

# Prabuddha Bharata

OR

## Awakened India



उत्तिष्ठत जाग्रत प्राप्य वरान्निबोधत।

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# Prabuddha Bharata

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

—Swami Vivekananda

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## SRI RAMAKRISHNA'S TEACHINGS

### ATMAJNANA—VI

ANANDAM or enjoyment of perfect bliss within, is one of the signs of God-vision. The waves roll on the surface of the ocean but the deep expanse of water lies unruffled underneath.

HE who has seen God roams about,—sometimes like a mad man; sometimes like an unclean spirit,—feeling no distinction between cleanliness and its opposite; sometimes remains like an inanimate object—because of being struck dumb by seeing God within and outside; sometimes like a child, attaching his soul to nothing, and as unconscious of conventionalities as a child who goes about with his clothes bundled in his arms. But when he works for the good of others, he is as manly as a lion.

LAKSMAN once said to his Divine brother, "O Rama, is it not strange that a *Jnanin* like Vashishtha Deva should have wept for the loss of his sons, and would not be comforted?"

Thereupon Rama said, "Good, my brother! But bear in mind that whoever possesses *Jnana* must at the same time have *Ajnana* also; whoever has the knowledge of unity, must also have the knowledge of diversity; whoever has the consciousness of light, must have the consciousness of darkness also; because all these being correlatives belong to the

domain of ne-science. Unless one goes beyond both of them, one cannot be free from sorrow and ignorance."

God (*Brahman*) is above and beyond both knowledge and ignorance, good and evil, *dharma* and *adharma*,—indeed beyond all the dual throngs.

WHAT remains after, as you say, both the thorns of knowledge and ignorance are thrown away?

What remains is the Absolute—mentioned in the Vedas as *Nitya-suddha-bodharupam* (the Unchangeable, the Absolutely Pure, the Absolute Knowledge).

Q. When shall I be free?—

A. When "I" shall cease to be.

"I" and "mine" is ignorance.

"Thou" and "Thine" is knowledge.

KNOW thyself and thou shalt then know the non-self and the Lord of all. What is my ego? Is it my hand, or foot, or flesh, or blood, or muscle, or tendon? Ponder deep and thou shalt know that there is really no such thing as "I". As by continuously peeling off the skin of an onion, so on analysing the ego it will be found that there is not any real entity corresponding to the ego. The ultimate result of all such analysis is God. When egoism drops away, divinity manifests itself.

## OCCASIONAL NOTES

THE growth of modern cities in India shows that we are leaving behind us the organisation of the undivided family, which once formed our largest conceivable social unit, and entering into still larger and much freer social combination. The city is one of the widest groups that can be formed. Nations are made up of citizens, and conversely, cities are the schools of nationality. A city is the most complex type of molecule, so to speak, in the national organism.

In a given molecule all the atoms contained are essential. Each atom, each sub-atom, and the relation of each to the rest, is integral to the whole. Can we say this of our cities of to-day? If not, they are not organised on a *permanent* basis. In mediæval Benares, in mediæval Lucknow, each atom and each series of atoms, was essential to the city. In Conjeeveram and in many of our rural market-towns of the South, the same is true, to-day. Is it true of our modern cities, of Calcutta, Madras, Bombay? If not, the inessential elements will yet prove to be but temporary. They will eventually be cast out.

There is a difference, then, between mechanical complexity and organic complexity. Those factors which do not belong organically to the civic complexus are the factors that cannot endure. And what is the test of the organic necessity of any given atom? The test that our ancestors would have accepted was *Dharma*. Those who uphold the national righteousness belong to the city, belong to the nation; those who destroy and deteriorate it will have to go. The test of our cohesion, then, is a moral test, a test of character, of conduct, of uprightness. It is that particular kind of character, moreover, which makes large social combinations possible.

A study of such traits of character would then be valuable. Each of us, if we set ourselves to observe what these are, will notice different things. One will lay stress on good manners. There is no doubt that these are

very necessary, and that the standard will be much more precise and severe when we move in a circle drawn from all parts of India than when we lived only amongst our own relatives. Courtesy is a great lubricant to public life, and the delicate social emotions that make courtesy sincere and natural are one of the most precious gifts of humanity. Courtesy, too, may well be practised in the home. It is no excuse for a brutal manner, that so-and-so is my mother or wife or brother. What then? Am I to be impertinent to my nearest and dearest, and reserve my best self for those whom I scarcely know?

Another will notice the need of punctuality, of order, of regular habits. All these are absolutely imperative in the civic circle. And all these are *Dharma*, for all mean self-control for the good of others.

We have to learn to be reliable, or what is called 'dependable,' in our dealings with others. *Responsibility* is God's test of man. We must be equal to our task. It is worse than useless, it is positively ruinous, like the uncompleted sacrifice, to undertake a duty that we do not carry through to its last syllable. The performance of duty, the social duty, the civic duty, is not to be allowed to vary with our own feelings, with our impulses, our tempers, even (up to certain necessary limits) with our health. "I am *responsiöle*" is a word that, uttered by oneself to oneself, should spur us to the highest effort, to the sternest sacrifice.

There is no reason for charity, for tenderness, for forbearance,—no reason that can be urged,—which is so strong as the *need* of him to whom kindness or gentleness is shown. And similarly, the most intense of all social motives is not ambition or self-interest, or love of fame or power, intense as any of these may be. The most intense of all motives lies in the thought "I am *trusted*." This duty or this need *depends* upon me." Here is the thought that makes the sentinel die at his post, that calls the fireman to the

hottest point of danger, that rouses the slumbering spirit and puts spurs into the flagging will. And this is *Dharma*.

For examples of what is to be won by energy of social experiment, we are agreed that we must turn to the West. Even in the pursuit of ideas, while the *idea* is often better realised in India, its reflection in the social organisation is better accomplished in Europe. These things are to be studied and contemplated. There is no solvent of error in conduct, like true thought and right knowledge. We are of those who urge neither conservatism nor reform, in social questions. We ask only for right *understanding*. And we hold that the temper of mind that will rush hurriedly upon either one act or the other, is not conducive to true understanding, which needs above all things disinterestedness and calm.

Let us then compare the European solution of various problems, with our own, and see, if possible, whether we have not much to gain from such consideration.

Even in religion, we find Indian worship a one-priest matter, while European ritual is a vast co-operation of singers, servers, ministrants, and others.

In monasticism, the ideal monk of the East is a wanderer who goes free, from place to place, working out the personal ideal, derived from his *guru*. He is often the embodiment of great and sometimes of supreme individual illumination. But he never has the discipline of the member of a close-knit organisation, in which obedience is practised as a mortification, and punctuality, order, and business habits are rigorously imposed. Yet so completely has the monastic formation been assimilated by the West as a social institution, that such words as *abbot*, *prior*, *novice*, *refectory*, *cloister*, *bands*, *vespers*, and others, are now part of the common language, each with its precise meaning expressed and understood, by all members of society alike. It was the organisation of the great religious orders, moreover,—the Cistercians practising agriculture, the Dominicans and Jesuits giving education, the Franciscans acting as moral and religious missionaries, a sort of mediæval Salvation Army,—that

made the modern organisation of hospitals, red cross sisterhoods, and relief associations in general, a possibility. It was their work in education that laid the foundations of all the universities and common schools in Europe.

But we have monasteries in India also. What is the distinguishing characteristic of the European? The distinguishing characteristic of European monasticism is its system, its organisation, its clear and well-defined division of responsibilities. One man is the head. Under him may be the Prior and even a sub-prior. One man trains novices; another attends to guests. However many persons live under one roof, there is no overlapping of functions, no repetition of offices. There is not one hour of the day that has not its appointed duty. The body monastic is close-knit, coherent, organic, and a degree of obedience to superiors is required of every member, which is not surpassed by that of an army occupying hostile territory.

Developments like these, taking many centuries to perfect, have furnished that thought material, those conceptions of character and conduct, out of which the great commercial and industrial organisations of the present age have been constructed. Society is really one, and the experiments made by each part become the knowledge of the whole.

Behind every mental realisation, however, whether of individuals or of societies, always stands some concrete experience. What was the concrete experience that so worked itself into the very nerves and blood of European races that their idea of a working-unity became so definite and differentiated? It is said by sociologists that this concrete experience was the conquest of the ocean. European peoples are coast-line-dwellers. Their conception of organisation is furnished by the crew of a ship, and their temptation—incidentally, not only their temptation, but also their characteristic vice, is piracy. In the crew of the ship, the family—with the father as captain, eldest sons first mate, second son as second mate, younger sons and nephews as working sailors, and so on—becomes transformed into the complex human working-unit, the social instrument, whose unity and

discipline are tested for life or for death, in every gale that the fishing-smack encounters.

