

# Prabuddha Bharata

उत्तिष्ठत जाग्रत



प्राप्य वरान्निबोधत ।

*Katha Upa. I. iii. 4*

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

—Swami Vivekananda.

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## SRI RAMAKRISHNA'S TEACHINGS

### FAITH

Extreme longing is the surest way to God-vision.

One should have faith like that of an innocent child and such longing as a child has when it wants to see its mother.

There was a boy named Jatila. He used to go to school alone through the woods. Often he felt lonely and afraid. He told his mother about it and she said to him: "Why art thou fearful, my child? Thou must call Krishna when thou art frightened." "Who is Krishna, mother?" the boy asked. The mother answered: "Krishna is thy brother." After that when Jatila was passing through the woods alone and felt frightened, he called aloud, "Brother Krishna!" When no one came he called again: "O Brother Krishna, where art thou? Come to me and protect me; I am frightened." Hearing the call of this faithful child, Krishna could no longer remain away. He appeared in the form of a young boy and said: "Here am I, thy brother! Why art thou frightened? Come with me. I will take thee to school." Then having escorted him to school, Lord Krishna said to him: "I will come to thee whenever thou callest me; do not be afraid."

Such is the power of true faith and true longing.

Spiritual practices (Sadhana) are absolutely necessary for Self-knowledge, but if there be perfect faith, then a little practice is enough.

Vyasa was about to cross the river Jamuna. At this moment the Gopis arrived. They also wished to cross, but there was no ferry-boat. They asked Vyasa, "Master, what shall we do?" Vyasa replied: "Do not worry, I will get you across the river; but I am very hungry. Can you give me something to eat?" The Gopis had with them a quantity of milk, cream, and fresh butter which they offered him and he consumed them. The Gopis then asked: "What about crossing the river?" Vyasa stood near the edge of the water and prayed: "O Jamuna! If I have not eaten anything to-day, by that virtue I ask thee to divide the waters, so that we can walk across thy bed and reach the other side." No sooner did he utter these words than the waters parted and the dry bed was laid bare. The Gopis were amazed. They thought: "How could he say, 'If I have not eaten anything to-day,' when just now he had eaten so much?" They did not see that this was the proof of the firm faith Vyasa had, that *he* did not eat anything, but that the Lord Who dwelt within him was the real Eater.

## OCCASIONAL NOTES

**T**HE spirituality of Hinduism needs aggressiveness of spirit. Self-consciousness is the secret of power. Once again as in the Buddhist era the Hindu must be prepared to preach the glories of the Dharma and to become the Guru to the nations of the world. But this can only be when Hinduism has come to an understanding of its inherent values. Thus the first note to be sounded in the awakening of Hinduism is "Self-knowledge." That gained—the next requirement is a world-wide Hindu propaganda.

The solution of the problems that affect us depends entirely upon the amount of concentration that we bring to bear on them. Insight is the result of earnest effort. Every Indian who desires the advancement of his race must therefore *study* the problems that present themselves to the Indian consciousness. The troubles of to-day are that we have too much grandiloquent talking—but have too little insight. Insight is not the result of effervescent intellectualism but of deep, painstaking effort. And those who love India must feel the responsibility of solving its problems, at least individually. The future of India depends upon individual development.

There is nothing so eloquent as the silence of insight.

There are many so-called reformers who inevitably take the wrong point of view. They see the potentialities but not the realities of Hinduism. He is the true Hindu who sees both.

Whether caste should go or should not go is one of our greatest questions. But there can

be no question as to the necessity of social co-operation, social sympathy and social service. There can be no question as to the necessity of Hinduism conceiving of itself as organic. There can be no question as to the necessity of Hinduism putting into practice the Gospel of Unity.

Men are still deceived by appearance. Pomp and power make a fool of untutored reason. But in his heart of hearts every *Hindu* would prefer the ideal of the Sannyasin or the hermit Rishi to all the paraphernalia of social vanity. And why? Because the Sannyasin or Rishi possesses the true vision. His outlook on life can never be confused. It is not founded on the *without*; it rests *within*. Seeking the Eternal he discards the temporal. The Vedas, the Upanishads and the Vedanta are worth more than all the so-called culture of the world combined.

We must be ambitious in a righteous sense. Ambition in itself is not bad; it is the personal and selfish use of power which is bad. Ambition for a great cause, selfless ambition is not only righteous, but necessary. Then it becomes active aspiration.

One of the greatest objects of meditation to the modern Brahmacharin, who thinks of India organically, would be, perhaps, the map of India. An excellent form of Sadhana would consist in fathoming the import and character and trend of the modern spirit in India; and true *Jnana* would be a thorough comprehension of the Indian consciousness while true *Bhakti* would be an ardent love for the Motherland.

Study the history of other nations as well. Study their organisations. Make yourself

familiar with their religious beliefs and their social traditions. Study the development of their culture and civilisation. This will broaden the mind. It will make the student of Hinduism far more capable of understanding its advantages and disadvantages.

While we admire the New let us not forget the Old. True progress is always an adjustment, a combination between these two. The New is generally too radical, the Old too conservative. What is needed is the spirit and enthusiasm of the New together with the wisdom and the discernment of the Old.

We must not look too far behind or too far ahead. True vision is always that of immediate and present insight.

There is no evil in our social body worse than the provincial consciousness. It breeds bigotry and conceit and exclusiveness. Ethnologically and politically India may indeed be divided into provinces; but spiritually, as geographically, it is an entirety—Bharatavarsha—to which ever be our salutations. And the watchwords of Modern India should be,—

“The Vedas, the Dharma and the People.”

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## THE ECLECTICISM OF THE VEDANTA

**H**UMAN personality, being variously constituted and temperaments differing widely, the true spiritual teachings should be of a character that would hold forth opportunity and insight for each and every soul, according to its special tendencies. The teaching of the Vedanta or of Eclectic Hinduism possesses this eclectic character; it claims to have room for all faiths and for all types of personality. And in this it is right; for Hinduism, taking into consideration the philosophical, the contemplative, the emotional and the active character of personality has divided its own perspective into four parts, that of Insight, Mysticism, Love and Labour, each suited to special types of mind.

Underlying the whole spiritual outlook of the Vedanta are two main ideas, that of Maya and that of Freedom. Maya is the great barrier that lies between human personality and the full and spiritual realisation of its contents. It embodies the facts of temporal and physical experience and their delusive character, that make of human life a constant process of pleasure merging in pain, good

in evil, and of pain merging in pleasure and evil in good. Maya embodies desire and its results; it comprises the cheating character of all experience and the self-contradiction that is to be found everywhere; it is the life physical as opposed to the life spiritual; it is the bondage which is ignorance, the unfathomable *something* which makes despair or disillusion of all yearning, the gratification of desire, its increase instead of cessation, showing that life is a never-ending chasing, as it were, of will-o'-the-wisps. The best plans fall short of the ideal. Nothing is ever perfect, nothing is ever permanent; and this is the nature of Maya. It is not a theory; it is a statement of the facts about us; it is a statement of human experience. The Vedanta says that life itself is Maya, that the experience of coming and going, of birth and death, of good and evil and of pleasure and pain are in and of Maya. They constitute Maya.

And yet, along with this Maya, along with this sense of bondage and defeat which follows in the wake of human personality,

making and unmaking it, there is equally a sense of inherent freedom. The very struggles of the human spirit, its progress, its search for happiness and wisdom and a wider existence, these of themselves are arguments for the existence within human nature of a higher order of Individuality, an individuality yearning for perfection, for beatitude, for illimitable existence, and for absolute knowledge and freedom. The Vedanta, therefore, says that human personality is richer and mightier than it dreams; indeed, it asserts that the human spirit is divine, and that this life is, as it were, an effort on the part of the Divine Self to express itself. It postulates Divinity as the background and is the very substance of humanity. The revelation, the manifestation of this Divinity is the object of all religious aspiration. Instinctively, the Vedanta claims, the soul realises its superiority to temporal and mortal experience; the thought of immortality, the thought of infinite perfection, of eternity and of infinity, the monastic impulse and the religious life, are visions, in a subjective sense, of the true character of the human soul.

