

Prabuddha Bharata

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

—Swami Vivekananda

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SRI RAMAKRISHNA'S TEACHINGS

ATMA-JNANA—XII

BIRTH and death are like bubbles in the water. The water is true, the bubbles are false. They take their rise in water and are again merged into it. God is like a great ocean, and the Jivas are like bubbles; through Him they come into being, in Him they live, and unto Him they return. God alone is true, and His manifestations as Jiva and Jagat are untrue,—non-eternal.

JNANA never comes without renunciation of lust and possession. With renunciation is destroyed all ignorance, all Avidya. Many things can be burnt by means of a lens held up to the direct rays of the sun. But you cannot do that, if you take it into the shade of a room. Even so with the mind. You must take it out of the dark den of the world and expose it to the full blaze of the Self-effulgent Divinity. Then alone will come true renunciation and all ignorance will be destroyed.

BUT after the realisation of God, some prefer to remain in the world. They can see both what is within it, and without. The blazing light of their knowledge falls upon everything in the world, and they can easily discriminate good from evil, the eternal from the non-eternal.

THE ignorant people who live in the world without knowing God, dwell, as it were, in houses made of mud. By the, obscure light within, they can at best see dimly what is inside the room. But those who live in the world after realising God, live, as it were, in glass rooms. They can distinctly see both within and without. The sun of knowledge illumines everything in the world to them, and they can clearly discern what is good and what is bad, what is eternal and what is non-eternal.

FIRE itself has no definite shape, but in glowing embers it assumes different forms, and the formless fire is then endowed with forms. Similarly, the formless God sometimes invests Himself with definite forms.

THE Graciousness of God does not consist in giving us our daily bread,—for every father is bound to provide his children with food and raiment. He is truly gracious when He gives us strength to overcome our daily temptations.

A policeman can see with a dark lantern (bull's eye) every one on whom its rays are thrown, but no one can see him so long as he does not turn the light upon himself. In the same way God sees everyone, but no one sees Him until He revealeth Himself to him.

OCCASIONAL NOTES

THROUGHOUT history, we may meet with instances of the poisonous effect on the human mind of ideas, without *work*. The struggle with material conditions is eternally necessary to the upward growth of the spirit. When *Karma* has been exhausted, and the moment of enlightenment is at hand, this condition also must be held to have been transcended. But as things are, there are very very few of the human race on the earth at any one time, for whom it is not essential that the whole strength should be thrown into concrete effort, into concentrated struggle, with the world about them. Only by this can there be progress in the idea itself. Only through this can there be growth of apprehension.

Work then is as necessary to the growth of the soul, as is the Vedanta, or the Guru. Perhaps more so. For when a certain point has been reached, are we not taught that these others come to us? But work is at all times within our own power. The *bhakta* practises the ceremonies of worship. Work is the *puja* which a man offers to that Great Power which is manifested as Nature, the Mother, the *Adi Sakti*.

The idea, thought of as mere words, leads irretrievably to scholasticism and verbiage. Most serious of intellectual vices is a hair-splitting metaphysic. This may indicate the potentiality, but it can never be an actual manifestation of the power, of a mind. Left to run its own course, it proves the beginning of mental and moral disintegration. It has to be corrected and restrained, step by step, by the conscientious endeavour for the practical realisation of ideas and ideals.

The world has known many great ages of faith. They have not, for the most part, been

ages of inaction. The thirteenth century in Europe tended too much, it is true, to argument; but it was also the century of the building of splendid churches. Most of the finest of the cathedrals took their birth then. Similarly in India, we are apt to overlook these truly great ages, because they are not marked by the flames of war or the crash of falling dynasties. But the ages of faith are in truth the constructive ages, the ages of growth, of arts and industries, of the spread of education and the crafts. Great faith is above all things the concomitant and support of mighty action.

Again the trumpet blast of truth has been sounded in our midst. Once more is our country waking up to that renewed apprehension of her religious wealth which has been the fore-runner of every great impulse known to our history. In Vivekananda we have a reformulation of the Vedas and Upanishads, suited not only by its quality to meet the needs even of modern incredulity, but also universal enough in its appeal to be capable of opening the treasures of our literature to foreign peoples. The time may seem to us slow in coming, but it will assuredly arrive, when the influx of Indian thought upon the modern consciousness will seem to historians and critics the great event of these passing centuries.

Meanwhile, what of us? Are we to give the rich stores of our past, are we to enrich the world, and remain ourselves poverty-stricken and bare? If not, how shall we escape? If not, what must our course be?

Our course must be REALISATION THROUGH WORK. To the metaphysics of our theology has already succeeded the race-course of modern science. We have to throw ourselves

upon this, and win our guerdon there. This is the task of our race in the world,—to prove the authenticity and grandeur of the ancient Indian wisdom, by proving the soundness and genuineness of the Indian mind itself, in that sphere of enquiry which the Time-Spirit has now opened up to all nations alike.

Amongst ourselves, however, there is another, and equally arduous duty. We have to share our knowledge as we gain it. This is the *Sadhana* that will make our reading real. This is the practice that will turn it from mere words into actual knowledge. This is the struggle, sanative, concentrated, all-absorbing, that will give us new spiritual muscle, and add wings to our feet.

In a remarkable speech which he made some time ago, on the occasion of laying the corner-stone of the official building of the House of Representatives, President Roosevelt remarked:—

“I hail as a benefactor every writer or speaker, every man who on the platform or in book, Magazine or Newspaper, with merciless severity makes such attack (upon evil practices and evil men), provided always that he in his turn remembers that the attack is of use only if it is absolutely truthful. The liar is no whit better than the thief, and if his mendacity takes the form of slander, he may be worse than thieves. It puts a premium upon knavery untruthfully to attack an honest man, or even with hysterical exaggeration to assail a bad man with untruth. Hysterical sensationalism is the poorest weapon wherewith to fight for lasting righteousness.”