In India and the East generally, it is supposed, in similar fashion, that the great concrete experience on which the national character is built, and by which its potency for co-operation is largely determined, is the rice-field. Here, it is said, whole families co-operate, under one man's direction, on an equal footing. They sow seed, they transplant seedlings, they harvest crops, without, say the sociologists, anything happening to call forth a great preponderance of ability in any one above the others. No special reward waits on ingenuity or inventive ability, in the transplanting of rice. Every man's labour is more or less alike, and of equal amount. Hence the firm hold obtained by the essentially democratic institutions of village, caste, guild, and family, in India. India is essentially a *democratic* country. Her monarchies and aristocracies are quite extraneous to her social system, and it is this which she has to thank, for her stability and solidarity under experiences that would have shattered the unity of any less coherent organisation. The only point in which India fails to stand comparison with the West is in the *complexity* of her social organisation.

Benares is as beautiful as any mediæval city in Europe. Indeed Europe has not more than one or two jewels to compare with it. Yet anyone who has seen a European cathedral will know what is meant by complex unity. The Western cathedral is not a

mere building. It is like a Southern Indian temple—a treasure-house of carvings in stone and wood; of paintings on walls, on glass, and on canvas; of musical instruments; old metalwork; embroideries; libraries; and fifty other things. It represents, as many writers have pointed out, a *synthesis* of occupations, all held together by a single aim, governed by one head, united in the realisation of a common design. And European cathedrals were the fruit of the sudden realisation by the people of their own unity and their own freedom. For they sprang up in the great age of the passing away of the Feudal System, and the birth of the great Free Cities of the Middle Ages.

If the complex unity of the ship's crew enable the European peoples to build cathedrals, the building of cathedrals, in like manner, has helped towards the modern complexity and success of industrial and commercial co-operation. For those who undertake great tasks and hold faithfully to their part in them, become possessed of great powers, and apply them unconsciously in every other function.

Let us also, then, undertake great tasks. Let us be faithful even in little things. A single wheel or screw may be small, even minute, yet a whole machine may turn on it. Let us be *responsible*, trustworthy. Let our word be our bond. The hand we have taken in ours, let it never fail for want of one to hold it. So shall every deed be the seed-plot of new powers. So shall every gain become the stronghold of a nation.

## AN EARLY STAGE OF VIVEKANANDA'S MENTAL DEVELOPMENT

**W**HEN I first met Vivekananda in 1881 we were fellow students of Principal William Hastie, scholar, metaphysician, and poet, at the General Assembly's College. He was my senior in age, though I was his senior

in the College by one year. Undeniably a gifted youth, sociable, free and unconventional in manners, a sweet singer, the soul of social circles, a brilliant conversationalist, somewhat bitter and caustic, piercing with the shafts of

[ NOTE—The above article is the outcome of a talk, held by one of our brother-Swamis at Puri, with the well-known scholar, Prof. Brojendra Nath Seal, M. A. At his special request, the Professor kindly committed to writing some of his personal reminiscences of Swamiji, for the benefit of the

readers of the Prabuddha Bharata and his many other admirers. We are sure, this charming production from his pen, will be read with consuming interest, comprising, as it does, one of the most important, though little known chapters of Swamiji's life.—Ed ]

a keen wit the shows and mummeries of the world, sitting in the scorner's chair but hiding the tenderest of hearts under the garb of cynicism; altogether an inspired Bohemian but possessing what Bohemians lack, an iron will; somewhat peremptory and absolute, speaking with accents of authority and withal possessing a strange power of the eye which could hold his listeners in thrall.

This was patent to all. But what was known to few was the inner man and his struggles,—the *stürm und drang* of soul which expressed itself in his restless and Bohemian wanderings.

This was the beginning of a critical period in his mental history, during which he awoke to self-consciousness, and laid the foundations of his future personality. John Stuart Mill's 'Three Essays on Religion' had upset his first boyish theism and easy optimism which he had imbibed from the outer circles of the Brahmo Samaj. The arguments from causality and design were for him broken reeds to lean upon and he was haunted by the problem of the Evil in Nature and Man which he, by no means, could reconcile with the goodness of an All-wise and All-powerful Creator. A friend (Sita Nath Nandy) introduced him to the study of Hume's Scepticism and Herbert Spencer's doctrine of the Unknowable, and his unbelief gradually assumed the form of a settled philosophical scepticism.

His first emotional freshness and *naivete* were worn out. A certain dryness and incapacity for the old prayerful devotions, an *ennui* which he concealed under a *nonchalant* air of habitual mocking and scoffing, troubled his spirit. But music still stirred him as nothing else could, and gave him a weird un-earthly sense of unseen realities which brought tears to his eyes.

It was at this time that he came to me being brought by a common friend, the same who had introduced him to the study of Hume and Herbert Spencer. I had had a

nodding acquaintance with him before, but now he opened himself to me and spoke of his harassing doubts and his despair of reaching certitude about the Ultimate Reality. He asked for a course of Theistic philosophic reading suited to a beginner in his situation. I named some authorities, but the stock arguments of the Intuitionists and the Scotch common-sense school only confirmed him in his unbelief. Besides, he did not appear to me to have sufficient patience for hum-drum reading,—his faculty was to imbibe not so much from books as from living communion and personal experience. With him it was "life kindling life and thought kindling thought."

I felt deeply drawn towards him, for I now knew that he would grapple with difficulties in earnest.

I gave him and Sitanath (as pure, as lovely, as god-like a soul as ever visited earth) a course of readings in Shelley. Shelley's Hymn to the Spirit of Intellectual Beauty, his pantheism of impersonal love and his vision of a glorified millennial humanity moved him as the arguments of the philosophers had failed to move him. The universe was no longer a mere lifeless, loveless mechanism. It contained a spiritual principle of unity.

I spoke to him now of a higher unity than Shelley had conceived, the unity of the Para Brahman as the Universal Reason. My own position at that time sought to fuse into one, three essential elements, the pure monism of the Vedanta, the dialectics of the Absolute idea of Hegel and the Gospel of Equality, Liberty and Fraternity of the French Revolution. The principle of individuation was with me the principle of Evil. The Universal Reason was all in all, Nature, life, history being the progressive unfolding of the Absolute idea. All ethical, social and political creeds and principles were to be tested by their conformity to Pure Reason. The element of feeling appeared to me merely pathological, a disturbance of sanity and order. How to over-

come the resistance of matter, of individuality and of unreason, to the manifestation of the Pure Reason was the great problem of life and society, of education and legislation. I also held with the ardour of a young inexperienced visionary that the deliverance of the Race from the bondage of unreason would come about through a new revolutionary polity of which the watchwords were Equality, Liberty and Fraternity.

The sovereignty of Universal Reason, and the negation of the individual as the principle of morals, were ideas that soon came to satisfy Vivekananda's intellect and gave him an assured conquest over scepticism and materialism. What was more, they furnished him with the card and compass of life, as it were. But this brought him no peace. The conflict now entered deeper into his soul, for the creed of Universal Reason called on him to suppress the yearnings and susceptibilities of his artist nature and Bohemian temperament. His senses were keen and acute, his natural cravings and passions strong and imperious, his youthful susceptibilities tender, his social nature free and merry. To suppress these was to kill his natural spontaneity,—almost to suppress his self. The struggle soon took a seriously ethical turn,—reason struggling for mastery with passion and sense. The fascinations of the sense and the cravings of a youthful nature now appeared to him as impure, as gross and carnal. This was the hour of darkest trial for him. His musical gifts brought him associates for whose manners and morals he had bitter and undisguised contempt. But his temperament proved too strong for him. It was, therefore, some relief to him when Sitanath and I occasionally kept him company of an evening when he went out for a musical *soiree*.

I saw and recognised in him a high, ardent and pure nature vibrant and resonant.

To his repeated quest for some power which would deliver him from bondage and unavail-

ing struggle, I could only point to the sovereignty of Pure Reason and the ineffable peace that comes of identifying the self with the Reason in the Universe. Those were for me days of a victorious Platonic transcendentalism. The experience of a refractory flesh or rebellious temperament had not come to me. I had not sufficient patience for the mood or attitude of mind which surrenders the sovereign right of self-government to artificial props or outside help, such as grace or mediation. I felt no need of conciliating feeling and nature in the cult of Reason, nor had had any experience of a will divided in its allegiance to the Self. The experience of a discord between the Ideal and the Real, between nature and Spirit, had indeed come to me already in an objective way as an outstanding reality and was to come afterwards in subjective fashion, though in forms quite other than what obtained in Vivekananda's case. But at the time, his problems were not mine, nor were my difficulties his.

