

PRABUDDHA BHARATA

OR

Awakened India

उत्तिष्ठत जाग्रत प्राप्य वरान्निबोधत ।

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

Katha. Upa. I. iti 4

No. 42, JANUARY 1900

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Prabuddha Bharata

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GLIMPSES

WHERE there is character, there is virtue, where there is virtue there is truth, where there is truth there is benevolence, where there is benevolence there is strength, where there is strength there is excellence. Virtue, truth, benevolence, strength and excellence—all these depend upon character alone.

—*Mahabharata.*

IF a philosopher be exposed to torments, the axe over his head, and his body wounded, I will allow him to groan, for virtue itself cannot divest him of the nature of a man; but if his mind stands firm he has discharged his part.

—*Seneca.*

DO not suppose you are hurt, and your complaint ceases; cease your complaint and you are not hurt.

—*Marcus Aurelius.*

BY him, who has effected mind-control and has peace in the midst of cold and heat, joy and grief, honor and dishonor, the exalted *Atman* is realised.

—*Gita.*

WITH each divine impulse the mind rends the thin rinds of the visible and finite and comes out into eternity and

inspires and expires the air.

—*Emerson.*

NO other way exists in the three worlds of attaining unto perfect health but the realisation of one's identity with the deathless, fearless, faultless state of supreme beatitude. Man has not to undergo any hardship to attain unto it. Friends and riches are of no avail in it. Nor are austerities and pilgrimages of any good. Only by conquering the mind can that highest state of blessedness be possessed.

—*Yoga Vasistha.*

IT IS not things, but the opinions about the things, that trouble mankind. Thus Death is nothing terrible; if it were so, it would have appeared so to Socrates. But the opinion we have about Death, that it is terrible, *that* it is wherein the terror lieth. When, therefore, we are hindered or troubled or grieved, never let us blame any other than ourselves; that is to say, our opinions. A man undisciplined in philosophy blames others in matters in which he fares ill; one who begins to be disciplined, blames himself, one who is disciplined, neither others nor himself.

—*Epictetus.*

PEACE

Behold, it comes in might,
The power that is not power,
The light that is in darkness,
The shade in dazzling light.

It is joy that never spoke,
And grief unfelt, profound,
Immortal life un-lived,
Eternal death unmourned.

It is not joy nor sorrow,
But that which is between,
It is not night nor morrow,
But that which joins them in.

It is sweet rest in music ;
And pause in sacred art ;
The silence between speaking ;
Between two fits of passion.
It is the calm of heart.

It is beauty never loved,
And love that stands alone,
It is song that lives unsung,
And knowledge never known.

It is death between two lives,
And lull between two storms,
The void whence rose creation,
And that where it returns.

To it the tear drop goes,
To spread the smiling form.
It is the Goal of Life,
And Peace—its only home !

Vivekananda.

I, THE imperfect, adore my own Perfect. I am somehow receptive of the great Soul, and thereby I do overlook the sun and stars and feel them to be the fair accidents and effects that change and pass. More and more the surges of everlasting Nature enter into me, and I become public and human in my regards and actions. So come I to live in thoughts and act with energies that are immortal. Thus revering the soul, and learning, as the ancient said, that its beauty is immense, man will come to see that the world is the perennial miracle that the soul worketh, and be less astonished at particular wonders. He will learn that there is no profane history; that all history is sacred; that the universe is represented in an atom, in a moment of time. He will weave no longer a spotted life of shreds and patches, but he will live with a divine unity. He will cease with what is base and frivolous in his life, and be content with all places and with any service he can render. He will calmly face the morrow in the negligency of that trust which carries God with it, and so hath already the whole future in the bottom of the heart.—*Emerson.*

BY THE WAY

IT is one of the demonstrated propositions of comparative Ethnology that weakness or ignorance had been the creator of an outside or personal God. Unable to protect themselves from the ravages of thunder, tempest, disease, etc., the forefathers of the races, who had already learnt the value of help, naturally imagined a Being back of the thunder clouds, who shook the heavens and earth when angry, with his giant strength, and asked succour from him, for their power was inadequate to cope with his afflictions.

The feeling of wonder,—another feeling born of ignorance served its quota in the manufacture of the Designer of the universe. [The Sruti while describing a sage calls him “devoid of curiosity.”]

At present when we have learnt to protect ourselves from thunder, tempest, etc., we no longer require a God to protect us from their ravages. We now want a metaphysical God, a God who will keep the complex mechanism of our feelings in equilibrium. We pray to him now to inspire and sustain us with his spiritual power.

