

Prabuddha Bharata

OR

Awakened India



उत्तिष्ठत जाग्रत प्राप्य वरान्निबोधत ।

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Prabuddha Bharata

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

—Swami Vivekananda

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SRI RAMAKRISHNA'S TEACHINGS

THE REAL PREACHERS—II

ONCE on a time a learned Brahman went over to a wise king and said "Oh king, I am well versed in the Holy Scriptures. I have come here with the intention of teaching thee the holy book of Bhâgavata." The king well knew that a man who has truly read the Bhâgavata would seek more to know his own Self than the honour and wealth in a king's court. So he replied, "I see, oh Brahman! that you yourself have not mastered the book thoroughly. I promise to make you my tutor, but go first and learn the scripture well." The Brahman went his way thinking within himself "How foolish was it of the king to say I had not mastered the Bhâgavata well, when I have been reading the book over and over for all these years." However he went over the book once more carefully and appeared again before the king. The king replied to him in a similar strain as before. The Brahman was sorely vexed, but thought there must be some meaning of this behavior of the king. He went home, shut himself up in his room, and applied himself more than ever to study the book. By and by the hidden meanings began to flash before his intellect, the vanity of running after the bubbles,—riches and honour, kings and courts, wealth and fame,—all vanished before his unclouded vision. From that day

forward he gave himself up entirely to attain perfection by the worship of God and never returned to the king. A few years after, the king thought of the Brahman and went to his house to see what he was about. Seeing the Brahman, all radiant with the divine light and love he fell upon his knees and said "I see you have now arrived at the true meaning of the scriptures, I am ready to be thy disciple, if you will condescend to make me one."

—

WHEN a fire burns, the moths come, one knows not whence and they fall into it and die. The fire is not seen to invite the moth to its fate. Similar to this is the preaching of the perfect ones. They do not go about calling others, but hundreds come to them of their own accord, no one knows whence, to get instruction from them.

—

THE ants gather of themselves where the bit of sweetmeat has fallen. Try to become sugar-candy and the ants will come to you of themselves.

—

ONE ray of light from the Goddess of wisdom, my Divine Mother, has the power to reduce the pride of Pandits—men of vast book learning—into the lowliness of the veriest worms that crawl upon the earth.

OCCASIONAL NOTES

MUCH interest attaches to the preliminary results of Mr. J. B. Burke's experiments at Cambridge into the origin of life. By means of radium and sterilised bouillon placed together in a test-tube Mr. Burke has succeeded in getting "cultures" which present many of the characteristic appearances of vitality. Mr. Burke's "cultures" consist of minute rounded objects which, though they are not bacteria as hitherto known, yet seem to be alive, inasmuch as they are apparently capable "not merely of growth but also of subdivision, possibly of reproduction, and certainly of decay." And, again, when portions of them are removed from the influence of the radium and are placed upon fresh portions of sterilised bouillon we are told that they continue to grow, from which it is inferred that the influence of the radium is only initial, and that when the spark of life has been imparted to the dead matter the product becomes a separate entity with its own career, precisely as if it were a living thing born of a living thing.

A good deal of further verification, however, is still needed. It may be that the presumption that all living things have been killed in the bouillon, though true according to tests hitherto applied, is not true when the substance is brought into contact with radium. If that were the explanation, the radium would merely have quickened into life what would otherwise have been dead, and the interest of the discovery would lie merely in the new forms which life assumes under these conditions.

It has been suggested that if Mr. Burke's experiments are verified the creation of living

out of dead matter would be proved, which would be damaging to the cause of religion. We can understand how it would be so in the case of religions which believe in the dogma of an extra-cosmic God with its corollaries of dead matter and creation of life. But there are religions and religions. Those religions which believe in the immanence of the Divine Principle in the universe and look upon life as only a particular mode of manifestation of the Omnipresent Spiritual Energy, have nothing to lose but everything to gain from this new knowledge of science. For with them there being no 'dead' matter in the universe, but only living energy in different grades of manifestation, the expression of life in a hitherto unknown way would only be another proof—and an excellent one—of the existence of an All-pervading Principle which is the Source of light and life—an article of their faith. Since Life is everywhere, our senses being able to detect it only under certain conditions which we do not as yet understand, whenever those conditions would be produced, life would be bound to manifest. Up till now, we knew these conditions existed only in organic beings. If Mr. Burke's experiments are verified they would be seen possible in inorganic beings too—a beautiful corroboration of the knowledge spiritual by the evidence of the senses.

There is a Something back of all those phenomenal existences we are accustomed to call by the names of matter, force, mind, etc.: of Which they are expressions (स्फुरणं): Which furnishes them their integrity and Which is the law of their being. We do not know if material science with its appliances, or in other words, the senses aided by instru-

ments, would be able to discover It. But we know the ego-consciousness, if divested of all foreign impressions, of all thought-ripples, is able to lead up to It. The ego is a current which rises from that Source and waters the planes of matter with its water of identification, producing many and varied crops of 'name and form,' with their flowers of attachment and aversion and fruits of pleasure and pain. If instead of flowing out, the current is made to flow in, presently its banks and bounds begin to disappear, until in a moment of transformation it discovers itself and the Source—as *one*: Blessedness Illimitable.

Is not this Blessedness, energy in the atom, life in the organism, and thought in the human?—Energy, the magic of whose being we are only beginning wonderingly to perceive in radium; Life, the alchemist, who in her crucible of an organism mysteriously turns into life the so-called non-living inorganic and the so-called dead remains of organic matter; and Thought, the creatrix, the unfathomable, Infinity-embracing, all-faced subtle force, whose enchantment is upon all—are not these three Weird Sisters of the same parentage, nay, are they not the identical individual in different masks, the One Blessedness in unequal degrees of manifestation? We do not know if material science working from the exterior, with material means, could ever reach up to this Ultimate Being, Which, though the source of the manifestations, matter and mind, is utterly unlike them as Its *unity* is unlike their *variety*. Religious knowledge working from within, through the human soul, has almost in all ages and nearly in all countries arrived at this transcendental Unity Which is the Background, Being and Inner Law of every mode of existence, Which is not only in all, but is the All. To the believer in Spirituality, therefore, who holds the essential unity and solidarity

of all the different forms of existence, the calling out of life from inorganic matter by chemical means, is, as we have said before, only a corroboration of his faith, the fulfilment of an anticipation; for to him the One Source of life being omnipresent, it is bound to manifest wherever the necessary conditions of its manifestation are produced.

In the ocean of God man is a wave. He is a superstructure of Feeling on the substrate of Being. The fund of force he represents is his feeling, his emotions. Each human being is a bundle of cravings. So much desire-force, so much reaching-out-for-fulfilment. This is the real content of individual existence, its raw material and source of power. The whole of individuality is one constant act of objectifying the feeling it represents, one continuous struggle to fulfil the cravings it holds within itself. Let therefore a man who wishes for power or excellence cultivate his feeling.

Feeling is like soil. Germs are no more inherent in the one than in the other. As by careful cultivation a piece of ground can be freed from the seeds of all obnoxious growths, in the same way can a man rid his feeling of the germs of all undesirable emotions. A habit, an emotion, or an impulse is only a specialised form of the raw material feeling. The cultivation or education of feeling consists in producing those specialised forms of it which are desirable and killing out those that are undesirable. A form of feeling is individualised and strengthened in proportion to the intensity with which it is called out and the number of times it is repeated. Conversely, it is weakened and disindividualised the less opportunity it has for play, the more it is neglected and the more it is crowded out by forms of an opposite character. Thought is the agency which not only creates a form of feeling, but sustains it. Thinking of a thing outlines a form in the feeling-stuff.