See what a pulpit the editor mounts daily, sometimes with a congregation of fifty thousand within reach of his voice, and never so much as a nodder, even, among them. And from what a Bible can he choose his text—a Bible which needs no translation, and which no priestcraft can shut and clasp from the

laity—the open volume of the world, upon which, with a pen of sunshine and destroying fire, the inspired Present is even now writing the annals of God! Methinks the editor who should understand his calling, and be equal thereto would truly deserve that title which Homer bestows upon princes. He would be the Moses of our nineteenth century; and whereas the old Sinai, silent now, is but a common mountain stared at by the elegant tourist and crawled over by the hammering geologist, he must find his tables of the new law here among factories and cities in this Wilderness of Sin (Numbers XXXIII 12.) called Progress of Civilisation, and be the captain of our Exodus into the Canaan of a truer Social order.

—James Russell Lowell.

Extract from the *Pious Editor's Creed*.

Addressing the last Ganapati festival meeting, Mr. Tilak made the following important pronouncement on the caste question, showing that the idea of the superiority and the inferiority of castes is foreign to Hindu religion:—

“My statement might be thought erroneous and unfounded. I maintain it has the highest authority. The famous Purush Sukta describes four castes as forming the components of the Virata Purusha. Their location in the different limit of the Virata Purusha symbolises and represents the functions assigned to them. The superiority of one caste over the others is not indicated. The regarding of the head as sacred and the feet as unholy will necessitate the idea of separation. Separation will make existence impossible. The gradation of castes is not supported by the Vedic texts. The prevailing idea of social inequality is working immense evil. Capital is made out of the ideas of inequality and class is set against class. Such disintegration of society, if unchecked, will involve us in utter ruin. The saints and prophets once averted the danger, and we are now called upon to play the same role.”

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THE MASTER AS I SAW HIM

BEING PAGES FROM THE LIFE OF THE SWAMI VIVEKANANDA BY HIS DISCIPLE, NIVEDITA.

XVIII.

HALF WAY ACROSS THE WORLD.—II.

AGAIN it was Sher Shah of whom he talked,—Sher Shah, making a thirty years' interim in the reign of Humayoon. I remember the accession of delight with which he began the subject, saying "He was once a boy, running about the streets of Bengal!" He ended by showing how the Grand Trunk Road from Chittagong to Peshwar, the Postal system, and the Government Bank, were all his work. And then there would be a few minutes of silence, and he would begin reciting lines from the Guru Gita. "To that Guru who is Brahman, to that Guru who is Vishnu, to that Guru who is Siva, to that Guru who is Para Brahman, I bow down to that Guru." "From the Guru is the beginning, yet is he without beginning: to that Guru who is greatest among the gods, to that Guru who is Para Brahman, I bow down to that Guru." He was pursuing some train of thought within, to which these snatches of prayer bore some relation. A moment or two went by, and suddenly he broke his reverie, saying "Yes! Buddha was right! It *must* be cause and effect in *Karma*. This individuality cannot but be an illusion!" It was the next morning, and I had supposed him to be dozing in his chair, when he suddenly exclaimed, "Why! the memory of one life is like millions of years of confinement, and they want to wake up the memory of many lives! Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof!"

"I have just been talking to Turiyananda about Conservative and Liberal ideas," he said, as he met me on deck before breakfast

one morning, and straightway plunged into the subject.

"The Conservative's whole ideal is *submission*. Your ideal is struggle. Consequently it is *we* who enjoy life, and never you! You are always striving to change yours to something better, and before a millionth part of the change is carried out, you die. The Western ideal is to be doing: the Eastern to be suffering. The present life would be a wonderful harmony between doing and suffering. But that can never be.

"In our system it is accepted that a man cannot have all he desires. Life is subjected to many restraints. It is ugly, yet it brings out points of light and strength. Our Liberals see only the ugliness, and try to throw it off. But they substitute something quite as bad, and the new custom takes as long as the old, for us to work to its centres of strength.

"Will is not strengthened by change. It is weakened and enslaved by it. But we must be always absorbing. Will grows stronger by absorption. And consciously or unconsciously, will is the one thing in the world that we admire. *Suttee* is great in the eyes of the whole world, because of the will that it manifests.

"It is selfishness that we must seek to eliminate! I find that whenever I have made a mistake in my life, it has always been because *self* entered into the calculation. Where self has not been involved, my judgment has gone straight to the mark.

"Without this self, there would have been no religious systems. If man had not wanted anything for himself, do you think he would have had all this praying and worship? Why! he would never have thought of God at all,

except perhaps a little praise now and then, at the sight of a beautiful landscape or something. And that is the only attitude there ought to be. All praise and thanks. If only we were rid of self!"

"You are quite wrong," he said again, "when you think that fighting is a sign of growth. It is not so at all. Absorption is the sign. Hinduism is the very genius of absorption. We have never cared for fighting. Of course we could strike a blow now and then, in defence of our homes! That was right. But we never cared for fighting for its own sake. Every one had to learn that. So let these races of new comers whirl on! They'll all be taken into Hinduism in the end!"

He never thought of his mother-church or his motherland except as dominant; and again and again, when thinking of definite schemes, he would ejaculate, in his whimsical way, "Yes, it is true! If European men or women are to work in India, it *must* be under the black man!"

He brooded much over the national achievement. "Well! well!" he would say, "We have done one thing that no other people ever did. We have converted a whole nation to one or two ideas. Non-beef-eating for instance. Not one Hindu eats beef.....No, no!"—turning sharply round—"it's not at all like European non-cat-eating, for beef was formerly the food of the country!"

We were discussing a certain opponent of his own, and I suggested that he was guilty of putting his sect above his country. "That is Asiatic," retorted the Swami warmly, "and it is grand! Only he had not the brain to conceive, nor the patience to wait!" And then he went off into a musing on Kali.

"I am not one of those," he chanted,

"Who put the garland of skulls round Thy
neck

"And then look back in terror

"And call Thee 'The Merciful'!

"The heart must become a burial ground,

"Pride selfishness and desire must be
ground to powder,

"Then and then alone will the Mother
dance there!

"I love terror for its own sake," he went on, "despair for its own sake, misery for its own sake. Fight always. Fight and fight on, though always in defeat. That's the ideal. That's the ideal."

"The totality of souls, not the human alone," he said once, "is the Personal God. The will of the Totality nothing can resist. It is what we know as Law. And this is what we mean by Siva and Kali, and so on."

Some of the most beautiful scenes in the world have been made for me more beautiful, by listening, in their midst, to these long soliloquies.