But just as science is now too grown up to conjure up a God and pray to him for protection from the lightning, the Rishis who thought out the Vedanta outgrew the superstition of a metaphysical personality, who dealt out good and evil to the universe and sustained, when he was prayed to, with love and blessings, the beings whom he had afflicted with his

own hands. Just as science by finding out the laws about electricity can control the lightning at pleasure, and make it a most obedient servant and useful handmaid, and has thus been able to discard God altogether from the business, even in the same manner the Rishis of old finding out the laws and the ultimate principle of Being, were able to get over the affections of the mind without dragging in a God to the affair. Hence says the Gita “the wise mourn not either for the dead or the living.” For the rule “knowledge is power,” holds good in every plane and department of thought and action.

Leaving aside the question of its unbearableness, the existence of life would have been absurd, if there were no contrast in it. For life itself is a continuous physiological and psychological struggle. A contrast or struggle demands two sides. How could life be itself if it only consisted of happiness? The student of the Vedanta does not want a life of sunshine, for he knows too well that it is an absurdity — but he wants no *life* (embodied existence) at all.

In the scriptures of all nations God is unanimously declared to be Infinite and Absolute. And for good reasons too. For if he were finite and related he would have been dead long ago. But in most scriptures the further difficulty of the coexistence of the Infinite God and the finite universe was not anticipated. How could change which is the essence of the universe happen in the Infinite?

Without entering into the question any further, this one objection is sufficiently strong to compel us to decide either for the Infinite God or for the finite universe. For evident reasons we cannot accept the latter and are constrained to regard, though in direct opposition to our senses, the everchanging universe as a false show,—a mirage playing upon the desert of the Infinite. It is quite natural therefore that the universe should be—to the person who regards it as real, like the deer running towards the mirage to quench its thirst—one mass of misery consisting of the finest and most exquisite gradations: so that one state is regarded by that below it as good and pleasant, and so on, while the so-called happiness is really but another grade of misery. It is abundantly clear, therefore, that the Absolute has naturally nothing to do with the business of the universe and we are not justified in laying any blame at its door.

The conception of a personal and therefore finite God, however,—leaving the question of the possibility or otherwise of the existence of such a Being aside—in relation with the universe, puts the matter in a wholly different light. But here again one objection is sufficient to break the back of the rationality of the supposition. If the personal God was all-knowing he certainly knew beforehand that the creation would be full of misery. And since human will was *created*, it was not *free*, so that it is really God who is responsible and ought to suffer for all the good and bad thoughts and deeds in the universe. If He were wise enough he should not have created the universe. If He were

not wise but only good and just He ought not to have allowed His creatures to suffer this terrible torture of existence for an indiscretion of His.

And now what is love? It is not surely the instinct which on analysis is seen to be the second link in the chain of *māyā*, the instinct for the preservation of the species. If it is a divine gift, it has no place in the ultimate principle of Advaitism: for then wherever it will be, Dvaitism shall be there—giver, gift and receiver. If it is beyond our reason and volition and one with the ONE, the student of the Vedanta may recognize it. The sage in the Upanishad tells his wife:—“It is not for the husband that the husband is loved by the wife but it is for the wife’s self (which has taken the garb of the husband.)” The Jewish Bible could not assign any reason for its injunction “Love thy neighbour as thyself.” The reason is here in the dialogue of the husband and wife in the Upanishad. Why do we love even those whom we cannot respect and feel such a lift of consciousness in the act? Because *all are we* and *we are I*. Such love is an approach to self-realization.

In fact the work of the Vedic Rishis has been the transferring of God from an anomalous position without, to His proper place within the temple of the human heart. It is really from the fountain of our own Being that we draw all power and all love when we think we are being helped from outside. The more we recognize our spiritual and absolute nature and try to live in it, the more love and the more power we can manifest through this our tenement of flesh. This is the secret found out by the Rishis.

IMMORTALITY

(Concluded from volume IV, page 180)

BUT here a question arises: Is this subtle body immortal? Most of the philosophers of India have discussed this question. It is a very puzzling problem. In the first place, those who do not understand what the subtle body is will not be able to question, even, in that way. What we mean by subtle body must be understood first. Then whether it has any form or not. And then the question will arise, Is the subtle body immortal? But before answering this question we will have to understand clearly what we mean by "immortal." By the word "immortal" we mean that which does not die. Again, What is death? If by death we understand the absolute annihilation of something, then there is no such thing as death in the universe. Everything is immortal. But if we understand by death a change, then we say that which is changeable is not immortal, that which is subject to change is perishable, and everything that is perishable or subject to change is finite, that is, limited by time and space and subject to the law of causation. The gross body being finite, it is subject to time, space and causation. It is changeable. It is subject to death. Similarly it can be shown that the subtle body is finite and changeable. But the subtle body continues to exist until the purpose of life is fulfilled. The process of evolution first begins with the individual ego or the subtle body; then it continues into the gross physical form. Being subject to evolution, it is changeable, but it exists through millions of years. It is changeable, because our mind is changeable, our intellect changes, and all the powers of seeing, hearing, smelling, are changeable; conse-

quently the subtle body, which is the sum total of all the powers, physical, vital and mental, must be subject to change.

