Sumitrâ (Bhakti). Thus Prakriti—the ever-active unconscious root-principle of creation exhibits her beginningless play through the channels of movement, lapse and devotion and experiences the pleasurable, painful or indifferent feelings thereof through its subtle principle of Manas. Vasishtha (Veda) was the Guru of Dasaratha. Veda—the highest religious authority, the incarnation of infallible wisdom, is undoubtedly the Guru of the Jiva.

Dasaratha had no sons; he desired to have them. Son is the direct reflection of the father's soul. He is his second birth. This most desirable thing in the path of Samsâra is got through good Karma (Sacrifice : Yajña). Dasaratha performed the Putreshti-sacrifice and was blessed with four sons —Râmâ (Jñana : Wisdom), Lakshmana (Viveka : Discrimination), Bharata (Vairâgya : Detachment), and Satrughna (Vichâra : Deep thought). The king's heart was gladdened. All his thoughts were concentrated on his sons. He saw them playing and frolicking, growing like the moon of the bright fortnight in beauty, virtue, and accomplishment. Thus Antahkarana through its faculty of ascertainment (Buddhi) deeply reflects upon the problem of life —the opposite current (Dvandva) of the stable and fleeting, the truth and untruth, the good and evil (Satrughna), and abstains from the fleeting, the untruth and the evil (Bharata), and concentrates on the good, the true and the beautiful and thus is matured the faculty of discrimination (Lakshmana) which is radiant with the glorious light of wisdom (Râma).

Lakshmana was the constant companion of Râma, and Satrughna was the constant companion of Bharata.

Days passed into months and months into years. The princes grew up benevolent, handsome and brave. Then came one day to the court of Dasaratha the holy sage Visvâmitra (Faith). He and other Rishis were troubled in their peaceful forest retreats in course of their spiritual meditation (Vishnudhyâna) by the old Râkshasi Tâdakâ (Vrânti : Delusion) and her offspring Mâricha (Kâma : Desire). For is not simple delicate faith rudely shaken by delusion and the passionate urge of the senses? And what power has this pure tender element to withstand this surge's swell but to invoke the catholicity and constancy of wisdom and discrimination?

Visvâmitra requested Dasaratha to lend him the services of Râma and Lakshmana. Dasaratha was perplexed. Mind greedily sought to utilize the treasured jewels of wisdom and discrimination for its selfish satisfaction. But Veda (Vasishtha) gave him the timely admonition :— ,

"O King! do not vainly attempt to imprison the expansive light of wisdom and discrimination within the rotation of thy sordid narrow orbit. The light must diffuse itself over broader regions for the good of the whole. Worship Kaushika and entrust your sons to his care and purpose."

Râma and Lakshmana, as they accompanied Visvâmitra on the forest path, heard his instructions. They raised their mighty bow (Nirvâna) and pierced Tâdakâ with shafts and hurled Mâricha, mangled and mutilated, on the sea. Thus delusion was annihilated by wisdom, but the potency of desire was not quite exhausted. It has to wait for a more opportune moment to spend its remaining force.

Then the two princes with Visvâmitra directed their footsteps towards

Videha, the city of Janaka (Father of the world). They had heard of the mighty bow of Siva, bending which, Sitâ (Peace) could be won. For what a price must not be paid to achieve the blissful repose of peace amid the din, the throes, the travails of life?

On the way they passed through the Asrama of Gautama (Tapas), where Indra, the ignorant, lusty, body-ridden soul (Ajñâna Jiva) was cursed for outraging the beautiful Ahalyâ and Ahalyâ, the personification of ignorant indulgence, was turned into stone. Thus the sin of weakness, in acquiesing to the riot of senses, thickens the darkness of Avidyâ and extincts the light of consciousness. Râma touched the stone with his feet and the dust thereof brought life to it. Thus do the stray streaks of wisdom resuscitate immediately the processes of life from grossest decadence and bring animation to the feeble beatings of pulse.

The pilgrims entered into Videha. Old Janaka was pleased to see them. The bow of Siva was strung and Râma married Sitâ. Wisdom was united with peace. Janaka gave his other daughters—Urmilâ (Namratâ : Humility), Mândavi (Abstinence) and Srutakirti (Impartiality) in marriage to Lakshmana, Bharata and Satrughna respectively. Thus the discriminative man becomes humble with virtue like the branch bent with ripe fruit; the unattached grows wiser in abstinence; and the deeply thoughtful razes the barriers of high and low and looks on all as of the fundamental existence.

Dasaratha came to Videha and witnessed the sweet weddings of his sons and returned to Ayodhyâ with his sons and daughters-in-law. On the way Parasurâma (Pratihimsa : Revenge) met them like a whirlwind, passionate, dark and intrusive. Wind blew fiercely; all men's eyes were blinded with dust. Revenge—the glaring chequered impressionable force of life—faced the effulgent radiance of wisdom and voiced forth its challenge. Lo! in an instant its force was spent. It became humble and made obeisance to the great lord.

III

Dasaratha was anxious to have Râma crowned to follow in his footsteps and made the necessary preparations. Alas! blind whimsical Manas! It was measuring everything to its standard. It did not know that the Ritam, the eternal order of things, which keeps everything in its position (Adrista) was silently yet surely working against its impetuosity. Râma was still young. Knowledge was in its infancy. It was yet to face many more trials to get itself deeper and broader till it touches the ultimate. Everything was ready for the crowning ceremony. But at the last moment Kaikeyi (Pravritti) addressed the King in this wise :—

"O King! if you value my love, if you are true to your word, send your son Râma to the forest for fourteen years and crown my son Bharata in his place." She wept, she frowned, she cajoled. She would have her way. Poor Manas! How dizzily this fragile bark was tugged and tossed on the turbulent waves of Pravritti! So long the boat had been dancing gaily on rippling waters; there was no stir in the air, no stir in the sea. But all unconsciously swept the storm; the boat was fast sinking beneath the tide. Dasaratha moaned in anguish; copious floods of tears streamed over his cheeks; he fell swooning. The wheels of destiny—universal configuration—rolled on. Râma went to the forest (the passage of fearlessness). Still he was a birdie and has to soar across the dark abyss of fear to fly to the shining

abode. But could wisdom go without discrimination to be its constant companion? And without peace, which, ever locks it in her ambrosial embrace? Lakshmana on hearing of Râma's going to the forest, was furious with Dasaratha and Kaikeyi. He said to Râma, "Lord, Dasaratha has become mad through his attachment to Kaikeyi. His sense of justice is dead, I shall bind him and kill Bharata. Let the world witness my strength to-day." Even discrimination, unbridled by wisdom, has its partiality, its impetuous one-sidedness and lack of proportion. Wisdom gives it fullness of comprehension and serenity. Râma smilingly answered, "Dear Lakshmana, do not run away with your thought. Reflect, will you spend your mighty force for the sake of a negligible transient entity? Our sense-pleasures are as fleeting as the play of lightning on the dark cloud. Man toils day and night for the satisfaction of this body. But how short-lived it is as the frog in the grasp of a snake! How quick it is as the water-drop on the lotus-leaf! Wealth is unsubstantial as shadow; glory and renown are dreams. Do not be angry. Anger is the greatest enemy of man."