It was dark when we approached Sicily, and against the sunset sky, Etna was in slight eruption. As we entered the straits of Messina, the moon rose, and I walked up and down the deck beside the Swami, while he dwelt on the fact that beauty is not external, but already in the mind. On our side frowned the dark crags of the Italian coast, on the other, the island was touched with silver light. "Messina must thank *me*!" he said "It is I who give her all her beauty!"

Then he talked of the fever of longing to reach God, that had wakened in him as a boy, and of how he would begin repeating a text before sunrise, and remain all day repeating it, without stirring. He was trying here to explain the idea of *tapasyâ*, in answer to my questions, and he spoke of the old way of lighting four fires, and sitting in the midst, hour after hour, with the sun overhead, reining-in the mind. "Worship the terrible!" he ended, "Worship Death! All else is vain. All struggle is vain. That is the last lesson. Yet this is not the coward's love of death, not the love of the weak, or the suicide. It is the welcome of the strong man, who has sounded everything to its depths, and *knows* that there is no alternative."

EPISTLES OF SWAMI VIVEKANANDA

Extracts

XXVIII.

CHICAGO
11th Jan. '95

Dear G—

Your letter just to hand.....The Parliament of Religions was organised with the intention of proving the superiority of the Christian religion over other forms of faith, but the philosophic religion of Hinduism was able to maintain its position notwithstanding. Dr. B— and the men of that ilk are very orthodox and I do not look to them for help.....The Lord has sent me many friends in this country, and they are always on the increase.....The Lord bless them.....I have been running all the time between Boston and New York, two great centres of this country, of which Boston may be called the brain and New York, the purse. In both, my success is more than ordinary. I am indifferent to the newspaper reports and you must not expect me to send any of them to you. A little boom was necessary to begin work. We have had more than enough of that.

I have written to M—, and I have given you my directions already. Now *show me what you can do*. No foolish talk now, actual work; the Hindus must back their talk with real work; if they cannot, they do not deserve anything; that is all.....As for me, I want to teach the truth; I do not care whether here or elsewhere!

In future do not pay any heed to what people say either for or against you or me. Work on, be lions and the Lord will bless you. I shall work incessantly until I die, and even after death I shall work for the good of the world. Truth is infinitely more weighty than untruth; so is goodness. If you possess these, they will make their way by sheer gravity.

* * * Thousands of the best men *do care* for me; you know this, so have faith in the Lord. I am slowly exercising an influence in this land greater than all the newspaper blazoning can do of me. * * *

It is the force of character, of purity and of truth—of personality. So long as I have these things you can feel easy; no one will be able to injure a hair of my head. If they try they will fail, saith the Lord....Enough of books and theories. It is the life that is the highest and the only way to stir the hearts of people;—it carries the personal magnetism.....The Lord is giving me a deeper and deeper insight every day. Work, work, work.....Truce to foolish talk; talk of the Lord. Life is too short to be spent in talking about frauds and cranks.

You must always remember that every nation must save itself; so must every man; do not look to others for help. Through hard work here, I shall be able now and then to send you a little money for your work; but that is all. If you have to look forward to that, better stop work. Know also that this is a grand field for my ideas, and that I do not care whether they are Hindus or Mohammedans or Christians, but those that love the Lord will always command my service.

* * * I like to work on calmly and silently and the Lord is always with me. Follow me if you will, being intensely sincere, perfectly unselfish, and above all by being perfectly pure. My blessings go with you. In this short life there is no time for the exchange of compliments. We can compare notes and compliment each other to our hearts' content after the battle is finished. Now, do not talk; work, work, work! I do not see anything permanent you have done in India—I do not

see any centre you have made—I do not see any temple or hall you have erected—I do not see anybody joining hands with you. There is too much talk, talk, talk! We are great, we are great! Nonsense! We are imbeciles; that is what we are! This hankering after name and fame and all other humbugs—what are they to me? What do I care about them? I should like to see hundreds coming to the Lord! Where are they? I want them, I want to see them. You must seek them out. You only give me name and fame. Have done with name and fame; to work my brave men, to work! You have not caught my fire yet—you do not understand

me! You run in the old ruts of sloth and enjoyments. Down with all sloth, down with all enjoyments here or hereafter. Plunge into the fire and bring the people towards the Lord.

That you may catch my fire, that you may be intensely sincere, that you may die the heroes' death on the field of battle,—is the constant prayer of—

Vivekananda.

P. S.—Tell A—, K—, Dr. B—, and all the others not to pin their faith on what Tom, Dick and Harry say for or against us, but to concentrate all their energy on work.

Vivekananda.

THE CURVE OF LIFE AND DEATH

THE marvellous discoveries of Prof. J. C. Bose, C. I. E. in the domain of science, have revolutionised the thought currents of the modern world, and have thrown a lurid light on many of the intricate problems which beset the civilised man. It is in the fitness of things, that a modern scientific genius, a son of the glorious Vedic Rishis, should give practical scientific demonstration to many of their wonderful conclusions and revelations, and bring about a greater harmony between the old and the new thoughts, thus making science the handmaid of religion. The lecture which Prof. J. C. Bose delivered at the Medical College Chemical Theatre, Calcutta, on the 4th September last, on "The Curve of Life and Death," was a remarkable one, a brief report of which is given below:—

"What is Life?" Life is an aggregate of shocks from within and without. A living substance is living only so long as it responds to outside shocks. Income and expenditure is balanced in this universe. Nothing from within can take place unless it takes something from without. From the analogy of the steam engine, one way of storing and giving out energy is explained. This energy is

derivable from three sources, namely, light, heat and food. Energy in living animals shows itself by the beating of the heart, and so is the case with plant life. A leaf of a plant exposed to light or heat moves up and down—pulsation takes place in it, which varies with the stimulant applied, and which stimulant may consist of light, heat or any other chemical. Dr. Bose then showed some graphic records exhibiting these plant pulsations, taken by his own instrument the *Optic Lever*. It was seen that at times the pulsation continued for some twelve hours and then it stopped. Application of cold and warmth bring successive changes in these pulsations. Every fragment of a plant is like a machine, and the whole organism is an aggregate of molecular machinery.