This subtle body, according to the Vedānta philosophy, the best philosophy which the Hindu mind has ever thought out, cannot be unchangeable or immortal. It is not our true nature, but it is the receptacle of a still subtler power, a still subtler being, which is called in Sanskrit, the *Atman* or spirit. That Atman or spirit is not mind. It is beyond mind. It is not matter or force, but it is the illuminator of matter and force. It is the cause of our conscious existence or individuality. It is the cause of our intelligence. It is described in this philosophy as a circle whose circumference is nowhere, whose center is everywhere. It is omnipresent, omniscient, and possesses infinite powers, infinite wisdom and infinite possibilities. This Atman is our real Self, our divine nature.

Here another question arises. What is the nature of this Atman, which is neither mind nor subtle body, nor gross body, neither matter nor force? This question puzzled the minds of the Hindu philosophers for a long time, and it gave rise to different schools of philosophy in India. Some said that this Atman is an absolute being and that each individual possesses an Atman. The *Sāṅkhya* school of philosophy, for example, maintains that there are many Atmans, each of which is divine, immortal, absolute and infinite. But the best thinkers of those days raised an objection to this theory. They said that if the true nature of individuals, or the Atman, be infinite and absolute, then how is it possible that there can be many Atmans? How can

there be many Infinites? The Infinite must be one, otherwise it is finite, and the Absolute also must be one. Finally, the Vedânta philosophy demonstrated that the so-called many Atmans or many spirits are but the partial manifestations of one universal Atman, or a universal spirit, whom we call God, and who is worshiped by different names in different countries, by some as our Father in heaven, by others as Brahman, Allah, Christ, Buddha, and so forth. We are by our birth-right, as it were, immortal and divine. Our true nature is changeless, and free from birth, growth, decay or death. Birth, growth, decay and death can affect only the gross form. But that which is beyond the physical body, that which is the illuminator of the subtle body, is free from all change; as such it is immortal and eternal. That Atman is the real individual in us.

Some may ask, What will become of our individuality after death? Shall we lose it? That question has been answered very clearly and most logically by the Hindu philosophers. First of all they explained the true meaning of the word "Individuality." They pointed out the difference between individuality and personality. Most people do not understand that difference and consequently get confused. The Hindu philosophers showed with wonderful clearness that our individuality depends neither on body nor the senses, mind, intellect, nor memory, but upon the Atman, which is the source of our consciousness, the basis of our intelligence, which is divine and immortal. Our individuality is unchangeable. Our body is changing; every particle of our system is changing constantly, our mind is changing, but still we are the same individual. By the word "individual" they mean that which cannot be divided. They say there is one ocean of undivided individuality, and that eternal and universal Individual is immortal. When that

eternal Individual manifests through my body it becomes my individuality; when it manifests through your body it becomes your individuality. The individuality which you or I possess is in the truest sense neither yours nor mine. When that eternal Individual manifests through a horse's body it becomes horse individuality; through a tiger, it becomes tiger individuality; through an insect, it becomes insect individuality, and so on. Therefore it is said, in one of the Upanishads, "Who can live if that immortal Individual ceases to manifest even for a moment?"

The nature of this Atman, or our immortal nature, or true Self, is described beautifully in the Bhagavad Gitâ:

"That divine Self cannot be cut by the sword;
Fire cannot burn it;
Water cannot moisten it;
Air cannot dry it."

"If the slayer think he has slain, or if the slain think he is slain," neither of them understands the true nature of this Atman; because it can neither slay nor be slain. The realization of such an Atman is the attainment of immortality.

In the voluminous scriptures of the Hindus you will find that the attainment of immortality is described as the highest end of our life. If you read the most ancient writings, you will find such passages as:—"He who knows the Truth has attained immortality"; "By knowing God you will become immortal"; "By knowing God you will realize your true immortal nature," and so forth. The object of all other religions is just the same. The true ideal of Christianity also is the attainment of immortality. But as long as we are fighting amongst ourselves about petty differences of opinion, for a creed or denomination, we forget that ideal; we do not understand the true spirit and aim of Christianity or any other religion. Religion does not

mean a belief in this or that ; it is the Science of the Soul. Religion which does not reveal our immortal nature, but simply teaches certain dogmas or a belief in this or that, is not worthy of the name. But when we understand the true object of religion and the purpose of life, when we realize our

Divine and Immortal spirit, then we become truly Christian, then we say, as Jesus said, "I and my Father are one"; then and then alone we become one with the Father in heaven.

