

Prabuddha Bharata

उत्तिष्ठत जाग्रत



प्राप्य वरान्निबोधत ।

Katka Upa. I. iii. 4

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

—*Swami Vivekananda.*

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SRI RAMAKRISHNA'S TEACHINGS

ATMA-JNANA—XXIV

UNTIL one sees God, one cannot help believing that the soul is the same as the body. The idea clings to the ignorant—to him who has not seen God, but not to the knowing one; it is plain that the soul stands apart from the body.

The shell of the unripe betel-nut adheres to the nut; it is so hard to part the one from the other. But with the ripe nut, the shell does not adhere to it; the nut is felt rolling inside, if shaken.

THE more is the love of God deepened in the human soul after Realisation, the easier it becometh to feel His presence in all things. Until a flood causes the river to overflow, thou must follow its roundabout course in order to reach the sea. After the flood there is deep water on land itself, and thou mayest row from any point to sea, straight as the crow flieth.

After the harvest has been reaped, one need not any longer go round along the

balk—one may walk straight to any point over the fields.

IT is hard for a man who comes down from Samadhi and has seen God, to give his mind to the little things of this world; indeed, he has nothing in this unreal phenomenal world for his mind to rest upon. Hence he seeks the company of pure souls, for they have not touched the world and the things that the world can give—money, honours, titles, power, sense-pleasures.

THE Self has no attachment to anything. Pleasure, pain, virtue, vice, &c., can never affect the self in any way, but they do affect men who think that their soul is the same as the body. Smoke can blacken only the wall but not the space through which it curls up.

OPENNESS of mind as opposed to dissimulation is the fruit of the practice of a good many religious austerities in one's previous incarnations.

Dost thou not see that whenever God

hath taken a human form, this great virtue of guilelessness hath never failed to come to view?

PILGRIMAGES, without love and devotion to God, carry no reward. With devotion within thy heart, it is not absolutely necessary that thou must visit the holy places.

VAIRAGYA is of many kinds. One kind of Vairagya springs from the acute pain due to worldly misery. But the better kind arises from the consciousness that all worldly blessings, though within one's reach, are transitory and are not worth enjoying. Thus, having all, he has not anything.

GOD-VISION cannot be made clearly intelligible to others. The state of things that comes about in it may, however, be described to a certain extent only.

You have no doubt been to the theatre. Before the performance commences, people are very busy talking to one another on a variety of subjects—politics, household affairs, official business, &c. But the drop-scene goes up, and behold, mountains, cottages, rivers, actors, &c., are suddenly presented to view! Instantaneously, all noise, all conversation is at an end, and each individual spectator is all attention to the novel scene that is being enacted before him. Pretty much the same is the state of him who is blessed with God-vision.

A HOLY man had a manuscript book with him. Somebody asked him what it was about. The saint opened the book before the man, who was surprised to find that on every page was written only the Name of God—the words "Om Rama!"

IN the course of meditation to gain Anandam, one needs to be merged in the Lord. If one floats on the surface, one cannot hope to reach the precious gems lying at the bottom of the sea.

"Is Kāli, the Mother, of a dark-blue complexion?"

"Oh, no! She is so far away from human ken that She only *seemeth* to be so. Does not the sky look blue from a distance? But the sky is really colourless when seen near us. Pretty much the same is the case with sea-water. It is of a dark-blue colour when looked at from a distance. Come near it, take a little up in the hands and thou shalt find it colourless. Thus go near and realise Kāli, the Divine Mother, and She will appear to be the *same as God*, the Absolute, about Whom no attribute can be predicated.

THOU seest many stars at night in the sky, but findest them not when the sun rises. Canst thou say that there are no stars, then, in the heaven of day? So, O man, because thou beholdest not the Almighty in the days of thy ignorance, say not that there is no God.

EVEN when you fail, let not your Vichâra, your analysis, cease for one moment, within your own mind. In that way, even your mistakes will lead you to knowledge.

EVERYTHING, even the name of God is Maya. But some of this Maya helps us towards freedom; the rest only leads us deeper into bondage.

ALL men hedge in the field of earth, but who can hedge in the sky?

A PERSON has well said, 'All things, with the sole exception of God, the Absolute, have become defiled like leavings of food.' The idea is, that the sacred scriptures of the world, having been read and recited with the aid of the tongue, have got defiled like the food thrown out of the mouth. But there hath been as yet no created being in this world, who could express in words the nature of the Absolute. Thus the Absolute is not defiled by the mouth, so to speak,

OCCASIONAL NOTES

ALL is in the mind. Nothing outside us has any power save what we give it. However imposing the external world may seem, it is in reality only the toy of mind. It is but a feeble expression of what has first been *thought*.

‘*All that we are is the result of what we have thought,*’ says Buddha, ‘it is founded on our thoughts; it is made up of our thoughts.’

It is for this reason that education is so much the most important concern of life. The mind must be kept in a condition to work. It must be held at the command of the will, from its lowest up to the highest possible activity. It must be made competent to envisage any problem, and answer it in a fashion not inadequate.

A people can afford to eat poorer food, and less of it, than was their custom. They cannot afford to let the mind grow dim. They cannot afford to part with education.

In this, the question is not of the particular subject through which we receive education. The question is of the mind itself, of the education behind the subject. Whatever the form of the drill, we must keep up our intellectual potentiality. There are two factors in this question,—one is that of the particular tool or weapon, the other that of the mental muscle, the training of the limb that gives the grip. It is well, doubtless, to be familiar with the sword: it is better, far, to have power of arm. Whether by Sanskrit or by technology, by mathematics or by poetry, by English or by classic, does not matter. These are but the toys through which the power is won. What we want is

the power itself, power of concentration, power of thought.

India has been strangely fortunate in the production of this power. This is what the practice of concentration means. This is what *samadhi*, if we could reach it, would mean. This is what prayers and *pujas* and *japams* all aim at,—the power of controlling the mind, carried to its highest point.

A people must ultimately measure itself against others, not in terms of force, but in terms of mind. Their superiority may be invisible, may be held in solution, as it were, waiting for the favourable moment to form the dense precipitate. But let them only practise. Let them only never relax. And the potentiality of self-recovery will not pass away.

Yet we should not allow our superiority to be invisible, or held in suspension. We should be fully equal to its assertion. It will be remembered how little Sri Ramakrishna admired the cobra who abandoned not only biting, but also even hissing. A whole community that knew how to hiss, would mean a community that never required to bite! ‘Peace on earth’ is only, really, to be attained by this means!

How keen and clear was the intellect that saw this, and laid it down as a great human ideal! How masterly was that other mind that penetrated all our controversies and summed up all our perplexities in the one pronouncement, ‘Quit ye like men!’

And how are we to quit us like men? By never sitting down, short of the goal. By aspiring to the front on the field of battle,

and the back in the durbar. By struggle, struggle, struggle, within and without. Above all, by every form of self-mastery and self-direction. There is no tool that we must not try to wield, no weapon that we can be content to leave to others. In every field we must enter into the world-struggle. And we must aim at defeating every competitor. The New Learning is ours, no less than other men's. The search for truth is ours, and we are as well equipped for it as any. Civic integrity is ours. We have only to demonstrate it. Honour is ours. We may have to carry it into places, new and strange. The communal consciousness, the corporate

individuality, all are ours, though we have to express them in unknown ways. Public spirit and self-sacrifice, we are capable of these.

But to realise the ideal that these words call up before us, we must struggle for education of all kinds, as captives for air, as the famine-stricken for food. We must capture for ourselves the means of a fair struggle, and then, turn on us all the whiteness of your search-lights, oh ye tests of modern progress! Ye shall not find the children of India shrink from the fierceness of your glow!

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THE MASTER AS I SAW HIM

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

XXXII.

SUPER-CONSCIOUSNESS.

HE who crosses a chasm on a narrow plank, is liable at any moment to an abrupt return of ordinary sensations and associations, with a sudden fall from his dizzy height. Very like this, seem the stories in sacred literature of man's occasional attainment of the mind-world that lies beyond common consciousness. Peter walking on the sea, begins to sink, the moment he remembers where he is. A few weary men, sleeping on a mountain-side, wake to behold their Master transfigured before them. But again they descend into the world, and the great vision becomes only an echoing memory. Seated in the fields watching their flocks by night, and talking in hushed voices on high themes, the shepherds become aware of the presence of angels. The moments pass, and with them the exaltation of hour and place, and lo, the angels have all faded out of the sky! Their hearers are driven to the commonplace expedient of a journey on foot

into the neighbouring village, to see what it is that has come to pass.

In contrast to this, the Indian ideal is the man whose lower mind is so perfectly under control that he can at any moment plunge into the thought-ocean, and remain there at will, the man who can be swept along, on the irresistible currents of the mind, without the least possibility of a sudden break, and unexpected return to the life of the senses. Undoubtedly this power comes nearer, with depth of education and intensity of experience. But the only thing that can secure it to a man, making it, so to speak, his own, is the ability to transcend even thought itself. To him who can so concentrate himself, as to be able even to suppress it when he will, the mind becomes an obedient servant, a fleet steed, and the body, in its turn, the loyal subject of the mind. Short of this achievement, there is no perfect, no inherent self-control. How few must be the persons born with this power, in any single generation! There is a luminousness, an assuredness, about the

speech of such, which cannot be mistaken. Theirs is the touch of genius on all they take up. They give life to the dry bones of knowledge. They speak, in fact, as one having authority, and not as the scribes.

We cannot question but that Sri Ramakrishna recognised such a one in the lad Noren, when he first saw him, recognised too, like a skilled engineer measuring the force of a stream, the height to which his thought-transcendence had already mounted—a *Brahmajnani* from his birth, was what he called him. "Tell me, do you see light, when you are going to sleep?" asked the old man eagerly. "Doesn't everyone?" answered the boy, in wonder. In later life, he would often mention this question, and digress, to describe to us the light he saw. Sometimes it would come as a ball, which a boy was kicking towards him. It would draw near, he would become one with it, and all would be forgotten. Sometimes it was a blaze, into which he would enter. One wonders whether sleep, thus beginning, is slumber at all, in the ordinary sense. At any rate, it is told by the men who were young with Vivekananda, that when he would throw himself down to sleep, their Master, watching his breathing, would often tell the others that he was only apparently resting, and would explain to them what state of meditation had now been reached. It was on one such occasion that, thinking him dead, they went anxiously to Sri Ramakrishna, then lying ill in the house at Cossipore. He smiled when he heard, saying, "Let him be! It will do him no harm to remain so for a while!" and afterwards told him that the *Nirvikalpa Samadhi* was now over, and his part would henceforth lie in work.

Sleep was never, probably, in later years, a very insistent or enduring visitor to the Swami. He had the "yogi-eyes"—as Devendra Nath Tagore had told him, in his childhood, when he climbed into his boat, on

the Ganges, to ask "Sir, have you seen God?"—the yogi-eyes, which are said never to shut completely, and to open wide, at the first ray of light. In the West, those staying in the same house with him, would hear the chant of "Para-Brahman," or some similar ejaculation, as he went in the small hours of the morning, to take his early bath. The Swami never seemed, it must be remembered, to be doing *tapasya*, but his whole life was a concentration so intense that for anyone else it would have been a most terrible *tapasya*. When he first went to America, it was extremely difficult for him to control the momentum that carried him into meditation. "When he sits down to meditate," had said one whose guest he was in India, "in ten minutes he feels nothing, though his body may be black with mosquitoes." With this habit thus deeply ingrained, he landed in America, that country of railroads, and tramways, and complicated engagement-lists, and at first it was no uncommon thing for him to be carried two or three times round a tram-circuit, only disturbed periodically by the conductor asking for the fare. He was very much ashamed of such occurrences, however, and worked hard to overcome them. On one occasion, teaching a New York class to meditate, it was found at the end that he could not be brought back to consciousness, and one by one his students stole quietly away. But he was deeply mortified when he knew what had happened, and never risked its repetition.

Meditating privately, with one or two, he would give a word, by which he could be recalled. But apart altogether from meditation, he was constantly, always, losing himself in thought. In the midst of the chatter and fun of society, one would notice the eyes grow still and the breath coming at longer and longer intervals, the pause, and then the gradual return. His friends knew these things, and provided for them. If he walked

into the house, to pay a call, and forgot to speak; or if he was found in a room, in silence, no one disturbed him, though he would sometimes rise and render assistance to an intruder, without breaking the train of thought. Thus his interests lay within, and not without. To the scale and range of his thought his conversation was of course our only clue. His talk was always of the impersonal. It was not always religious, as that word goes; it was very often secular. But it was always vast. There was never in it anything mean or warped, or petty. There was no limitation of sympathy anywhere. Even his criticism was felt merely as analysis and definition. It had no bitterness or resentment in it. "I can criticise even an Avatar," he said of himself one day, "without the slightest diminution of my love for him! But I know quite well that most people are not so! For them it is safer to protect their own *bhakti*!" In this quality, however, of leaving no sediment of dislike behind it, even in the mind of the listener, his criticism was unique.

His thought soared, as he talked. Is thought itself but one form of expression of the inner Self, the *Adhi-Sakti*, and is the force spent in it to be reckoned as lost, from the point of view of the thinker's own good? First a circle of phenomena; then a circle of thought; lastly, the Supreme? If so, surely there can be no greater unselfishness than the sharing of their mind-treasure by the great souls, the *Maha-purushas*. To enter into their dream, must in itself be redemption, for it is the receiving objectively, of a seed that cannot die, till it has become, subjectively, the Beatific Vision!

Ideals were the units of the Swami's thought, but ideals made so intensely living that one never realised them as abstractions. Men and nations alike were interpreted by him, through their ideals, through their ethical intention. I have sometimes thought

that two different grades of mind are distinguished according to their instinct for classification under two heads or three. The Swami's tendency was always to divide into three. Recognising the two extremes of a quality, he never failed to discriminate also that point of junction between them, where, being exactly balanced, both might be said to be non-existent. Is this a universal characteristic of genius? Or is it a distinction of the Hindu mind?

One never knew what he might see in a thing, never quite knew what might appeal to him. Often he would speak in answer to thought, or respond to a thought more easily and effectively than to a word. Gradually, from a touch here and a hint there, one gathered the great pre-occupation, that all thoughts and words were designed to serve. Towards the end of our summer in Kashmir, he told some of us that he was always conscious of the form of the Mother, as a bodily presence, visible amongst us. Again, in his last winter, he told the Swami Swarupananda that for some months continuously, he had felt two hands always holding his own in their grasp. Going on a pilgrimage, one would catch him telling his beads. Seated with one's back to him in a carriage, one would hear him repeating an invocation over and over. One knew the meaning of his early-morning chant, when, before sending a worker out to the battle, he said, "Ramakrishna Paramahansa used to begin every day by walking about in his room for a couple of hours, saying 'Sachchidananda,' or 'Sivoham,' or some other holy word." This hint was all, but it was understood.

Constant devotion was thus the means by which he maintained his unbroken concentration. Concentration was the secret of those incessant flashes of revelation which he was always giving. Like one who had plunged his cup into a deep well, and brought up from it water of a sparkling coldness, was

his entrance into a conversation. It was the *quality* of his thought, quite as much as its beauty or its intensity, that told of the mountain snows of spiritual vision from which it had been drawn.

How great was this concentration may be guessed from the stories he would tell about his lecturing experiences. At night, in his room, he said, a voice would begin to shout at him the things he was to say to-morrow. And the next day, he would find himself repeating on the platform what he had heard it say. Sometimes there would be two voices, arguing with each other. Again, the voice would seem to come from a long distance, speaking to him down a great avenue. Then it might draw nearer and nearer, till it would become a shout. "Depend upon it," he would say, "whatever has been meant in the past by inspiration, it must have been something like this."