Life is like a banking account, in which at first the expenditure is far less than the receipts; next comes a time of exact balance, and last a time when the expenditure is excessive. This is the beginning of death. The change from Life to Death, is only a molecular transformation—from a state of molecular mobility to that of interlocked rigidity. A plant at once ceases to show

pulsation when poison is applied to it. To determine the signs of life in an animal, the first thing is to see that it answers to a call. You can have a response by pinching, by a loud shout or by any other outside shock. A shock evokes a change of form which is graphically recorded by means of the *Mechanical Level Recorder* (another of his own instruments). There is no line of demarcation between plants and animals. Like animals, plants have also got a heart which draws and circulates sap, and have a highly developed nervous system, that responds to shocks caused by any outside stimulus. The only difference between them is, that in the case of the plant, the response is simple, while in animal tissues, it is of a complex and complicated nature.

Another sign of life is sensitiveness to excitation. A series of mild shocks produces mild effects; if the shock be violent, the tissue ultimately becomes dead. A plant was then subjected to an electric execution, and it was terrible to see the violent and writhing spasms it underwent. It was as painful, as to observe an animal put to torture. These stimuli or shocks come to a climax at death. Death is the supreme shock, the last response.

Discolouration is also a sign of death, and the analogy here too, between animal and the plant life is well sustained. The violet of a

passion-flower is at once ~~turned~~ **turned to white** by putting it in boiling water. The variegated colours of plants, such as white streaks on elephant creepers, as also in the leaves of several species of crotoms are only the signs of incipient death coming over them imperceptibly. It has hitherto been impossible to find out the exact time when death takes place, but by means of a simple apparatus called, the *Morograph* or the *Death Recorder*, Dr. Bose clearly demonstrated that he could lay his finger on the exact point of death. By photographic records of death, he showed that the young recorded a strong, and the old, a feeble last response. A young plant dying, meets its end most abruptly, whereas in the case of old age, the end comes most naturally and imperceptibly. The curve of life and death was then shown to be like a parabolic curve, the vertex of which was the exact "Death point."

With reference to the revival of memory taking place just before death ensues, Dr. Bose explained that it is caused by the supreme form of stimulus produced by the shock of death. As an interesting parallel, if a leaf were marked with the tracery of an electric current, so that even the strongest microscope showed no record, as the leaf dies, the tracery reveals itself.

CHILD-HEART

Go forth, little one, and meet life
Strong in the strength of freedom from self,
The strength of purity,
The strength of love.

Link thee with the great souls of the past,
By reverence and worship.
One thee with the great deeds of the present,
By love and admiration.

Protect them that are without protection.
Serve whom thou rulest.

And to them that know not how,
Teach thou a way to defend themselves:

Be thy words few : speak through thy deeds.
Rest in no compromise.

When the hour cries out for sacrifice,
Be thou not deaf.

Strike swiftly : pardon generously :
Be wise withal.

Scale each ideal to its height.
Touch thou the stars.

Seek Truth as the end in itself.
 Ask only for the Love that stays.
 Work, questioning not as to victory or defeat.
 Thirst thou after Perfection, with a quenchless thirst.
 Very little art thou,—yet say ever
 "Victory to Mother! Salutation to the Terrible!"
 The prayer is prayed, and we who love thee
 look out upon thy future,
 We ask, what shall there be for thee of happiness,
 Of play,
 Of love?
 Lo, O Beloved, art thou not the Free Heart?
 Shall not life be to thee unshadowed play?—
 All laughter, all lightness, all merriment, all glee?
 To thee—to know great woes, and cease thereby
 from all mean fretting!
 To thee—to know vast joys, and cease thereby
 from all gross pleasures!
 To thee—the strength and gentle-heartedness
 of Destiny,
 Own babe to the Divine Mother,
 Child-Heart!
 Child-Heart!
 Child-Heart!

THE CHARGING OF THE NEW-BORN BY THE DEAD.

The dead speak:
 Come up, O thou New-born, to thy high seat,
 And look thou out upon the glories of thy heritage.
 Ours is the voice of all the dead, who die not.
 Behold thou all that we have learnt and suffered.
 Hear thou all that we have thought and sung.

Look thou upon the works our hands have wrought.
 Lo, *thine* are all these, and for thee.
 Known and unknown are there here amongst us;
 Names like stars, and unnamed builders
 of the pyramids in Egypt;
 Royal names and nameless scribes, baking bricks
 in Nineveh;
 Unnamed singers, of how many lands and peoples;
 Unnamed women, pre-historic, making great
 the nations;
 Not by our *names* do we desire to be remembered.
 In *thee*, O thou New-born, in thee do we demand
 Existence!
 In this *thy* will do all our wills demand a weapon!
 We charge thee, O thou little One, thou nursling,
 seeming yet so weak and helpless,
 Let not our dreams die.
 Let not our harvests waste, nor let our fire go out,
 Let not our tools lie rusting, nor let our sword
 grow blunt.
 Singing not our songs, sing thou newer, better.
 Thinking not our thoughts, think thou bolder, truer.
 Dream thou not our dreams, but dream thou
 as we dreamt.

Eat thou of the bread of our toil.
 Drink thou of the wine of our consecration.
 And be thou anointed with the chrism
 of our anointing,—
 For here into thy hands do we commit our banner,—
 The banner of the Future of Humanity,
 —the banner of all the dead.
 —SISTER NIVEDITA in the *Modern Review*, Sept. '07

THE WAY TO THE REALISATION OF A UNIVERSAL RELIGION*

(Delivered in the Universalist Church, Pasadena, California, 28th January, 1900)

RO search has been dearer to the human heart than that which brings to us light from God. No study has taken so much of human energy, whether in times past or present, as the study of the soul, of God and of human destiny. However immersed we are in our daily occupations, in our ambitions, in our work, in the midst of the greatest

of our struggles, sometimes, there will come a pause: the mind stops, and waits to know something beyond this world. Sometimes it catches glimpses of a realm beyond the senses, and a struggle to get at it is the result. Thus it has been throughout the ages, in all countries. Man has wanted to look beyond, wanted to expand himself; and all that we call progress, evolution, has been always measured by that one search, the search for human destiny, the search for God.

* A lecture by Swami Vivekananda hitherto unpublished.