ABHEDANANDA

THE STUFF THAT DREAMS ARE MADE OF

(Continued from volume IV, page 170)

THE following dream illustrates an association of quite a different order: I imagined I was sitting at a window, at the top of a house, writing. As I looked up from my table I saw, with all the emotions naturally accompanying such a sight, a woman in her night dress appear at a lofty window some distance off and throw herself down. I went on writing, however, and found that in the course of my literary employment—I am not clear as to its precise nature—the very next thing I had to do was to describe exactly such a scene as I had just witnessed. I was extremely puzzled at such an extraordinary coincidence: it seemed to me wholly inexplicable. Such dreams, reduplicating the imagery in a new sensory medium, are fairly common with me at all events, though I cannot easily explain them. The association is not so much of analogy as of sensory media, in this case the visual image becoming a verbal motor image. In other cases a scene is first seen as in reality, and then in a picture. It is interesting to observe the profound astonishment with which sleeping consciousness perceives such simple reduplication.

It sometimes happens that the confused imagery of dreams includes elements drawn from forgotten memories—that is to say, that

sleeping consciousness can draw on faint impressions of the past which waking consciousness is unable to reach. This is a very important type of dream because of its bearing on the explanation of certain dream phenomena which we are sometimes asked to bow down before as supernatural. I may illustrate what I mean by the following very instructive case. I woke up recalling the chief items of a rather vivid dream: I had imagined myself in a large old house, where the furniture, though of good quality, was ancient, and the chairs threatened to give way as one sat on them. The place belonged to one Sir Peter Bryan, a hale old gentleman who was accompanied by his son and grandson. There was a question of my buying the place from him, and I was very complimentary to the old gentleman's appearance of youthfulness, absurdly affecting not to know which was the grandfather and which the grandson. On awaking I said to myself that here was a purely imaginative dream, quite unsuggested by any definite experiences. But when I began to recall the trifling incidents of the previous day I realized that that was far from being the case. So far from the dream having been a pure effort of imagination I found that every minute item could be traced to some separate source. The name of Sir Peter Bryan alone

completely baffled me ; I could not even recall that I had at that time ever heard of any one called Bryan. I abandoned the search and made my notes of the dream and its sources. I had scarcely done so when I chanced to take up a volume of biographies which I had glanced through carelessly the day before. I found that it contained, among others, the lives of Lord *Peterborough* and George *Bryan* Brummel. I had certainly seen those names the day before ; yet before I took up the book once again it would have been impossible for me to recall the exact name of Bryan Brummel, and I should have been inclined to say that I had never even heard the name of Bryan. I repeat that I regard this as psychologically, a most instructive dream. It rarely happens (though I could give one or two more examples from the experience of friends) that we can so clearly and definitely demonstrate the presence of a forgotten memory in a dream ; in the case of old memories it is usually impossible. It so happened that the forgotten memory which in this case re-emerged to sleeping consciousness was a fact of no consequence to myself or any one else. But if it had been the whereabouts of a lost deed or a large sum of money, and I had been able to declare, as in this case, that the impression received in my dream had never to my knowledge existed in waking consciousness, and yet were to declare my faith that the dream probably had a simple and natural explanation, on every hand I should be sarcastically told that there is no credulity to match the credulity of the skeptic.

The profound emotions of waking life, the questions and problems on which we spread our chief voluntary mental

energy, are not those which usually present themselves at once to dream consciousness. It is, so far as the immediate past is concerned, mostly the trifling, the incidental, the "forgotten" impressions of daily life which reappear in our dreams. The psychic activities that are awake most intensely are those that sleep most profoundly. If we preserve the common image of the "stream of consciousness," we might say that the grave facts of life sink too deeply into the flood to reappear at once in the calm of repose, while the mere light and buoyant trifles of life, flung carelessly in during the day, at once rise to the surface, to dance and mingle and evolve in ways that this familiar image of "the stream of consciousness" will not further help us to picture.

So far I have been discussing only one of the great groups into which dreams may be divided. Most investigators of dreams agree that there are two such groups, the one having its basis in memories, the other founded on actual physical sensations experienced at the moment of dreaming and interpreted by sleeping consciousness. Various names have been given to these two groups; Sully, for instance, terms them central and peripheral. Perhaps the best names, however, are those adopted by Miss Calkins, who calls the first group representative, the second group presentative.

