

Prabuddha Bharata

OR

Awakened India



उत्तिष्ठत जाग्रत प्राप्य वरान्निबोधत ।

Katha Upa. I. iii. 4.

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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

SEEING GOD IN EVERYTHING—II

I HAVE now come to a stage of Realisation in which I see that God is walking in every human form and manifesting Himself alike through the sage and the sinner, the virtuous and the vicious. Therefore when I meet different people I say to myself: "God in the form of the saint, God in the form of the sinner, God in the form of the righteous, God in the form of the Unrighteous."

THERE was a Hindu monastery in a certain village. The monks of the monastery went out every day with begging bowls to gather food. One day, a monk, passing by, saw a zemindar (landlord) severely beating a poor man. The holy man being very kind-hearted, entreated the zemindar to stop beating the man. The zemindar, blind with rage, immediately turned on the monk and poured upon him the venom of his anger. He beat him right and left until he was

knocked unconscious on the ground. Another man, seeing his condition, went to the monastery and told what had happened. His brother-monks ran to the spot where the holy man was lying. They lifted him and brought him to the monastery and laid him in a room; but the holy man still remained unconscious for a long time. Sorrowful and anxious, his brothers fanned him, bathed his face, put milk into his mouth and tried to nurse him back to life. Gradually they brought him back to consciousness. When the holy man opened his eyes and looked at his fellow-Sannyasins, one of them, desiring to know whether he could recognise his friends, asked him in a loud voice: "Maharaj, dost thou recognise him who is feeding thee with milk?" The holy man answered in a feeble voice: "Brother, he who beat me is now feeding me."

One cannot realise this oneness of the Spirit unless one has reached God-consciousness, and gone beyond good and evil, above virtue and vice,

OCCASIONAL NOTES

INDIA must learn the necessity and power of organisation, if she desires the return of a Maha-Bharata or Great India. Pandit-learning is good; but Pandit-learning transformed into Pandit-service is better. What good to speak of "All this is One," when there are so many differences and distinctions in the social body, separating community from community and man from man! In unity is strength. In division is all weakness. Let the ideal, "All this is One," become manifest in society as a brotherhood of all the communities within our Indian world. Let Pandit-learning be Pandit-service; and let Pandit-service be expressed in the perfect rendering of the ideals embodied in the Sanskrit language and culture into the terms of a mighty and selfless social service. Let it be the interpretation of the ancient spiritual ideals into the requirements of modern life.

To do this, organisation and the spirit of work are needed. India is not in need of "book-worms" to-day, however great their learning. India requires developed hearts more than developed intellects. Away with knowledge, if it is useless as a factor in the redemption of society. If ancient learning is not transferable into modern service, let the Puranas, with their mythological characters, be substituted for a treatise on Indian history which reveals the glorified historic realities and greatness of the land. Even mythological characters are valuable provided they stir the social consciousness and awaken the sense of communal and national life. The Modern Spirit is needed! The Modern Spirit is needed! What is needed is the Real Spirit of Hinduism, as rejuvenated by the life and teachings of Sri Ramakrishna, who desired to become even a dog so long as He might be of assistance to even one single soul.

What is needed is the spirit of Hinduism as interpreted and worked out in actual practice by the Swami Vivekananda, whose mission it was to start the building of monasteries *together with* charitable dispensaries, schools, orphanages, and so forth. His Advaita was taking the standard and the ideals of the *gerrua*, renunciation and realisation, transferring the terms renunciation and realisation into selfless service. His ideal was the realistic seeing of God in the poor, in the down-trodden and in the afflicted.

Is the reading of sacred commentaries so meritorious when the poor who are starving, require aid and encouragement! What is the learning by rote of all the Upanishads when the race is daily growing weaker and weaker, because of the increase in the deadly results of the early marriage system and the consequent loss of manly and womanly vigour! Save the race whose ancestors composed the Upanishads; then, in the fulness of time other generations shall arise with newer and greater Upanishads. The Mother will make Rishis out of the very stones.

Let us set about the task of discovering weakness and errors in the social body instead of remaining stagnant with self-satisfaction, thinking that there is no improvement. Let the Brâhmanas become better Brâhmanas; let the other classes become Brâhmanas through the development of the social and communal consciousness. The true spirit consists, not in doing what the ancestors did and in believing what the ancestors believed. It consists in doing better things than they did and believing better things than they believed. As new blood is stimulus to the breed, so new thoughts and greater purposes and a larger and more unified social consciousness are a

vital stimulus to the preservation of Hinduism and the Hindu race. If a custom has become a racial deformity, because of its present uselessness, let us eradicate it as we would an evil from which we are physically suffering. And above all, let us not live for ourselves, but for posterity. Let us give unto posterity the bequest we have inherited from the ancestors, increased and multiplied. Personal religion is necessary; but the religion of social service is more necessary if India shall become once more Maha-Bharata, Great, Heroic India.

Let us be spiritual in all things. Let us be spiritual in the public work for which we may be privileged to become responsible. One can be spiritual in the study of civic and national ideals, in the study of applied sociology, in the study of civil government, in feeding the poor, in assisting the afflicted and in all ways which bear relation to the

ideals of service and the brotherhood of man. Let us have in mind the teaching of the Gita, "Work for work's sake, leaving the fruits of work unto ME, the Lord." Was not Arjuna, the warrior, as much the saint and Yogi, as the author of the Mahabharata himself? The words of the Lord teach us that even in the midst of the battle-field of life one may have the Beatific Vision and be, in truth, a Servant of God.

In the actual practice of the ideals, let us, each and every day, make effort to realise our oneness with all the children of the Mother's land. Let us be kind to those whom circumstances of life and fortune have placed lower than ourselves in the social scale. Let the ideal, "All this is One," be interpreted into this actual and real consciousness in daily life, "Even the outcast is my brother, a son of the Mother, a child of the place of Tirtha, Maha-Bharata."

THE SPIRIT OF MODERNISM AND SWAMI VIVEKANANDA

HIS Holiness, the Pope, the Head of the Roman Catholic Church, condemns Modernism. It may be good for the prolongation of the theological existence of the Church to denounce modern ideas in science or in religion, but it is certainly not good for the spiritual welfare of those who follow the Church. A little fanaticism may be good but too much fanaticism is always the enemy of progress and of truth. And these two, progress and truth, make up the spirit of modernism,

The condemnation of advanced scientific or political ideas by the Roman Pontiff calls to mind that radically different spirit of one of the great preachers of modernism, the Swami Vivekananda. This teacher of modern time had no "curia" or assembly of ecclesiastical wire-pullers to dictate to him what

course to pursue and what words to utter, with infallibility, to a worshipping Church. He had no organisation to maintain. And thus he was free to speak and think what he felt and give unto others the same liberty and privilege. He was also free to welcome the spirit of modernism without any fear as to the results on his religious convictions.

Swami Vivekananda welcomed the most advanced ideas on all subjects. He believed religion to be the basis of all knowledge and therefore eagerly welcomed all phases of knowledge as aspects of spiritual reality. He said the religious experience must be supported by reason. Any presentation of religious belief which fears the daylight of scientific truth is downright superstition. If science endangers religion, it is certain that the foundation of religious belief is composed

of a very fragile substance. Why should spiritual reality and spiritual truth have anything to fear from any relative revelation of truth. Is religion secure only under the threat of eternal damnation, as the Roman Church puts it, for those who do not believe "without understanding all which the Church proposes for belief."

