

Prabuddha Bharata

OR

Awakened India



उत्तिष्ठत जाग्रत प्राप्य वरान्निबोधत ।

Katha Upa. I. vii. 4.

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—Swami Vivekananda

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SRI RAMAKRISHNA'S TEACHINGS

ATMA JNANA—IV

HE is truly an *Atmajnani*, knower of Self, who is dead even in this life, that is, whose passions and desires have been destroyed as in a dead body.

THE following are among those who cannot get Self-knowledge. Those who boast of learning, those who are proud of knowledge and those who are vain of riches. If one says to these, "In such and such a place there is a *Sannyasin*, will you come and see him?" they will invariably make some excuses and say that they cannot go; but in their minds they think they are men of high position, why should they go to another?

ONCE a God-intoxicated *Sadhu* came to the Kali temple of Rani Rashmoni, where Sri Ramakrishna used to live. One day he did not receive any food, but though feeling hungry he did not ask for any. Seeing a dog eating the remnants of a feast thrown away in a corner, he went there and embracing the dog, said,—“Brother, how is it that thou eatest alone without giving me a share?” So saying, he began to eat along with the dog. Having finished taking his meal in this strange company, the sage entered the temple of Mother Kali and prayed with such an ecstasy of devotion, as to send a thrill through the

temple. When, after ending his prayers he was going to leave, Sri Ramakrishna asked his cousin Hriday to watch and follow the man, and to communicate to him what he might say. Hriday followed him for some distance, when the sage turning round, enquired,—“Why followest thou me?” Hriday said, “Sir! Give me some advice.” The sage replied, “When the water of this dirty ditch and the yonder glorious Ganges will appear as one and the same in thy sight, and when the sound of this flageolet and the noise of that crowd will have no distinction to thy ear, then thou shalt reach the state of true knowledge.” When Hriday returned and told this to the Bhagavan, he remarked,—“That man has reached the true state of ecstasy and of knowledge. The *Siddhas* roam about like children or unclean spirits or even like mad men, and indeed in various other disguises.”

Q. What is the state which a *Siddha* attains?

A. A potato or a brinjal when *Siddha*, i. e., when boiled and cooked properly becomes soft and pulpy; so a man when he becomes a *Siddha*, i. e., when he reaches perfection, is seen to be all humility and tenderness. (A perfect man and well cooked food are both called *Siddha*. There is a pun here on the word *Siddha*).

OCCASIONAL NOTES

TO all our brothers and sisters throughout the world we give greeting. May peace and joy be with us, and the blessing of love rest upon us all—and may we take the great Consciousness into every thought and deed of our lives during the coming year.

At the commencement of the year we are looking for the manifestations of reviving nature. As we see the buds bursting from their sheaths of green, the feel of spring, is in the air, the sense of growing life.

Let us try to burst the bonds of selfishness, make a fresh appeal to our faded senses and, shoot forth anew the buds of love and charity. Let us be inspired with the belief that life is no idle dream, but live, so as to bring out our original likeness to God, "though He is so bright and we so dim." We must awaken to our world citizenship and to our duties as members of that state.

As we go on our different ways, let us endeavour to guide our steps into the path of helpfulness; find out our tasks and stand to them, all working together in spirit to try to make this a better and happier world. Love is greater than the wisdom of the schools and every expansion of our hearts means an increase in happiness to ourselves and others, for the feelings of love and charity establish a communication between our minds, and keep very close to us the thought that we are in this world for love and service, not pleasure.

The gentle quality of charity, steadfast and tender in the hour of need, wins everyone to its arms. True charity is not represented by the expenditure of money only. The benevolence of a purse does not meet all the requirements of humanity. With our limited modes

of thought, our purblind vision, who are we that we should patronise our neighbours, by classifying and systematising each other as benefactor and recipient? All in vain is the selfish charity that gives promiscuously, not out of pity or compassion, but exclusively for its own spiritual advantage, because the giver believes that he is acquiring merit by his action. This tendency is most marked in India, owing to the fact that the religious mendicant is more powerful here than elsewhere.

Does not practical morality show us that we should do good irrespective even of the gratitude of the recipient? For when charity flows spontaneously from the heart, there is no consciousness of doing good. Indiscriminate giving is diametrically opposed to all preconceived ideas of charity. It multiplies imposters, and gives rise to more evils than it cures. This is not the true way to deal with the great and crying problem of the poor,—a problem which requires as little delay as possible in the handling of it.

The condition of our long-suffering masses, is a matter of perplexity and solicitude to all philanthropists. But, there are two kinds of philanthropists: one alleviates and the other seeks to cure. One acts from emotion, the other from judgment. The first acts promptly in an inferior arena. To bestow well and wisely is a mutual gain to the beneficiaries of our bounty and to ourselves, and we would not repudiate our sympathetic understanding, but we should decline to have anything to do with other encroachment and infringement of the law of charity. It is not fit that we should make it consist in the play of the emotions only, for it may be the merest responsive thrill of feeling.

The second philanthropist who is really vitally concerned, gives knowledge to his generation and provides for those to come, will enable multitudes to help themselves who otherwise would be subjects of perpetual almsgiving. By tracing out a path, and opening up a source that shall flow through future generations, he blesses the world, and places his conceptions of benevolence upon a much higher plane, calculated to afford help and happiness to a larger number of people.

The strength of a nation cannot be properly gauged by its population, but by the facilities for sustaining and nourishing life, enjoyed by its units.

It is no wonder that many of our toilers prefer the uncertainties of death to a life of irremediable suffering, and the ever-present fact of famine, staring them in the face. We have no right to voluntarily close our eyes to the hardship of workers and labourers, who may be said to represent the mechanism of society, the machinery that keeps life moving. It is cruel to reduce their lives to a shapeless mass that is quite at the mercy of external conditions, and responsive only to the coarse touches of the animal and material.

To provide opportunity for development by increasing and improving their mental and bodily conditions, to teach them the value of life, would prove more useful to the impoverished sections of society than charity, which induces pauperism. This could best be accomplished by raising the standard of life, equalising opportunities for boys and girls in the matter of free education, so far as law and custom can do it, and to build up for this ancient land of ours and for its responsibilities, a healthy, strong, upright and intelligent people.

Our purpose should be to give fair treatment, encouragement and sympathy for the building up of industrial as well as agricultural

activities: for the enlargement and unfolding of inherent powers, as hitherto, their paralyzed energies have proved an insuperable barrier to their material advancement.

The path of superstition leads to decay and extinction, while that of evolution opens up the potentialities of a great progress.

Every so-called physical condition is a correspondent of a mental state. One of the curses of civilisation is that the great majority of mankind have no chance of getting their lives into proportion, or seeing things in right relation. All their time and efforts are required in maintaining an existence, which is little else than mere physical endurance.

It is hardly credible that in this twentieth century we have still need to learn to read what even the elements of true charity mean, since we so frequently mistake the letter for the spirit, of which it does but shadow forth some fleeting form. For, in defining charity we must assume a corresponding feeling in the exciting cause, by which the notion of charity is excited—a unity which displays itself by showing the correlation of forces, namely, how we are mutually dependent and related. The perception of love is ever the perception of charity, of some identification of the giver and receiver, but in order to produce the emotion of charity, this identification must be manifested, and thus the feeling of love is at once evoked.