But in all this he saw no miracle. It was merely the automatic working of the mind when it has become so saturated with certain principles of thought as to require no guidance in their application. It was probably an extreme form of the experience to which Hindus refer as 'the mind becoming the guru.' It also suggests that, almost perfectly balanced as were the two highest senses, in the Swami, the aural may have had a slight preponderance over the visual mind. He was, as one of his disciples once said of him, 'a most faithful reporter of his own states of mind,' and he was never in the slightest danger of attributing these 'voices' to any but a subjective source.

Another experience of which I heard from him, suggesting the same automatic mentality, perhaps in less developed form, was that when any impure thought or image appeared before him, he was immediately conscious of what he called a blow, struck upon the mind itself, from within,—a shattering, paralyzing blow, as if to say 'No! not this way!'

He was very quick to recognise in others those seemingly instinctive actions that were really dictated by the higher wisdom of super-consciousness. The thing that was right, no one could tell why, while yet it would seem, judged by ordinary standards, to be a mistake,—in such things he saw a higher impulsion. Not all ignorance was in his eyes equally dark.

After the *Nirvikalpa-Samadhi* of his youth, his Master had said to him "This is your mango. I lock it in my box, and you shall have it again, when your work is done." None knew the moment when the work ended, but the mounting realisation some may have suspected. During the last year of his life, a group of his early comrades were one day talking over the old days, and amongst them the prophecy of Sri Ramakrishna that when Noren should realise who and what he had already been, he would refuse to stay in the body. One of them turned to him, half-laughing, "Do you know yet who you were, Swamiji?" he said. "Yes, I know now," was the unexpected answer, awing them into earnestness and silence, and no one ventured at that time to ask anything further of him.

As the end came nearer, meditation and *tapasya* took up more and more of life. Even those things that had interested him most, wore a far-away aspect now. And in the last hour, when the supreme realisation was reached, some ray of that great super-conscious energy seemed to touch many of those who loved him, near and far. One dreamt that Sri Ramakrishna had died again that night, and woke in the dawn to hear the messenger at his gate. Another, one of the dearest comrades of his youth, had a vision of his coming in triumph and saying, "Soshi! Soshi! I have spat out the body!" And still a third, drawn irresistibly in that evening hour to the place of meditation, found the soul face to face with an infinite radiance, and fell prostrate before it, crying out "Shiva Guru!"

HINDUISM

(Continued from page 9)

A science reaches its perfection and culmination when it is able to arrive at the unity from which the various facts under its consideration proceed, and the science of religion did the same in the age of the Upanishads. It was indeed the greatest day in the history of the world, no matter whether the world recognises it or not, or takes ages to come to its recognition, when the gifted seers of the sturdy branch of the Aryan race who lived in India and early devoted themselves to the introspective or metaphysical process of inquiry, arrived at the direct perception of the unity out of which all variety proceeds by going beyond the little sphere of what is known to us as ordinary human consciousness. It is easier indeed to rush to the cannon's mouth vomiting fire and deadly missiles and carrying the horrors of devastation and mutilation all around, than to dare proceed consciously to throw away the basic idea of our consciousness—the Triputi—the knower, the known, and the relation between the two. The human mind stands aghast and trembling at the very idea, fearing dissolution or transformation into dead insensate matter or at best the horrors of insanity. Aye, all honour to the noble pioneers, who offered all on the altar of Truth, and but for whose indomitable ardour and valiant achievements, India, nay the wide world, would have been left the poorer and still groping for the Real to-day. Let us try to feel a little of the unparalleled daring of these spiritual giants, and then bow down to their hallowed feet and crave their blessed touch so that you and I too may be thrilled with the same burning zeal for Truth beyond all limitation and relativity and for that alone. Heroes were they of the most exalted type, the noble Bânâprasthis or Aranyakas, who, after getting all the sense experiences which the world can afford and fulfilling to the best of their ability the varied duties—civic, national, ethical, and spiritual—that make stern demands upon all born of man in all ages and climes, felt through and

through the vanities of human life, the utter incompetency of the sense-perceptions to know and grasp the absolute unchanging Truth, the littleness of the various ideas of God that the progressive mind of man is forming through evolution and anthropomorphism and the practice of the numerous rites and ceremonies in obedience to the mandates of the revealed spiritual laws and hoary-headed usages. Remote from all tumult and bustle of the chase after name, fame, and wealth and sense-enjoyments, in the cool shady groves of the wide-spreading banian and pipul of the Indian forests, they pondered over the purpose of the varied experiences of life and of the seething, surging, ever-flowing, mysterious universe. They opened their devoted, humble hearts, with all desires controlled, to the ever-radiant, ever-living rays of Truth—and the Truth manifested Its blessed Self. Thus the constant reiteration of the little ego became stilled within them by the perception of its wide expansion as being itself a part and parcel of that ever-united great unit—the universe, throbbing with one life and energy even down to the smallest parts, the atoms. The thundering self-assertion “I exist, I exist” of the all-encompassing Universal Ego was brought to the hush and calm of Its normal condition, when the constant lashings of the mental ocean by the wind-like desires were stopped and the ideas of self-protection and self-manifestation even were hushed within. Then shone out the absolute Reality in all Its effulgence and the truth—that the knower, knowing and the known; the lover, love and the beloved; the worshipper, worship and the worshipped, are all one and the same,—became revealed in the perfection of Samadhi or supersensuous self-introspection.

This blessed state of an unfettered, unconditioned union with the essence of Being was indeed attained but could not be retained for a long time at first; for the lashings of the surface of the mental ocean began again by the rising of the

simple desires of self-protection and self-manifestation, and from little ripples and wavelets they rose to bigger and bigger waves, to the recurring consciousness of the physical body. But once attained, that unqualified calm joy of perfect union drew the mind, on the other hand, irresistibly towards it; and again and again the Ego rose to that super-conscious condition, until by habit the power of ascending to and remaining in that state increased and came under the control of the worshipper's will, and thus became his second nature.

Then came that ever-joyous state of the mind which the changeable gross and fine environments of the physical body and mind could no longer disturb with all their powers, and the "peace that passeth understanding" possessed the devotee, as has been so aptly described in the Upanishads in the words—

भियते हृदयग्रन्थिशिख्यन्ते सर्वसंशयाः ।

क्षीयन्ते चास्य कर्माणि तस्मिन् दृष्टे परावरे ॥

All the knots of the heart—the constant hankering and holding of the human mind to sense enjoyments and little things of the world, all doubts regarding God and future existence, and all necessity of work for developing one's self, vanish when the highest is attained.

Again in the Bhagavad Gita—

यं लब्ध्वा चापरं लाभं मन्यते नाधिकं ततः ।

यस्मिन् स्थितो न दुःखेन गुरुनापि विचाल्यते ॥

Attaining which all other attainments appear trifling indeed, and abiding wherein, the greatest of misfortunes has not power to affect and disturb the sweet calm and the unparalleled joy of the devotee.

It was then that the Vedic sage proclaimed the glad tidings to men and to all beings that they too might come and partake of the divine bliss—

शृण्वन्तु विश्वे अमृतस्य पुत्रा आये धामानि दिव्यानि तस्युः ।

वेदाहमेतं पुरुषं महान्तमादित्यवर्णं तमसः परस्तात् ॥

"Hear, Ye children of immortal bliss, even Ye that reside in higher spheres, I have found the Ancient Effulgent One, Who is beyond all darkness and all delusion."

Thus came forth the mighty trumpet-call to all, in all ages and climes, and thus dawned the day when

Religion and her handmaid, metaphysics, were rendered into perfect sciences by the noble exertions of the Rishis of Aryavarta.

This positive condition of an unfettered union with the Absolute Being, once found and proved to be a higher state of existence than the ordinary human consciousness, by the attainment and manifestation of higher light and power by those who reached it, brought in its train philosophy and metaphysics to help explain the relation of the super-plane with the lower plane of consciousness, as also the art by which every one will be able to raise himself to that higher plane. This is why we find the *summum bonum* of all the different schools of philosophy in India has been to show man a way to this goal, and each one of them has tried its best by all the powers of argument that it could command, to support this unconditioned state of existence which had been revealed first to some of the Vedic Rishis or seers of old. Kanad, Gotam, Jaimini, the great Kapila and Patanjali, all have tried in this direction; all have tried to connect the facts of ordinary human consciousness and experience with the facts of this super-conscious existence. Aye, even the great Tathāgata, the mighty man of compassion, did the same, for his Nirvāna is nothing more than a delineation of this super-conscious condition of the old Rishis, and his religion virtually a mere off-shoot of the same continuous line of revelations of the Vedas. Thus each built on what the one that went before had done, until the purpose and view of creation and human life stood out in the clearest possible light by the powers of the mighty Vyasa, who succeeded in finding an unbroken link of connection through all the separate spiritual laws and experiences that came to the different Rishis of old, and that appeared and still appear to ordinary human intellect as hopelessly contradictory. Thus the nucleus of the Vedānta philosophy was formed in his aphorisms which needed the giant power of a Sankara to expound and establish in later times.

The effects of the discovery of super-consciousness upon the thought-current of the day were tremendous. The strongholds of dualism and the theories of a Creator possessing entirely different qualities and attributes from the created and His

producing the creation out of nothing, came to the ground. We can imagine the dismay in their camps at the time, by what we have seen in the Western world in modern times by the rapid advance and great discoveries of Science. The performance of long-drawn rites and ceremonies of the old Vedic tradition and of karma generally, fell in abeyance in many quarters, and there arose a strong spirit of controversy and debate between the advocates of the old and the new schools of thought,—between the priestly class or the Brâhmanas generally, who represented the old school, and the Kshatriyas whose number seems to have preponderated in the new. And who knows whether or not this very thing is being pointed out in the traditional account that is to be found in the Vedas and Puranas about the dispute between the Brâhmanas and Kshatriyas? In the midst of all this din of the two parties there arose a mighty figure of unsurpassing splendour and majesty, Sri Krishna, who by His super-human power saw things in their true light and tried to bring about a reconciliation by ascribing knowledge (Jnana) and Karma to their proper places, and by His advocacy and performance of the old rites and ceremonies without any selfish end,—Sri Krishna, the steady friend and great warrior, Who is still worshipped in India as the greatest of all Incarnations and Whose life is an unique combination of super-conscious knowledge with the constant performance of the duties of human life. Things went on well for a few centuries after His advent, but again came confusion and muddling of the revelations until the advent of the great Buddha, who held strong sway over Indian religious thought for a few centuries by His wonderful life of renunciation and enlightenment. Many of the mighty kings of the time became His converts. Temples and Stupas arose to His blessed memory all over India, and His laws were engraved in and out of India on pillars and hillsides for the education of the masses. But the denial of all former revelations and of a personal God, coupled with His preaching of a highly philosophical doctrine, much in advance of His age, to the masses, became the cause of the ruin of His system; for, when His strong personality was removed it got itself mixed up with many horrible

phallic rites and ceremonies of foreign import. Thus a re-shifting of the revelations became imperative for the good of the people and there arose the Great Acharya Sankara, who did the work, the results of which still form the gist of the modern Hinduism. Sankara finished his Vedic studies before he was seven, wrote all his memorable commentaries before he was sixteen, and spent the remaining sixteen years of his life in meeting all the great intellects throughout the length and breadth of India, and preaching to them the doctrine of the continuity of the revelations of the Upanishads and their crowning achievements in the bold assertion, that the world and the varied 'names and forms' that it contains, have an apparent existence only as that of a shadow or a mirage, while the reality is one without a second and the true nature of man is one and the same with it. Foreign scholars have placed his date from the fifth to as late as the eleventh century after Jesus the Christ, but whatever be his date of advent it is undoubtedly true that he combined the old Vedic revelations with all that was in harmony with them in the religion of Buddha and preached the same as the Vedic religion. For the mass of the people who need concrete things of worship before they can grasp the high philosophy of the Vedas, he got hold of the Buddhist temples and instituted in them a sort of kindergarten system of worship of different gods and goddesses instead of the personality of Buddha, so that it may lead the worshipper higher and higher when sincerely followed to the attainment of super-consciousness—the one goal of the Vedas as well as of the religion of Buddha. For this recognition of what was good in Buddhism, Sankara has been sometimes styled a Buddhist in Vedic disguise. The Vedic sects were not extirpated by Buddhism with fire and sword, neither were the Buddhist sects, when the Vedic religion attained its supremacy by the powers of Sankara; but they, the Buddhist sects, were reformed, assimilated and incorporated again into his Neo-Hinduism. But there were many advocates of the Vedas at the time who did not side with Sankara's interpretation of them and who though silenced for a time by the smashing arguments and strong personality of the great

Acharya, raised their heads again soon after the time he was removed from the field. They began their work steadily and in the dark, by twisting and torturing the texts of the Vedas which advocate monism (Advaita), and tried to prove by the help of grammar and the root meanings of words of such texts that an unqualified dualism (Dvaita), or a sort of qualified monism which teaches that the relation of the Universe and man with the immanent Creator is that of a part to the whole (Visishta-advaita)—forms the goal of the Vedas. But the monism (Advaita) of Sankara gained ground steadily in spite of their attempts and had almost established its supremacy all over India, when a strong personality arose in the other party in the person of Acharya Ramanuja, who with others that followed in his train (viz., Ramananda and Madvacharya in Deccan, and Sri Chaitanya in Bengal) succeeded in securing, by their preaching and their noble lives of renunciation, a large following in various parts of India. Thus the Dvaita, the Visishta-Advaita and the Advaita—dualism, qualified monism and monism—made each their own philosophy, and supported themselves by making their own interpretations of all Vedic texts and have been preaching and flourishing side by side in India up to the time of the advent of British rule in the country.

The clamours of all these sects with their own interpretations of the Vedas and the Upanishads, at variance with each other, made a hopeless confusion, and sincere students of religion and aspirants for the higher life advocated by the Vedic seers, began to get bewildered by them and did not know which to accept and follow and which to avoid, which of them was true and interpreted the Shastras in their real light and which of them did not. On the other hand a dominant foreign power, holding commercial interests as its main-spring of action, ruled the country with its strong hands and brought in a different system of education to equip man in life. No wonder confusion got worse confounded and unsettled people's minds. It is true that the free thought of the West rebased men's minds from their former yoke and made them move in altogether new grooves, but the little good was done at the

great price of belittling all their former ideas and ways of thought and openly ignoring their power and fitness to suit and elevate modern India, and the result became disastrous. Atheism and Agnosticism stalked over the land, and the people losing all faith in their old national ideals and all touch with the great achievements of their forefathers in the past, lost all confidence in themselves also;—and what nation can rise and fulfil its destiny in the world's arena, which has no faith and confidence in itself and which does not care to look back to its bright past to stimulate it to glory? To build the great national edifice is not the work of a day and it must be built upon what each nation has achieved in the past. Indian organisations of the present day built on Western plans, overlooked this great primary fact of nation-building. We need not enter here into the details of the history of their failures for the last fifty years or more, and space too will not permit us in this little paper. Suffice it to say that the crying requirements of modern India sorely needed the birth of one who could convince her, by his life of unparalleled purity, chastity and divine insight into things—built solely on the old Indian ideals of the excellence of those ideals, and restore by his living example, a burning, active dynamic faith in themselves and in the ideals for which their fathers had worked. Such a man was born in a way-side corner of a Bengal village, in the person of Sri Ramakrishna, the prophet of Dakshineswar, who flourished in our own times and almost before our very eyes, and whose great life's work can be said to have just been begun in leavening India into one nation, by infusing into her sons a new spirit of awakening based on her glorious achievements in the past.