The doubt of discrimination was burnt by the fire of wisdom; Lakshmana, with all humility, said, "Lord, let me go with you; I shall serve you."

Sitâ clutched at Râma's feet and looking meltingly into his eyes said, "Let me too go with you, my lord. In your company fruits of the forest will be my Amrita, the thorns thereof will be my flower-bed. I am your endearing slave. Leave me not." Sitâ and Lakshmana went with Râma into the forest.

The Râmâyana echoes the pathetic note of Râma's parting. The queens wept; children cried; citizens moaned; tears trickled down from the eyes of even dumb creatures. But nowhere in the whole work is to be found a single word, a faint trace of the piteous plaint of Urmilâ (Humility), Lakshmana's beloved. Her lord, the light of her eyes, the joy of her heart, her dearest one was going away. Sitâ could not leave Râma. But Urmilâ was silent. She did not strive to follow Lakshmana nor did she persuade him to stay with her, for she did not want to be in his way. Perhaps her heart was cleft in twain; perhaps the surging emotion choked her. But she remained silent. How sublime is the silent self-sacrifice of humility! How abiding her power of endurance! On the other hand how could Bharata, the incarnation of detachment, stoop to pleasure at the cost of Râma? He cursed his mother. He went to the forest and begged Râma to return. But Râma remained firm. He advised Bharata to return to be king. The latter accepted the responsibility of ruling the country as Râma's substitute, but in an ascetic garb. Unattachment has still to undergo the discipline of disinterested action (Niskâma Karma). Its Prârabdha has not been completed.

Dasaratha could not bear the separation. He pined in solitude and expired after a short time. Manas was dissolved and in that dissolution it found its resurrection through the noble quest for fearlessness. For, is not death the stepping stone to Amrita? Is it not the dark-coloured messenger of deathlessness?

(To be continued)

A MYSTIC'S MONOLOGUE

By Prof. K. V. Gajendragadkar, M.A.

The negative results of the natural sciences, that aim at giving a mechanical and rational explanation of the various phenomena and events in nature and life, as pointed out by the eminent scientists of the present day and as surveyed by the great contemporary philosophers, are not a little responsible for the distrust in the powers of the *discursive reason* to explain the ultimate problems of life and knowledge. This distrust has led the thinkers to postulate a higher power or faculty—Intuition or Faith—of man that would give him a *direct* and first-hand knowledge about the ultimate first principle or cause of the world, God. This power or intuition is in no way antagonistic to discursive reason, but is in fact a *more evolved form* of the same, inasmuch as it incorporates in itself the results of discursive reason, and marks a great advance over it. All mystical experiences, which form the quintessence of every religion, are possible only through the power of intuition. The present revival of interest in the study of religion and mysticism is to a great extent due to the philosophy of intuition that has been so ably and systematically propounded by some of the great contemporary thinkers in different parts of the world. Indian philosophy, which can but hardly be distinguished from religion, is known for its dominant mystical tendency. It would be interesting to the students of the history of mysticism to note the heights that were reached by the Neo-Upanishadic thinkers in their mystical experiences. It is with this view that their diverse and rich experiences have been expressed in the form of a monologue, though they are the experiences of different mystics, living at different times and places.

This experience forms the common property of most of the New Upanishads which merely repeat the same thing only in different terms. A detailed description of this post-ecstatic experience is found in the Tejobindu, Brahmavidyâ, Atmabodha, Brahma, Sarva, Kundika, Maitreyi and Kaivalya Upanishads. We may proceed to give the account found in all these Upanishads together in terms of the experient himself: "I am not the body," he says, "and therefore there can be no birth and death to me. I am not Prâna, and therefore there can be no hunger and thirst to me. I am not Chitta, and therefore I can have no grief and infatuation. Again, I am not the agent, and therefore there can be no bondage or freedom to me. I am without the six Koshas, without affections, feelings and desires. I am beyond all feelings of respect and disregard, existence and non-existence; and all distinctions vanish in me. I resort to nothing, and things beautiful and ugly do not exist for me. I am above all colours and signs. I am incomprehensible, invisible, and inconceivable. I am above all names and forms, and beyond all time and space. I am the object of worship for the Vedas, and of investigation and determination for the Sciences. I reside in Chitta, am thought incarnate, and yet beyond them both. I am changeless, qualityless and desireless. I am without any

parts, without any stains and blames. I have no beginning, middle and end. I am unattached, and without any limitations. I have destroyed illusion and am all-perfect. I am ageless and immortal, self-refulgent and self-existent. I am one without a second and without limitations. I am the creator, protector, and destroyer of the worlds. I am the Lord and Governor of all, the great poet, and the supervisor of all actions. I favour all persons and I am the sole object of love to all. I am the eye of eye, the all-seer with eyes everywhere, the witness of darkness and yet beyond the reach of darkness. I am divine, eternal and immovable. I am the internal Self of all, dwelling in the hearts of all. I am supreme of all, very ancient and ever-abiding. I am lustrous, bright, and most beautiful of all. I am omniscient and omnipresent, and immanent in the universe, as sugar is in the sugar-cane; and yet I am greater than the universe. I am all-powerful, and the protector of all beings. I am the quintessence of all existence; I am to the world what oil is to the seed, or butter to butter-milk, or fragrance to the the flower. I am pure knowledge and the highest joy, and peace incarnate. I am ever free and perfect, the supreme spirit, and verily the Brahman which is Existence, Consciousness and Bliss. All creation, including the insignificant worm as well as Brahmâ, exists in me, as waves on the face of the sea; and yet I desire for no object, just as the sea does not desire for water in the waves. I am the informer and witness of the body, and continue even when the body perishes, as does the sun, when the jar, which he makes visible, is destroyed. I am beyond good and evil, and transcend all the injunctions of duty. I am subtler than the subtle, and greater than the great; I am the manifold world, the primal principle, the golden Purusha, the god Siva incarnate. I am, without hands and feet, possess inconceivable power, see without eyes, and hear without ears. I know myself, and there can be no knower of me. I am the King of the spiritual world. I sit on the pedestal of the Self. I think of nothing but my own Thought."