He confessed that though his intellect was conquered by the universal, his heart owned the allegiance of the individual Ego and complained that a pale, bloodless reason, sovereign *de jure* but not *de facto*, could not hold out arms to save him in the hour of temptation. He wanted to know if my philosophy could satisfy his senses, could mediate bodily, as it were, for the soul's deliverance; in short, he wanted a flesh and blood reality visible in form and glory; above all he cried out for a hand to save, to uplift, to protect, a *sakti* or power outside himself which could cure him of his impotence and cover his nothingness with glory,—a *guru* or master who by embodying perfection in the flesh would still the commotion in his soul.

At the time, this appeared to me a weakness born of unreason, this demand for perfection in the flesh and for a power out of ourselves to save,—this sacrifice of reason to sense. My young inexperienced self, con-

fronted with this demand of a soul striving with itself, knew not wherewith to satisfy it, and Vivekananda soon after betook himself to the ministers and missionaries of the Brahma Samaj, asking Brahmos with an unconscious Socratic Irony, for an ideal made real to sense, for truth made visible, for a power unto deliverance. Here he had enough, he bitterly complained, of moral disquisitions, principles, intuitions for pabulum which to him appeared tasteless and insipid. He tried diverse teachers, creeds and cults, and it was this quest that brought him, though at first in a doubting spirit, to the Paramahansa of Dakshineswar, who spoke to him with an authority as none had spoken before, and by his *sakti* brought peace into his soul and healed the wounds of his spirit. But his rebellious intellect scarcely yet owned the Master. His mind misgave him and he doubted if the peace which would possess his soul in the presence of the Master was not illusory. It was only gradually that the doubts of that keen intellect were vanquished by the calm assurance that belongs to ocular demonstration.

Sitanath and myself watched with intense interest the transformation that went on under our eyes. The attitude of a young and rampant Vedantist—*cum*-Hegelian—*cum*-Revolutionary like myself towards the cult of religious ecstasy and Kali-worship, may be easily imagined; and the spectacle of a born iconoclast and free-thinker like Vivekananda, a creative and dominating intelligence, a tamer of souls, himself caught in the meshes

of what appeared to me an uncouth, supernatural mysticism, was a riddle which my philosophy of the Pure Reason could scarcely read at the time. But Vivekananda, "the loved and lost" was loved and mourned most in what I could not but then regard as his defection; and it was personal feeling, after all, the hated pathological element of individual preference and individual relationship, which most impelled me, when at last I went on what to a home-keeping recluse like myself was an adventurous journey to Dakshineswar, to see and hear Vivekananda's Master, and spent the greater part of a long summer day in the shady and peaceful solitudes of the Temple-garden, returning as the sun set amidst the whirl and rush and roar and the awful gloom of a blinding thunder-storm, with a sense of bewilderment as well moral as physical, and a lurking perception of the truth that the majesty of Law orders the apparently irregular and grotesque, that there may be self-mastery in apparent self-alienation, that sense even in its errors is only incipient Reason and that faith in a Saving Power *ab extra* is but the dim reflex of an original act of self-determination. And a significant confirmation of all this came in the subsequent life-history of Vivekananda who after he had found the firm assurance he sought in the saving Grace and Power of his Master went about preaching and teaching the creed of the Universal Man, and the absolute and inalienable sovereignty of the Self.

BROJENDRA NATH SEAL, M. A.

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## THE MASTER AS I SAW HIM

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

### XII.

ELSEWHERE I have told in detail the story of the Swami's pilgrimage to Amarnath. Everything in our life up to that time had been associated with the thought of

Siva. Each step had seemed to draw us closer to the great snow-mountains that were at once His image and His home. The young moon resting at night fall above the glacier-cleft and the tossing pines, had suggested irresistibly the



brow of the Great God. Above all, that world of meditation on whose outskirts we dwelt, had Him as its heart and centre, rapt and silent, "above all thought and beyond the reach of qualities." Undoubtedly this Hindu idea of Siva is the highest conception of God as approached by the spiritual intuition of man. He is the Divine accessible *within*, and purified of all externals.

It may possibly be, that in the pursuit of uttermost knowledge, this personification of the unmanifesting is necessarily succeeded by the opposite conception of God—as the power behind all manifestation. It is clear at least that he who has sounded the depths of both these, will be capable of understanding the significance of every possible human symbol of the divine, since all must be included in one or other of the two. If the Supreme is thought of by man at all, it must be either as Infinite Knowledge or as Infinite Power. Whether there is any such law of nature behind the fact or not, must remain a speculation. In some imperceptible way, at all events, the Swami's attention appeared to shift, during the month of August, from Siva to the Mother. He was always singing the songs of Ram Prasad, as if he would saturate his own mind with the conception of himself as a child. He told some of us once, that wherever he turned, he was conscious of the presence of the Mother, as if She were a person in the room. It was always his habit to speak simply and naturally of "Mother," and some of the older members of the party caught this, so that such phrases as "Well, well! Mother knows best!" were a constant mode of thought and speech amongst us, when, for instance, some cherished intention had to be abandoned.

Gradually, however, his absorption became more intense. He complained bitterly of the malady of thought, which would consume a man, leaving him no time for sleep or rest, and would often become as insistent as a human voice. He had constantly striven to

make clear to us the ideal of rising beyond the pairs of opposites, beyond pain and pleasure, good and evil alike,—that conception which forms the Hindu solution of the problem of sin,—but now he seemed to fasten his whole attention on the dark, the painful, and the inscrutable, in the world, with the determination to reach by this particular road the One Behind Phenomena. Baffled as he found himself in the object of his visit to Kashmir, "the worship of the Terrible" now became his whole cry. Illness or pain would always draw forth the reminder that "She is the organ. She is the pain. And She is the Giver of pain. Kali! Kali! Kali!"

His brain was teeming with thoughts, he said one day, and his fingers would not rest till they were written down. It was that same evening that we came back to our houseboat from some expedition, and found waiting for us, where he had left them, his manuscript lines on "Kali the Mother." Writing in a fever of inspiration, he had fallen on the floor, when he had finished—as we learnt afterwards, exhausted with his own intensity.

#### KALI THE MOTHER

The stars are blotted out  
 The clouds are covering clouds,  
 It is darkness vibrant, sonant.  
 In the roaring, whirling wind,  
 Are the souls of a million lunatics,  
 Just loose from prison house,  
 Wrenching trees by the roots  
 Sweeping all from the path.

The sea has joined the fray  
 And swirls up mountain waves,  
 To reach the pitchy sky.  
 The flash of lurid light  
 Reveals on every side  
 A thousand, thousand shades  
 Of Death begrimed and black—  
 Scattering plagues and sorrows,  
 Dancing mad with joy.

Come, O Mother, come!

For terror is Thy name.  
 Death—is in Thy breath.  
 And every shaking step  
 Destroys a world for e'er.  
 Thou 'Time' the All-Destroyer.  
 Come, O Mother, come.

Who dares misery love,  
 Dance in Destruction's dance,  
 And hug the form of death,—  
 To him the Mother comes.

About this time, he had taken his boat away from our vicinity, and only a young Brahma doctor, who was also living in Kashmir that summer,—and whose kindness and devotion to him were beyond all praise,—was allowed to know where he was, and to enquire about his daily needs. The next evening the doctor went, as usual, but finding him lost in thought, retired without speaking, and the following day, September the thirtieth, he had gone, leaving word that he was not to be followed, to Kshir Bhowani, the coloured springs. He was away from that day till October the sixth.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was afternoon when we saw him coming back to us, up the river. He stood in front of the *dunga*, grasping with one hand the bamboo roof-pole, and with the other holding yellow flowers. He entered our houseboat,—a transfigured presence, and silently passed from one to another blessing us, and putting the marigolds on our heads. "I offered them to Mother," he said at last, as he ended by handing the garland to one of us. Then he sat down. "No more 'Hari Om!' It is all 'Mother' now!" he said, with a smile. We all sat silent. Had we tried to speak, we should have failed, so tense was the spot, with something that stilled thought. He opened his lips again. "All my patriotism is gone. Everything is gone. It's only 'Mother! Mother!'"