The receiver and distributor are united in thought, and they form in their totality parts of a whole which constitute the highest relation—the Oneness of all beings. The idea of the union of many parts in one whole, in which all the parts correspond to each other, includes the idea of a mutual operation and of an united feeling exhibited by different persons, which can originate, transmit, and conduct their impressions from one to another,

Every intelligence must recognise the desirableness of this union, and occasionally see practical exemplification more or less perfect, of it. The contemplation of this union will rouse in us the purest emotion of love, and we may be assured that whatever else it is, charity is a sentiment of reciprocity, which in the language of the heart we term love; it expresses every emotion of sympathy and compassion. It should transfigure our religion, transform our social system, and have a purifying effect on mankind. The revelation of love bears the stamp of Divinity within us, and a sense of infinite happiness accompanies the perfect apprehension of its real self, of universal being. The spirit of Truth speaking through the ages, has in different climes, spoken in various tongues. We find it voiced

here in the Rishis, there in the Arab, again, in Palestine in the Nazarene, and in all, the same spirit.

So we see that the body corporate of humanity is affected by an interdependence of action from root to stem, from stem to branch, from branch to twig, and leaf, and blossom, and fruit. We must feed the roots, and by their cultivation will spring forth the ramifying, wide spreading branches. So long as there is growth, the individual growth, the race may eventually incorporate the product of its growth, in the same way as the tree forms layers of its mighty trunk, which becomes the body for the use of future generations.

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THE MASTER AS I SAW HIM

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

X.

I had heard of 'the spiritual life' in Calcutta, as of a thing definite and accessible, to be chosen deliberately, and attained by following certain well-known paths. I found it, on reaching the mountains, to have its roots deep in a yearning love of God, in an anguished pursuit of the Infinite, of which I cannot hope to give any description. For this was characteristic of our Master. Where others would talk of ways and means, he knew how to light a fire. Where others gave directions, he would show the thing itself.

I wish here to be exceedingly explicit. My own part, throughout the years of my discipleship, appears to me to have been something like that of a thought-reader. The only claim that I can make is that I was able to enter sufficiently into the circuit of my Master's energy to be able to give evidence

regarding it from direct perception. And since I believe that such an experience is subject to laws as definite as those of any physical force, I must endeavour to describe accurately the conditions under which this happened to me.

The Swami himself was, on personal subjects, intensely reserved. He had received confessions, of course, in many parts of the world, yet no one ever lived who more anxiously sought to escape the office of spiritual director. A hot flush and an accession of delicate *hauteur* were his immediate response even to such merely theoretical questions as appeared to him to demand too intimate a revelation of the personal experience. I have sometimes heard enquiries forced upon him in his London classes—as to such matters as the feeling which accompanies *Samadhi*, for instance, when it was clear to all listeners that he would rather have endured a

careless touch upon an exposed nerve.

He had himself suggested my joining his travelling party, for the purpose of receiving his personal training for the work he wished me to do in India. But the method of this training proved entirely general. We would sit all together in garden or verandah, and listen, all together, to the discourse of the hour, each appropriating as much as she chose and studying afterwards as she liked.

In all that year of 1898 I can remember only one occasion when the Swami invited me to walk alone with him for half an hour, and then our conversation—for it was towards the end of the summer, when I had begun to understand my own position a little—was rather of the policy and aims of the future, than of anything more subjective.

Undoubtedly, in the circle that gathers round a distinguished thinker, there are hidden emotional relationships which form the channels, as it were, along which his ideas circulate and are received. Even a mathematician will succeed in impressing himself on his generation, only in proportion to the radiance of feeling on which his thought is carried. But these expressions are wholly impersonal, and are appreciated by different receivers in very different ways. One holds himself as servant, another as brother, friend, or comrade, a third may even regard the master-personality as that of a beloved child. These things have been made into a perfect science in India, and it is there boldly understood and accepted that without some such dramatisation of their own relation to it, ordinary minds cannot be made susceptible of a great religious impulse. In my own case, the position ultimately taken proved that most happy one of a spiritual daughter, and as such I was regarded by all the Indian peoples and communities, whom I met throughout my Master's life.

But at the beginning of these journeys, before this and other things became clear to

me, my mind was wholly in bewilderment, and it was my great good fortune that I was given at this time, as my daily teacher in Bengali and in Hindu religious literature, the young monk known as the Swami Swarupananda. For I have always thought that it was to this fact that I found myself on the line of communication between his mind and that of our Master,—as on the pathway of interaction between some major and minor heliograph,—that I owed my ability thereafter to read and understand a little of those feelings and ideas with which the air about us was charged.

The Swami Swarupananda had been received at the Monastery within a few days of my own admission, in the chapel there, to the vows of a novice. But he, after some few weeks of probation, had received the yellow cloth, and taken the rank of a Sannyasin, at the hands of the Swami. The story of his mental development was of extraordinary interest to me. For this man had been brought up in his childhood in the Vaishnava faith, that is to say, in an idea of God as the kind and loving Lord and Preserver of men, and of Krishna as the Saviour and Divine Incarnation which is practically tantamount to the Christianity of the West. The usual revulsion, familiar to all of us, had been encountered. In the early and most chivalrous years of manhood he had witnessed a few instances of the injustice of life, had seen bitter proof that the battle in this world was to the strong, and found himself unable to believe longer in the sweet myth of his childhood, of an-all kind Providence. One of these stories I remember. Passing through a crowded street one day, he found a poor woman kneeling and crying softly, as, grain by grain, she picked up from the dust a handful of rice that had been jostled out of the bowl in her hand by a passer-by. And then the man found himself crying indignantly, in his passionate pity, "What the Devil would God be

doing, if He existed, to let such things happen?"

Two or three such experiences precipitated him upon a year of mental suffering so keen that he never again knew perfect health. But he emerged from it in the peace that comes of a settled attitude towards life. *He would break the dream.* In other words, he had reached the conclusion that thousands of Indian students have arrived at, both before and since the time of Buddha. It was henceforth impossible to him to imagine that the solution of the problem might ultimately be found in any picture of God seated on a throne, and the soul of man, in any attitude or relation, kneeling before Him. Rather, he saw in the ignorance and selfishness of the mind itself the source of all such dreams as this, and of those further dreams, of pain and pleasure, of justice and injustice, of which the world, as we know it, is made up. And he determined to conquer this illusion, to reach the point of utmost insight and certainty, to gain deliverance from the perception of opposites, and to attain to that permanent realisation of One-ness which is known in the Hindu conception of life as *Mukti*.

From this time on, his schooling of himself to reach the highest would appear to have become a passion. One came to understand in many ways that the remaining years of his life in his father's house had been almost more severe than those spent in most monasteries. And I, reading the Bhagavad Gita under his guidance long afterwards at Almora, was made able to conceive of what we call the love of God as a burning thirst.

Under the influence of the Swami Swarupnanda, I began seriously the attempt at meditation. And if it had not been for this help of his, one of the greatest hours of my life would have passed me by. My relation to our Master at this time can only be described as one of clash and conflict. I can see now how much there was to learn and how

short was the time for learning to be, and the first of lessons doubtless is the destroying of self-sufficiency in the mind of the taught. But I had been little prepared for that constant rebuke and attack upon all my most cherished pre-possessions which was now my lot. Suffering is often illogical, and I cannot attempt to justify by reason the degree of unhappiness which I experienced at this time, as I saw the dream of a friendly and beloved leader falling away from me, and the picture of one who would be at least indifferent and possibly, silently hostile, substituting itself instead.