THE BRAHMA-SUTRAS

By Swami Vireswarananda

Topic 5: The distinctions like enjoyer and enjoyed do not contradict the truth which is oneness

भोक्त्रापत्तेरविभागश्चेत्, स्याल्लोकवत् ॥ १३ ॥

भोक्त्रापत्तेः On account of turning into the enjoyer अविभागः non-distinction चेत् if it be said स्यात् may exist लोकवत् as experienced in the world.

13. If it be said (that if Brahman be the cause) then on account of (the objects of enjoyment) turning into the enjoyer, non-distinction (between enjoyer and things enjoyed would result), (we say, such distinction) may exist (all the same), as is experienced commonly in the world.

A further objection is raised against Brahman being the cause. We perceive differences in the world. Now, perception as a means of knowledge is stronger than the Sruti. Hence what the Srutis say in contradiction to such an experience cannot stand. The idea is this: The distinction between the enjoyer (the Jiva) and the objects of enjoyment is well established by experience. If Brahman is the material cause, then the world, the effect, would be non-different from Brahman, and under the circumstances the difference between the subject and object would be destroyed, since the one would pass over into the other. Hence Brahman cannot be held to be the material cause of the world as it contradicts perception.

The latter part of the Sutra refutes this giving examples. It says that nevertheless there can be such differences in non-different things. For instance, waves, foam, etc. are non-different as being alike sea water; yet as waves and foam they are different from each other. As sea water, their cause, they are one, but as waves, foam, etc. they are different, and there is no contradiction here. Hence it is possible to have difference and non-difference in things simultaneously, owing to name and form. Therefore from the standpoint of Brahman the enjoyer and the enjoyed are not different, but as enjoyer and things enjoyed they are different; there is no contradiction in this.

The Sutra can also be interpreted otherwise. If Brahman be the cause, then It would also be the enjoyer, the Jiva, there being no difference between cause and effect. Consequently, there will be no such difference as the bondage of the Jiva and the freedom of Brahman. The Sutra says that even as there is a distinction between the object, which is clear, and its image, which is disfigured in an unclean mirror, so also owing to the impurities of the Antahkarana (mind) the ever-free Brahman may give rise to the image of the Jiva, which is bound.

Topic 6: The non-difference of the effect from the cause

तदनन्यत्वमारम्भणशब्दादिभ्यः ॥ १४ ॥

तदनन्यत्वम् Its non-difference **आरम्भण-शब्दादिभ्यः** from words like 'origin' etc.

14. Its (of the effect) non-difference (from the cause results) from such words as 'origin' and the like.

In the last Sutra the objection against Brahman being the material cause, that it contradicts perception, was answered from the standpoint of Parinâmavâda or the theory of Brahman actually undergoing modification. Now the same objection is refuted from the standpoint of Vivartavâda or apparent modification, which is the standpoint of Advaita. The objection is: Texts like "There is no manifoldness whatever here (in Brahman)" contradict perception. Reason also says that among things which get transformed into each other there cannot be difference and non-difference at the same time. Hence the doubt. In a single moon we cannot see two moons. What was spoken of in the last Sutra, viz., that the difference between them is one of name and form, even that is unreal, for in a thing which is one without a second, which is non-duality, even the difference due to name and form is impossible. The example of the sea is not apt, for here both the sea and its modifications,

waves and foam, are objects of the senses, but Brahman is not. It is realized only through the scriptures and in Samâdhi. What then is the truth? It is oneness, non-duality. As the effect is non-different from the cause, the latter alone is real. The Sruti also establishes this by the example of clay etc. in the Chhândogya Upanishad. "Just as, by the knowledge of one lump of earth, my dear, everything made of earth is known, the modification being only a name arising from speech, but the truth being that all is earth, ... thus, my dear, is that instruction" (Chh. 6. 1. 4 & 6). Here Sruti by using the word 'modification' tries to prove that there is no separate reality of the pots etc., which are mere modifications of the lump of earth. They are not separate things but merely different conditions, just as the boyhood, youth, etc. of Devadatta are mere conditions, and not real. So by knowing the lump of earth the real nature of the pots etc. is known. It matters little that the various forms are not known, for they are not worth knowing, being unreal. Even though these pots etc. are objects of the senses, yet discrimination tells us that besides earth nothing real is found in these. They are merely names arising out of speech and nothing more. They are cognized through ignorance, hence they are unreal. The clay, on the other hand, is realized even apart from name and form and is therefore real. Similarly Brahman alone is real and this world is unreal. The world being non-different from its cause, Brahman, the truth is oneness, non-duality, Brahman, the one without a second. To people who through want of experience have not this insight into things, there will always be difference and non-difference, even as in the case of the sea and its waves, but in reality these differences are relative and not true.

भावे चोपलब्धेः ॥ १५ ॥

भावे On the existence च and उपलब्धेः is experienced.

15. And because on the existence (of the cause) is (the effect) experienced.

The effect is not experienced in the absence of the cause, which shows that the effect is not different from the cause. The world phenomena appear only because Brahman exists and not without It. Hence the world is non-different from Brahman.

सत्वाच्चावरस्य ॥ १६ ॥

सत्वात् On account of (its) existing च and अवरस्य of the posterior.

16. And on account of the posterior (i.e. the effect, which comes into being after the cause) existing (as the cause before creation).

Sruti says that before creation the world had its being in the cause, Brahman, as one with It: "Verily in the beginning this was Self, one only" (Ait. Ar. 2. 4. 1. 1.); "In the beginning, my dear, this was only Existence" (Chh. Up. 6. 2. 1.). Now since before creation it was non-different from the cause, it continues to be so even after creation.

असद्व्यपदेशान्नेति चेत्, न, धर्मान्तरेण वाक्यशेषात् ॥ १७ ॥

असत्-व्यपदेशात् On account of its being described as non-existent न not इति चेत् if it be said न no धर्मान्तरेण by another characteristic वाक्यशेषात् from the latter part of the Sruti text.

17. If it be said that on account of (the effect) being described as non existent (before creation) (the conclusion of the previous Sutra is not true) ; (we say) not so (it being described) by another characteristic (as is seen) from the latter part of the text.

"Non-existent indeed this was in the beginning" (Chh. Up. 3. 19. 1). The word "non-existent" does not mean absolute non-existence, but that the world did not exist in a differentiated condition. It was undifferentiated—had not yet developed name and form,—in which sense the word "non-existence" is also used in common parlance. It was in a fine condition, and after creation it became gross, developing name and form. This sense is shown by the immediately succeeding portion of the text, "It became existent, it grew." Hence the conclusion of the last Sutra is all right.

युक्तेः शब्दान्तराच्च ॥ १८ ॥

युक्तेः From reasoning शब्दान्तरात् from another Sruti च and.