Hinduism has never hidden behind the bulwark of excommunication-threats on the opinion one holds and the worse threat of eternal damnation, as Christianity, as a whole, has done. Hinduism has welcomed all freedom of thought in the domain of the religious consciousness. It has always welcomed any new sect or any new teaching so long as it bore the stamp of sincerity and true realisation. Hinduism has nothing to fear from the spirit of Modernism, for it is not any man-made theology; it is life. The religion of Hinduism and the society of Hinduism are one. In Hinduism the primary requisite of religion is not belief as it is in Christianity, but realisation, which is quite a different matter.

Swami Vivekananda had made a study of all the main ideas in the scientific philosophies of the West. It did not shake his faith in Hinduism nor did it make him waver for one instant in his understanding of and devotion to Sri Ramakrishna. To him religion was not a debatable fact; it was not a theory with arguments for or against. It was life and experience. Agnosticism and materialism might say their last word to him—which is after all, "I do not know"—he had heard all they had to say. But ideas are only ideas, and they change and change. Many of the scientific conceptions of the ancestors of the Western philosophers are regarded today as child-like theories. Most of them are considered ridiculous. Whereas, the life of the Rishis is indisputable. Their experiences in the state of Samadhi and their characters and their illuminations are indisputable and

infallible evidences of the truth of their religious convictions. Could any scientific law have made Vivekananda, the disciple, turn his back upon Sri Ramakrishna? Had he not lectured before one of the graduating classes in philosophy of Harvard University in America? And had he not expounded the philosophy and religion of the Rishis triumphantly, answering, with marked clearness and satisfaction, each single query which some of the finest, yes and the most materialistically inclined, minds put before him?

Was it not because Swami Vivekananda voiced *not* theories and beliefs, but facts and realisation? Here was a prophet who feared nothing from the spirit of modernism. Rather he welcomed it and earnestly proposed to our people the necessity and advantage of understanding and assimilating every modern idea, no matter whether it was mechanical or industrial or sociological or religious or scientific. He told Hinduism that it must absorb the scientific spirit and the scientific process. It must literally embrace Modernism. It is because we are not modern *enough* that we suffer the material disadvantages and drawbacks with which we, as a nation, are burdened.

The spirit of Hinduism, of course, must be our spiritual point of procedure. But it is our business, so Swami Vivekananda taught, to bring into the corporate body of Hinduism every helpful factor in the redemption of our society, as a nation. We have need of the most modern Modernism. The Pope of Hinduism is no personality; it is the eternal principle of truth which never stands in the way of any revelation of reality, be it past, present or future.

No scientific theory has advanced beyond the ancient Aryan idea of the *Akasha*. Science still says, all forms are radiations of one *Akasha*, and all forces manifestations of the same *Prana*. What Hinduism must possess itself of is the practical application

of scientific knowledge. It may shake some of our Pauranic ideas to accept certain standards and statements of Western scientific thought, but it can never for an instant shake the foundation-ground of the Vedas and the Upanishads. And after all, our civilisation is not based on the Puranas but upon the Vedic truth as announced by the heroes of the Ramayana and the Mahabharata, and as lived and made manifest by their glorious lives and deeds when India was truly Heroic.

The West is learned in the knowledge of material things; that is why the East has become the bondsman of the West and will continue to remain so in the domain of industry and material civilisation until it awakens to whatever "Veda" or truth there is in the material consciousness and capacity of the West.

India is learned in the science of spiritual facts and that is why our motherland has conquered the Oriental world, through the great mission and truth of Lord Buddha's message. Aye, not only the Oriental world alone, for what is Christianity with its neo-Platonic theology but Buddhism made over to suit the needs of a material and limited spiritual consciousness, incapable of perceiving the Higher Reality?

So an established and righteously proud Self-consciousness is necessary for Hinduism. Let us accept the Modernism of the West of which the Roman Church and Orthodox Christianity stand in such dread. It cannot hurt the truth of the Vedas. But let us accept it not as beggars. We have a greater commodity in exchange—the truth of the Vedanta. Compared with what we have to give in exchange, the contribution of the West is only a righteous duty, a *Guru-Dakshina*.

Let us apply Modernism to Hinduism; it will be a happy combination and will make soon a newer epoch of our motherland's growth and progress. Let us become engi-

neers and mechanics, the builders of bridges and the builders of financial systems, let us become sociologists and captains of all forms of industry, mindful of our glorious ancestry, our glorious possibilities, our glorious realities, heeding, however, and at all times the Voice of Sri Krishna, "Give the fruits of work unto ME." Thereby we avoid the stumbling-block of the West—the materialistic consciousness. Thereby we have all the advantages of the West and at the same time still retain our Individuality, our spiritual advantages and superiority, and, above all, our own Hinduism for which we, as a nation, are conspicuous in the history of the world, having given the Spirit of Truth and the Spirit of Reality unto the nations, times after repeated times.

—A Modernist.

IN THE HOURS OF MEDITATION

I

THERE are hours when one forgets the world. There are hours when one approaches that region of blessedness in which the soul is Self-contained and in the presence of the Highest. Then is silenced all clamouring of desire; all sound of sense is stilled. Only God IS.

There is no holier sanctuary than a purified mind, a mind concentrated upon God. There is no more sacred place than the region of peace into which the mind enters when it becomes fixed in the Lord. No more sweet-odorous and holy incense is there than the rising of thought unto God.

Purity, bliss, blessedness, peace! Purity, bliss, blessedness, peace! These make up the atmosphere of the state of meditation.

The spiritual consciousness dawns in these silent, sacred hours. The soul is close to its source. The streamlet of personality expands

in these hours becoming a mighty, swift-moving river, flowing in the direction of that true and permanent individuality which is the Oceanic Consciousness of God. And this is one and only.

In the hours of meditation the soul draws from On High those true qualifications which are of its nature—fearlessness, the sense of reality, the sense of deathlessness.

Draw within thy Self, O Soul! Seek thou the silent hour with truth. Know thou thy Self to be of the substance of truth, the substance of divinity! Verily within the heart doth God dwell!

II

Fear not! All mortal things are as shadows. Unreality dominates all appearance. Thou art the reality within which no change abides. Know thou art the Immoveable One! Let nature play with thee as nature will. Thy form is a dream. Know this, and be thou content! Thy soul is stationed in the formlessness of divinity. Let the mind follow the blinking light; desire roles; limitations exist. Thou art not mind; desire touches thee not. Thou art contained within Omniscience and Omnipotence. Remember life is but a play. Play thy part. Thou must. Such is the law. Yet, withal, thou art neither player, play nor law. Life, itself, cannot limit thee. Art thou not limitless! Life is of the stuff of dreams. Thou dreamest not. Thou art the Dreamless One beyond the touch and taint of unreality. Know this! Know this and be free—free—free!!!

Peace! Peace! Silent—Audible Peace! Peace wherein the Voice of God is heard. Peace and Silence! Then comes the Voice of God, Audible—Audible within the Silence!

“I am with thee, ever and forever. Never hast thou, nor canst thou be from Me apart. I am thy Soul. Verily thy soul is I. Beyond the universe, beyond all dreams I rest, Self-

contained within immensity. And even so art thou; aye, even so art thou. For I am thou and thou art I. Leave off all dreams! Come! Come unto Me! I shall carry thee across the ocean of darkness and ignorance unto light and life everlasting. For I am these; and thou and I are One. Thou art I! I am thou! Go dwell in Peace! Dwell thou in Peace! Again when the hour cometh, in the stillness and in the Peace thou shalt hear My Voice!”—the Voice of God—the Voice of God!

DISCOURSES ON THE VEDANTA

(Concluded from page 28)

LIFE is a gradual education, through a variety and a multiplicity of experiences, by which the soul eventually comes to know that all low things have, in truth, nothing in common with it, that the low cannot, ultimately, bind it. The body and mind are at their highest when the soul is manifesting, but they break to pieces when the mind, uninstructed with regard to the divinity of the spirit, looks forward to the maintenance of physical and sensuous life and neglects the ideals and the expression of the divine nature within.