This is a germ. Fed by thought the germ develops into desire and the rest of the series. Deprived of thought it dwindles and dies. A desire cannot exist long if it is not thought upon. The form cut off from its supply of life soon disintegrates.

—

A safe and sure means of freeing feeling from an undesirable form of activity, whether it be impulse, passion, or habit, is by the engagement of the mind to the cultivation of a form of the opposite nature. Moralising or argument is often of no avail in curing a bad habit; while the enthusiastic adoption of some line of good work using up the mental energy and finding a joyful outlet for it, by

preventing the flow of attention to the habit, removes it in a short time. Not a few educated people consider themselves in the clutches of habit which they would fain shake themselves off. They are apt to take their helplessness for granted; while the fact is they are helpless deliberately. They would not be helpless if they did not deliberately combine their will with the promptings of the habit. On the other hand, they can always use their will to form a new habit of a different class, which without directly antagonising the old habit, saps its foundation by degrees and kills it effectively. A man has always the power to rid his feeling-stuff of any specialised form.

EPISTLES OF SWAMI VIVEKANANDA

XVI

Extracts

19th Nov. 1894.

My brave boys,

Nothing else is necessary but these—*Love, Sincerity* and *Patience*. What is life but growth, i. e., expansion, i. e., *love*. Therefore all love is life, it is the only law of life, all selfishness is *death* and this is true here or hereafter. It is life to do good, it is death not to do good to others. Ninety per cent. of human brutes you see are dead, are *ghosts*, for none lives, my boys, but who loves. Feel, my children, feel, feel for the poor, the ignorant, the down-trodden, feel till the heart stops and the brain reels and you think you will go mad, then pour the soul out at the feet of the Lord and then will come power and help, indomitable energy. Struggle, struggle was my motto last ten years. Struggle still, say I. When it was all dark I used to say, struggle, when light is breaking in, I still say, struggle. Be not afraid my children. Look not up in that attitude of fear towards that infinite starry vault as if it will crush you. Wait, in

a few hours more the whole of it will be under your feet. Wait, money does not pay nor name, fame does not pay nor learning. It is love that pays, it is character that cleaves its ways through adamant walls of difficulties.

Now the question before us is this. There cannot be any growth without *liberty*. Our ancestors freed religious thought and we have a wonderful religion, but they put a heavy chain on the feet of society and our society is in a word, *horrid, diabolical*. In the West society always had freedom and look at them. On the other hand, look at their religion.

Liberty is the first condition of growth. Just as man must have liberty to think and speak, so he must have liberty in food, dress and marriage and in every other thing, so long as he does not injure others.

We talk foolishly against material civilisation. The grapes are sour. Even taking all that foolishness for granted, in all India there are, say, a hundred thousand really spiritual

men and women. Now for the spiritualisation of these, must three hundred millions be sunk in savagery and starvation? Why should any starve? Why was it possible for the Hindus to have been conquered by the Mahomedans? It was ignorance of material civilization. Even the Mahomedans taught them to wear tailor-made clothes. Would the Hindus have learned from the Mahomedans how to eat in a cleanly way without mixing their food with the dust of the streets? Material civilisation nay even luxury, is necessary, to create work for the poor. Bread, bread. I do not believe in a God who cannot give me bread here, giving me eternal bliss in heaven! Pooh!! India is to be raised, the poor are to be fed, education is to be spread and the evil of priestcraft is to be removed. No priestcraft—no social tyranny, more bread, more opportunity for everybody. None deserves liberty who is not ready to give liberty.

Slaves want power to make slaves. Now this is to be brought about slowly and by insisting on our religion and giving liberty to society. Root up priestcraft from the old religion and you get the best religion in the world. Do you understand me? Can you make a European society with India's religion? I believe it is possible and must be.

Have fire and spread all over. Work, work. Be the servant while leading, be unselfish, and *never listen to one friend in private accusing another.*

Work, work, for to work only for the good of others is life.

I want there should no hypocrisy, no Jesuitism, no roguery. I have depended always on the Lord, always on truth broad as the light of day.

No shilly shally, no *esoteric blackguardism*, no secret humbug, nothing should be done in a corner. No special favouritism of the master, no master at that even. Onward my brave boys—money or no money—men or no men! Have you love? Have you God? Onward and forward to the breach, you are irresistible!

Take care, beware of everything that is untrue, stick to truth and we will succeed, may be slowly but surely. Work on as if I never existed. Work as if on each of you depended the whole work. Fifty centuries are looking on you, the future of India depends on you. Work on. I do not know when I will be able to come. This is a great field for work. They can at best praise in India but they will not give a cent for anything and where shall they get, *beggars* themselves. Then they have lost the faculty of doing public good for the last two thousand years or more. They are just learning the ideas of nation, public, &c. So I need not blame them. More afterwards.

With blessings

Yours

VIVEKANANDA.

DEVIDAS

A STORY

DEVIDAS was the son of a wealthy Punjabi Brahman. His family Deity was the goddess Parvati, of whom there was a stone image worshipped by the family for generations in a temple adjacent to their dwelling-place. When a child, he lost his mother. His father, an ardent devotee of

Parvati Devi, could be seen bringing the child crying for its mother to the Deity and comforting it by pointing to the beautiful image of the Goddess, saying "She is your mother, my mother, the mother of all." The child would ask "Why does She not speak to us?" The old man, with tears of devotion, would

say "She speaks only to those who love her alone." Little did the father know that he was thus sowing in the heart of his only son a seed which would before long grow into a plant bearing for him a painfully bitter fruit in his last days.

Gentle and loving, the boy Devidas was the joy of his home and village. Every time his father went to the temple to worship the Deity, he would follow him and sit by him, watching calmly his devotional performances. The boyish heart soon became much attracted towards the Deity. For hours the boy would be in the temple, decking the image with garlands of flowers gathered and strung by himself. Not unoften would he join the temple servants in cleansing the utensils used in worship. When other boys would play, he would go to the temple and sing before the Deity songs and hymns he learnt from his father.

The father anxiously looked forward to the day when, relieved of the burden of worldly cares and concerns by his grown-up son, he could pass the rest of his life in undisturbed worship and meditation of Parvati Devi.

To the temple were attached several rest-houses where Sannyasis of various denominations used to stop, some for days, and others for months. Devidas was enjoined by his father to look after them. No other task could be more congenial to our young man. He would enquire about and minister to the wants of every one personally, giving out meals, clothes and other necessities. Many a night, having to attend to new-comers till the small hours of the morning, he would sit up, with the Sannyasis and talk on the higher truths of life. They would relate to him what they heard and saw about soul, God and Brahman. It was a puzzle to Devidas why they had renounced the world. He would ask, "Is God without the world that you quit it to find Him?" No, some would answer; they left the world only because they deter-

mined to have nothing to do with it till they found the Mother of the world.

"Can She not be seen by him who is in the world?" "Certainly. She is everywhere. Every point of the world is informed by Her living presence. Seek Her there and She will be revealed. To see Her and see Her in everything—this is the ideal. You can attain it by reaching Her through the world or by finding Her by letting the world alone and then seeing Her in it. The world is Hers. Why, it is She Herself. Discard it? Then we discard Her. My son, oh for the day I shall see Her charming face and embrace the world but to embrace Her."

