

# Prabuddha Bharata

उत्तिष्ठत जाग्रत



प्राप्य वरान्निबोधत ।

*Katha Upa. I. iii. 4*

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

—Swami Vivekananda.

VOL. XVI ]

NOVEMBER 1911

[ No. 184

## SRI RAMAKRISHNA'S TEACHINGS

### GOD IS WITH FORM AND WITHOUT FORM

A CERTAIN monk went to the Temple of Jagannath at Puri. He had doubts as to whether God is with form or without form. When he saw the Holy Image he desired to examine this. He passed his staff from the left to the right in order to feel if it touched the Image. For a time he could not see anything or feel anything with the staff! So he decided that God was without form. When he was about to pass the staff from the right to the left it touched the Image! So the Sannyasin decided that God was both with form and without form.

UNLESS one sees God one is not able to realise all this. For the sake of those that love the Lord, He manifests Himself in various ways and in various forms.

A dyer had his own way of dyeing cloths. He would ask the customer, 'In what colour dost thou want thy cloth dyed?' If he said, 'red,' the dyer dipped the cloth into his tub, and brought it out saying, 'Here is thy cloth dyed red.' Another wanteth his cloth

dyed yellow. The dyer dippeth it in the same tub, bringeth it up, and behold, the cloth is dyed yellow. In the same way, when some other colour is wanted—blue or orange or violet or green—the same tub is used with the like result.

A customer who was watching all this came up to the dyer and said, 'My friend, I am not fond of any one colour. I desire to consult *thy* taste and should like to have my cloth dyed just as thou pleaseth. I want the colour in which thou hast dyed thyself (*Laughter.*)

The Lord manifesteth Himself, as with form or without form, with particular reference to the need of the devotee. The manifested Vision is relatively true, that is, relatively to different men who are, in the first place, limited, conditioned beings, and, in the second place, placed in the midst of different things round about them. The Divine Dyer alone knoweth in what colour He hath dyed Himself. Verily He is not bound by any limitation as to forms or manifestations, or the negation thereof.

## OCCASIONAL NOTES

**T**HE explanation, the solving must come from within. The riddle is external; the questions are external; the key and the answers are internal. External and internal, however, are but names. There is neither. All is the Self of the soul. Its problems relate to Self; their solution also relates to Self. There are no problems unrelated to Self and no solutions. Self is the light and basis of life, the *raison d'être* for all queries and answers.

Dense is the veil and before sight can be at its best the veil must be rent. The veil is our conceptions of life. Those must be broken and remodelled so that the facts, of which conceptions are partial visions, may be more clearly defined. The world is a pool reflecting the light and scenes of a more idealistic and thus realistic life. Religion and philosophy and the highest art, music and science remove the scum and impurities that gather on the surface of the pool and hinder the proper, true and actual reflection of that which mirrors itself within the very depths of the pool.

The light of the spiritual world like the light of the physical world comes from a source—light-less and yet greater than light. The light which comes into the world is light only as it reaches the world : previous to this it is more than light : it is God.

Christ is religion; the apostles are His followers; they study and appreciate and preach Him; Christians worship Christ and thus understand His message and follow Him and His Preachers. These are the elements of religion—the Saviour or the Teacher; the Follower or Apostle; the worshipping myriads.

The elements of society remain the same. Only the forms through which these elements express themselves change. The substance remains the same; the expression changes.

The greatness of man's ideals lies in the fact that they are human. If we examine any religion or its beliefs we find that what we call divine is essentially related to human existence in its most pure and spiritual and its most artistic form.

What we call a divine being is a perfect human being. A divine being is one who has realised the highest ideals of the human soul. There is nothing higher than perfect humanity.

All wars are related to industrial facts. Politics are incidental. Greater than the law-court is the farm-house.

Religion must have some practical relation to the senses; these must not be ignored; they have their place. The gods that men worship should be personalised hygienic and social principles such as Apollo and Juno; Venus and Hygeia. Ethics must be rational, not theological; voluntary and not mandatory.

Possession is vulgar; admiration is divine; Creation is nobler than gaining; appreciation is greater than desiring.

All social activities involve certain elements related to the strong things in belief.

The individual grows through his social activities either great or small.

Nor have the centuries brought to light aught but the growing soul of man. Mankind about its Self has woven the mighty shadow called the God of Gods, all the saints have grown into the life divine from human beginnings. Humanity is divine and the individual grown intensely human, who has embodied in realisation the aspirations of mankind, is one with the Ideal worshipped as

God throughout the Past—the Ideal of the race—deathless, strong, eternal.

The throne of God and the theologies and mythologies of the nations and the ages have been founded on the human heart. Life is human and therefore divine. The perfect human life is the life divine.

The living of life is universal, but the vision is particular and individual. Dissatisfied with the trappings of sense, mankind has reared on the altar of its heart the ideal life, the divine life, beyond the senses, and has called it God. To become divine is to transcend the senses

and widen the expression of life beyond present limitations. Mankind knows this theoretically but not consciously, because consciousness is influenced more by instincts than ideas—instincts of sense which bind life to sense and prevent it from immediately realising in feeling the ideal intellectually cognised.

Socially considered, religion must have room for all things natural and human—denying nothing—embodying and idealising all. Religion must be the synthesis of life spiritualising each and every one of its relations.

## DISCOURSES ON THE VEDANTA

**A**LL the world has been seeking for the Atman, but all have failed because the Atman is beyond all. There is the Ocean of Endless White Radiance. The world and man is only a ripple. But how, even by the most glowing pen-pictures can It, the Transcendent, be described?

The world is searching for the Infinite, but it is seeking It in the External where It can never be found. Thus the search goes on infinitely,—never-ending, always remaining, the Eternal Quest. This is the mockery and the hollowness of Life.

Somehow the Infinite is. It is for us to determine Its existence. We may fail, but then our search must sometime, somehow end in knowledge, the highest knowledge,—in realisation, in glowing, conscious perception. Our search and reaching out has already taken us from the non-sentient to the Highest Sentiency and it may also, and surely must take us to the Subject and the Object of the Great, Great Quest for which we are.

The world itself is but a wavelet in expression. Beyond is the Eternally Unexplored. There is a point beyond which no

earthly wisdom can go. Numerous the numbers of civilisations that have attempted in all human ways to touch the Supreme Progress, but all have failed. Religion itself is a psychosis. The Quest of Religion is its glory, but the Quest Itself is Beyond. The meaning in religion is Divine Emotion, the Attenuation into the Supremely Personal by touching the Great Impersonal. It is Divine Emotion that builds and gives to Life an ever newer and a creative impetus.

The Saviours of the world are its greatest heroes and moulders of the romantic spirit. The coming of a Son of God gives a complete renaissance to all—in music, letters, art and science, religion and philosophy. Christ came and with Him the romance of Europe and the upbuilding of the modern nations. The pathos in the Christian romance, its tears and failures are due, not to the Radiant Son of God, but to the narrowness of man's own vision of that Glorious Soul. O for another Christ! O for a newer faith! Again must the Son of Man and God descend, for this age is the deepest dyed, compared to all the past woe and ill, which made a Christ renounce and step down from Heights Em-

pyrean to wear a human form and teach mankind.

The language of the emotions is the deepest. Philosophy can only be a description, after all. It is a child's lisp. Only the soul in its intense desire to know, can ever reach the forms of Highest Knowledge. Yea, but what is the soul?

The Soul is the Life in each of us and all,—the Life that makes us dream of Life and dream of Soul. The soul is the Self which as yet we fail to understand, the consciousness of which would solve all our problems and explain all our paradoxes and make even all our contradictions. The Soul is the Subjective Being in us, the ever unchangeable, because ever the Subject.

No matter how great our knowledge of the external may become, still will there always be the as yet unrelated, undiscovered. Thus the Infinitely Unknowable which is but another name for the Infinitely Subjective in our own self, lingers on and on,—and the world dreams always anew and the dream is worthless.

Could we but sound the depths of our own self that experiences all forms of objective life, from the lowest upward to the highest, the meaning of existence would be solved and all relativity would fade into the Eternal Changelessness of our Inmost Being.