Fortunately it never occurred to me to retract my own proffered service, but I was made to realise, as the days went by, that in this there would be no personal sweetness. And then a time came when one of the older ladies of our party, thinking perhaps that such intensity of pain inflicted might easily go too far, interceded kindly and gravely with the Swami. He listened silently and went away. At evening, however, he returned, and finding us together in the verandah, he turned to her and said, with the simplicity of a child, "You were right. There must be a change. I am going away into the forests to be alone, and when I come back I shall bring peace." Then he turned and saw that above us the moon was new, and a sudden exaltation came into his voice as he said, "See! the Mohammedans think much of the new moon. Let us also with the new moon begin a new life!" As the words ended, he lifted his hands and blessed, with silent depths of blessing, his most rebellious disciple, by this time kneeling before him....It was assuredly a moment of wonderful sweetness of reconciliation. But such a moment may heal a wound. It cannot restore an illusion that has been broken into fragments. And I have told its story only that I may touch upon its sequel. Long, long ago, Sri Ramakrishna had told his disciples that the day would come when his beloved "Noren" would manifest his own

great gift of bestowing knowledge with a touch. That evening at Almora, I proved the truth of this prophecy. For alone, in meditation, I found myself gazing deep into an Infinite Good, to the recognition of which no egoistic reasoning had led me. I learnt, too, on the physical plane, the simple everyday

reality of the experience related in the Hindu books on religious psychology. And I understood, for the first time, that the greatest teachers may destroy in us a personal relation, only in order to bestow the Impersonal Vision in its place.

EPISTLES OF SWAMI VIVEKANANDA

Extracts

XIX.

NEW YORK
The 9th April, 1894

Dear A—

* * *

Secretary Saheb writes me that I must come back to India because that is my field. No doubt of that. But my brother, we are to light a torch which will shed a lustre over all India. So let us not be in a hurry; everything will come by the grace of the Lord. I have lectured in many of the big towns of America.....I have made a good many friends here, some of them very influential. Of course the orthodox clergymen are against me and seeing that it is not easy to grapple with me they try to hinder, abuse and vilify me in every way.....Lord bless them! My brother, no good thing can be done without obstruction. It is only those who persevere to the end that succeed.....I believe that the *Sattva Juga* will come when there will be one caste, one Veda and peace and harmony. This idea of *Sattva Juga* is what would revivify India. Believe it.....

Up boys, and put yourselves to the task!...

Old Hinduism for ever!.....Up, up, my boys, we are sure to win!

* * * When once we begin to work we shall have a tremendous "boom," but I do not want to talk without working. * *

Yours

With all blessings,
Vivekananda.

XX.

NEW YORK
18 Nov. 1894

Dear Sir,

I am in receipt of the resolutions that were passed at the recent Town Hall meeting in Calcutta, and the kind words my fellow-citizens sent over to me.

Accept, sir, my most heartfelt gratitude for your appreciation of my insignificant services.

I am thoroughly convinced that no individual or nation can live by holding itself apart from the community of others, and whenever such an attempt has been made under false ideas of greatness, policy or holiness—the result has always been disastrous to the secluding one.

To my mind, the one great cause of the downfall and the degeneration of India was the building of a wall of custom—whose foundation was hatred of others—round the nation, and the real aim of which in ancient times was to prevent the Hindus from coming in contact with the surrounding Buddhistic nations.

Whatever cloak, ancient or modern sophistry may try to throw over it, the inevitable result,—the vindication of the moral law, that none can hate others without degenerating himself—is that the race that was foremost amongst the ancient races is now a bye-word, and a scorn among nations. We are object-lessons of the violation of that law which our ancestors were the first to discover and discriminate.

Give and take is the law and if India wants to raise herself once more, it is absolutely necessary that she brings out her treasures and throws them broadcast among the nations of the earth, and in return be ready to receive what others have to give her. Expansion is life, contraction is death. Love is life and hatred is death. We commenced to die the day we began to hate other races, and nothing can prevent our death unless we come back to expansion, which is life.

We must mix, therefore, with all the races of the earth. And every Hindu that goes out to travel in foreign parts renders more benefit to his country, than hundreds of men who are bundles of superstitions and selfishness, and whose one aim in life seems to be like that of the dog in the manger. The wonderful structures of national life which the Western nations have raised, are supported by the strong pillars of character, and until we can produce numbers of such, it is useless to fret and fume against this or that power.

Do any deserve liberty who are not ready to give it to others? Let us calmly and in a manly fashion go to work, instead of dissipating our energy in unnecessary frettings and fumings. I, for one, thoroughly believe that no power in the universe can withhold from any one anything he really deserves. The past was great no doubt, but I sincerely believe that the future will be more glorious still. May Sankara keep us steady in purity, patience, and perseverance.

Yours faithfully

— Vivekananda.

XXI. 30th Nov. 1894.

Dear A—

We must organise our forces in the business part of our religious body but on religious matters must strive not to make a sect.....

If any one can write a real life of Sri Ramakrishna with the idea of showing what he came to do and teach, let him do it, otherwise let him not distort his life and sayings.... Now let K— translate his love, his knowledge,

his teachings, his eclecticism etc. This is the theme. The life of Sri Ramakrishna was an extraordinary searchlight under whose illumination one is able to really understand the whole scope of Hindu religion. He was the object-lesson of all the theoretical knowledge given in the Shastras. He showed by his life what the Rishis and Avatars really wanted to teach. The books were theories, he was the realisation. This man had in fifty-four years lived the five thousand years of national spiritual life and so raised himself to be an object-lesson for future generations. The Vedas can only be explained and the Shastras reconciled by his theory of *Avasthâ* or stages. That we must not only tolerate others, but positively embrace them, and that Truth is the basis of all religions. Now on these lines a most impressive and beautiful life can be written. Well, everything in good time.....Push on with your work independently. "Many come to sit at dinner when it is cooked." Take care and work on.

Yours ever with blessings,

— Vivekananda.

XXII.

30th Nov. 1894.

Dear K—

* * * As to the wonderful stories published about Sri Ramakrishna, I advice you to keep clear of them and the fools who write them. They are true, but the fools will make a mess of the whole thing, I am sure. He had a whole world of knowledge to teach, why insist upon unnecessary things as miracles really are. They do not prove anything. Matter does not prove spirit. What conception is there between the existence of God, Soul, or immortality, and the working of miracles.....Preach Sri Ramakrishna. Pass the cup that has satisfied your thirst.....Do not disturb your head with metaphysical nonsense, and do not disturb others by your bigotry.

Yours ever with blessings,

Vivekananda.

A VISIT TO THE BELUR MATH

AFTER having been connected with the Ramakrishna Mission work in America, for the last eight years, it is quite a new experience to find myself in India, an inmate of the Belur Math, the headquarters, from whence all the workers of this great Mission go forth. I have seen the Vedanta work in New York City, before it had taken a definite shape and a few students would gather at the home of a friend, there to meet the Swami and to be instructed by him. And I have seen the same work, as it stands to-day, an organized institution, with spacious headquarters, every seat in the large hall occupied, when the Swami delivers his Sunday lectures. And I have seen the work in California in its different stages of development. The pretty "Hindoo Temple" in San Francisco, built by the Vedanta Society of that city. The cheerful home in Los Angeles where the students, living in the same house with the Swami, have the advantage of coming much in personal contact with their teacher. And the quiet retreat in the hills of San Antonio, where those love to go who strive for spiritual realization. But the Belur Math presents something different from all this. And, although the word Math, means monastery, an acquaintance with monastic life in the West even, does not give an idea of the life here.

As a rule, the monks or Sannyasins in India do not have a fixed place where they reside or are taken care of. The monk in the West, in a certain sense exchanges one home for another. Entering the monastery he is provided for during the rest of his life. But when in India one becomes a Sannyasin, he henceforth begs his food from door to door and he wanders from village to village, resting under shelter or in the open air, as chance may be. And he is cared for only in this sense, that no true Hindu householder, be he ever so poor,

will refuse to share his meal, with the religious mendicant.