We come now to relate briefly the great revelations of this most wonderful life, which could take in all the spiritual revelations of the past in all ages and climes in their entirety and find their respective positions regarding the one goal at which they are all aiming. Justly has it been said that the great in Religion always come "to fulfil the laws and not to destroy them"; and rightly can it be said that all the spiritual laws recorded in the scriptures of all the different religions of the world, have met a most unexpected,

harmonious and befitting fulfilment in the life of this great Prophet or Seer of the nineteenth century, whose achievements tolled the death-knell of all intolerance, bigotry and fanaticism and their offspring, text-twisting in the religious field and beside which all the revelations of the past dwindled into insignificance. India has ever been worshipping the heroes who succeeded in discovering a new path to reach the spiritual goal, as veritable Incarnations of the Deity. What wonder then that she rises to-day to honour this towering giant of spirituality who has done so much not only for her own sects and people, but for the spiritual uplifting of humanity at large, and that, too, in an age of rank materialism and without receiving any help whatever from modern scientific enlightenment. Untaught and untutored he had no other source of help except his own simple but burning faith in God and his own self—and meet indeed that it was so, for it proved beyond the least shadow of doubt that the Lord is still the Lord of the Universe and can vouchsafe the highest enlightenment in His inscrutable ways even to him, whom the world calls the most ignorant. Aye, the world has lived to bear testimony to this great fact, for, from this un-schooled unlettered man issued forth the mighty, startling, proclamation, a brief summary of which we give below:—

That all the religions of the world are true, they are but so many ways to lead to the goal of super-consciousness.

That the positive part of each religion shows such a way to lead men to the goal, and that religion is ever a positive, constructive process to help men build the higher life and never a negative or destructive one, which says that if a man does not follow the tenets of a particular sect he will go to perdition.

That all the great religious teachers who attained to the super-conscious state have never differed in their expressions of it but always spoke alike, showing that the goal of all religions is one and the same. A Jesus proclaiming “I and my father are one,” a Hindu Seer preaching before the world “चिदानन्दरूपो शिवोऽहं शिवोऽहम्” (I am the Deity, the ever-existence, ocean of infinite light and bliss) and a devotee Hindu or Mahomedan, experiencing

in advanced love-trance, that he is one with his Beloved, all point to the same goal.

That man is travelling from truth to truth—from a lower truth to the higher and higher ones and never from falsehood to truth, before reaching the goal of super-consciousness. And as such, the experiences of all humanity can never be the same in the field of religion. so what is true and beneficial to one, might be untrue and injurious to another—what is bread to one might be stone to the other—and the latter must grow and develop to get fitted to the former's truth. Therefore follow your own path and adhere to your own experiences but let others do the same.

That man begins his religious life with Dvaita, with the idea that there is a qualitative as well as a quantitative difference between his own self and the Lord—experiences the Visishtādvaita, the fact that the Lord is the whole and he is part of Him, when he is comparatively advanced—and ends with the Advaita, in finding that the part is the same as the whole, for Infinity can never be really divided.

That the Lord is both the efficient and the material cause of this universe, and Him alone we perceive as different objects and beings through the imperfection of our senses. Remove this imperfection by rising to the super-conscious state and you will find Him and Him alone.

That the Lord is both Personal and Impersonal—the Personal being but a partial view of the Impersonal.

That the Lord really hears our prayers and can really be attained.

That religion is intensely practical and can never be attained by mere intellectual development.

That there are in the present, and will be in the future, many ways to lead men to super-consciousness, and all these fall, and will always fall, under the general category of the Hindu philosophy, called the Yogas, which have been divided into four main groups, viz., Jnana, Karma, Bhakti and Raja.

That the great differences that we find existing between the mental capacities and the environments of one man and another in this life, has

been brought about by their respective Karma, and each soul will sooner or later shake off its fetters and attain to the goal of super-consciousness.

“When the rose is full-blown, bees come of themselves,” said Sri Ramakrishna in His beautiful parabolic language, and if we do not feel attracted to the unfolded spiritual petals of this divinely chaste life, as the bees to the flower, it shows merely that we have not “the eyes to see and the ears to hear” the most wonderful and all-comprehensive revelation that the world has yet seen. May the Lord help us to attain the same!

In conclusion, if any in this large audience feels drawn to know and understand more of the life and living teaching of this greatest of men, we refer him to the writings of the Swami Vivekananda, the worthy disciple of the Master, who carried the message of Sri Ramakrishna far across the ocean, to the heart of England and America, and whose signal success in the Chicago Parliament of Religions we all thought to be nothing short of a miracle.

EXHORTATIONS

OF

THE SWAMI VIVEKANANDA

(By Mr. Ramchandra B. Panwalkar, B. A.)

Ye children dear of mother Ind,
The offspring of the noblest race,
Why lie ye down in slumber blind,
Awake, arise, thy problems face,

Ye spirits pure with strength divine,
Be free and bold and straight advance;
In glory great and wisdom shine,
Your nation's worth and fame enhance.

To Truth and God, hold true and fast,
The life of virtue seek and lead.
All idle creeds away do cast.
With faith in self and hope proceed.

Go, travel on through distant climes
In search of arts and science vast;
Your faults and weakness know betimes,
And work to gain your grandeur past.

To merit, not to sex and birth
Respect and homage due display.
Sure, noble thoughts and acts bring worth,
And notions narrow cause decay.

Let knowledge spread both far and wide
To high and low, to rich and poor.
Lo! Ignorance does you divide,
And breeds all feuds and vice impure.

Learn, in soul's essence all are 'like,
The goal of each is just the same.
At the root of jealousy strike,
And wipe off clean your present shame.

Your brethren now in distress stand,
In factions torn, in *Tamas* bound;
Come, give your heed and helping hand,
To make them great, and stout, and sound.

To you has come a sacred gift
From sages, saints, your noble sires;
The Light of Vedanta shall uplift
And fill your minds with high desires.

Up! Bathe in floods of wisdom bright;
In love do all distinction drown;
To raise the masses take delight,—
By you the masses long trod-down.

Let fellow-feeling, equal rights,
And freedom be your watchwords e'er.
Your starving neighbours—woeful sights—
Ah! Grant them knowledge, clothes and-fare,

Know wisdom must in deeds appear,
In self-less work is worship pure.
With trust in God, with judgment clear,
The ills of life for ever cure.

EPISTLES OF SWAMI VIVEKANANDA

Extracts

LXIII.

U. S. A.
21st. September, 1894

Dear K—

I am very sorry to hear your determination of giving up the world so soon. The fruit falls from the tree when it gets ripe. So wait for the time to come. Do not hurry. Moreover, no one has the right to make others miserable by his foolish acts. Wait, have patience, everything will come right in time. * *

Yours with blessings,
Vivekananda

LXIV.

U. S. A.
27th. September, 1894

Dear A—

* * One thing I find in the books of my speeches and sayings published in Calcutta. Some of them are printed in such a way as to savour of political views; whereas I am no politician, or political agitator. I care only for the spirit,—when that is right every thing will be righted by itself.....So you must warn the Calcutta people that no political significance be ever attached falsely to any of my writings or sayings. What nonsense!.....I heard that Rev. Kali Charan Banerji in a lecture to Christian missionaries said that I was a political delegate. If it was said publicly, then publicly ask the Babu from me, to write to any of the Calcutta papers and prove it, or else take back his foolish assertion. This is their trick! I have said a few harsh words in honest criticism of Christian Governments in general, but that does not mean that I care for, or have any connection with politics or that sort of thing. Those who think it very grand to print extracts from those lectures, and want to

prove that I am a political preacher, to them I say, "Save me from my friends." * *

* * Tell my friends that a uniform silence is all my answer to my detractors. If I give them tit for tat, it would bring us down to a level with them. Tell them that truth will take care of itself, and that they are not to fight anybody for me. They have much to learn yet, and they are only children. They are still full of foolish golden dreams—mere boys!

* * This nonsense of public life and newspaper blazoning has disgusted me thoroughly. I long to go back to the Himalayan quiet.

Ever yours affectionately,

Vivekananda.

LXV.

WASHINGTON
23rd. October, 1894

Dear V—

* * By this time I have become one of their own teachers. They all like me and my teachings.....I travel all over the country from one place to another, as was my habit in India, preaching and teaching. Thousands and thousands have listened to me and taken my ideas in a very kindly spirit. It is the most expensive country, but the Lord provides for me everywhere I go.

With my love to you and all my friends there (Limbdī, Rajputana),

Yours,
Vivekananda.

LXVI.

U. S. A.
20th. May, 1895

My Dear S—

* * Now I tell you a curious fact. Whenever anyone of you is sick, let him himself or anyone of you visualise him in your mind,

and mentally say and strongly imagine that he is all right. That will cure him quickly. You can do it even without his knowledge, and even with thousands of miles between you. Remember it and do not be ill any more. * *

I cannot understand why S—— is so miserable on account of his daughters' marriage. After all, he is going to drag his daughters through the dirty *Samsâra* which he himself wants to escape! I can have but one opinion of that—condemnation! I hate the very name of marriage, in regard to a boy or girl. Do you mean to say that I have to help in putting someone into bondage, you fool! If my brother M— marries, I will throw him off. I am very decided about that. * *

Yours in love,
Vivekananda.

LXVII.

LONDON, 1896

On the eve of the lecture tour of Dr. Barrows in India at the end of 1896, Swamiji in a letter to the *Indian Mirror*, Calcutta, introduced the distinguished visitor to his countrymen and advised them to give him a fitting reception. He wrote among other things as follows:—

Dr. Barrows was the ablest lieutenant Mr. C. Boney could have selected to carry out successfully his great plan of the Congress at the World's Fair, and it is now a matter of history how one of these Congresses scored a unique distinction, under the leadership of Dr. Barrows.

It was the great courage, untiring industry, unruffled patience and never-failing courtesy of Dr. Barrows that made the Parliament a grand success.

India, its people and their thoughts, have been brought more prominently before the world than ever before, by that wonderful gathering at Chicago, and that national

benefit we certainly owe to Dr. Barrows more than to any other man at that meeting.

Moreover, he comes to us in the sacred name of religion, in the name of one of the great teachers of mankind, and I am sure, his exposition of the system of the Prophet of Nazareth would be extremely liberal and elevating. The Christ-power this man intends to bring to India, is not that of the intolerant, dominant superior with heart full of contempt for everything else but its own self, but that of a brother who craves for a brother's place as a co-worker of the various powers, already working in India. Above all, we must remember that gratitude and hospitality are the peculiar characteristics of Indian humanity, and as such, I would beg my countrymen to behave in such a manner, that this stranger from the other side of the globe, may find that in the midst of all our misery, our poverty and degradation, the heart beats as warm as of yore, when the 'wealth of Ind' was the proverb of nations, and India was the land of the 'Aryas'.

LXVIII.

(*Written to an American lady*)

LONDON

13th. December, 1896

Dear Madam,

We have only to grasp the idea of graduation of morality and everything becomes clear.

Renunciation— non-resistance— non-destructiveness— are the ideals to be attained through less and less worldliness, less and less resistance, less and less destructiveness. Keep the ideal in view and work towards it. None can live in the world without resistance, without destruction, without desire. The world has not come to that state yet when the ideal can be realised in society.

The progress of the world through all its evils is making it fit for the ideals, slowly but surely. The majority will have to go on with this slow growth,—the exceptional ones will

have to get out to realise the ideal in the present state of things.

Doing the duty of the time is the best way, and if it is done only as a duty it does not make us attached.

Music is the highest art, and to those who understand, is the highest worship.

We must try our best to destroy ignorance and evil. Only we have to learn that evil is destroyed by the growth of good.

Yours affectionately,
Vivekananda.

GLEANINGS FROM PROF. JAMES

ON HABIT

An acquired habit, from the Physiological point of view is nothing but a new pathway of discharge formed in the brain, by which certain incoming currents ever often tend to escape.

The great thing is to make our nervous system our ally instead of our enemy. * * * Guard against ways that are likely to be disadvantageous to us, as we should guard against the plague.

The more of the details of our daily life we can hand over to the effortless custody of automatism, the more our higher powers of mind will be set free for their own proper work. There is no more miserable human being than one in whom nothing is habitual but indecision and for whom (every act), the time of rising and going to bed, the beginning of every bit of work, are subjects for express volitional deliberation.

MAXIM I.

In the acquisition of a new habit or the leaving off an old one we must take care to *launch ourselves with as strong and decided initiative as possible.*

MAXIM II.

Never suffer an exception to occur until the new habit is securely rooted in your life.

Each lapse is like letting fall a ball of string which one is carefully winding up; a single slip means more than a great many turns will wind again.

Continuity of training is the great means of making the nervous system act infallibly right.

It is necessary above all things never to lose a battle.

Every gain on the wrong side undoes the effect of many conquests on the right.

The essential precaution is, to so regulate the opposing powers that the one may have a series of uninterrupted successes, until repetition has fortified it to such a degree as to enable it to cope with the opposition under any circumstances.

The need of securing success at the *outset* is imperative.

To be habitually successful is the thing.

Be careful not to give the will such a task as to insure its defeat at the outset, but provided one can stand it, a sharp period of suffering, and then a free time is the best to aim at, whether in giving up the opium habit or in simply changing one's hours of rising or of work.

It is surprising how soon a desire will die of inanition if it be *never* fed.

Without unbroken advance there is no such thing as accumulation of the ethical forces possible, and to make this possible and to exercise us and habituate us in it is the sovereign blessing of regular work.

MAXIM III.

Seize the very first possible opportunity to act on every resolution you make and on every emotional prompting you may experience in the direction of habits you aspire to gain.

It is not in the moment of their forming but in the moment of their producing *motor effects*, that resolves and aspirations communicate the new 'set' to the brain.

The actual presence of the practical opportunity alone furnishes the fulcrum upon which the lever can rest, by means of which the moral will may multiply its strength and raise itself aloft. He who has no solid ground to press against will never get beyond the stage of empty gesture making.

When a resolve or a fine glow of feeling is allowed to evaporate without bearing practical fruit, it is worse than a chance lost; it works so as positively to hinder future resolutions and emotions from taking the normal path of discharge.

If we let our emotions evaporate, they get in a way of evaporating.

GLIMPSSES

"O Earth! Thou hast not any wind that blows
That is not music: Every weed of thine,
Pressed rightly, flows in aromatic wine;
And every little hedgerow flower that grows
And every little brown bird that doth sing,
Has something greater than itself, and bears
A living word to every living thing,
Albeit it holds the message unawares.
All shapes and sounds have something that is not
Of them. A Spirit broods amid the grass;
Vague outlines of the Everlasting Thought
Lie in the melting shadows as they pass;
The touch of an Eternal Presence thrills
The fringes of the sunset and the hills."

