

Prabuddha Bharata

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

—Swami Vivekananda

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SRI RAMAKRISHNA'S TEACHINGS

JNANA AND BHAKTI

PURE knowledge and pure love are both one and the same. Pure knowledge leads to the same goal which is reached by pure Bhakti (devotion).

LET a Bhakta pray to God and it will be given to him to realise Brahman (God Impersonal) in Samadhi and thus get to the goal of Jnana-Yogā also.

Bhakti-Yoga is the *Yuga-dharma* and not Jnana-Yoga or Karma-Yoga. The meaning of this is that Jnana-Vichara (discrimination between God, the only reality and the unreal universe) or Karma (work without attachment) is far more difficult in this age (Yuga) than Bhakti-Yoga as a method or way leading to God. It is not meant that the goal is different.

HERE is a Pauranic story which reconciles Jnana and Bhakti. Once Ramchandra, God incarnate, said to his great Bhakta Hanuman—'My son, tell me in what relation you regard me, and how you meditate upon me.'

The Bhakta replied "O Rama, at times

I worship thee as *Purna* (the one undivided). Then myself I look upon as *amsa* (part), a fragment, as it were, of Divinity. At other times I meditate upon Thee, O Rama, as my Divine Master and think myself as Thy servant. When however, I am blessed, O Rama, with *tattwa-jnana* (true knowledge) I see, I realise that I am Thou and Thou art I.'

WERE Narada and others Bhaktas only and not Jnanis too?

Narada and others had attained the highest knowledge (Brahmajnana). But still they went on like the murmuring waters of the rivulet to talk and to sing. They were Jnanis but they talked and sang about the Lord with the good of others in view.

THE light in Incarnations like Chaitanya Deva, who are marked alike by Bhakti and Jnana strictly so-called is like the blended light of the sun and the moon, if they are supposed to rise in their full glory on the firmament at one and the same time. Such mentality is exceedingly rare.

SATYA YUGA

THE Hindu Puranas believe there was and there will be an era called Satya Yuga, in which good preponderates over evil. Biblical revelation predicts the millennium, during which holiness is to be triumphant throughout the world and Christ will reign on earth in person with his saints. The poet trusts "that good shall fall at last—far off—at last to all, and every winter change to spring."

A look into the depths of our own self or at the facts of the world around, shews that the world is neither all good nor all evil but a mixture of both.

Dissatisfied with evil, some hope they will go, after death, to some place where there is good for aye and no evil. Such a dream may satisfy children. But is good possible without evil? If unmixed good is never in this life, the theory of unmixed good in an after life is absolutely baseless. So is that of eternal good, as nothing is known yet that does not die. "What is here, is there, and what is there, is here" (Katha Up. IV, 10). The same laws must be supposed to hold good throughout the universe until the contrary is proved by well-known facts.

A denial of evils by assuming that they are apparently so but really good is a lie to one's self and cannot be a lasting consolation. Blows, if they are called 'kisses', would not be less painful.

Will evil be, in the course of evolution gradually eliminated, leaving only good

as the residuum? The history of evolution answers in the negative. The elimination would be possible if the amount of evil were a fixed quantity. The fact is, however, that evolution multiplies evil with good equally, if not more. The pleasures and the pains of the savage are mostly in the senses and gross. If civilization has opened the gates to finer enjoyments of the senses and new pleasures of the head and the heart, it has created for man new sources of, and bred in him a keen susceptibility to very fine sufferings too.

Is there any remedy? The answer is, we find none in Nature. Her laws are uniform, everywhere and always. One of them is, good is always mixed with evil. So long as we shall be under her laws, we shall never be able to avoid evil, here or elsewhere, now or millions of centuries hence. But it is possible to master the laws, says the Vedanta. Then and not till then, can we hope to conquer evil.

The remedy lies in the mastery of the laws of Nature. How can the particular law of the coexistence of good and evil be mastered?

The same nerves carry the sensations of good as well as of evil. The same thing produces pleasure in one and pain in another. To one man, the same thing is pleasurable at one time and painful at another. Therefore, good and evil cannot, in the first place, be two absolutely

separate existences. They are manifestations differing only in degree, as all manifestations are, according to Vedanta, of an unity underlying them. Knowledge of the Unity alone gives control over its manifestations. Know first the Unity. Then you will have the power to manifest it only as good or only as evil or just as you like.

"Thou art that." That Unity is also the reality of your soul. You, the real you, are then manifesting yourself as good, as evil, as all the laws of the universe. Know this and find out that you are not, never were or never will be a slave but are eternally the manifesting cause, the master of the laws. Find out that the universe, infinite however it may appear to you now, is to your 'real you' as a bubble in the ocean. Have faith in, know and assert the real you; then the whole Nature, with all her laws,—what to speak of the one law of good and evil?—will be your willing slave.

A bold ideal indeed! Yet the Vedanta asks every one to realize it. The whole world will realize it. Then Nature will have no power over the soul, spirit will get perfect control over matter, man will neither be the slave of good nor of evil. Then every one will be a *Jivan-mukta*, that is, free whilst living, being established firm in the Unity.

Then every one will see the Unity running through all its manifestations, in man, in animals, in every point of the universe. All selfishness will go. Love will reign in place of hatred and competition. Brute force will be an evil dream of the past. For when all will be One, shall one hate or kill oneself?

Then there will be no Shudra, Vaishya, or Kshatriya. Every one will be a knower of the Brahman unity and therefore a Brahmana. And Satya Yuga, the vision of the ancient Rishis of India, will dawn on earth.

And India—what is she doing to actualize the vision of her Rishi ancestors? Our Brahmans, the priests specially, the privileged custodians of the Shastric lore—what are they doing? Every impediment they throw, as they very often do, in the way of the noble ambition of the other three castes to acquire Brahmanahood, is a certain pullback to the advance of the Satya Yuga. Why should a Shudra be born a Shudra and die a Shudra? Give him opportunities, so long withheld and see if he does not become a Brahmana, by asserting the Brahman within. If you do not, the advancing wheel of the ideal Yuga will nevertheless roll on crushing you down.