If God exists, He is only the Infinite Enlargement, the Infinite Shadow of Man's own self. We are constantly growing into newer and more explanatory relations of Life. The aim of Life, indeed, is to explain our Self, to know who or what It is and to realise It. There can be no other or diviner meaning. It is evident that with all our information concerning the long list of relative things which go to make up life, we are paupers in knowledge, for we do not know our Self and therefore are we most lamentably ignorant. Our acquaintance with the world, and even our understanding of the world, as our in-

dividual or collective idea of it, by no means makes us knowers of our Self.

We know everything but our Self. Who has as yet given us an inclusive definition of our being? The acme in feeling and in intellectual expression would be realised could we know the Unmodified Unqualified Self. This would be Nirvâna. Nothing exists save through our relation to it. Oh for the relation of our being to our Self! Oh for the blending of the objective man with the Ponderous Being which he constantly attempts to express but never fully expresses,—the Ponderous Being, the Infinitely Potential and yet the Infinitely Unmanifested.

Life is a series of newer and more permanent relations. Oh for that relation which shall be eternally established, changeless and beyond all need of further progress in relations! Language is powerless to express and thought powerless to touch the Absolute in knowledge and in feeling, beyond our relative understanding of knowledge and feeling, the Absolute which always is the Subjective in man and in the world, and which is the Eternal and Infinite Synthesis, the Infinite Homogeneity which man perceives as the logical and necessary Unity in which the multiple and complex relations of life become Eternally One. This Unity is the Infinitely Subjective, the Infinitely Unchangeable, one with the Infinitely Subjective and Infinitely Unchangeable Self in Man.

We have here to remember that Life is never explained through a process or revealed by any mere argument pro or con. It is explained by actually touching the Heart of Life and becoming One with It in some Supreme and actual experience, some transcendental experience in which and through which all the relative experiences, however paradoxical they may be, are synthesised and explained and correlated. The explanatory Fact in our lives, is the Fact which we are seeking. Life is Infinite in experience and potentiality, and different infinitely

in degree, but one, ever in kind and in fact. When we have explained the Explanatory Fact all relations to that Fact are of no importance. They vanish and fade and all need of further relations is nil.

( To be continued).

F. J. ALEXANDER.

---

## PLAY

[ *A characteristic article written by Sister Nivedita just before she left Mayavati on 26th. June 1911.* ]

**H**OW many of us have thought for a moment of the essentials of *play*, that we might understand how profound was the thought of the ancestors that made the Universe *the play of God*?

We may have watched the play of animals, or the play of babies. What is it in these, that so attracts us, that makes so deep and delightful an appeal to the grown-up heart? Birds, kittens, young goats, and little children, all these cross our path in their aimless, purposeless activity, going hither and thither, they themselves care not where, pursuing after this and that, they themselves know not what, and every time we see them, some reflection falls upon us, of their own inexplicable delight. We are swept, as it were, into the vortex of their bliss. Their divine carelessness of care, their gurgling laughter, for the nonce is ours. Our tired hearts forget themselves. For an instant again, even the oldest of us—nay, the oldest the easiest—becomes a child, and *we play*. What, then, are the essentials of play? Said Schopenhauer,—exercise of the will, in complete freedom from self-interest. But in truth, it must not only be a selfless, it must also be a joyous exercise. The *ânandam* of play is of its very essence. And this smile of a child at play, this overflow of bliss, without motive or purpose, our philosophers have thought of, as the thing most comparable to that dream of God that we call the Universe!

Play, in this, its spiritual essence, play as it expresses the individual soul, is a conception more than any other characteristic of the Indian people. It is expressed in their poetry, and in their drama; it dominates their humour: it interprets for them the whole of animal life: and above all, it sweetens and enlightens the life of the home. Where an unloving ear might hear querulous complaint, or soreness of spirit, the Indian mother, the Indian child, hears the cry for love. Where another might see naughtiness or self-will, they recognise only fun.

This unwillingness to take life seriously, is, in the eyes of more serious peoples, a bar to discipline. But would it not be worth while to enquire whether play has or has not a discipline of its own? The play of birds and of kittens, is, as we know, simply a schooling. So is the restlessness of the baby, still in its mother's arms. How many are the lessons that we can remember learning, never to be taught again, in our own childhood's play! How many are the secrets, in this kind, that only mothers know!

But rising to a higher grade of play—the socialised game—such organised play as may be seen in European cricket or football, in tennis, or badminton, or even in croquet, what are the elements of discipline that we may find here?

In the very highest forms of play, the energy of the individual is completely subordinated to a communal end. One plays, not for oneself, but for one's "side." Remotely, one plays for all, since any overwhelming exhibition of skill, on one side or the other, would end the game, and put a premature term to all delight. Emulation is indeed the great motive, in a game of skill; but it is benevolent, not malevolent, emulation; and it is emulation of a standard of excellence, not of person against person. All sorts of qualities of co-operation, mutual aid, presence of mind, regard for the interests of others, are

called for, and developed by good play. It is by no means dependent on selfish ambition.

If we watch a family or a group at play, we shall see that the playing-place is holy ground, governed by rigorous, though it may be only semi-conscious, conventions of its own. The first of its conventions is equality. Son may play against father, sovereign against subject, but as long as the game lasts, only skill determines the difference of their ranks. The distinctions of the world are upset, abolished for the nonce by a convention that over-rides them. Fearless and frank avowal of skill, play to the height of one's own ability, for the benefit of all who fight under the same banner,—this is the law of the player in the socialised game.

The second law of the play-ground is gaiety and cheer. Here, there is to be no grim and sordid grasping at gain. Victory and defeat must actually be the same, for the sake of sheer good manners. The man who seizes his own advantage too greedily, or shows the slightest scowl at his own loss, is labelled "cad" inevitably, in all the play of all the civilisations of the world. Play must never be taken seriously, as we say, though a man must put into it his utmost of high endeavour. The player must maintain an attitude of light-heartedness, of detachment. He must always be ready, in the name of courtesy, to forego a great advantage. And never must there be caught, on his face, or in his air, the slightest trace of personal exultation.

The ideals of the playground overflow into life itself. 'No gain but honour' becomes everywhere the watchword of the noblest lives. And the ideal itself crystallises to its own soul and essence: honour is conceived of, not as fame, or social comprehension and sympathy, but as innermost honour, something that is to mantle us secretly, in the hour of prayer,—a light burning within the oratory, and lighting up the image,—a secret between ourselves and God,

The ideal of the playground is the ideal of the knight, the *kshatriya*. Only he who has caught the spirit of play knows how to live. He alone has true courtesy. He alone has true courage. He alone has freedom from self-interest. For the love of honour and the delight of contest are not selfish motives. And when old age calls the perfect knight to surrender the weapon or the tool that has been the plaything of a lifetime full of joyousness, it is he, the Bhishma without fear and without reproach, who can lie back upon the bed of arrows, and smile like a tired child into the eyes of Death.

---

TO THE SISTER NIVEDITA  
OF  
RAMAKRISHNA—VIVEKANANDA

Within that Innermost which is the Self  
Her soul hath sped from mortal bondage freed,  
And soaring from that scene which lies enshrined  
By circling hills before Himalayan snows  
Her spirit found that Quest it sought on earth.  
Breaking the many chains of changing form,  
It found within its Self the Great Ideal  
Long dreamed of here as changeless Truth.  
Gone now the toil which was her aspiration  
Her Master's Message the whole wide world to give.  
The Written Page alone outlives the time  
Her spirit's fleeing to another world ;  
But Page, inspired, prophetic, resonant  
With all she heard and saw and loved  
In the Presence of that Light which was her God,  
Reflected in "The Master as I Saw Him."  
From mortal view and mortal pain transferred  
To endless bliss and everlasting peace,  
She enters now that High Transfigured Life  
Which is the Self-Realisation of her soul.  
Her written words : "Weep not for the dead,  
But for the living who have yet to die."  
True : the grief shall pass, whatever is,  
And then the thundering note shall sound :  
Another soul Emancipation finds,  
Freed from sense and sense-fed thought  
The Presence and the Infinite Truth of Self  
Above the shadow and the change of life.