* * *

The first test of a truly great man is his
humility.—*Ruskin.*

* * *

To live in the hearts we leave behind is not
to die.—*President Lincoln.*

* * *

His life was gentle, and the elements so
mixed in him, that Nature might stand up and say
to all the world, 'this was a man!'—*Shakespeare.*

* * *

I dream'd in a dream, I saw a city invincible to the
attacks of the whole of the rest of the earth.
I dreamed that was the new city of Friends;
Nothing was greater there than the quality of
robust love—it led the rest,
It was seen every hour in the actions of the men
of that city.
And in all their looks and words.
—*Walt Whitman.*

* * *

What we can do for another is the test of powers;
what we can suffer for another is the test of love.
—*Bishop Westcott.*

* * *

Let who will labour and agonise for the sake of
a new truth, or a newer and purer form of an old
one, there will always be those who will stand
aside, and coldly regard, if they cannot crush, the
struggle and the heart-break of the pioneers, and
then will enter into the fruit of their labours, and

complacently point in later years to the advance of
thought in their time, which they have done
nothing to advance, but to which when sanctioned
by time and custom, and the populace, they will
adhere.—*Mary Cholmondely.*

* * *

He who helps a child, helps humanity with a
distinctiveness, with an immediateness which no
other help given to human creatures in any other
stage of their human existence, can possibly give
again. By helping children we help humanity at
its best end.—*Phillips Brooks.*

* * *

All truth is safe and nothing else is safe; and he
who keeps back the truth, or withholds it from
men, from motives of expediency, is either a
coward or a criminal, or both.—*Max Muller.*

* * *

A bad man is wretched amidst every earthly
advantage; a good man—troubled on every side,
yet not distressed; perplexed, but not in despair;
persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not
destroyed.—*Plato.*

* * *

Without forgiveness, love itself is eternal death—
mutual forgiveness is the gate of Paradise.
—*William Blake.*

* * *

I am of the opinion that my life belongs to the
whole community, and as long as I live it is my
privilege to do for it whatsoever I can. I want to
be thoroughly used up when I die, for the harder
I work, the more I live. I rejoice in life for its
own sake. Life is no brief candle for me. It is
a sort of splendid torch, which I have got hold
of for the moment; and I want to make it burn as
brightly as possible before handing it on to future
generations.—*Bernard Shaw.*

* * *

"Slowly the Bible of the race is writ,
And not on paper leaves nor leaves of stone;
Each age, each kindred, adds a verse to it,
Texts of despair or hope, of joy or moan.
While swings the sea, while mists the mountains
shroud,
While thunder's surges burst on cliffs of cloud,
Still at the prophet's feet the nations sit."

—*Lowell.*

* * *

Surely, surely, the only true knowledge of our fellow-man is that which enables us to *feel with him*—which gives us a fine ear for the heart-pulses that are beating under the mere clothes of circumstances and opinion.—*George Eliot.*

* * *

When we study the history of humanity, we see heroes appearing at the beginning of every great movement. Their example is contagious; some virtue emanates from them and takes possession of others. It is their privilege to rouse enthusiasm, hope, and light. They are the saviours of hopeless times, the guides in dark days, the pioneers of the future, the pure and noble victims who die for justice and truth, in order to pave the way for them.—*Charles Wagner.*

* * *

Ideas go booming through the world louder than a cannon. Thoughts are mightier than armies. Principles have achieved more victories than horsemen or chariots.—*W. M. Paxton.*

* * *

The wealth of a man is the number of things which he loves and blesses, which he is loved and blessed by.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

* * *

To have faith is to create; to have hope is to call down blessing; to have love is to work miracles.—*Michael Fairless.*

* * *

To win and to keep the devotional mind and spirit we must choose and follow regular and systematic means of discipline and culture; we must meditate and pray till devout aspiration becomes devout temper, and devout acts devout habits; we must cultivate and cherish spiritual affections until they become part of the basis of character; we must exercise our faith till it ceases to be a mere sentiment or opinion and becomes a living, burning, purifying conviction.—*John Hunter.*

* * *

Every man takes care that his neighbour does not cheat him. But a day comes when he begins to care that he does not cheat his neighbour. Then all goes well; he has changed his market-cart into a chariot of the sun.—*Emerson.*

* * *

“He who cherishes a beautiful vision, a lofty ideal in his heart, will one day realise it. Columbus

cherished a vision of another world and he discovered it. Copernicus fostered the vision of a multiplicity of worlds and a wider universe, and he revealed it. Buddha beheld the vision of a spiritual world of stainless beauty and perfect peace, and he entered into it. Cherish your visions, cherish your ideals; cherish the music that stirs your heart, the beauty that forms in your mind, that loveliness that drapes your purest thoughts, for out of them will grow all delightful conditions, all heavenly environments; of these, if you but remain true to them, your world will at last be built.”—*James Allen.*

* * *

I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest once cut down, but the new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. The sunshine is on my head; the earth gives me its generous sap; all heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds. You say that the soul is a resultant of unknown bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul more luminous as my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head, but eternal spring is in my heart. . . . For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose and verse—history, philosophy, drama, romance, tragedy, satire, ode and song. I have tried them all, but I feel I have not said a thousandth part of that which is in me. When I go down to my grave, I shall say like many others, ‘I have finished my day’s work,’ but I shall not say, ‘I have finished my life.’ My day’s work will begin again next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley, it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight, it opens with the dawn.

—*Victor Hugo.*

* * *

Life is a mission; duty, therefore, its first law. In the comprehension of that mission and full fulfilment of that duty lie our means of progress. . . . Each of us is bound to purify his own soul as a temple; to free it from egotism; to set before himself, with a religious sense of the importance of the study, the problem of his own life; to search out what is the most striking, the most urgent need of the men by whom he is surrounded; then to interrogate his own faculties and capacity, and resolutely and unceasingly apply them to the satisfaction of the need. . . . Young brothers, when once you have conceived

and determined your mission within your soul, let naught arrest your steps. Fulfil it with all your strength; fulfil it whether blessed by love or visited by hate. . . . You are cowards, unfaithful to your own future, if, in spite of sorrows and delusions, you do not pursue it to the end.—*Joseph Mazzini.*

* * *

A new era is dawning on the world. We are beginning to believe in the religion of usefulness.

The men who felled the forests, cultivated the earth, spanned the rivers with bridges of steel, built the railways and canals, the great ships, invented the locomotives and engines, supplying the countless wants of man; the men who invented the telegraphs and cables, and freighted the electric spark with thought and love; the men who invented the looms and spindles that clothe the world, the inventors of printing and the great presses that fill the earth with poetry, fiction and fact, that save and keep all knowledge for the children yet to be; the inventors of all the wonder-

ful machines that deftly mould from wood and steel the things we use; the men who have explored the heavens and traced the orbits of the stars—who have read the story of the world in mountain range and billowed sea; the men who have lengthened life and conquered pain; the great philosophers and naturalists who have filled the world with light; the great poets whose thoughts have charmed the souls, the great painters and sculptors who have made the canvas speak, marble live; the great orators who have swayed the world, the composers who have given their souls to sound, the captains of industry, the producers, the soldiers who have battled for the rights, the vast host of useful men—these are our Christs, our apostles and our saints. The triumphs of science are our miracles. The books filled with the facts of Nature are our sacred scriptures, and the force that is in every atom and in every star—in everything that lives and grows and thinks, that hopes and suffers, is the only possible god.

—*Ingersoll.*

A PRAYER

OM MANI PADMI OM.

Father, Infinite in Wisdom, high above all mortal strife,
 Listen to a soul in anguish bound upon the Wheel of Life;
 Wearied with the constant struggle 'twixt the spirit and the clay;
 Of the trials and temptations that beset the earthly way;
 Where each pulse-throb of existence beats upon an aching breast,
 Till the surging waves arising form an ocean of unrest.
 Thou, O God, alone can strengthen, Thou canst bid the tempest cease,
 And upon the restless spirit breathe a benison of peace.
 Peace and rest, O Father, give me, I am weary of the strife,
 Maimed and scarred I drop my weapons on the battle-field of Life;
 Like a craven, from the fetters of earth-life I beg release;
 Let the fitful dream be ended and the pain of living cease.
 But if this may not be granted, in Life's measure I must fill,
 Then help me to soul-submission till I neither wish nor will;
 And in silent resignation bow to the Supreme Decree,
 Knowing in Thy time the spirit finds its goal and shall be free.

AMY DUDLEY,

THE SWAMIJI STILL SPEAKS

(From notes of an address delivered in London)

“Oh! East is East and West is West,
And never the twain shall meet;
But there is neither East nor West
Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face
Though they come from the ends of the earth.”

—Rudyard Kipling
in “*The Ballad of East and West.*”

“A fire-mist, and a planet;
A crystal, and a cell;
A jelly-fish and a saurian,
And caves where the cave-men dwell;
Then, a sense of law and beauty,
And a face turned from the cloud,—
Some call it Evolution,
And others call it—God!”

—Professor W. H. Carruth.

THESE two poetic and pregnant quotations are not employed through any desire on the part of the writer to pose as a preacher, though, in some sense, they may be regarded as texts for his discourse.

The first quotation is used, primarily, because it has been, and is, frequently misquoted and generally quoted only in part. In the latter case it is made to convey a meaning entirely outside of the author's conception and expression. It should, most necessarily, be quoted wholly or not at all. The second verse, that by Professor Carruth, explains itself also, when given word for word, and in full,

It is no small privilege, no slight honour, to be, even for a few minutes, the mouth-piece of Swami Vivekananda. We who listened to him in London some ten years ago, are far more nearly associated with his thought and teaching now than we were then,

He said in my hearing, this:—“It may be that I shall find it good to get outside of my body—to cast it off as a disused garment; but *I shall not cease to work!* I shall inspire men everywhere, until the world shall know that it is one with God.”

Dignified in bearing, fine of feature, eloquent to a degree, with consummate mastery of English; steeped in Sanskrit text and tradition; more than well-versed in the Vedas; he knew, too, much of the various schools of theology in West and East. He was as wisely aware of the difference, for instance, between general Baptists and strict Baptists, as of the tenets of Zoroaster or Confucius.

That he became a power in England, in America, in Europe; that he remains a power in the world; that he becomes more and more a power, is little to be wondered at. For this power of his is the outcome and growth of an all-dominating, persistently-persuasive purpose.

He willed that man should develop complete consciousness of human one-ness with the universal.

He quoted with inalienable conviction: as if it were the key-note of that song which should arouse the divine humanity to assert and maintain itself:—“That which exists is One; sages call it variously.”

It was not modesty so much as wholesome pride which constrained him to disclaim any credit personal to himself. “All that I am; all that the world itself will some day be, is owing to my master Sri Ramakrishna, who incarnated and experienced and taught this wonderful unity, having discovered

it alike in Hinduism, in Islam, and in Christianity."

Born in 1863, passing out of the body in 1902; he spent but a bare forty years in that phase of his being which was known to and loved by us. Boy, lad, and man, his generosity and unselfishness were notable. Even as a boy he became entranced, in meditation, at will.

Snatching the sacred thread from a Brâhman's throat he would cry, merrily,— "I ought to wear that, for I can concentrate on Him—and you find it hard work—if you succeed." His memory was marvellous, as, by the way, was his passion for music; but his passion for philosophy was incomparably greater.

Before leaving college, he sent a criticism of Herbert Spencer to Spencer himself. The Englishman was charmed by the Hindu, perhaps none the less when he heard that Vivekananda revelled in athletics.

Naturally the Swami investigated creeds and religions. The Brahma Samaj attracted him, till he found that its officials could not say they had *seen* God. He made fine fun of Sri Ramakrishna; till he met him face to face and heart to heart. "Rubbish," he was wont to say in early ignorance, "he is only a pretentious mendicant like a lot of others that the people run after. At their meeting, however, Sri Ramakrishna made him sing, and, in the singing, Vivekananda fell into contemplation and saw God. The saint touched the singer, and, at the touch, Vivekananda felt a thrilling tremour through all his being. He became the Beloved Disciple.

Sri Ramakrishna said, "This pupil of mine will astound the world by his intellect and spirituality." The saint, Sri Ramakrishna, passed in 1886. Vivekananda began his wandering and wonderful ministry; one of his earliest converts being a Maharaja,

We must glance at him in Chicago. Thither he went to represent the Vedanta at the Parliament of Religions. He, almost unknown, rose in his turn, among cardinals bishops, men of acknowledged authority and standing of all churches; and his first words caught the attention of his audience;—"I thank you, in the name of the most ancient order of monks in the world, in the name of the Mother of Religions."

He made men think; in Chicago, in New York, in Paris, and in London.

His mission, his *will*, was that the Vedantic conception of philosophy and religion should impregnate philosophic and religious thought. He sowed the seeds and saw the life-shoots arising.

He "passed"; but the promise of his being is already in ripe process and fulfilment. Some phase or other of the ancient and undying law of Unity is being uttered to-day under the shadow of the Abbey of Westminster, in the City Temple, and from many a pulpit and platform here and there. Journalism, with its instinct for the topic of the time, concerns itself unblushingly with religious and philosophic problems.

Periodicals and romances clothe the same problems in attractive garb. The modernity that expresses itself throughout the thoughtful world, echoes and re-echoes the striving of Vivekananda's spirit.

His last words to me were notable words. I stood before him, saying nothing. He was going back to India, and "Good-bye" struck in my throat. He knew what I would say if I could only say it. (He always knew that. I never remember putting a question to him; he replied without prompting). Grasping my hands; pouring, as it seemed, his soul through his eyes to mine, he said, "Yes, yes, I *shall* come back!"

And he has kept his word.

ERIC HAMMOND,

REVIEWS AND ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The Specific Image Treatment. By Leander Edmund Whipple. Published by the Metaphysical Publishing Co., New York. Price 10 cents.

This brochure of 22 pages is one of a series of publications, entitled, The practical Health Series and sets forth a novel theory of disease and cure. Though evidently an offshoot of 'Mental Healing' it claims to be an improvement upon the 'mother faith,' in having discovered that each particular disease is produced by a particular image in the patient's mind, either "on the conscious or the sub-conscious plane." The cure is effected if the 'Image' is exactly known and driven off by the power of thought.

Though we believe that there is much that is good and helpful to many in 'Mental Healing,' we should say that it is yet far from having established itself as a scientific system, and its fate, as an organised method, must be determined by its ability to do so.

In that state of uncertainty as to the future of 'Mental Healing,' it is too much for us to swallow the claims of its new-born offspring. We can understand something about impregnating our minds with the ideas of health, harmony &c., but we cannot, with the means we have at present at our disposal, see the images that are in others' minds, especially when they are relegated to the intangible domain of the sub-conscious. Who can say that the image in the patient's mind is not a reflection of that in the healer's? And once unbridled imagination gets the better of us, no one knows where it may lead us! The thing is, that the discovery and the practical application of psychic forces require certain highly developed moral qualifications, without which all attempts to

benefit by them are not only futile but may often be attended with dangerous results.

The Rupavatara of Dharmakirti.*
Part I. (In Sanskrit). Edited with additions and emendations by Rao Bahadur M. Rangacharya, M. A., Professor of Sanskrit, Presidency College, Madras. Pp. 308 with 141 pages of Index and 19 pages of Sanskrit Introduction.

This is an elementary Sanskrit Grammar based on the aphorisms of Panini written by a Buddhist monk, by name Dharmakirti, of Ceylon, who appears to have lived in the latter part of the twelfth century of the Christian era. The book is divided into eight chapters dealing mainly with the following subjects of Sanskrit Grammar, namely Sanjñá (definitions), Sandhi (euphonic conjunction of letters), Vibhakti (declensions), Abyayas (indeclinables), Stree-Pratyaya (derivation of feminine bases), Káraka (meaning and use of the declensional cases), Samasa (compounds) and Tatdhit (secondary derivatives). To this main body of the book are being added two indexes, one of Pánini's aphorisms and the other of the numerous examples used in the book—which will prove to be of great advantage to the student. The subject-matter has been put in clear logical order, couched in exceedingly simple language. The book will prove no doubt to be of great help to a young student of Sanskrit Grammar. The Purbardha or first half of Siddhanta-Koumudi will be quite easy of access to him who will go through the book in hand, first. Copious

* Published by Messrs. G. A. Natesan & Co., Esplanade, Madras.

examples to elucidate rules of Grammar too has been given to enable the student to master his subject. The decent get-up of the book with all what we have said above will surely recommend it to young students of Sanskrit.