Making its categories, the Real and the Unreal, the Vedanta searches for Reality outside all the changes of life, for the body goes and the mind changes constantly. Going into the Innermost of personality it searches for the Unit Spirit within all forms and within all experience. In its rigorous analysis it upsets the notion of the permanency of personality, realising that personality is a compound, and having, as it were, only a relative immortality and being, it is only an approach to a loftier state of Being. It knows that what we call personality is largely physical and cannot therefore be the true Self; it cannot be that which the Sages have called the Atman, or Pure Spirit, the Divine.

The Vedanta has no patience with mere argument; in the Vedanta, philosophy becomes a religious exercise, a form of un-

interrupted meditation, an earnest search for fundamental verities, an act of devotion and ascetic yearning for That which is the Real. It does not make any compromises, but goes to the very heart of human nature, trying to realise the Divine. Indeed, the one watchword of the Vedanta is "Realisation." The life of the Vedantin is not an intellectual process; it is a process of the reaching-out of the entire personality. To reach beyond the boundaries of limited personality, to sense the existence of a wider Self, to come into relation with that All-Inclusive Being which has been called Pure Spirit, or God, or Atman—these to the mind of the Vedantin constitute the ideal and the realisation of the religious life. The paths to this realisation and the visions of this ideal are multiple, but they are synthesised about four centres of human personality, the reflective, the mystical, the emotional and the active. And the whole secret of the religious life, as understood by the Sages, lies in the overcoming of physical notions of being and of the thought and consciousness of separate and selfish personality. They hold that there is an All-embracing Existence, One, Eternal and Indivisible, the true nature of personality, and that the goal of each individual is to become aware of that Existence to the exclusion of the separate and selfish life. Whether this Illimitable Existence was personified as a Personal God or regarded as the Impersonal Fulfilment of all personality, it matters not; the goal is to realise it, irrespective of the character of the vision or the method. The entire philosophy of the Vedanta is summed up in the celebrated words of that Prince of Vedantins, the Swami Vivekananda, thus—

"Each soul is potentially divine.  
 "The goal is to manifest this divine within,  
 by controlling nature, external and internal.  
 "Do this either by work, or worship, or  
 psychic control, or philosophy,—by one, or  
 more, or all of them—and be free.

“This is the whole of religion. Doctrines, or dogmas, or rituals, or books, or temples, or forms, are but secondary details.”

This is the very gist of the Vedanta teaching. It is the beyond-body, the beyond-mind, the purely spiritual outlook. The only dogmas which the Vedantin has, if it can be said that he has any, are those of the Divinity of Man and of the inherent potentialities for Realisation. He insists that the entire universe and both personal and universal experience be interpreted *spiritually*; one must see the Spirit, shining through all forms; one must realise the Self, the Divine, and be free from the bondages of thought and sense. Therefore the Vedantin welcomes all types of struggle and all types of prayer and all types of religion and asceticism. He sees in them all a retreat from the senses, a retreat from the amplification of external experience and the effort at going Spirit-wards and God-wards. To deny time and form, thought and sense, to let personality perish in order that the union between God and the soul be revealed, to extinguish selfishness in order that the Divine Self be revealed—these are the objects and the aims of the spiritual man. And the path to Realisation, the Vedantin asserts, is Renunciation. Consequently, the monastic and religious life is the immediate perspective through which the spiritual vision can be had most readily.

For one soul the path may be that of discrimination or insight, the path of piercing the veils of appearance in the effort to see Reality, the Path of immense character and immense vision wherein the body-idea will be completely lost and personality will become so transparent, by reason of its having become spiritualised, that it will hide no longer, but reveal the Self. This is the path of the religious philosopher, the Man of Insight, for whom the sense of manifoldness has faded out in the realisation of the One, Omnipresent Spirit, existing within and without and on all sides as Brahman.

For the Man of Insight all visions have died out, all sense of difference and untruth have faded away; only Brahman remains. Birth and death affect him not; for him there is neither light nor darkness, nor good nor evil, for all sense of the relative has passed forever from his heart and in his personality one sees reflected and embodied the Glory of the Supersensuous Life. He will see nothing but God—the Spirit—the Divine. He no longer dreams, no longer hopes, no longer prays, no longer fears, for he has realised his oneness with the Imperishable One, his oneness with the universe; and in the murderer and the thief, in the tiger and the dove, in storm and in peace his is the vision of the Eternal, of the Immensity, of that Existence which is one and which man calls God.

Then there is the path of the mystic. He seeks the quiet, contemplative life, busied with the control of desire, the spiritualisation of the emotions, the control of both body and mind. Through practices of mental and physical asceticism he makes body and mind submissive to the will of the soul. To keep the mind inexorably fixed on the chosen ideal, to regulate the forces of the body, to go beyond the satisfaction of visions and supernatural powers, current in the process of psycho-spiritual development, to sound the Innermost by sinking the plummet of personality into the Deep Waters of the Infinite and to emerge therefrom saturated with the Supra-personal vision,—this is the object of the Raja-Yogi. The Man of Insight is the Jnana-Yogi; but both the Raja-Yogi and the Jnana-Yogi are one in the meeting-ground of Realisation.

For the emotional nature, the Vedantin says that the path is that of Bhakti Yoga, the path of inexpressible yearning for God, the path of ardent love for Him Who dwells within. The Jnana-Yogi and the Raja-Yogi are concerned with the enormous task of *becoming* the essence of Divinity; the Bhakti-

Yogi is satisfied with seeing the Illimitable Expanse, with tasting the Ocean of Infinite Sweetness and Beatitude, which is the Lord. He cries out, "O Lord, I do not desire to become Thee ; may I be merged in Thee ; the vision of Thee is sufficient unto my soul. To rest in Thee, to live in Thee is my ideal. I do not care to become One with Thee. Suffice it that I have the vision of Thee." Through the path of Love human personality is most easily spiritualised ; all the emotions are directed into one channel and that the Highest. The Lord alone lives for his devotee. In the face of the murderer, where death stalks and where life is afraid to go, in pain and in misery, in success and in defeat, in poverty and in joy, the Lord is always present to his devotee. And the devotee may see the Lord through any perspective, calling Him by any Name, for the Lord has said, "In whatsoever way My devotee calls upon Me, in that very way I shall come to him."

And for the active man, the Vedantin says that the path lies in this, that he must spiritualise all work, realising that the soul is puri-

fied by work performed with spiritual intent, and that the goal is Self-revelation and not the gathering of the fruits of work. Offering them to the Lord, the Dweller within the Innermost, the soul advances to the fulfilment of responsibility with equanimity, indifferent to the fruits of action, concerned only with the faithful performance of work, being in but not of the world. Whatever his station in life, the Karma-Yogi, the Spiritual Worker, dwells in the WITHIN, working unselfishly and by unselfish work purifying the contents of personality and revealing constantly the Self, always having the Beatific Vision of the Lord, the Atman. Both the Lover and the worker are merged in the sense of Divinity, and their Love and their Work are blessed. Dedicating Love and Work to the Highest, whatever the character of their ideals, these attain the vision of Oneness and of Sameness and are made free. Thus are the four paths but one in the Supreme Vision and in the Supreme Revelation and Realisation ; and in this Oneness of all Paths the grand eclecticism of the Vedanta exists.

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## An Advaita Sutra

In the Solitude Eternal I dwell, and in the Final Peace.

The Self is mine ; the Self is thine ; and That alone is I.

Of all That is the Self : naught else exists besides.

I am throughout the Infinite Duration

Without a thought : for thought is imperfection ;

Without desire ; desire is imperfection.

I am beyond the qualities and change of life ;

I am beyond the qualities and change of death,

My Being neither life nor death encompasses.

Mindless am I, and yet supreme in Knowledge.

I do not seek : I am the object sought.

I yearn not ; the goal am I of yearning.