All writers on dreaming have brought forward presentative dreams, and there can be no doubt that impressions received during sleep from any of the external senses may serve as a basis for dreams. I need only record one example to illustrate this main and most obvious group of

presentative dreams. I dreamed that I was listening to a performance of Haydn's Creation, the chief orchestral part of the performance seeming to consist chiefly of the very realistic representation of the song of birds, though I could not identify the note of any particular bird. Then followed solos by male singers, whom I saw, especially one who attracted my attention by singing at the close in a scarcely audible voice. On awakening the source of the dream was not immediately

obvious, but I soon realized that it was the song of a canary in another room. I had never heard Haydn's Creation, except in fragments, nor thought of it at any recent period; its reputation as regards the realistic representation of natural sounds had evidently caused it to be put forward by sleeping consciousness as a plausible explanation of the sounds heard, and the visual centers had accepted the theory.—(*To be continued*)—Havelock Ellis, in *Appleton's Science Monthly*.

SRI RAMAKRISHNA'S TEACHINGS

ON OBSERVANCES RELATING TO CASTE AND FOOD.

WHEN a fruit ripens and falls down of itself, it tastes very sweet; but when unripe fruit is plucked and artificially ripened, it does not taste so sweet and becomes shrivelled up. So when one has attained perfection, the observance of caste distinctions falls off of itself from him, but so long as this exalted knowledge is not attained, one should observe caste distinctions, for to throw it off at will is an act of egotism.

Similarly, when the perfection of knowledge is reached by a man, the distinctions of caste fall off from him, but it is wrong for the ignorant to ignore such distinctions, as it gives rise to various undesirable consequences.

Q. Is it proper to keep the Brahmanical thread?

A. When the knowledge of Self is obtained, all fetters drop off of themselves. Then there is no distinction between a Brahman and a Sudra, a high caste and a low caste. Then the sacred thread—a sign of caste—falls off of itself. But so long as a man has the consciousness of distinction and difference he should not cast it off.

WHEN a storm blows, it is impossible to distinguish an Asvattha (pippal) and a Vata (banian) tree. So when the storm of true knowledge (the knowledge of one Universal Existence) blows, there can be no distinction of caste.

WHEN a wound is perfectly healed the slough falls off of itself; but if the slough be taken off earlier, it bleeds.

THOSE born of Brahman parents are called Brahmans of course; but some of them become versed in the Vedas,

some act as priests, others earn a living as cooks, while others again lie drunk at the threshold of the houses of infame.

THE spiritually-minded belong to a caste of their own irrespective of all social conventions.

HE cannot bestow any thought on such trifling questions as of food and drink whose mind yearns after God.

A man who eats nothing but *habishyanna* (rice cooked with a little ghee with one's own hands) but feels no thirst after God, lives really on the sacrilegious meat of cow and hog, but he that has an intense longing for God, though taking nothing but beef and ham lives really upon *habishyanna*.

THAT is the truly prescribed diet (helpful to spirituality) which does not make the mind unsteady.

ONCE a student questioned Bhagavan Sri Ramakrishna.—“As the same Hari dwells in every being, what harm is there in taking food out of any man's hands?” In reply the Bhagavan asked him whether he was a Brahman. On the

student answering in the affirmative the Bhagavan said—“That is why you put me such a question. Suppose you light a match-stick and cover it over with a lot of well-dried wood, what will become of the fire?” The student answered—“The fire will get extinguished being choked by the wood.” Again the Bhagavan said—“Suppose a wild fire is blazing and you throw in it a lot of green plantain trees; what will become of them?” The student replied—“They will be reduced to ashes in a moment.” “Similarly,” said the Bhagavan, “if the spirituality in you is very weak, you stand the risk of its getting extinguished by taking indiscriminately out of every one's hands. If it is very strong, no food will affect you. The poor woman of questionable character near the temple of Dakshineswar lives upon the leavings of those that are fed in the temple. Would she not have *mukti*?” The student replied “How would she? She is going the other way.” “So,” the Bhagavan said, “your taking food out of every body's hands does not show that you have got the *Brahmajnana* or that you see Hari in everything.”

THE CASTE SYSTEM

II

UNRESTRICTED competition is not only responsible for wars among nations, for the wars of modern times have, to a large extent, commer-

cial causes at their roots, but to it, solely, is due the terrible disparity of economic conditions between man and man, which in its turn, has created the unspeakable

horrors of modern industrial warfare. While a healthy competition is the *sine qua non* of progress and strength of societies and nations, what disaster it works when carried to extreme is patent to all who have studied with any attention the utterances of responsible statesmen, scientists and thinkers in general, on the economic questions of the West. Nor is it an incidental feature of the world-conquering Anglo-Saxon civilisation; the canker is inherent in it. The following extract from the chapter on "Midas" in Carlyle's *Past and Present* will show how long standing the plague has been:—

"The condition of England, on which many pamphlets are now in the course of publication, and many thoughts unpublished are going on in every reflective head, is justly regarded as one of the most ominous, and withal one of the strangest, ever seen in this world. England is full of wealth, of multifarious produce, supply for human want in every kind; yet England is dying of inanition. With unabated bounty the land of England blooms and grows; waving with yellow harvests; thick-studded with workshops, industrial implements, with fifteen millions of workers, understood to be the strongest, the cunningest and the willingest our earth ever had; these men are here; the work they have done, the fruit they have realised is here, abundant, exuberant on every hand of us: and behold, some baleful fiat as of Enchantment has gone forth, saying, 'Touch it not, ye workers, ye master-workers, ye master-idlers; none of you can touch it, no man of you shall be the better for it; this is enchanted fruit!'