Freedom from the bondage of Nature in every shape is the goal. The whole world has to attain it. Let us Indians, the sons of the Rishis who had the vision of the goal, proclaim it to the world. Let every one be a Brahmana and help others to be Brahmanas. It is not impossible. The power of the spirit is infinite, before which all obstacles, however insurmountable, will vanish away like mist before the rising sun.

A SANNYASI

The Vedanta says that you are pure and perfect and that there is a state beyond good and evil, and that is your own nature.

— *Sri Sri Sri Vivekananda.*

THE YUGAS : THEIR TRUE SIGNIFICANCE

WHEN chronology is invested with semi-religious character, artifices or devices.....are not unlikely to be used to suit the exigencies of the time." These pregnant lines occur in his critique on the Yugas in Mr. Tilak's *Arctic Home in the Vedas*. Mr. Tilak tells interestingly how not only the significance but the extent of the Yugas were changed, probably at the commencement of that period of Indian decadence when the stream of national welfare was choked up by the deposits of castes and sects and the fungoid speculation of the Puranas overgrew the noble shoots of the Upanishadic thought. We shall quote here the more important passages of the review for the benefit of our readers :—

In the Atharva Veda VIII, 2, 21, which says "We allot to thee a hundred, ten thousand years, two, three, (or) four *yugas*," a *yuga* evidently means a period of not less than 10,000 years.....It is found that Manu and the Mahabharata both assign 1000, 2000, 3000, and 4000 years to the four yugas of Kali, Dvapara, Treta and Krita respectively. In other words, the durations of Dvapara, Treta and Krita are obtained by doubling, trebling and quadrupling the duration of Kali; and taking into consideration that Krita (which Mr. Aiyer compares with Latin *quatuor*) means 'four' in Sanskrit literature, the names of the yugas may perhaps be derived from this fact..... Adding up the numbers given above, we obtain 10,000 years for a cycle of

four yugas, or a *Maha-Yuga*. Manu and Vyasa, however, add to this 10,000 another period of 2,000 years, said to represent the Sandhya or the Sandhyamsha periods intervening between the different *yugas*.....The period of 10,000 years for a cycle of the four yugas is thus increased to 12,000, if the *Sandhya* periods are included in it, making Krita comprise 4800, Treta 3600, Dvapara 2400 and Kali 1200 years. Now at the time of the Mahabharata or the Code of Manu, the Kali yuga had already set in, and if the yuga contained no more than 1,000, or, including the Sandhyas, 1200 *ordinary* years, it would have terminated about the beginning of the Christian era. The writers of the Puranas, many of which appear to have been written during the first few centuries of the Christian era, were naturally unwilling to believe that the Kali yuga had passed away, and that they lived in the Krita yuga of a new Maha-yuga; for the Krita yuga meant according to them a golden age, while the times in which they lived showed signs of degeneration on all sides. An attempt was, therefore, made to extend the duration of the Kali yuga by converting 1000 (or 1200) ordinary human years thereof into as many *divine* years, a single *divine* year, or a year of the gods, being equal to 360 human years. A Vedic authority for such an interpretation was found in the text from the Taittiriya Brahmana, which we have quoted and discussed previously, viz., "That which is a year is a day of

the gods." Manu and Vyasa simply assign 1000 years to the Kali yuga. But as Manu, immediately after recording the duration of the *yugas* and their *Sandhyas*, observes "that this period of 12,000 years is called the yuga of the gods," the device of converting the ordinary years of the different *yugas* into as many divine years was, thereby, at once rendered plausible; and as people were unwilling to believe that they could be in a yuga other than the Kali, this solution of the difficulty was universally adopted, and a Kali of 1200 ordinary years was at once changed, by this ingenious artifice, into a magnificent cycle of as many divine, or $360 \times 1200 = 432,000$ ordinary years. The same device converted, at one stroke, the 12,000 ordinary years of a Maha-yuga into as many divine, or $360 \times 12,000 = 4,320,000$ ordinary years, affecting in a similar way the higher cycles of time like Manvantaras and Kalpas.

Now considering the fact that the Krita age is said to commence after a *pralaya* or the deluge, Manu and Vyasa must be understood to have preserved herein an old tradition that about 10,000 years before their time (supposing them to have lived at the beginning of the Kali age of 1200 years), the new order of things commenced with the Krita age; or, in other words, the deluge which destroyed the old order of things occurred about 10,000 years before their time. The tradition has been very much distorted owing to devices adopted in later times to make the traditional chronology suit the circumstances of the day. But still it is not difficult to ascertain the original character of the

tradition; and when we do so, we are led to conclude that the beginning of the new order of things, or, to put it more scientifically, the commencement of the current post-Glacial era was, according to this tradition, not assigned to a period older than 10,000 years before the Christian era.....It is, therefore, almost certain that the invasion of the Arctic Aryan home by the last Glacial epoch did not take place at a time older than 10,000 B. C. The American geologists, we have seen, have arrived at the same conclusion on independent scientific grounds; and when the Vedic and the Puranic chronology indicate nearly the same time,—a difference of one or two thousand years, in such cases does not matter much,—we may safely reject the extravagant estimates of 20,000 or 80,000 years, and adopt, for all practical purposes, the view that the last Glacial epoch closed and the post-Glacial period commenced at about 8,000, or, at best, about 10,000 B. C.

In the language of the Puranas the first period after the close of the Ice Age (8000-5000 B. C.) may be called the Krita Yuga, or the age of wandering, as the Aitareya Brahmana (VII, 15), ("Kali is lying, Dvapara is slowly moving, Treta is standing up, and Krita is wandering,") describes it to be. It was the period when the Aryan races, expatriated from their mother land, roamed over the northern parts of Europe and Asia in search of new homes.....In the light of the Arctic theory we may well suppose that the different stages of life through which the Aryan races had to pass in post-Glacial times, from wandering in search of homes to final settlement in some lands of their choice, are here described.

A DREAM

KING Esarhaddon of Nineveh is lying on his bed one night, gloating over the defeats inflicted on his enemies. He has gone through a victorious campaign. He has slaughtered thousands and thousands of his foes; and King Lailie, whom he has conquered, he shuts up in a cage; he subjects him to horrible tortures; he makes him witness the execution of his friends, and he means to execute him shortly in some cruel fashion that will satisfy his lust for revenge.