F. J. Alexander,

## THE SISTER NIVEDITA OF RAMAKRISHNA—VIVEKANANDA

### In Memoriam

**W**HO knows when the Hour cometh? Unseen and yet most present is Death within our midst. Particularly has Death in this year been with us a frequent visitor and one most unexpected. Sadananda, Mrs. Ole Bull, the mother of Swamiji and His grandmother, Ramakrishnanda—and now the Sister Nivedita. Hard following upon her demise comes likewise the news of the passing of Debendra Nath Mazoomdar of Entally, one of the great Bhaktas of Sri Ramakrishna. It is the Will of the Lord and it is His Wisdom. Who are we to judge! May His name be blessed! Let the Mother dance Her Dance of Destruction—but She also gives birth to saints. Her work cannot fail—and Her work is the mission of Sri Ramakrishna.

Silent and yet as heavy as steel is the footstep of Death. As Jesus the Christ remarked: Death cometh as a thief in the night. Of one worker after another has Death robbed us. It is the Mother's Will. That, alone, is our consolation. And also that these have passed from the fulfilment of their lives with their message and mission unto the Abode of Eternal Peace,—to come again to earth, the Lord so willing, for the benefit of their fellow-men.

Some seventeen years back an Englishwoman of rare personality and rarer intellectual ability, sat with a group of representative people in a fashionable parlour of London attending the lecture of an Oriental monk, who had left his own land to preach unto the peoples of the West the Gospel of Hinduism as defined and realised by his Master, Sri Ramakrishna. The woman was Miss Margaret Noble, who had for some time been carrying on the work of an educational reformer. The monk was the Swami Vivekananda whose disciple she later became as the Sister Nivedita, and remained as such from the time of her initiation until the time of her death which occurred at Darjeeling, Friday morning, October the thirteenth last.

All India knows of the Sister Nivedita and numerous people of the West, who have heard her in her lectures or who have read the works she

has contributed to the literature of India, revealing India as never previously revealed—for behind her revelation was the Master-Mind of her Indian Teacher and the great education she amassed while with Him in the company of other disciples. The Sister Nivedita needs no interpretation of her life. She herself has penned her experience in her monumental literary works—and particularly in that last of her many writings, "The Master as I Saw Him," of which Mr. T. K. Cheyne of Oxford University, writing in the January (1911) issue of the Hibbert Journal speaks: ".....it may be placed among the choicest religious classics, below the various Scriptures, but on the same shelf with the 'Confessions of Saint Augustine' and Sabatier's 'Life of Saint Francis.'"

Those who knew her whether personally or otherwise, were conscious of her as a great intellectual force, predominant and even masculine in the positiveness of her position, and of prodigious capacity for work, and of a remarkable persistency in the direction of intellectual endeavour. She herself speaks of this intellectual positiveness in "The Master as I Saw Him," telling of the conflict between herself and her Master with regard to her acceptance of the position He gave to India and Indian manners and customs and of Indian religions, and also of His personal theories of education. She found herself at first completely dissociated with Him in her intellectual outlook upon life. But finally the conflict ended in a most devoted discipleship and in a wonderful championship of all her Master had stood for, whether in religion or in the national life. And this championship and discipleship have found concrete expression in "The Web of Indian Life," in "Kali, the Mother," in "An Indian Study of Love and Death," in "Cradle Tales of Hinduism," in "The Master as I Saw Him," and in numerous articles and essays contributed for more than fifteen years to various magazines and publications throughout India, and more especially to the "Modern Review" and to the "Prabuddha Bharata."

Above all, however, her championship of her Master's cause and of her discipleship found a perfect expression in maintaining and assisting in the managing and teaching of a Hindu girls' school at 17 Bosepara Lane, in Baghbazār, Calcutta. This she felt was her best work and of this work she was justly proud.

Her literary work and that of a daily teacher, it will be readily seen, occupied her entire time. From early morning until late in the evening she could be found hard at work, poring over Indian history, Indian mythology, archæology, religion, art, philosophy and whatsoever had gathered in the past or was being gathered in the present towards the making of a national consciousness. Her "Web of Indian Life" is the spokesman of her toil and of her genius in this respect. It has recreated much of the opinion of the West concerning this land, and undoubtedly will become one of the great text-books for the future Indian sociologist and historian as well as for the scholar in general. It is her vision and her consciousness of India and it embodies her "synthesis," as she saw it, of the Indian experience.

Coming to India shortly after her realisation of having found herself a disciple of Hinduism, she adopted Indian manners and life as her very own, living for some time the rigorous, ascetic life led by the Indian widow. She forgot, for the time being, the Western world and imbued herself to the full with the Hindu spirit and religion. She made herself one of the people and made friendship with the Hindu woman and was accepted as such by the Hindu world into which she had been born with her discipleship to its religious ideals. She made the interests of Hinduism her very own. One literary aspirant after another she assisted and she also co-operated with many distinguished Hindu scholars in their particular pursuit, whether it was scientific, artistic or otherwise. She could be seen in the streets of the Hindu quarter attired in the garb of a nun and with a countenance of constant recollectedness.

Her temperament, even as her intellect, was positive; to some who met her, even overwhelmingly so, but whatever the individual's impression might be, who came in contact with her, he left her presence, touched by the intensity and depth

of her sincerity and work and felt that in her, Hinduism and India in general had a true well-wisher and a practical helper of the most useful and important type. The Sister Nivedita spoke little of her feeling for India. She worked her feeling into the channels of work. "Emotion," she once remarked, "should serve to colour thought." The illuminated intellect was her passion and her ideal, and this she herself possessed in a way that meant, at one and the same time, the emancipated intellect and the emancipated soul. It was Jnana with her; it was her religion and her realisation. Any one listening to her found her conversation in itself literature and instruction and found, also, that he was being transferred in her presence and by the force of her intellectual illumination into the world where ideals are realities and thought a power. Her intellectual penetration was equal to, in fact, it was the spiritual vision.

The Sister Nivedita was, in many respects, among those, whose combined minds form the fountain-head of the modern epochs of Hinduism and of the Indian national consciousness. She is a part of the modern Indian world and a true representative of its Past Spirit which is equally its Present Spirit. She cannot be divorced from the word "India," or her name and thought severed from all that has been for the making of the modern Hindu and Indian mind. She and her Master, the Swami Vivekananda, have been, as none others, the makers and shapers and the interpreters of that which is to be the India and Hinduism of the Future born of the India and Hinduism of the Past.

This eminent woman counted not only the greatest minds of India among her personal friends but found intimate friends and a world of admirers among distinguished men and women of the Western world. She has left us now and the Ramakrishna Mission feels her loss intensely as also India, in whose thought she will rank at no distant date among her best children and representative souls.

She had passed recently through many trials and much mental struggle and this, added to her intensity of work and asceticism of life, brought on the complaint of which she passed from our midst.



The Divine Mother has taken Her daughter into Her Own keeping. May her soul rest in the peace her life and faithful discipleship so deservedly merited, is our earnest prayer—and it is our realisation. The Master and the Disciple are now in that Oneness of which it has been said: "That is the Indestructible Brahman, deathless and imperishable. For It there is neither coming, nor going, nor birth, nor death. It is the Existence and the Bliss and the Knowledge Absolute.

The illusion of life for her is now broken. Her body, destroyed by the fires of the burning ghat symbolises, for us, the death and destruction of all illusion for her in the Burning Ghat of the Divine Mother, from which Illumination and Realisation arise from the scattered ashes of all mortal bondage.

Hari Om Tat Sat.

### THE APPOINTED WAY

How may we plant our feet upon the way?  
How shall we seek, and find, the Loved One's Heart?  
How, from the dazing doings of the day,  
Can we contrive to keep our souls apart?

The simplest method is, for most, the best;  
Trust wholly in the leading of the Lord.  
Trust in His perfect knowledge, trust, and rest;  
Sure that His love has made your end assured.

His gracious Thought enfolds you. From the first  
Even till now you have obeyed His Will;  
That Will inspires you with the sacred thirst  
Which to the Fount of Life compels you still.

The lore of sacred books is little worth  
Compared with simple faith alone in Him;  
Nor life, nor death, nor any wondrous birth  
Can make the brightness of the faithful dim.

ERIC HAMMOND

From Sayings by Sri Ramakrishna.

### A HALF-AN-HOUR'S TALK WITH THE SWAMI RAMAKRISHNANANDA

Madras, 25th. Sept. 1911.