Such then was the life of the Swamis belonging to the Ramakrishna Mission, before the Math had been established. But the time came, when their activity should be directed in a different way. Called by their leader to a life of combined action, a nucleus had to be formed and a place to be built where they might meet and prepare themselves for the task before them. The Math was erected and provisions were made for those who wish to live a retired life, as well as for the workers. Room was also provided for Brahmacharis or neophytes who assist the Swamis in their work and who receive from them, spiritual instructions.

It is not strange that we find the life here different from what we picture monastic life in the West. There is much that is good and holy and praiseworthy in all places where sincere men live together, and monasteries at all times and in all places have served to give men an opportunity to approach their God under less difficult conditions, than they would have found elsewhere. But with the thought of loftiness and sublimity there is much in the word monastery that hints at gloom and depression; emaciated features, hushed voices, noiseless movements and severity everywhere. There is very little of that in the Belur Math. Failure, disappointment or fear of future punishment are not the motives which prompt the Hindu monk to join the holy order. In the West we so often find this to be the case. And the life of austerity and self-denial, instead of bringing freedom to the soul, often creates a being centred in the little self, with a heart devoid of sweetness, mellowness and simplicity.

In the East it is different. The attempt is not being made to make the imperfect per-

fect, but by a dwelling in the Divine, a drawing away from the imperfect is brought about; by bringing in the Light, darkness leaves of its own accord; by filling the mind with the sublime, there is no room for what is low. A remembrance of the real Self, makes forgetful of the little self. A very different process! The heart expands, it includes all, it is filled with love for all that lives. There is no room then for pessimism and morosity in the monastic life here. We find the massive building, white walls and cement floors and extreme simplicity everywhere. But the rooms are full of light and air; no seclusion in little cells, but everything open and free. The inmates hold one common object, one common purpose and we find very little of "mine and thine" amongst them. The association between them is much as we like to see it amongst brothers; easy, free from unnecessary ceremonies and still an appreciation of the good qualities in each one. The Brahmacharis, mostly young lads, serve the older Sannyasins in many little ways. But one is not impressed with the idea of servility. It comes so natural with them, so spontaneous. In their obedience there is no questioning. They love the Swamis, they admire them and that is expressed in their actions. To live with the Swamis is a privilege, which they appreciate.

To describe the life of the monks here, can be done in a few words. Having realized the divinity within, knowing themselves to be the witness of all that takes place, knowing the mind and the body to act, while the true Self never acts, they offer up whatever is connected with their external and mental life, to the Lord of all and they serve Him through His manifestations in the whole of humanity. In other words, their life has become a life of service, in whatever form that may be. When living in the Math, they may do such work as has to be done there. When called elsewhere, they may answer such call, be it to nurse the sick, bring food to the famine-

stricken, instruct those who ask for spiritual advice, give shelter to the destitute, or bring to other nations the glorious teaching of Vedanta of which they stand so much in need. And all this is done without any personal considerations. The question will be discussed whether or not, the help is needed. This being decided in the affirmative, the person best fitted for the work will be selected and then, without further questioning or delay, the work is executed.

Understanding the life of the Sannyasin, we will then not be disappointed to find their life devoid of much external show of religious sentiment as far as ceremonies are concerned. Religion is to be practised every moment of the day, never to leave our life, no matter in what way we may be occupied. During eating or working or resting or play, nay even during sleep the mind should be fixed on God. Such is the teaching. We need therefore not mistake the cheerful countenance and hearty laugh for a worldly state of mind.

Still, when external practices and means are helpful to bring about the realization of one's ideal, such means are not rejected. And an opportunity to satisfy the devotional yearning of the devotee is found in the little chapel, where a simple ceremony is performed every morning and evening. Some flowers gathered in the garden, are offered to the Deity. But the flowers stand only as a symbol, for every act, every thought. So also the food is put on the altar of the Divine. And here God is worshipped not in a sectarian way, but first of all as that All-pervading, Universal Being and then in His different incarnations. And when the worshipper places one of the flowers on his own heart, he meditates on that same Deity as residing in his heart.

Such then is the life here. There is in it much of grace, much of sweetness; a spirit of gentleness which one meets at all times. How quietly it works, imperceptible, except in its results. A simple, cheerful, holy life—

a life of service and devotion, a life of love for God and man.

It is then not strange that many flock to this beautiful place on the Ganges side. In easy reach from Calcutta they spend their hours of leisure in the company of the Swamis. And especially on Sundays we may find little groups of men in conversation or singing those beautiful Bengali hymns full of devotion and feeling.

There may not be so much of austerity here, but there is the constant withdrawing from the little self and a centering in the Divine. And the heart becomes pure and simple and loving. And this is what draws so many to the Belur Math and what fills their hearts with love for the Lord and His holy workers. And they return to their respective duties, strengthened and encouraged and filled with a determination also to reach the goal.

Vedanta stands for freedom and that principle is carried out in the Math. All are welcome, who are sincere. The meanest, the lowest finds a place in the heart of these monks. And never does one call for help in vain.

BRAHMACHARI GURUDAS (Mr. Heyblom).

MORAL SAYINGS

3. TRUTH.

1. The warmth of disputation, destroys that sedateness of mind which is necessary to discover Truth.

2. Where diligence opens the door of the understanding and impartiality keeps it, truth finds an entrance and a welcome too.

3. Integrity leads us straight forward, disdaining all doublings and crooked paths.

4. Words are the counters of wise men, but the money of fools.

5. Meekness controls our angry passions, candour our severe judgments.

6. If we are sincere, we may be assured of an advocate intercede for us.

7. By observing truth, you will command esteem, as well as secure peace.

8. Be honest and take no shape or semblance of disguise.

9. We can fully confide in none but the truly good.

10. Sincerity is as valuable as knowledge, and even more valuable.

11. When we act against our conscience, we become the destroyers of our own peace.

12. The persons whom conscience and virtue support, may smile at the caprices of fortune.

13. Whatever fortune may rob us of, it cannot take away what is most valuable—the peace of a good conscience and the cheering prospect of a happy conclusion to all the trials of life, in a better world.

14. The greatest misery is, to be condemned by our own hearts.

15. In your most secret actions, imagine that you have all the world for witnesses.

16. What is there in all the pomp of the world, the enjoyment of luxury, the gratification of passion, comparable to the tranquil delight of a good conscience?

17. He who is blessed with a clear conscience, enjoys even in the worst situations of human life,—a peace, a dignity, and an elevation of mind, peculiar to virtue.

18. Ere thou remark another's sin
Bid thy conscience look within.

19. Truth and candour possess a universal charm; they bespeak universal favor.

20. After the first departure from sincerity, it is seldom in our power to stop there; one artifice generally leads to another.

21. Integrity without knowledge is weak and useless; knowledge without integrity is dangerous and mischievous.

V. SITARAMA AIYAR.

SWAMI ABHEDANANDA'S REPLY TO THE BANGALORE ADDRESS OF WELCOME

The news, that Swami Abhedananda would be presented with an address of welcome at Doddanna's Hall on the 30th July, spread like wild fire. The Hall was thronged to suffocation. There were several Indian ladies present on the upper gallery. Mr. V. P. Madhava Rao the Dewan, who presided, introduced the Swami to the audience and spoke among other things :—

“The Swami carries forward the work for which we all believe the great saint, Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa came into this world.....The feelings of mingled admiration and reverence inspired by the presence of the Swamiji in the minds of the rising generation, is full of good augury for the future of India.....I had the privilege of once meeting the late Swami Vivekananda, in the house of the late Seshadri Iyer, who knew him well, and had a great admiration for his character. All of us are aware, that the late Maharaja, His Highness Sri Chamarajendra Wodeyar Bahadur, knew and highly appreciated Swami Vivekananda, and helped forward his work. And our beloved Maharaja, in inviting the Swami, to be his guest, is only following in the footsteps of his illustrious father.”