"I have been very wrong," he said simply,

after another pause. "Mother said to me 'What, even if unbelievers should enter My temples, and defile My images! What is that to you? Do you protect ME? Or do I protect you?' So there is no more patriotism. I am only a little child!"

Then he spoke on indifferent matters, about the departure for Calcutta, which he desired to make at once, with a word or two as to the experience of physical ill into which his perplexities of mind had translated themselves, throughout the past week. "I may not tell you more now: it is not in order," he said gently, adding, before he left us,—“But spiritually, *spiritually*, I was not bound down!"

We saw very little of the Swami, during the next few days. Before breakfast the next morning, indeed, two of us were with him on the river-bank for a moment, when, seeing the barber, he said "All this must go!" and left us, to come out again half-an-hour later, without a hair. Somehow, in ways and words that could scarcely be recounted, came to us now and then a detail of that austerity, by which, in the past week, such illumination had come. We could picture the fasting; the offering of milk and rice and almonds daily, in the spring; and the morning worship of a Brahmin pundit's little daughter, as Uma Kumari—the Virgin Kali;—the whole, meanwhile, in such a passion of self-renunciation, that not one wave of reaction could be found in his consciousness for any injury, however great.

A man came one day to ask a question, and the Swami, in monastic dress and with shaven head, happened to enter. "Ought one to seek an opportunity of death, in defence of right, or ought one to take the lesson of the Gita,\* and learn never to react?" was the

\* It is perhaps worth while to say that for my own part I could never understand how this enquirer gathered this particular lesson from the Gita!

problem put to him. "I am for no reaction," said the Swami, speaking slowly, and with a long pause. Then he added "—for Sannyasins. Self-defence for the householder!"

The mood seemed to grow upon him, and deepen. He spoke of this time once, as 'a crisis in his life.' Again, he called himself a child, seated on the lap of the Mother, and being caressed. And the thought came to us, unspoken, that these Her kisses might make themselves known to mind and nerve as anguish, yet be welcomed with rapture of recognition. Did he not say "There could be bliss in torture"?

As soon as it could be arranged, we left for Baramulla, which we reached on Tuesday evening, October the eleventh. It had been settled that he would go on to Lahore the following afternoon, while we waited some days longer. On the way down the river, we saw very little of him. He was almost entirely silent, and took long walks by the riverside alone, rarely even entering our houseboat for a moment. His health had been completely broken, by the labours of his return to India, and the physical ebb of the great experience through which he had just passed—for even suffering becomes impossible, when a given point of weariness is reached; and similarly, the body refuses to harbour a certain intensity of the spiritual life for an indefinite period!—was leaving him, doubtless, more exhausted than he himself suspected. All this contributed, one imagines, to a feeling that none of us knew for how long a time we might now be parting, and it was this thought, perhaps, that brought him to say goodbye on Wednesday morning, as we finished breakfast, and made him stay to talk.

Hour after hour went by, that morning, and it is easier to tell of the general impression created, than to build it up again, detail by detail. We who listened, seemed to be carried into some innermost sanctuary. Sometimes he would sing and translate some snatch of devo-

tional poetry, always to the Mother. And it was always Kali, with Her foot on the heart of Her worshipper, Who grew clearer and clearer to our minds, though he dwelt much, and over and over again, on the thought of the Mother, seated in the market-place of this world, playing amongst the players; flying Her own kite, and in a hundred thousand others, cutting the strings of only one or two.

"Scattering plagues and sorrows," he quoted from his own verses,

"Dancing mad with joy,

Come, Oh Mother, come!

For Terror is Thy name!

Death—is in Thy breath.

And every shaking step

Destroys a world for e'er" . . . .

"It all came true, every word of it," he interrupted himself to say.

"Who dares misery love,

Dance in Destruction's dance,

And hug the form of death,—

To *him* the Mother does indeed come. I have proved it. For I *have* hugged the form of Death!"

He spoke of the future. There was nothing to be desired, but the life of the wanderer, in silence and nudity, on the banks of the Ganges. He would have nothing. "Swamiji" was dead and gone. Who was he, that he should feel responsible for teaching the world? It was all fuss and vanity. The Mother had no need of him, but only he of Her. Even work, when one had seen this, was nothing but illusion.

There was no way but love. If people sinned against us, we must love them till it was impossible for them to resist it. That was all. Yet as I write the words, I know well that I can give no idea of the *vastness* of which all this was utterance,—as if no blow, to any in the world, could pass and leave our Master's heart untouched, as if no pain, even to that of death, could elicit anything but love and blessing.

He told us the story of Vasishtha and Viswamitra, of Vasishtha's hundred descendants slain, and the king left alone, landless and crownless, to live out his life. Then he pictured the hut standing in the moonlight, amongst the trees, and Vasishtha and his wife within. He is poring intently upon some precious page, written by his great rival, and she draws near and hangs over him for a moment, saying "Look, how bright is the moon tonight!" and he, without looking up,— "But ten thousand times brighter, my love, is the intellect of Viswamitra!"

All forgotten! the deaths of his hundred children, his own wrongs, and his sufferings, and his heart lost in admiration of the genius of his foe! Such, said the Swami, should be our love also, like that of Vasishtha for Viswamitra, without the slightest tinge of personal memory.

At this moment, a peasant brought sprays of pear-blossom, and laid them down on the table at which we sat. And one of us lifted them, saying, "Swami! these were made for worship, for they will bear no fruits!" But he looked at her, smiling, and she could not break the spell, to offer them.

And so he went. We all, servants and boat-people, friends and disciples, parents and children, accompanied him to the tonga on the roadside, to say goodbye. One sturdy little figure, the four-year-old daughter of his chief boatman, whose devotion to him we had long noted, trotted determinedly at his side, with a tray of fruit for his journey on her black head, and stood, smiling farewell, as he drove away. And we, not less deeply touched than this little child, but infinitely less unselfish, in our grown-up complexity of thought and emotion, knew not when we should look upon his face again, yet failed not to realise that we had that day lived through hours, within whose radiance all our future would be passed.

## THE RAMAKRISHNA DAY

It is the birthday anniversary of Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa at the Belur Math.

Once more the words of the Lord Krishna came to pass: "Whenever religion decays, and unrighteousness prevails, then I manifest myself. For the protection of the good, for the destruction of the evil, for the firm establishment of righteousness I am born again and again." Seventy-four years ago the Divine Child was born, in a village not far from here. The temple-garden, the place of His spiritual struggles and enlightenment, the place whence his blessings descended on humanity, is in sight. And but a little ways across the Ganges we find the gardenhouse, where He spent his last days on earth, and where He entered into eternal bliss. It is only twenty years ago. The memory of that wonderful life is still fresh in the minds of thousands of the devotees gathered on this occasion. His direct disciples are with us. From them we hear about their respective lives with the Master; how they felt intoxicated in that spiritual atmosphere; how it all passed like a wonderful dream, still a life so intense, so wide awake those days, which were to be the inspiration of their future works!

The Master has departed. But for the devotees He is still present, and He is present for all, who have understood the eternal words uttered long ago: "Lo, I am with you always."

It is a strange gathering. From far and near they have come, to unite in a joyful worship, to glorify the Lord. Many and various are the extraordinary expressions of a religious sentiment.

It is only as the day has passed, that we ask ourselves the question: From whence, amongst such different elements, comes this order, this good-will, this sympathy? For we must remember that the most diverging sects have met and still not once have we heard the sound of discord. It is true, that by far the greater part of those assembled were men of education, but for an answer to the question we have to look far deeper. And it is in the life of Sri Ramakrishna that we find it. For it was He who taught us in words and in deed to "bow down and worship where others kneel. For where so many are paying the tribute of adoration the kind Lord must manifest Himself, for He is all mercy." And it was a part of the great mission of the Master to

bring to the whole religious world that spirit of sympathy and freedom, that understanding of the relative worth of all attempts to approach the Divine. Again and again we are told that different religions are so many paths leading to truth. "As a mother in nursing her sick children, gives rice and curry to one, and sago and arrowroot to another and bread and butter to a third, so the Lord has laid out different paths for different men suitable to their natures." And then the advice: "As the young wife in a family shows her love and respect to her father-in-law, mother-in-law, and every member of the family, yet at the same time loves her husband more than these; similarly, being firm in thy devotion to the Deity of thy own choice, do not despise other Deities, but honor Them all." It is in obedience to such teachings that every year, about this time, a ceremony is performed at the Math, where with their own Master, the worshippers pay homage to Jesus the Christ, Buddha, Rama and other incarnations of God. And as we listen once more to the words of the Master, when He says: "It is one and the same Avatara that, having plunged into the ocean of life, rises up in one place and is known as Krishna and diving down again, rises in another place and is known as Christ," then all difference really falls away, and Hindus and Christians and Mahommedans can unite in worship, for they are worshipping the same God in different manifestations.