18. From reasoning and another Sruti text (this relation between cause and effect is established).

From reasoning also we find that the effect is non-different from the cause and exists before its origination. Otherwise everything could have been produced from anything. Particular causes producing particular effects only shows this relationship between cause and effect. Before creation the effect exists in the cause as unmanifest. Otherwise something new being created, anything could have been created from all things. The fact is, it gets manifested on creation, that is all. That which is absolutely non-existent like the horns of a hare can never come into existence. So the cause cannot produce a altogether new thing which was not existing in it already. Moreover that the effect exists even before creation we find from such Sruti texts as "This was only Existence at the beginning, one without a second" (Chh. Up. 6. 2. 1).

पटवच्च ॥ १९ ॥

पटवत् Like cloth च and.

19. And like a piece of cloth.

Even as is cloth folded and spread out, so is the world before and after creation. In the folded state one cannot make out whether it is a cloth or anything else, which is clearly discernible when it is spread ont. In the state of Pralaya (dissolution), i.e. before creation the world exists in a fine potential state in Brahman and after creation takes the gross form.

यथा च प्राणादि ॥ २० ॥

यथा As च and प्राणादि in the case of prânas.

20. And as in the case of the different Prânas.

When the five different Prânas (vital forces) are controlled by Prânâyâma, they merge and exist as the chief Prâna (which regulates respiration) merely maintaining life. From this we find that the effects, the various Prânas are not different from their cause, the chief Prâna. So also with all effects; they are not different from their cause. Therefore it is established that the effect, the world, is identical with its cause, Brahman. Hence by knowing It everything is known.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

IN THIS NUMBER

In the Editorial we have tried to drive home the deeper implications that lie behind the problem of social service. *The Ground for Social Good* can hardly be political or economic. . . . Prof. Ernest P. Horrwitz gives us an interesting and informative account of how the Aryan culture is catching the imagination of modern Europe. . . . Dr. Sudhindra Bose presents to our readers the story of two American blind women who achieved prominence by dint of their sincerity and labour. . . . Swami Nikhilananda is the head of the Ramakrishna-Vivekananda Center of New York. In the present article, *Purity : A Spiritual and Moral Force* he points out how a pure soul is the greatest corrective force in society. . . . In *The Transcendental Approach in Vedantism : its Validity* Prof. Sheo Narayana Lal Shrivastava discusses the nature of philosophical enquiry in the system of Vedanta and its procedure in shaping the conclusions thereof. . . . Prof. E. E. Speight dwells at length upon the rich poetical literature that *Some Contemporary Poetesses of Japan* have produced. . . . Mr. Kapileswar Das gives us a new light on *The Spiritual Basis of the Râmâyana*. . . . Prof. K. V. Gajendragadkar is the professor of Philosophy at the H. P. T. College, Nasik. He gives in his *A Mystic's Monologue* the diverse spiritual experiences that have been expressed by the Rishis of India.

THE HINDU MAHASABHA

The growth of the Mahâsabhâ to its present stage is an interesting study. It began as a protestant body, its wide outlook on some vital matters having been counter-balanced by some slightly narrow views on other matters. Like the Manu's fish, it, however, grew very rapidly, which compelled some of its old adherents to drop off. But the Sabhâ has not suffered for that, on the contrary it has gathered strength beyond expectation. We are here not concerned with its principles and methods; we only like to see how its circumference is widening and how that is bringing in new and grave responsibilities to its leaders and organizers.

The attitude of some of our own sisters and brothers drove so many wedges into Hindu society that it almost forget what it really was and was led to believe a fraction of it as the complete whole. Historians and anthropologists contributed not a little towards this splitting up. India has not produced in modern times a good number of wise sociologists who could prove to the country that in the make-up of a society origin does not count much. These positive and negative causes wrought havoc in the Hindu society; and it actually felt itself not as one

body but as a number of rival bodies, scrambling for power and threatening one another into extinction. The Sabhâ in its onward march, almost unknown to itself, has stayed this disruption, has opened the eyes of the Hindus as to what they are. For this act of service the Hindus must always remain grateful to it. It has amply justified its existence by this one act, if not by many others, which it has to its credit.

By electing a Buddhist to its presidential chair, it has taken a step fraught with immense potentiality, it has broken a growing superstition that would have been dangerous to both the sects. Now that the biggest wedge has been pulled out, let us hope that the tiny ones will not offer any great difficulty. We say "great," for there are some hard nuts to break. The Punjab, noted for its stubbornness in worthy spheres of activity, might, by habit, show it in this sphere too, and thus check for some time the uniform progress of the Mahâsahhâ.

Is the difference of the followers of the Gurus with the various sects (including the Arya Samâjists, the Brâhmos, the many Panthis, some Vaishnava sects) coming under the general name the "Hindus" greater than the difference of the latter with the Buddhists? Why then are we startled now and then by the narrow outcry for keeping up the unfortunate separation? How long will the Sikhs and the Hindus remain separated and continue to reap the bitter fruits of a dark narrow age? The Sabhâites are to decide it and the sooner it is decided the better. The followers of Guru Nânak too have something to do to counteract this mischievous propaganda. The Indus should not hold its waters back from falling into the Indian ocean because the Ganges is pouring its into it; the ocean is as much of the one as of the other.

Sooner or later all will come to their all-inclusive fold. The dreams of Buddha, Mahâvira, Nânak, Kabir, Chaitanya, Râmmohan and Râmakrisha will not and cannot, go unrealized. It is no political expediency but homage to unalloyed truth that will effect this unity of all differences, keeping and honouring them all but emphasizing the unity—Hinduism.

The Sabhâ has achieved some great things but has yet to attain many greater things. But with the widening of its scope its responsibility of service is increasing in volume. Its presidents and secretaries can no longer afford to pass remarks as they come; they will have to think thrice, will have to weigh each word before it is allowed to escape their lips. They must stand firmly on truth and truth alone and should not wound the feelings of any section. Love must prevail over all things. Unnecessary criticisms and crossings of swords must cease.

The caste system as it is at present and many other social customs are not any integral part of Hinduism; and yet they have grown upon its body, slowly working their way for centuries. They cannot go in a day. Many of them are not wholly bad either. Why then hazard rash criticism, when silence over them and holding up of their positive, beneficial sides will work better for the desired end? Take for example the caste system. All Hindus do not believe in it. The staunch Vedists like the Arya Samâjists ride roughshod over it. Even those who believe in it are learning to see deeper into it; its unnatural rigidity is slowly giving place to catholicity. Why then pass harsh remarks and retard the natural evolution? That is at least unbecoming of the chair of the Mahâsabhâ. He cannot afford to be impatient, rash, or angry.

It is not for him to court popularity with some sections at the cost of another. He must keep the balance strictly even.