The East and the West † by Swami Vivekananda. Part I. with a frontispiece of Swamiji. Pp. 95. Crown 8vo.. Stiff cover. Price 12 annas.

The present volume is a reprint from the *Brahmavadin* of Swami Sachchidananda's translation of the greater part of the serial originally contributed by Swami Vivekananda under the above heading to the *Udbodhan*. In it the Swamiji dwells in a masterly and thoughtful way on the ideals and customs of the East and the West, and interprets the one to the other, in a most characteristic and entertaining fashion, which cannot but lead to the proper appreciation of the best in each, and a sympathetic toleration for the other ideals and customs, which being the product and evolution of the necessarily different environments of each nationality and civilisation must vary in their nature.

The book is neatly printed in featherweight paper and nicely bound with gilt.

Bhakti Yoga ‡ by the Swami Vivekananda, with a photogravure of Swamiji. 2nd edition. Pp. 168. Price 10 annas. Neatly got up.

The present publication is carefully revised and edited by the Swami Saradananda with additions and alterations which seemed necessary to him in order to make Swamiji's

sense clear, and to show connecting links, in several places of the book, and we have no hesitation in saying, that these are real improvements calculated to be of much help to the readers.

Realisation and its Methods ‡ by Swami Vivekananda. With a portrait. Pp. 165. Price 12 annas.

Thoughts on Vedanta ‡ by Swami Vivekananda. With a portrait. Pp. 100. 10 Annas.

These two books are reprints, by permission, of some of the stray lectures from the Complete Works of the Swami Vivekananda, Mayavati Memorial Edition, Part I & II., and appropriately named as above.

Raja Yoga ‡ by Swami Vivekananda. With a portrait. Pp. 194. Price Rupee One.

This is also a reprint, by permission, of the book as appeared in the Complete Works of the Swami Vivekananda, Mayavati Memorial Edition, Part I. The new feature of this publication is the addition of the original aphorisms of Patanjali in Devanagri Type.

Bartaman Bharata ‡ by Swami Vivekananda. 2nd Edition. Pp. 58. Price 4 as.

This is the original, in Bengali, from which our translation known as "MODERN INDIA" is published.

Noble Living * being essays on religious and moral subjects, compiled by Mr. P. V. Seshagiri Rao, Cocanada. Pp. 354. Cloth bound, price Re. 1-4-0.

It is a valuable collection of choice extracts from the writings of the great masters of

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† Published by the Brahmavadin Office, Madras.

‡ Published by the Udbodhan Office, Bagh-Bazar P. O., Calcutta.

English literature, living and dead, and containing, as it does, greatest thought of the greatest minds, it should form highly beneficial reading to everyone, and serve the useful purpose of a ready guide to writers. We are much indebted to the author for his very kindly giving away the book free to the subscribers of Prabuddha Bharata for 1909, who applied to him for the same with postage stamps.

The Madras Congress & Conferences.*

It is a collection of the Presidential and inaugural speeches delivered at the Indian National Congress, Indian Industrial Conference, Indian Social Conference, All-India Temperance Conference, The Theistic Conference, and the Ladies' Conference, held in December 1908, together with an appendix containing the resolutions passed therein. Pp. 207. Price Eight Annas.

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THE SWAMI AND HIS MISSION

[An address delivered by Mr. C.V. Kumaraswami Sastriar, B.A., B.L., Judge, City Civil Court, on the occasion of Birthday Anniversary Celebration of the Swami Vivekananda at Madras.]

GENTLEMEN,

We have met to-day to commemorate the birthday of Swami Vivekananda ; and I have been requested—I would rather say, commanded by His Holiness Swami Ramakrishnanda to deliver the usual address on the occasion. However much I wished that the task had devolved on abler shoulder I had no option but to obey, and I crave your indulgence should you find that my efforts have not reached the high level of linguistic excellence and spiritual fervour which the speakers on previous occasions have taught you to expect. The subject on which I shall address you to-day is "The Swami and His Mission," and I chose the subject as it seemed to me that we cannot better commemorate his birthday than by trying to appreciate the greatness of the man and the nobility of his mission, to recall with reverence and gratitude the noble task which he set himself to perform, to appreciate the noble truths which he taught with nobler reverence ; and so far as it lies in our power to keep alive the memory of a life whose short span was consecrated to the ennobling of human thought, the amelioration of human suffering and pain, and the diffusion of the priceless gems of Indian thought and philosophy amongst the great nations of mankind. For when we come to think of that wonderful life we cannot but fail to be struck with the greatness of the man and the nobility of his mission and we cannot but hope that a knowledge of his life and a perusal of his discourses would animate the hearts and purify the lives of our countrymen present and future, and that no effort would be spared to keep the torch that he handed to us from being dimmed by indifference and neglect.

To the public his mission commenced when he left the shores of this country on the self-imposed duty of telling the West that the East was not perpetually dreaming but that it had a lesson to impart and a message to

deliver that had hitherto been undreamt of, and that the solution of the riddles of existence, and the ills of society lay in the knowledge of the higher aspects of Vedanta. The previous years were spent in preparation and service, in the discipleship which it is necessary for every teacher to undergo ; for in the history of all religions no great teacher has arisen who has not spent his early years in service and suffering, who has not spent years in purging his soul from the little dross that earthly existence invariably generates.

The comparatively unknown monk who left the shores, returned in the course of a few years the acknowledged master of thousands of earnest and thoughtful men ; and the few years of the earthly existence which were still left to him were spent in the service of his motherland which he loved so well and to regenerate which was the task of his life.

It is impossible to appreciate the mission of the Swami or the task which he accomplished without looking back on the broad lines of religious thought and philosophy from the time the conquering Aryans hymned their joy of life and ideas of a future, to the period when after ages of stagnation they bewailed the futility of earthly joys and aspirations and the curse of mundane existence. Centuries elapsed between the two periods but the transition was none the less certain and none the less sure.

In the infancy of the Aryan race, when it was strong with the strength of youth and lust of conquest, when it found shelter in the sunny land of India and had to conserve all its energy to retain possession of the land conquered, pessimism found no place in its creed, and fervid thanks to the gods for benefits conferred and pious appeals for the continuation of the protection hitherto granted satisfied the religious cravings of the race. When, however, success had satiated the joys of conquest, the unsatiable craving of the Aryans for spiritual thought found vent in elaborate ceremonials and sacrifices, and as man was pleased with gifts and good things in this world ; it was thought that the God in whose image man had been created would be similarly propitiated. Centuries elapsed and when the Aryan settlers increased and multiplied and were comparatively free from foreign aggression and internal

revolt of the conquered aboriginies, the gifted race applied itself to the solution of the riddle of existence embodied in the three questions "Whence, Wherefore and Whether?", and the Upanishads are the imperishable legacy bequeathed by them to human thought, where the riddle is attempted to be solved and is solved with marvellous approximation.

But the seeds of pessimism had been sown in the attempt. For when the brief span of man's years and the weak results of his achievements were measured against the infinity of space and the eternity of time it was found that the desire of worldly good and advancement, and the transient happiness which man got along with the great misery and trouble were of very little avail. Men whose names were on the lips of their contemporaries were soon forgotten and works which had been the delight of those who beheld them, soon crumbled into dust, and the ceaseless whirl of the wheel of existence only left clouds of the dust of oblivion.

This idea was developed for centuries and found its ultimate expression in Buddhism which is the *cri de cœur* of pessimism, if by pessimism is meant the sense of the futility of striving after mundane joys or possessions or seeking for mundane greatness. All transient existence, Buddha taught, involved suffering, birth and death, growth and decay, the frustration of desire and the longing that cannot be satisfied. Regret and desire are equally vain in this world of impermanency, for all joy is but the beginning of an experience that must have its pain—for all that live must surely die, and all that meet will surely part. Against happiness has to be set off sorrow and the final balancement of accounts is in no way in favour of the former.

The triumph of Hinduism over Buddhism by no means meant the rejection of these doctrines but only a modification on what I would call a Theistic basis. The Indo-Aryans, too early in their career, sought the inward meaning and the reverse side of glory and saw the world behind the ordinary world of human striving, and this ideal haunted them with a persistency that in course of time became a serious hindrance to continued effort and unbroken empire.

During the centuries of stagnation which followed the Mahomedan conquest the gloom

was deepened and the doctrines of Karma which in the hands of philosophers afforded the key to unlock the secrets of existence, sorrow and suffering, became in the hands of fools and cowards the excuse for inaction. The rituals which were devised by the ancients as the means by which man might attune himself with the infinite and seek the light with unclouded vision, became to be considered as the ultimate end of endeavour. When the human mind stagnates it seeks to comfort itself with the idea that the quintessence of wisdom and good lies in the past, that slavish obedience is the only way to salvation and that any progress or modification of ancient ideas is the surest way to degradation. The caste-mark begins to eat up the forehead and religion comes to mean not the striving after high ideals or the recognition of great truths but the following of rituals and the meaningless observance of customs which have lost all fitness with the daily necessities of life. One man comes to be considered more religious than another not because he sins less but because he chants more.

It was to remedy these abuses that had crept into Hinduism, to uplift his countrymen, to induce them to take a saner and more wholesome view of life that the Swami Vivekananda devoted the years of his existence. That was his mission, and every word of his is a solemn protest against the doctrines which had reduced human endeavour to a wail of man's littleness in the scheme of creation and the futility of all his endeavours. To tell man that religion never intended that he should look away from this world and cheer himself with the thoughts of the next, and consider that he is earning heaven by making a hell of earth, but that he should look stoutly into this world in faith that if he does his work thoroughly here he would be carrying on the divine purpose of creation—that his greatest duty is to promote the happiness of his fellow-men, and that this duty can not be accomplished by whining over the supposed degradation of earthly pursuits,—to teach him that he is not the lost or degraded being whom later day pessimism has depicted in such woeful colour, but an atom co-equal and co-eternal with the Supreme Spirit and that the kingdom of God is, in the truest sense of the word,

within each individual, ready for the salvation not only of himself but the whole species, was what the Swami set himself to teach in language glowing with eloquence.

He recognised that every human Soul like a seed in its germination represented the *apparent* duality of the universe. It strikes root downward into unconscious matter from which it derives its means of growth and its own separate standing place in creation. But it also strives upward into the air and the light of heaven when it develops the nobler part of its being and by which alone it can be unfolded into maturity and perfection. His mission was to teach it to realise its own law consciously and intelligently and to enable it to surmount the opposing powers around,—to depend more and more upon the light and warmth of heaven, less and less upon the manure and moisture of earth. To accomplish his mission the Swami used the means which the priceless teaching of the Vedanta Philosophy placed in his hands. In the words of Tennyson he recognised that self-knowledge, self-reverence and self-control were the only means by which man might rise to sovereign power. The Monistic view of the Vedanta which taught that individual souls were only emanations from the Supreme One was emphasised by him to show that man was never intended to be weak or to suffer but was possessed of infinite capacity for improvement, "The greatest sin" says the Swami in his Inspired Talks "is to think yourself weak. Nothing is greater. Realise you are Brahman. Nothing has power except what you give it. We are beyond the sun, the stars, the universe. Teach the Godhead of Man. Stand up and say I am the Master—the Master of all." The whole of his teaching is but the amplification of this idea—this sense of the divine nature of man's origin—this determination to treat evil as foreign to his nature and the result of ignorance and delusion. He taught that individuals were only partial detachments from the infinite ocean of being, that education of mankind to the realisation of the divine nature of the individual soul, and the recognition of the eternal oneness of the two back through our everlasting past and through an everlasting future was the only means of elevating mankind. "I direct my attention" said the Swami to an inter-

viewer in London "to the individual, to make him strong, to teach him that he himself is divine and I call upon men to make themselves conscious of this divinity within. That is really the ideal—conscious or unconscious—of every religion." He recognised that a social system which raised up barriers of classes and sub-classes, each considering that the other was separate from its neighbour was a fatal bar to national development—that no social system that taught that the quintessence of virtue and goodness lay in minute observance of form and ceremonial could develop the unity of the race or promote united endeavour for its high being. "Give up" he says with scathing irony "all those old discussions, old fights, about things which are meaningless, nonsensical in their very nature. Think of the last six hundred or seven hundred years of degradation, when grown up men by hundreds have been discussing for years, whether we should drink a glass of water with the right hand or the left, whether the hand should be washed three times or four times and whether we should gargle five or six times. * * There is a danger of our religion getting into the kitchen. We are neither Vedantists most of us now, nor Pauraniks, nor Tantriks. We are Don't-touchists. Our religion is the kitchen. Our god is the cooking-pot and religion is 'don't touch me, I am holy.' It is a sure sign of the softening of the brain when the mind cannot grasp the higher problems of life; all congruity is lost, the mind has lost all its strength, its activity and power of thought, and just tries to go round and round the smallest curve it can find."

All his teaching is but the Kalidoscopic reiteration of these ideas. He recognised that progress was not possible until his countrymen understood their divine nature and till they deliberately set before themselves the task of removing all the foreign matter which had clothed itself with the cloak of sanctity and masqueraded under the name of religion. He has taught renunciation, but it was the renunciation of the pleasures that minister to the lower self and of the desires that tend to affirm it to live in it and to rest on it. He too taught the use of suffering but it was the suffering out of which comes the serious mind, the grateful heart and undemanded devotion to the

interests of the human race. He taught that the true road to progress lay not in an acknowledgment of our weakness but in an avowal of our strength and that man's primary duty was the chastisement of his passions, the discipline of his intellect, the subjugation of his will and the cultivation of the spirit of veneration for the good, and sympathy for the weak.

It is remarkable to see what a large space the vast submerged classes in India occupied in his mind and how earnest were his exhortations to his countrymen to do all they could to lift them up from their present state of degradation. "How many men," he asks in one of his letters "unselfish thorough-going men is Madras ready now to supply to struggle unto life and death to bring about a new state of things—sympathy for the poor, and bread to their hungry mouths—enlightenment to the people at large, and struggle unto death to make men of them who have been brought to the level of beasts by the tyranny of your forefathers." "Remember" he says "that the nation lives in the cottage. But alas! nobody did anything for them. The fate of nations depend on the condition of the masses. Can you raise them? Can you give them back their lost individuality without making them lose their innate spiritual nature? Can you become an occidental of occidentals in your spirit of equality, freedom, work and energy, and at the same time a Hindu to the very backbone in religious culture and instincts. This is to be done and we will do it, You are born to do it, Have faith in yourselves, great convictions are mothers of great deeds. Onward for ever. Sympathy for the masses, the poor, the down-trodden, even unto death—this is our motto."

Gentlemen, I am afraid I have already made too great a demand on your patience. I have tried to give you what I take to be his ideals and the mission he set himself to accomplish, and when we see the earnest band of Sannyasins who have set themselves the task of realising those ideals and the earnest and increasing number of men who are striving to appreciate them, I do not think there could be any ground for supposing that the Swami taught or laboured in vain.

To thoughtful minds the necessity for great teachers like Swami Vivekananda and earnest and devoted disciples cannot be overrated.

For we are living in an age when the pernicious doctrine of Western materialism is assuming a strange fascination for ordinary minds. Also the danger of our becoming dead to all higher aims and ambitions in the free pursuit of wealth and power is not small, as it will eventually lead us to forget God in the midst of all comforts of life. The only safeguard against this is the study of the works of our great teachers and who can say that in this respect there is a dearth of material. Looking back on the moral and religious history of this great country we cannot but be struck with the great religious teachers and thinkers that have from time to time arisen to prevent corruption and decay and to recall us to the path of true life. We cannot but think with gratitude and reverence on the great men who with no thoughts of self have set themselves to the redemption of their fellow-countrymen and who have devoted the years of their lives to the betterment of their motherland. How many lives have been consumed that her children might be happy—how many minds have thought and agonised and how many lips have prayed that her children might be blessed—how many hearts have acted that the pulse of her children might vibrate with joy,—how many eyes have been wet with tears that her children might see through the material shapes of this world as through a thin veil and hear through its ugly and discordant voices the everlasting song. Their voice is a plea sometimes tranquil, sometimes passionate but always earnest for the things of enduring excellence and for the regulation of our lives on lines fraught with the greatest good both to ourselves and to those with whom our lot is cast. They have lived and passed away leaving to us the glorious legacy of their imperishable teachings and it is impossible that their voice could cease to be heard.