Our God is the embodiment of our highest ideas. And as we come nearer to Him, as He becomes more and more a reality to us, we find these ideas expanding, and the vision of our God widens. He becomes more glorified, more deified, transformed, an all-embracing Divinity. And as we study the life of Sri Ramakrishna and as we gradually succeed in understanding small fragments of that life we may then in Him adore the compassion and self-sacrifice of the Lord Jesus, the fire of renunciation and the unspeakable love of the Lord Buddha, the perfect intellect of the Lord Krishna. But as our vision pierces deeper into that world-heart, we may see, as it were, compassion and love and intellect blended together into one luminosity, and through worship of the Personal we may reach to the throne of the Divine Principle.

To the West, it may seem a strange custom, to feed the rich and the poor, on such occasion. But in

India such food is considered as sacred and all partake of this Prasada (food offered to the Lord). And here charity is a national trait. And in our case, does it not remind us of the childlike simplicity of the Master? For we are told that it was His great pleasure to distribute amongst those gathered around Him, the little stock of fruits and sweetmeats placed before Him, by those who loved Him. And how eager were the recipients to accept the sacred scraps of food.

Ten thousand people came and went. But not only at the Belur Math has this day been celebrated. In all parts of India the devotees have met. And far away, across oceans, the faithful have bowed down before the Lord. And there, at His feet, receiving His blessing, those from the East and those from the West, have found the secret by which, as time goes on, they may be closer and closer united.

GURUDAS.

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## SOME OF THE NOTABLE UTTERANCES OF THE "NATIONAL WEEK"

(Concluded from page 47.)

### THE INDIAN INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION

I cannot tell you how heartily I sympathise not only in their (Exhibition committee's) endeavours to develop Industrial resources, but in all they are doing to preserve those characteristic native arts for which India for centuries has been celebrated, and skilled handicrafts which the modern world can never hope to rival; whilst in the larger sense of production for purposes of everyday utility and consumption, they have recognised the necessity for the adoption of machinery which modern science has made available to the manufacturer. In these days of competition and of ever-advancing mechanical discovery India cannot lag behind. Sad as it is to see ancient industries give way to novel methods, we should be prepared to welcome all that is good in the inevitable, to adapt our populations to the demands of modern requirements, and to educate them in the knowledge of modern inventions—*H. E. Lord Minto.*

### THE BHARAT-DHARMA-MAHAMANDAL

Religion is the most vital fact in the East. It influences the life of the people in every detail. It is the basis of Hindu society. The Hindu religion

and Hindu society have had many ramifications in modern times, but there is an essential unity underlying them all. Whatever may be the case in other countries, no bond is stronger than that of religion in this country and among the Hindus. Religion is here not only the most powerful of ties, but it is the chief inspiration. Nothing else can take its place.

I hope I shall not be understood to imply that we value religion only as an instrument for secular purposes, only as a means, for instance, of social regeneration, even the building up of a nationality. Religion is essentially an affair of the inner and not of external life. Its aims are fixed on high. And I would not say one word which would tend to lower that ideal. The educational, social, and national progress that I have foreshadowed as the likely result of a reawakened and reorganised religion is not the end. Religion stands on its own merits and is its own end. Its importance does not arise from the results; but without it the results would not be.—*H. H. the Maharaja of Durbhanga.*

#### THE INDIAN SOCIAL CONFERENCE

The work which the Indian Social Conference has undertaken is, as already indicated, gigantic, and at the same time most delicate. This arises from the habits of the people and the long cherished customs of the Hindu society—a society that for ten thousand years has outlived the onslaughts of various conquering nations. It would not do, therefore, to attempt the almost impossible task of pulling down altogether that ancient and dearly beloved structure, for which millions of men and women have sacrificed their lives without one thought of regret.

Some of the resolutions which had been passed in previous years by the Social Conference are unsuitable to the present social condition of the Hindu Society in Bengal at large and perhaps some other parts of India, so far as I have been able to ascertain. This Province is conservative in many respects, and it seems to me that, to insure success in the work of this Conference, it is absolutely necessary to bear in mind the great importance of caution; for, any false step, any hasty action may put back the desired progress indefinitely. There is much that is good, there is much that is precious and beneficial in our social organization, and one must be very careful before he upsets organization.

We must proceed cautiously and slowly. The Hindu Society is very slow to move. It is like a child which must be made to move step by step. We must, take the mass of the community with us, so far as it may be possible. There is no good, as it seems to me, of passing resolutions which will be quite ignored by the mass.

—*Sir Chundra Madhub Ghose.*

Education knows no distinction of caste or creed or province. In matters of education you cannot say *thus far and no further*. Neither can you say to the winds of Heaven "Blow not where ye list," nor forbid the waves to cross their boundaries, nor yet the human soul to soar beyond the bounds of arbitrary limitations. The word education is the worst misunderstood word in any language. *Instruction* being merely the accumulation of knowledge might, indeed, lend itself to conventional definition, but *education* is an immeasurable, beautiful, indispensable atmosphere in which we live and move and have our being. Does one man dare to deprive another of his birthright to God's pure air which nourishes his body? How then shall a man dare to deprive a human soul of its immemorial inheritance of liberty and life? Therefore, I charge you, restore to your women their ancient rights, for, as I have said it is we, and not you, who are the real nation-builders; and without our active co-operation at all points of progress all your congresses and conferences are in vain. Educate your women and the nation will take care of itself, for it is true to-day as it was yesterday and will be to the end of human life, that the hand that rocks the cradle is the power that rules the world.—*Mrs. Sarojini Naidu.*

#### THE LADIES' CONFERENCE

The manhood and the womanhood of India is our handiwork; let us, mothers, train the future manhood and womanhood of India to the service of our country.

—*Her Highness the Maharani of Baroda*

#### THE THEISTIC CONFERENCE

True progress consists in the simultaneous development of all departments of human activity, and not in that of one at the expense of another. If the important department of religion be neglected, there will be an atrophy of a vital part in the race organism which will be a source of weakness in the long run. The glory and greatness of

Ancient India was in her religion, and the glory and greatness of Modern India will also be in her religion. Let the memory of the past be an incentive to spiritual progress, and not a cloak to hide our present short-comings.

The human soul must rise above the turmoils of this earth into the calm and elevating atmosphere of contemplation with a pure and devout heart into the region of mystery surrounding human existence where perchance the mist of transitory phenomena might clear and allow it to catch a glimpse of the Divine Sun. If the soul is to have God-vision which Jesus or Chaitanya had, it must also have the faith of Jesus and the love of Chaitanya.

Infinite are the ways of the Almighty in interpreting Himself to man, if man has but the eye to see and the heart to feel; especially rich is the experience of those God-intoxicated souls, who gave their all to God and lived and had their being in Him; for in proportion as man ascends does God descend to meet him.

The Upanishads and the Vedanta—are they not one wondrous outpouring of the Mystic Song? The Himalayas and the Indian Ocean invite us to mystic communion as they once did the *Rishis* of our Ancient Past. Who can give the answer?

—*The Maharaja of Mour-Bhunj.*

You are the inheritors of unfulfilled greatness and we look to you to complete worthily the work that your fathers have begun. I want you to realise, all of you who are here present, that each of you is an indispensable spark in the rekindling of the manifold fires of National life.

I want you, my friends, to realise, that there is a state of divinity which it is possible, nay, it is necessary, that we develop up to its full fire of god-head. There is no one among you so weak or so small that he is not necessary to the divine scheme of eternal life. There is no one among you so small, so frail, so insignificant that he cannot contribute to the divinity of the world. If he should fail, let him fail. Does success or failure count for anything in the life of the spirit? No; it is endeavour that is the very soul of life. Is there any among you so small in spirit that he will not realise the dictum that Plato sent forth into the world,—“Man, know thyself.” Self-knowledge is

only the first step in the ultimate destiny of man. You must ask for the larger vision that looks beyond the fleeting pomps and glories of to-day and knows that the destiny of souls lies in immortality and eternity. Friends, it is not for me to speak, you know better than I can tell you, what an infinity of divinity is hidden within you. It is not for me to point the way to you, it is for you to pray in secret, and to reverence that beauty within your lives, those divine principles that inspire us. It is for you to be the prisms of the love of God.