Mr. Puttanna Chetty the second counsellor of the State, then read addresses in English and Kanarese. We quote parts of the English address read on the occasion :—

“We, the Hindu citizens of Bangalore, have very great pleasure in offering you a most hearty welcome to this important centre, in the premier State of Mysore. In doing this, we are proud and happy to feel that the name of this ancient historic State, must for ever be intimately associated with the origin and development of the noble and philanthropic work that is being done in different parts of the world, by the band of self-sacrificing and devoted workers of the Mission, which bears the name of your revered Guru Deva—Bhagavan Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa. We allude to the relation of personal friendship and intimacy, that subsisted between our late beloved Maharaja Sri Chamarajendra Wodeyar Bahadur, of blessed mem-

ory, and your late illustrious Gurubhai and colleague, the epoch-making Swami Vivekananda. It may indeed be justly claimed, that Mysore has contributed in no small measure towards the inauguration of the Sri Ramakrishna Mission in the West, as it was largely at the instance and with the help of our late enlightened Maharaja, that Swami Vivekananda went to America and stood before the Chicago Parliament of Religions, as the champion and exponent of the eternal religion of the Hindus.

“When Swami Vivekananda found himself in need of a fellow-worker in America, it was to you, that he sent his brotherly call. How generously you responded to it and how vigorously and unremittingly you have been working in obedience to that call of duty, during the past eleven years, we have the privilege and the pleasure of acknowledging with gratitude, to-day.

“We have no doubt, Revered Swamiji, that your present visit to our motherland, will give a new and strong impetus to the working of the various religious institutions of India, and especially to the efforts of the Sri Ramakrishna Mission, for our spiritual regeneration.”

Mr. Dorasami Naidu next read, some verses of welcome in English, on behalf of the young men.

The Swamiji then rose, and for an hour and a quarter kept the audience spell-bound with the following stirring speech.

Your Excellency, Ladies and Gentlemen,—

It is impossible to express the feelings that you have aroused in my bosom, by the enthusiastic welcome you have given me, this morning. It is almost impossible to express how much I am indebted to you all, for giving me the honor of being a guest of the people, and of the nation. In India, the Hindus excel all other nations, in giving honor to spiritual leaders. In the West, in Europe and America, when a spiritual leader returns from a foreign Mission, he is not recognized by the nation, but only by a few members of his Society. But when a General comes from the battlefield, he is honoured by the nation. When Lord Kitchener

returned from South Africa, the whole English nation was proud of him; when Dewey returned from Manilla, New York City and the whole American nation gave him great honor. But here in India, I have come from Colombo to Bangalore, and at every step I have received such honors as have not been received even by Lord Kitchener and Dewey. And what is the reason? The reason is, that Religion is our life and soul. Politics are of a few days, while Religion is eternal. We love Religion, we eat Religion, we drink Religion and walk Religion. Show me another nation in the world, who holds this spiritual ideal and lives up to it, in the daily life. I have not seen such an outburst of enthusiasm, either in Europe or on the American Continent.

I thank you, gentlemen, for the kind words that have been uttered by our worthy friends this evening, in honor of a servant of Bhagavan Sri Ramakrishna. The power that is working in the Ramakrishna Mission, is not a human, but a divine power. It will take its course, no matter what obstacles are put in its way. It is bound to grow stronger and stronger. No one can weaken it. Swami Vivekananda, our illustrious brother, was the pioneer of this movement and his powers were the powers of Bhagavan Sri Ramakrishna, which were working through him and which were recognised by the people of India, and especially by the people of Mysore and Madras, long before he appeared before the public. If Madras claims to have discovered Swami Vivekananda before he was known to the public, a similar claim is due to the inhabitants of Bangalore and especially to the late Maharaja. I have heard many a time, Swami Vivekananda himself declare, in England and in America, that the late Maharaja of Mysore was his best friend in India. Here, I must thank the present Maharaja, because he has continued to revere and honour the memories of our illustrious brother and of Bhagavan Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa. By honouring a servant of God, you have honoured yourselves and you have honoured the greatest divine manifestation of the nineteenth century, in the form of Bhagavan Sri Ramakrishna. You have honoured also the Sanatana Dharma—the eternal religion, the great Rishis of the Vedic period and all the Avatars or the incarnations of divinity, in human form. Honour, I may not deserve for the

little work that has been done by me; but you have shown your greatness by appreciating the work that I have been able to do, in a distant country. No nation can rise, unless the power of the appreciation of great work is manifested in that nation. And therefore after seeing the demonstrations of your appreciation for the work that has been done in America and England, I think that our nation is going to rise, in time to come, and in the long run, we shall see that this nation will be one of the greatest of the world. But my friends, our greatness will not be in politics but in spirituality; and it was recognized by our brother Swami Vivekananda, that the whole heart of the nation throbs when spiritual work is accomplished, and then, the response comes spontaneously from the heart of the whole nation.

Swami Vivekananda, as you all know, went to America in 1893, all alone, and friendless, in a foreign land. He went there from a land to which Christian Missionaries were sent by hundreds to convert the poor heathen of our motherland. There he went alone, without being supported by funds from the nation, without being helped by the Government. Single-handed he went and he gave his message to the world and the world accepted it with honor and reverence. It was he who invited me to take charge of his work in 1896. Although I felt myself unworthy of the task, I accepted his command and went to see him and to do little things for him, at least, such things as lay in my power to do. But he gave me the entire responsibility of his work and of the Mission in England and in America. By divine power, that work and that Mission which were given to me, have been carried on successfully for the last ten years. When I landed in America, I was penniless and alone; I was the same Sannyasin who came to Bangalore fifteen years ago, bare-footed, with one blanket as my bed and clothing, and slept under the tree near the tank in the choultry; I was the same Sannyasin who travelled from the Himalayas down to Rameswaram, from Jagannath to Dwarka, bare-footed, without thinking of to-morrow, without touching money, and without taking two coats; the same Sannyasin who was lately in New York, in the heart of civilization, and culture and education, for the last nine years, without any desire for remuneration for the work, that went out from this heart. America

is a country noted for its dollar worship. But that will not give you a clear idea of the heart of the nation. I think the heart of the American nation is far more liberal than that of any other nation. The Americans know how to appreciate the greatness of a man or a woman, in whatever line he or she may excel. And it was the American nation who made Swami Vivekananda well-known all over the world, and therefore all the Hindus of to-day and all those who will come in future, will ever remain indebted to American hearts and American souls. I have come to India to preach the glory of the American nation, because they are sincere and earnest seekers after truth. I have lived amongst them long enough to judge of their spiritual powers. The American nation is a young nation, full of vigour and strength, with powers that have made them think that they can turn the whole world in any direction they like. And when that power and energy is directed towards the spiritual goal, what results may follow, who can say? Whatever is done in America, re-acts on the whole of Europe. European nations are bound to take American ideas sooner or later. And the permanent foundation-stone of the Vedanta work or of the Universal Religion of Vedanta has been laid, and I may say that to-day, there are hundreds and thousands of the most cultured, most advanced thinkers, professors, philosophers and millionaires and multi-millionaires of America who are willing to accept the truths inculcated in the philosophy and religion of Vedanta. There are centres in different parts of the country. Probably you have heard of a Hindu temple, that has lately been established in San Francisco, which has escaped the ravages of earthquake and fire. Parts of the city were destroyed, but the Hindu temple is safe. We have also a "Peace Retreat" in California for those who have renounced the world, for those who are leading the life of Brahmacharins and Brahmacharinees, and I am glad to say, that there are many such souls who are capable of living the life of Brahmacharinees. American women are the most educated women in the world; and such women are anxious to follow the teachings of Vedanta Philosophy. What charm lies in the Vedanta Philosophy that attracts such educated, cultured and advanced thinkers as the Americans? The charm is in its simplicity, in the expression of truth and nothing but truth.