As our social struggles are represented, amongst different nations, by different social organisations, so is man's spiritual struggle represented by various religions ; and as different social organisations are constantly quarrelling, are constantly at war with each other, so these spiritual organisations have been constantly at war with each other, constantly quarrelling. Men belonging to a particular social organisation, claim that the right to live only belongs to them, and so long as they can, they want to exercise that right at the cost of the weak. We know that just now there is a fierce struggle of that sort going on in South Africa. Similarly each religious sect has claimed the exclusive right to live. And, thus, we find, that though there is nothing that has brought to man more blessings than religion, yet, at the same time, there is nothing that has brought more horror than religion. Nothing has made more for peace and love than religion ; nothing has engendered fiercer hatred than religion. Nothing has made the brotherhood of man more tangible than religion ; nothing has bred more bitter enmity between man and man, than religion. Nothing has built more charitable institutions, more hospitals for men, and even for animals, than religion ; nothing has deluged the world with more blood than religion. We know at the same time, that there has always been an under-current of thought ; there have been always parties of men, philosophers, students of comparative religions, who have tried and are still trying to bring about harmony in the midst of all these jarring and discordant sects. As regards certain countries, these attempts have succeeded, but as regards the whole world, they have failed.

There are some religions which have come down to us from the remotest antiquity, which are imbued with the idea that all sects should be allowed to live ; that every sect has a meaning, a great idea, imbedded within itself, and therefore it is necessary for the good of the world, and ought to be helped. In modern times, the same idea is prevailing and attempts are made from time to time to reduce it to practice. These attempts do not always come up to our expectations, up to the required efficiency. Nay, to our great disappointment, we sometimes find that we are quarrelling all the more.

Now, leaving aside dogmatic study, and taking a common-sense view of the thing, we find at the start,

that there is a tremendous life-power in all the great religions of the world. Some may say that they are ignorant of this, but ignorance is no excuse. If a man says : " I do not know what is going on in the external world, therefore things that are going on in the external world do not exist," that man is inexcusable. Now, those of you that watch the movement of religious thought all over the world, are perfectly aware that not one of the great religions of the world has died ; not only so, each one of them is progressive. Christians are multiplying, Mohammedans are multiplying, the Hindus are gaining ground ; and the Jews, also, are increasing, and by their spreading all over the world and increasing rapidly, the fold of Judaism is constantly expanding.

Only one religion of the world—an ancient, great religion—has dwindled away, and that is the religion of Zoroastrianism, the religion of the ancient Persians. Under the Mohammedan conquest of Persia, about a hundred thousand of these people came and took shelter in India, and some remained in ancient Persia. Those that were in Persia, under the constant persecution of the Mohammedans dwindled down, till there are at most only ten thousand left ; in India there are about eight thousand of them, but they do not increase. Of course, there is an initial difficulty : they do not convert others to their religion. And then, this handful of persons living in India, with the pernicious custom of cousin marriage, do not multiply. With this single exception, all the great religions are living, spreading and increasing. We must remember that all the great religions of the world are very ancient ; not one has been formed at the present time, and every religion of the world owes its origin to the country between the Ganges and the Euphrates ; not one great religion has arisen in Europe, not one in America, not one ; every religion is of Asiatic origin and belongs to that part of the world. If what the modern scientists say is true, that the survival of the fittest is the test, these religions prove by their still living that they are yet fit for some people ; there is a reason why they should live, they bring good to many. Look at the Mohammedans, how they are spreading in some places in Southern Asia, and spreading like fire in Africa. The Buddhists are spreading all over Central Asia, all the time. The Hindus, like the Jews, do not convert others, still, gradually, other

faces are coming with Hinduism and adopting the manners and customs of the Hindus and falling into line with them. Christianity, you all know, is spreading;—though, I am not sure that the results are equal to the energy put forth. The Christians' attempt at propaganda has one tremendous defect—and that is the defect of all Western institutions: the machine consumes ninety per cent of the energy: there is too much machinery. Preaching has always been the business of the Asiatics. The Western people are grand in organisation, social institutions, armies, governments, etc., but when it comes to preaching religion, they cannot come near the Asiatic, whose business it has been all the time, and he knows it, and he does not use too much machinery.

This, then, is a fact in the present history of the human race: that all these great religions exist and are spreading and multiplying. Now, there is a meaning, certainly, to this; and had it been the will of an All-wise and All-merciful Creator that one of these religions should exist and the rest should die, it would have become a fact, long, long ago. If it were a fact that only one of these religions is true and all the rest false, by this time it would have covered the whole ground. But this is not so; not one has gained all the ground. All religions sometimes advance—sometimes decline. Now, just think of this: in your own country there are more than sixty millions of people, and only twenty-one millions professing religions of all sorts. So it is not always progress. In every country, probably, if the statistics are taken, you would find that religions are sometimes progressing and sometimes going back. Sects are multiplying all the time. If the claims of a religion, that it has all the truth, and God has given it all this truth in a certain book, were true, why are there so many sects? Fifty years do not pass before there are twenty sects founded upon the same book. If God has put all the truth in certain books, He does not give us those books in order that we may quarrel over texts. That seems to be the fact. Why is it? Even if a book were given by God which contained all the truth about religion, it would not serve the purpose because nobody could understand the book. Take the Bible, for instance, and all the sects that exist amongst Christians; each one puts its own interpretation upon the same text, and each says that it

alone understands the text and all the rest are wrong. So with every religion. There are many sects among the Mohammedans and among the Buddhists, and hundreds among the Hindus. Now, I bring these facts before you in order to show you, that any attempt to bring all humanity to one method of thinking in spiritual things, has been a failure and always will be a failure. Every man that starts a theory, even at the present day, finds that if he goes twenty miles away from his followers, they will make twenty sects. You see that happening all the time. You cannot make all conform to the same ideas; that is a fact, and I thank God that it is so. I am not against any sect. I am glad that sects exist, and I only wish they may go on multiplying more and more. Why? Simply because of this: If you and I and all who are present here, were to think exactly the same thoughts, there would be no thoughts for us to think. We know that two or more forces must come into collision, in order to produce motion. It is the clash of thought, the differentiation of thought, that awakes thought. Now, if we all thought alike, we should be like Egyptian mummies in a museum looking vacantly at one another's faces;—no more than that! Whirls and eddies occur only in a rushing, living stream. There are no whirlpools in stagnant, dead water. When religions are dead, there will be no more sects; it will be the perfect peace and harmony of the grave. But so long as mankind thinks, there will be sects. Variation is the sign of life, and it must be there. I pray that they may multiply, so that at last there will be as many sects as human beings, and each one will have his own method, his individual method of thought in religion.