" Full lasting is the song, though he
The singer passes, lasting too
For souls not lost in usury
The rapture of the forward view."

Let us hope that the time would never come when in the aggression of noisier ambitions we can be so deadened to all better feelings as to be deaf to the voices that God has tuned and the lamps that he has lit for our guidance.

CONVERSATIONS WITH THE SWAMI VIVEKANANDA

III.

RECONCILIATION OF JNANA YOGA AND
BHAKTI YOGA—GOD IN GOOD, AND
IN EVIL TOO—USE MAKES A
THING GOOD OR EVIL—
KARMA—CREATION—GOD—MAYA.

[*Sri Surendra Nath Sen,—from private diary.*]

SUNDAY, the 23rd, January, 1898.

It was the evening and the occasion of the weekly meeting of the Ramakrishna Mission, at the house of Balaram Babu of Baghbazar. Swami Turiyananda, Swami Yogananda, Swami Premananda and others had come from the Math. Swamiji was seated in the verandah to the east, which was now full of people, as were the northern and the southern sections of the verandah. But such used to be the case every day when Swamiji stayed in Calcutta.

Many of the people who came to the meeting had heard that Swamiji could sing very nicely, and so were desirous of hearing him. Knowing this, Master Mahashaya (M.) whispered to a few gentlemen near him to request Swamiji to do so; but he being close by saw through their intention and playfully asked, "Master Mahashaya, what are you talking about among yourselves in whispers, do speak out?" At the request of Master Mahashaya, Swamiji now began in his charming voice the song—"Keep with loving care, the darling Mother Shyâmû, in thy heart,....." It seemed as if a *Vinâ* was playing. At its close, he said to Master Mahashaya, "Well, are you now satisfied? But no more singing! Otherwise, being in the swing of it, I shall be carried away by its intoxication. Moreover, my voice is now spoilt by frequent lecturing in the West. My voice shakes very much." * * *

Swamiji then asked one of his Brahmacharin disciples to lecture on "The Real Nature of Mukti." So, the Brahmacharin stood up and spoke at some length. A few others followed him. Swamiji then invited discussion on the subject of the discourse, and called upon one of his householder disciples to lead it; but as the latter tried to advocate the Advaita and Jnanam and assign a lower place to Dualism and Bhakti, he met with a protest from one of the audience. As each of the

two opponents tried to establish his own view-point, a lively word-fight ensued. Swamiji watched them for a while, but seeing that they were getting excited, silenced them with the following words:—

Swamiji:— Why do you get excited in argument and spoil everything? Listen! Sri Ramakrishna used to say, that 'Pure Knowledge and pure Bhakti are one and the same.' According to the doctrine of Bhakti, God is held to be 'All-Love.' One cannot even say, 'I love Him,' for the reason that He is All-Love. 'There is no love outside of Himself; the love that is in the heart with which you love Him, is even He Himself. In a similar way, whatever attractions or inclinations one feels drawn by, are all He Himself. The thief steals, the harlot sells her body to prostitution, the mother loves her child—in each of these too is He! One world system attracts another—there also is He. Everywhere is He. According to the doctrine of Jnanam also, He is realised by one everywhere. Here lies the reconciliation of Jnanam and Bhakti. When one is immersed in the highest ecstasy of Divine Vision (*Bhâva*), or is in the state of Samadhi, then alone the idea of duality ceases and the distinction between the devotee and his God vanishes. In the scriptures on Bhakti, five different paths of relationship are mentioned, by any of which one can attain to God; but another one can very well be added to them, viz.,—the path of meditation on the non-separateness, or oneness with God. Thus the Bhaktas can call the Advaitins, Bhaktas as well, but of the non-differentiating type. As long as one is within the region of Maya, so long the idea of duality will no doubt remain. Space-time-causation or name-and-form is, what is called Maya. When one goes beyond this Maya then only the Oneness is realised, and then man is neither a Dualist nor an Advaitist,—to him all is One. All this difference that you notice between a Bhakta and a Jnanin is in the preparatory stage,—one sees God outside, and the other sees Him within. But there is another point: Sri Ramakrishna used to say, that there is another stage of Bhakti which is called the Supreme Devotion (*Parâbhakti*), i. e., to love Him after becoming established in the consciousness of Advaita, and after having attained Mukti. It may seem paradoxical, and the question may be raised here,—why such a one who has already attained Mukti, should be desirous of retaining the spirit of Bhakti in him? The answer is,—the Mukta or the Free is beyond all law; no law applies in his case, and hence no question can be asked regarding him. Even becoming Mukta, some, out of their own free will, retain Bhakti to taste of its sweetness.

Q.— God may be in the love of the mother for her child, but, Sir, this idea is really perplexing that God is even in the thieves and the harlots in the form of their natural inclinations to sin! It

follows then, that God is as much responsible for the sin as for all the virtue in this world.

Swamiji:— That consciousness comes in a stage of highest realisation, when one sees that whatever is of the nature of love or attraction is God. But one has to reach that state to see and realise that idea for himself in actual life.

Q.— But still one has to admit that God is also in the sin!

Swamiji:— You see, there are, in reality, no such different things as good and evil. They are mere conventional terms. The same thing we call bad, and again another time we call good, according to the way we make use of it. Take for example, this lamp light; because of its burning we are able to see, and do various works of utility; this is one mode of using the light. Again, if you put your fingers in it, they will be burnt; that is another mode of using the same light. So we should know that a thing becomes good or bad according to the way we use it. Similarly with virtue and vice. Broadly speaking, the proper use of any of the faculties of our mind and body is termed virtue, and its improper application or waste is called vice.

Thus questions after questions were put and answered. Someone remarked, "The theory that God is even there, where one heavenly body attracts another, may or may not be true as a fact, but there is no denying the exceeding poetry the idea conveys."

Swamiji:— No, my dear sir, that is not poetry. One can see for oneself its truth when one attains Knowledge.

From what Swamiji further said on this point, I understood him to mean that matter and spirit, though to all appearance seem to be two distinct things, are really two different forms of one substance; and similarly, all the different forces that are known to us, whether in the material or in the internal world, are all but varying forms of the manifestation of one Force. We call a thing matter, where that spirit force is manifested less; and living, where it shows itself more; otherwise there is no such thing which is absolutely matter, at all times and in all conditions. The same Force which presents itself in the material world as attraction or gravitation, is felt in its finer and subtler state, as love and the like, in the higher spiritual stages of realisation.

Q.— Why should there be even this difference relating to individual use? Why should there be at all this tendency in man to make bad or improper use of any of his faculties?

Swamiji:— That tendency comes as a result of one's own past actions (Karma); everything one has, is of his own doing. Hence it follows that

it is solely in the hands of every individual to control his tendencies and to guide them properly.

Q.— Even if everything is the result of our karma, still it must have had a beginning, and why should our tendencies have been good or bad at the beginning?

Swamiji:— How do you know that there is a beginning? The *Srishti* (Creation) is without beginning—this is the doctrine of the Vedas. So long as there is God, there is Creation as well.

Q.— Well, Sir, why is this Maya here and whence has it come?

Swamiji:— It is a mistake to ask 'why,' with respect to God; we can only do so regarding one who has wants or imperfections. How can there be any 'why' concerning Him Who has no wants, and Who is the One Whole? No such question as 'whence has Maya come' can be asked. Time—space—causation is what is called Maya. You, I and everyone else are within this Maya, and you are asking about what is beyond Maya! How can you do so while living within Maya?

Again, many questions followed. The conversation turned on the philosophies of Mill, Hamilton, Herbert Spencer, etc., and Swamiji dwelt on them to the satisfaction of all. Everyone wondered at the vastness of his Western philosophical scholarship and the promptness of his replies.

The meeting dispersed after a short conversation on miscellaneous subjects.

AVE ATQUE VALE! HALF AND FAREWELL!

[IN MEMORY OF THE SWAMI VIVEKANANDA]

They have no need of Death to set them free,
Whom Life could never bind. To souls unvext
Of man's vain hopes and fears, Death can but be
The passing from one room into the next;
The calm of twilight and the setting sun;
The call to cease from labour, and to rest;
The natural sleep of night, when day is done;
The blithe leave-taking of the parting guest.
If we could lose such spirits, we should deem
Man the poor thrall of sorrow and of shame,
And with false hearts and recreant lips blaspheme
God, when we call Him by His holiest name.
All things most high kept with him to the end,
Who knew the truth of Life, and finds its peace.
All things that cannot die—these mourn my friend,
That living loved them—and I mourn with these.

Pakenham Beatty, in the *Mystic*.

SELECTIONS FROM SANSKRIT

मणिरत्नमाला *

अपारसंसारसमुद्रमध्ये
 सन्मज्जतो मे शरणं किमस्ति ।
 गुरो कृपालो कृपया वदैतद्
 विश्वेशपादाम्बुज दीर्घनौका ॥१॥
 बद्धोहि को यो विषयानुरक्तः
 को वा विमुक्तो विषये विरक्तः ।
 को याऽस्ति घोरोनरकः स्वदेह-
 स्तृष्णाक्षयः स्वर्गपदं किमस्ति ॥२॥
 संसारहृत्कः श्रुतिजात्मबोधः
 को मोक्षहेतुः प्रथितः स एव ।
 द्वारं किमेकं नरकस्य नारी
 का स्वर्गदा प्राणभृतामहिंसा ॥३॥
 शेते सुखं कस्तु समाधिनिष्ठो
 जागर्ति को या सदसद्विवेकी ।
 के शत्रवः सन्ति निजेन्द्रियाणि
 तान्येव मित्राणि जितानि कानि ॥४॥
 को वा दरिद्रो हि विशालतृष्णाः
 श्रीमांश्च को यस्य समस्ततोषः ।
 जीवन्मृतः कस्तु निरुद्यमो यः
 कावामृता स्यात् सुखदा निराशा ॥५॥
 पाशो हि को यो ममताभिधानः
 सन्मोहयत्येव सुरेय का स्त्री ।
 को वा महान्धो मदनातुरो यो
 मृत्युश्च को वाऽपयश स्वकीयम् ॥६॥
 को वा गुरुर्योहि हितोपदेशा
 शिष्यस्तु को यो गुरुभक्त एव ।
 को दीर्घरोगो भव एव साधो
 किमौषधं तस्य विचार एव ॥७॥

किम्भूषणाद्भूषणमस्ति शीलं
 तीर्थं परं किं समनो विशुद्धं ।
 किमत्र हेयं कनकं च कान्ता
 सेव्यं सदा किं गुरुवेदवाक्यम् ॥८॥
 के हेतवो ब्रह्मगतेस्तु सन्ति
 सत्सङ्गतिदान्तिविचारतोषाः ।
 के सन्ति सन्तः किल वीतरागा
 अथास्तमोहाः शिवतत्त्वनिष्ठाः ॥९॥
 को वा ज्वरे प्राणभृतां हि चिन्ता
 मूर्खस्तु को यस्तु विवेकहीनः ।
 कार्या मया का शिवविष्णुभक्तिः
 किं जीवनं दोषविवर्जितं यत् ॥ १० ॥
 विद्या हि का ब्रह्मगतिप्रदा या
 बोधोऽस्ति को यस्तु विमुक्ति हेतुः ।
 को लाभ आत्माऽवगमो हि यो वै
 जितं जगत्केन मनोहि येन ॥११॥
 शूरान्महाशूरतमोऽस्ति को वा
 मनोजबाणैर्व्यथितो न यस्तु ।
 प्राज्ञोऽतिधीरश्च समश्च को वा
 प्राप्तो न मोहं ललनाकटाक्षैः ॥१२॥
 विषाद्विषं किं विषया समस्ता
 दुःखी सदा को विषयानुरागी ।
 धन्योऽस्ति को यस्तु परोपकारी
 कः पूजनीयो ननु तत्त्यनिष्ठः ॥१३॥
 सर्वास्ववस्थास्वपि किं न कार्यं
 किंया विधेयं विदुषां प्रयत्नात् ।
 स्नेहश्च पापं पठनश्च धर्मः
 संसारमूलं हि किमस्त्यविद्या ॥१४॥
 विज्ञान्महाविज्ञतमोऽस्ति को वा
 नार्या पिशाच्या न च यश्चितो यः ।

*The English translation will be given in the next issue of Prabuddha Bharata.

का शृङ्खला प्राणाभृतां च नारी
 दिव्यं व्रतं किं च समस्तदैन्यम् ॥१५॥
 ज्ञातुं न शक्यं हि किमस्ति सर्वै-
 र्योषिन्मनोयच्चरितं तदीयं ।
 का दुस्त्यजा सर्वजनैर्दुराशा
 विद्याविहीनः पशुरस्ति को वा ॥१६॥
 वासो न सङ्गः सह कैर्विधेयो
 मूर्खैश्च पापैश्च खलैश्च नीचैः ।
 मुमुक्षुणा किं त्वरितंविधेयं
 सत्सङ्गतिर्निर्ममभेशभक्तिः ॥१७॥
 लघुत्वमूलं च किमर्थितैव
 गुरुत्वबीजं यदयाचनं च ।
 जातोऽस्ति को यस्य पुनर्नजन्म
 को वा मृतो यस्य पुनर्नमृत्युः ॥१८॥
 मूकोऽस्ति को वा बधिरश्च को वा
 युक्तं न वक्तुं समये समर्थः ।
 तथं सुपथं न शृणोति वाक्यं
 विश्वासपात्रं न किमस्ति नारी ॥१९॥
 तत्त्वं किमेकं शिवमद्वितीयं
 किमुत्तमं सच्चरितं यदस्ति ।
 किं कर्म कृत्वा न च शोचनीयं
 कामारिकंसारि समर्चनाख्यम् ॥२०॥
 शत्रोर्महाशत्रुतमोऽस्ति को वा
 कामः सकोपानृतलोभतृष्णाः ।
 न पूर्यते को विषयै स एव
 किं दुःखमूलं ममताभिधानः ॥२१॥
 किम्मण्डनं सात्तरता मुखस्य
 सत्यं च किम्भूतहितं तदेव ।
 त्याज्यं सुखं किं स्त्रियमेव सम्यक्
 देयम्परं किं त्वभयं सदैव ॥२२॥
 कस्यास्ति नाशे मनसो हि मोक्षः
 क्व सर्वथा नास्ति भयं विमुक्तौ ।
 शल्यं परं किं निजमूर्खतैव
 के के ह्युपास्या गुरवश्च वृद्धाः ॥२३॥

उपस्थिते प्राणाहते कृतान्ते
 किमाशु कार्यं सुधीया प्रयत्नात् ।
 वाक्कायचित्तैः सुखदं यमघ्नं
 मुरारिपादाम्बुजमेव चिन्त्यम् ॥२४॥
 के दस्यवः सन्ति कुवासनाख्याः
 कः शोभते यः सदसि प्रविद्यः ।
 शान्तेव का या सुखदास्ति विद्या
 किमेधते दानवशात्सुविद्या ॥२५॥
 कुतो हि भीतिः सततं विधेया
 लोकापवादाद्भवकाननाच्च ।
 को वास्ति बन्धुः पितरौच को वा
 विपद्सहायः परिपालकौ यौ ॥२६॥
 बुद्धा न बोध्यम्परिशिष्यते किं
 शिवं प्रशान्तं सुखबोधरूपम् ।
 ज्ञाते तु कस्मिन् विदितं जगत् स्यात्
 सर्वात्मके ब्रह्मणि पूर्णरूपे ॥२७॥
 किं दुर्लभं सद्गुरुरस्ति लोके
 सत्संगतिर्ब्रह्मविचारणा च ।
 त्यागो हि सर्वस्य शिवात्मबोधः
 किं दुर्जयं सर्वजनैर्मनोजः ॥२८॥
 पशोः पशुः को न करोति धर्मं
 प्रधीतशास्त्रोपि न चात्मबोधः ।
 किं तद्विषं भाति सुधोपमं स्त्री
 के शत्रवो मित्रवदात्मजाया ॥२९॥
 विद्युच्चलं किं धनयौवनायु-
 दानं परं किं च सुपात्रदत्तम् ।
 कंठं गतैरप्यसुभिर्नकार्यं
 किं किं विधेयं मलिनं शिवार्चा ॥३०॥
 किं कर्म तत्प्रीतिकरं मुरारे-
 रास्था न कार्या सततं भवाब्धौ ।
 अहर्निशं किं परिचिन्तनीयं
 संसारमिथ्यात्वशिवात्मतत्त्वम् ॥३१॥
 कंठं गता वा श्रवणं गता वा
 प्रश्नोत्तराख्या मणिरत्नमाला ।
 तनोतु मोदं विदुषां प्रयत्नात्
 रमेशगौरीशकथैवसद्यः ॥३२॥

THE FORTY-EIGHTH BIRTHDAY
ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS OF
THE SWAMI VIVEKANANDA

THE RAMAKRISHNA MATH, BELUR.