To the Editor, Prabuddha Bharata,  
Dear Swami,

At a most critical period in my life the late Swami Ramakrishnananda helped me to understand myself better than I did. Just after leaving

college in 1907 at the age of 23, I was pressed by my parents to look for an opening in life. But my attempts in this direction were very feeble; the religious literature that I largely read at the time, Theosophic, Vedantic and others, led me to lose much attraction for the worldly life, and to think of serving humanity. In this state of do-nothingness I would dream of nursing the sick, and distributing food to the hungry and clothes to the naked, though I had not a copper that I could call my own; without any special training I would think of being a teacher to the pariahs, and so on. But—I had been married! Should I forsake my wife and renounce the world to serve Society and the Public, in order that I might devote my whole life to the work,—was the thought that took so much hold upon me that I wrote at once to the Sister Nivedita requesting her to suggest to me some course of action best suited to me. According to her wise advice I went to Swami Ramakrishnananda in Madras, walking the four miles from our place, and freely opened my mind to him. The Swami did not ridicule me for my ambitious schemes born of inexperience, or upbraid me for my foolish thought of deserting my wife. Buddha-like serenity sat upon his forehead, his eye-brows were lifted in contemplation for a time, and then his deep, kindly eyes were fixed upon me, and his lips parted to give expression to the words of wisdom, of which I give the following imperfect summary:—

"There is a widespread mistaken notion that the religious life cannot be lived in the family. There is nothing unholy or unspiritual in the family life *per se*. There is full scope for unselfishness in the matter of working for others who need your protection, even in the householder's life. The bachelor has, no doubt, comparatively, more freedom of action than a married man. He has to look to the fulfilment of his duties towards his parents, first of all, before he wishes to breathe a freer atmosphere than that of the home. But the former has, besides this, other duties to perform, viz., duties to his wife who has a claim to spiritual participation in his lot; to Society,—for, if not the householder, who is to maintain the Brahmachari or the Sannyasi?—and to Posterity, through his bringing up children in such a way as to be serviceable to Society. It is clearly impossible to have any field for service properly attended to, if *all*

married people were to break their marital ties and straightway turned Sannyasins!

“Also you must rightly differentiate the true soaring spirit, to which earthly ties are as nothing, from the rebellious spirit which is impatient of restraints. If your spirit is of the former kind, do you really feel within you the irresistible and unmistakable Call? Such a Call comes to very few indeed, and they stand in no need of weighing or asking the question if they will incur any sin by breaking the shackles of Samsâra. They hear the Voice and are not conscious of anything but obeying it. If yours is not such a spirit, then submit yourself to a searching self-analysis of the true motive of your action and find out for yourself if it is not akin to the spirit that fights shy of bearing the necessary burdens of life, the spirit that lacks the heroism to accept life as it is, the spirit that is loath to be useful in humble grooves best suited to itself, because of its false ambition to loom large in the broad daylight of the world for the sake of name and fame. Reflect well over these questions. There is no hurry at all. If need be, come to me again.”

There was no need. The illuminative discourse gave me so much penetration into the obscure workings of the human mind, that I came out of the Swami's holy presence fully resolved to choose a suitable humble sphere of life and do my duty as best as I could in it. I have every reason to be thankful to the Swami, and to congratulate myself on having acted on his valuable advice.

With love and best regards

I remain yours obediently,

G. N. A. Ranganadhan Sarma.

---

## GLEANINGS

(Collected by Mr. Nandlal Ghosal)

Lord, let but Thy will be done, then is mine also done; for I have no other will than this—that Thy will be done.....Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee.

—John Tauler.

\* \*  
Here lies the babe that now is gone,  
An idol to my heart.

If so, the wise God has justly done,  
’Twas needful we should part.

—Inscription on a tomb.

\* \*

The consciousness in each man is a sliding-scale which identifies him now with the First Cause, and now with the flesh of his body.—Emerson.

\* \*  
The Great Power that is in the universe everywhere sustaining and directing it is also in man, for man is not separate from the universe and therefore not detached from the Cosmic Spirit that moves everywhere and protects all things. That Spirit is man's eternal protection even in his ignorance and sin, what then, in his state of knowledge! When a man reaches the Cosmic Vision he enters the glory of salvation; for him has dawned the Great Day of Jubilation, for from the dark sepulchre of self the Heavenly Lord has arisen.—James Allen.

\* \*  
It is so great yet so awful,  
So bewildering, yet so brave,  
To be king in every conflict  
Where before I crouched a slave.  
Tis so glorious to be conscious  
Of a mighty power within  
Stronger than the rallying forces  
Of a charged and marshalled sin.

(Author Unknown).

\* \*  
I call that mind free which resists the bondage of habit; which forgets what is behind and pours itself forth in fresh and higher exertions.

I call that mind free which masters the senses, which is ever hungering and seeking after righteousness.—Channing.

\* \*  
The dimness we deplore no travelling will cure; we carry our darkness with us.—James Martineau.

\* \*  
True happiness is to be free from perturbations, to understand our duties towards God and man, to enjoy the present without any anxious dependence upon the future, not to amuse ourselves with either hopes or fears but to rest satisfied with what we have, which is abundantly sufficient, for he that is so, wants nothing. There must be a sound mind to make a happy man, there must be a constancy in all conditions, a care for the things of the world but without trouble, and such an indifference to the bounties of fortune that either with them or without them we may live content.—Seneca.

\* \*  
The Sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills and the plains,  
Are not these, O soul, the Vision of Him who reigns?  
Is the Vision He? Though He be not that which He seems,  
Dreams are true while they last, and do not we live in dreams?

—Tennyson.

## TEJABINDUPANISHAT

( Continued from page 170. )

अशून्ये शून्यभावं च शून्यातीतमवस्थितम् ॥  
 न ध्यानं न च वा ध्याता न ध्येयो ध्येय एव च ॥१०॥  
 सर्वे तत्परमं शून्यं न परं परमात्परम् ॥  
 अचिन्त्यमप्रबुद्धं च न च सत्यं न संविदुः ॥  
 मुनीनां तत्त्वयुक्तं तु न देवा न परं विदुः ॥११॥

लोभं मोहं भयं दर्पं कामं क्रोधं च किल्विषम् ॥  
 शीतोष्णं क्षुत्पिपासं च संकल्पं च विकल्पकम् ॥  
 न ब्रह्मकुलदर्पं च न मुक्तिं ग्रन्थसंचयम् ॥१२॥  
 न भयं सुखदुःखं च तथा मानापमानयोः ॥  
 एतद्भावविनिर्मुक्तं तद्ब्राह्मं ब्रह्म तत्परं

तद्ब्राह्मं ब्रह्म तत्परमिति ॥१३॥

इत्यथर्ववेदे तेजविन्दूपनिषत्समाप्ता ॥

10. Though It is that which is not void (*a*), yet thought of (*b*) as void (*c*), ( but in reality ) it transcends voidness, and is firm-fixed (*d*). There, neither is thinker, nor thought, nor the thinkable (*e*). Still it is to be meditated upon (*f*).

11. That ( Brahman ) is All, Supreme, of the nature of space (*a*), to It there is nothing superior ; it is higher than the highest, unthinkable, and free from the experiences of the waking state. It is not that the sages who devote themselves to the Truth (*b*) do not know It as the Reality. It is not also that the gods do not know the Highest.

(*c*) *It is knowledge.....mind-stuff—Lit.*, it is that *chitta* which is *not-chitta*, i. e., which is not identified with its modifications, but remains in its own pure essence of knowledge self-manifest.

(*d*) *Established (in all actions)*—as their efficient guide.

10. (*a*) *Though.....not void*—being the Whole by Itself.

(*b*) *Thought of*—erroneously, by the ignorant and the materialistic.

(*c*) *As void*: As absolutely non-existent.

(*d*) *Firm-fixed*—being the Whole.

(*e*) *There,.....thinkable*—because of Its being the Absolute, above cause and effect.

(*f*) *It is to be meditated upon*—as conferring upon men final liberation.

11. (*a*) *Of.....space*—being unattached.

(*b*) *The Truth*—as stated in the preceding Slokas.