Though Devidas had originally decided to discover through the world its Mother, he became soon convinced that the task was hopeless for him in the midst of its turmoil and temptations that made him lose sight of his ideal. He made up his mind to renounce the world and one day expressed his wish to his father. It was a bolt from the blue to the old man. He tried his best, by arguments, by entreaties, by threats, to dissuade Devidas from the foolish and hazardous course. But Devidas was resolved.

He was twenty-five when he left the world. His separation broke the father's heart. Not long after the old man fell ill and was gathered to the fathers, dedicating all his property to the worship of Parvati Devi and the maintenance of the rest-house.

Brahmachari Devidas travelled for three years in different parts of India and at last came to the Himalayas. He begged of a hill-tribe chief to build for him a temple, placing in it a stone image of the Goddess Parvati. The chief gladly did it.

Not far could be seen the peak Nandadevi, "robed in a garment of untrodden snow," crimsoned with the rays of the setting sun in a clear summer sky. The sound of a conch-shell, leaping from peak to peak, just now echoed in the mountain village of Devipatta.

"*Jai Parvatimayiki jai*"* shouted the village children and began to dance, clapping their hands and gently bending their heads towards a temple on a near hilltop. Brahmachari Devidas has begun the evening *aratrika* † of the Deity Parvati in the temple.

The temple is now twelve years old. All this time, Devidas has been worshipping and serving the Deity with undivided attention, dwelling in a hut near the temple and living on the alms brought by the good hill people. His one longing was to see the Mother of the universe and consummate his earthly existence by offering his body, mind and soul at Her lotus-feet.

From the break of day till midnight, he was busy, every day, in doing one thing or other by way of serving the Deity. The stone image was to him a living reality. If his mind ever dared whisper about the inanimateness of the image, he would at once silence it by saying "It is spirit embodied." Thus his solitary stay in the temple was made company by the image idealized into life.

Why did he forget to-night to bow, as was his wont, to the Deity after the *aratrika*? Was he beside himself with the Mother's enchanting vision?

No, for several days he was out of spirits; it seemed some painful thought was weighing upon him. Ah, the mind is a viper we all nourish in our bosom! Devidas was at last bitten by it. For twelve long years, he has been worshipping the image, for twelve long years he has been idealizing matter into spirit; yet there was no manifestation of spirit in the idol. Would spirit be ever manifested in matter? His mind misgave him. He sat before the idol, watched and watched it but saw nothing but dead stone. He got up,

* "Glory to Mother Parvati."

† A common Hindu rite consisting of waving lights before an image with other accompaniments in which blowing upon conch-shells is more or less a necessary function.

shut the temple door and went inside the hut.

Sleep he could not. He alone can understand the Brahmachari's mental agony, who knows what it is to lose faith in one's long cherished ideal. The thought lay heavy on his mind—could spirit be manifested in matter? He had heard of the sages who realized God in idols. Were they all self-deluded? Was not the omnipresent Mother present in the image? How could he tell that if She willed, She could not manifest Herself in it? Why did he not then see Her during these twelve years? Perhaps he was not sincere, he was not earnest.

He came out of the hut,—it was morning—opened the temple door and set about cleansing the utensils used in last night's *aratrika*. "When I have taken up one idea, I must not give it up till I see the end of it. Twelve years I have tried; I will try twelve years more." But Devidas did not know his mind yet.

When in the day he was about to commence the worship of the Deity, he found he was not the same man. His mind seemed blank, devoid of earnestness, faith or devotion. He did not worship, as worship with such a mind was, he was certain, verily the worship of falsehood.

All day long he went without food or drink. In the evening there was no *aratrika* of Parvati Devi, but at the usual hour the simple village children shouted and danced their part of it. This night also Devidas could not sleep one wink.

The next day passed in worse confusion. And so did the third. What with these days' fasting and sleeplessness, what with the mental confusion, the Brahmachari's condition verged on madness. "Oh Mother," he cried, "If thou be, save me from this agony, or I die." Echo answered "Die."

How still was the night! The Mother of the universe, Her eyes the myriad stars, kept

silent watch over Her sleeping world. Nature was rapt in deep communion with the Lord of her being. Out in the cold was Devidas lying, his limbs loosely stretched on the ground. Slowly he fell asleep, and had a dream which seemed rather a waking reality than a delusion of sleep.

A voice, distant but distinct, addressed him: "Devidas,—the Mother who is infinite wisdom, power and love, to whose infiniteness the universe with its systems upon systems of suns, moons and stars, is as a bubble to the ocean, before whose glory space and time fade away into nothingness, She the beginningless and endless, the eternally free, attaining whom nothing else remains to attain,—is not despair childish, because but twelve years' struggle failed in reaching Her?"

"You worshipped, deluded that the Mother was in want of your worship! She the source and support of all existence, think Her to stand in need of your offerings? Know, my boy, the purpose of worship is not to administer to the wants of the wantless Mother nor to please Her, but to purify the worshipper. You worshipped a fancy of your mean self, mistaken for the Self of the universe.

"Prayers, tears to move Her, the immovable? But Her true child cries for its Mother alone, no matter She hears or not.

"The world is a temple of Hers; its dwellers Her sons; serve them first. Serve them, seeing them in the Mother and the Mother in them. That will open your eyes and you will discover Her enthroned in the temple of your heart."

Forty years passed away, during which time Devidas visited many places, consecrating his life to the loving service of all. His deep compassion for the suffering, his sweet spirit of kinship with all, his nature full of the milk of human kindness, all combined to make Devidas a fountain of joy and peace to the people amidst whom he happened to live.

Seeing that his days in the world were numbered, Devidas desired to see for the last time his beloved Parvati Devi.

Through thorny bushes and jungles along narrow, precipitous hill-sides, with great difficulty he made his way to the temple. Inside were lying on the floor fragments of the image—remains of Time's relentless revelry. Devidas prostrated himself, trembling. Would he rise again? Or is he in eternal union with his ever-longed-for Blissful Mother?

A SANNYASI.

THE POWER OF THOUGHT

Think beautiful thoughts, and set them adrift
 On Eternity's boundless sea!
 Let their burdens be pure, let their white sails lift
 And bear away from you the comforting gift
 Of your heart-felt sympathy.
 For a beautiful thought is a beautiful thing,
 And out on the infinite tide
 May meet, and touch, and tenderly bring
 To the sick and the weary and the sorrowing
 A solace so long denied.
 And a soul that hath buffeted every wave
 Adversity's sea hath known,
 So weak, so wan, so despairing, grows brave
 With that beautiful thought to succour and save—
 The thought it has made its own.
 And the dull earth-senses shall hear its cry,
 And the dull eyes see its gleam,
 And the ship-wrecked hearts, as they wander by,
 Shall catch at its promise, and straightway try
 To wake from their dismal dream.
 And radiant now as a heavenly star,
 It grows with its added good,
 Till over the waters the light gleams far
 To where the desolate places are,
 And its lessons are understood.
 And glad are the eyes that behold the ray,
 And glad are the years that hear
 The message your sweet thought has to say
 To the sorrowing souls along the way,
 Who needed its word of cheer.

EVA BEST.