We hope the Mahâsabhâites, specially its office-bearers, will be more careful about what they say; for greater Hinduism expects wonderful work of them. And they will have the backing of all the sects, orthodox or heterodox, in their arduous task, if only they exercise a little caution and restraint in their conduct. In every great work there must be mistakes now and then. But nothing is so powerful a corrective as real love. If we have it sufficiently, we are sure to transcend all difficulties. We expect the same love, caution, and restraint of our Sanâtanists, and hope they will not make capital of such mistakes.

PUNISHMENT IN CHILD-REARING

Inhibition of native impulses in children generally produces disastrous results by breaking out as criminal or neurotic behaviours. It is a universally accepted truth. And this has brought about a complete change of attitude towards children. The more educated the parents and guardians, the more modern a school—the greater the freedom given to the boys, the less the interference of the adult mind. Freedom is the first condition of growth in every sphere of life, individual as well as collective, young as well as old.

But children are born with good as well as bad tendencies. And freedom helps the growth of both. Nay something more. Like weeds outgrowing useful plants, the undesirable impulses always stifle the desirable ones. So the real problem of child-training is, how to devise ways and means for the elimination of the devil in the youngsters, and that without their knowledge. For if they come to know it, they are sure to resent—they would take it as amounting to curbing their freedom, which would stunt the growth of good qualities too.

But this requires such patient study of individual cases, such religious devotion to the cause and so much prudence in general on the part of the educator, guardian or teacher, which few of them can claim to possess. Very few of the guardians have the leisure or willingness or even the true sense of responsibility for this great duty. Good teachers, though very few in number, have all these at least to a working degree. But without the co-operation of the guardians they cannot do much. This help the teachers can hardly expect to get. On the contrary they get positive oppositions, and that mostly from those who hold high social positions and are noted for their culture. It is not unnatural if the teachers get lukewarm under such circumstances.

The result is tragic. Children have their freedom but no guidance. Guardians, themselves indifferent and indulgent, want the teachers to be so, and they have become so. This want of prudent guidance is responsible for most of the juvenile faults which slowly develop into dangerous adult characters. Careful study of the behaviour of the kindergarten children has revealed to the psychiatrists, criminologists and educators of the existence of potential "gangsters" and "destroyers" in any group of children. Mr. Garry C. Myers, after a careful study of children between six and twelve of more than a dozen states of America, draws a very sad picture of their vandalism.

"The largest drugstore (of a town) closes its doors immediately at the end of a basketball game, choosing to lose the trade rather than to lose from theft and breakage by the savage youngsters." "Parents of young people of suburban high schools often complain that their children hardly dare to turn the back on a fountain pen or other

useful article, lest it be stolen by a classmate." "In a certain large university the men's room of the spacious Union Building has no furniture. When several attempts were made to keep this room furnished, the students either carried the things away or demolished them." "In a certain very aristocratic neighbourhood it is expected that new furniture must always be purchased in the home following a party for children under twelve." "Directors of religious education in large churches of suburban areas say that they are worried about the bedlam which boys from six to twelve create in Sunday School. . . . 'Often the worst culprits are splinters from the pillars of the church and civic leaders in the community.'"

The picture is true not of America alone but of other countries as well—in fact of all countries which give freedom to children but no well-thought-out, clever guidance.

We might not, however, take Mr. Myer's remedy, *viz.* spanking children, too literally. What is really required is a perfect co-operation between guardians and teachers in carrying out a prudent scheme of training based on the latest revelations of child psychology and other allied sciences—a scheme which gives due share not to severity, far less direct severity, but to indifference and coldness from the loving ones as a sort of punishment when undesirable acts are committed. Winking over or even supporting delinquency is surely based on wrong psychology, for it gives an opportunity for moral weaknesses to grow. Violation of natural laws brings on sure punishment; violation of moral laws ought to do the same, and it actually does. If parents or guardians would not do that, society will take it up one day and punishment in that case is sure to be severe. It is difficult for society to absorb confirmed criminals. "Robbery or murder does not happen when it seems to happen. The crime has for years been in the making, probably since the offender was an infant." So timely punishment based on love and with due regard to the nature of the child as well as of the crime is a real blessing for the child. But unfortunately this "due regard" is almost always overridden by passion and the effect is worse than that of no punishment.

A DIFFERENT ANGLE OF VISION

A world-famous poet passes a night in a remote village and hears the rude, uncivilized villagers singing and dancing in the evening for hours together. It is no song, so to say. They go on repeating only four words, which roughly means "Glory unto the Lord," in a monotonous and extremely inartistic way. The poverty of thought, sentiment, and expression pains the noble heart of the poet; and he thinks: what are our education and educational institutions worth, if they fail to remove this poverty? The poverty is indeed great, and the indifference cruel to a degree. We share the poet's feeling.

But suppose Lord Gaurânga happened to pass the same night in that village and heard that wild, inartistic 'howl'. "Glory unto the Lord"; what would have been his feeling, where would he have been—in his own room or in the midst of these rustics? And what would have been the result? The cry of "Glory unto the Lord" had no life in it—it is true. It was but a mechanical utterance as from a gramophone. But would it have been the same, when Gaurânga would have joined them, which he would have done surely? And what about his feeling? Would he have thought? "Oh the poverty of feeling of the people! What are we doing for them?" Nothing of the sort. The mere utterance of the Lord's name, with or without feeling, would have sent him to an ecstasy, which would

have automatically roused the dormant emotion of the people. We can visualize the change: the poverty yields to an uncommon surge of religious feeling, many lives are permanently changed, the whole village is uplifted. And the magician did not stop to know that he had done all these. Who would complain and of what?

The same lifeless, artless words which pained the noble poet nobly, had actually infinite joy to the prophet, not once, or twice, but numberless times. And how these jarring sounds of an inarticulate people were wrought into exquisitely beautiful pieces of art!—these same four words, the treasure of a poor people! And they were sung for hours together with the depth of feeling that melted many a stony heart. But centuries have rolled on, and social, political, economical, and with them religious, oppressions have made the loving, jolly people prostrate. And yet they sing those words, after the day's toil for hours! Yes, the sentiment is not there; we should add, not in all cases. But the words are not ugly, neither the tune is unworthy, nor is the repetition annoying. But continuous adverse circumstances have made the heart dry, which has made real melody so jarring, so offensive. Where is the heart that will draw out the sleeping melody again?