—*Mrs. Sarojini Naidu on Personal Element in Spiritual Life.*

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## LETTER TO THE EDITOR

### THE RAMAKRISHNA ADVAITA ASHRAMA

Many of your readers will be interested to know that the Benares Branch of the Ramakrishna Mission, known as the Ramakrishna Advaita Ashrama, has of late been enabled by the generosity of a large-hearted gentleman of Calcutta, to secure permanently for itself a suitable building. Since the Branch was started in July 1902 it has been under the charge of Swami Sivananda who is spreading the knowledge of Vedanta in all its phases by means of lectures and publications and is training young Brahmacharins after the ideal afforded by the life and teachings of Sri Ramakrishna and Swami Vivekananda.

In February 1906, a free school for the poor boys of all castes was opened by the Ashrama which has 35 students on its roll at present. The boys are taught primary lessons in English, Bengali and Sanskrit and the services of two teachers have been engaged for the purpose. A technical branch of the school would increase immensely its usefulness, and the Ashrama would gladly undertake to open such a branch if it receives adequate financial help from the generous public.

Another important function which the Ashrama performs is the supervision of the Ramakrishna Sevashrama (Home for the sick and distressed) of Benares.

All communications regarding the Ramakrishna Advaita Ashrama should be addressed to Swami Sivananda, Luxa, Benares City, U. P.

Yours &c.

The Math, Belur, Brahmananda,  
Howrah, 20/3/07. President, Ramakrishna Mission.

## NEWS AND MISCELLANIES

(GLEANED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES)

GENERAL Botha has become prime minister of the first Transvaal self-governing Colony.

THE Entally branch of the Ramakrishna Mission commemorated their seventh anniversary *Utsab* of Sri Ramakrishna Deb on the 31st ultimo, with usual devotion and enthusiasm.

THE laying of the foundation-stone of Swami Vivekananda's Memorial Temple took place at the Belur Math, Howrah, on the 9th of March last. The building work is also progressing.

THOMAS EDISON has just celebrated his sixtieth birthday. 800 patents (!) stand in his name; beginning his career as a newsboy on a train, he takes today an honoured place in the Hall of fame.

THE Vivekananda birthday anniversary was celebrated with love and reverence, by the members of the Vivekananda Reading Hall, Kaula Lumpur, Federated Malay States, on the 17th January last.

"Be noble! and the nobleness that lies  
In other men sleeping, but never dead,  
Shall rise in majesty to meet thine own."

—LOWELL.

My religion consists in thinking the inconceivable thought, in going the impassable way, in speaking the ineffable word, in doing the impossible thing.—  
LAO-TSE.

SLEEP is an instinctive need for rest; natural death in like manner is the manifestation of an instinctive want, and the instinct of death is often seen in very old people who die as easily and quietly as children fall asleep.—"Hospital."

THE 74th birthday anniversary of Bhagavan Sri Ramakrishna was celebrated on the 17th March at the Ramakrishna Math, Swami Vivekananda Sangam, Vaniambody. The programme included public worship, Bhajans, processions, feeding of the poor &c.

THE anniversary meeting of the Behala Hitakari Sabha, was held under the presidency of Mr.

Branfield on the 10th of March. Swamis Vimalananda and Suddhananda attended on invitation and delivered speeches suitable to the occasion, which were highly appreciated.

THE novel railway rail of an engineer in India consists of two L or angle sections bolted together, with a tread section closed over the top of the vertical plates, the wide base thus given the complete rail making sleepers unnecessary. Light metal tie-rods are used to hold the rails together.

PROFESSORS Parker and Wood, of Columbia University, have discovered a new filament which they have called helion. It magnifies the efficiency of electric light forty-five times as compared with the carbon filament. The lamp also burns twice as long, and will sustain an overcharge of electricity without breaking.

THE Hon'ble Mr. Baker while presenting the Budget statement at the meeting of the last Legislative Council announced a further reduction of the duty on salt by eight annas per maund. This brings the duty on salt to only a rupee per maund. The present reduction will cost the Exchequer 190 lakhs of rupees per annum.

THE Association for the Advancement of Scientific and Industrial Education has this year deputed ninety-nine Indian students to foreign countries to complete their education. Among the candidates selected are some of the most brilliant graduates of our University. The British Indian Steam Navigation Company has granted concession of half-fare to some of the students and Messrs. Apar and Co., have granted free passage without food to others. The concessions made by these two companies represent a money value of about fifteen thousand rupees.

THERE is an account given in the *Dawn* for January, of Sringeri, the seat of the first Sankaracharya, whose spiritual descendant wields the authority and rules over the *math* established by him there. This place is situated in Western Mysore, which contains a number of other places, having associations with stories of the oldest and most sacred of our *Puranas*. Sringeri itself derives its name from the famous Rishyasringa, who is sup-



posed to have had his hermitage there. Several large festivals are held at Sringeri, attended by thousands of people. The revenue of the Sringeri math is Rs. 50,000, excluding Rs. 10,000 a year given to it by the Mysore State.

IN winding up the debate on the Budget, His Excellency the Viceroy made a very important statement about the present situation in India. The Hon. Mr. Gokhale, said Lord Minto, had tempted him to foreshadow the future, and he thus responded to the invitation:—"I recognise with him (Mr. Gokhale) that politically India is in a transition state, that new and just aspirations are springing up amongst its people, which the ruling power must be prepared not only to meet but to assist. A change is rapidly passing over the land, and we cannot afford to dally. And to my mind nothing would be more unfortunate for India than that the Government of India should fail to recognise the signs of the times."

THE second annual meeting of the Bowbazar Ramakrishna Society Anath Bhandar was held at the Union Chapel Hall, Calcutta, on the 9th of March last. Mr. N. N. Ghose, Editor, *The Indian Nation*, presided. Mr. S. P. Roy, Bar-at-law, Babu Bepin Ch. Mallick, Mr. H. W. B. Moreno and the President delivered eloquent speeches, sympathising with the noble objects of the Samiti. It appears from the last annual report of the Samiti, that it provided for the education and the support of 8 orphan boys and helped 15 respectable Hindu widows and 3 poor families with monthly pecuniary grants. Besides these, the Society raised Rs. 90, by special subscription to help the famine-stricken in Eastern Bengal.

SAYS the "Englishman": "It is often urged against the native of India that he is wanting in originality—that he can assimilate but not invent. The researches of Dr. P. C. Ray into the nature of the various compounds of mercury display a high degree of originality and have produced results of the greatest value. Dr. Ray has been working at the subject for over twelve years and has succeeded in producing some twenty new compounds of mercury, which incidentally throw much light on the twofold combining power of the metal, and even indicate possibilities of an epoch-making discovery

as to the forces of chemical combination. Dr. Ray is therefore to be congratulated on having demonstrated the capacity of the Calcutta graduate for real research work."

THE annual meeting of the Vedanta Society was held at the Society House, January 10th, President Parker presiding. Reports were read by the Secretary and Treasurer of the Society and by the chairman of the various committees.

The most important business was a discussion concerning a permanent home for the Society. The past year has been one of many changes and developments.

The Report of the Vedanta Publication Committee is most encouraging. The demand for Vedanta literature is four times greater than it was six years ago. 4886 books and pamphlets have gone into circulation through dealers. Altogether 7750 books and pamphlets went out from the Society during the year 1906. Of these 7443 were regular sales and 307 gratis copies. Of course in these figures are not included the hundreds of free leaflets mailed to every part of America as well as to foreign countries.

IN an interesting paper on "The Future of Christianity in India," the Bishop of Madras refers to the danger that there is of caste finding a recognised place within the Christian Church. He mentions the fact that in some Telugu districts the Christian Malas are Anglicans and the Madigas are Baptists, and goes on to say, "If the theory of the Free Churches that any body of Christians are at liberty to form themselves into a Church, appoint their own ministers, adopt their own organisation, and then take their place as an integral part of the body of Christ were once adopted in India, separate churches for separate castes would be the inevitable result." "When I was travelling," the Bishop continues, "some time ago in the Trichinopoly district, I came across a village where there were a number of Roman Catholic Christians, and I noticed two large churches standing side by side, one for the caste people and the other for the pariahs." Readers of Ananda Ranga Pillai's *Diary* will remember the attempt that a priest made in Pondicherry to put an end to the custom of separating by a barrier the Pariahs from other worshippers in the Church there, and the fracas which ensued.