IT was good to be present and share in the joy of the great celebration of the birthday anniversary of the Swami Vivekananda at the Belur Math. Deeper one dived into the Hindu consciousness, into the Hindu heart. And to those who still look upon the Hindu as an unpractical dreamer, it would have been a wonderful revelation to witness the proceedings of the day.

The actual date of birth of the Swami Vivekananda fell on the first of February. And on that day the disciples and devotees of the Swamiji met with his brother Sannyasins in a solemn worship conducted through the greater part of the day and the night.

The public celebration came off on the following Sunday, February 6th., when everything was ready to receive the guests. It was a day of real rejoicing and gladness and true brotherly feeling. All hearts were united in one point and that point the spirit of the great Master. And that spirit indeed seemed to hover over the vast assembly and to gladden the hearts of all. Cheerfulness, goodwill and the feeling of devotion were the predominating notes. Young and old, rich and poor shared in the common joy. Some six thousand people thronged the grounds and buildings of the Math compound and the problem of entertaining and feasting this crowd of mixed assembly was solved and carried out in a manner that could not but astonish and fill one with profound admiration for the ability of the Hindus, to solve their own problems. To a Western mind it was edifying to see here crowded together the highest and the lowest in absolute freedom, unrestrained, and not one note of discord, no disorderliness, not a clash during this long and busy day. Here we got a glimpse into the Hindu character. Enthusiasm free from rowdyism, enthusiasm inflamed by religious feeling, arrangement, organisation,—all was there, but it was not obtrusive. It was free from the show of authority. The only power of authority on

this great day seemed to be the power of love and service, and this may well account for the happy proceeding and closing of the day. The spirit of the Swami Vivekananda, the embodiment of these great principles was there, active through the devoted workers.

Early in the morning visitors began to arrive at the Math and soon they gathered in groups to listen to the reading and explanation of scriptures and later in the day to enjoy the beautiful songs and music with which some gentlemen so kindly entertained them. The Temple room richly decorated, a bower made of greens and flowers and containing a large oil-painting of the Swamiji in the garb of a wandering Sannyasin, and the room in which the Swami passed the last days of his life at the Math, became places of pilgrimage and worship. A gentleman also delivered a lecture on Swamiji, his life and teachings, which was much appreciated.

The distribution of food and all other works were carried out by young gentlemen eager to volunteer their services. From the surrounding villages about three thousand of the poorest had come to enjoy for once a good square meal, and they were served with great attention and plentifully. It was a happy sight to see this multitude seated on the lawn orderly and satisfied. And not less happy was the sight of these young gentlemen working untiringly, eager to fulfill their every want, serving them as their own dear ones. This indeed was the great event of the day, the service of the poor and needy, the bringing of a little happiness into the lives of the less fortunate. And how could a disciple of the Swami Vivekananda honour his master better than in this act of service of the poor Narâyanas,—a service of love, an effort to see the one God through these many souls! And no one could have enjoyed this sight better, than the Swamiji himself, he whose heart was with the multitude, the neglected, the suffering, the ignorant.

For a true appreciation and understanding of the lives and teachings of the founders of the great religions, to the Westerner nothing can be more helpful than a close acquaintance with Hinduism and the Hindu life. Hinduism holds the key to all religions and Hindu life the key to all Eastern customs and habits. And so for one

brought up in the Christian lore, it requires but little imagination to see some story or another of the Gospels acted out almost daily, as one wanders through the land. What impressed one as myths or stories in the West, are transformed into living scenes as one dwells in India. What was a mental picture becomes a reality, thought fuses into action, understanding becomes life. This experience India offers to the West. The Gospels become living chapters and every individual becomes an actor in the great drama. And so, on the evening of this day the mind went back through many a century and saw there a multitude seated on the green grass and the disciples feeding them with loaves and fishes till they were filled. On this day the Master was present in spirit in all his glory and power and compassion. And on the bright young faces of those who served, was shining the devout light of discipleship.

A WESTERN DISCIPLE.

THE RAMAKRISHNA HOME, MADRAS.

In the morning there was Bhajana, in which Swami Ramakrishnananda took a leading part. This was followed by the feeding of 3000 poor people. Many of the leading gentlemen contributed to the feeding fund. The Swami's students themselves, many of them graduates, served food to the poor.

In the evening there was a discourse on "The Swami and his Mission"* by Mr. C. V. Kumaraswami Sastriar, Judge of the City Civil Court. Then Hon'ble Justice Krishnaswami Aiyar, the chairman, after thanking the lecturer for his eloquent discourse spoke to the following effect:—

Swami and Gentlemen,—I believe it is about 8 years since Swami Vivekananda passed away from amongst us. Eight times I think we have met in annual celebration of the anniversary of the departed great, and have listened year after year to eloquent discourses and presidential addresses. I myself remember having taken a humble part in some of these annual gatherings. But as I look over the past 8 years a feeling comes upon me, a question arises within me, what is the lesson that we have learnt from the life of Swami Vivekananda? What is the good that we have been able to do in our time following the teachings of the great Swami? It is perhaps not possible in the course of an evening's discourse to give you an idea of the great length over which the mind of Swami Vivekananda travelled, to give you an idea

of the vastness of the subjects with which he dealt in the discourses that he delivered in this country and in foreign lands. But it is not perhaps impossible to summarise in a few words some of the salient ideas which he was never tired of repeating in one form or another in the letters that he wrote, in the addresses that he delivered, and in the books that he composed. One idea which was prominent in his mind and which the degeneracy of the present age forced itself upon him and which if it was possible for him he would with all his might have seen implanted in the breast of every Indian, was the idea of strength. He used often to speak of strength and insisted on every individual Indian in this land to have the feeling that he was not a weakling, that he was not a down-trodden individual. He was anxious that every one, be he a Brâhman or a Sudra, be he within the pale of caste or outside it, should realise that he was not merely a creature of God, but that he was God himself, that he had within himself the attributes of the divine. He felt that it was the lack of recognition of this great and sublime truth on the part of every one of us that made us weaklings in these latter degenerate days.

There was another idea which you will find prominently repeated again in one form or another in all his discourses and that idea was the universality of the Hindu religion. Every religion in these days claims to be universal. Every religion has had its days of sectarianism and of narrowness, of salvation for the elect and glory only to the few. As every religion has begun to find a larger expression of its own inmost truths, every religion has begun to see the universal elements of its own features in order that it may furnish a broader platform on which people of varied faiths may meet. Now in that conception of universality, the Hindu religion, of all the religions of the world, has never had to borrow from any other. Its conception has been one of universality, because there was no particular cult, there was no particular form that was necessary for any person to adopt in order that he may realise the Supreme within himself. Hinduism proclaimed as it has been in the Gita, "No matter what God one worships or in what form one comes to Me, all the gods that any person may, according to his lights, worship will be fashioned into the Supreme." This idea Swami Vivekananda has brought into the marketplace and has popularised amongst all classes from the highest to the lowest. He has told us that the great cardinal divisions of Hinduism at the present day are not mutually antagonistic, that one is not superior to the other, but all these forms are complimentary, that each is suited to the particular class of intellect and of character, and each therefore subserves its purpose for the uplifting of the human soul.

* See page 45.

It is not necessary for me to go into the other positions that he has taken up and brought before us with that incisive rhetoric and logic which was peculiarly his own. But having considered the way in which he did his work, the question arises whether after his passing away, have we shown ourselves worthy of those teachings, have we on our part indicated a disposition to profit by the lessons that he gave us? I well remember that on his returning from the West he was addressing large Madras audiences in which he tried to place before them his conception of the work that lay before the young men of this country. I remember his saying in one of the great addresses that he delivered on the "Future before us," how he would regulate Indian Society, so that Indian Society might move on lines calculated to produce the greatest possible benefit to the people of this land. He said that he would start institutions by hundreds all over the country, and he would have those institutions send forth from within their walls hundreds of men imbued with the best knowledge of the Hindu religion. He would have them go forth to all people without distinction of caste, go among the highest and the lowest and preach the sublime truths of the Hindu religion which he felt the world was waiting to assimilate. He said he would found a temple in Madras which should be a place of training of Sannyasins, not by tens but by hundreds, who would imbibe the highest truths of religion from the teaching given in the institution and would go forth from the temple not merely to give religious instruction where it was needed but also to provide secular instruction amongst all the ranks of society. He said that the highest religion should be brought to the doors of every Indian, whatever his station in life. Now, is it not a question for us to ask "Have we taken up that work?" Have we after his passing away felt that it is a serious burden upon the lives of every one of us that he tried to place, in order that we according to the measure of our abilities might carry that burden? Have we satisfied our own consciences and our people that we have securely carried it to the places destined for them? No. The Swami would often exclaim "We want men. Where are the men? Let them come forward by tens and hundreds. There is work of untold magnitude, work in every possible direction. But where are they?" And if it had pleased God that Swami Vivekananda should be with us for a longer time, I am certain that the work which he outlined in his addresses would have been at least carried to a measurable degree, so that others might feel that the burden had been lightened for them. But the will of Providence was otherwise. The Swami has laid the duty upon us. It is our duty to show ourselves worthy of the teaching that we received.

Swami Vivekananda wanted men for work in a hundred directions, work in the name of God without reference to the fruit, work with a singleness of purpose and with a solemn sense of duty that the work ordained must be done whatever the sacrifice. Taking the vast humanity of India, one-half of it is groaning under burdens untold. And what have we done to lighten their burden? Female education stands where it did twenty, thirty, perhaps fifty years ago. The problem of female education has really yet to be solved. Until the Hindu parents, men and women, devote themselves to the education of their girls not as a mere pastime but as a serious business of their lives, that problem will continue to remain unsolved. Then take the great problem of early marriage. Have we done anything in that direction? It is often regarded as a mere question of health of the girls. It is often regarded as a question of the proper age for conjugal felicity. But the problem is deeper than that. It is a question as to whether the Indian nation is to continue to live as a nation or is to perish. It is within everyone's experience, and the ordinary principles of Biology also teach us, that the offspring of creatures before they attain their maturity is necessarily a weakling offspring. If this weak offspring continues to propagate itself in the course of the succeeding generation, what would be the result? You find Indians of great promise, of brilliant intellect and of great power passing away at forty, or fifty without having really done their lives' work. If you compare the Indians with any European nation, you will note the difference, you will mark the average longevity of a European. You will find that for every Indian who lives 15 years of active work capable of fruition there is a European who lives four times that period. Is it wrong for us to say that the prospects of the European races are many times greater than the prospects of the Indians? Pass on to the condition of widows, a problem which is likely to be considerably solved if the age of marriage of girls be raised. The life of austerity which widows are required to lead, the penances which they perform were all intended to train them to a life corresponding to the life of a Sannyasin amongst men. It was intended not merely to purify their lives but also to impart to others the benefit of their religious and moral culture. But what do you find now? The condition of widows is one of ignorance. Therefore they are not serviceable in that larger sense to the rest of the womankind. Each and every one of you should take it to your heart.

There is a large population of the depressed classes in India to whom reference was made, by my friend the lecturer. The depressed classes, according to one of the accounts which I was examining to-day, are estimated at fifty millions.

Fifty millions of people are uncared for, are outside the gates of the temples, with no prospect of the higher religion ever permeating their ranks, with little or no education whatever to improve their moral or physical condition. One-sixth of the population of this land! What is the work that we have done amongst them? Have any of you asked yourself, whether that work has been most sought for and most successfully accomplished? I do not know whether any of you have realised the great healing work that is done in Hardwar and Benares. A handful of Sannyasins with earnestness of soul, with thorough self-abnegation, with a determination to do and die are working in those places for the benefit of their countrymen. It is a glorious sight to see. I have seen with my own eyes medicines administered, and bandages made, with tender womanly care and with marvellous patience. That kind of work should be done by the people of this part of the country. Swami Vivekananda hoped great things from this Presidency. He thought that the Hindu faith was preserved in this part of the country with greater purity than perhaps in other places, owing to foreign invasion and admixture of alien elements which had crept into those parts. I must confess if Swami Vivekananda had been amongst us he would be sadly disappointed; for since he passed away there is not one seen in this part of the country ready to take up that particular work. How many of you condemn the notion of regarding the depressed classes as untouchables? How many of you have solved the problem as to the hand that handles the glass of water, whether it should be the right or left? Away from all this, there remains the fact that these are not the essence of the Hindu religion.

Pass on from this to the great working classes, namely, the industrial and the artisan classes which languish owing to the import of cheap foreign goods. They are obliged to give up their hereditary occupations. What have we done to enable these classes to arrive at a better adjustment of their condition and derive from this life whatever happiness it is possible for man to have?

As I told you, a handful of Sannyasins are labouring hard and striving with all their might and main against odds too great for them, odds which it is impossible for them to overcome. Is it not time for us to feel that after all these years we must make some endeavour to put our shoulders to the wheel, to take the task upon our shoulders and each realise that he has done something according to his opportunities to relieve the suffering of his neighbours, to improve the physical comforts of his friends and countrymen and to live spiritually in every sphere of life, so that he may lay down his life at the end of the

journey full of contentment? Is it not for us to act in that spirit, is it not for us when we go home every day to put ourselves the question, what have we done to-day to mitigate the sufferings of our countrymen, to deserve well of the country that gave us birth? Is it enough for us to feel that we are the sons of the soil, to feel pride in the thought that this land was great at some distant date and it may one day be great by the conjunction of events that we know not of? If the country was great, we are responsible now for bringing that greatness down to the present level of degeneracy that we all feel. Is it not for us to show that we will not go away from meetings of this description gathered together for the purpose of commemorating Swami Vivekananda's services, without taking a resolve within ourselves that we may have some record of unselfish work for others, when we pass away from this life? There can only be one answer to these questions. God grant that we may receive the spiritual influence sufficient for this purpose.