(To be continued.)

LIFE'S MIRROR

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
There are souls that are pure and true;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best shall come back to you.

Give love, and love to your hearts will flow,
A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your word and deed.

For life is the mirror of king and slave.
'Tis just what you are and do;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you!

M. S. BRIDGES.

NEWS AND MISCELLANIES

(GLEANED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES)

JAPAN'S first Parliament met on November 29, 1890.

THE cost to Russia of the war with Japan amounted to £187,000,000.

TRUTH is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.—*Milton*.

THE charge for a cremation in the recently erected crematorium in Calcutta, has been fixed at Rs. 30 only.

THE birthday anniversary of Sri Ramakrishna will be celebrated at the Belur Math, on the 17th of February next.

MR. Andrew Carnegie is reported to have promised to devote £200,000 of his income to furthering the cause of international peace.

AT the late Trial Stakes in Calcutta, Saloon, a countrybred, defeated every one of its competitors including English and Australian horses.

THE House of Commons has unanimously passed a resolution approving the grant of

Constitutions to the Transvaal and Orange River Colony.

FOR the convenience of our subscribers who may wish to bound the Bhagavad Gita, in book form, after its completion, we have decided to bring it out under separate page marks.

MAHARANEE Rewah, sister of the late Maharajah of Vizianagram, has given a magnificent donation of Rs. 100,000, and Rs. 90,000 for the S. P. C. A. and the Peejrapole of Madras respectively.

A WOMEN'S daily paper is published in Pekin, largely edited by women, and dealing chiefly with the care of infants and the training of children, though topics of educational value, such as astronomy, geography and history are included.

A REMARKABLE bird found in Mexico is the Bee-martin, which has a trick of ruffling up the feathers on the top of its head into the exact semblance of a beautiful flower, and when a bee comes along to sip honey from the supposed flower, it is snapped up by the bird.

"Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute;
What you can do, or deem you can, begin it;
Boldness has genius, power, magic in it.
Only engage, and then the mind grows heated;
Begin, and then the work will be completed."
—*Goethe*.

WE regret to announce the sudden death of Mr. Samuel Smith, M. P. from heart failure, on the 28th December last, in Calcutta. He came out to India solely for the purpose of presiding over the deliberations of the All-India Temperance Conference. He was a great Temperance reformer and a sincere friend of India.

DR. Harris, a former United States Commissioner of Education, predicts that in less

that twenty years the learned classes taking the lead in literature, science, art, and economics in America will be women. It was a woman's pen, writes Dr. Daniel Steele in the *Christian Advocate* (New York), that prepared "the boys in blue" to fight bravely against slavery. Said President Lincoln when Mrs. Stowe was introduced to him, taking her hand in both of his, "Is this the little woman who made this big war?"

THE birthday anniversary celebrations of the Swami Vivekananda were commemorated on the 13th January at the Belur Math and elsewhere. As Swamiji insisted so much on the *Seva* of the poor for the development of our spiritual nature, it has been made, as on previous occasions, the special feature of his day. The programme generally observed is, (1) reading from the Shastras, (2) music and entertainment for the poor and (3) feeding of the poor. We hope to give detailed descriptions of the anniversary in our next issue.

WE have been favoured with a copy of the pamphlet which the National Council of Education has issued, setting forth its scheme of Examinations,—one for the 5th and the other for the 7th Standard—to be held in the last week of June 1907. Candidates may appear in any of the following centres,—Calcutta, Dacca, Rungpur, Bankipur, Benares and Lahore. Printed forms of application for permission to appear in the above examinations may be obtained from the Secretaries National Council of Education, Bengal, at 191-1, Bow Bazar Street, Calcutta.

AT the request of friends and fellow-workers in India, a special Department of the Humanitarian League has been established to deal with Indian questions. It is felt that some organized effort is needed in India, as in Great Britain, to mitigate the vast amount of unnecessary pain inflicted through ignorance or callousness, and to prevent the importation of

cruel European customs in defiance of Indian sentiment. Those who are in sympathy with this object are requested to communicate with the Honorary Secretary, Mr. Joseph Collinson, at the office of the Humanitarian League, Indian Humanitarian Committee, 53, Chancery Lane, London, W. C.

THE following is the translation of a suggestive note in Urdu, found by a disciple in the diary of the late lamented Swami Ram Tirth, shortly after his tragic death:—

“Let death take away this physical body, other bodies are enough for one. From the moon through its beams I can live in peace; I would in the form of the hill rivers roam singing His song; I would walk in the waves of the river; I am the wind which is running in excelsis. I came in the form of the hills, gave life to the dying plants, helped the buds to flower; made the nightingales to weep, made the bars to crash, waked the sleepy, dried somebody's tears, uplifted somebody's veil and silently left without keeping anything to me.”

THE majority of the eminent scientists, both in England and America, have come to the conclusion that something like ninety per cent. of our dreams may be referred to external sounds working on the brain of the sleeper. The result of an immense number of experiments has led to the establishment of the following data:—Speaking in a low monotonous tone close to the ears of a sleeper will cause him to dream of terrible adventures on water, such as shipwrecks and drowning. Singing and playing a musical instrument induce dreams of dead friends, funerals, and the like. Worrying and unpleasant dreams are often produced, by sleeping with the arms over the head. The majority, however, of these theorists are of opinion that no great proportion of dreams is the result of anything which has occupied the brain in its waking moments.

COUNT OKUMA, presiding over the meeting of the Indo-Japanese Association, held in Tokio on the 14th October last, spoke to the following effect:—

We have a peculiar regard for India. Our ancestors considered it a heaven. In religion, art, and philosophy none ever excelled it. Our religion, coming from India, strengthened the feeling. China we knew being near; but India we did not know, beyond the fact that she sent a religious light to us. Personally I ever look upon India with a special reverence and interest. Look to the past history of India and all that is noble and yet simple, all that is mighty and yet well controlled, comes into your view.

Might is not always right. Gross power, however noble, is sure to fail in the end to achieve its object. The pages of history support the statement strongly. True, that India is now in an unfortunate condition, but there will come a day when the sun, so long longed for, shall shine upon the soil and its children.

THE RAMAKRISHNA MISSION FAMINE RELIEF WORK

Our Sonaimuri centre was closed at the beginning of December last, and a new centre has since been opened at Kamarkhal, Dt. Sylhet, where the distress continues to be still very acute, owing to the winter crops having totally failed. Swami Satyakama, in charge of the new relief centre, writes to say, that in comparison to the sufferings prevailing there, even Sonaimuri seems to be far better off. The people are utterly destitute and helpless, and in order to be of any efficient help to them, two or three additional centres should be opened in the adjoining Purganas, for a couple of months, if funds permitted. We therefore appeal once more to our generous friends to enable us, as they have so long done, to carry on the work for some time yet.

For want of space, we acknowledge the kind contributions received for the above work, on cover page ii.

Srimad-Bhagavad-Gita.