That night he has a strange nightmare experience. He sees beside his bed a venerable, benignant-looking old man, a magician. And the old man says, "Why do you want to torture and kill Lailie? Why, Lailie is yourself." "Nay," says Esarhaddon, "That cannot be. I am Esarhaddon. Here am I in my palace, surrounded by all sorts of good things—with men slaves and women slaves to serve; and there (ah! ah!) in his cage is Lailie, my conquered foe, absolutely at my mercy. It is well with me. With him it is ill."

Though he says "I am Esarhaddon, and Lailie is Lailie," still Esarhaddon is curious enough to want to understand what this magician means. So in obedience to him he steps into a large basin full of water. The magician scoops up some water in a jug, raises the jug above the king's head, and says: "When you feel the drops, duck your head under the water." Esarhaddon obeys; and no sooner does his head go under than he

finds himself sinking into another state of consciousness.

He is in another land, in another palace; he is another self; he is king Lailie. Knowing himself to be King Lailie, he passes through the other's experiences. He receives insults from Esarhaddon, and he is stung by these insults. At length, after a considerable amount of long-suffering, he is driven to declare war, and goes through the experiences of a long campaign. Captured at last, he is taken to Nineveh and shut up in a cage. There he sits full of mental anguish. He sees his queen taken away to be a slave in Esarhaddon's palace. All the time he is burning with impotent rage. He does his best to control himself, in order that he may not show his sufferings to his enemies. At last the execution comes. He cries out in anguish for mercy, and finds that no one heeds him. Then he says, "This cannot be; this is surely only a dream. I am not Lailie, I am Esarhaddon." Just then he lifts his head above the water. Then he finds himself again in his palace in his bed, but he is no longer the same.

His state of consciousness has been revolutionised; the passion for vengeance is clean gone. He no longer wants to torture Lailie. He knows that he is Lailie and Lailie is he; that there is one Life in all lives, one Spirit in all minds, and if he hurts another he hurts himself.—From an address by J. Bruce Wallace, M. A. in *Light*.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

1832—1904

QUEN at a comparatively early age he gave evidence of those talents which have added lustre to his subsequent career. His school course was marked by a series of triumphs, and culminated in a scholarship to which he was elected at University College, Oxford. In 1854 he graduated with great distinction, and was immediately appointed Second Master in the English Division of King Edward the Sixth's School, Birmingham. The monotony of educational work was, however, slightly distasteful to the young and brilliant student; and it was with a feeling of lively satisfaction that he accepted the position of Principal of the Government Sanskrit College at Poonah—a position for which his familiarity with Oriental languages and profound knowledge of Sanskrit literature eminently qualified him. With such dignity, tact, and distinction did young Arnold fulfil his duties, that twice during his tenure of office he was called on to receive the thanks of the Governor in Council. In 1861 his resignation enabled him to turn his attention to journalism, and his appointment to the editorial staff of the *Daily Telegraph* placed at the disposal of the proprietors a writer whose versatility, originality, and general brilliance of style have contributed in no small degree to the success of this popular journal. It was also on behalf of the proprietors that he organised the first expedition of Mr. George Smith to

Assyria, as well as that of Mr. Henry Stanley, who was despatched by the same journal in conjunction with the *New York Herald*, to complete the discoveries of Livingstone in the Dark Continent. Sir Edwin Arnold has been thrice married. His third wife is a Japanese lady named Tama Kurokawa, whom he married in 1897. He leaves a son, Edwin Lester Arnold, who has published various books and is now engaged on literary work in London.

He has proved himself in his leading articles and his descriptive sketches one of the most illustrious modern masters of English. His "India Revisited," which first appeared as a series of papers in the *Daily Telegraph*, is beyond all comparison the best and most fascinating description of India. As a specimen of his splendid prose we append the following passages from an article on 'St. George's Chapel, Windsor.' "One of the stateliest buildings in our beautiful old England is this chapel of England's Tutelary Saint at Windsor. Architecturally, and from the exterior, there is perhaps no finer specimen extant of the Perpendicular style. Its noble, buttressed walls, hollowed with niches for statues, its pannelled pedestals, and embattled parapets so delicately perforated, its flying buttresses which, so airily, but massively, lend it an enormous strength, the pierced railings of its roof, and the dwarf towers that enfold the splendours of its western windows, all

make the visitor in approaching this Royal fane confess it to be a fitting private chapel for the majesty of the Queen-Empress. English history clings and gathers around it like the ivy and the clematis upon its outer walls.....The stately chapel seizes upon and solemnises the thoughts of those who approach and enter it. The nave, filled now with seats, is a vista of great magnificence. Its low-peaked arches, with the tall clerestory windows surmounting them, divided by slender columns like palm-trees, soaring to the fretted roof—"that vaulted roof which seems another sky"—make certainly a fine *coup d'œil* betwixt the rich organ screen and that superb western windows, almost filling all the west entrance-wall, which appears to be absolutely composed of broken rainbows."

Not the least of the services which Sir Edwin has rendered to the present generation of readers is found in his poetic translations and paraphrases of some of his choicest masterpieces of Sanskrit and other Eastern forms of literature. These treasures from his pen comprise several volumes, among the foremost of which are, "The Indian Song of Songs"; "Indian Idylls"; "Pearls of the Faith, or Islam's Rosary"; "The Secret of Death"; and "The Lotus and Jewel".

Much of his success in these translations and paraphrases is accounted for by his genial breadth of vision. He has no prejudices, and has an open eye for the best side of that which he seeks to interpret.

The work of Sir Edwin as a translator of Eastern verse has largely overshadowed his genius and power as an

original poet and dramatist. The student of his works, however, need only turn to "Griselda, a Drama," to "Poems Narrative and Lyrical," and above and beyond all to his literary master-piece, "The Light of Asia," to be assured that we possess in him a poet of the first order!