SELECTION FROM SANSKRIT

ORIGIN OF THE CASTE SYSTEM

[We give for this month's selection, the following verses from the Shanti Parva (Chs. 188 — 9) of the Mahabharata on the origin and basis of the fourfold caste system. Bhrigu's clear statement of the absence of the castes in the beginning and their evolution in the wake of professions, is greatly interesting in view of its agreement with the natural theory of the system. We cannot lay too much stress on the fact of the elasticity of the system originally, as here unfolded.—Ed.]

भरद्वाज उवाच :—

चातुर्वर्ण्यस्य वर्णो न यदि वर्णो विभिद्यते ।
सर्वेषां खलु वर्णानां दृश्यते वर्णसङ्करः ॥

कामः क्रोधो भयं लोभः शोकश्चिन्ता श्रुधा श्रमः ।
सर्वेषां नः प्रभवति कस्माद्द्वर्णो विभज्यते ॥

जङ्गमानामसङ्ख्येयाः स्थावराणाञ्च जातयः ।
तेषां विविधवर्णानां कुतो वर्णविनिश्चयः ॥

भृगुर्वाच :—

न विशेषोऽस्ति वर्णानां सर्वे ब्राह्ममिदं जगत् ।
ब्रह्मणा पूर्वसृष्टं हि कर्मभिर्वर्णतां गतम् ॥

कामभोगप्रियास्तीक्ष्णाः क्रोधनाः प्रियसाहसाः ।
त्यक्तस्वधर्मा रक्ताङ्गास्ते द्विजाः क्षत्रतां गताः ॥

गोभ्यो वृत्तिं समास्थाय पीताः कृष्युपजीविनः ।
स्वधर्मान्नानुतिष्ठन्ति ते द्विजा वैश्यतां गताः ॥

हिंसानृतप्रिया लुब्धाः सर्वकर्मोपजीविनः ।
कृष्णाः शौचपरिभ्रष्टास्ते द्विजाः शूद्रतां गताः ॥

इत्येतैः कर्मभिर्व्यस्ता द्विजा वर्णान्तरं गताः ।
धर्मो यज्ञक्रिया तेषां नित्यं न प्रतिषिध्यते ॥

इत्येते चतुरो वर्णा येषां ब्राह्मी सरस्वती ।
विहिता ब्रह्मणा पूर्व लोभाच्चज्ञानतां गताः ॥

ब्रह्म चैव परं सृष्टं ये न जानन्ति तेऽद्विजाः ।
तेषां बहुविधास्त्वन्यास्तत्र तत्र हि जातयः ॥

TRANSLATION

Bharadvaja said :

If colour is the principle of differentiation of caste in the fourfold caste system, then there is indeed seen the confusion of castes among all castes.

Desire, anger, fear, avarice, grief, anxiety, hunger and weariness sway all of us, how then is the division of caste?

Innumerable are the species of moving and unmoving beings ; of these various classes, whence the determination of castes ?

Bhrigu said :

There is no distinction of castes. The whole world being created by Brahma in the beginning consisted of Brahmans only. By actions it underwent (the distinctions of) caste.

Those twice-born men, who were fond of enjoyments of desires, fierce, passionate, and daring in (the pursuit of) desired objects, who had abandoned their own duties, men of ruddy complexion,— these attained the rank of Kshatriyas.

Those twice-born men, who had taken to the profession of tending cattle, were yellow in colour, lived by agriculture, and abode not by their own duties,—these attained the rank of Vaishyas.

Those twice-born men, who were fond of killing and telling falsehood, covetous, lived by all (kinds of) occupations, dark in colour, and who abandoned all cleanliness,— these attained the rank of Shudras.

Separated by these actions, the twice-born have undergone differentiation into castes. Religious observances and sacrificial rites are not always prohibited of them.

Thus the four castes for whom Brahma in the beginning laid down the knowledge of Brahman, sunk into ignorance through greed.

Those are not twice-born who do not know the created (world) to be the supreme Brahman Itself. Of these (there arose) others of manifold natures : in them verily are the castes.

भरद्वाज उवाच :—

ब्राह्मणः केन भवति क्षत्रियो वा द्विजोत्तम ।
वैश्यः शूद्रश्च विप्रर्षे तद्ब्रूहि वदतां वरः ॥

भृगुवाच :—

जातकर्मादिभिर्यस्तु संस्कारैः संस्कृतः शुचिः ।
वेदाध्ययनसम्पन्नः षट्सु कर्मस्ववस्थितः ।
शौचाचारस्थितः सम्यग्विघसाशी गुरुप्रियः ।
नित्यव्रती सत्यपरः स वै ब्राह्मण उच्यते ॥

सत्यं दानमथाद्रोह आनृशंस्यं लपाघृणा ।
तपश्च दृश्यते यत्र स ब्राह्मण इति स्मृतः ॥

क्षत्रजं सेवते कर्म वेदाध्ययनसङ्गतः ।
दानादानरतिर्यस्तु स वै क्षत्रिय उच्यते ॥

विशत्याशुपशुभ्यश्च कृष्यादानरतिः शुचिः ।
वेदाध्ययनसम्पन्नः स वैश्य इति संज्ञितः ॥

सर्वभक्षरतिर्नित्यं सर्वकर्मकरोऽशुचिः ।
त्यक्तवेदस्त्वनाचारः स वै शूद्र इति स्मृतः ॥

शूद्रे चैतद्भवेत्क्षुभ्यं द्विजे तच्च न विद्यते ।
न वै शूद्रो भवेच्छूद्रो ब्राह्मणो ब्राह्मणो न च ॥

सर्वोपायैस्तु लोभस्य क्रोधस्य च विनिग्रहः ।
एतत् पवित्रं ज्ञानानां तथा चैवात्मसंयमः ।
वायुर्यौ सर्वात्मना तौ हि श्रेयोघातार्थमुत्थितौ ॥

नित्यं क्रोधाच्छिद्र्यं रक्षेत्तपो रक्षेच्च मत्सरात् ।
विद्यां मानापमानाभ्यामात्मानन्तु प्रमादतः ॥

अहिंस्रः सर्वभूतानां मैत्रायणागतश्चरेत् ।
परिग्रहान् परित्यज्य भवेद्बुद्ध्या जितेन्द्रियः ।
अशोकं स्थानमातिष्ठेदिह चामुत्र चाभयम् ॥

तपोनित्येन दान्तेन मुनिना संयतात्मना ।
अजितं जेतुकामेन भाव्यं सङ्गेष्वसङ्गिना ॥

शौचेन सततं युक्तः सदाचारसमन्वितः ।
सानुक्रोशश्च भूतेषु तद्विजातिषु लक्षणम् ॥

Bharadvaja said :

O best of the twice-born, and Rishi among sages, by what one becomes a Brahmana or a Kshatriya, a Vaishya or a Shudra, tell that, O best of speakers.

Bhrigu said :

Purified by Jatakarma (natal ceremonies) clean, versed in the study of the Vedas, discharging the sixfold duties, observing cleanliness and right conduct, living only on the remains of offering, devoted to the teacher, constant in the observance of vows, truthful, such an one is called a Brahmana.

Truth, charity, absence of malice, non-cruelty, modesty, compassion and austerity, in whom these are seen he is called a Brahmana.

Who cultivates acts of heroism, is accustomed to study the Vedas, takes pleasure in giving and receiving, he is called a Kshatriya.

One who trades in rice and cattle, is fond of agriculture and earning, clean, is habituated to study the Vedas, is defined as a Vaishya.