But this thing exists already. Each one of us is thinking in his own way, but this natural course has been obstructed all the time and is still being obstructed. If the sword is not used directly, other means will be used. Just hear what one of the best preachers in New York says: he preaches that the Philipinos should be conquered because that is the only way to teach Christianity to them! They are already Catholics; but he wants to make them Presbyterians, and for this, he is ready to lay all this terrible sin of bloodshed upon his race. How terrible! And this man is one of the greatest preachers of this country, one of the best informed men. Think of the state of the world when a man

like that is not ashamed to stand up and utter such arrant nonsense ; and think of the state of the world when an audience cheers him ! Is this civilisation ? It is the old blood-thirstiness of the tiger, the cannibal, the savage, coming out once more under new names, new circumstances. What else can it be ? If the state of things is such, now, think of the horrors through which the world passed in olden times, when every sect was trying by every means in its power, to tear to pieces the other sects. History shows that. The tiger in us is only asleep ; it is not dead. When opportunities come, it jumps up, and as of old, uses its claws and fangs.

(To be continued).

SWAMI ABHEDANANDA'S ADDRESS TO THE STUDENTS OF MYSORE

On the 10th of August 1906, Swami Abhedananda paid a visit to the Sanskrit College, Mysore City, where he heard the Hindu students chant the Sama Veda with the seven notes in the scale. He also went to Sringeri on the same day.

At the earnest request of the Hindu friends of Seringapatam, the Swami and his party went to that historic city, visited the holy temple of Seshashāyī, Tippu Sultan's fort, the oscillating concrete arch 112 feet wide, built by Engineer Haviland as a curiosity, Tippu's garden, and other places of historic interest. At Ooccal, the members of the Vivekananda Society and the citizens of Seringapatam, received him with the native band, garlanded him amidst loud cheers, and conducted him in procession to Sri Ranganatha Temple, and thence to Daryabagh, where a cordial address of welcome was presented to him.

After his return to Mysore, the Swami Abhedananda accompanied by Swami Ramakrishnananda attended, at the palace of H. H. the Maharaja of Mysore, to hold a conversation in the Durbar Hall, and meet the invited guests and officers of the Court. About fifty learned Pandits and Sanskrit scholars took their seats in the orthodox Hindu manner on one side of the Hall, while all the higher officials of the State arrayed themselves on the other side. The meeting was presided over by H. H. the Maharaja himself, who to do honor to the Swami took his seat on the same carpet with them, instead of

occupying his throne. The Swami Abhedananda gave a short address in English, and then invited questions from the learned audience. The Pandits put many questions on religion, in Sanskrit to him, to which he replied in English, as many among the audience did not understand Sanskrit. The conversation lasted for two hours and a half, and His Highness was deeply interested in Swami's replies. At the close of the meeting, His Highness garlanded the Swamis.

On the morning of the 12th, the spacious Town Hall was filled to its utmost capacity, and Swami Abhedananda delivered a stirring address to the students. His Excellency the Dewan Bahadur presided, and in introducing the Swami said :—

Man does not live for bread alone. He lives for another life, and that is the spiritual life. It is enviable that at the very threshold of your life, you have a leader of Modern India to inspire you with his words of wisdom.

The following is the sum and substance of the Swamiji's speech :—

Gentlemen,

I am very happy that I have an opportunity this day of thanking His Highness the Maharaja, the Dewan and the citizens of Mysore, for the kindness which they have shown to me. I thank His Highness especially for the sympathy shown to our Mission, and that he follows in the footsteps of his father. Our movement is a national one. It will spread all over the world and will bring together all religions. It will bring harmony out of discord and order out of disorder. Whether we are Vaishnavas, Saivas or Saktas, or followers of any one of the numerous creeds, the fundamental truths are the same. Our business is not to fight about particular theories, doctrines, creeds or cults ; it is to attain to God-consciousness. There have been many spiritual leaders in the past, there will be many more in future. God manifests Himself wherever and whenever He thinks it necessary. This is a truth which our Lord Sri Krishna proclaimed. " Whenever religion fails and irreligion prevails, I am born again and again." God thus manifests Himself in all countries, not in one particular country. Jesus Christ was such a one, born in an Eastern country, for reclaiming the savage nations of the West. He was also an Avatar. This does

not mean that we have to give up our religions and our Avatars, such as Sri Rama and Sri Krishna. Our contention is that Incarnations are universal. They are not confined to any particular locality. Our contention is against those short-sighted Christians who insist upon one particular Avatar alone. We recognise Jesus as one who realised the highest ideal of man, an ideal which had been realised by many and many of our Rishis and Yogins thousands of years before him, as we learn from our Vedas. Jesus Christ is the Son of God as we all are, and as were our Rishis and Yogis. Lord Krishna and others are God manifested on earth. Our Indian ideal is the spiritual ideal, not the worldly. Worldly prosperity, worldly power, worldly pelf, worldly lust,—these are not our ideals. Our ideal is to attain to God-consciousness. This cannot be attained by anything less than renunciation; for, our Scriptures say: "By renunciation alone is immortality attained." Renunciation was the watchword of our Rishis, the seers. Renunciation was the torchlight shown by the Avatars. It means a life of absolute purity, chastity, absence of passion, and self-sacrifice. This life cannot be led by one whose mind runs after the pleasures of the senses, and whose heart is bound down by matters trivial and transitory. Bhagavan Sri Ramakrishna actually led such a life, and demonstrated it to the world even in these days of commercialism. His saintly widow is still living. She always remained a virgin instead of desiring children like other mothers, and she is the mother to-day of many, many spiritual children.