With Sanskrit text ; paraphrase with word-by-word literal translation ; English rendering, and comments.

BY

SWAMI SWARUPANANDA.

FOREWORD

THE Srimad-Bhagavad-Gita occurs in the Bhishma Parva of the Mahabharata and comprises 18 chapters, from the 25th., to the 42nd. The discourse between Arjuna and Krishna on the battle-field, on the eve of the war which forms the subject-matter of the work, was strung together in seven hundred verses and put in its place in the body of his great history by Vyasa.

The Gita opens with Dhritarashtra's query to Sanjaya about the progress of events. In the second chapter of the Bhishma Parva, we find Vyasa offering the power of sight to the blind king, that he might see the war. Dhritarashtra declined to have it, saying he did not care to have eyes with which only to see the death of his own people ; but he would like to hear what was happening. On this the Great Rishi Vyasa said, that all the occurrences in connexion with the war would be reflected in the mind of Sanjaya, and he would faithfully report them to Dhritarashtra.

The Gita is called an Upanishad, because it contains the essence of Self-knowledge, and because its teachings, like those of the Vedas are divided into three sections, Karma (work) Upasana (devotion) and Jnana (knowledge).

The first chapter is introductory. The second is a summary of the whole work, e. g., in II. 48 and the connected slokas, self-less

work devoid of desire for fruits, is taught for the purification of the heart ; in II. 61 and the connected Slokas devotion is taught to the pure-hearted, to qualify them further for the highest—Sannyasa, which last is taught in II. 71 and the connected Slokas.

It is also usual to divide the work into three sections illustrative of the three terms of the Mahavakya of the Sama-Veda, "Thou art That" (Chhand. Upa. VI. 8. 7.) In this view the first six chapters explain the path of work without desire for fruits, and the nature of "Thou." The next six chapters deal with devotion and the nature of "That." The last six describe the state of the highest knowledge and the nature of the middle term of the Mahavakya, in other words, the means of re-establishing the identity of "Thou" and "That."

The central teaching of the Gita is the attainment of Freedom, by the performance of one's Swadharma or duty in life. "Do thy duty without an eye to the results thereof. Thus shouldst thou gain the purification of heart which is essential for Moksha,"—seems to be the keynote of Krishna's teachings to Arjuna.

It is well-known why the Gita came into existence. It was owing to Arjuna's unwillingness to do his duty as a Kshatriya—to

fight for a just cause—because it involved the destruction of his own people. Not that Arjuna did not recognise the justice and right of the cause, but he would rather renounce the world and try for Moksha than kill his relatives and friends. Krishna's characterisation of this weakly sentimental attitude of Arjuna is well-known. He called it "Un-Arya-like delusion, contrary to the attainment alike of heaven and honour" and exhorted Partha to "yield not to unmanliness" but to

"cast off this mean faint-heartedness." (II. 2-3). "Could a coward who fails to do his duty, be worthy to attain Moksha?"—seems to be Krishna's rejoinder. Could a man not purified by the fire-ordeal of his Swadharma, could a renegade, a slave, attain Moksha? No! says the Lord. And this is the lesson we Indians have forgotten all these years, though we have been reading and discussing the Gita all the time.

S.

MEDITATION

ॐ पार्याय प्रतिबोधितां भगवता नारायणेन स्वयं
व्यासेन ग्रथितां पुराणमुनिना मध्येमहाभारतम् ।
अद्वैतामृतवर्षिणीं भगवतीमष्टादशाध्यायिनी
मंत्र त्वामनुसंधामि भगवती भवद्वेषिणीम् ॥१॥

ओं Om! भगवता By the Lord नारायणेन (The One Refuge of all beings) Narayana स्वयं Himself पार्याय प्रतिबोधितां by whom Partha was enlightened पुराण-मुनिना by (through the lips of) the ancient sage व्यासेन Vyasa महाभारतम् मध्ये in the Mahabharata ग्रथितं incorporated, भगवती the blessed Mother अद्वैतामृतवर्षिणीं showering the nectar of Advaita (the philosophy of non-duality) अष्टादशाध्यायिनी in the form of eighteen chapters भवद्वेषिणीम् destroyer of rebirth, अम्बे Loving Mother, भगवती (The Lord's song) Bhagavad-Gita त्वाम् Thee अनुसंधामि I meditate upon. (1).

Om! O Bhagavad Gita, with which Partha was enlightened by the Lord Narayana Himself, which was incorporated in the Mahabharata by the ancient sage Vyasa,—the Blessed Mother, the Destroyer of rebirth, showering down the nectar of Advaita, and consisting of eighteen chapters,—upon Thee, O Bhagavad-Gita! O Loving Mother! I meditate. (1).

नमोऽस्तु ते व्यास विशालबुद्धे

फुल्लारविंदायतपत्रनेत्र ।

येन त्वया भारततैलपुर्णः

प्रज्वालितो ज्ञानमयः प्रदीपः ॥२॥

विशालबुद्धे of mighty intellect फुल्लारविंदायतपत्रनेत्र

with eyes as large as a full-blown lotus व्यास Vyasa येन त्वया by thee भारततैलपुर्णः full of the oil of the Mahabharata ज्ञानमयः consisting of wisdom प्रदीपः lamp प्रज्वालितः lighted. ते to thee नमः salutation अस्तु be. (2).

Salutation to thee, O Vyasa, of mighty intellect and with eyes large like full-blown lotuses, by whom was lighted the lamp of wisdom, full of the Mahabharata-oil. (2).

प्रपन्नपारिजाताय तोत्रवेत्रैकपाणये ।

ज्ञानमुद्राय कृष्णाय गीतामृतदुहे नमः ॥३॥

प्रपन्नपारिजाताय O Thou Refuge of (the ocean-born) Lakshmi तोत्रवेत्रैकपाणये who holdest in one hand a cane for driving cows गीतामृतदुहे Thou milker of the Gita-nectar ज्ञानमुद्राय (Jnana-mudra : a position of the hands in which the tips of the forefinger and the thumb of each hand touch each other; an attitude associated with the highest Yogis and Gurus) the holder of Jnana-mudra कृष्णाय to Thee O Krishna नमः salutation. (3).

Salutation to Krishna, the holder of the Jnana-mudra, the supreme refuge of Lakshmi, the milker of the Gita-nectar, in whose hand is the cane for driving cows. (3).

सर्वोपनिषदो गावो दोग्धा गोपालनन्दनः ।

पार्यो वत्सः सुधीर्भोक्ता दुग्धं गीतामृतं महत् ॥४॥

सर्वोपनिषदः all the Upanishads गावः the cows गोपालनन्दनः son of the cowherd (Krishna) दोग्धा the milker पार्यः Partha the (Arjuna) वत्सः calf सुधीः (men) of purified intellect भोक्ता the drinkers महत्

the Supreme अमृतं nectar गीता Gita दुग्धं the milk. (4).

All the Upanishads are the cows, the son of the cowherd is the milker, Pârtha is the calf, men of purified intellect are the drinkers and the Supreme nectar Gita is the milk. (4).

वसुदेवसुतं देवं कंसचाणूरमर्दनम् ।

देवकीपरमानन्दं कृष्णं वन्दे जगद्गुरुम् ॥५॥

वसुदेवसुतं the son of Vasudeva कंसचाणूरमर्दनं the destroyer of Kamsa and Chanura देवकीपरमानन्दं the Supreme bliss of Devaki (mother of Krishna) जगद्गुरुं the Guru (Teacher) of the Universe देवं God कृष्णं Krishna वन्दे I salute. (5).