12. ( Brahman is ) not ( known to those who are possessed of ) avarice, delusion, fear, egotism, lust, anger and sin (*a*), or heat and cold, (*b*), hunger and thirst, or mental resolve and indecision, or pride of birth in a Brâhmana family, or ( vanity in having read ) a mass of books on Mukti (*c*).

13. ( Brahman is ) not ( known to those who are sensitive to ) fear (*a*), or pleasure and pain, or honour and disgrace. ( To one ) free from these ideas, that Supreme Brahman becomes manifest,—to one whose highest refuge is Brahman (*b*); yea, that Supreme Brahman becomes manifest to one whose highest refuge is Brahman.

Here ends the Tejabindupanishat, as contained in the Atharvaveda.

12. (*a*) *Sin—kilvisham*: It may also mean,—disease.

(*b*) (*Possessed of*) *heat and cold*: Unable to bear heat and cold, pain and pleasure, with equanimity.

(*c*) *Pride of birth.....Mukti*—Realisation is not dependent on birth or book-learning, as has been repeatedly demonstrated in the lives of saints, from the very earliest times to our own day.

13. (*a*) (*Are sensitive to*) *fear*: are afraid of adverse criticism from others about their conduct. The proper spirit consists in doing what one thinks to be right, irrespective of the opinion of others.

(*b*) *Whose.....Brahman*: Who is absorbed in, or intent on the contemplation of Brahman.



## INDIA IN AMERICA

THE July number of the *Modern Review* publishes two articles about Indians in America, both of which contain very interesting reading matter. The first article is from the pen of Lala Hardyal M. A., of Delhi. The English language is the first bond that binds Americans and Indians and the admiration created by Swami Vivekananda in the American mind for Hindus and their philosophy is another bond, and these have managed to produce a feeling of regard and affection for Hindus which goes a great way to help those of our young men who proceed to that country for purposes of study. All sorts of Indians go to England; some go for study, some for the sake of health, while many others go for place-hunting or pleasure or political charlatanism. But America attracts only Vedantist Sadhus, students and Sikh labourers. As to the work of the Swamis, the writer is very eloquent. He does not speak highly of every Swami who has visited America. In the garb of Swamis many have gone to America, men who have proved themselves downright humbugs who make religion a mask for money-making. They bring discredit on Hindus and are soon found out. It is the Swamis connected with the Ramakrishna Mission founded by Swami Vivekananda, who present a very lofty type of life and who have by their labour produced beneficial results which are visible on every side. The following excerpts from Lala Hardyal's article, will, we are sure, be read with interest:—

“America is always on the alert for a lesson in religion from a Hindu. The cultured classes always imagine that every Hindu is a Yogi, or ought to be one. There is a keen and growing interest in Hindu thought. Many earnest inquirers wish to quench their thirst for the ideal at the fountain of Hindu philosophy.....Lectures on *Karma* are delivered even by American preachers who understand our theories very imperfectly.....Many rich and educated ladies affect to be enamoured of the Hindu religion and burn incense before the statue of Buddha placed in their drawing-rooms for purposes of decoration. Several American ladies have even adopted Hindu names and dedicated themselves to the Vedantic propaganda. Prominent among them is Sister Devamata, a cultured and earnest lady, who has learned the Vedanta for two years in India and has now returned to this country to preach it as a holy sister. Her knowledge of our systems of thought is really creditable to her and it gave me great pleasure to meet her and listen to her lectures on “Breathing Exercises” and “The Vedanta as a Universal Religion.” The work of the Swamis has resulted in the general diffusion of Hindu ideas among a section of the upper

classes, and has given the Hindus the thoroughly deserved reputation of “a nation of philosophers.” A Hindu's nationality is a passport to social intercourse in these classes, and the feeling of cordiality with which he is received deepens into one of homage and admiration if the personality of the individual is at all remarkable.....India exerts a peculiar fascination on them as a land of mystery and romance, the abode of snakes, palmists, Yogis, Mahatmas and elephants. All this curiosity about India is satisfied by the Vedantic Swamis, who have gathered small bands of devoted disciples about themselves in different towns. There are flourishing Vedanta centres at Boston, New York, Washington, Pittsburgh, and San Francisco. The Society at San Francisco is worthy of special notice, as it possesses a temple of its own.....The success of this Society is due to the energy and character of the Swami Trigunatita and the Swami Prakashananda, both of whom are men of genuine spirituality and enthusiasm. The temple is a beautiful structure, built in Hindu style, which made me somewhat homesick when I saw it after more than 2½ years' sojourn and travel in foreign lands.....Visions of Hardwar and Hrishikesh floated before my tear-dimmed eyes, and transported me in imagination to those haunts of peace and meditation, which I had seen only to quit them for ever.

“The building is adorned with full-size portraits of Paramahansa Ramakrishna and Swami Vivekananda, executed by loving American disciples. The Swamis in charge deliver three lectures every Sunday, conduct Gita classes, give Yoga-lessons and publish a well-written little magazine called the ‘Voice of Freedom.’ Some of their disciples learn Sanskrit and recite the Gita in the original. A few zealous Europeans have joined them as *brahmacharins* to devote themselves to the propaganda. Swami Trigunatita has obtained quite a good standing in local society, as he has been appointed Director of Indian Exhibits for the Panama Exhibition to be held at San Francisco in 1915. The Swamis have performed a remarkable feat of spiritual power in instituting a Shanti Ashrama, a retreat in the mountains of California, where some of their disciples retire for meditation and spiritual progress for one month every year. We in India may not be struck with the significance of such a fact. But we do not know these restless noisy Americans.....They are as averse to meditation as to murder or mormonism....As well tame a tiger or bind the wind as get an American to retire to the mountains for meditation!.....And the Shanti Ashrama, founded by the Swamis here, is an eloquent index of their efficient propaganda. Here at last the Americans derive some real benefit from the Hindus.”

Lala Hardyal has replied at some length to enquirers who ask why these Swamis go to America

when there is so much scope for their work in India. Similar criticism is also levelled against European and American missionaries who leave the benighted and demoralised population of their own large cities and try to convert the people of India to their religion. Workers fired by religious enthusiasm know no bounds. They sow the seed where they find the soil ready to receive it. The visit of these Swamis to foreign lands has achieved at least this result that it has to some extent undone the mischief done by interested persons who had described Hindus as a barbarous people. The Swamis have succeeded in impressing the most thoughtful section of the people in that country that if India has to learn a great deal to keep pace with the Western civilisation, it has also to give something to Europeans and Americans who after a life's struggles feel desirous of knowing the secret of eternal peace. This is no small service to the motherland which the missionaries of the Ramakrishna Mission are so successfully doing single-handed and unassisted in a foreign land, where they have established new ties of brotherhood with a people with whom they had so little in common.—Culled from the editorial, "The Advocate", Lucknow, July 6, 1911.

### THE CREMATION CEREMONY OF THE SISTER NIVEDITA

SISTER NIVEDITA died on October 13, at 7 a. m. She retained consciousness till the last moment and spoke to the members of the family with whom she was living. Her last words were "THE BOAT IS SINKING. BUT I SHALL SEE THE SUN RISE."

The procession to the cremation-ground started at 2 p. m. The public could be informed about the sad incident only two hours before the procession left Ray Villa where the Sister lived. All the leading Hindu ladies and gentlemen in the town showed respect to the deceased Sister by joining in the procession, though the notice was very short. Among those who joined the procession were Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Bose, Dr. P. C. Ray, the Hon. Bhupendra Nath Basu, Principal Sashi Bhusan Dutt, Professor S. C. Mahalanobis, Dr. Nilratan Sarkar, Dr. and Mrs. Bepin Behari Sarkar, Mr. Jogendra Nath Bose of Chandernagore, Mr. Sailendra Nath Banerjee B. A., Bar-at-Law, Mr. Indu Bhusan Sen M. A., B. L., Bar-at-Law, Mr. P. Edgar, Miss Pigot, Mrs. M. N. Banerjee, Mrs. Mrigendra Lal Mitter, Miss Sirkar, the Misses Sen, Miss Haldar, Miss Ghose, Miss Mitra,

Mr. Surendra Nath Bose M. A. S. (Japan), Rai Nishi Kanta Sen Bahadur, Government Pleader of Purnea, Babu Basiswar Sen Gupta B. Sc., Babu Rajendra Nath De of "The Darjeeling Advertiser," and many others.