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

THE BASIC CONCEPTION OF BUDDHISM. By Vidhushekhara Bhattacharya. *The University of Calcutta Pp. 103.*

The book comprises the two lectures delivered by the learned author in the University of Calcutta as the Adharchandra Mookerjee Leeturer of 1932. In the first lecture he shows that the Buddha was born at a time when the authority of the Vedas had lost its hold to a great degree and free-thinkers were holding the field; and that as such he imbibed the prevailing thought currents of the time, its rationalism and the problem of miseries. And this independent way of thinking led him to the same goal through a diametrically opposite path, to the extinction of all desires as the *summum bonum* through Anâtman or not-self. But he had one peculiarity all his own: himself having solved all the knotty problems of man and the world, he would not be led into what he considered to be fruitless discussions, *viz.* whether the world is eternal or not, finite or infinite; whether saints exist after death or not; and the like. To him what really mattered was the flight from the clutches of sorrows and miseries. And he invited people to learn from him the method of attaining Nirvâna. His silence over those matters and about the ultimate truth, (which he thought, was sure to be misunderstood, if expressed in language) as well as the employment of Sandhâbhâsya or the 'intentional speech' led to diversities of opinion, though in reality he preached one truth and one Yâna. In spite of these apparent diversities, the author opines, the different Vâdas converge on the extinction of all desires, which leads to Nirvâna. The second lecture shows that this extinction of desires is also the aim of all the different Yogas of Brâhmanism, which, to this end, retained only the Self after the dismissal of everything else as momentary and nnreal. The Bnddha, however, found that all desires centre round the love of Self. So his radicalism led him to an analysis of this nltimate reality of Brâhmanism, which was redneed to five transitory Skandhas, all qnestions abont individuality having been explained by action and retribution, by the law of "Dependent Origination." Then the lectnre comes to an end after a passing refutation of the stock objections to the Anâtman theory.

So we find, the anthor does not see anything wrong in what Mrs. Rhys Davids calls the later Bnddhism, which, according to her, is fundamentally different from the one

preached by the Sâkyamuni. He does not seem to support the view so powerfully upheld by her that the Buddha did preach Atman and had nothing to do with the monkish yell of pessimism and the all-void theory. In a discussion of the basic conception of Buddhism by a well-informed savant like the Sâstri we expected a clear statement of his own opinion about the matter and his reasons for differing from her. She has raised a grave issue and the tone of her writing is challenging. We do not think that a scholar lecturing in a university on the same topic could ignore her like that. From the wealth of informations, the little book furnishes from the very beginning, the readers might well have expected a learned, at least a brief, discussion of the important issue ; and it is said that they are disappointed. Except this one omission, which we regret, we have all praise for the book.

(1) THE WORK OF RURAL RECONSTRUCTION. By G. Rudrappa, M.A. (Oxon), Bar-at-Law. *The Bangalore Press, Mysore Road, Bangalore city. Pp. 38. Price -/4/-.*

(2) THE WORK OF RURAL RECONSTRUCTION (FURTHER REFLECTIONS AND THOUGHTS). By G. Rudrappa, M.A. (Oxon), Bar-at-Law. *The Public Library, Bangalore. Pp. 49. Price -/4/-.*

These two brochures, specially the first one, are meant for those who want to do something for the Indian village-folk. They contain some very practical hints and suggestions to undertake such work without waiting and weeping for sufficient money. To the author the village problems of India are not merely economic but social, moral, and religious too. The villagers, he says, should be educated, and taught rules of health and sanitation ; should know the distinction between social and religious things ; and must not be allowed to ruin themselves by early marriages and foolish expensive social customs. He wants to see the village panchayats evolved into ideal republics. We recommend the two little books to those who are engaged or want to engage themselves in rural reconstruction work.

ALLAHABAD UNIVERSITY STUDIES. Vol. X. (Arts and Science.) *Senate House, Allahabad. Pp. 375. Price Rs. 7/8/-.*

The book contains 13 theses in all—4 in philosophy, history and law, 8 in chemistry and 1 in zoology—most of which are not unworthy of publication by a university. The papers written by Mr. S. L. Katre, Mr. M. U. S. Jung, and Miss R. Clement on Avatâras of God, The Muslim Law of Inheritance, and On the Cytoplasmic Inclusions in the Oogenesis of Sciurus Palmarum deserve special mention. *The Mystic Philosophy of Kabir,* however, is not up to our expectation. Perhaps the high quality of the papers written by Sj. Kshitimohon Sen and others made our expectation too high-strung. And this has made us forget that diamonds are rare and that gold has its own value. Chemistry seems to be the University's pet child, and it should be so. The printing and the general get-up of the book are good.

THE ROERICH PACT AND THE BANNER OF PEACE. Vol. II. *Roerich Museum, Naggar, Kulu, Punjab. Pp. 189.*

The book contains the proceedings of the Third International Convention for the Roerich Pact and the Banner of Peace held in November 17th and 18th, 1933. It will give the readers an idea of what the man and his organization are doing for the establishment of abiding peace and goodwill in the world. It contains speeches by eminent people, who deserve a hearing. Some of the speeches are informative too.

KALYANA KALPATARU. (Gita Number). *The Gita Press, Gorakhpur, India. Pp. 251. Price Rs. 2-8 (Inland).*

This special issue of the paper keeps up admirably the tradition of its fore-runners. A peep into the mere table of contents reveals to one the important stars of India and abroad. The editors and the management deserve congratulation.

THREE GREAT ACHARYAS—SANKARA, RAMANUJA, MADHWA. *Published by Messrs. G. A. Natesan & Co., Publishers, Madras. Pp. 344. Price Rs. 2.*

The book contains seven papers written by eminent scholars, three on the "Life and Times" of the three Acharyas and four on their "Philosophy" and allied subjects. Râmânuja has attracted the greater attention of the publishers, in as much two papers (*viz.*, on "Philosophy" and on "Râmânuja and Vaishnavism"), written by two admiring scholars, have found place in the little volume ; whereas the other two Acharyas could claim but one each for their philosophies. The paper on Madhva's philosophy has been written by Mr. S. Subba Rau, who, whether an admirer of Madhva

or not, has given a good account of the philosophy and has worthily defended the philosopher, as every writer of such a paper ought to do. But the publishers are unkind to Sankara. They have asked one to write about Sankara philosophy, who, though a great scholar, is known to be anti-Sankarite; and the result is, while the readers get a true account of the other two systems of philosophy and no criticism thereof, they get a view of Sankara philosophy which cannot be said to be true, or at least equally true, and that with an overdoze of criticism hardly just. This is unfair. All the papers should have been written on the same plan. Criticisms are not unwanted. But why should others be spared and one prove the scape-goat?

EMINENT ORIENTALISTS—INDIAN, EUROPEAN, AMERICAN. *Published by Messrs. G. A. Natesan & Co., Publishers, Madras. Pp. 378. Price Rs. 2.*

The book contains the life-sketches of twenty-five eminent Orientalists, seven of whom are Indian. Every patriotic Indian as well as all who are interested in the history of Asiatic cultures cannot afford to be ignorant of the life and activities of these great scholars. And this little book gives its readers an opportunity of making their first acquaintance with them. Most of the papers are well written and are calculated to excite veneration in young hearts for both truth-seekers and truth-seeking. The publishers deserve our thanks.