On the poor workers such fiat falls first, in its rudest shape; but on the rich master-workers too it falls; neither can the rich master-idlers, nor any richest or highest man escape, but all are like to be brought low with it and made 'poor' enough, in the money sense or a far fataler one.

* * * *

To whom, then, is the wealth of England wealth? Who is it that it blesses; makes happier, wiser, beautifuler, in any way better? Who has got hold of it, to make it fetch and carry for him, like a true servant, not like a false mock-servant; to do him any real service whatsoever? As yet no one. We have more riches than any nation ever had before; we have less good of them than any nation ever had before. Our successful industry is hitherto unsuccessful; a strange success, if we stop here! In the midst of plethoric plenty, the people perish; with gold walls, and full barns, no man feels himself safe or satisfied. Workers, Master Workers, Unworkers, all men, come to a pause; stand fixed, and cannot farther. * * * Have we actually got enchanted, then, accursed by some god?—

Midas longed for gold, and insulted the Olympians. He got gold, so that whatsoever he touched became gold,—and he, with his long ears, was little the better for it. * * * The gods gave him his wish, and a pair of long ears, which also were a good appendage to it. What a truth in these old Fables!"

In fact this awful paradox of grinding poverty amidst 'plethoric plenty' is synchronous with the modern Western

civilisation ; for in its economy there has never been any provision to stem the tide of competition. We shall quote here the opinions of some well-known Western thinkers on the existing state of things, for the consideration of the reader in reference to the subject of our article.

Sir John Gorst, after describing the situation as "extraordinary and paradoxical" (*Nineteenth Century*, 1895) goes on to remark: That whereas land is lying waste within thirty miles of the metropolis, capital so plentiful that the Government can borrow as much as it pleases on short loan for one per cent. and permanently at less than 2½ per cent., labor is vainly crying for employment and society at large maintains at a great cost to itself, but in the most miserable plight, a whole army of unemployed workers in involuntary idleness.....Society 'can no longer shut its eyes to the fact that under the conditions of modern industry, the drunken, the undeserving, and the wilfully idle constitute a small part only of the mass of those who are out of work. The rapid depopulation of rural districts and the concentration of unemployed, half-employed and sweated workers in great cities is an undoubted fact; and even if the total number is not increasing, the evil is becoming more conspicuous and dangerous.

Says Professor Huxley:—

"Whether in this or other countries, amidst a large and increasing body of the population of all great industrial centres, *la misere* reigns supreme.....I take it to be a mere plain truth that throughout industrial Europe, there is not a single

manufacturing city which is free from a vast mass of people whose condition is exactly that described above and from a still greater mass, who, living just on the edge of the social swamp, are liable to be precipitated into it by any lack of demand for their produce. And with every addition to the population, the multitude already sunk into the pit and the number of the host sliding towards it continually increase." (*Social Diseases and Worst Remedies.*)

And again:—

"Even the best of modern civilisations, appears to me to exhibit a condition of mankind which neither embodies any worthy ideal nor even possesses the merit of stability. I do not hesitate to express the opinion that if there is no hope of a large improvement of the condition of the greater part of the human family; if it is true that the increase of knowledge, the winning of a greater dominion over nature which is its consequence, and the wealth which follows upon that dominion are to make no difference in the extent and the intensity of want with its concomitant physical and moral degradation amongst the masses of the people, I should hail the advent of some kindly comet which would sweep the whole affair away as a desirable consummation."—(Huxley: *Nineteenth Century*, 1890).

It would be difficult to find stronger language to express one's dissatisfaction with the existing state of things than that just quoted, and coming from a person like Huxley, its import is unmistakable. But no longer is this feeling limited to the few leaders of thought alone; it has penetrated into the regions

of fiction in all its vivid colours and thus exercises no inconsiderable influence on the popular thought. We could describe several striking recent books* on the subject, but we shall satisfy ourselves with the brief mention of one. It is written by Rev. C. M. Sheldon, Minister of the Central Church of Topeka and is named "What would Jesus do? In His steps." The following is a portion of the summary of the contents of the book written by a fellow-countryman of the author:—

"The keynote of the book is that Christianity should be brought to bear upon the conduct of daily life, that it should not be a mere ideal or simply a matter of song and prayer and church service on Sunday, but a vital factor in every action of life—that the question, 'What would Jesus do?' should continually stare every Christian in the face and influence every relation and every action.