The universe is My formlessness embodied

In endless space and endlessness of thought,  
The universe is I : I am the universe.

Nor suns, nor worlds exist without My will ;

For I am the breath and soul and form of life.

Of all that is—I am the spirit, body, mind,

Not separate ; in Me these three are one.

Aye—the Self is nameless, formless, boundless

Beyond all definition and conception.

I am the endless, deathless subject ;

I am the changing, dying object—

And yet beyond both subject—object,

I am the Self Supreme, Immeasurable.

I am That Which IS : Om Tat Sat !

Brahmachari Sankara Das.

## RELIGION—THE CONQUEST OF PERSONALITY

**A** MATERIALISTIC science and a materialistic psychology say that personality is mythical and unreal, so far as its possessing any absolute permanence or reality. Religion says the same, although most persons who claim to be religious would be horrified at the thought.

The first ideal religion proposes is, the realisation that man is not the body. The second ideal is the realisation that man is not personality. Religion holds that man is vastly more than the body; more insistently, however, it holds that man is vastly more than personality. It asserts *positive* facts concerning the nature of man. It asserts that man is potentially divine, transcending the bounds of personality. The quest of life, to the seer, is therefore Self-revelation.

Personality perishes; individuality is immortal; and there is but One Individual—God; there is but one state of individuality—the Divine Nature.

In the religious process the streamlet of personality becomes the mighty river. Its nature is the supra-personal, the Ocean of the Divine Nature. As it flows thither it becomes more and more resplendent in wisdom and consciousness. The Divine Nature is absolute perfection, absolute boundless existence and absolute blessedness and freedom.

Personality lives in the state of constant becoming, in the state of progress. But the goal is to go beyond the state of becoming and progress into the state of pure being and perfection. The inner consciousness must transcend the conception of time; its destiny is the realization of eternity. Birth and death are of personality; the true state of being is beyond them both. Sensation must merge in beatitude; the relative freedom of the personal will must be superseded by the realisation of the state of pure being in which all consciousness of limitations and bondage and relative freedom is lost and where absolute freedom is eternal.

So, when the proverb reads, "Remember, O

man, that thou art dust and unto dust thou shalt return," it lies in the statement. The body only *is* dust. And when the egotistical consciousness says, "I am immortal" the answer is, "Yes, only when selfishness is drowned in selflessness." Only the Soul is eternal—and the Soul, the substance of personality, is God. The nature of personality is time and change; the nature of the Soul is eternal. Personality attains the goal when it possesses the Vision of God.

The true religious devotee seeks self-effacement. The virtues of humility and unselfishness are, in themselves, methods whereby self-effacement is attained. The ethical code demands the submersion of personal desire and selfishness and the realisation of such virtues, the very practice of which brings on the disintegration of all limited personality in the course of moral perfection. A higher nature shines forth; a spiritual self is revealed. Each day should be a growth beyond the boundaries of the personality of yesterday. The true devotee realises that there is a higher existence than personality. He longs to become one with the Divine Ideal. Thus, religion is constantly the conquest of personality.

One must throw overboard into the sea of the spiritual realisation the entire cargo of the personal consciousness, with its limited desires, its petty hopes, its childish fears, its learning bred in self-conceit, its sense of self-importance. For the spiritual monist, the consciousness of Reality reigns alone. The dualist asks, "What is man without God?" The monist, the Advaitin asks, "What is man apart from the Divine Nature?" In the Lord, in the Divine Nature all differences of personality become extinct. His is the Fatherhood, the Reality, and in Him is the Oneness, the Supreme Reconciliation, the Supreme Identity. That which truly exists is One—though its manifestations be manifold. There is but One Individuality—the Atman. THAT is to be attained and when THAT has been attained religion has conquered; personality has faded out. God alone is; only the Divine Nature remains.

George Jonathan Hale.

## Indraprastha

Hoary with antiquity stands Indraprastha  
 With her embattled walls in broken heaps—  
 Indraprastha, whose fame seemed all-enduring  
 In times when India's was the Vedic race.  
 Favoured by Indra, god of all the gods,  
 Little dreamed the mighty kings that built  
 Those soaring walls that time would crush  
 Their seeming strength invincible. Still stands  
 The high-arched gate whence cohorts streamed  
 To conquer all the wide extents of Ind.  
 Still stand those iron-clamped foundations  
 Upon which palaces of kings were built  
 Whose names no mortal knows.  
 O desolate walls of Indraprastha!  
 Could ye but speak! What were your tale!  
 How would ye sing of ancient greatnesses  
 And of how the mail-clad kings  
 Did storm beyond your moat

At sound of screaming conch-shells, belligerent!  
 O Indraprastha, centuries upon centuries  
 Have witnessed the unravelling of your days!  
 Who were the Rishis that lingered at the court  
 Teaching glorious kings the knowledge of the Truth?  
 Who were they, and who the mighty kings?  
 Who were the poets and the courtiers,  
 Who the chanters of the Vedic days,  
 Who the mighty warriors and men  
 Learned in the ancient arts and sciences?  
 O Indraprastha, speak and tell the tale  
 How later on the Mogul rulers came,  
 Besieged and took thy walls with storm  
 And reigned o'er territories thou didst rule,  
 And of Sher Shah and of Humayun Great!  
 O Indraprastha! Speak and tell the tale!

A Western Pilgrim.

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### IN THE HOURS OF MEDITATION

#### XI

The Voice of the Guru, speaking in the hours of meditation sayeth,—

“Behold! There is an inner as well as an outer world. There is a world of soul as well as a world of form. And, my son, if there are marvels and mysteries and vastness and beauty and great glory in the outer world, there are inestimable greatness and powers and incommunicable blessedness and peace and unshakable foundation of Reality in the inner world as well. O my son, the outer is only a semblance of this inner world. And in this inner world thy true nature doth abide. Here thou livest in eternity while the outer world is of time alone. Here there is endless and unfathomable bliss while in the outer world sensation is accompanied by pain as well as by pleasure. Here, too, is pain,—but O what blessedness of pain, the ecstatic anguish of not having fully realised the Truth,

and such pain is the pathway to more copious blessedness.

“Come, draw thy nature within this inner world. Come—come upon the wings of ardent love for me. Is there greater or closer union than that between the Guru and disciple? O my son—O my son—Silence is the nature of Love—Inexpressibility. And deep within the deepest folds of Silence there is God. Abandon all outer concerns. Whithersoever I go, do thou come! Whatsoever I become, do thou likewise become. O for the Holiness of God. Many are the shrines of the devotee's heart where thought, like incense, rises unto God. *Spiritualise* everything thou doest. See the Brahman, the Divinity in form as well as in the Formless. Than the Lord there is no greater good.

In the inmost recesses of the inner world, into which one enters by the way of ardent love or ardent prayer, there are universes



upon universes of the Divinity in Revelation. And God is always near. He is near not in a physical sense; He is near in a spiritual sense as the very Self within the self of thee. He is the very Substance of thy soul. He is the Knower of all thy thoughts and of the most hidden and most silent aspirations of thy heart. Give thyself up. Love for the sake of love; work for the work's own sake. Go into the chambers of the Silence; come into the Presence of Reality. The more thou goest inward the nearer dost thou come unto me. For I am the Dweller within the Innermost. I am the Magnet which draws out the revelation and the glory of thy soul. I am Spirit! I am Spirit, untouched by thought or form. I am the Invulnerable and the Indestructible! I am the Atman! I am Paramatman! Lo! I am Brahman! I am Brahman!"

How wonderful are the words of the Guru! My soul cries out, "O Blessed One, Thou Thyself art God. Thou Thyself art the Teaching which thou dost teach, the very Spirit of the universe. Lo, Thou art all in all. Thy nature is the One, though Thy Maya sheds the glory of the manifold. Thine is the greater glory of the One. For Spirit is One, Spirit is an Essence of which there are no parts or divisions. Spirit is the One Light seen through variously coloured lenses. O Guru, O my Guru, catch me up into that Life which is Thine. O Thou art Brahmâ, Thou art Vishnu, Thou art Sadashiva. Thou art Brahman, Para-Brahman."