As the procession reached the Cart Road above the Court house it increased in volume and shortly afterwards became the largest and most imposing funeral procession Darjeeling had ever seen. The people in the market-place stood in rows and every head was uncovered when the procession passed between them slowly and solemnly towards the Hindu cremation-ground.

In the last stage of the procession the dead body was carried on the shoulders of Hindu gentlemen who from time to time solemnly chanted the name of "Hari." Many were found willing and eager to carry the body on their shoulders. At 4 p. m. the procession reached the cremation-ground.

The body was put on the funeral pyre at 4-15 p. m. After the head and the face of the deceased had been washed with the holy water of the Ganges and her body sprinkled with the same, the body was placed on the pyre with the head towards the north, amid the usual shouts of "Bolo Hari, Hari Bol!" One of the members of the Ramakrishna Mission to which the deceased belonged, performed the ceremony of "Mukhagni" with a lighted torch and set fire to the pyre.

The burning pyre was put out with water at 7-45 p. m. and ashes were collected—a portion to be preserved in a Samadhi and a portion to be thrown into the sacred Ganges.

The ashes of the dead were carried at the head of the return procession which left the cremation-ground at 8. p. m.

The arrangements were all that could be desired and the efforts of the young Hindu gentlemen of Darjeeling in this connection deserve high praise.—"The Bengalee's" own correspondent from Darjeeling.

The funeral procession which accompanied the remains of Sister Nivedita was the largest that Darjeeling had ever witnessed. It was the tribute which the East paid to the West, which the educated sons of Bengal paid to a noble and self-denying European lady who had dedicated herself to their service—who truly was a Nivedita (a dedicated person) in the highest sense of the term.

Large and influential meetings were held at Calcutta and Madras, to create suitable memorials for Sister Nivedita.—"Maharatta."

MEMORIAL MEETINGS IN HONOUR OF  
THE SISTER NIVEDITA

(Extracts)

AT BAGHBAZAR

THE inhabitants of Baghbazār, where Sister Nivedita used to reside, convened a meeting on Monday Oct. 23, the Vratridwitiya day, at 5 p.m. at the palatial residence of the late Rai Nanda Lal Bose to commemorate the memory of the late Sister Nivedita. There was a large attendance. Amongst others we noticed the following gentlemen:—

Babu Kishory Lal Sarkar M. A., B. L., Vakil, High Court, Prof. Pramatha Nath Banerjee M. A., Babus Ramananda Chatterjee, Editor, "Modern Review," Shyam Sunder Chakravarty, Nagendra Nath Bose, Editor "Viswakosh," Pundit Rasik Mohan Vidyabhushan, Mr. P. Mukherjee, Babus Narendra Kumar Bose, Mohimendra Krishna Mitter, Zemindar (Calcutta), Beharilal Mitra B. L., Narendra Nath Chakravarty B. L., Nanda Kishore Mitra M. A., B. L., Kedar Nath Mukherjee, Zemindar, Baranagore, Ashutosh Bannerjee M. A., Pundits Kshirode Prosad Vidyavinode, Parvaty Charan Tarkatirtha, Babu Jogendra Chandra Bose, Mr. F. J. Alexander, Mr. D. N. Bose of the Aryan Club of New York, Babu Manmatha Mohan Bose M. A., and sons of the late Rai Nanda Lal Bose and Pashupati Nath Bose.

Babu Manmatho Mohan Bose M. A., Head Master, Scottish Churches College, proposed Babu Motilal Ghose to the chair. On the proposal being seconded by Babu Narendra Kumar Bose M.A., B.L., Vakil, High Court, Babu Motilal Ghose took the chair.

The proceedings commenced with "Mangalacharan"—a song in Sanskrit sung by some children for the peace of the soul of the deceased. The president then delivered his address. He began by stating that, in spite of his indifferent health, he had deemed it fit to attend the meeting from a supreme sense of duty; for, he had the highest respect for Sister Nivedita for the noble qualities of her head and heart. She was a universal sister: her sisterly love was not confined to the people of Baghbazār, or of Calcutta, or of India, but the whole world. All the same her memory was specially

sacred and dear to the Hindu inhabitants of Baghbazār, with whom she had associated almost daily, for years together, and sought to serve them as their guardian angel. Not only did she nurse the sick like a loving mother or a sister, be the patient a victim of plague or cholera, utterly regardless of her own safety, or bring comfort to the mind of a friendless orphan or widow by affording pecuniary help, but she had also a kind word and a sweet smile for all whom she met; and that smile was verily a benediction. She was more than a queen among womankind—she was a goddess in human shape, who dropped down from heaven, as it were, to minister to the happiness of suffering humanity. She had consecrated her divine life to the services of her fellow-beings; but it was the Hindus for whom she had the highest attraction. If she loved the Hindus and their manners and customs so ardently, it was not from a blind passion. A highly intellectual and vastly-read woman of a positive turn of mind, she would not take anything on trust. If she was captivated with the wisdom and beauties of the Hindu social system, it was after having thoroughly studied it from all points of view, favourable and unfavourable. The Hindus could never repay their obligation to the deceased lady for her intelligent and unassailable vindication of their social customs before the people of the West. They had assembled to mourn for her; but they should console themselves with the thought that she was now in a better and higher world where she was reaping the fruits of her noble life and enjoying a sort of celestial bliss of which they had no conception.

After this Babu Kiran Chandra Dutta read a paper in Bengali giving a short life-sketch of the Sister. The paper was very well-written and much appreciated. Several speakers such as Pundit Kshirode Prosad Vidyavinode M. A., Pundit Rasik Mohan Vidyabhushan, Babu Nagendra Nath Bose of "Viswakosh," Babu Shyam Sunder Chakravarty, Babu Manomohan Ganguly B. E., and Mr. F. J. Alexander of New York followed him.

Pt. Rasik Mohan Vidyabhushan made the important proposal to perpetuate the memory of the revered lady. He suggested that the Hindu Girls' School, established by her in her home at Bosepara, was an institution most fondly cherished by

this noble soul It should be deemed a sacred duty of the residents of his locality to maintain the school under the newly-devised improved scheme and foster it with the same affectionate care as she personally did. This would tend to perpetuate her memory on the one hand and on the other, it would prove a most useful institution removing a desideratum keenly felt by the residents of this locality. The proposal was unanimously carried with acclamations.

Babu Shyam Sunder Chakravarty in the course of his speech related some stories about her readiness to stand by the distressed Indians of all classes, which greatly touched the audience. He also spoke how she stinted herself in the matter of the necessaries of life in order to relieve wholeheartedly the distressed of our people. His next reference was to her heroic and philanthropic services during the outbreak of plague in Bagh-bazar. He concluded by asking those present to effectively preserve her memory by following in her footsteps and not by empty words of eulogy.

The following Resolution was read from the chair and carried:—

“That this meeting mourns the great loss that the country has sustained by the untimely death of the Sister Nivedita and takes this opportunity to pay a grateful tribute to her revered memory for her self-dedication to the service of India and the intellectual and practical realisation of the beauty and grandeur of Hindu ideals as embodied in the Religion, Philosophy and Life of Hindusthan.”

—‘The Amrita Bazar Patrika.’

#### AT BENARES

The Besant Lodge of the Order of the Sons and Daughters of India at a meeting held on the 15th. October at Benares passed the following resolution. Sis. F. Arundale was in the chair.

Resolved that the Besant Lodge of the Order of the Sons and Daughters of India (Benares) expresses its sense of deep regret at the passing away of Sister Nivedita (Miss Margaret E. Noble) and sympathises with the Ramakrishna Mission at the loss sustained by the passing away of that devoted worker for the spiritual regeneration of the motherland.

## IN MEMORIAM: THE SISTER NIVEDITA

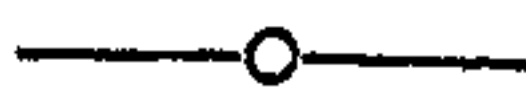
(*Extracts from our Contemporaries*)

(By A. J. F. Blair.)