THE LIFE AND TEACHINGS OF BUDDHA. By Anagarika Dharmapala. *Messrs. G. A. Natesan & Co., Publishers, Madras. Pp. 104. Price 12 as.*

The book gives a faithful picture of the life and teachings of Lord Buddha from the orthodox point of view.

CONTRIBUTION OF ISLAM TO INDIAN CULTURE. By Nanalal C. Mehta, I.C.S. *Published by the Author from Muzaffarnagar. Pp. ix+42. Price Re. 1.*

This pamphlet is a reprint of a speech delivered at the last Muslim Educational Conference and first published in the columns of the *Leader*. Here the author has shown that the present composite character of the Indian Culture owes a great deal to Islam —a thesis admitted on all hands. The author cavils at the generally accepted view that Islam has brought the *purdah* system in India. This, of course, should be taken with a grain of salt. But his other statement, *viz.* that Islam's virile emphasis on life of action gave a rude shock to a nation of somnambulists, is too true to be controverted. Islam's greatest and the only contribution not only to the Indian, but to the world, culture is this: it has shown by the life of most of its adherents what a compact body of men, knit together by a fraternal love, and fired by the zeal of a new faith whose demands are not too high strung, can achieve by a life of action and rude simplicity.

Its other contributions, though they are by no means insignificant, are not really its own. Regarding them it has done the same thing as the Romans did in spreading the Greek culture. But whereas the Romans effected improvements in some aspects of the Greek culture, it is yet to be proved that the Arabs did anything like that. Turkey is writing her history anew, Persia is yet to write hers. Spain, Jerusalem, and Egypt are not articulate enough. When a comparative study of the histories of all these countries of pre- and post-Islamic period is impartially made, it will be time to judge how far the Islamic culture is really Islamic and what cultural improvements were effected in these countries by their Arabian conquerors. Orthodox Muslims disown Sufism. True followers of the Quran have reasons to look askance at the sort of culture that arose in Persia with its music and painting, wine and dancing. To associate cultures with religions is not always safe for truth. And the more modern a religion is, the less true it becomes; and the more cultured the converted nation is, the less hope there is for such association. Culture, once engrained for a few centuries, refuses to be uprooted by a conquest, political or religious.

What Mr. Mehta has written is quite true, if we substitute Persian for Islam. But this does not hold good in case of that stern life of action—that is truly Arahic, truly Islamic. India gratefully acknowledges this gift of Arabia, as she does those of ancient Iran, Greece, Persia of the middle ages, and many other countries. Only she has not learnt the lesson quite well, as she ought to have done.

BENGALEE

(1) VISVA-VIDYALAYER RUP, AND (2) SIKSHAR VIKIRAN. BY DR. RABINDRANATH TAGORE. *The University of Calcutta. 30 and 20 pp.*

In these few pages we find the wise doctor giving us in his inimitable language the ripe fruits of his deep thinking on what true universities are and what our truly national universities should be. Every nation, says he, lives a life aspiring after an ideal, which reveals itself in and through the nation's arts and crafts, its social and religious laws, its letters and folk-lores. Sometimes this ideal assumes forms, so to say, in the shape of supermen like Buddha, Christ and others. This national aspiration and its gradual simultaneous fulfilment give a dignity to the nation, which feels an urge to conserve and develop the ideal and its method of attainment and to propagate them for the good of the world. Universities have their rise in this noble, divine urge. According to the author every true university must have this treble function of conservation, development and diffusion of a certain noble and sublime ideal—a master ideal, to which all other thoughts, sentiments and activities are subservient. The Western universities, both ancient and modern, are true to their national ideals. They are at once the index and educator of those nations. Our ancient universities of Nâlanda and Vikramsilâ were of this type. There the teachers and the taught represented the nation in learning, wisdom and character. They carried with them the dignity of the nation ; their very sight reminded the people of their noble ideal ; in them the arts, literature and the whole tone of the nation were safe. They lived for the nation, studied the national problems, thought out their solutions, checked evils with the authority of their character, took the whole nation up with them. No wonder, they were looked upon as greater than the gods.

Our modern universities are of quite a different type. They do not represent the national ideal, one might say, they are ignorant of any. They have nothing to give to the world. They only borrow from London, Oxford or Cambridge. The subjects they teach and study—history, economics, sociology, philosophy, anthropology and other arts and sciences—have little national value. University men are cut off from the nation. Their character and mode of living, and the arts and literature they produce, do not represent the national ideal, raise no hopes in the heart of the people and give no solutions to their many problems.

What the great poet has said in these pamphlets are too true and obvious to need any comment. We are glad to see that the Calcutta University is trying hard to come up to the national ideal, which, we hope, other Indian universities are also doing. Every Indian educationist would do well to go through the illuminating pages and to think over if the ideal is a poet's Utopia or a really practicable one.

NEWS AND REPORTS

SRI RAMAKRISHNA CETENARY

A SHORT REPORT OF THE ACTIVITIES OF THE CENTENARY COMMITTEE

Invitations were sent to some of the prominent persons of Europe, as a result of which the following ladies and gentlemen have accepted the membership of the General Committee, expressing their great willingness to co-operate in the Centenary celebrations:

Sen. Giovanni Gentile, President of Instituto Italiano, Rome. (Vice-President) ; Dr. H. V. Glasenapp, Keonigsber, I. P. Germany (Vice-President) ; Dr. F. O. Schrader of Kiel University (Vice-President); Prof. Sylvain Levi (Vice-President) ; Mrs. Gilella Muniva Craig, Secretary of the Suffi Organization, Rome (Member) ; Mrs. Fran H. Fera of Hamburg (Member) ; Prof. Walther Schubring, Prof. of Indology, Hamburg University (Member) ; Principe Andrea Boncompagni Ludouisi of Rome (Vice-President) ; Dr. J. E. Eliet of Paris (Member).

Local committees consisting of leading citizens have been formed at Cuttack, Balasore, Khulna, Ranchi, Deoghar, Dhanbad, Adra, and Purulia. The people of Ghatsila assembled in a meeting and decided to organize a permanent branch of the Ramkrishna Mission there in commemoration of this Centenary.