Remember that the soul is sexless. This is to be realised. There are no marriages in Heaven. It is only on earth that we have marriages, because we are so very imperfect. Where there is perfection, the soul is found to be sexless. There can be no marriage of the flesh. Here is a story which, though not traceable in the Bible, is believed by the West to be genuine:—

A woman went one day to Jesus and asked him when the Kingdom of Heaven would come to earth. He promptly said, "When you cease to produce children." You have to realise, I say again and again, that the soul is sexless. Our Scriptures say: "The soul is neither man, nor woman." The soul is of the form not of body but of spirit. To whatever body the soul becomes

attached, the soul acts as that body, but in itself it is sexless. Keep this idea vividly before your minds' eyes. In Sanskrit language the soul is Atman Itself. It is neither man, nor beast, nor Brâhmana, nor Chandala; nor has It beginning or end. "Swords cannot pierce It. Fire cannot burn It. Waters cannot moisten It. The air cannot dry It. It is eternal and perfect." Each one of us has that immortal Spirit in us. We are the children of immortal bliss, not therefore the slaves of the senses and the passions.

Religion does not mean mere ritual. It does not consist in the external forms. It means self-realisation. Karma Yoga, or the practice of rituals and ceremonials, and other exercises of the body, are helpful in order to attain *Chitta Suddhi*, purity of the heart. When that is attained, all rituals and ceremonials become unnecessary. Rituals are a display and no more. When *Chitta Suddhi* has been attained, real spiritual life begins. True religion begins when we realise God as the Universal Father and the Universal Mother. The relation of the soul to God has to be realised more and more, and that in various kinds of relationship. The means to this is, purifying the heart. This again means attention to morality. Ethical Laws are the first steps leading to heart's purification. This done, Self begins to be realised. Morality is at the very foundation of all religions. It is not spirituality; but it leads to spirituality. A mere moral man can be unspiritual. But a spiritual man cannot be immoral. A spiritual man is like a mighty river whose current is always rushing down into the ocean of love and bliss, of God, the Eternal Being. Here you must mark a distinction. In the Western countries morality is divorced from spirituality and religion, whereas they are inseparable according to our Vedic teachings. In the West, there are purely ethical societies not founded on religion, and inasmuch as their aim does not go beyond the moral interests of the day, they cease to have a permanent hold upon man. But in our Vedanta, ethics are the laws of the spirit governing it and directing it. All that is meant by the term ethics, and much more, is conveyed by the one word in our Sanskrit, viz. *Brahmacharya*. Brahmacharya includes such ethics as Shama and Dama. Shama means control of the mind. Dama means control of the senses. When

this has been attained, we have reduced the first principles of the moral law into practice. Spiritual life begins then, and a spiritual man can never afterwards be immoral. We should realise this. To have a wife and beget children is not the highest ideal of life, for, a material life, such as this, necessarily means a life beset with passions. Where passions rage, there can be no peace, no Shama, no Dama, and no elevation beyond the passing interests of the day. Young friends, regard woman as the incarnation of our Divine Mother. Worship her, honour her. Bhagavan Ramakrishna strictly lived up to this kind of life—a living example for all of us to follow.

(To be continued).

LETTER TO THE EDITOR :

THE HONOURING OF THE SWAMIS BY THE STATE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

To the Editor, The Prabuddha Bharata.

Dear Sir,

Your readers will be glad to learn of the unique honour given to the Swami Trigunatita and the Swami Prakashananda. On the evening of the 10th April last, six thousand people attended the reception given to the Swamis, and to see the beautiful Sanskrit Play "Mrichhakatika" ("The Little Clay Cart"), given in the Greek Theatre, University of California, Berkeley. * *

* * The play was performed by the students of the University.....As the Swamis entered the theatre, they being the guests of honour, the University students in a body, immediately rose, and saluted them in the oriental fashion.

Dr. Ryder introduced the Swamis to Mr. Benjamin Ida Wheeler, the President of the University.....This was the second occasion only, when such a special honour was given to a guest by the University; the first being given to Theodore Roosevelt, the President of the United States, on his visit to the University.

President Wheeler in addressing the large audience, made the following remarks :—

"Our coming together here this evening, represents another step towards the union between the East and the West, demonstrating the coming together of all humanity as brothers from the common Aryan stock."... "We are just beginning to acknowledge the gratitude we owe to the East, and to appreciate the hitherto underestimated influence of India on Western civilisation."

* * "In India, we find through all its literature and philosophy, that deep striving and yearning after an almost inscrutable perfection, testifying to our common interest in the Great Infinite."

Then turning to the Swamis, he said, "You, the leaders of your people, we welcome here to-night, as representatives of the oldest Indo-European culture. May this be but the beginning of an acquaintance that will be beneficial to us all."

Swami Trigunatita then responded in a neat, little speech, thanking in the name of India, Dr. Wheeler, the able President, Dr. Ryder, the Professor of Sanskrit, Prof. Holme, and all the other Doctors and Professors of the University, and also all the students and inmates of that Temple of Education, for the welcome of honour and the greeting of the heart that they had accorded to them, and above all, to India, and to its ancient and beloved Sanskrit literature.

The play was translated from the Sanskrit by Dr. A. W. Ryder; and the student actors and actresses of the University were coached by Professor Holme, under the supervision of the Swami Trigunatita. The honour of reciting the prologue in the original, was accorded to Mr. N. C. Chakravarti coached by the Swami Trigunatita.

* * The play was well performed and the audience was held attracted throughout..... The crowning scene of the play, although not in the original, was the grand procession of the hundred students in their oriental costumes with a live elephant in their midst.

Respectfully yours,

E. C. Brown,

Berkeley.

NEWS AND MISCELLANIES

(CLEANED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES)

THE one prudence in life is concentration, and the one evil is dissipation.—*Emerson.*

WHEN the character of the given problem is insolubility, we solve it in proving it insoluble.

—*Novalis.*

LET people talk: stand firm as a tower, which never bends its crest to the blowing of the winds.

—*Dante.*

MRS. Hesant writes in the *Theosophist*, that she is forming an Association for helping Indian students in Great Britain.

LALA Lachmy Chand Rai of Dehra Dun has offered a donation of a lakh of rupees, for the purpose of establishing an orphanage for Hindu children in Dehra.