Life is a path of destruction or of light, as one chooses to look upon it. We can make or mar our expression here. It is a sign that we have not as yet graduated to any degree in the knowledge which comes from experience, if we delight in the low or the commonplace. The mind having passed through the lower phases understands that there is something incomparably superior to the appeal which the senses and the sense-fed mind make which is drawing on the soul to its highest expression.

Everything depends on the ideals entertained; everything is based upon our concep-

tion and valuation of life. Therefore we progress best through the loftiest and purest conceptions both of ourselves and also of life. We must cherish the highest ideal. Nothing else will do. If we see anything less than the highest ideal it means that our expression and our experience will be correspondent. Can we look upon life as really divine? Think of the wonderful transition which would occur in the revelations life would present.

The fact is that we receive what, in reality, we desire. If we desire pleasure from a distorted angle of view, we shall incur pain. Pain is the result of inexperience and of ignorance. It is only the pain behind the appearance of desire that will ever teach us to crush it out and evolve the conception upon which the desire is founded. There is a divine, living reality in life, but we mistake it for objects which are not related to the highest. That irresistible something is the divine. It is the highest in our souls. Nothing but the higher can make the true appeal. Clouds of illusion, however, come between what is really the highest and the horizon of our lives. The result is, that we do not see the divine, or we see it through the haze of illusion, distorted, and misrepresented.

How are we to drive away these clouds of ignorance that have gathered about life's perspective? Is it possible to drive them away? It is, provided we realise that all limitations proceed from ourselves, that we must not look for the solution of our problems to remedying the external, but to adjusting our own, inner nature. It is not the fault of nature that man goes wrong. Nature is perfect, divine, and governed by law. It is the individual who suffers from a limited vision of things. He has not as yet attuned himself inwardly to the great spirit of life which he perceives externally. This limitation of vision on the part of man must be done away with. Man must correct his view-point. Nature is perfect.

All imperfection is related to selfishness. The evils of the world may, without exception, be traced to this cause. Selfishness is the myopia through which we see the divinity of things distorted. Eradicate selfishness and the problem is forever solved. Nature is then seen as divine in God. Our souls, also, shall have been purified and our vision will become perfect and true. Then there will be no dreadful error as is now the case. The inner vision of man will be perfect and he will see the external as free and as pure as his own soul. It will reveal itself as divine and all limited things will have been blotted out.

The principle of life is sublime. That principle lives and breathes in our own souls. It is the life-force within us. When we have realised the great principle of life fully in our own consciousness, everything in life, the world itself, shall have become sublime, infinitely sublime.

We cannot hope to mend life. We cannot hope to improve nature. These are perfect. All meaning and valuation come from the innerness of man. His interpretation of life is impure, not the divinity which he perceives as the external. The moment we can understand this, the work of our redemption has begun. The redemption and the ultimate conversion of man must come, not through any temporary belief that supports his confidence for a short period, not through any reliance on things apart from himself. It will come when man knows that within himself lies the meaning of the universe, that the whole world is but his own idea of it, and that if the world appears as evil, or as distorted, it is because his idea of the world is limited, narrow, false, distorted and evil.

Our salvation comes through education, through knowing, that it is our interpretation which is at fault. We must take the blame of the vision of the distorted. We cannot blame nature or the gods. Let us initiate ourselves into a deeper understanding of our own

nature. Let us broaden, by many degrees, the conception of ourselves, and broaden it in the proper direction. We must broaden ourselves inversely. Now we are doing the very opposite. We are concerning ourselves with the meaning and the expression of life in its relation to the external. The more this relationship is carried on, the greater does our dependence upon things external become, and the less self-consciousness and self-reliance will we possess.

It were a great dignity and it would be in the justice of things could man be free, could freedom and bondage be the result of his own doing and not that of any external law or happening. If man is bound by his own doing it is certain that he can free himself also. If he has woven the web of life about

him, if life is of his own making, then it is he who will be his own redeemer and saviour. Man must break the bonds of his individual conception of things, expanding it to its utmost extension until eventually, and in the soul's greatest experience, it will burst with glory and with greatness into the divinity and into the true greatness of life.

Let us strive after the Perfect Ideal. Let the Highest Ideal be ours. Devotion to that will lead us out of all mists of mind and heart. It will finally take us beyond all lesser things and make us one with the Highest Ideal we worship. The Highest Ideal is embodied in the consciousness that it is we who are the captains of our fate and the masters of our souls. Verily, that we ARE the Ideal worshipped.

F. J. ALEXANDER.

BENARES

In the twilight at Benares, floating down the sacred stream,
 We caught the sight of one who knows and dreams with God the greater dream.
 He sat beside the waters' bank with robes and turban purest white,
 His youthful form was motionless; his vision fixed on the Radiant Height.
 His mind had in its anxious search renounced the part embraced the Whole,
 And knew the Self of God to be the Deathless Self of every soul.
 Behind him rose tremendous fanes of ancient gods and sacred lore;
 They rose in splendour and in peace, set jewel-like along the shore.
 And here and there the ruthless years had turned a palace into dust,
 Had swept a temple into ruins and covered gold and gems with rust.
 There the pinnacle of a temple shone above the river's face,
 Whither it fell long years ago, sunk by the waters out of place.
 Along the banks streamed pilgrim thousands praying for release from life;
 Other thousands bathed and prayed for freedom from its hopeless strife.
 Some loved Great Ganga Goddess with many vari-coloured flowers,
 Some burned their swathed dead on near-by Ghats those twilight hours.
 But there was one who heeded not, nor saw, nor spoke, nor thought,
 For his Soul had sped to the Ancient of Days with bliss and freedom fraught.

—A Pilgrim,

SARVOPANISHAT

(Continued from page 10)

अनन्तं नाम मृद्विकारेषु मृदिव सुवर्णविकारेषु सुवर्णमिव तन्तुकार्येषु तन्तुरिवा-
व्यक्तादिसृष्टिप्रपञ्चेषु पूर्वं व्यापकं चैतन्यमनन्तमित्युच्यत आनन्दो नाम सुखचैतन्य-
स्वरूपोऽपारमितानन्दसमुद्रोऽविशिष्टसुखरूपश्चाऽऽनन्द इत्युच्यत एतद्वस्तुचतुष्टयं यस्य
लक्षणं देशकालवस्तुनिमित्तेष्वव्यभिचारि स तत्पदार्थः परमात्मा परं ब्रह्मेत्युच्यते ।
त्वंपदार्थादौपाधिकात्तत्पदार्थादौपाधिकाद्विलक्षण आकाशवत्सर्वगतः सूक्ष्मः केवलः
सत्तामात्रोऽसिपदार्थः स्वयंज्योतिरात्मेत्युच्यतेऽतत्पदार्थश्चाऽऽत्मेत्युच्यते । अनादि-
रन्तर्वत्नी प्रमाणाप्रमाणसाधारणा न सती नासती न सदसती स्वयमविकाराद्विकार-

4. And *Anantam*, the Infinite,—(Remaining in the same manner) as (does) clay in modifications of clay, as gold in modifications of gold, as thread in fabrics of thread, the antecedent (*a*), all-pervading (*b*) Consciousness, that is in all phenomena of Creation beginning with the Unmanifested, is called the Infinite. And *Anandam*, Bliss,—the essence of the consciousness of happiness (*c*), the ocean of measureless bliss, and the state of undifferentiated happiness (*d*) is called Bliss. That, of which the above fourfold nature (*e*) is an indication (*f*), and which is permanent (*g*) in all space, time, substance and causation, is called the Entity of 'That' (*Tat*), Paramatman, Supreme Self, and *Param Brahman*, or the Highest Brahman. Distinguished from the Entity of 'Thou' (when it appears to be) possessed of attributes, as well as from the Entity of 'That' (when it appears to be) possessed of attributes, That which is all-pervading like the sky, subtle, whole by itself, pure Existence, the Entity of 'Art' (*Asi*), Self-luminous, is spoken of as the Atman; the Entity of 'not-That' (*h*), also is spoken of as Atman. That which is beginningless, fruitful (*i*), open to both proof and disproof, neither real (*j*) nor unreal (*k*), nor real-unreal

4. (*a*) *Antecedent*: Existing prior to effects or Creation of the Universe.