"Hara Hara, Vyom Vyom, Mahadev!"

Thereupon my soul was caught up, as it were, into the Seventh Heaven and I perceived the Divinity of Humanity, the Great Glory even of Human Weakness. I saw that everything was Divine; and within this Radiance stood the Guru as another Krishna transfigured upon a mount of realisation in that inner world. Deep,—deeper than time—more all-embracing even than space is that

inner world of meditation. There can be no darkness, for all is effulgence. There, there can be no ignorance, for all is Jnanam. There death cannot stalk, nor fire burn, nor water wet, nor the air dry. There is the region of the Ancient One, beyond all the lie of life; there is the Immovable Infinite.

And in that glory, speaking from the Innermost the Guru spoke, "My son, thine is the heritage. Infinite Strength is thine. Art thou then weak when thy power is the All-Power! Thou canst not rest satisfied with the show of sense. Death and Forgottenness are behind the pageant of the outer world. The body becomes the corpse when death has seized it. But the Spirit is ever-free. It is the unembodied; it is the witness—for though the bodies are destroyed It can never be destroyed."

My soul, communing with the Guru, said, "Then O Lord, how wonderful! There is no death! There is no death!" And the Guru made answer, "Aye, and neither life of sense, rooted in desire. For those that thirst for them is the mud-puddle of the world. Like oxen revelling in the mud, their bodies covered with mud, thus are those souls who revel in the foulness of lust. Long is the path for them, beset with Maya, the substance of the warp and woof of desire. Go thou beyond! Thy time shall come. Look up! Above are the Eternal Lights! Look up; and they *shall* penetrate the opaqueness of thy soul!"

Hearing these words my soul remembered,—Divine *is* the nature of the Self, and freedom is the Goal. And the Goal is Now and here, and not Hereafter! And the destiny of the soul is certain—Self-realisation, where time is blotted out, where the physical and mortal consciousness is dispersed, where the Light which is Life and the Truth which is Peace shine forth, where all dreams end, where desire is swallowed up in Infinite Realisation—the Region of the Great Vast. O for the feeling of that Immensity. O for

the blotting out of time! O for the destruction of the images of sense. O for the Freedom of the Infinite.

Hari Om Tat Sat.

## XII.

And the Voice that dwells in the Silence speaking in the hours of meditation said unto my soul,

"Come, my son, into the deep, deep Quiet. Beyond the tumult of personality, beyond its manifold experience, come into the Great Peace. Do not be troubled by the storm of passion or desire on the surface; do not be alarmed. Though the clouds gather thickest, beyond them the sun doth shine. In the Stillness the heart throbs best with quiet rapture. Make thyself open to the Love that is everywhere. How musical is the Stillness! What Peace it brings forth! O for the Infinite Stillness! O for the Infinite Peace!

"In all eternity not one good thought, not one spiritual longing is lost. Therefore go thou beyond the power of time; in that dost thou think great thoughts, and in that mayest thy soul desire the Infinite. In thine own mind doth thine own universe exist. And thou canst make eternity reveal even within the flux of time; by thy thoughts thou canst reach out beyond the bounds of space.

"O what power, what sense of exaltation, what immeasurable sensing of Immensity come with the knowledge that the Self is free, nothing can bind It! That thou comest or that thou goest, that thou dost do or that thou dost not do—what are these! They are but episodes within the great dream of life. They are but currents within the running stream of time—while the Self is the Eternal.

"Deep—deep—fathomlessly deep is the Silence;—the Peace is immeasurable. Blot out all images of sense and thought. They are only refractions;—go thou within the Light Itself."

And the Voice added,

"O in the Self there is no sense of self; boundless, everlasting, absolutely free, it is the Unit knowing no diversity. In the kingdom of the Self there is no room for thou, or I, or he. It is all That—the Om Tat Sat, incomparable and inexpressible. Who knows that Self, yea verily he *knows*.

"True love is that yearning to be free, to become merged in the Infinite. True love is that great yearning for the Silence. It will not be disturbed. It reaches out silently yet all-comprehensively. It is irresistible. It gains the Goal. Wherein all the gods merge, wherein all sound is lost, wherein form is swallowed up and thought remains un-thought, wherein life and death no more exist,—know That to be the Self. Wherein struggle ceases, wherein Realisation lies, wherein all that is relative is blotted out, wherein Beauty and Holiness, Sin and Terror, Good and Evil lose distinction, wherein the mind in contemplation becomes omniscient, know That to be the Self.

"My son, there is a Height beyond the greatest heights, there is Divinity beyond the greatest gods. There is the background of the Indestructible. All vanishes, all is blotted out,—that which endures is the Self."

And as the Voice became still it seemed as if my soul arose into the Vastness. Then "I" was not. There was only the Light—the Light.

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## GLEANINGS

He who reforms himself has done more towards reforming the public than a crowd of noisy "patriots."—Lavater.

\* \*

Every hour of lost time creates a chance of evil for the future.—Napoleon.

\* \*

God abandons those who abandon themselves.

—George Sand.

“Thought-seed we idly sow  
 Ere long must ripen into stalwart deeds—  
 And characters of woe  
 May spring from gossamer of wind-blown weeds.  
 Then let us plant fair flowers,  
 And golden grain, and branching forest-trees—  
 Crowd all our days and hours  
 With thoughts that freight with blessing all the  
 breeze.”

\* \*

“It were not well our lives should be  
 Nought but a dream of careless glee ;  
 Our nobler self could never rise  
 To Love’s sublime self-sacrifice  
 Did Sorrow ne’er, with ruthless hand,  
 The slaughter of self-will demand,  
 Then Peace and Love and Sympathy,  
 And Wisdom, blending all the three  
 Enter, and claim the vacant seat  
 By Sorrow’s purging fires made meet.”

\* \*

The men who have most finely felt the pulse of  
 the World, and have, in their turn, most effectively  
 stirred its pulse, are religious men.

—Havelock Ellis.

\* \*

Every man must get to heaven his own way.  
 —Frederick the Great.

\* \*

You can fool part of the people all of the time,  
 and all of the people part of the time, but you  
 can’t fool all of the people all of the time.

—Lincoln.

\* \*

Bachelors are the only safe and secure observers  
 of all the phases of married life.—Ik Marval.

\* \*

Time was—is past, thou canst not it recall :  
 Time is—thou hast ; employ the portion small :  
 Time future—is not, and may never be :  
 Time present is the only time for thee.

—Burke.

\* \*

Vice stings us, even in our pleasures, but virtue  
 consoles us, even in our pains.—C. C. Colton.

\* \*

One is free in proportion as one is strong.  
 —Max Stirner.

\* \*

Here, in this poor, miserable, hampered, despi-  
 cable actual, wherein thou even now standest, here  
 or nowhere is thy ideal : work it out therefrom ;  
 and working, believe, live, be free.

—Thomas Carlyle.

\* \*

Life is but play  
 A throb, a tear ;  
 A sob, a sneer—  
 And then—good day !

Life is but a jest,  
 A dream, a doom ;  
 A gleam, a gloom—  
 And then—good rest !

Life is but such  
 As wrought God’s will  
 ’Tis naught, and still—  
 ’Tis oft too much !

—Montenackin.

\* \*

No man can be brave who thinks pain the  
 greatest evil ; nor temperate who considers pleasure  
 the highest good.—Cicero.

\* \*

The thing we want  
 Is hearts that rise above Earth’s worries,  
 Like the Sun at morn, rising above the clouds,  
 Splendid and strong.

I stand at morn  
 And view the smoke, curling above the roofs,  
 In greater volume, and thereby I know  
 The age is one of growing energy.

O man, look up, even in the hour of weal,  
 When Progress leads the nation, and revere  
 The grace of God that watches o’er the Earth.

No need to bear  
 Grudge against heaven, or wreak one’s spiteful spleen  
 Against one’s fellow-men when one reflects  
 On his own errors.