The book opens by bringing this question in a startling way before a young popular preacher and his congregation. The preacher is the Rev. Henry Maxwell. The Western town in which he is located is called, by Mr. Sheldon, Raymond. Mr. Maxwell had just completed a sermon upon the following of Christ's example when the congregation is startled by the appearance of a ragged man in the open space in front of the pulpit. He claims their attention for a moment. He exclaims that he

is not an ordinary tramp, but an honest printer thrown out of work by the introduction of the new linotype machines. He has sought employment in vain. Then he puts to the congregation the crucial question, "What do Christians mean by 'following the steps of Jesus'?"

"Do you mean that you are suffering and denying yourselves and trying to save lost, suffering humanity just as I understand Jesus did? What do you mean by it? I see the ragged edge of things a good deal. I understand there are more than five hundred men in this city in my case. Most of them have families. My wife died four months ago. I'm glad she is out of trouble. My little girl is staying with a printer's family until I find a job. Somehow I get puzzled when I see so many Christians living in luxury and singing, 'Jesus, I my cross have taken, All to leave and follow Thee,' and remember how my wife died in a tenement in New York city, gasping for air, and asking God to take the little girl too.

"It seems to me there's an awful lot of trouble in the world that somehow wouldn't exist if all the people who sing such songs went and lived them out. I suppose I don't understand. But what would Jesus do?"

After a few more words in a like strain the worn-out man falls in a faint, and is cared for by the minister and taken to his house, where he expires.

The questions which the man had raised and his pathetic end make a profound impression on the minister and on the congregation. The Rev. Henry Maxwell becomes a changed man.

*"Between Cæsar and Jesus." By G. D. Herron, (T. Y. Crowell & Co.)

"No. 5, John Street." By Richard Whiteing (G. Richards).

"The Martyrdom of Labour." By A. T. Story. (Bedway), etc.

Christianity has a new meaning for him, or, at least, a meaning which he has not as yet, he feels, sufficiently emphasised in his life. After much earnest thought he formulates a plan, which he unfolds next Sunday in the pulpit, calling for volunteers to carry it out. The plan is that they should pledge themselves for the space of a year not to do anything without first asking the question, "What would Jesus do?" And after asking that question each one should follow Jesus exactly as he knows how, no matter what the results. "Our motto," says the minister in closing, "will be, 'What would Jesus do?' Our aim will be to act just as He would if He were in our places, regardless of immediate results. In other words, we propose to follow Jesus' steps as closely and as literally as we believe He taught His disciples to do. And those who volunteer to do this will pledge themselves for an entire year, beginning with to-day, so to act."—(*Review of Reviews*, May 1899, page 489-90).

"The economic and social order of the modern world exhibits a strange enigma, which only a prosperous thoughtlessness can regard with indifference or, indeed, without a shudder. We have made such splendid advances in art and science that the unlimited forces of nature have been brought into subjection, and only await our command to perform for us all our disagreeable and onerous tasks, and to wring from the soil and prepare for use whatever man, the master of the world, may need. As a consequence, a moderate amount of labour ought to produce inexhaustible abundance for everyone born of woman; and yet all

these glorious achievements have not—as Stuart Mill forcibly says—been able to mitigate one human woe. And, what is more, the ever increasing facility of producing an abundance has proved a curse to multitudes who lack necessities because there exists no demand for the many good and useful things which they are able to produce. The industrial activity of the present day is a ceaseless confused struggle with the various symptoms of the dreadful evil known as 'over-production.' Protective duties, cartels and trusts, guild agitations, strikes—all these are but the desperate resistance offered by the classes engaged in production to the inexorable consequences of the apparently so absurd, but none the less real, phenomenon that increasing facility in the production of wealth brings ruin and misery in its train.

That science stands helpless and perplexed before this enigma, that no beam of light has penetrated and dispelled the gloom of this—the social—problem, though that problem has exercised the minds of the noblest and best of to-day, is in part due to the fact that the solution has been sought in a wrong direction." Writes Dr. Theodor Hertzka in the preface of his book "Freeland." According to him, "the correct answer to the question, 'Why are we not richer in proportion to the increase in our productive capacity? is this: *Because wealth does not consist in what can be produced, but in what is actually produced; the actual production, however, depends not merely upon the amount of productive power, but also upon the extent of what is required, not merely*

upon the possible supply, but also upon the possible demand: the current social arrangements, however, prevent the demand from increasing to the same extent as the productive capacity. In other words: We do not produce that wealth which our present capacity makes it possible for us to produce, but only so much as we have use for; and this use depends, not upon our capacity of pro-

ducing, but upon our capacity of consuming." With this principle as the cornerstone, Dr. Hertzka builds up a social and economical theory which he exemplifies and carries out in detail in his romance "Freeland," which made some stir on the Continent and England some years ago, though nothing practical came out of it. (*To be continued*).