(*b*) *All-pervading*: Pervading the whole of the manifested universe as its essence.

(*c*) *The essence.....of happiness*—Which comes only from Jnânâam.

(*d*) *Undifferentiated happiness*: The happiness which is not dependent on the senses, such as sight, hearing and touch &c.

(*e*) *The above fourfold nature*—viz., Reality, Knowledge, Infinity, and Bliss.

(*f*) *An indication*: A faint approach towards expressing the Brahman.

(*g*) *Permanent*: Invariably present in its changeless nature.

(*h*) *The Entity of 'not-That'*: That which is different from the Entity of 'That,' by its pertaining to *Upâdhis*. The drift of the whole is to convey the abstract idea that thou art That, *Tat Tvam Asi*, that there is no difference, in reality, between the Atman and the Paramatman, all the seeming difference being due to *Adhyâsa*, or superimposition of *Upâdhis* or attributes which do not really belong to the Atman.

(*i*) *Fruitful*—*Lit.*, pregnant. Containing within herself the seeds of action, capable of producing the phenomenal universe.

(*j*) *Neither real*: It has no reality considered apart from Brahman.

(*k*) *Nor unreal*—because it is perceived by all.

हेतौ निरूप्यमाणेऽसती । अनिरूप्यमाणे सती लक्षणशून्या सा मायेत्युच्यते ॥४॥

इत्यथर्वोपनि गदि सर्वोपनिषत्सारं समाप्तम् ॥

(*l*)—non-existent, when, because of the immutability of its own substratum, the cause of change (*m*) is ascertained (*n*);—existent, when it is not so ascertained (*o*),—(thus that) which is undefinable, is called Maya.

Here ends the Sarvopanishat, as contained in the Atharva Veda.

(*l*) *Nor real-unreal*: It is not both real and unreal at the same time, but it is something different from *Sat* (existence) and *Asat* (non-existence), or in other words, it is inexpressible.

(*m*) *The cause of change*—Avidya or Nescience.

(*n*) *Non-existent.....is ascertained*—When Maya is perceived to have the changeless Brahman as its substratum, and consequently when the cause of

all modification or change in the phenomenal Universe is ascertained in its true aspect, in the state of highest realisation,—then Maya becomes non-existent, as then whatever is, is perceived as One Existence, Brahman only.

(*o*) *Existent...ascertained*: When such is not the case, it exerts its own powers of illusion and bondage on the unenlightened souls.

REFLECTION ON SADNESS

I HAVE often felt amused to realise that the line which divides joy and melancholy, gloom and radiance is a very thin one. Why, it is such a short move from one to the other! It costs you only a mental effort to send you from one mood to the other. Let trouble come after trouble and misfortune succeed, but if you refuse to be ruffled by them they will stand apart and not even touch you. Plant yourself firmly amidst thoughts most sanguine and hopeful, stick close to the belief that all is for the best and that what is beyond the reach of human effort and foresight, rests under God's direct dispensation, and then you are secure against all evils. But where this courage and determination to be happy is wanting, where a man is easily swayed by circumstances and affected by them, there can be no limit to misery. Thus happiness is in your own hand. You may not defeat armies, quell rebellions, command nations, but you can do better. You can put down evil thoughts, overcome prejudices, drive away ignorance, shake off moods of dejection and despair. If you can not do that much you do not deserve to be happy.

If one can control his mental state and maintain its balance the world has little influence to impair his happiness. Worries and anxieties may come in any number, but the wise man will dismiss them with a "hush", and in his joyous freedom, jump and laugh and sing a merry note.

Oh, how easy it is to be happy! It is a pity that men should grovel in dust and sigh with pain when the ever-flowing fountain of happiness sparkles by.

Oh, Brothers, realise, realise your birthright of happiness. Exert yourself, and a single right impulse would bring your suffering to a close and place you among the rank of the blessed.

Gopal-Magadhi.

THE INDWELLING GOD

Go not abroad in search of Him,
To no far land repair,
Nor to the depths of cavern's dim,
Nor heights of upper air.

For not alone in distant space
Doth He erect His throne;
In every heart He seeketh place
And waiteth to be known.

Thought answereth alone to thought,
And soul with soul hath kin;
The outward God he findeth not
Who finds not God within.

O gift of gifts! O grace of grace!
That God should condescend
To make our hearts His dwelling-place,
And be our daily friend.

So wander not in search of Him;
But to Thyself repair,
Where silent reverence reigns within,
And thou shalt find Him there.

—The Christian Life.

SWAMI VIVEKANANDA AND THE YOUTH OF BENGAL

[Being a paper read by Dr. J. Kanjilal at the Vivekananda Birthday Anniversary meeting of the Calcutta Vivekananda Society at the Belur Math.]

THE keynote of progress in modern India is admitted on all sides to be that we must retain what is noble and elevating in our Ancient Wisdom and learn and assimilate the useful lessons of modern times. In spite of the contending forces of the darkness of bigotry on the one hand, and the overweening conceit of modern civilisation on the other, we find the static East assimilating the Western scientific methods, and the advanced modern thinkers of Europe and America taking up the teachings of the ancient Indian Sages for their ideal. But whereas the Indians are assimilating Western methods by leaps and bounds, the ideals which form the basic principles of the Hindu Philosophy are known to an extremely small minority of the Western people. A small minority again does not always necessarily mean a weak cause if it consists of noble and intelligent souls who are intensely sincere seekers of Truth.

Swami Vivekananda is the first Hindu who preached true Hinduism in the West. His life and teachings have opened up a vast channel for the flowing of the pent up treasures of India to enrich new fields of thought. We have to realise that we could not have continued to keep intact our national individuality after drinking the sparkling beverages of the West without the sustaining backbone of our religious consciousness, and without spreading it broadcast among those who felt a void in their hearts and yearned for a master-touch to kindle the fire of a spiritual awakening. This then is one of our missions as a nation, that we must help other nations to perceive the Eternal Spirit within themselves, which only the universal religion of Vedanta can do.

It is for the young men of India and especially of Bengal that the great Swamiji has left this invaluable legacy. His watchword to us was उच्छिष्टत जाग्रत प्राप्य वरान्निबोधत—“Arise, awake and stop not till the goal is reached.” Let us therefore hold aloft the banner of Freedom from worldly bondage amongst those people whose ideas

do not soar beyond the limited visions of political and social liberty. Our noble cause will sustain us and inasmuch as spirit is superior to matter, our mission will triumph over influences that are merely material. We have had proofs many times that in courage, zeal and self-sacrifice, the young men of Bengal are second to none. Every year, aye, every month bands of young men from Bengal are crossing the seas to learn Western arts and industries. Each one amongst them should go forth as a self-chosen missionary reflecting in himself the High Mission of India, in the midst of his humble studentship. Nothing teaches like teaching and knowledge expands with its diffusion. Wherever you are, whether in India or outside it, you have always ample scope for the free diffusion of the principles of the Vedanta which is your birthright. In spite of the glamour of Western education you cannot but feel within yourself the spark of the Life Eternal that awaits development. Live the life that the Vedanta teaches and you will soon realise that there is ample scope in its vast folds for the elaboration of scientific and other problems both Western and Eastern. Indeed the investigations of science in every department are leading steadily on to ever new arguments for establishing the truths of Vedanta.