How can one begin to describe her? As a woman, a friend or an enthusiast? As a passionate votress of beauty in art, in literature or in life? As a religious mystic, or a political missionary of the fiery cross? As an orator whose voice was like a trumpet with a silver sound, or a writer able to charm new and noble cadences from the English tongue? As an interpreter between the West and the East, or a vehement champion of the East in all its aspects against the West? As the earnest advocate of all that is best in the modern woman's movement, or herself the proud and spotless sum of womanhood?

It will perhaps be best to deal simply with a subject so vast as this transcendent personality. I go back, then, to the Christmas afternoon in Calcutta nearly ten years ago, when I came face to face with Sister Nivedita for the first time. Long previously I had known her by reputation as a gifted “crank”—a well-born English woman who preferred an ascetic life in a lane of Northern Calcutta to the comforts and luxuries of her Western home. That was how most English people thought of her—that and nothing more. True, I knew a little more about her. I had read some of the things she had written. I knew that she had stirred up the lethargic north of Calcutta to cleanse itself and so diminish its susceptibility to plague. I was prepared therefore to find her something out of the common.

I saw a tall, robust woman in the very prime of life. Her face in repose was almost plain. The cheek bones were high and the jaws were square. The face at the first glance expressed energy and determination, but you would hardly have looked at it again but for the forehead and the eyes. The eyes were a calm, deep blue, and literally lit up the whole countenance. The forehead was broad rather than high, and was surmounted by a semi-Indian Sari, fastened to the abundant brown hair. In animation the face and its expression were transfigured, in sympathy with the rich, musical voice.



I was surprised at her appearance, and analysing the reasons for this afterwards discovered that I had expected her to be dark. Enthusiasts are often dark.

We met at a friendly tea table, and as I was the only other guest, Sister Nivedita addressed herself directly to me. Our hosts\* knew what was coming, and chuckled quietly in their sleeves. I did not, and proceeded to indulge unsuspectingly in the amiable banalities which do duty for conversation at nine hundred and ninety-nine tea tables out of a thousand. The host and hostess, I am sorry to say, maliciously led me on.

The tranquil enjoyment of the situation ended with startling abruptness. Sister Nivedita suddenly whipped out a metaphorical rapier, and was under my guard before I could utter a gasp. I felt it to be a cowardly attack, and looked appealingly at mine host for protection. But his unfeeling grin conveyed the coldly comforting assurance that I was about to be carved up into small sections, and that he and his wife were preparing to survey the operation with the keenest enjoyment.

Faint, and bleeding internally from my cruel and unexpected wound, I next appealed "ad misericordiam" to my assailant. But she was inexorable, and followed up her first advantage so remorselessly that in five minutes I gave up the ghost. It was a rude awakening, if the metaphor is not too mixed. I thought her an angel until she slew me. But I saw that she could be an angel without mercy.

As for me, the encounter roused the devil within me. I forgot that she was a woman, and thirsted for revenge. Rendered careless by her easy victory she presently gave me an opening of which I took advantage in her own pitiless fashion. She admitted that I was only paying her back in her own coin, and we became friends from that moment. That, as a matter of fact, was the motive of her sudden onslaught.

Friendship with Nivedita was not a slow growth. It sprang to maturity at the first meeting, or not at all; and I do not know that anyone was ever privileged to know the depths of her womanly

kindness without first being subjected to that moral test.

To be admitted to her friendship was to establish a claim upon an inexhaustible gold mine. She gave herself without reserve. She lived for her friends and her work. For them she would pour out all her wondrous eloquence, and her vast and curious knowledge, she would travel any distance and would incur any labour and anxiety. Whatever she did, she did with all her might, and she never did anything for herself.

To her friends she would open her heart without the smallest reserve. She talked even more freely than she wrote, and her conversation, rich, spontaneous, clear cut as a judicial utterance, threw new light upon art, literature and even science, and revealed her bold and fiery aspirations after Indian nationality. If this was not her religion, it was certainly a large part of it, and it would be difficult to exaggerate her influence upon the national movement. She had both Scottish and Irish blood. No kinder-hearted woman ever breathed. Her influence over Young Bengal was greater than most people have ever suspected.

I myself heard her deliver a lecture in the Town Hall of Calcutta six or seven years ago. The platform from which she spoke was crowded with Europeans, while the body of the hall was a dense mass of young Bengalis, who listened to her as though she were inspired. The address itself was an oratorical "tour de force." "Dynamic Religion" was the theme—in other words, "patriotism"—and for an hour and a half Nivedita held the vast audience spell-bound. She spoke without notes, in her strong, melodious voice, and the upshot of it all was—"No more words—words—words. Let us have deeds—deeds—deeds." The seed then sown fructified earlier, perhaps, than she herself expected.

Her best friends twitted her with being unpractical. Of course she was. They say her "Web of Indian Life" presents us with a picture idealised out of all relation to the facts. So much the worse for the facts. And so much the more wonderful that a Western genius should have pierced beyond the "fleshy screen" to the exquisite ideals which lay behind. She is also charged with seeing India through a roseate haze. Indians

\* Mr. Ratcliffe, the late Editor of the "Statesman," and Mrs. Ratcliffe.



themselves, we are told, fail to recognise their country as it is reflected in her magic glass. With all respect I submit that this proves nothing. The sympathetic stranger may often see things to which familiarity has blinded the children of the land.

Of all the eccentricities for which she stood blameable in European eyes, the most outstanding was the perverseness with which she eschewed European society, and lived "à l'Indienne" in Bosepara Lane, Baghbazar. The reason was simply that she had undertaken an educational work for which that was the most convenient centre. Herein she was practical enough. For the rest her spiritual nature found sustenance in the elaborate symbolism of the Hindus which was denied to less eager and less refined aspirants. Of her inner life it would not become us to speak. All that we can say is that it sustained and glorified her, leading her on with ever living zeal to fresh discoveries of beauty and harmony at every turn in her pilgrimage. It clothed her with the armour of the Happy Warrior

"Whose high endeavours are an inward light  
That makes the path before him always bright."

To those who loved her it is difficult to realise that this vivid, brave and gifted personality has vanished from our sphere. But one feels that there must have been something triumphant even about her death. That is all we can hope to know—at present.—"Empire."

---

SISTER NIVEDITA NO MORE:

DEATH AT DARJEELING, October 13.

Sister Nivedita, whose health had broken down from over-work, came up to Darjeeling for a change. She caught dysentery here which ended fatally this morning, in spite of the best medical services rendered by Doctors Nilratan Sarkar and Bepin Behari Sarkar, who had been in constant attendance from the beginning. She will be cremated at the Hindu burning ground this afternoon, according to her wishes. She came here about three weeks ago and was staying with Dr. J. C. Bose, C. I. E., as his guest. Dr. Bose, Sister Nivedita and party were to have gone to Phalut on the 1st. October, but the project was given up owing to her illness. She received the best medical

aid and nursing. She died mourned by the local Hindu public. (From Darjeeling correspondent.)

[ Miss Margaret E. Noble was born in Ireland. She was one of the sincerest well-wishers of India and supported by all manner of means the aspirations of educated Indians. She was a frequent contributor to several Indian monthlies, including the "Indian World" and the "Modern Review." The good Sister was a most prominent member of the Ramakrishna Vivekananda Mission.

In the early nineties, she came under the influence of the late Swami Vivekananda, and joined the Ramakrishna Mission. She first lived in the Baghbazar section of this city, where she was very popular with all classes. She travelled all over India and delivered lectures mostly on religious subjects. She was the author of 'The Web of Indian Life,' 'Cradle Tales,' 'Kali, the Mother,' 'Glimpses of Famine and Flood in Eastern Bengal,' 'Northern Tirtha' and 'The Master as I Saw Him.' She also did much to popularise indigenous Indian art. She sent a paper on "The present Position of Women in India," to the last Universal Races Congress in London. Her loss will be keenly felt by the Indians with whom she was extremely popular.—"Empire." ]

---

We deeply regret to announce the death of Miss Margaret E. Noble, familiarly known as Sister Nivedita. Sister Nivedita was a true-hearted woman, and was full of the milk of human kindness. Her strong sympathy for the sick and the suffering had from the beginning marked her out for the work to which she devoted her last years. She not only warmly sympathised with but practised Hindu ideals. Indeed for years before her death she had tried to live the life of a true Hindu and her request that her body should be cremated on the Hindu burning-ground shows that she has also died a Hindu. Sister Nivedita was a follower of Ramakrishna Paramahansa, and even more particularly of Swami Vivekananda whom she always looked up to as her Master. She was a highly gifted lady and was a frequent contributor to our magazines. Some of her articles were widely read and were highly admired. But perhaps her best known work is 'The Master as I Saw Him,' in which she gives her impressions of Swami Vivekananda in a style that is attractive and with an in-

sight and enthusiasm for her hero which leave little to be desired. With the national movement in India she was profoundly in sympathy, and she knew most of our public men and was held in esteem by all who knew her. By her death the Ramakrishna—Vivekananda Mission of which she was a most active member is distinctly the poorer, and India loses a sincere well-wisher and one who had in a special sense made this country her home and whose life was dedicated to the service of its people. We once more express our deep sorrow for her untimely death.—“The Bengalee.”