What the "Paradise Lost" is to Milton, "The Light of Asia" is to Sir Edwin Arnold. It stands unique in literature, and is almost unrivalled for loftiness of conception, grandeur of diction, and sublimity of subject. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in criticising this poem, says: "'The Light of Asia' is a work of great beauty. It tells a story of intense interest, which never flags for a moment; its descriptions are drawn by the hands of a master, with the eye of a poet, and the familiarity of an expert with the objects described. Its tone is so lofty, that there is nothing with which to compare it but the New Testament; it is full of beauty, now picturesque, now pathetic; now rising into the noblest realms of thought and aspiration; it finds language penetrating, fluent, elevated, impassioned, musical always, in which to clothe its varied thoughts and sentiments." Yes! It is by this poem that Sir Edwin Arnold will be best remembered; and when this generation shall have passed away, and we have been gathered to our fathers, our children yet unborn shall crowd to the feet of this great teacher, who will point them to those shining table-lands, of which our Lord Himself is moon and sun; and train their faltering feet to enter on the upward path which leads to Peace—the path of Renunciation!—Adapted from *Great Thoughts*.

LECTURES OF SWAMI VIVEKANANDA

THE WAY TO BLESSEDNESS

I shall tell you a story from the Vedas to-night. The Vedas are the sacred scriptures of the Hindus, and are a vast collection of literature, of which the last part is called the Vedanta, the end of the Vedas. It deals with the theories, especially the philosophy with which we are concerned. It is written in archaic Sanskrit, and you must remember it was written thousands of years ago. There was a certain man who wanted to make a big sacrifice. In the religion of the Hindus, sacrifice plays a great part. There are various sorts of sacrifices. They make altars and pour oblations into the fire, and repeat various hymns and so forth, and at the end of the sacrifice they make a gift. Each sacrifice has its peculiar gift. There was one sacrifice where everything a man possessed was to be given up. Now this man, though rich, was miserly, and at the same time wanted to get a great name for having made this most difficult sacrifice. And when he made the sacrifice, instead of giving up everything he had he gave away only his blind and lame cows that would never be milked. But he had a son called Nachiketa, a bright young boy, who, observing the poor gifts made by his father and pondering on the demerit that was sure to accrue to him thereby, resolved to make amends for them by making a gift of himself. So he went

before his father and said, "And to whom will you give me?" The father did not answer the boy, and the boy asked a second and a third time, when the father got vexed and said, "Thee I give unto Yama, thee I give unto Death". And the boy went straight to the kingdom of Yama. Yama was not at home, so he waited there. After three days Yama came and said to him, "Oh Brahman, thou art my guest, and thou hast been here for three days without any food. I salute thee and in order to repay thee for this trouble I will grant thee three boons." Then the boy asked the first boon, "May my father's anger on me get calmed down", and the second boon was that he wanted to know about a certain sacrifice. And then came the third boon. "When a man dies, this is the question, what becomes of him? Some people say he does not exist. Others say that he exists. This is the third boon that I want. Please tell me what it is." Then Death answered, "The gods in ancient times tried to unravel the mystery; this mystery is so fine that it is hard to know. Ask for some other boon; do not ask this one. Ask for a long life of a hundred years. Ask for cattle and horses, ask for great kingdoms. Do not press me to answer this. Whatever man desires for his enjoyment, ask all that and I will fulfill, but do not

want to know this secret." "No sir," said the boy, "man is not to be satisfied with wealth; if wealth were wanted, we should get it, if we have only seen thee. We shall also live so long as you rule. What decaying mortal living in the world below and possessed of knowledge, having gained the company of the undecaying and the immortal, will delight in long life, knowing the nature of the pleasure produced by song and sport? Therefore tell me this secret about the great hereafter, I do not want anything else; that is what Nachiketa wants, the mystery of death." Then the god of death was pleased. We have been saying in the last two or three lectures that this Jnana prepares the mind. So you see here that the first preparation is that a man must desire nothing else but the truth, and truth for truth's sake. How this boy rejected all these gifts which death was going to give him, possessions, property, wealth, long life,—everything he was ready to sacrifice for this one idea, knowledge only, the truth. Thus alone can truth come. The god of death became pleased. "Here are the two ways," he said, "one of enjoyment, the other of blessedness. These two in various ways draw mankind. He is the sage who, of these two, takes up that which leads to blessedness, and he degenerates who takes up the road to enjoyment. I praise you, Nachiketa; you have not asked for desires. In various ways I tempted you towards the path of enjoyment, you resisted them all, you have known that knowledge is much higher than a life of enjoyment.

"You have understood that the man who enjoys and lives in ignorance is not

different from the brute beast. Yet there are many who, though steeped in ignorance, in the pride of their hearts, think they are great sages, and go round and round in many crooked ways like the blind led by the blind. This truth, Nachiketa, never shines in the heart of those who are like ignorant children, deluded by a few lumps of earth. They do not understand this world, nor the other world. They deny this and the other one, and thus again and again come under my control. Many have not even the occasion to hear about it and many, though hearing, cannot know it, because the teacher must be wonderful, so must he unto whom the knowledge is carried be wonderful too. If the speaker is a man who is not high, then even a hundred times heard, and a hundred times thought, the truth never illumines the soul. Do not disturb your mind by vain arguments, Nachiketa; this truth only becomes effulgent in the heart which has been made pure. He who cannot be seen without the greatest difficulty, he who is hidden, he who has entered the cave of the heart of hearts, the ancient one, cannot be seen with the external eyes, seeing whom with the eyes of the soul, one gives up both pleasure and pain. He who knows this secret, gives up all his vain desires, and attains this superfine perception, and thus becomes ever blessed. Nachiketa, that is the way to blessedness. He is beyond all virtue, beyond all vice, beyond all duties, beyond all non-duties, beyond all existence, beyond all that is to be; he who knows this, he alone knows. He whom all the Vedas seek, seeking whom men undergo all sorts of