The heart which thinks  
 That all is well and, therefore, lets itself  
 Relax its guard, doth stand in jeopardy  
 More than the man who fights at mortal grips  
 Facing his bitterest foes.

—By the late Emperor of Japan.

## REVIEWS AND ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

*Great Saviours of the World.* Vol. I., by Swami Abhedananda. Published by the Vedanta Society of New York. Pp. 176. Cloth Bound. To be had of the Prabuddha Bharata Office.

Our congratulations are extended to the Swami Abhedananda of the New York Vedanta Society for the excellent work he is now bringing before the public, entitled "Great Saviours of the World," of which the first volume is at hand. For its eclecticism, for its spirit of religious toleration, aye even more, for its spirit of realisation as to the contents of the lives and faiths it describes, the book is a remarkable production. The Swami has presented the lives of Sri Krishna, of Zoroaster, of Confucius and of Laotse with all the devotional enthusiasm and fiery imagery of a devotee of each of these Personifications of Divinity. It is a wonder—the manner in which he has been able to single out the glorious attributes of each of these Divine Personalities. The preface and the introduction to his work are alone well worth the reader's time. It breathes the spirit of deep vision and deep learning and one sees that the Swami is actuated by the spirit of his Master, Sri Ramakrishna, that Synthesis of the Religious Consciousness. Were it only for the word-picturing in which the Swami has indulged in his narrative of the romantic lives of his subjects it would merit the highest favourable criticism. But he has gone deeper than word-picturing or image-presentation and has sounded the note of the spiritual contents of the faiths of the above-mentioned great Eastern Teachers. The quotations from learned authors, bearing relation to the historical features of the Avatâras with which the book is replete, shows how diligently the Swami has prepared himself for his arduous task. He has left nothing unsaid. Had the different subjects been separately treated, each in pamphlet form, and had his Hindu name not been signed, it would have been difficult to believe that the narrative of Laotse and the lives of Zoroaster and Confucius had not been written by ardent devotees of these respective Prophets.

The Swami has also shown the relationship between the spiritual message of these great Teachers and human civilisation and progress. He has shown how the Teachers have not only been Saviours of Souls, but law-givers unto society as well. We await the issue of the second and third volumes, wherein shall be told, in all the pageant of their details, the lives of Jesus the Christ, of Mohammed, the Prophet of Islam, and of Sri Ramakrishna, the Swami's own Master, whom he desires to present to the world as the Saviour and Son of Man of the present times.

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*Human Affection and Divine Love.*, by Swami Abhedananda. Published by the Vedanta Society of New York. Pp. 46. Cloth bound. To be had of the Prabuddha Bharata Office.

Still another work which the Swami has recently published is "Human Affection and Divine Love." The title of this work describes its presentation, a contrast between attachment which binds, and Supreme Love which frees the soul. Carefully does the Swami draw the distinction, showing how human love attains its climax in directing itself to God. That same attachment of the human heart for husband, or wife, or child, or possession, when directed to the Lord, says the Swami, leads unto the attaining of the very highest Realisation. He does not deny human affection; he only emphasises Divine Love, proving how the transitory experiences and bliss of earthly attachment must in time be given up for the permanent and never-ending blessedness of Divine Love, whereby all selfishness and all imperfections are eradicated from the human heart and the One Spiritual Self, which is the Lord, the Perfect Reality, is revealed. In this work the Swami shows himself to be the true mystic.

Both books are most excellently printed and bound.

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*Sri Sri Ramakrishna ke Upadesh.* (In Hindi).

By Swami Brahmananda. Pp. 79. Price as. 3.

To be had of the Prabuddha Bharata Office.

This is the first Hindi translation ever published of Swami Brahmanandaji's masterly compendium of the Saint's Teachings. The Hindi-knowing public should lose no time to have a copy of this pocket-edition and digest the valuable treasure of its contents.

The Sixth Half-yearly Report of the Vivekananda Students' Hall, Seremban, F.M.S. Sept., 1911.

We are glad to see that the Student community of Seremban are successfully keeping up their zeal in the cause of religion. There are 85 members on the roll, and besides 8 committee meetings, there were held 12 weekly meetings in which various interesting subjects were discussed.

Report of the Ramakrishna Students' Home, Mylapore, for 1911.

This charitable Home, we have much pleasure in noticing, continues to show steady progress, and at the end of the year under review there were 22 inmates as against 16 of the previous year. The adding of the technical education branch this year, makes the institution all the more useful. The Home bestows special attention on the celibate life and the good results the boarders have shown in the different examinations testify to the careful supervision on the part of the authorities.

The Third Annual Report of the Ramakrishna Sevak Sompradaya, Cuttack.

This is the new name under which the old "Ramakrishna Balak Bhikshuk Sampradaya" has been helping poor students with free board and lodging in the Ramakrishna College. The Society did some very good work in the way of relieving the sufferers from cholera and the flood in and near Cuttack, and has started the Ramakrishna *Zole* for the culture of Sanskrit learning, and the Ramakrishna Universal Library. We wish the Society all success.

The Ninth Annual Report of the Anath Bandhu Samiti, Salkia, Howrah for the year 1911.

We are glad to see this Society complete the ninth year of its useful existence. The scope of its philanthropic work is manifold, and includes among others the giving wholly or in part, of food and clothing to the needy, the nursing of the sick, the supplying of books and fees etc. to poor students, and providing deserving people with winter clothing. We should like societies like this to spring up in every town and village of India and make an organised crusade against the ills and wants that darken the life of the thousands of India's sons and daughters.

#### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Tract for the Times. By Prof. T. L. Vaswani, M.A.

No. 1. The Mystic Message of the East to the West.

No. 2. Sri Krishna's Flute.

No. 3. The Law of Liberty.

Sanskara. By Wilton Hack.

The Bhagavad-Gita\*, with translation by Annie Besant. 3rd Edition. Price 2 as.

King George's Speeches in India.\* Pp. 143 + xxxii. Price, Re. 1.

Allan O. Hume.\* Pp. 48. Price, as. 4.

Indian Military Expenditure. By D. E. Wacha. Pp. 55. Price, as. 4.

The 28th Annual Report of the Srinivasa Mandiram and Charities, Bangalore City.

Annual Report of the Young Men's Indian Association, Lalgudi for 1910-11, and 1911-12.

Report of the Young Men's Union, Bhagalpur Oct. 1910—Apr. '12.

A Free and Explanatory Translation of Amrita-bindupanishat.

The Growth of the Lily.

The Sikh at Home and in the British Colonies.

Prospectus of the Bhagavata Dharma Mahamandal, Brindaban.

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

## A Hymn to Mahamaya

O'erwhelming is the Vision of the Terrible,  
—The Mother in all the Glory of Her Power,  
What terror in the world She strikes  
With time and death Her minions!

*Jaya Mā Chandika ki jaya!*

The falseness of the world doth stand aghast  
At Her veil-rending and appearance-tearing Force;  
She shows the dread hollowness of things,  
Hers is the madness of Destruction's Dance.

*Jaya Mahāmāyā ki jaya!*

Bodies bleed and limbs are torn;  
Death and desire run the world throughout;  
The storm winds of tempestuous passion blow;  
The darkness of the senses darker grows—

*Jaya Mā Durgā ki jaya!*

Unspeakable with horror and with lust  
The carnal selfish living of the world;  
These the Mother's Power doth destroy,  
On these Her Dance of Death is made.

*Jaya Mahāmāyā ki jaya!*

And those that fear and those that lust  
With right call Her the Terrible.  
She is the Darkness, the Fury and the Storm.  
Garlanded with skulls, dread to look upon.

*Jaya Mā Tārā ki jaya!*

But those who know the Mother's Soul,  
To them, within the Fury She is Peace.  
Within Destruction She is Perfect Silence  
Within the Darkness—Universal Light.

*Jaya Mahāmāyā ki jaya!*

Over and above the wreck of time  
She looms—the Infinite Eternal One.  
Within the Terrible She is All-Embracing Love,  
Though Kali-Tara, She is Uma-Haimavati.