Mr. G. A. Natesan on behalf of Swami Ramakrishnananda proposed a vote of thanks to the lecturer and the Chairman. In doing so he referred to the keen interest the Chairman had been taking in associations of this kind.

The proceedings of the day terminated with Aratrikam and distribution of Prasada.

AT THE RAMAKRISHNA SEVASHRAMA, KANKHAL.

The anniversary was celebrated with great success. The Ashrama was decorated as usual. Swami Hridayananda of Shankara Math addressed for nearly two hours the assembly of Sadhus and gentlemen present on the occasion, on Swamiji, his life and teachings. The lecture which was in Hindi, was very impressive. About 1500 poor people were sumptuously fed.

AT THE RAMAKRISHNA HOME, BANGALORE.

The birthday anniversary was celebrated in a befitting manner. On the Tithipuja day more than 150 gentlemen joined in the Sankirtan and partook of Prasada; on the following Sunday, there was a procession with a Sankirtan party going round the city; at noon nearly 2000 poor were served with food; in the afternoon a gentleman entertained the assembly with *Kathakatha* on Swamiji's life in the vernacular; then Mr. J. Chakravarti, Comptroller, Government of Mysore, gave an eloquent address to a large audience on "The Work of the Teachers." The proceedings terminated with Aratrikam and distribution of Prasada.

AT THE VIVEKANANDA SOCIETY, COLOMBO.

The birthday anniversary of Srimat Swami Vivekananda was celebrated with much *eclat* on Sunday, the 6th February. The hall was tastefully decorated with ferns, flowers, &c., and presented a very gay appearance. And unusually large number of members and well-wishers gathered together and thronged the hall to pay their homage and honour to the memory of the great Patriot-Sage. Proceedings began shortly after 5-30 p. m. with the singing of Devaram and the chanting of the Vedas. Mudaliyar R. C. Kailasapillai, Vice-President, who presided over the function and conducted the proceedings and to whose unostentatious efforts a large measure of the Society's progress may be attributed, delivered a most impressive address in which he dwelt at length upon the good and great qualities of the Swami, and his message of peace to the world in general and to the sons of India in particular, and laid much stress upon the Swami's spirit of toleration. He appealed to the members to work heart and soul for the dissemination of the ideals and teachings of the great sage with untiring and unselfish efforts. He also read a telegram just then received from the Batticaloa Vivekananda Society. Then followed readings from the Shastras, a selection from the English translation of the Swetaswatara Upanishad and one from the Dravida Maha Bhashya, and a recitation in English, the piece selected being a piece of "Advice to mortals." The Sanskrit slokas of Sivagnanabotham from the Rourava Agama, which formed the basis of the Tamil Sivagnanabotham of Sri Meikanda Devar, were also recited by one of the members. Then Mr. R. S. Subramaniam gave an eloquent speech, expatiating on how the followers of the Swami should emulate his example and become real workers in the cause of humanity. At intervals there were the chantings of the Tamil Vedam to the accompaniment of music. By about 8 p. m. the proceedings came to a close, and, with the distribution of pansupari and chandanam and the sprinkling of rose-water, the assembly dispersed.

AT THE RAMAKRISHNA ADVAITA ASHRAMA, BENARES.

The birthday Utsob passed off satisfactorily. The Tithipuja day was observed with special Puja, Bhoga, chanting of the Scripture and Homa &c. On the next Sunday there were readings from the scripture, feeding of the poor, and music.

AT THE RAMAKRISHNA MISSION, DACCA.

On the morning of the 6th February, rice was distributed to the poor, and in the afternoon the devotees assembled in the Ukil Institution. The

proceedings opened with a song and chanting of a hymn to Sree Ramakrishna, then sketches of Swamiji's life and teachings were read. Professor Satish Chandra Sarkar, M. A., of Jagannath College, read a paper on the Swamiji's life and mission; and he was followed by Babu Kamini Kumar Sen M. A., B. L., who gave a most touching discourse on the subject. Again songs about Swamiji were sung and Hari Sankirtan followed. With the distribution of Prasada among the gentlemen assembled, the meeting was brought to a close.

AT THE RAMAKRISHNA MATH, VANIYAMBADY.

On the morning of the 13th February, there were Puja and Bhajanas, and in the noon food was served to the poor. In the evening an instructive lecture on "The Swami and his Mission" was delivered by Mr. P. Ponnukrishnaswami Pillay, B. A.

OTHER CENTRES.

The birthday festival was also observed with usual joy and devotion at:—the Ramakrishna Orphanage, Murshidabad; Advaita Ashrama, Mayavati; Vedanta Society, Bangalore Cant. Vivekananda Samaj, Bellary; Mukhbulganj Hari-sabha, Lucknow; Vivekananda Reading Hall, Kuala Lumpur; The Vivekananda Student's Hall, Seremban; and all the other centres of the Mission in India and abroad.

NEWS AND MISCELLANIES

(CULLED AND CONDENSED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES)

TEN grammes or about one-third of an ounce of radium chloride, equivalent to one gramme of pure radium is the total output for eighteen months of the Joachimsthal mines. After the hospitals and scientific institutions have been supplied, the remainder will be offered for sale at £15,000 a gramme, or 15½ grains.

THE largest room in the world under one roof and unbroken by pillars is in St. Petersburg. It is 620ft. long by 150ft. in breadth. By daylight it is used for military displays, and a whole battalion can completely manœuvre in it. By night 20,000 wax tapers give it a beautiful appearance. The roof is a single arch of iron.

SRIMATI T. C. Kalyani Amma, the talented wife of the well-known Malayalam scholar, Mr. T. K. Krishna Menon, has been elected a member of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain. She is the Editor of the "Sarada Malayalam," a monthly magazine conducted in the interests of the ladies of Malabar, and has been doing great service to the cause of female education.

ONE of the latest ideas for killing rats is a trap into which the animal walks attracted by an electric light and a display of food. Once in he cannot get out, and an electric current kills him in fifty or sixty seconds. The apparatus can be so arranged that the dead animal itself signals its fate to any desired place, advising the watchman by an electric bell or the lighting of an electric lamp that there is a rat carcass to be removed.

THE most widely circulated book in the whole world, we are informed by a Paris contemporary, is a Chinese Almanac, printed in Peking, at the Imperial Press. The edition consists of 8,000,000 copies, which are sent into the provinces, and so great is the interest taken by the Chinese in the publication, so high the confidence reposed in the informations contained that of the 8,000,000 copies not one comes back to the printer.

Rocks can literally be made to flow, by the aid of an hydraulic machine, capable of producing a pressure of one hundred and twenty tons to the square inch. Under such pressure marble, limestone, granite, and other solid rocks actually exhibit the phenomenon of flow, although, of course, the rate of motion is exceedingly slow. Thereby geologists illustrate the shaping of the earth's crust under the force of gravity.

MR. Alakh Dhari, of Ambala, in his masterly pamphlet on glass-making in India, refers in passing to the liberal policy which was followed in ancient India in regard to foreigners who visited this country for trading purposes. From Pliny and other classical authorities he shows how the commercial travellers were lodged at public expense and every help was given them to dispose off their commodities to the best advantage.

A safe lock has been invented which is provided with phonographic mechanism so that it can be opened only by the voice of the owner. A mouth-piece like that of a telephone takes the place of a knob on the door, and this is provided with the usual style of needle which travels in a groove in the sound-record of the phonograph cylinder. Before the safe can be unlocked the password must be spoken into the cylinder by the one who made the original record.

THE number of times persons, trapped at the top of big buildings, have burned to death or dropped to destruction before hundreds of people, simply because the fire departments had no equipment with which to reach them, makes the use of the life-gun obvious. The New York fire department has now such a gun, which shoots the life-line over the highest building. The projectile carries a light line to the end of which is attached a heavier rope. This is pulled up by the persons cut off by the fire and provides a means of reaching the ground in safety.

NICHOLAS TESLA, the famous electrician announces that he has practically brought to a state of perfection a "Wireless electric light," on which he has been working for a number of years. He says a plant is being constructed at his Long Island laboratories for the market production of the new light. He claims, "It would be possible by my wireless transmitter of great power to light the entire United States. I would like nothing better than to undertake to illuminate first the harbour of New York for a distance of, say one hundred miles. My lamps will last for ever, there being nothing in them to burn away.

THE fruit-growers of New Zealand, after long racking their brains in vain to find some way of getting rid of the small bird pest, recently thought of trying owls, says the *Sydney Mail*. A hundred small German owls were ordered from Europe, and a part of the order was delivered last September. The owls were liberated in the fruit-growing districts and immediately proved a wonderful success. They killed waxeyes, finches, green linnets, thrushes, blackbirds, and sparrows; also

mice, rats, and young rabbits. They fed their young on caterpillars, grubs, and beetles, and their only fault seemed to be an occasional fondness for a barn-yard chicken.—*Westminster Gazette*.

THERE have been many attempts to solve the secret of perpetual motion. The nearest approach to that ideal—though its inventor makes no claim to have discovered it—is a time-piece devised by the Hon. R. J. Strutt, Lord Rayleigh's son, which consists of two leaves of aluminium, an exhausted glass tube, and a fraction of a grain of radium (says the "*Westminster Gazette*.") The radio-activity of the radium causes the aluminium leaves to move once a minute, and, with a wireless coherer, a bell rings at each movement. For 10,000 years at least the wonderful energy inherent in the microscopic piece of radium will, it is calculated, continue to act, and nothing whatever needs to be done to the clock once it is set going.

WIRELESS exploding mines are to be the next terror and deterrent in modern warfare. The invention has just been shown in Berlin, and appears to work well. Herr Alexander Swietochowski has applied for a patent as the inventor. In the trials he attached a detonator to a buried mine. Then he divided a party of army officers, some of them remaining near the mine and the others going to a village about seven miles away. At a given signal a key was pressed at the village, and the mine exploded. The experiment was tried with a success several times. Wireless telegraphy furnishes the basis for the invention. An electric wave, transmitted from the operating point, produces a spark in the apparatus connected with the mine.

MR. C. V. Burge, who has written a book called "*The Adventures of a Civil Engineer*," gives a short list of things now in common use that were unknown in 1840. The list comprises steel pens, envelopes, note-paper, lawn tennis, motor cars, bicycles, ironclads, screw steamers, electric telegraph, electric light, telephones, lifts, fountain pens, afternoon tea, tramways, photographs, postcards, perambulators, spring mattresses, plate-glass, torpedoes, breech-loaders, revolvers, wooden pipes, competitive examinations and cramming, art colours, society

papers, illustrated magazines, hypnotism, millionaires, massage, volunteers, typhoid, diphtheria, airships, tinned goods, fish knives, goloshes, water-proofs, gas heating and cooking, sewing machines, Venetian blinds, weather forecasts, posters, wood pavements, hospital nurses, lady helps, limited liability, dyspepsia, parcel post, appendicitis, hot-water bottles, and germs.

A Sannyasin member of the Belur Math sends us the following for publication about the late Swami Advaitananda:—

The Swami Advaitananda of the Belur Math entered *Mahasamadhi* after a slight illness of only a week, on the 28th December, 1909, at the age of about 79 years. He was the oldest in age amongst the Sannyasin disciples of Sri Ramakrishna. He served Sri Ramakrishna with loving care during his illness at Dakshineswar and Cossipur gardens. Swami Vivekananda always held him with admiration to his disciples. Latterly he was the Vice-President of the Ramakrishna mission. Old "Gopal Dâ"—for that was the name by which he was popularly called—will ever be remembered by the Ramakrishna *Sangha* for his cheerful manners and methodical ways, his self-reliant habits, his untiring zeal in every work he undertook, and his implicit devotion to the Master and His cause.

You can ascertain a person's age by following this procedure. Invite him to write down on paper—he needn't show it to you—the number of the month in which he was born, multiply it by 2, add 5, and multiply the total by 50. Then he should add his age—in years—subtract 365, lastly add 115, and tell you the result of this calculating.

For example, assuming he is 27 years of age and was born in August, he would work out a sum like this:—

Number of month	8
Multiply by 2	16
Add 5	21
Multiply by 50	1050
Add age	1077
Subtract 365	712
Add 115	827

You then know his age, because the last two figures always represent the number of years, and

the remaining figures show the month. This rule never fails for all ages up to one hundred.

Micro-organisms or germs in their way are of all sizes. Thus that germ which is the dread of every surgeon, the staphylococcus pyogenes aureus can hold a mass meeting of 8,000,000,000 in the tip of a lancet. By a device called cytometer they can be counted, no matter how numerous, with greater accuracy than that with which census officials can report the population of London, says "Science Siftings." But this staphylococcus is a large germ compared with that dread of physicians, Pleiffer's influenza bacillus, which is as much smaller than a staphylococcus as a pea is smaller than a melon. In fact, we come at last to micro-organisms which are too small to be seen at all by the highest power of our wonderful microscopes, though we know they exist because of their doings which only living things are capable of. One remarkable and formidable instance of the kind is that which comes into us by the bite or sting of one of the 125 different kinds of mosquitoes, a kind called the stegomyia, which it infests as a parasite.

THE second Sunday in the Octave of the birthday celebration of the Swami Vivekananda by the 'Vivekananda Society', Calcutta, came off on the 13th of February, 1910, at the Math, Belur (Howrah). Swami Shivananda presided. The Programme observed was as follows:—

1. Opening Song
2. Retrospect of the Vivekananda Society read by a member.
3. Recitation—"Peace."
4. Chorus Song
5. Reading of an Anniversary Poem by the composer, Srijut Sarat Chandra Chakravarti.
6. Lecture Extempore by Srijut Krishna Chandra Ghosh on Swamiji and his teachings.
7. Recitation—"To a Friend."
8. Questions put to and answered by the President.
9. Lectures Extempore by Srijut Bepin Chandra Ganguli and Dr. J. N. Kanjilal on Swamiji and his teachings.

Light refreshments were offered to all gentlemen present.

In the last week of January, there came under our observation so prominently the Drake's comet. Now we are going to have soon a grand view of the famous Halley's comet. This Halley's comet has reappeared after the lapse of a period of 75 years. On the 16th of April it will be at its nearest approach to the Sun or in perihelion. The tail will extend in an opposite direction to that of the Sun, and its length may be 50,000,000 or 100,000,000 miles. The nearest approach of the head or nucleus to the earth will be on May 18th. At this point the comet will be almost on a straight line between the Earth and the Sun, and at a distance of 14,030,000 miles from the Earth. Now, the tail will point towards the Earth, projecting away from the Sun; and if the tail be more than 14,030,000 miles, our earth will dash through it on May 18th.

This celestial visitor is making its regular call on the Sun and solar system for the last several centuries. Before this, it has been seen as follows:— B. C. 240 and 12; and A. D. 218, 530, 760, 1066, 1145, 1301, 1456, 1531, 1607, 1682, 1759, 1835. The periodic times have varied from 74.88 to 79.34 years, the average being 76 years 350 days. This discrepancy of 4.46 years has been caused by the varying intensities of attraction due to changing positions of all the planets, mainly Jupiter and Saturn, upon the mass of the comet's nucleus. This comet is named after that great English astronomer Helley, because he was the first man to calculate the size of its orbit, the speed with which it moves, and the time of its return to our solar system.

Comets are nothing but meteor swarms which have entered the solar system some time or other. That is, nuclei are not solid, but are great collections of loose meteors, stones, chunks of iron, and nickel and iron; and the streamers, which always point away from the Sun on account of the impingement that the Sun's radiating light-energy makes upon the very very fine particles within the interstices of the nucleal corpuscles of each comet, are composed of matters in ultra-gaseous state, as rare no doubt, as the air in a high vacuum tube in our laboratories. The tail as well as the speed of a comet increase more and more as it comes nearer and nearer to the Sun.