asceticisms, I will tell you his name ; it is Om. This eternal Om is the Brahman, this is the immortal One ; he who knows the secret of this, whatever he desires is his. This Self of man, Nachiketa, about which you seek is never born, and never dies. Without beginning, ever existing, this ancient one is not destroyed, when the body is destroyed. If the slayer thinks that he can slay, and if the slain man thinks he is slain, both are mistaken, for neither can the Self kill, nor can it be killed. Infinitely smaller than the smallest particle, infinitely greater than the greatest existence, yet the Lord of all lives in the cave of the heart of every being. He who has become sinless sees him in all his glory, through the mercy of the same Lord. (We find that the mercy of God is one of the causes of God-realization.) Sitting he goes far, lying he goes everywhere ; who else but men of purified and subtle understanding are qualified to know the God in whom all conflicting attributes meet ? Without body, yet living in the body, untouched, yet seemingly in contact, omnipresent, knowing the Atman to be such, the sage gives up all misery. This Atman is not to be attained by study of the Vedas, no, nor by highest intellect, no, nor by much learning. Whom the Atman seeks, he gets the Atman ; unto him he discloses his glory. He who is continuously doing evil deeds, he whose mind is not calm, he who cannot meditate, he who is always disturbed and fickle, he cannot understand and realize this Atman, who has entered the cave of the heart. This body, oh Nachiketa, is the chariot, the organs of the senses are

the horses, the mind is the reins, and the intellect is the charioteer, and the soul is the rider in the chariot. When the soul joins himself with the charioteer, Buddhi, or intellect, and then through it with the mind, the reins, and through it again with the organs, the horses, he is said to be the enjoyer ; he perceives, he works, he acts. He whose mind is not under control, and who has no discrimination, his senses are not controllable as the vicious horses of a driver. But he who has discrimination, whose mind is controlled, his organs are always controllable as the good horses of a driver. He who has discrimination, whose mind is always in the way to understand truth, who is always pure, he receives that truth, attaining which there is no rebirth. This, oh Nachiketa, is very difficult ; the way is long, and it is hard to attain. It is only those who have attained the finest perception that can see it, that can understand it. Yet do not be frightened. Awake, be up and doing. Do not stop till you have reached the goal. For the sages say that the task is very difficult, like walking on the blade of a razor. He who is beyond the senses, beyond all touch, beyond all form, beyond all taste, the unchangeable, the infinite, beyond even intelligence, the indestructible, knowing Him alone we are safe from the jaws of death."

So far we see that Yama describes the goal that is to be attained. The first idea that we get is that birth, death, misery and the various tossings about to which we are subject in the world, can only be cured by knowing that which is real. What is real ? That which

never changes. The Self of man. The Self behind the universe. Then again it is said that it is very difficult to know him. Knowing does not mean simply intellectual assent, it means realisation. Again and again we have read that this salvation is to be seen, to be perceived. We cannot see it with the eyes, the perception for it has to become superfine. This is gross perception, with which the walls and books are perceived, but the perception has to be made very fine, and that is the whole secret of this knowledge. Then Yama says that one must be very pure. That is the way to making the perception superfine; and then he goes on to tell us other ways. That self-existent one, he is drawn away from the organs. The organs or instruments see outwards, but the self-existing one, the Self, is seen inwards. You must remember the qualification that is given; desire to know this Self through the eyes turned inwards. All these beautiful things that we see in nature are very good, but that is not the way to see God. We must learn how to turn the eyes inwards. The anxiety of the eyes to see outwards should be restricted. Every day you see that you cannot talk to the nearest man in the street on account of the street cars rushing down. He cannot hear you because there is so much noise. The mind is going outwards; you cannot hear the man who is next to you. The same way this world round us is making such a noise that it draws the mind outwards. How can we see the Self? This going outwards must be stopped. That is what is meant by turning the eyes inwards, and then alone the glory of the

Lord within will be seen.

What is this Self? We have seen that it is even beyond the intellect. We learn from the book that this Self is eternal and omnipresent, that you and I and all of us are omnipresent beings, and that the Self is changeless. Now this omnipresent being can be only one. There cannot be two beings who are equally omnipresent; how could that be? There cannot be two beings who are infinite, and the result is there is really only one Self, and that you, I and the whole universe are but one, appearing as many. "As the one fire entering into the world manifests itself in various ways, even so that one Self, the Self of all, manifests Himself in every form." But the question is, if this Self is perfect and pure, and the one being of the universe, what becomes of it when it goes into the impure body, the wicked body, the good body, and so on? How can it remain perfect? "The one sun is the cause of vision in every eye, yet is not touched by the defects in the eyes of any." If a man has jaundice he sees everything as yellow, and the cause of his vision was the sun, but his seeing everything as yellow does not touch the sun. Even so this one being, though the Self of every one, is not touched by the purities or impurities outside. "In this world where everything is evanescent, he who knows Him who never changes, in this world of insentiency, he who knows the one sentient being, in this world of many, he who knows this one, and sees him in his own soul, unto him belongs eternal bliss, to none else, to none else. There the sun shines not, nor the stars, nor the lightning flashes, what to

speaking of fire? He shining, everything shines; through his light everything becomes effulgent. When all the desires that trouble the heart cease, then the mortal becomes immortal, and here attains Brahman. When all the crookedness of the heart disappears, when all its knots are cut asunder, then alone the mortal becomes immortal. This is the way. May this study bless us; may it become food in us, may it give us strength, may it become energy in us; may we not hate each other; peace unto all."

This is the line of thought that you will find in the Vedānta philosophy. We see first that here is a thought entirely different from what you see anywhere else in the world. In the oldest parts of the Vedas the search was the same as in other books, the search outside. In some of the old, old books, the question was raised, "What was at the beginning? When there was neither aught nor naught, when darkness was covering darkness, who created all this?" So the search began. And they began to talk about the angels, the Devas, and all sorts of things, and later on we find that they gave it up as hopeless. In their day the search was outside and they could find nothing, but in later days, as we read in the Vedas, we have to look inside for the Self-existent One. This is the one fundamental idea in the Vedas, that our search in the stars, the nebulae, the Milky Way, in the whole of this external universe will lead to nothing, will never solve the problem of this life and death. The wonderful mechanism inside has to be analysed, and will reveal

to us the secret of the universe; no star, no sun can do it. Man has to be anatomised, not the body, but the soul of man. In that soul we will find the answer. What was the answer they found? That behind the body, behind even the mind, there is the self-existent One. He dies not, nor is he born. The self-existent one is omnipresent, because he has no form. That which has no form or shape, that which is not limited by space or time cannot live in a certain place. How can it? It is everywhere, omnipresent, equally present through all of us.