*Jaya Mā Pārvati ki jaya!*

Though death doth stalk the universal whole,  
Though time doth blast all mortal things,  
Though despair doth strangle all desire—  
These touch not the Mother's devotees.

*Jaya Mahāmāyā ki jaya!*

Prostrate the body of Lord Shiva lies,  
Ashen-clad, in meditation wrapt,

—Though the Mother's Dance spell ruin to the  
world—

He is conscious of Eternity.

*Jaya Mā Kāli ki jaya!*

Then, dance, Mother, dance!  
Though Thou wreck'st all worlds,  
Thy Consort Shiva is Eternal Peace—and  
Thou, Shiva and Thy devotee are One.

*Jaya Mahāmāyā ki jaya!*

Bramacharin Durga Das.

Durga Puja Day—Oct. 18, 1912.

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## THE SPIRITUAL CONSCIOUSNESS

### IV

**T**HE spiritual consciousness depends altogether on individual effort. It is a luminous state of awareness as to the freedom and the superiority of the spirit over the bonds of the physical consciousness. In contradistinction to the animal nature that presses in upon personality for expression are those ideals whose realisation involves the transfiguration of human nature, rendering it spiritual and divine. There is no divinity in which the soul does not participate. The very perception by the soul of the existence of the divine nature is of itself conclusive proof of the inherent divinity of man. If it is granted that man himself is potentially divine what an impetus is created for the perfection of character and the spiritualising of all the functions and powers of personality! What strength is born of the thought that the soul is divine; and what self-sufficiency! The insight of man with regard to his nature may be at first speculative and philosophical, but in the end it must become purely spiritual and spiritually creative. The will plays the important part in this transition of insight into realisation, and the development of the will is at once the intensification of character. The difficulty with most philosophical speculations concerning the soul is that they have been too intellectual; they are not empowered with spiritual stimulus. They are cleverly arranged but not working or pragmatic diagrams. Indeed a man may be a great dialectic

tician and yet a fool lacking in spiritual wisdom. Philosophy is one thing, realisation another.

True spirituality consists in a spiritual interpretation of the universe. It is made manifest in the constant vision of ideals and in the constant pre-occupation with ideal pursuits. It is embodied in the increasing acquirement of the spirit of selflessness and in the increasing refinement of physical life. Anything, therefore, that lends itself to a higher order of perception and to a higher order of conduct is spiritual. Anything that tends to modify the sense of manifoldness and increase the sense of unity and oneness is spiritual, for the sense of manifoldness brings on the warring elements of difference and distinction whereas the sense of oneness induces mutual and co-operative responsibility and a co-existent relationship of being and of destiny. That which is spiritual is always *one*; that which is non-spiritual is always *manifold*. The Hindu philosopher therefore speaks of the manifold and of its activities as *Maya*; and he speaks of the one as the indivisible existence, knowledge and bliss. So long as there is a sense of plurality and multiplicity, so long there must be a warfare between parts. The goal of the spiritual perception is that of infinite unity and infinite peace. The discordant elements of life and experience can become concordant only when consciousness has become intensely spiritualised. The divine, the unifying, the all-embracing, the non-denying spirit perceives the divinity that is everywhere, and in some mode of supreme spiritual reconciliation sees the divine light of the eternal shining effulgent even in the darkness of the temporal. It sees perfection in a blade of grass and the everlasting splendours even in the falling of a leaf. The man of the spiritual consciousness has the windows of his soul open at all times and in all places to the grand daylight of eternal truth. It does not cramp his personality with bigoted notions or with superstitions. Even in evil he sees good; even in the terrible and in strife he sees the beautiful and peaceful, for his is the inexpressible and immovable understanding of an all-underlying oneness, in which all parts are related and in which all is fulfilment and nothing denial.

The spiritual consciousness is a unique and

priceless possession. It stimulates the human spirit to superhuman activity in the effort at final and enduring realisation. It knows no rest in its search for peace and self-revelation. The whole purport of existence is embodied in a phrase, "Man, know thy Self." Of old it was written over the gates of the Grecian Temple of Apollo. But more ancient even than the historic spirit of Grecian philosophy it has been an unintermittent urge in the human heart since the very beginning of all human aspiration and self-observation. Knocking at the doors of consciousness each and every sense impression and each and every mortal experience, whatever its character, has had, to a greater or less extent, as its burden the refrain of self-knowledge and true self-consciousness. Each and every object in the concrete universe has its special message in the spiritual teaching. There is nothing which is entirely evil or entirely without any message to the spirit. The facts of daily life, the commonplace phenomena of momentary experience may become the media for the fuller spiritual perception. And in this summing-up, in this synthesis the peace of a summer afternoon, or the break of day, the pattering of the rain upon the ground, or the petals of a rose, even the cawing of a crow may initiate the personal consciousness into a closer proximity to the great spirit of universal life. Are there not moments when even the stone by the roadside, or the blowing of the wind, or the moon seen through fleeting clouds, or the sun piercing the shadows of the forest or the humming of the insects at eventime—are there not moments when even such simple things as these make one aware of the universal inter-relationship? And in such moments the spiritual consciousness dawns and one sees that there are neither low nor high, nor better nor worse; it is all one, all ineffably one.

The divine nature is not distant from human nature; and at any moment any place may become *the holy place*. The busy life of a city or the silence of the forest may alike, each in its turn, send forth some note of the oneness and the underlying perfection. To be perfectly attuned to the glory that is everywhere, to become one with all longing, and all joy, and all sorrow, and all greatness, and all imperfection—to become one with

all, knowing no distinction, that is the true aim of the spiritual consciousness and its indisputable test. Such lofty emotions break down the barriers that separate man from man, man from beast and man from everything. He who truly experiences these emotions may alone be called the wise one. In some ineffable method he finds himself interblended with the silence of the night and the glories of the day and in him there can be not the faintest shadow of smallness.

(To be continued)

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## RANGADAS

(Continued from page 196.)

**A**T this period Rangadas regularly visited two great Bhaktas, Gopaldas and Ismaeldas, who were then performing Bhajana Kalakshepams in the town of Masulipatam in a very enthusiastic manner. He received some spiritual instructions from them and practised certain methods of meditation under their direction. But he did not seem to have been altogether satisfied with the methods of these teachers. During his visits to Ismaeldas he observed a lady coming to him regularly and listening to his Bhajana with great attention. She was a woman pure, chaste and virtuous. Her eyes beamed with luminous intelligence and with the spirit of utmost renunciation. She too had asked Ismaeldas to teach her some methods of meditation; and having received certain instructions she had been following them faithfully.

Rangadas found a spiritual companion in Chandamma, for that was the lady's name. She was a woman of the fishermen caste, and all recognised in her a real *Mumukshu*. A keen struggle had been going on in her mind for a long time regarding the vital and all-absorbing questions of God and the Soul, but she could not find a proper Guru to guide her safely to the high spiritual goal to which she aspired. She too seemed to have grown dissatisfied with the process of meditation prescribed by Ismaeldas. Having observed Rangadas for some time and believing him to be a great soul she thought that she could safely entrust her-

self to him. She recognised the uncommon ardour and earnestness of his soul and she felt that through him all her doubts would be cleared. Rangadas in his turn also thought of her as a great Jnani and his soul felt that he could be truly benefited by her company. Thus, at first, there arose in both their hearts a kind of deep mutual spiritual regard for each other. They both thought that each could be enlightened by the other. Gradually they were drawn together and began to exchange ideas on all important questions concerning God and the destiny and nature of the Soul. She derived much benefit from his discourses, while, strange to say, he gained comparatively very little from her. Nevertheless it is certain that he regarded her as his friend and spiritual help-meet. In truth, she was only a *jignasu* (a seeker) and had not made such great progress in the spiritual direction as Rangadas. But no one could deny that she was full of Vairagyam, and least of all Rangadas, whom she came to regard more and more as her Guru. She requested him to give her a *mantram*. He, however, had not known or practised any *mantrams* himself; and he plainly told her that he knew none. But strange are the workings of spiritual destiny. One day, while he was thinking of how to comply with her ardent spiritual request he caught sight of a scrap of paper as he was wandering along the streets. He took it up, and to his great surprise found written on it a *mantram* and everything concerning its practice. He felt beside himself with joy at his find. He at once went to Chandamma and cheerfully initiated her into the secrets of the *mantram*. Rangadas's kindness was rewarded. Chandamma was a Raja Yogin and she, in her turn, initiated him into the higher mysteries of Raja Yoga practices. These Rangadas began to follow carefully. He now saw the greatness of Chandamma and thenceforward looked upon her as his Guru. In a few months he became a master of the principles of Raja Yoga and an adept in their application. Added to the intense Bhakti and Vairagyam of which his heart had been a storehouse, the acquisition of the powers attendant on the practice of Yoga, which he had mastered so thoroughly, made him a Seer. Rangadas soon became greater than his teacher. But swift are the messengers of death. No man knows the hour!