It is with feelings of deep sorrow and regret that we announce the sudden death of Miss M. E. Noble, better known among Indians as Sister Nivedita. Sister Nivedita was a remarkably intellectual and kind-hearted woman. Her love of the Hindus was unbounded. She not only accepted higher Hinduism of the Vedantic type as her religion and became a disciple of Swami Vivekananda, but lived the life of a Hindu devotee. Her dwelling house at Bosepara Lane in Calcutta was a centre of attraction to all devoted to the cause of the elevation of Indians. There were few Indians who were more devoted to the idea of Hindu and Mahomedan unity than Sister Nivedita. Teaching Hindu girls and ladies and training them to become good wives and mothers was her principal work, and contribution to newspapers was her pastime. She has left behind her many works which will remain as monuments of the work done by her for India. The Ramakrishna Mission and with it the rest of India have suffered an irreparable loss by her death.—“The Advocate,” Lucknow.

The sad news of the death of Sister Nivedita of the Ramakrishna—Vivekananda Mission has cast a gloom over Hindu homes. The genuine interest which she took in the cause and interests of India had endeared her to every living Indian. She was one of those Englishwomen who have adopted India as their country and considered it a proud privilege to serve this land of Rishis. Sister Nivedita was so sympathetic towards everything Indian that she could enter into the spirit of the Indian, and especially Hindu, customs and could discern reason, justice and piety in what, to the jaundiced eyes of the common Europeans ap-

pear to be ignorance, superstition and idolatry. The true and only method of understanding any nation or people is to live in it and Sister Nivedita used to do this. That is the reason why she could appreciate and understand the people of this country so well. In her death has passed away a brilliant and righteous soul who understood India and her needs and tried to help her in her progress. How we wish we had many Sister Niveditas to understand this land of religions and to sympathise truly like her with the fallen greatness of this once glorious country of ours!—“The Young Behar.”

(To be continued).

---

#### IN MEMORIAM: SRI DEBENDRA NATH MOZUMDAR

On the 14th. of October passed away a devout soul in the person of Sri Debendra Nath Mozumdar, the head of the Entally branch of the Ramakrishna Mission, Calcutta. By his great love and devotion to Sri Ramakrishna, his large heart and sympathy for the poor and distressed, his sweetness of disposition and childlike simplicity, and utter selflessness and want of pride, he won the love and esteem of the Ramakrishna Brotherhood, and gathered round him a host of disciples whose ideal is the culture of Bhakti and service to humanity.

The Entally Ramakrishna Mission, which was started in 1900, is a place of daily public worship, meditation and religious study and discussion. Every member is entrusted with one of the many noble works of the Mission, such as collecting subscriptions for good purposes, begging rice (4 to 5 maunds a month) from door to door for distribution to the needy, helping the distressed with rice, money or manual work. The poor are fed on special festival days of the Mission. Our readers will remember how a member of this fraternity, Nafar Chandra Kundu, sacrificed his life in a gallant attempt to rescue two Mahomedan coolies from a manhole in Calcutta on 12th. May, 1907. His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal performed the function of unveiling the Memorial Pillar erected by public subscription on the site of the occurrence to commemorate the heroism of Nafar Chandra Kundu.

In memory of Deben Babu, a Ramakrishnotsav was held at the premises of the Mission, in which, worship, Nama-saukirtana, entertainment of Sadhus and Bhaktas, and feeding of the poor formed important functions.

May his soul rest in peace!

---

## NEWS AND MISCELLANIES

(CULLED AND CONDENSED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES)

"To further mend matters and spread the light of Vedic religion among the Western nations appeared Bhagavan Ramakrishna, the Holy of holies, in whom were combined the joint forces of Rama of the silver age and Krishna of the copper age. His worthy disciple Vivekananda carried his reverend teacher's holy mission to America and other Western nations."—Mr. R. K. Dutt in *The Vedic Magazine*.

"It was not Theosophy but that redoubtable intellectual giant, the late Swami Vivekananda that authoritatively proclaimed the Gospel of Vedanta to the materialistic West. It was the divine voice of Sri Ramakrishna that held as it were spell-bound many an orientalist like Prof. Max Muller; and even now the student of Vedanta turns with avidity from the dry and dubious mysticism of Theosophy to the laconic yet lucid and convincing sayings of Sri Ramakrishna."—'Ramachandra' in *The Mahratta*.

In appreciation of the rare musical gift of Prof. Inayat Khán of India, who lately toured through the United States appearing in many theatres of different States, and during his stay in San Francisco, entertained a large audience on three occasions at the auditorium of the San Francisco Hindu Temple, by music, play and the scientific explanation of the Hindu music, comparing it with that of the West, he has been awarded a gold medal by American citizens through the San Francisco Vedanta Society, Hindu Temple, S. F., Calif.—*Voice of Freedom*.

At the tenth anniversary meeting of the Ramakrishna Home of Service, Mr. Lovett, the Commissioner of Benares, presided. Raja Munshi Madholal, Mr. K. P. Chatterjee of the Punjab and Mr. Arundale spoke eulogising the good work done by the Home and its young workers. The Commissioner in his speech remarked, that Mr. Arundale had rightly said that such Homes were needed all over the country and, above all in Benares, where myriads of people came only to pass their last days. After thanksgiving by Babu Motichand of Azamgarh the meeting dispersed.

RECENTLY an Association under the name of "The Ramakrishna Society, Rangoon," has been started through the efforts of a few earnest persons and ardent admirers of Sri Ramakrishna and the Swami Vivekananda. The Society is purely a non-sectarian one. Its object is to facilitate the study of the Vedanta Philosophy as expounded by Bhagavan Sri Ramakrishna Deva, by means of holding classes on every Sunday at the premises of the Hindu Social Club, No. 20, 51st. Street, East Rangoon, and to do some philanthropic work. Since July the Sunday class is being regularly held and attended by many. Some of the books published by the Ramakrishna Mission are read and explained with much adroitness and lucidity.

WE cull the following from "Long Beach Daily Telegram" of August 10, 1911:—"A Large and appreciative audience greeted Swami Trigunatita at his first lecture at the World's Spiritual Congress. The announcement that a representative member of the Hindu race, Swami Trigunatita, the great sage and philosopher, would deliver his first lecture on "The Essential Doctrines of Hinduism," brought out a large audience, which expected to hear something of unusual interest, as the fame of the Swami had preceded him there, but no one realised that the lecture would be of such an intense and instructive nature, and at the close of it he was cheered continuously for several minutes until he was forced to come forward and deliver another brief address."—*Voice of Freedom*.

THE *Hindustan Review* of August last says:—

"The interest in the propaganda and works of the late Swami Vivekananda continues unabated, to judge from the numerous publications about him and collections of his writings, appearing from time to time. Last year we noticed an excellent book about the Swami by "Sister Nivedita" (Miss Noble), called *The Master as I Saw Him*. "The Brahmavadin" Office, Madras, has brought together in a handy volume an English translation of a collection of the Swami's papers in Bengalee, under the title of *East and West*. "The Ramakrishna Mission," Mylapore, Madras, has published *Inspired Talks* of the Swami, as recorded by a disciple. "The Prabuddha Bharata" Press, Mayavati, Almora, has undertaken to publish *The Complete Works of the Swami Vivekananda*, in a series of neatly-printed