Fond of all kinds of food always, doing all kinds of actions, unclean, who has given up (the study of) the Vedas, devoid of proper conduct, such an one is called a Shudra.

If the following (characteristics) are to be seen in a Shudra and not in a twice-born, then the Shudra should not be a Shudra, nor a Brahmana a Brahmana.

Of all acts of wisdom, the following are the best : restraint of greed and anger by all means as well as self-control. These two, which rise to destroy the well-being of a man are to be resisted with all might.

One should always preserve well-being from anger, austerity from envy, learning from (sensitivity to) honour and disgrace, and oneself from carelessness.

Being non-injurious, one should walk entering into the path of friendliness towards all beings; abandoning all possessions, one should with discrimination conquer the senses : one should take an attitude which is free from grief and fear, here and hereafter.

One desiring to conquer what is not conquered, should be constant in the practice of austerity, with the mind under restraint, meditative, self-controlled, and unattached amidst attachments.

Always clean, endowed with right behaviour, compassionate towards all beings,—these are the characteristics of the twice-born.

A DAY IN KIEL

WE were twice on the Continent with Swami Vivekananda. First, in the autumn of 1896, when we visited Switzerland and Germany, and secondly in December of the same year, when we travelled through Italy to Naples, where we embarked for India.

Every phase of human activity, and every department of knowledge had interest for Swamiji, and his mental attitude of cheerfulness and kindness, combined with his fine intelligence and personal charm, made him the most delightful of travelling companions.

On looking back over the period of our wanderings in Switzerland, I recall nothing of importance to narrate of visits to places. But my recollection of Kiel, a town in Germany, which is beautifully situated on the Baltic, is bright with agreeable memories of a pleasant day spent in the society of Dr. Paul Deussen, Professor of Philosophy in the University there,—a man of rare philosophical grasp, standing foremost in the rank of European Sanscrit scholars.

On hearing that Swami had arrived at the Hotel, he immediately sent a note requesting his company at breakfast on the following day, courteously including my husband and myself in the invitation. Punctually at ten o'clock the next morning we presented ourselves at his house, and were ushered into the library, where we received a cordial reception from Dr. and Mrs. Deussen who were expecting us. After a few preliminary inquiries regarding the travels and plans of Swamiji, I noticed the Professor directing his eyes to some volumes laying open on the table, and with a scholar's appreciation of learning, he soon turned the conversation on books. Selecting one, he read in Sanskrit two or three of the beautiful slokas of the Upanishads, those golden sayings that ring in the memory, and reverberate so deeply, that

even now, after such a lapse of time since their utterance, the spirit remains, and is vital in influencing one's ideas of life and death. He remarked that the study of the Vedas was an alluring recreation, and to climb the heights of those great altitudes, a wonderful means of enriching and widening the spiritual horizon, giving a sense of exhilaration as one rises to a higher atmosphere. He considered the system of the Vedanta as founded on the Upanishads and Vedanta Sutras, with Shankaracharya's commentaries, some of the most majestic structures and valuable products of the genius of man in his search for Truth, and that the highest and purest morality is the immediate consequence of the Vedanta. He quoted from an address he delivered before the Bombay Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society on the 25th February, 1893, on which occasion he concluded with the following advice to his audience:—

“And so the Vedanta in its unfalsified form, is the strongest support of pure morality, is the greatest consolation in the sufferings of life and death. Indians, keep to it!”

By the publication of a pamphlet entitled “The Philosophy of the Vedanta,” he has helped to disseminate the Indian Wisdom. In the philosophy of Kant he found a great help in understanding the Indian thinkers, as it contains a substratum of their own philosophy, the Advaita Vedanta. He has given scientific proofs of this in his book, “Elemente der Metaphysik,” now translated into English.

References were made to the conspicuous service rendered to Indian philosophy by Professor Max Müller: the arduous task he undertook, and so successfully performed. In fact, Vedanta has had a re-birth from the knowledge comprised in the grand archives of the distant past, and is to-day becoming more

widely known than ever before, finding acceptance of many conscientious, reasoning minds of the Western world. The practical application of its tenets shows its adaptability to human needs, and is a most important field for direct demonstration of the value of principles, leading upwards and onwards to higher spiritual developments.

It seems, that a movement is being made back towards the fountainhead of spirituality, a movement that will in the future, probably make India, the spiritual leader of the nations, the highest and greatest spiritual influence on earth.

Swami interested himself in some translations Dr. Deussen was making, and a discussion arose on the precise signification and correct understanding of various obscure passages. The former pointed out that clearness of definition was of primary, and elegance of diction of very secondary importance. The vigorous and lucid interpretations given by the Oriental exegetist with such firmness of conviction, and yet such delicacy of perception, eventually quite won over the German savant. On two occasions we prepared to take leave, but to this our kind host and hostess strongly objected, insisting that we must remain to dinner, and later on, join in a festivity to be held in honour of their daughter's fourth birthday. We could not but accept their warm-hearted and generous hospitality, and it was very charming to watch the little Erica, amongst much chat and merriment, dispensing tea and cakes to her youthful guests. Dr. and Mrs. Deussen were unfailing in their entertainment of us, and we were favoured with a fascinating and animated account of their tour in India. Especially, they enjoyed old India, so rich in its historical associations. They discoursed on the Great Mother Ganges revered by all, and in whose sacred waters, thousands of people take their daily bath: on the motley crowds that surge all day long

in the large cities situated on her banks, where hundreds of temples, shrines and mosques testify to the ancient civilisation and the old world religions of Brahma, Buddha, and Mahommed; and where the children of the Orient look out upon the world with eyes that regard things in a totally different light to those of the Occidental races. We realised how thoroughly the Professor and his wife appreciated the fine sympathies and instincts so indissolubly connected with our ideas of things Indian. For cities are like human beings, with souls and temperaments of their own, and the soul of a city will reveal itself only to him who loves with a far-sighted emotion. In the bazars they noted the old arts and crafts of Hindustan still being plied, as they have been handed down from generation to generation. In the open street, they saw the barber shaving his clients and the worshipper praying with folded hands without fear or shame before his fellow-men. But there is a terrible poverty in India, of which the beggars who await you at every temple and street corner are but too genuine a sign. One of the first gestures learnt by the children of the poor, is to hold out their hands for alms.

These and much more they told us, and of the never-to-be-forgotten kindness of the Indians towards their German visitors. However, the happiest day must come to an end, and it now only remains for me to close this trifling sketch, expressing the delight we experienced in seeing a philosopher happily surrounded by a peaceful home with wife and child, honour and contentment, as well as many congenial friends. The friendship so well begun was further cemented by the companionship of our host on our return to England. The journey was enlivened by much brilliant conversation on the part of our philosophers, accompanied by kindly attentions, which never ceased whilst we were together.

C. E. S.

LUTHER BURBANK

THE HORTICULTURAL WIZARD

IF one had chanced to be walking along a country road in Massachusetts some 40 years ago, he might have seen a small, slight lad searching for something in a potato patch. If he had stopped to watch, he would have seen the boy throw himself down on the ground and weep bitterly because he could not find that for which he searched. And the traveller would probably have been greatly surprised, if he had asked, to find that what the boy was searching for was not a stray penny or a long-cherished Barlow knife, but the pod from one of the potato vines.