What is the soul of man? There was one party who held that there are a being, God, and an infinite number of souls who are eternally separate from God, in essence, and form, and everything. This is dualism. This is the old, old crude idea. The answer given by another party was that the soul was a part of the infinite Divine existence. Just as this body is a little world by itself, and behind it is the mind or thought, and behind that is the individual soul, similarly the whole world is a body, and behind that is the universal mind, and behind that is the universal Soul. Just as this body is a portion of the universal body, so this mind is a portion of the universal mind, and the soul of man a portion of the universal Soul. This is what is called the Vishisthādvaita, qualified monism. Now we know that the universal Soul is infinite. How can infinity have parts? How can it be broken up, divided? It may be very poetic to say that I am a spark of the infinite, but it is absurd to the thinking mind. What is meant by dividing

infinity? Is it something material, that you can slash it and hack it to pieces? Infinity can never be divided. If that were possible it would be no more infinite. What comes then? The last answer was given that that Soul which is the universal is you, you are not a part but the whole of it. You are the whole and the all of God. Then what are all these varieties? We find so many millions of individual souls. What are they? If the sun reflects upon millions of globules of water, in each globule is the form, the perfect image of the sun, but they are only images, and the real sun is only one. So this apparent soul that is in every one of us is only the image of God, nothing beyond that. The real Being who is behind, is that one God. We are all one there. As Self there is only one in the universe. It is in myself and yourself, and is only one, and that one Self has been reflected in all these various bodies as various different selves. But we do not know this; we think we are separate from each other, and separate from Him. And so long as we think this, misery will be in the world. This is hallucination. Then the other great source of misery is fear. Why does one man injure another? Because he fears he will not have enough enjoyment. One man fears that perhaps he will not have enough money, and that fear causes him to injure others, and rob others. How can there be fear if there is only one existence? If a thunderbolt falls on my head it was I who was the thunderbolt, because I am the only existence. If a plague comes it is I, if a tiger comes it is I. If death comes it is I. I am both

death and life. We see with the idea that there are two in the universe comes fear. We have always heard it preached "love one another." What for? They preached the doctrine, but the explanation was here. Why should I love every one? Because they and I are one. Why should I love my brother? Because he and I are one. There is this one-ness, this solidarity of the whole universe. From the lowest worm that crawls under our feet to the highest beings that ever lived are various bodies, but the one Soul. Through all things you work. Through all mouths you eat. Through all hands you work, through all eyes you see. You enjoy health in millions of bodies, you are suffering from disease in millions of bodies. When this idea comes, and we realise it, see it, feel it, then will misery cease, and fear with it. How can I die? There is nothing beyond me. Fear ceases, and then alone come perfect happiness and perfect love. That universal sympathy, universal love, universal bliss, that never changes, raises man above everything. It has no reaction, and no misery can touch it, but this little eating and drinking of the world always brings a reaction, and the whole cause of it is this dualism, the idea that I am separate from the universe, separate from God. But as soon as we have known that "I am He, I am the Self of the universe, I am eternally blessed, eternally free." Then will come real love, fear will vanish, and all misery cease.

SPENCERIANA

GLEANINGS FROM THE ENGLISH PRESS

III

I have often heard Spencer tell a story of the great French publicist Louis Blanc. Louis Blanc had called on Chapman one day in his absence to inquire after that gentleman's health. Spencer used to relate with glee how the poor French author had met Chapman one morning with "I came to tell you how you are, and I called at you yesterday but you were not."

* *

Spencer was a most amiable man, but, like all great thinkers, he was a terrible fidget. One great peculiarity of his was that he must have his bed perfectly flat, and he would superintend the work of making it so until he was satisfied.

* *

He preached, indeed, lie, the great student and thinker and worker—against the doctrine that work was the end of existence. "Mill," he said once, "thought the object of living was to learn and work, I think the object of learning and working is to live. And he was never tired of preaching the doctrine of relaxation—he rowed, he played racquets, he enjoyed a comic opera, he played billiards. And in the question of billiards there is a historic anecdote which shows the philosopher subject to the same irritability as the ordinary man under unexpected defeat.

He was playing with a subaltern of remarkable proficiency a game of "50 up." Mr. Spencer gave a miss in baulk. His opponent, making a break of fifty, ran clean out. In solemn tones the philosopher, irritated beyond measure at never getting an opening, reproved the young officer thus:

"Mr.—a certain dexterity in games of skill argues a well balanced mind, but such dexterity as you have shown is an evidence, I fear, of a mis-spent youth."

* *

In a letter I ventured to suggest that, should his mind towards religion ever undergo a change, it would be his duty to let the world know. Probably it never did, but in the last chapter of his last book he says that people who derive the great comfort and consolation which some Christians do from their religion should not have their faith disturbed.

* *

In the life of George Eliot by Mr. Cross, she writes in one of her letters: "My one bright spot, next to the love of old friends, is the deliciously calm, new friendship which Herbert Spencer gives me." "His is a friendship which wears well because of his truthfulness." And again she says that at one time of her life she did not know what she would have done without it.

* *

On one occasion I was much astonished, when the conversation happened to turn on the subject of the suffrage for women, to hear him speak in strong opposition to it. Having read one of his early books in which he was equally strongly in favour, I could not refrain from reminding him of it. His reply was that he had changed his views, as he considered women were not sufficiently educated, and would vote according to the advice of the clergy.

He was not insensible to the charm of women's society, but probably he was one of the men in whom intellect is so dominating as to swallow up the passion of love. His friends often recommended him to try marriage as a medicine for his maladies. Huxley, writing to him in 1861, regretted the poor account received of his health, and added, "I believe you will have to come at last to the heroic remedy of matrimony". However, Mr. Spencer did not try the wife-cure; he never married: it was, perhaps, because the woman he required is not often met with. He once described her thus: "It is a *sine qua non* that she must have beauty of countenance and grace of movement; her figure must be good, and her manners attractive. She must be effeminate, of a high order of intellect, and yet not a *bas bleu*." That woman, it would seem, he never met. But, like many men who have never been in love with women, Spencer was capable of loving women. He was full of an inner tenderness: he nursed his aged mother, for instance, with a tenderness and constancy that shook his own health.