Moreover we have our duty to ourselves and to our Motherland which is of foremost importance, as it will enable us to mould our lives. The influence of a single noble life lived for others revolutionises the world and enlightens men for centuries. Such noble lives had been those of Buddha and Sankara, Jesus and Mahommed, and in our own day, Sri Ramakrishna and Swami Vivekananda. But merely reading their lives and teachings is not enough. It is the man himself that we really need to appreciate in order to understand our duties and our goal. In reading the works of Vivekananda the West is liable to forget “that behind all his books, all his utterances, stands the man himself, different from each and only partially expressed through the whole mass.”* Young men of Bengal, it is

* The quotations in this paper are extracts from a leaflet by Sister Nivedita entitled “Suggestions for the Indian Vivekananda Societies.”

our privilege to work out the ideals for which the Master stood, and make others understand the personality of the great Swami. We shall have to tackle the questions he tackled. "In this way our very difficulties will help us to understand his meaning. It has been well said that the true disciple is he who is caught heart and soul by the idea that caught his master, and proceeds to work it out in ways that the master never thought of, and might not even have approved." Will you not come forward who pride yourselves as countrymen of Vivekananda to take the responsibilities of this noble task? The holy Homa-fire is already lit. Who are the blessed ones who will add fuel to it to keep it aglow, who will offer their lives as oblations to complete the great Yajna?

The one cry of the day is for solving the problems of life. You are the privileged ones to solve this for the world. A Frenchman once wrote "If I were to choose the land of my birth I will choose England." Let us so live, work and die that the future generations of every land may say "If we are to choose the land of our birth we will choose Bengal."

In following the life and teachings of Swami Vivekananda, we find that while holding high the time-honoured master-minds of Ancient India, he paid due respect and eloquent tribute to the eminent thinkers, workers and patriots of all times both Eastern and Western. "He would spend hours in talk of Buddha or Sita or St. Francis, or even perhaps of some great personage living at the moment in a foreign land. And he would throw himself into the very soul of the hero, never failing to throw the light of some new and startling interpretation upon character and narrative." In fact, we are likely to fail to understand Swamiji if we do not thus learn to approach great characters with due reverence. Those who had the good fortune to be in touch personally with the great Swami or those who through his disciples or his writings have come to appreciate and love him, have all received a fresh impetus towards maintaining this attitude of respect, as well as thinking and working in their own respective spheres with perfect freedom. Indeed the Swami was never for breaking anybody's ideals, but always delighted in strengthening one's own ideals. Does it not strike you,

my friends, that this must have been the blossoming of a world-wide sympathy which is godly? Aye, this great secret, which we call Love, was the power that moved Swamiji to every act and thought.

Young men of Bengal, will you give up your time-honoured Ideals of renunciation and greatness and chase after mock imitations of the West? Utilise as much as you can the latest modern inventions, and the civic laws that have been conducive to the growth and welfare of nations. But let not things material so engross you that you may forget the kernel for the skin. The West and the East, each is great in its own place. When a great scientist declares with his dying breath that all his lifelong efforts of acquiring knowledge have been only as good as collecting pebbles on the sea-shore, or when we find another breaking his only remaining writing table as a last resource to add fuel to the fire that he may complete his experiment, we cannot but exclaim that they are not far removed from a liberated soul. Carlyle, Spencer and Emerson, Shakespeare and Milton, Newton, Faraday and Tindal, Pasteur and Huxley, all these are great men of the West who claim our sincere homage. But should we for that reason give up our national ideals as represented in our own Rama, Krishna, Buddha, Sankara and Chaitanya? We must never forget, that while absorbing the teachings of the West we have to breathe out the great solutions of the problems that we have learnt at the feet of these great ones, for the benefit of the world at large. We have been mere passive recipients hitherto and our turn has come now to give.

Youths of Bengal, what you require is only faith in yourselves. You will perceive this clearly if you will but pause to consider how it is that a young Englishman who lands in India with a little money in his pocket, finds himself the head of a prosperous firm after a few years. It is not that his education is of a very high character or that he is a born genius. It is that hereditary business instinct which has evolved in his nation ever since the days of Queen Elizabeth, and, what is more, his faith in himself, which speak for his success.

The day has dawned when we have to shake off our lethargy and wake up. How many of you have even seen the great Tirthas of India? Does it not appeal to you that instead of spending your

holidays in a malarious village you should take a trip year after year to the different places of India and thus learn more wisdom than you can from books? Remember how the Swami had travelled all over India before he proceeded to the West. But "Very few observers are competent to avail themselves of the extended opportunities of foreign travel, for in this field, above all, it is true that a man sees only what his mind has brought the power of seeing. We have to educate ourselves to *understand* the contrasts and affinities between Bengal and other provinces as between India and other countries." Again we shall be helped a good deal in this line by cultivating what has been termed the "Historical Sense," and in this too we shall find that the great Swami has showed us the way! For, which of us does not know of the great love he had in studying history, ancient and modern? It was indeed a passion with him! But in speaking of the historical sense I cannot do better than quote a few words of the late lamented Sister Nivedita to us, young men:

"Anyone who has gone through the tales of ancient Chaldæa, Assyria and Egypt, who has traced out the origin and development of Islam, pondering over its immense struggles in Syria, in Spain and around Constantinople, who has interested himself in Persia, Venice, in the history of the Crusades, in ancient Greece and in China and Japan as well, has a truer knowledge of the greatness of India than those whose text-books of the History of England and India alone furnish them with their stock of world knowledge. Turning to modern times we have vast fields to explore, fields which are outside the circle of university education; such as, the studies on Sociology, the gradual growths of the systems of government prevalent in the different countries of the West, the conflict between Religion and Science, and so on. In going through such interesting studies the average Bengalee graduate will find much for his personal and independent discernment. It won't do for us to gulp down the opinions of the alien thinkers 'en masse.' We had had upheavals in India from the invasion of Babar down to the rise of the Maharatta Power and in addition to all these we have the Supreme Court of Appeal of our own **in the ever-green Histories, the Mahabharata and**

the Ramayana. Look for example into the charge of Bhishma to Yudhisthira in the Santi Parva, or Krishna's going as an ambassador in the Udyoga Parva in the Mahabharata, or Ravana's dying words to Rama in the Ramayana. We have to revise them over and over again and their significance becomes more and more clear in the light of the present-day methods of researches. Higher up still we have the Gita and the Upanishads as the greatest authorities. We have to review the present with the accumulated knowledge of an illustrious past and we have to create and disseminate ideas which will open up new fields of action that the world will not easily let die."

Youths of Bengal, we have a great future before us, so great perhaps as to outline even the past greatness of India! Blessed are those to whom the call may come to fight the battle and share the glory by treading along the path that the great Swami Vivekananda has pointed out to us.