After several days' search, Luther Burbank found the potato pod. It was a pod from the then famous Early Rose potato. Potato pods are not common. Burbank had read that they were very rare on the Early Rose vines. From the one he found, he planted the seeds, and one of the seeds produced a potato which has since been famous as the Burbank potato.

Those of us who attended college a quarter of a century ago learned that cross fertilization, grafting, budding, etc., had been practised for many years. Botanists and horticulturists then knew something of the possibilities in the wild fruits and even in the commonest weeds that are such a pest to the farmers. And thus, the fairly well-read man is prepared to accept the most astonishing statements regarding the results of Mr. Burbank's work. It is not now deemed wonderful that the cactus, if transplanted in a sheltered place and kept guarded from its old enemies, will gradually lose its attitude of hostility towards all the world and give up its thorns. There is nothing unbelievable in the

statement that the miserable little wayside daisy will bloom into something worth while if given a place where it is free from the struggle for existence. We all know more or less of the effect of environment on plant and animal life. That new varieties of fruits and flowers may be produced by crossing and selection has long been too well known to excite comment. What, then, is Mr. Burbank's claim to genius?

That gentleman is not claiming a thing about himself. He has the simplicity of true genius. He tries to keep out of sight, and is even charging \$10 an hour for interviews in order to discourage visitors from taking up his precious time. In spite of his retiring disposition, however, the public are now demanding to know of him and his methods of work, and the best article so far is from the pen of William S. Harwood and is published in the March and April numbers of *The Century*.

From the facts thus presented, it is seen that Mr. Burbank's originality and genius are found in the vastness and thoroughness of his experiments, and of his marvellous, almost intuitive perceptions regarding the nature and fitness of an individual plant for the purposes desired. He can read a plant as correctly as the most observant detective can judge a human face or figure.

Mr. Burbank will, for the first time, make a complete exhibit of his strange plant products, at the Lewis and Clark Exposition, which is to be held in Portland next summer.

Burbank has been conducting his plant-breeding farm in California now for thirty years. His fame has spread until every mar-

ketable product he produces is now eagerly sought for by gardeners and horticulturists. Yet the cost of conducting his farm is every year more than the revenue, and the inventor may die poor. Andrew Carnegie has recently come to his assistance by providing \$10,000 a year for 10 years to enable him to carry on his experiments on a large scale.

Burbank is described as a man of quiet, unassuming ways, who is anxious to live his own life and do his own work without the interference of the curious. He lives simply, in a vine-covered cottage, and is regarded by his ignorant neighbours as a harmless idiot. While still in the prime of life, he is thin almost to emaciation, and his white hair gives him an appearance almost of venerability. He has no laboratory, no workshop, no scientific instruments, no assistants. All there is at Sebastopol is the earth and the man, but the earth and the man have produced marvels that are attracting people from far and near.

The following story is told of him, by Mr. Harwood :

"The ability of Mr. Burbank to act with tremendous force and rapidity, when needful, was early shown in his work, and in the line of grafting. It was in the days when he was struggling to make both ends meet in carrying on a nursery. He was sadly in need of funds. A rush order came for 20,000 prune trees. It would take two years and a half to grow them in the ordinary course of affairs, but he could get the order only by turning them out in nine months. He called in a small army of men and put them to work planting over 10,000 almond seeds. The almond grows rapidly. In a few months the young bushes were ready ; the best were selected, and 20,000 prune cuttings were grafted upon them. In nine months the order was filled, and to-day one of the largest prune orchards in the world is growing and yielding from these self-same almond trees."

The primus berry, the discovery of which is

the first recorded instance of the production of a fixed species by man, was the result of years of labor. The berry is the off-spring of the native California dewberry and the Siberian raspberry. Burbank's efforts to produce this berry at first brought him 5,000 seedlings, not one of which was of permanent value. He therefore destroyed 900,000 berry bushes, from one to two years old, by burning them in a great bonfire. But eventually, the primus berry was produced, as most things are produced which Burbank strives for.

The hybrid walnut is another wonderful production. This is the fastest growing tree on earth, and its introduction has made it possible to raise walnuts as easily, and in as short a time, as currants or raspberries. When the "wizard" was experimenting with the walnut he decided that its shell was too thick. By breeding and selection he produced a nut with a skin so thin that birds could break through it with their bills and rob it of its meat. So he bred back until he had a nut with a shell of the proper thickness.

One of Burbank's more recent and most wonderful discoveries is a fadeless flower, which he calls the Australian star flower. This he produced after careful crossing, recrossing and selection from a half hardy annual, which was discovered in West Central Australia. The plant may be grown in almost any soil, and its flowers, which are of a peculiarly pleasing red, when cut, retain their form and color in perfection.

The plumcot is another invention, made by crossing the plum and the apricot. A white blackberry of delightful flavor is a recent production, and a stoneless prune is another wonder. He has trained the cactus plant to grow without thorns, so that its food value, both for cattle and men, may now be appreciated. From the common field ox-eyed daisy he has produced the Dhasta daisy, which is several times as large, and will grow out of doors and blossom several months in the year. He has

changed the yellow poppy to crimson and made it grow the year around, and has originated new calla lilies and a great variety of peaches, apples, pears, plums and nuts, as well as valuable trees, fruits, flowers, and vegetables.

Some years ago Burbank sent to Cecil Rhodes, in South Africa, some plums which he had produced, the chief virtue of which was their keeping qualities. Rhodes found the plums entirely satisfactory, and they were grown most successfully. In appreciation, Rhodes sent a basket of the plums that he had grown from Cape Town to San Francisco a distance of 18,000 miles. They arrived in perfect condition.

Mr. Harwood tells us that at Burbank's experimental farm there are growing 300,000 distinct varieties of plums; different in foliage, in form of fruit, in shipping, keeping and canning qualities; 60,000 peaches and nectarines; from 5,000 to 6,000 almonds, 2,000 cherries, 2,000 peas, 1,000 grapes, 3,000 apples, 1,200 quinces, 5,000 walnuts, 5,000 chestnuts, from 5,000 to 6,000 berries, with many thousands of other fruits, flowers, and vegetables, in all cases all different from the others.

These are but a few of the many things that Luther Burbank has done. The far-reaching effects of his labors cannot begin to be estimated. "Mr. Burbank possesses more knowledge than any other man living concerning the sexes of pollens," says David Starr Jordan, president of Leland Stanford university. "He is a breeder of plant life possessing marvellous skill. I regard him as a more remarkable man than Edison."

Luther Burbank is essentially a student. He is a man of no collegiate training, but the few papers he has written regarding his work show him to be a man of scholarly attainments. A paragraph from one of these papers shows the unselfish purpose which has actuated the man in his labors. The paragraph follows:

"Science sees better grains, nuts, fruits and vegetables, all in new forms, sizes, colors and flavors, with more nutrients and less waste, and with every injurious and poisonous quality eliminated, and with power to resist sun, wind, rain, frost and destructive fungus and insect pests. It sees better fruits, without stones, seeds or spines, better fiber, coffee, tea, spice, rubber, oil paper and timber trees, and better sugar starch, color and perfume plants. Every one of these and ten thousand more are within the reach of the most ordinary skill in plant breeding.