TWENTIETH CENTURY.

A PERSIAN TALE

A king, while lying on the roof of his palace, was startled by the sudden appearance of a stranger. "What are you here for?" asked the king in surprise. "I have come here in search of a lost camel," replied the stranger. "Seeking for a lost camel on the roof of a palace?" was the question that came out of the lips of the bewildered king. The stranger remarked: "Is it not more strange to seek the Kingdom of God on the golden throne in the midst of all the pleasures and luxuries of the earth and among the distracting anxieties of royalty?"

Another day a sannyasin came running into the royal court. The king

asked him "Why are you here?" The sannyasin said "To take rest in this temporary shed for travellers."

The king: "But this is a palace and not a traveller's rest-house!"

The Sannyasin: "Where are your father, grand father and great-grandfather who were once here?"

The King: "They are all gone now."

The Sannyasin: "Ponder then; is it not a temporary resting-place for wanderers?"

These incidents made such a great impression upon the mind of the king that he renounced all his comforts and territories and became a monk.

REVIEWS

THE LAND-MARKS OF ETHICS ACCORDING TO THE GITA.
by *Bulloram Mullic* B. A. Calcutta, Fcap. 8vo., 1894.

KRISHNA AND KRISHNAISM.
By the same author. Crown 8vo., 1898.*

"The Land-Marks of Ethics according

to the Gita" is a pamphlet of thirty-three pages, its eighteen chapters containing the gist of the eighteen chapters of the Gita. Judging of the small compass into which a book of the extent of the Gita has been condensed we think Mr. Mullick's *brochure* is exceedingly well done.

"Krishna and Krishnaism" consists of two parts and twenty-three chapters. The first part deals with the historic

*Nokur Chunder Dutt: 6 Chorebagan Lane, Calcutta. Price As. 4, and Re. 1-4 respectively.

side of the life of Krishna, and the second with ethical and spiritual questions. Mr. Mullick's point of view while broad and rational, is yet too orthodox to do

violence even to the tenderest susceptibilities of the most credulous Vaishnava. It is an welcome contribution to the Krishna literature of New India.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

DURING my conversation with a theist about the Vedanta philosophy, I had some discussion upon Conscience. The theist, when asked to define Conscience said, "It is the Inner Self in man, which is otherwise called the Divine Providence." I request you or any of your worthy

correspondents to be good enough to inform me whether the above definition is correct and to enlighten me on the same subject by giving an appropriate definition of it.

A HILLMAN.

Nedivatum, I-II-69.

NĀNA KĀTHA

AFTER two years' successful work Swami Abhedananda resumed his lectures in New York, October 22nd, 1899, in Tuxedo Hall, 59th Street, Madison Avenue, and will continue these throughout the winter and spring, on Sunday afternoons at 3 o'clock. The Swami will also lecture and hold classes during the week in the Office and Library Rooms of the Vedanta Society, at 146 East 55th Street, between Lexington and Third Avenues.

THROUGH the generous subscriptions and co-operation of students and friends, a headquarters for the Office and Library of the Vedanta Society was established October 15th, 1899, at 146 East 55th Street. These rooms are open daily from 2 to 5 P. M. and from 7-30 to 9 P. M. for the conduct of the business of the Society; for the sale of pamphlets and books on the Vedanta Philosophy, including lectures by the Swamis published by the Society, and current periodicals published under the direction of the Swamis in India; for class instruction and lectures; and for the founding of a library of the best books on metaphysics, philosophy and religion, especially of Vedanta literature.

I HAVE no doubt that you have seen an electric instrument, or read about it, by which a picture could be made at the

other end of an electric wire, so that a picture produced in one town could be reproduced in another simply by the electric current. If you can do that by an electric current with two machines, the generator and the receiver; if you find by Marcouney's experiment that you can do the same thing without a communicating wire at all, because the vibrations go out in shell-like fashion through the ether; is it so very difficult to realize that, inasmuch as every thought that you think is a vibration, it causes an electric vibration in your own brain; that those electric vibrations in the brain, caused by your thought, can pass through ether, and reaching a brain attuned to your own by sympathy, reproduce the vibration in that brain, and the brain, by its own action, like the disk of a telephone, will give the picture, which is the thought originally produced?

That is really the rationale of thought transference. It is not your thought picture, friends; it is the vibrations connected with that picture; and when those come to a sympathetic brain, it is there that the picture is reproduced. It is not the picture that travels through space; it is the vibrations that travel through space; and the picture form belongs to the brains at the two ends—the brain that originates and the brain that receives.—*Annie Besant.*