SAINT APPAYA OF BHATKAL

HAPPINESS—Eternal Happiness—this is our cry, and though the path to attain it is well defined and though we have the lives of Saints standing as finger-posts and pointing us the highway to Salvation and Bliss yet we have not the faith or patience to try it. But among us there are some individuals whom suffering awakens to a sense of the utter impermanence of the things this world can give, and to these the lives and sayings of the Mahatmas have some meaning. To the few who are already on the path and who have experienced the difficulties thereon, the sayings of these exalted beings serve as Fountains where they can slake their thirst, and gathering fresh energy can push on. The distinction of having given birth to one such being is claimed by the small seaside town of Bhatkal in the North Kanara District of the Bombay Presidency. It is difficult to fix the precise date of birth of Saint Appaya. From one of the songs composed by him in his later days as also from one of the works † of his Guru's Guru written in verse, we can infer that he

† The battle between Karna and Arjuna.

was contemporaneous with Jnandev, Ramdas and Eknath—those flowers of humanity that blossomed in the Mahratta country in the 17th. century. At this time Bhatkal formed part of the kingdom of Nagara and was a Nadu or Firka in itself, with Appaya's father as Shanbhogue (Revenue Officer). This family belongs to the 'Saraswath' class—one of the five sub-sects of the Gauda Division among Bráhmans, and Appaya's descendants are still living in Bhatkal. Appaya was a versatile genius. He was proficient in everything and headed his class always. He was witty and humorous and well up in music, so that he pleased everyone that came into contact with him. At the age of twelve he could be frequently seen sitting with the Ramayana or the Mahabharata before him and translating the verses therefrom to a small assemblage of neighbours. This occupation sufficed to rouse the latent spirit in Appaya and at the age of 14 or 15 he spent a greater portion of the day in attending to the daily Karmas of every Bráhman, e. g., Puja, Sandhya, Yajna etc., and the rest of the time he devoted himself to the study of the Puranas and the Vedanta Philosophy. His friends came to see that solitude had a greater attraction for him than their own company. If he met any Sadhu he entered into a discussion with him regarding God, Soul and Life. As time wore on he began to ask himself such questions as "How did this world come into existence? How is it that I find myself entangled in this net of life? What is the way to free myself from its meshes? Why do I not see the Sachchidananda Rupa? Who are Krishna, Vishnu and Ganapati, and what need for so many Deities when God is only one? What is that which is crying out 'I, 'Mine,' every moment in me?" He would go to a lonely spot and brood over these questions. While yet in his teens he looked very distracted and careworn. People thought he had gone mad. His father felt anxious that his son was likely to run away with the next Fakir that crossed his path, and thought that by marrying him he would be effectually chaining him to the world. Soon he found out a suitable maiden and married his son straightway. But the father's intention was not to be fulfilled. Appaya was already beyond the reach of the world and he felt very much the same whether he was married or not. He did not swerve an inch from

the path he had set for himself. Ever on the look-out for men who would pacify his soul he was very much like the calf which in a frolic having wandered away from its mother soon realises its helplessness and in its anxiety to find her out, runs to every animal in the herd that looks like its mother, but not finding her, cries out in anguish. The regard his people once had for him began to grow less, while his neighbours had already reckoned him among the lunatics. Such a state of things is not to be marvelled at. We find on the one hand the worldly-minded, scoffing at the Yogis and their ways and philosophy of life, and on the other the Yogis singing the world-note in their ears—"In this world of constant change and death, Oh Man, where is thy happiness?"

In the heart of the town of Bhatkal stands the temple of Chennapattana Hanumantha—a temple which once had a great name. It is surrounded on all sides by roofed verandahs and daily you can see at least a dozen Sadhus resting there. It was a habit with Appaya to visit the temple every morning with flowers and Tulasi. After making obeisance he would make the *Pradakshina* (circumambulation) of the temple, and if he found any Sadhu disposed to talk to him of Paramartha he would spend a considerable time with him. One morning while Appaya was having the usual *Pradakshina*, his eyes chanced to meet those of a Sadhu resting in a reclining posture in one of the verandahs. The Sadhu was a stalwart man and his face was eloquent of the peace within. There was a moment's communion of spirit with spirit and Appaya instinctively felt that he had found his Guru at last. The fierce struggle in his heart that had well nigh rendered him mad subsided at once. He felt ecstatic and tears of joy trickled down his cheeks. Almost trembling, Appaya ran to the Sadhu and prostrating himself sat down before him. "My son, I have not had a morsel of food these three days. Will you give me something to eat?" were the first words of the Sadhu. Overwhelmed though he was with emotion Appaya found strength to say, "Sir, I shall serve you with every available thing in my father's house if you will but accompany me." The Sadhu got up and followed Appaya. It was the day of Vinayaka Chaturthi (Ganapati Puja) and everyone in Appaya's house was busy. Appaya was

only a son of the house and his wife naturally occupied a dependent position. He found it futile to induce anyone but his wife to pay heed to his request. Beckoning his wife he told her that there was a starving Sannyasi waiting outside and requested her to serve him with some food. Appaya had in his wife a mate whose disposition was in perfect harmony with his. Her husband was more than anything in this world to her. She did not wait to be told twice. The Sadhu was given a seat at the back of the house, and as there was no food ready except the preparations for the Naivedyas (offerings) to Ganapati, she served these to him at the risk of incurring her mother-in-law's displeasure. But the various kinds of delicacies were no sooner brought and served, than they disappeared down the Sadhu's throat. When he had devoured as much as would have sufficed a dozen men and still looked as hungry as ever, she cried out in consternation—"What is this! Who is this man, Deva or Devil!" By this time there was a commotion in the house. Somebody had detected that the Naivedya preparations were being taken away. There was no difficulty in finding out who was responsible for this. On hearing that there was nothing left for offerings to Ganapati, Appaya's father flew into a rage and called his son and daughter-in-law all manner of names. Appaya's mother went in to ascertain the truth of the matter, but she was bewildered to see every delicacy prepared and arranged by her own self, intact. Nothing had been disturbed and nothing was wanting. Appaya had already a presentiment that his guest was no ordinary man, and this revelation deepened his faith. Full of emotion, he went out to open his heart to him but, alas, the Sadhu had disappeared. Appaya ran into the garden and thence into the streets. He enquired of everyone in the town but nobody knew anything about the Sadhu. He was nowhere to be seen. Sore at heart he ran into the Hanumantha Temple once again to see—whether in his hurry he had overlooked any clue the Sadhu had left, but no, there was none. His strength failed him and he rolled on the floor, crying, "Ah Ishwara! Better to have been dead than living this worthless life! Of what use am I if I am unable to feed a man to his satisfaction?" When his grief had subsided a little, he began to reason with himself: "It is certain that the Lord had not come to me merely for food. Probably he desired to test me. Wretch that I am that I did not understand this in time. I am of no good to my family and my parents will not miss me. Let me not rest till I have found him out." He got up and took the road that led north from Bhatkal. On the way he questioned every person he met. None could give him any information. Late at night he reached the village of Murdeshwar about three leagues from Bhatkal, and

renewed his enquiries. Every temple and rest-house was searched, but there was no trace of the Sadhu. Not discouraged in the least, he pushed on. The moon had long ago set and the sky was so overcast with clouds, that in the pitchy darkness nothing could be discerned even at the distance of two yards. The twinkling lights in the two or three shops of the village had long been put out. But Appaya was quite oblivious of his surroundings. He neither knew nor cared to know whither he was going. On and on he went, his thoughts centred in the Sadhu. He had unconsciously gained the seashore. A few minutes more and the waters of the sea washed his feet. The next instant he was waist-deep in water. Still he pushed on. The water now surged about his cheeks and yet he was unconscious of the danger that threatened him, being wholly absorbed with the thought of the Sadhu. In a moment or two he would have been washed off, but would the Ever-watchful Lord allow that? No. He had sufficiently tested Appaya's sincere Bhakti and Vairagya for Him. Appaya who was unconscious of the roar of the sea, heard in the deafening noise his name called out by someone and recognised the voice to be that of the Sadhu who had apparently deceived him. He turned back in surprise, and lo! there flashed a luminous light and Appaya saw the figure of the Sadhu standing on the shore! O the joy of it! Appaya flew back to the shore and was in the tender embrace of his Guru.