Shortly afterwards Chandamma died. Rangadas was beside himself with grief and ever afterwards showed his reverence for her by celebrating her anniversary regularly until his own demise. Desiring to merge himself in solitude he now became a *mauni*, an observer of the vow of silence. For some time he gave up talking to anyone, having only his own soul for companionship. He would not utter a single word relating to worldly matters. He felt even the answering to a chance question to be an interruption to his meditations. The yearning for attaining liberation became so intense that he found it a torment to remain in the midst of the busy world. He therefore sought the silence and the solitary place and strenuously persevered to reach the Goal. The eagerness of his own soul to seek after liberation from the ceaseless whirling of the wheel of Samsara, of birth and death, was the eagerness of a drowning man for a single breath of air, the eagerness of the moth for the light, the eagerness of a starving man for food.

Anyone who becomes a *mauni* is sure to attract attention. People know that he has become a sage and desire to show him great respect, but unfortunately now-a-days many deceitful beggars appear under the guise of Sannyasins. They let their hair grow, cover their bodies with ashes and pretend to be possessed of great spirituality so as to win respect from the householder devotees. The latter, having found them out, are therefore oftentimes suspicious. It was quite natural, therefore that Rangadas often fell under evil suspicion, and yet what great respect, if it were but known, would his life have commanded! A young man, scarcely out of his teens, to have fathomed the Maya that encompasses all, and to have gone beyond it in his earnest search for truth! Even though a lad he tried to sound the bottom of his being and to find the Divinity within, of which the sages speak. But Rangadas was not to be disturbed either by good or evil treatment. Let the world think of him as a great Sadhu or as a deceitful beggar, it mattered not to him. He was Self-contained, dependent only on the Lord and seeking the approval only of his own conscience. His sole happiness was in meditation; his heart had been given over to the Lord.

Rangadas became more and more immersed in

his profound meditation. He was all-absorbed in the attainment of his chosen ideal, and almost became dead to the world. He was like a dry leaf before the wind. Indeed, he was even like a child. If any man, nay, even a lad of 5 years, took hold of his hand, he would let himself be led anywhere; and if left alone he would walk off in some direction aimlessly, making not the slightest distinction between the thorny bush and the paved courtyard. His spirit, mindful only of the ideal, his body went wherever it was drawn. He, however, never went to his father's house in these days, fearing perhaps that his old attachment might appear.

Already he had attracted the attention of many people who began to flock around him, and very often they disturbed him. Among those that went to see him, some said he was a dupe of his misguided fancies, others thought that he was gone mad, while still others believed he was possessed of devils. Many people spoke of him as a hypocrite and wanted to test him. Only a few took him to be a great Jnani; and they held that it was wrong to test him or to interfere with his ways of life. A few however who had known him from his boyhood and who sincerely sought an explanation of his present mode of life took him once more to his old teacher to make him give out the meaning of his silence. A short but interesting discourse seems to have taken place between them. The teacher saw at once that he had made great progress in the spiritual path but feared that the constant crowd of devotees and curiosity-mongers around him might spoil him. He therefore seriously warned him against allowing himself to be surrounded by people, as a common magician is, just at the time when he was fast approaching the state of higher realisation. Rangadas, simple and childlike, obeyed the teacher's instruction, and again began his deep and silent meditation in some solitary place.

A few years passed in this way, when at last he obtained that Peace of mind "which is beyond understanding" and which he had longed for so much. He was at that moment—a moment that can hardly be described—a veritable Buddha, immersed in the Glory of his own soul, desiring nothing and bathed in the waters of the Infinite Blessedness. At the time of his realisation, which

was the Unification of the Jivatman with Paramatman, the merging of the Lower Consciousness in the Cosmic Consciousness, of the Lower Ego in the Cosmic Ego, the Union of the Soul with God, at the time when for him the darkness of the soul caused by Aham has been utterly dispelled by the Sunlight of the realisation of Soham, Rangadas remained perfectly motionless for some hours together. Some people who by chance found him in that state, feared that he had died. They sent immediately for a doctor; the latter however stated that he was alive. And then all knew that he was in that supreme spiritual mood called the Nirvikalpa Samadhi. Returning after some time from Samadhi he attempted to give expression to his supreme realisation, but he could find no word to express that which he had experienced. Finally, however, he gave expression to the words, "Dum Dum!" "Dum Dum!" He would repeat these words again and again and then burst out into fits of ecstatic laughter. He would then lose all external consciousness, fall to the ground and laugh like a child. People would flock around him, and themselves utter "Dum Dum," and they too would be caught up in the swing of his ecstasy. Many requested him to explain to them the meaning of "Dum Dum," which he did by means of a beautiful song\* which voices the inmost thoughts of a knower of the Self.

Rangadas had realised Brahman. The whole world was now his home. He made no distinction between the Chandala's hut and the rich man's palace, and went freely wheresoever he was taken. Sometimes he would be seen in the fields and at other times on the sea-shore. Once he went to the beach with a few select followers, whom he allowed to be near him. There he seemed to have become ecstatic at the sight of the sea and losing external consciousness ran into the waters leaving his followers behind. As he was running to an unapproachable depth his followers greatly perplexed, begged him, one and all, to come back. After a time he seemed to have returned walking on the sea, as if on the sands, to the wonderment of those that stood on the shore. With the exception

of one or two instances of this kind he did not make use of his Siddhis or psychic powers.

Following upon this experience, he would be found with thorns of prickly pear all over his body, having walked through them unconsciously at night time. Then people would make him sit and carefully pluck out the thorns, apply medicine and keep watch over his wanderings for a time. Sometimes he would be found running joyfully over the plains with no raiment on. Some kind man would then tie a garment around his loins and bring him to his house. On other occasions he would be observed in some marshy place stuck in mud sometimes knee-deep and even chest-deep, but nevertheless laughing and singing at the joy he experienced in the vision of the Self. Then people who happened to see him early in the morning, would lift him out of the mire, wash his body and leave him at his house. One day he would be seen with his clothes wet all over perhaps having crossed a canal unconsciously. One early morning he was found seated in the midst of a circular prickly pear fence put up around plants along a road-side. He could not find his way of escape and might have been sitting there the whole night. He was found laughing when two little shepherd boys caught sight of him. They were very young and put to him a number of questions in their usual vulgar language. He did not answer them but went on laughing. They took him for a madman and feared to approach him and draw him out lest he should harm them. An elderly man, passing by, saw the saint and helped him out by placing a wooden plank over the fence. The thorns that stuck in his body when he entered it were so numerous that it took some hours to pick them out and a number of days elapsed before he was cured of the wounds caused thereby. Thus he would put himself unconsciously almost everyday in some sad plight; several of his well-wishers fearing that he might lose his life some day in that way confined him in his own house.