# Srimad-Bhagavad-Gita.

## ॥ द्वितीयोऽध्यायः ॥

### SECOND CHAPTER

#### संजय उवाच ॥

तै तथा कृपयाविष्टमश्रुपूर्णाकुलेक्षणम् ॥  
विषीदन्तमिदं वाक्यमुवाच मधुसूदनः ॥१॥

II. 1.

संजय उवाच Sanjaya said :

मधुसूदनः Madhusudana तथा thus कृपया with pity  
आविष्टं overwhelmed अश्रुपूर्णाकुलेक्षणम् eyes dimmed  
with tears विषीदन्तं sorrowing तं him (Arjuna) इदं  
these वाक्यं words उवाच spoke.

To him who was thus overwhelmed with pity  
and sorrowing, and whose eyes were dimmed  
with tears, Madhusudana spoke these words :

[ Overwhelmed with pity : not Arjuna, but Arjuna's  
pity was master of the situation.]

#### श्रीभगवानुवाच ॥

कुतस्त्वा कश्मलमिदं विषमे समुपस्थितम् ॥  
अनार्यजुष्टमस्वर्ग्यमकीर्तिकरमर्जुन ॥२॥

II. 2.

श्रीभगवान् उवाच The Blessed Lord said :

अर्जुन Arjuna विषमे in (such a) strait कुतः whence  
इदं this अनार्यजुष्टं un-Arya-like अस्वर्ग्यं contrary to  
the attainment of heaven अकीर्तिकरं contrary to the  
attainment of honour कश्मलं delusion त्वा upon thee  
समुपस्थितं comes.

The Blessed Lord said :

In such a strait, whence comes upon thee,  
O Arjuna, this delusion, un-Arya-like, con-  
trary to the attainment alike of heaven and  
of honour ?

[ Mark with what contempt Krishna regards  
Arjuna's attitude of weakness masked by religious  
expression ! ]

क्लैव्यं मास्म गमः पार्थ नैतत्त्वय्युपपद्यते ॥  
क्षुद्रं हृदयदौर्बल्यं त्यक्त्वोत्तिष्ठ परंतप ॥३॥

II. 3.

पार्थ Son of Prithá क्लैव्यं unmanliness मास्म गमः  
do not get एतत् it त्वयि in thee न उपपद्यते ill becomes

परंतप scorcher of foes क्षुद्रं mean हृदयदौर्बल्यं faint-  
heartedness त्यक्त्वा casting off उत्तिष्ठ arise.

Yield not to unmanliness, O son of Prithá!  
Ill doth it become thee. Cast off this mean  
faintheartedness and arise, O scorcher of thine  
enemies !

#### अर्जुन उवाच ॥

कथं भीष्ममहं संख्ये द्रोणं च मधुसूदन ॥  
इषुभिः प्रतियोत्स्यामि पूजार्हावरिसूदन ॥४॥

II. 4.

अर्जुन उवाच Arjuna said :

अरिसूदन Destroyer of foes मधुसूदन slayer of  
Madhu अहं I संख्ये in battle पूजार्हौ worthy to be  
worshipped भीष्मं Bhishma द्रोणं च and Drona इषुभिः  
with arrows कथं how प्रतियोत्स्यामि shall shoot back.

Arjuna said :

—But how can I, in the course of battle,  
O slayer of Madhu, shoot back with my  
arrows at Bhishma and Drona, who are rather  
worthy to be worshipped, O destroyer of foes!

[ Arjuna recognises that the cause in which he is  
engaged is the right, but simply because, the  
enemy are his own people, he objects to fighting. ]

#### गुरुनहत्वा हि महानुभावान्

श्रेयो भोक्तुं भैक्ष्यमपीह लोके ॥

#### हत्वार्थकामांस्तु गुरुनिहैव

भुञ्जीय भोगान् रुधिरप्रदिग्धान् ॥५॥

II. 5.

महानुभावान् Great-souled गुरुन् masters अहत्वा  
instead of slaying हि surely इह लोके in this life भैक्ष्यं  
bread of beggary अपि even भोक्तुं to eat श्रेयः better  
तु but गुरुन् masters हत्वा killing इह in this world  
एव even अर्थकामान् wealth and desires भोगान् enjoy-  
ments रुधिरप्रदिग्धान् stained with blood भुञ्जीय enjoy.

Surely it would be better even to eat the  
bread of beggary in this life than to slay these  
great-souled masters.

But if I kill them, even in this world, all my enjoyment of wealth and desires will be stained with blood.

[i. e. even in this world I shall be in hell.]

न चैतद्विद्मः कतरन्नो गरीयो

यद्वा जयेम यदि वा नो जयेयुः ॥

यानेव हत्वा न जिजीविषाम-

स्तेऽवस्थिताः प्रमुखे धार्तराष्ट्राः ॥६॥

II. 6.

नः For us कतरत् which of the two गरीयः better न विद्मः I know not यद्वा whether जयेम we should conquer यदि वा or that नः us जयेयुः they should conquer यान् whom एव very हत्वा after slaying न जिजीविषामः we should not care to live ते those धार्तराष्ट्राः sons of Dhritarâshtra प्रमुखे in front अवस्थिताः stand.

And indeed I can scarcely tell which will be better, that they should conquer us, or that we should conquer them. The very sons of Dhritarâshtra,—after slaying whom we should not care to live,—stand facing us.

कार्पण्यदोषोपहतस्वभावः

पृच्छामि त्वां धर्मसंमूढचेताः ॥

यच्छ्रेयः स्यान्निश्चितं ब्रुहि तन्मे

शिष्यस्तेऽहं शाधि मां त्वां प्रपन्नम् ॥७॥

II. 7.

कार्पण्यदोषोपहतस्वभावः With a heart contracted by the sin of miserliness धर्मसंमूढचेताः with a mind in confusion about Dharma त्वां thee पृच्छामि I supplicate मे for me यत् which श्रेयः good स्यात् will be तत् that निश्चितं decidedly ब्रुहि say. अहं I ते thy शिष्यः disciple त्वा Thee प्रपन्नं taken refuge मां me शाधि instruct.

With a heart contracted by the sin of miserliness, with a mind in confusion about *dharma*, I supplicate Thee. Say decidedly what will be good for me. I am Thy disciple. Instruct me who have taken refuge in Thee.

[*Miserliness*—In Sanskrit means the choosing of the less for the greater. “Miserly is one who departs from this world without knowing the Imperishable.” (Bri. Upa. 3-8-13). With a vision

narrowed by the struggle of miserliness,—the sloka might read.

*Dharma* is the *ness*, the law of the inmost constitution of a thing. The primary meaning of *dharma* is not virtue or religion, but only its secondary significance. Fighting in a just cause is the religious duty or *dharma* of a Kshatriya, while the same is a sin to a Brâhmana, because it is contrary to the law of his being. Working out one's Karma according to the law of one's own being is therefore the *dharma* or religion or way to salvation of an individual. The cloud of Karma hides the Self-Sun from the view. The means which exhaust this cloud without adding to it and thus help in one's Self-restoration is one's *dharma*.

*Thy disciple.* Until this declaration has been made, the Master may not give the highest knowledge.]

नहि प्रपश्यामि ममापनुद्याद्

यच्छोकमुच्छोषणमिन्द्रियाणाम् ॥

अवाप्य भूमावसपत्नमृद्धं

राज्यं सुराणामपि चाधिपत्यम् ॥८॥

II. 8.

भूमौ In the earth असपत्नं absolute मृद्धं flourishing राज्यं empire सुराणाम् over the gods अपि even आधिपत्यं dominion च and अवाप्य obtaining यत् anything मम my इन्द्रियाणां of the senses उच्छोषणं blasting शोकं sorrow अपनुद्यात् should remove न हि प्रपश्यामि I do not see.

I do not see anything to remove this sorrow which blasts my senses, even were I to obtain absolute and flourishing empire of the earth, and dominion over the gods.

संजय उवाच ॥

एवमुक्त्वा हृषीकेशं गुडाकेशः परंतपः ॥

न योत्स्य इति गोविन्दमुक्त्वा तूष्णीं बभूव ह ॥९॥

II. 9.

संजय उवाच Sanjaya said :

परंतपः The scorcher of foes गुडाकेशः Gudâkesha, the conqueror of sleep (Arjuna) हृषीकेशं to Hrishikesha एव thus उक्त्वा having spoken म योत्स्ये I shall not fight इति this गोविन्दं to Govinda उक्त्वा saying तूष्णीं silent बभूव ह became.