The total amount contributed up to 30th April towards the Centenary celebration comes to Rs. 6,300-5-3 of which the following few deserve special mention. South African Indians through Swami Adyananda Rs. 2,000/-. Messrs. B. M. Kharwar,

Calcutta Rs. 101/-, Sewdayal Dwarkaprasad, Calcutta Rs. 201/-, Jivan Ram Ganga Ram Lal, Calcutta Rs. 201/-, Swratan Mudra, Calcutta Rs. 200/-, Mohammad Safi, Calcutta Rs. 100/-, Bholaram Moorasudee, Calcutta Rs. 100/-, through Ramakrishna-Vivekananda Centre, New York City Rs. 231-18-3.

THE RAMAKRISHNA SEVASHRAMA, SHYAMALA TAL

Report for 1934

The Sevashrama is situated in the midst of the deep Himalayan jungles interspersed with groups of hamlets here and there. There is no other means of medical relief within 30 miles from it. People often come to be treated even making a full day's journey. The Sevashrama being located near the trade-route between Tibet and the plains, many Bhutias falling ill in the jungles and at Tanakpur, come to it for treatment. Thus the value of the work should not be gauged merely by the number of patients, but. by the urgency of their demands and their extreme helplessness.

Another distinctive feature of the Sevashrama is the treatment given to the dumb animals, such as cows, bullocks, buffaloes, which generally suffer from wounds, worms and foot-and-mouth diseases.

The total number of outdoor patients was 2,038 and that of the indoor patients, 16. The number of cattle treated during the year was 482. There were 576 repeated cases. The debt of Rs. 179-10-8 of the Building Fund has been paid off.

Some of its needs are: (1) a permanent fund of at least Rs. 8,000/- and (2) the endowment of a few beds, each costing Rs. 800/- only.

The total receipts in 1934 amounted to Rs. 1,420-6-8 and total expenditure, Rs. 1,017-11-3.

Contributions, however small, will be thankfully accepted and acknowledged by the Secretary, The Ramakrishna Sevashrama, Shyamala Tal, P.O. Deori, Dt. Almora, U.P.

SRI RAMAKRISHNA ASHRAMA, MYSORE

Report for 1934

The activities of the Ashrama for the dissemination of religious ideas consist of daily worship, moral and religious classes at and outside the Ashrama, moral discourses to the prisoners in the Mysore District Jail and to the inmates of the Sri Krishnajammani Tuberculosis Sanatorium, lantern lectures and discourses and the holding of birthday celebrations of Sri Ramakrishna, Swami Vivekananda, Sri Krishna, Buddha, Christ and other Acharyas as well as of other celebrations such as the Gita Jayanti. Such activities are not limited within the town of Mysore but are carried to other places as well.

The Ashrama keeps a Library which is well utilized by the public. By gifts and purchase the number of books has come to 987. The Ashrama has also published a few books and pamphlets in English and Kannada.

Sri Ramakrishna Students' Home: The first floor of the Home has been extended to accommodate two more boarders. The Home has now a strength of 19 with a Swami as the Resident Superintendent. Every effort is taken to see that the students live in an atmosphere of cleanliness, discipline and self-respect. Their physical development and progress in studies are also attended to. They join the evening prayers at the Ashrama and attend the weekly class on religion. They have Debating Societies and a Court of Honour.

Study Circle: Higher studies were pursued last year by Three Swamis of the Order under the direction of Messrs. V. Subrahmanya Iyer, A. R. Wadia, B. Kuppuswamy, and Dr. B. Tirumalachar.

Welfare Work at Padavarhalli: In cooperation with the public and the Municipality a nncleus of Welfare Work has been started in Padavarhalli and Vontikoppal and some other villages. An Adult Night School, training of village women in the three R's and some inexpensive but useful arts, talks on problems of village uplift, shows of Health Films and holding of weekly religious classes are some of its activities.

Earthquake Relief: The Ashrama took the initiative in collecting funds for the Bihar Earthquake Relief and having collected some Rs. 4,000, sent the amount to various funds according to the wishes of the donors.

The attention of the generous public is drawn to the fact that though the foundation-stone of the shrine of Sri Ramakrishna was laid as early as November, 1928, the plan has not yet been materialized.

The total receipts together with the opening balance came to Rs. 6,268-5-3, and the

expenditure to Rs. 4,926-2-0 leaving a closing balance of Rs. 1,342-3-3.

THE RAMKRISHNA MISSION, SINGAPORE

Report for 1934

The 72nd birthday anniversary of Swami Vivekananda and the 99th birthday anniversary of Sri Ramakrishna were duly celebrated. Lectures, Bhajan and feeding of the poor were the significant features of the days. All, irrespective of caste, creed, or colour, squatted together on the floor and partook of the holy Prasadam with devotion and respect.

Swami Bhaswarananda, President and Resident Minister of the local centre, invited by the public of Teluk Anson and Seramban in F.M.S. went on a lecturing tour and delivered several speeches on the religion and philosophy of the Hindus and on the ideas and ideals of the Mission. He also visited some of the estates where he spoke to the Harijans (Estate coolies) on simple living, purity, sincerity, prohibition of toddy drinking and practice of economy. He delivered also, occasionally, speeches under the auspices of different local organizations. The Sunday Class and those on the Gita and the Upanishads continued to be held as usual.

The Vivekananda School: It is a mixed school of boys and girls having three male and one female teachers with the strength of 122 students. Moral and religious sides of the teaching are fundamentally stressed upon. During the year 39 students were given free tuition. Its children gave the year-ending concert entitled "Dhruva Charitam," which was much appreciated by a large audience. The occasion was graced by the presence of Swami Ashokananda, President of the Vedanta Society of San Francisco, who was on his way to India. Music plays an important part in the training of the children. Needle work is carried on by the lady teacher to the satisfaction of the Committee and the Supervisor. Physical training and recreation are also well attended to.

The Night School: The Night School is for the Harijans and has 49 students on the rolls. All the stndents are free.

THE RAMKRISHNA MISSION SEVASHRAMA, (CHARITABLE HOSPITAL) RANGOON

Report for 1934

During the year under report the total number of patients treated at the Sevashrama was 74,818. These patients did not belong exclusively to the city of Rangoon, but a considerable number of them came from the suburbs and from some remote districts of Burma.

The number of patients admitted in the In-door department was 2,361 males, 779 females, and 138 children. The aggregate of the daily totals of attendance came up to 29,565 males, 9,490 females, and 1,825 children ; the average daily attendance was 81 males, 26 females, and 5 children, *i.e.* a total of 112. The average period of stay in the Hospital in each case was 12 days. Some chronic cases had to be kept for months.

At the Out-patients' department the total number of attendance came up to 165,882 including men, women, and children. The average daily attendance was 298 males, 88 females, and 68 children, *i.e.* a total of 454.

Its total income was Rs. 54,141-7-1 and total expenses came up to Rs. 44,246-14-9.

Any contribution, however small, will be thankfully received by:—The Secretary, R. K. Mission Hospital, Rangoon-East, Burma.