"It would not be difficult for a man to breed a new rye, wheat, barley, oats or rice, which would produce one grain more to each head, or a corn which would produce an extra kernel to each ear, another potato to each plant or an apple, plum, orange or nut to each tree. Suppose this were done, what would be the result? In the five staples only, in this country alone, we should have annually, without effort and without cost more than 5,200,000 extra bushels of corn, 15,000,000 extra bushels of wheat, 20,000,000 extra bushels of oats, 1,500,000 extra bushels of barley, 21,000,000 extra bushels of potatoes."—*Adapted from the Detroit News Tribune.*

Man is but a reed, weakest in nature, but a reed which thinks. It needs not that the whole universe should arm to crush him. A vapour, a drop of water is enough to kill him. But were the Universe to crush him, man would still be more noble than that which has slain him, because he knows that he dies, and the Universe has the better of him. The Universe knows nothing of this.

Not from space must I seek my dignity, but from the ruling of my thought. I have should no more if I possessed whole worlds. By space the Universe encompasses and swallows me as an atom, by thought I encompass it.—*Pascal.*

NEWS AND MISCELLANIES

(GLEANED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES)

WHEN a man becomes a missionary he should cease to belong to any nationality.

—*Paul Lessar*

THE Association for the Advancement of Scientific and Industrial Education of Indians has started French, German and Japanese classes under able professors at Calcutta.

A Mexican believes that he has discovered the long desired cure for snake-bite. A tiny sac is said to have been found in the intestines of snakes containing a fluid which, if applied to the spot immediately after a snake-bite, prevents the poison taking effect.

THE newly-discovered diamond cure is one of the first water, almost a panacea. According to M. Francisque Crotte, who invented the method of statical transfusions for the cure of consumption, radiations from the diamond may be employed for the permanent benefit of paralytics, blind and deaf people, as well as for various other afflictions.

BABU Shankar Lal, editor of the *Abala Hitakarak*, has offered to pay Rs. 1,000 to any one who can prove that the re-marriage of virgin widows is not allowed by the Hindu Shastras; while the Virgin Widow Re-marriage Association of Bijnor has deputed four Pandits to hold discussions on the same subject with the learned Brahmans of Benares, Allahabad, Cawnpore and Lucknow.

THE injection of a colloidal solution of a metal, such as silver or platinum, into the veins of a healthy person has been found to produce great changes in the function of nutrition, changes similar to those produced by the different serums. The reason of this

is that such colloids probably act as catalytic ferments, that is to say, as bodies which bring about or hasten chemical changes without themselves undergoing changes.

Sir Henry Irving has one peculiarity that only those who are brought into the closest relations with him can detect. This is in regard to the number of glasses and spectacles of various sorts that he always has at hand, both at the theatre and at home. At Drury Lane Theatre he had quite two dozen pairs of one kind and another. He is constantly losing and buying new pairs of glasses, and he pleads guilty to having sixty pairs in all.

THE special grant of Rs 20 lakhs made by the Government of India for the encouragement of agricultural research has now been allotted. The Madras Government will receive Rs 1½ lakhs. This grant will most probably become a permanent one, so that the Madras Presidency can look forward to having an annual addition of something like £ 10,000 to its resources for the upkeep of experts in agriculture in connection with some central institution.

THE members of a strange religious sect known as the "Holy Rollers," who have settled at Benton Harbour, Michigan, U. S. A., are building a gigantic ark to save themselves from the second Flood, which their leader "Prophet Benjamin" foresees in 1915. The "prophet" has proclaimed himself the reincarnation of Noah. The length of the ark now being built under his supervision will be 450ft., the width 75ft., and the height from keel to upper deck 45ft.

AN interesting experiment, as the reader is aware, is being made in Bhavnagar—the experiment of boring wells in the State on the Japanese system for the purpose of supplying drinking water as well as for irrigation.

H. H. the Maharaja has engaged the services of a Japanese, by name Ito, who has been brought all the way from Japan for the purpose. A Vakil of the Bombay High Court has deputed a man to Bhavnagar to learn the secrets of the Japanese method of boring wells.

Swami Akhandananda of the Ramakrishna Orphanage, Murshidabad writes us to say that the sum of Rs. 15 was collected from the Orphanage School for the Kangra Valley Earthquake Relief and paid to the Government fund through the local magistrate. The Swami also expresses his hearty thanks to Raja Yogendra Narayan Ray of Lalgola for bearing all the expenses of the investiture of holy thread of an Orphan Brahmana boy of the Orphanage, on which occasion the students and teachers of the Orphanage School and a few friends were fed.

MILAN is the first city in Europe to have electric tramcars which also water the streets. For a long time this city has had the most perfect network of tramways in Europe. The whole service belongs to the city itself, but it is run by the Edison Company. It is a most profitable enterprise, as it yields an excellent profit annually. The price for passengers is only one penny after nine in the morning, and a half penny before that. The carriages are comfortable and run so frequently that they are never overcrowded.

AT the Japan Club, in Convent Garden, London, Baron Suyematsu gave a demonstration of the uses to which bracken—the ordinary common fern—may be put in gastronomy. The Baron explained that in Japan and in China the plant is in universal use as an article of food, and seeing that it grew so plentifully in England he considered it his duty to bring the suggestion forward. Dainty samples of the “delicacy” were handed round, and pronounced to be good eating; and those present were much interested by the Baron’s description of the methods followed in cooking it.

IN an office in Fetter Lane, Fleet Street, one of the most extraordinary machines ever invented is now being shown by its inventor and maker, Mr. George Livingston Richards, the proprietor and publisher of one of the most popular magazines in the United States. Although it occupies only a small room, the machine does the work of a hundred men. In the space of an hour it folds up thousands of magazines, puts them in gummed wrappers, addresses each one to the person for whom it is intended, and sorts them out into sacks, according to the locality to which they have to be sent.

THE Ramakrishna Mission, Bangalore Branch, acknowledges with thanks the following presents:—

A beautifully executed and framed Bromide photo of Swami Vivekananda (25" × 17") from Mr. C. Muddaya, the well-known artist of Bangalore City.

A complete set of Mahabharata with Nilkantha’s commentary from Mr. Balaji Dhondeba, of No. 19 Party, Survey of India, Bangalore.

THIRTY three volumes on various subjects from Mr. K. V. Gopaliengar, the president of the late Young Men’s Union.

THE Bhinga Raj Kshatriya Scholarship Endowment Fund has recently been augmented by a further gift of Rs 33,200 from the Raja of Bhinga, bringing it up to a total of Rs. 60,700. The fund provides for eight matriculation scholarships of Rs. 60 a year, tenable at any school approved by the Director of Public Instruction; eight Intermediate scholarships of Rs. 96 a year; eight B. A. scholarships of Rs. 144 a year; and two LL. B. scholarships of the same amount. The Collegiate scholarships are tenable at the Muir Central College or, in the alternative, at the Queen’s College, Benares, the Canning College, Lucknow, or the Agra College.

THE Kashmir silk industry is threatened with a rival in Khelat in Beluchistan, where experiments in sericulture are reported to promise well, and where operations on a large scale are to be carried out by the British authorities on behalf of the administration of his Highness the Khan of Khelat. Several of the large villages in Khelat have been found to possess enormous numbers of mulberry trees, and it is feared that the industry there will enter into great competition with that of Kashmir. Experiments made under European supervision have resulted in production of silk which has elicited favourable reports from French experts. Endeavours are now being made by the authorities to extend mulberry cultivation as much as possible, and to enlist the active participation of the people in the scheme.