I salute Krishna, the Guru of the Universe, God, the son of Vasudeva, the Destroyer of Kamsa and Chanura, the supreme bliss of Devaki. (5).

भीष्मद्रोणतटा जयद्रथजला गंधारनीलोत्पला

शल्यग्राहवती कृपेण वहनी कर्णेन वेलाकुला ।

अश्वत्थामविकर्णघोरमकरा दुर्योधनावर्तिनी

सोत्तीर्णा खलु पाण्डवै रणनदी कैवर्तकः केशवः॥६॥

भीष्मद्रोणतटा with Bhishma and Drona as the banks जयद्रथजला with Jayadratha as the water गान्धारनीलोत्पला with the king of Gandhara as the blue water-lily शल्यग्राहवती with Shalya as the Shark कृपेण वहनी with Kripa as the current कर्णेन वेलाकुला with Karna as the high waves अश्वत्थामविकर्णघोरमकरा with Ashvathama and Vikarna as terrible Makaras (a kind of marine animal) दुर्योधनावर्तिनी with Duryodhana as the whirlpool सा that रणनदी battle-river खलु indeed पाण्डवैः by the Pandavas उत्तीर्णा crossed over केशवः Keshava (Krishna) कैवर्तकः the ferryman. (6).

The battle-river, with Bhishma and Drona as its banks, and Jayadratha as the water, with the king of Gandhara as the blue water-lily, and Shalya as the shark, with Kripa as the current and Karna as the breakers, with Ashvathama and Vikarna as terrible Makaras and Duryodhana as the whirlpool in it,—was indeed crossed over by the Pandavas, with Keshava as the ferryman. (6).

पाराशर्यवचःसरोजममलं गीतार्थगन्धोत्कटं

नानाख्यानककेसरं हरिकथासंबोधनावोधितम् ।

लोके सज्जनषट्पदैरहरहः पेपीयमानं मुदा

भूयान्भारतपङ्कजं कलिमलप्रध्वंसिनः श्रेयसे ॥७॥

पाराशर्यवचः-सरोजममलं The spotless lotus of the words of the son of Parashara (Vyasa) भारतपङ्कजं the Mahabharata-lotus गीतार्थगन्धोत्कटं having the Gita as its strong sweet fragrance नानाख्यानककेसरं with many a narrative as its stamens हरिकथासंबोधनावोधितं fully opened by the discourses on Hari (the remover of misery) लोके in the world सज्जनषट्पदैः by the Bhramara (a beetle-like insect which lives solely on honey) of the good and the pure अहरहः day after day मुदा joyously पेपीयमानं drunk कलिमलप्रध्वंसिनः of the destroyer of the taint of Kali (the age of imperfection) श्रेयसे for the Supreme good भूयान् may produce. (7).

May the words of the son of Parâshara,—the taintless lotus of the Mahabharata, having the Gita as its strong sweet fragrance, with many a narrative as its stamens, fully opened by the discourses on Hari and drunk joyously day after day by the Bhramara of the good and the pure in the world,—be productive of the supreme good to him who is eager to destroy the taint of Kali. (7).

मुकं करोति वाचालं पंगुं लंघयते गिरिम ।

यत्कृपा तमहं वन्दे परमानन्दमाधवम् ॥८॥

यत्कृपा whose compassion मुकं the mute वाचालं eloquent करोति makes पंगुं the cripple गिरिं mountain लंघयते cross तं that परमानन्दमाधवं the all-bliss-Madhava (sweetest of the sweet) अहं I वन्दे salute. (8).

I salute that All-bliss Madhava whose compassion makes the mute eloquent and the cripple cross mountains. (8).

यं ब्रह्मावरुणोद्भृद्मरुतः स्तुन्वन्ति दिव्यैः स्तवै-

र्वैः सांगपदक्रमोपनिषदैर्गायन्ति यं सामगाः ।

ध्यानावस्थिततद्गतेन मनसा पश्यन्ति यं योगिनो यस्यांतं न विदुः सुरासुरगणा देवाय तस्मै नमः ॥९॥

॥ इति ध्यानम् ॥

ब्रह्मा Brahmâ (The creator) वरुण Varuna इन्द्र Indra रुद्र Rudra मरुतः Maruta यं whom दिव्यैः divine स्तवैः

with hymns स्तुन्वन्ति praise; सामगाः the singers of Sama यं whom सागंपदक्रमोपनिषदैः with full complement of parts, consecutive sections and (crowning knowledge-portions) Upanishads वेदैः the Vedas गायन्ति sing योगिनः the Yogis यं whom ध्यानावस्थित-तद्गतेन मनसा with the mind absorbed in Him through perfection in meditation पश्यन्ति see सुरासुरगणाः the hosts of Devas and Asuras यस्य whose अन्तं limit न not विदुः know तस्मै to that देवाय God नमः salutation. (9).

Salutation to that God whom the creator Brahmâ, Varuna, Indra, Rudra and Maruta praise with divine hymns; Whom the singers of Sama sing, by the Vedas, with their full complement of parts, consecutive sections and Upanishads; Whom see, the Yogis with their minds absorbed in Him through perfection in meditation, and Whose limit the hosts of I

INVOCATION *

Oh blessed Mother
Who showerest (upon us) the nectar of Advaita
In the form of (these) eighteen chapters!
Thou Destroyer of re-birth!
Thou loving Mother!
Thou Bhagavad Gita!
Upon Thee I meditate.

Thee, O Vyasa, of lotus-eyes,
And mighty intellect,
Who hast lighted the lamp of wisdom
Filled with the oil of the Mahabharata
Thee we salute,

Oh Thou who art the Refuge
Of the (ocean-born) Lakshmi,
'Thou in whose right hand is the shepherd's crook,
Who art the milker of the divine nectar of the Gita,
To Thee, Oh Krishna, to Thee our salutation!

The Upanishads are even as the herd of cows,
The son of the cowherd as the milker,
Partha as the sucking-calf,
And men of purified intellect the drinkers,
Of this, the supreme nectar, the milk of the Gita,

Thou son of Vasudeva,
Destroyer of Kamsa and Chanura,
Thou supreme bliss of Devaki
Guru of the Worlds,
Thee, O Krishna, as God, we salute!

Of that great river of battle which the Pandavas
crossed over,
Bhishma and Drona were as the high banks;

And Jayadratha as the water of the river;
The King of Gandhara the water-lily;
Shalya as the sharks, Kripa as the current;
Karna the mighty waves;
Ashvathama and Vikarna dread water-monsters,
And Duryodhana was the very whirlpool.
But Thou, O Krishna, wast the Ferryman!

This spotless lotus of the words of Vyasa,
This lotus of the Mahabharata,—
With the Bhagavad Gita as its strong sweet fragrance,
And tales of heroes as its full-blown petals,
Held ever open by the talk of Hari, of Him
Who is Destroyer of the taint of Kali-Yuga;
This lotus to which come joyously
Day after day the honey-seeking souls,—
May this produce in us the highest good!

Him whose compassion maketh the dumb man
eloquent,
And the cripple to cross mountains,
Him the All-blissful Madhava,
Do I salute!

To that Supreme One Who is bodied forth in Brahma,
In Varuna, in Indra, in Rudra and Marut;
That One Whom all divine beings praise with hymns;
Him Whom the singers of Sama-Veda tell;
Him of Whose glory, sing in full chori,
the Upanishads and Vedas;
Him Whom the Yogis see, with minds absorbed
in perfect meditation;
Him of Whom all the hosts of Devas and Asuras,
Know not the limitations,
To Him, the Supreme Good, be salutation,—
Him we salute. Him be salute. Him be salute.

* Another rendering of the "Meditation."