* *

A friend of mine once stayed at one of the Bayswater Boarding houses, and Herbert Spencer confided in him, and he repeated some of the confidences. Spencer, I thus learned, had abstained from marriage in order to devote his life to his philosophy, and regretted having done so. He would have been happier, he thought, if he had married and let the philosophy go. No names were given, and it is impossible for us to know whether it was Miss Evans whom he regretted. But that does not matter. The truly pathetic thing is that the greatest philosopher of the nineteenth century, after consecrating his life to the writing of books which no other man of his generation could have written, was sorry for the sacrifice that

he had made, and was found, on the threshold of his old age, sighing in solitude for the common lot.

* *

Mr. Spencer's Will contains most precise and detailed directions for the disposal of the testator's property of all descriptions and appoints as trustees the Hon. Auberon Herbert, Mr. Henry Charles Bastion, and Mr. David Duncan. Here are a few extracts from the Will:—

My express direction is that my cremation and the subsequent deposition of my ashes shall be conducted without any species of religious ceremony such as is used either by the Church of England or any other sect, though I do not object to an address delivered by a friend; but otherwise the ceremony is to be silent, and I direct that no monument shall be placed over my ashes until at least two months after my funeral.

When the series of works, and the re-organized work shall have been completely executed and published, my trustees shall thereupon sell by auction the copyrights, stereotype plates, and stock of the whole body of them, and shall sell in like manner the copyrights, stereotype plates, and stock of such of my works, if any, as continue to be published by them, and shall sell in the usual way the shares, stocks, funds, securities, and other property held by them as trustees, and shall give the sum realized in equal parts to the Geological Society, the Geographical Society, the Linnean Society, the Anthropological Institute, the Zoological Society, the Entomological Society, the Astronomical Society, the Mathematical Society, the Physical Society, the Chemical Society, the Royal Institution, and the British Association, or such of them as shall then be in existence, and shall accept the gift upon the condition in each case that the sum received shall, within five years from the date

of payment, be spent by the governing body for the purchase or enlargement of premises, or for books or apparatus, or collections, or for furniture or repairs, or for equipment, or for travellers and donations of instruments of research; but in no way or degree for purposes of endowment.

Among the books and manuscripts bequeathed to the trustees and executors are the "Autobiography I have written," with directions to secure its simultaneous publication in England and America after the corrections have been made that are marked in the press copy. Mr. David Duncan is requested to "write a biography in one volume, of moderate size, in which shall be incorporated such biographical materials as I have thought it best not to use myself together with such selected correspondence and such unpublished papers as may seem of value, and shall include the frontispiece portrait and the profile portraits, and shall add to it a brief account of the part of my life which has passed since the date at which the autobiography concludes."

I give to Charles Holme, the son of my late friend George Holme, of Derby, manufacturer, in remembrance, his father having saved my life when a boy, the watch presented to me by my friends in Boston, United States, and so inscribed, together with the attached chain; but in case the said Charles Holme shall predecease me, then I give the said watch and chain to the second son of the now deceased eldest son of the said George Holme, and I hope that the legatee (whoever he may be) may think well to keep it as an heirloom in his family.

* *

The London Times published on Jany. 18 a communication from its correspondent at Tokio containing a letter of advice to Japan from Mr. Herbert Spencer, which he did not wish to be published during his life. We

shall reproduce a few passages from it.

Among the sincerest disciples of the English philosopher may be reckoned Baron Kentaro Kaneko. Spencer invited Baron Kaneko to visit him at his house, and the first interview lasted two hours. The visitor found that his host had collected a quantity of matter relating to Japanese history, politics, manners, customs, and religious beliefs, and very soon Baron Kaneko was undergoing an exhaustive cross-examination about the meaning of this, the relations of that, or the significance of the other. At parting he announced his intention of proposing his Japanese acquaintance for honorary membership of the Athenæum Club, "where," said Spencer, "I generally lunch every day, and we can have many opportunities of meeting and talking." The programme was carried out. Very soon Baron Kaneko received a notice of membership, accompanied with an invitation to lunch with the philosopher next day. That was the beginning of very intimate relations, maintained subsequently by correspondence.

* *

For any Oriental nation desiring to preserve its independence and its integrity, the philosopher recommended the largest possible measures of isolation from the Occidental, and, where isolation was not completely attainable, then the preservation of any system, such as extra-territoriality, which might contribute to restrict intercourse. In deference to Baron Kaneko's request, he reduced his opinions to writing from which we quote the following:—

"The Japanese policy should, I think, be that of *keeping Americans and Europeans as much as possible at arm's length*. Apparently you are proposing by revision of the treaty with the Powers of Europe and America "to open the whole Empire to foreigners and foreign capital." I regret this

as a fatal policy. If you wish to see what is likely to happen, study the history of India. Once let one of the more powerful races gain a *point d'appui* and there will inevitably in course of time grow up an aggressive policy which will lead to collisions with the Japanese; these collisions will be represented as attacks by the Japanese which must be avenged, as the case may be; a portion of territory will be seized and required to be made over as a foreign settlement; and from this there will grow eventually subjugation of the entire Japanese Empire.

"To your remaining question respecting the intermarriage of foreigners and Japanese, it should be positively forbidden. It is not at root a question of social philosophy. It is at root a question of biology. There is abundant proof, alike furnished by the intermarriages of human races and by the interbreeding of animals, that when the varieties mingled diverge beyond a certain slight degree *the result is inevitably a bad one* in the long run. I have myself been in the habit of looking at the evidence bearing on this matter for many years past, and my conviction is based on numerous facts derived from numerous sources. This conviction I have within the last half-hour verified, for I happen to be staying in the country with a gentleman who is well known and has had much experience respecting the interbreeding of cattle; and he has just, on inquiry, fully confirmed my belief that when, say of the different varieties of sheep, there is an interbreeding of those which are widely unlike, the result, especially in the second generation, is a bad one—there arise an incalculable mixture of traits, and what may be called a chaotic constitution. And the same thing happens among human beings—the Eurasians in India, the half-breeds in America, show this. The physiological basis of this experience appears to be that any one

variety of creature in course of many generations acquires a certain constitutional adaptation to its particular form of life, and every other variety similarly acquires its own special adaptation. The consequence is that if you mix the constitution of two widely divergent varieties which have severally become adapted to widely divergent modes of life, you get a constitution which is adapted to the mode of life of neither—a constitution which will not work properly, because it is not fitted for any set of conditions whatever. By all means, therefore, peremptorily interdict marriages of Japanese with foreigners."