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A society under the name of Oriental Students' Union has been established at Tokio. It has been joined in by students from India, Siam, the Phillipines, Korea and China. Japanese students have also been co-operating and have become members. On the occasion of its first meeting there were so many as sixty students present, who have all enrolled themselves as members of the "Union". The objects of this society are to bring about a spirit of friendly union among all Oriental youths engaged in study in Tokio and to make them co-operate with one another in matters of mutual well-being. The "Union" has received the sympathy and support of many Japanese gentlemen and noblemen of influence and position, some of whom were present at the inaugural meeting. The life and soul of the society is a Japanese lady at whose suggestion and initiation it has been organized. She is working hard for the "Union" and trying her best to secure increased and extensive support. She has a special affection for Indian students and has a great mind to go to India to see the country and

know its people. Some Indian songs were sung at the first meeting. The Indian tunes were admired by all.

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A singularly interesting discovery was made last year by Mr. Vredenburg of the Geological Survey of India near Kishengarh, in Rajputana. It appears that the Dewan of the State sent to the Department some specimens of blue sodalite. Subsequent examination of the ground resulted in the discovery of a new series of the remarkable family of elæolite-syenites which present characteristics so far unexplained and unique among minerals. When freshly broken the patches of sodalite are carmine in colour, and the fresh rock face gives the appearance of being splashed with blood, but in day-light the colour rapidly, and in direct sunlight almost suddenly, disappears. The remarkable thing is, however, that when kept in the dark for a few months many of the specimens recover their colour, losing it again on exposure to daylight or to electric light. The sodalite does not appear to differ in chemical composition from the ordinary varieties of the mineral, and neither the loss nor the recovery of colour is affected by the humidity of the atmosphere. Though specimens have been sent to Europe for more critical examination, no explanation of the remarkable phenomenon has been offered, but there is now no doubt that both the disappearance and re-appearance of the carmine colour are real and regularly recurring phenomena.

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CORRESPONDENCE

THE VIVEKANANDA HOME OF SERVICE

COCANADA

Sir,

The undersigned earnestly begs sympathetic ladies and gentlemen to enquire, pick up and send to him any poor and helpless orphans and foundlings (boys or girls) of any caste (except Panchamas and Christians) for admission into the "Viveka-

nanda Home of Service," Cocanada, wherein they will be fed and given moral and religious, technical and secular instructions and be made fit to earn their livelihood by honest labour.

N. B.—(1) The orphans and foundlings shall be below 12 years of age. (2) Each one shall carry with him or her a certificate from the sender countersigned by a Government Gazetted Officer or by three respectable gentlemen of the place to the effect that he or she is really an orphan or a foundling and a pauper. (3) None shall claim such an orphan or foundling till he or she is relieved from the Home with a proper certificate of good conduct and competency. (4) He or she shall serve the Home for three years or less—if required—after attaining majority. (5) The distinction between the four main castes will be observed in the Home.

(Sd.) B. R. SOMAYAJULU.

Prizes of Rs. 700

To Graduates of Indian Universities.

Two prizes, the first of Rs. 500, and the second of Rs. 200, will be given in order of merit to the candidates who write the two best essays on the following thesis:—

"The slow-footed years are bringing us to the goal where might shall be subdued by right and where injustice and selfishness shall be swallowed up by goodness."

2. Candidates for the prizes must be graduates of one of the Indian Universities, in Arts, Law, Medicine, Engineering, Science or Agriculture, of not more than fifteen years standing from the date they took their first degree. They will be expected to show that they have carefully studied the following works of Herbert Spencer:—

- 1 Social Statics and Man *versus* the State, one volume.
- 2 Principles of Ethics, two volumes.
- 3 Education—Intellectual, Moral and Physical, one small volume.

4 Study of Sociology—one small volume.

3. No prize will be awarded to any essay which does not show a thorough grasp of the principles established in the above works, or which does not come up to a reasonable standard of merit.

4. Candidates desiring to compete for the prizes should send in their applications to Professor T. K. Gajjar, M. A., B. Sc., F. C. S., Techno-Chemical Laboratory, Girgaum, Bombay, on or before 15th April 1906. Each applicant must declare that he is a graduate of the Indian University of not more than fifteen years standing and must give the year and the page of the University Calendar where his name can be found.

5. The Essays must be written in English and must be sent in sealed covers to Professor Gajjar at the above mentioned address on or before the 15th June, 1906. Each essay must bear at the foot of it the writer's declaration that it is *bonafide* his own composition. It should also give the writer's full name and address.

6. The result of the competition will be announced at the end of September 1906. Successful competitors for the prizes will be informed of their success by letters and the amounts of the prizes will be forwarded to them by Professor T. K. Gajjar within two weeks from the date of the announcement.

The Arena.

(ALBERT BRANDT: TRENTON, N. J.)

CONTENTS FOR JULY

- Portrait of Hon. J. Warner Mills.
 The Economic Struggle in Colorado.—I The View-Point, Hon. J. Warner Mills.
 The Divorce-Legislation of Switzerland, Prof. Louis Wuarin.
 Forty Years in the Wilderness; or, Masters and Rulers of "The Freeman" of Pennsylvania.—VI. Municipal Black Plague.—Chap. II. Uiter Darkness, Rudolph Blankenburg.

Portrait of Hon. Andrew D. White.
 The Charm of Emerson, J. R. Mosley, Ph. D.
 The Identity of Socialism and Christianity, James
 T. Van Rensselaer.
 How the People should Acquire Public Utilities :
 A Criticism of Mr. Brown's Paper, Prof. E. W.
 Bemis and Frederick F. Ingram.
 Struggles of Autocracy with Democracy in the
 Mid-Era, E. P. Powell.
 Our Diplomatic Policy in Relation to the Republic
 of Panama, Prof. Edwin Maxey, M. Dip., LL. D.
 Homer Davenport : A Cartoonist Dominated by
 Moral Ideals.
 Portrait of Homer Davenport.
 The Grub-Stake : A Story, Frank H. Sweet.
 Politics, the People and the Trusts as seen by
 Cartoonists : (With Nineteen Illustrations).
 Editorial Notes, B. O. Flower.
 Stone's "He of Nazareth".
 "What's the Use?" A Cartoon, Dan. Beard.
 "I Wonder If We Shall Live to be as Old as That?"
 A Cartoon, Ryan Walker.
 In the Mirror of the Present, Editorial Comment.
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 Witchcraft Among Italian Peasants. By Giacinta
 Salvadori.
 Co-operative Agricultural Societies.

Importation of Foreign Capital in India. By Mr.
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 Some Pictures of Dark Russia.
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 Hudson, N. Y.)

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 The Caste System of the Hindus, by Sarat C. Rudra.
 The Poet, by Louis Kaufman Anspacher.
 Are Colors Physical or Mental, by Eugene Del Mar.
 The Cult of the Virgin, by Harriet B. Bradbury.
 The Great White Negation, Benjamin De Casseres.
 Building the Good Within, by John A. Morris.
 Walt Whitman, by Emily Palmer Cape.
 The Power of Thought, by Winnifred Hathaway.
 My Soul and I, by Annie Knowlton Hinman.
 Antiquity and Meaning of the Cross Symbolism, by
 Kate C. Havens.
 A Dream of Power, by T. F. Hildreth.
 The True Ideal in Healing, by W. J. Colville.
 "Prima Facie", by T. Shelley Sutton.
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The Occult Review

(William Rider and Son, Ltd., 164 Aldersgate
 Street, London, E. C.)

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