(To be continued).

A Seeker.

THE SISTER NIVEDITA MEMORIAL MEETING AT CALCUTTA

A public meeting was held on March 23 at the Town Hall of Calcutta to commemorate the memory of the Sister Nivedita. Dr. Rash Behari Ghosh who presided, said in part as follows:—

We meet to-day in sorrow, for we meet to mourn the loss of a brilliantly gifted lady, a daughter of the West, who lived and died for us. Sister Nivedita was indeed a queen among women, who wore by right divine the spotless myrtle Crown of womanhood. What a lesson of noble purposes, of patience, of courage, of sacrifice and of endurance, is furnished by her life! Sister Nivedita taught us, in the words of Gladstone, that life is a great and noble calling and an elevated and a lofty destiny. To live for others was the guiding principle of her life. And for whom did she work, for whom did

she forsake home, relations and friends? Not for herself or her country but for us, for the people of India. Sister Nivedita showed her love for us in everything she did. She showed it in tending the plague-stricken. She showed it in feeding the famished. She showed it in training our girls on the best type of womanhood and in inspiring the rising generation with higher ideals. If our Sister fell under the spell of India we in our turn fell under her spell, and her bewitching personality attracted thousands of our young men to her. If the dry bones are beginning to stir it is because Sister Nivedita breathed the breath of life into them. If our young men are now inspired with a burning passion for a new, a higher, a truer and a nobler life, the credit is in no small measure due to the lady who has been so prematurely called away from us. An India united in civic purposes, proud of its past achievements, proud of its contribution to the civilisation of mankind, and destined to render still higher service to humanity was the ideal for which she worked. And who can say she worked in vain? Who can say she has not made the steps easier for those who will follow her? She taught us that our true salvation lies not in selfish asceticism but in the cultivation of the civic virtues. She was an idealist it is true, but not an idle visionary. The scavenger, she said, with the civic ideal of cleanliness is a better citizen than a Bráhmán if the latter serves only himself. The name of Sister Nivedita, I am certain, will be engraved in the hearts of those for whom she had consecrated her life. It will be engraved in the hearts of those young men who have been benefited by her example and precept. It will be engraved in the hearts of those who have been inspired by her with a deep sense of social duty. It will be engraved in the hearts of all those who can appreciate nobility of purpose, courage and self-denial. Death has struck our Sister down before her mission could be accomplished. That, we all know, is the common fate of all ministers of good things, who, as Hooker says, are like torches, a light to others, waste and destruction to themselves. But depend upon it, her work will not perish, nor the cause she had at heart die in her death. Though we meet in sorrow we do not sorrow as those who have no hope, for our Sister has joined

“The choir invisible,
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence.”

Mr. Surendra Nath Banerjea moved the first Resolution:—This meeting hereby records its deep sorrow and sense of loss at the untimely death of the late Sister Nivedita. We take the following from his speech:—

It is in obedience to the overwhelming senti-

ment of gratitude that we are met here to-night to do honour to the memory of a great and good lady, who served our people and who in that service made India her home—her home, not in the narrow and restricted sense that she resided here, but in the broader, nobler and more rational sense that she incorporated Indian ideals and aspirations into every act of her life, every thought that filled her mind and every impulse that moved her being. She was an Indian through and through, an Indian to the very marrow of her bones. Her nationality was but an external incident—her soul was Indian. It seemed as if the liberated spirit of some Rishi of the olden times had been re-incarnated in her, so that vitalised by the life of the West, she might once again, amid familiar environments, serve the people of her ancient love. No matter what complexion incompatible with an Indian sun was hers, her mind and soul were Indian—she spoke the thoughts of India—she dreamt the dreams of India—she passed her days and nights in an atmosphere surcharged with all that was best and noblest in the life of India, ancient and modern. I have read some of her writings. I have read them with delight and admiration. What wonderful grasp of the Indian mind do they display in every line! Love, they say, is the mother of all knowledge and her love of India gifted her with this wonderful insight into things Indian. Coupled with this knowledge and this insight was a breadth of vision and a liberality of sentiment peculiarly her own. The moral and spiritual elevation of the people of India was the aim and end of all her philanthropic labours. But her outlook ranged beyond the sphere of her own special activities. She was in deep sympathy with the national movement. What a noble thesis she wrote on the Swadeshi movement—that movement of self-help and self-reliance—of strong national determination to prefer things Indian. She was full of hope with regard to the future of this movement. For she had an undying faith in the capacity for self-sacrifice on the part of our people. She wrote—“The people of India were educated in a system of co-operation for self-sacrifice, whereas, Western nations were educated in a system of co-operation for self-interest.” Sister Nivedita was an Indian to the core of her heart. But she was also of the West. She was saturated with the culture of the West and was in close touch with modern life, its methods, its requirements and its aptitudes. To the modern life and its lessons she appealed for the elevation of the people of her love. Education of women for the better education of men was the royal road which she followed for the attainment of her object. There is a deep underlying meaning in the beautiful poetical conception which assigns to our female deities the place of honour in the Hindu Pantheon. To make Durga

and Kali, Lakshmi and Sarasvati, the most popular figures in the Hindu Pantheon is to proclaim the overwhelming potency of womanly influence over the destinies of mankind. I can think of no memorial which would have been more acceptable to her, more conformable to the spirit of her mission than that we should take up and continue the work to which she consecrated her life. I hope and trust that some of our Indian ladies at any rate, inspired by her great example, feeling a call from on High, will take up her mantle and becoming Sannyasinis like her in mind and soul, spread broadcast the blessings of education among their sex. Then and then only shall we have raised a memorial worthy of the great Sister and of ourselves. To us the people of Bengal, it must be a matter of pride and gratification to know and feel that Sister Nivedita, such as she was, such as she lived and died, was the product of the inspiration of a great Bengalee Guru, the illustrious Swami Vivekananda. By the reverence that we owe to their adored memories, by the obligations of duty that bind us to our country, by the considerations of expediency which are never absent even in the noblest of causes, we are called upon to continue, to develop and extend the great work which was theirs and which, as the years roll on, will conduce in an increasing measure to the happiness, the prosperity and the greatness of that ancient land which was theirs, and which is ours, where repose the ashes of revered ancestors and where will rest our bones and the bones of our children and our children's children.

Mr. Fraser Blair in seconding the Resolution said:—This meeting gives the lie to one of the grossest calumnies ever uttered against the people—the calumny that the Indians do not and cannot reverence a woman. We can hardly hope to kill a superstition which persists in the West in defiance of the teachings of Indian history and literature; but a meeting such as this should certainly help us to live it down. We are gathered to do honour to the memory of one of the noblest women God ever made—a woman who gave up a most precious life in India and for India—a woman who by her record of courage, self-sacrifice and love, no less than by her radiant personality and her intellectual power, broke down for us the barriers of time and space, and took us back to the spacious days of the Mahabharata and Ramayana. The heroic woman, thank God! is to be found everywhere and in all ages. But it has always seemed to me that the heroine, as we meet her in Indian story, has a majesty and a fragrance peculiarly her own. Nor can I believe it to have been a mere accident which brought Sister Nivedita to a land in which her exceptional spiritual nature found so fruitful and congenial an environment. By her birth in the West, and her life and death in India, she has

enriched the world in a twofold way. She brought to the exquisite ideals of Indian womanhood the intellectual robustness and the modern outlook which are the heritage of Europe. She interpreted to the West the nobility and the sanctity which attend the Indian woman in her home. And her interpretation was not mere theory. It was knowledge at first hand, won by that very discipline of self-denial and contemplation which has given Indian women their unique position among the women of all nations.