A photograph may now be transmitted by telegraph, as experiments in Germany have lately proved. The picture of the Emperor William was sent over the wire the other day.

THE first Chinese lady students to go abroad, sailed for the United States on August 4th. They graduated at colleges in China, and are to enter Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, New York.

MISS Jeanes of Philadelphia, aged 84 years, has set aside \$ 1,000,000 for endowment, the income from which is to be applied for the establishment of elementary schools for Negroes, in the Southern States. Her gift is the largest single gift of the kind, in aid for the Negro race.

Man is his own star, and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man,
Commands all light, all influence, all fate;
Nothing to him falls early or too late;
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still
—Beaumont and Fletcher's *Honest Man's Fortune.*

THE total wealth of the United Kingdom being £11,500,000,000, 5,000,000 people possess

£10,900,000,000, and 39,000,000 people possess £600,000,000. About 95 per cent. of the entire wealth of the United Kingdom is owned by about one-ninth of its population.

POVERTY, its Cause and its Cure, are summarised by Canon Barnett in a single sentence in *Progress*:—"The cause may be said to be the sin or selfishness of rich and poor, and its cure the raising of all men to the level of Christ."

—*The Review of Reviews*, August, '07.

THE foundation stone of the Hall of the Manipal Vivekananda Society was laid by its President, Mr. S. Subramaniam, on the 16th September. The residents of Manipal and adjoining villages have already donated timber sufficient for the roof, and also promised to undertake portions of the building. The Society has arranged to buy a piece of land adjoining the premises already bought.

MISS Lucy Latter, Inspectress of Kindergarten schools under the London County Council, has come out for six months, and has begun work, at the request of the Mysore Government to teach the latest kindergarten system there, in Government and aided schools. Doctor Larsson, of Boston, is also coming shortly for six months to give a course of manual training in Mysore schools.

THE Dewan is contemplating a scheme of establishing in Bangalore a Sanskrit University for Southern India. Temples and other religious institutions richly endowed will support the University. His Holiness Sri Sankaracharya of Sringeri takes the lead. A building costing half-a-lakh is being constructed now. Arrangements for residential quarters and a library are under consideration. The whole scheme costs three lakhs.

THE New York correspondent of the *Telegraph* states, that the big Brooklyn Theatre, called the Montauk, which stands in the way of a new thorough-fare recently planned, is being moved to a site 200ft. further away. The Montauk has been undermined, and rests upon a sort of raft of steel beams. Rollers are laid down and the theatre moves slowly and imperceptibly upon its temporary base. The motive power is man. The contractors have been allowed three weeks for their task.

I believe in God, I believe in man, I believe in the power of the spirit. I believe it is a sacred duty to encourage ourselves and others; to hold the tongue from any unhappy word against God's world, because no man has any right to complain of a universe which God made good, and which thousands of men have striven to keep good. I believe we should so act that we may draw nearer and more near the age when no man shall live at his ease while another suffers.—*Helen Keller.*

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 IN *East and West* a writer observes:—

We do not require martyrs but workers, and if a few of our young men of education and energy, instead of offering to be martyrs at public meetings, were, like the Naishtika Brahmacharins of old, to work, some in the cause of education, some in that of social reform, some in the service of religion, and some in the improvement of the arts and industries of the country, the cause of Indian progress would receive an impetus which would soon fit us for the work of self-government.

—
 GOOD Tibetan translations of twenty-five Indian Buddhist works on Nyāya came to light, in consequence of the late Tibetan Mission. The Sanskrit originals of some of these have been discovered amongst the palm-leaf manuscripts in the Jain Temple of Shāntināth, Cambay. We see that it is hoped, that these works will throw much light on the development of the Nyāya Philosophy in India, and serve as connecting links between the ancient Nyāya of Gautama, assigned by "Orientalists" to 500 B. C., and the modern Nyāya of Gangesha Upādhyāya, to 1400, A. D. They are said also to show the wide-spread cultivation of the philosophy.

—*C. H. C. Magazine, Sept. '07.*

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 SPEAKING of the need of education for the Indian Youth, Sir E. F. Law writes in the pages of the *Blackwood's Magazine*:—"Of the Indian annual budget amounting to approximately £74,000,000, only some £2,000,000 are devoted to education, whilst out of a budget of about £144,000,000 in the United States very nearly £17,000,000 are spent on education."

It is interesting to note also that in Japan which is not larger than the Madras Presidency,

there are 869 technical institutions, and that the total amount spent on education is five million pounds as against 2½ millions spent in India, which is five times as large as Japan.

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 "Waterloo Jack," the famous black retriever which, after collecting at Waterloo Station little short of £1,000 for the Railway Orphanages, is soon to retire from his beneficent labours, is one of the many dogs, which have done similar excellent work in the cause of charity. For many a year "Tim," an Airedale terrier, trotted from train to train at Paddington inviting donations for the Railway Servants' Widows and Orphans' Fund. On five occasions Queen Victoria placed a sovereign in Tim's box; Mr. W. W. Astor gave him a £200 cheque; and before he qualified for post-mortem fame in a glass case, Tim had collected over £800. Leo, the "hospital dog of Cork," is credited with having raised thousands of pounds for a local women's and children's hospital; a cot in the Great Northern Hospital owes its endowment largely to the exertions of Schnapsie, a dachshund; and a Bristol shopkeeper has, or had recently, a most intelligent dog, which has collected over 2,000 coins for a children's hospital. Nor must we overlook among canine philanthropists Bournemouth Nell, Gyp of Southampton, and Kensington Duke, the last of whom not only collected, but gave charity entertainments of a clever and amusing kind.—*The Saturday Westminster Gazette, Aug. 17, 1907.*

A REMARKABLE AEROLITE

AN event of some importance to those who take an interest in meteoric phenomena, took place on the evening of Sept. 22, about 7 p. m. A meteor of exceptional brilliancy appeared in the east, swept across the heavens in a zigzag path in a westerly direction, and rapidly disappeared. About three minutes after it had passed over the Ashrama, which was lighted up as if by a powerful search-light, a loud explosive noise was heard, which reverberated in the mountains. The magnificent appearance presented by this meteor will not readily be forgotten by any of the persons who witnessed it, the nearness and the degree of illumination being altogether unusual.—Ed. P. B.