Sanjaya said :

Having spoken thus to the Lord of the

Senses, Gudákésa the scorcher of foes said, "I shall not fight O Govinda!" and became silent.

[ The object of Sanjaya in using these names is to remind Dhritarâshtra—who may naturally be a little elated at the prospect of Arjuna's not fighting,—that this is only a temporary weakness, since by the presence of the Lord of the Senses all ignorance must eventually be dispelled. Arjuna's own nature also is devoid of darkness. Is he not the conqueror of sleep, and the terror of foes? ]

तमुवाच हृषीकेशः प्रहसन्निव भारत ॥  
सेनयोरुभयोर्मध्ये विषीदन्तमिदं वचः॥१०॥

II. 10.

भारत Descendant of King Bharata (after whom India is called Bhârata-Varsa) Bhârata (Dhritarâshtra) हृषीकेशः Hrishikésa प्रहसन् smiling इव as if उभयोः of the two सेनयोः armies मध्ये in the midst विषीदन्तं sorrowing तं to him इदं वचः these words उवाच spoke.

To him who was sorrowing in the midst of the two armies, Hrishikésa, as if smiling, O descendant of Bharata! spoke these words.

[ *Smiling* to drown Arjuna in the ocean of shame. Krishna's smile at Arjuna's sorrow is like the lightning that plays over the black monsoon cloud. The rain bursts forth, and the thirsty earth is saturated. It is the smile of the coming illumination. ]

श्रीभगवानुवाच ॥

अशोच्यानन्वशोचस्त्वं प्रज्ञावादांश्च भाषसे ॥  
गतासूनगतासूंश्च नानुशोचन्ति पण्डिताः ॥११॥

II. 11.

श्रीभगवान् उवाच The Blessed Lord said :

त्वं Thou अशोच्यान् those who should not be mourned for अन्वशोचः hast been mourning प्रज्ञावादान् words of wisdom भाषसे thou speakest च but पण्डिताः the wise गतासून् the dead अगतासून् the living च and न अनुशोचन्ति grieve not.

The Blessed Lord said :

Thou hast been mourning for them who should not be mourned for. Yet thou speakest words of wisdom. The (truly) wise grieve neither for the living nor the dead.

[ *Words of wisdom* : Vide. I. 35--44. ]

न त्वेवाहं जातु नासं न त्वं नेमे जनाधिपाः ॥  
न चैव न भविष्यामः सर्वे वयमतः परम् ॥१२॥

II. 12.

अहं I जातु ever न तु आसं did not exist ( इति ) न एव not indeed न न त्वं thou ( न आसीः did not exist न न इमे these जनाधिपाः kings ( न आसन् did not exist ) न न अतःपरं in the future सर्वे all वयं we न न भविष्यामः shall exist च also न not.

There was no time when I did not exist, nor thou, nor these kings. There will also be no time when we all shall not exist.

[ Of course Krishna here does not mean that the body is immortal; but refers to the true Self, behind all bodies. ]

देहिनोऽस्मिन्यथा देहे कौमारं यौवनं जरा ॥  
तथा देहान्तरप्राप्तिर्धीरस्तत्र न मुह्यति ॥१३॥

II. 13.

यथा As देहिनः of the Indweller अस्मिन् in this देहे body कौमारं childhood यौवनं youth जरा old age तथा so also देहान्तरप्राप्तिः reaching forth to another body तत्र thereat धीरः the recollected soul न मुह्यति is not deluded.

As are childhood, youth, and old age, in this body, to the Indweller, so also is the reaching forth to another body. Recollected souls are not deluded thereat.

[ According to this, the break of consciousness popularly known as death does not occur. As childhood passes imperceptibly into youth, so the ego appears to itself to persist in death.

*Indweller.* lit. embodied.

*Recollected souls.* Those who have attained self-realisation by calmness. ]

मात्रास्पर्शास्तु कौन्तेय शीतोष्णसुखदुःखदाः ॥  
आगमापायिनोऽनित्यास्तांस्तितिक्षस्व भारत ॥१४॥

II. 14.

कौन्तेय Kaunteya मात्रास्पर्शाः contact of the senses with their objects शीतोष्णसुखदुःखदाः producers of (the notions of) cold and heat, pleasure and pain आगमापायिनः with beginning and end अनित्याः changeful भारत Bhârata तान् them तितिक्षस्व bear with.

These notions of heat and cold, of pain and pleasure, are born, O son of Kunti, only of the

contact of the senses with their objects. They have a beginning and an end. They are changeful in their nature. Bear with them therefore, O descendant of Bharata.

[ *Changeful in their nature.* That is, the same object which gives pleasure at one moment gives pain at another, and so on. ]

यं हि न व्यथयन्त्येते पुरुषं पुरुषर्षभ ॥  
समदुःखसुखं धीरं सोऽमृतत्वाय कल्पते ॥१५॥

II. 15.

पुरुषर्षभ Bull (i. e. chief) among men एते these समदुःखसुखं same in pain and pleasure धीरं recollected यं that पुरुषं (*lit.* dweller in the body) soul, न व्यथयन्ति disturb not स he अमृतत्वाय for immortality कल्पते is fitted.

That recollected soul who is the same in pain and pleasure, whom they cannot disturb, alone is able, O Bull amongst men, to attain to immortality.

[ For, the mind not being permitted to occupy itself with these things, becomes naturally filled with the true Self. ]

नासतो विद्यते भावो नाभावो विद्यते सतः ॥  
उभयोरपि दृष्टोऽन्तस्त्वनयोस्तत्त्वदर्शिभिः ॥१६॥

II. 16.

असतः Of the unreal भावः existence न विद्यते is not सतः of the real अभावः non-existence न विद्यते is not तत्त्वदर्शिभिः by the knowers of the Truth अनयोः of these उभयोः two अन्तः the final truth दृष्टः seen.

The Unreal never is. The Real never is not. Men possessed of the knowledge of the Truth fully know both these.

[ *Unreal. Real.* The determination of the nature of the Real is the quest of all philosophy. Sri Krishna here states that a thing which never remains the same for any given period is unreal, and that the Real on the other hand is always the same. The whole of the phenomenal world therefore, must be unreal, because in it no one state endures even, an infinitesimal division of time. And that which takes note of this incessant change, and is therefore itself changeless,—the Atman, Consciousness,—is the Real. ]

अविनाशि तु तद्विद्धि येन सर्वमिदं ततम् ॥  
विनाशमव्ययस्यास्य न कश्चित्कर्तुमर्हति ॥१७॥

II. 17.

येन By which इदं this सर्वं all ततं is pervaded तद् that अविनाशि indestructible विद्धि know कश्चित् none अव्ययस्य of the immutable अर्हति this विनाशं destruction कर्तुं to do न अर्हति is not able.

That by which all this is pervaded,—That know to be indestructible. None has the power to destroy this Immutable.

[ *That by which all this is pervaded, i. e. He that pervades all this as the Witness.* ]

अन्तवन्त इमे देहा नित्यस्योक्ताः शरीरिणः ॥  
अनाशिनोऽप्रमेयस्य तस्माद्युध्यस्व भारत ॥१८॥

II. 18.

नित्यस्य Of the ever-changeless, अनाशिनः the unperishing अप्रमेयस्य the illimitable शरीरिणः Indweller इमे these देहाः bodies अन्तवन्तः having an end उक्ताः are said भारत Bhârata तस्मात् therefore युध्यस्व fight.

Of this indwelling Self,—the Ever-changeless, the Unperishing, the Illimitable,—these bodies are said to have an end. Fight therefore, O descendant of Bharata.

[ Since thou canst not by any means preserve these bodies, work out thy karma and escape from them completely. By *bodies* are meant the gross, the subtle, and the causal bodies. ]

य एनं वेत्ति हन्तारं यश्चैनं मन्यते हतम् ॥  
उभौ तौ न विजानीतो नायं हन्ति न हन्यते ॥१९॥

II. 19.

यः Who एनं this (Self) हन्तारं slayer वेत्ति knows यः च and who एनं this हतं slain मन्यते thinks उभौ both तौ these न not विजानीतः know अयं this (Self) न not हन्ति slays न not हन्यते is slain.

He who takes the Self to be the slayer, he who takes It to be the slain, neither of these knows. It does not slay, nor is It slain.

[ Cf. Katha Up. I. ii. 19—20. ]

न जायते म्रियते वा कदाचि-  
न्नायं भूत्वा भविता वा न भूयः ॥  
अजो नित्यः शाश्वतोऽयं पुराणो  
न हन्यते हन्यमाने शरीरे ॥२०॥