NEWS AND NOTES

THE wool on the back of a sheep is the shepherd's barometer. The curlier the wool, the finer will be the weather.

THE biggest edible oysters in the world are found in Australia. They measure sometimes more than a foot across the shell.

AT Dresden, a blind man crossing a street was struck on the head by a cart. It has now been found that the shock has restored the man's sight.

HOMING pigeons as carriers of military despatches may by-and-by be superseded in America by bees. The homing instinct of the latter is intensely strong, and they are less likely than pigeons to be shot by the enemy. Transferred by micro-photography to a minute piece of paper, a good deal of information could be conveyed on a bee's back.

THE Church of St. Nicaise, in the City of Rheims, is surrounded with pillars. When a certain bell in the tower is rung,

the top of one pillar sways to the extent of 7in. on each side, although the base is immovable, and the stones are so firmly cemented as to seem like a solid piece of masonry. Notwithstanding that each of the four bells is about the same distance from the trembling pillar, none of the others has the slightest effect on it.

THE population of China has always been a subject of dispute among statisticians. The Chinese Government has now, however, completed a census, the returns of which show that the Chinese Empire is peopled by 426,000,000 persons. This vast population is very unequally distributed. Thibet, Mongolia, Turkestan, and Manchuria are sparsely peopled, but in the great provinces, such as Shantung and Honan, every available foot of soil is occupied.

THE Japanese dentist does not frighten his patients with an array of steel instruments. He draws teeth with his thumb and fore finger. The needful skill is acquired only after long practice, but when it is attained the operator can extract several teeth in a minute without removing his fingers from the patient's mouth. His education begins with the pulling out of pegs pressed into soft wood, and ends with the drawing of hard pegs driven tightly into an oak plank.

A SACRED bell in a town in North China has been kept ringing for a century. A tax for paying relays of ringers to pull its rope incessantly day and night is willingly paid by the inhabitants. For it is implicitly believed by the benighted people that when-

ever the tongue touches the metal a devil is squelched for ever. Thus it is to the public interest, according to this superstition, to have as many of these objectionable spirits done away with as is possible.

THE sensitiveness of plants and flowers to certain conditions of weather and light is such that it is always possible that they may have other properties not yet discovered. There is an American garden, for instance, in which the flowers are so selected that one set closes at each hour of the day. Others only open and shed perfume at night, others curl up and suppress their existence for months, yet will open in a few minutes and put forth buds in a few hours when immersed in water.

INDIA has suffered an irreparable loss in the passing away of her truly good and patriotic son, the first great captain of Indian industry, Mr. J. N. Tata of Bombay. We all know of his magnificent gift for a Post-graduate Research Institute. The making of a prosperous Indian nation depends on the qualities of head and heart like those possessed by Mr. Tata. A few more Tatas would change the face of India. Let our wealthy countrymen imitate the Parsi patriot in the direction and munificence of his charity.

AN employee in a carriage factory on the Continent recently had his tongue cut off while operating a boring machine. He was boring a hole through a hub when it in some way caught in the bit and was hurled upwards, striking him under the chin. His tongue was between

his teeth and was cut off. He was unable to talk when the end of the severed tongue was picked up and the patient hurried to a surgeon, who sewed the severed end back in place. The flow of blood was stopped, and the man after an enforced silence of some weeks recovered his usual health and speech.

PERHAPS the greatest sign of the Westernization of Japan was when it formed its Parliament only fourteen years ago. The first meeting—a somewhat stormy one—took place in the winter of 1890-1. Japanese members of Parliament are paid about £80 a year as salary, in addition to travelling allowances, which they are not at liberty to refuse even if disposed to do so. The number of qualified voters in Japan amounts to little over 1 per cent. of the total population. All electors must be twenty-five years of age, and must pay fifteen yen (about 30s. in English money) direct national taxation.

WE learn that a treatise has been published in Brussels on shaking hands, which states that the practice is most dangerous, a mutual pressure of the hand being nothing more than an exchange of undesirable microbes, 80,000 of which it is said, inhabit every half-inch of the hand. The author of the treatise says that the most dangerous people to shake hands with are doctors, surgeons, nurses, hair-dressers, butchers, sausage-makers, tripe merchants, tanners, and leather-dressers, while the least dangerous person seems to be a worker in metal, because the metal sets up an oxidation which acts as an antiseptic.

A TRAVELLER in Siberia, a few years back, noted that among the natives along the northern coast wood, in a certain form, is a most common and constant article of diet. The natives eat it because they like it. Even when fish are plentiful, it usually forms part of the evening meal, as many cleanly stripped large logs near every hut testify. These people know by experience that the fact of their eating wood arouses the sympathy of strangers, and shrewdly use it to excite pity, and to obtain gifts of tea and tobacco. They scrape off thick layers immediately under the bark of the log, and, chopping it fine, mix it with snow. It is then boiled in a kettle. Sometimes a little fish roe, milk, or butter is mixed with it.

WE welcome Anagarika Dharmapala's proposal to open a Manual and Agricultural School at Benares. He has secured the services of an Englishman, Mr. C. H. Viggars, to teach agriculture and expects to secure competent teachers from Germany, Denmark, Italy, America and Japan for other departments. To start the school at once he requires at least Rs. 20,000 or a building with five acres of land in a rural town, and an amount of money to equip the school with the necessary furniture. He has received from Mrs. T. R. Foster of Honolulu a donation of Rs. 10,698 and appeals for subscriptions. Contributions, however small, will be thankfully received by Mr. Neel Comal Mookerjee, Treasurer, Holy House, 29 Baniapooker Road, Entally, Calcutta, and acknowledged in the English and Vernacular papers. We wish the noble scheme all success.