Rangadas had transcended all the bondage of Maya. No more did the limitations of time, space, and causation bind him down. The limitations of the body were cut asunder and what wonder then that he roamed about the wide world, not caring whether he was going into thorny bushes or magnificent mansions. "The body idea" in the

\* See Rangavadhuta's Life in Telugu which is to be had of the Secretary, Rangadas Bhakta Samaj, Santa Ashrama, Masulipatnam.

words of the great teacher, the Swami Vivekananda, became dead in him. The spirit of absolute selflessness and absolute renunciation which is so much spoken of in public lectures nowadays is really manifested only in the man who has attained this stage in spirituality. A holy man is he whose only thought is God and who hath given up the world and its pleasures and excitements for the sake of the Lord. What thought or care could he have for his body? Says Bhagavan Sri Ramakrishna, "A holy man looks upon his body as a cage made of clay. The body of one who loveth the Lord is made up of the spirit—not of matter, as in the case of ordinary men." So, Rangadas was no more the man who identified himself with his flesh and blood. He saw only the spirit everywhere.

Little children sometimes would garland him with beautiful flowers, make Namaskarams to him and play joyously and freely before him. One, perhaps bolder than the rest would drag him in every direction. He would then play with them like a child, laughing and jumping in uncontrollable fits of rapturous joy.

Rangadas's name now began to spread gradually throughout the town. The more he became known the more he was loved by the people, so much so, in fact, that they thought it their great good fortune to have him seated in their houses for even a short time. He was more familiarly known to people as 'Dum Dum' than by his usual name Rangadas.

One day it appears that the Secretary of the Hindu Mata Bala Samaj of Masulipatam invited Rangadas to be present at the Vivekananda Mandir exactly at 4 p. m. as a Bhajana was to commence there at that time. He replied "Dear sir, I am just feeling happy at having realised that I am no more bound by the limitations of time. If I be in this state of bliss, I fear that I may not be cognisant of the fixed hour or may not wish to be brought under the limitation of time by having to be present at any particular hour, even for the worship of God." Such is the freedom of the sages!

He now began to pour forth numerous sweet and nectar-like sayings. Every household wanted to hear them and he was always accessible to all. Aye, in the course of his conversations, he carried the torch-light of wisdom to all alike, man and woman, Brahman and Sudra.

(To be continued). C. Ramakrishna Rao.

## NEWS AND MISCELLANIES

(CULLED AND CONDENSED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES)

THERE are 4,000 centenarians in Bulgaria.

THERE are in the Travancore State 46 centenarians, 24 being males and the rest females.

MR. T. Palit, the well-known Calcutta barrister, who made a gift last June of seven lakhs of rupees to the Calcutta University for the founding of a college of science, has executed another deed of gift of a similar amount for the same purpose.

THE "Lancet," reviewing the plague epidemic in India from its beginning in 1896, reminds us that during the intervening sixteen years the official records show a total of eight million deaths from plague and that 842,000 of these occurred last year.

THE *Graphic* contains an illustration of a tiny watch which has been made inside a pearl as large as a big pea. The makers are Galopin & Company of Geneva. Fifteen months were spent on the work. This pearl watch can be worn on a ring or as a pendant and costs £1,200.

According to Pandit Satya Charan Shastri, it is not improbable that the Bengalis were the first to colonise the island of Sumatra. He is of opinion that they went even so far as the Philippines, Caroline and New Guinea in olden times from Penang, where there is now an old Hindu temple built by the Bengalis.

A device by which one may see the heart-beat is now in regular use in the London Hospital Medical College. It records every movement of the heart and the muscles of the heart of a patient a hundred yards away. By means of a chart the heart-beats are permanently and accurately recorded without any distress to the patient who may remain in bed.

THE oldest newspaper in the world is the King Bao, a Chinese vernacular paper, which has been issued without a break for 1,500 years. This unique publication has been stopped as the President of the Republic recently decreed its suspension in perpetuity. The King Bao has weathered many

storms. One of its twelfth century Editors had his ears and tongue cut off and was beheaded.

A special committee of the International Bible Students' Association after visiting this year China, Japan and several parts of India with the special object of studying the Missionary question, came to the conclusion that "Indeed the masses of these people are less vicious and less rude, more kind and considerate than are the masses of Europe and America. Drunkenness and outward immodesty are almost unknown among the Orientals."

THE "bandit's bomb," invented by M. Kling, of the Municipal Laboratory, Paris, contains a noxious gas, not dangerous, and can be thrown from a distance of 25 yards. On explosion it gives off a gas which attacks the eyes, nose and throat of all within a certain radius. The victims of this bomb remain blind for several hours, "which they spend in coughing, spitting, crying and blowing their noses." It is claimed that "the most resolute bandit under such conditions will find his power for mischief gone." M. Kling has also discovered an antidote for his crying gas to be used in case the wielders of his weapon should themselves experience its effects.

A new monorail has been produced, and is the invention of a young Australian engineer named Kearney. Disregarding the use of gyroscopes, the Brennan system, Mr. Kearney arranges, immediately after leaving a station, descending a gradient which may be as great as one in three. It is claimed that by this means a speed of eighty kilometers per hour is attained twenty-five seconds after the train is set in motion, and the necessity for the lifts used in most underground railways is done away with, the stations being all at surface level. The ascent to a station is made by means of a motor worked by electricity supplied by an overhead wire; and this comes into play automatically as the force of gravitation is expended.

REPORTS from Messina state that the inevitable sea serpent has at last been captured alive by fishermen, at Tremestieri. This "enormous and horrible" denizen of the deep weights about 6 cwts., has a prominent back, measures 9 ft. 8 in. across the body, which is nearly 6ft. long and is followed by a tail measuring another 6ft. 7 in., terminating in a "piggish twirl." Its average thickness is 20 in. Its head seems to be formed of two huge ear-like fins set some 4 in. apart in the midst of which are its eyes. It has also a rectangular mouth, 4 in. wide, while along the belly line it is furnished with a half-dozen organs of breathing. Its skin is as fine and handsome as that of any fair maiden, and

it possesses an enviable number of beauty spots. The scientific experts who have hurried to the scene are dumbfounded, and are unable to classify the creature.

WHAT is believed to be the most wonderful cavern in the world has been discovered in the foothills of the Cumberland Mountains, near the headwaters of Fox Creek, in Kentucky. Two or three exploring parties have ventured into its vast subterranean passages, but none has ever reached the end. The searchers, says the Standard's New York Correspondent, report immense rooms and chambers and innumerable transparent stalactic courts of wonderful beauty. One room has a floor as level and as smooth as a dance hall, while many others have fathomless pits. Evidences of the visit of human beings to the cave were found—it is feared, only to lose their lives in trying to find their way out. Old kettles, fragments of dishes, rusted lanterns, and other utensils of modern usage were found scattered throughout the inner caves. Organised exploring parties are now preparing to make a thorough search and investigation of the wonderful new caves, which are believed to be vaster than any known in history.

PROFESSOR T. K. Cheyne of Oxford University writes in 'The Hibbert Journal' in the course of a long review of Sister Nivedita's "The Master as I Saw Him":—

"It is not a biography, but what our German friends would call a *charakterbild*, and as such it may be placed among the choicest religious classics, below the various Scriptures, but on the same shelf with the *Confessions* of St. Augustine and Sabatier's *Life of St. Francis*."

Professor Jadunath Sarkar, M. A., Premchand Roychand Scholar, writes on the same in the 'Modern Review':—

"The cover bears the design of the Thunder (*Bajra*) taken from the *Bajrasana* of Buddha Gaya. There is a peculiar propriety in this, for Vivekananda by giving up all for his country became a voice like the thunder, a force like lightning, in the cause of the gods. Thus only can the mortal become an elemental force, an immortal.

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"She depicts Vivekananda in his setting and tells us much about Sri Ramakrishna, Sarada Devi, the Brotherhood at Belur, and many things besides. How great Vivekananda was we can realise—as far as is now possible—in his very words as faithfully recorded by his disciple. Of his many moods, his varied teachings, and his yearnings and struggles, a full history is impossible. But in the volume before us we can feel that he was a Master indeed, a living fountain of inspiration."