But Sister Nivedita was no mere feminist. Her sympathies were as wide as India, and embraced all its interests—religious, social, political, literary and even antiquarian. Hinduism and its problems were perhaps her chief concern; but she had a keen appreciation of the strength and value of Islam, and from hearing her discourse on Buddhism one might sometimes be tempted to infer that she was a Buddhist. Her great book "The Web of Indian Life" represents the highest point yet reached by any Western writer in the study and interpretation of the East.

If there were time one might go on for hours expatiating upon the wondrous diversity of her gifts—her eloquence, the acuteness of her perceptions, the firmness of her intellectual grasp, the dazzling purity of her mind, the whole-souled devotion which she was ever ready to pour out upon the cause and the friends she had made her own. This meeting is a tribute to the reverence which those high qualities inspired in the men and women with whom she came into contact and for whom she lived and died. It is the first great chord in a symphony of praise which will never cease so long as India is true to her best traditions—so long as she honours the brave, worships the beautiful, and renders full measure of gratitude and love to those who serve her by the exercise of mighty gifts and by the example of unselfish lives.

The Hon'ble Mr. G. K. Gokhale in supporting the Resolution said:—

It was my privilege to have known Sister Nivedita intimately for more than ten years. Sister Nivedita's was a wonderfully striking personality—so striking, indeed, that to meet her was like coming in contact with some great force of nature. Her marvellous intellect, her lyric powers of expression, her great industry, the intensity with which she held her beliefs and convictions, and last but not the least, that truly great gift—capacity to see the soul of things straightway—all these would have made her a most remarkable woman of any time and in any country. And when to these were joined—as were in her case—a love for India, that overflowed all bounds, a passionate devotion to her interest and an utter self-surrender in her service and finally a

severe austerity of life accepted not only uncomplainingly but gladly for her sake, is it any wonder that Sister Nivedita touched our imagination and captured our hearts, or that she exercised a profound and far-reaching influence on the thoughts and ideas of those around her, and that we acclaimed her as one of the greatest men and women that have lived and laboured for any land! Sister Nivedita came to us not to "do good" to us as some people somewhat patronisingly put it; she came to us not even as a worker for humanity moved to pity by our difficulties, our shortcomings and our sufferings; she came to us because she felt the call of India. She came to us because she felt the fascination of India, she came to give to India the worship of her heart on one side and to take her place among India's sons and daughters in the great work that lies before us all. And the beautiful completeness of her acceptance of India was indeed what no words can express—not merely her acceptance of the great things for which India has stood in the past or of those for which, God willing, she shall stand again in the future—but of India as she is to-day with all her faults and shortcomings, undeterred by the hardships or difficulties of our lives, unrepelled by our ignorance, superstition, and even our squalor. As we think of this we see before our eyes a haunting image of the noblest that can be conceived leading us and driving us to greater and better things. This meeting has been called to raise a suitable memorial to Sister Nivedita. I hope and trust that the memorial will be a worthy one—worthy of this great city, worthy of the love which Sister Nivedita gave to us and of the love and respect which we all felt for her. But even a worthy memorial by itself will not suffice. I feel that our departed Sister so dear to us, who lived and died for us will have lived and died in vain if the flame of our patriotism did not burn purer and brighter on her account, if our conception of civic duty and social service did not stand higher and our lives did not grow fuller of earnest aspirations and noble endeavours in the service of our motherland.

The Hon'ble Pandit Madan Mohan Malavya also supported the Resolution. Mr. Wahed Hossein in the course of doing the same said:—We are here to mourn, as our country has mourned, the death of Sister Nivedita who with a truly sisterly love lived among us and worked for our country without any distinction of caste, creed and colour. When we look to her spirit of self-sacrifice in the cause of a foreign country, to the self-denying ordinances to which she cheerfully subjected herself and her self-abnegation for the sake of spirituality, she appears to us to be a rare specimen of womanhood. Miss Margaret Noble—"the white flower of nobility" bloomed in spiritual sweetness in the garden of a dusky land! She was the very embodiment

of nobility and purity! In Sister Nivedita we find spiritual fervour and deep devotion blended with practical sympathy for human sufferings. The mission of her life was not confined within the limit of theories and speculations but it was a mission of earnest work for administering relief to the poor and the needy, and alleviating the sufferings of humanity.

The Resolution was then carried with acclamation. Babu Abhinendra Nath Tagore next moved the second Resolution:—"That a suitable memorial be raised to commemorate the memory of the illustrious lady and that funds be collected for the maintenance of the Girls' School started by her and left in the hands of the Ramakrishna Mission; and that a strong Committee be formed for that purpose."

The Hon'ble Babu Bhupendra Nath Basu in seconding the motion bore his personal testimony to the worth of the illustrious lady whose memory they were trying to perpetuate at that meeting. He said that when Bengal was recently passing through dark days, Sister Nivedita in all moments of doubts and difficulties cheered them and filled them with hope. It was a true saying of Sister Nivedita that modern India had in her great potentialities of good for the future, as the ancient India had a record of glories in the past. Her message was a message of hope. The speaker then read a letter written by Lady Minto expressing her real regret when she read in the papers the news of the death of Sister Nivedita. Her Ladyship said that Sister Nivedita had a wonderful personality and a single-minded desire to do good to the world, and consequently by her death the world was poorer. Mr. Basu said that it was an irreparable loss to India and it was to perpetuate the memory of such a personality that they were assembled that evening. He trusted that each one in his own humble way should help forward the institution which Sister Nivedita had established.

The motion was put and carried.

At the close of the meeting the Hon'ble Babu Bhupendra Nath Basu announced that subscriptions amounting to Rs. 3000 had been promised at that meeting towards the memorial fund of which Dr. Rash Behari Ghosh headed the list with Rs. 1000. Mrs. J. C. Bose gave Rs. 500, and the Hon'ble Babu Bhupendra Nath Basu, 250.

Subscriptions and donations to the Sister Nivedita Memorial Fund should be sent to its Secretary, J. Kanjilal M. B., C/o The Secretary, Ramakrishna Mission, 12, 13 Gopal Neogy's Lane, Baghbazat, Calcutta.

In Memoriam : His Holiness the Sankaracharya of Sringeri

It is our painful duty to record the death of Srimat Jagadguru Sachchidananda Shivabhinava Nrisimha Bharati Swami, the Sankaracharya of the Sringeri Math, on the 20th of March last at the age of 54 years. His father, himself a great professor of Logic, was foremost amongst the disciples of the distinguished scholar Trimbak Shastri. The late Jagadguru, even from his boyhood gave abundant indications of his coming greatness. He lost his father before his third year, and in his ninth year was adopted by Nrisimha Bharati Swami, the then Sankaracharya, as his disciple. The young Sannyasin was trained by his Guru for 12 years, and showed remarkable proficiency in his studies and Yoga. He succeeded his Guru at the age of 21, and became famous as a Pandit of rare attainments and a Yogi of a high order.

In February 1910, His Holiness consecrated two grand temples at Kaladi, the birthplace of the Great Sankaracharya. Early in 1911, His Holiness opened at Bangalore the imposing edifice of that noble Temple of Learning, the Indian Sanskrit Institute. His benevolence and charities knew no bounds and all that his devotees used to give him during his long tours—not excepting the 17½ lakhs of Rupees of his last tour—he spent in the furtherance of noble causes. He also made liberal annual grants to Vaishnava and other institutions.

His Holiness was quite well and strong till within a fortnight of the end. He used to devote several hours daily in his teaching work, and latterly was spending all his time in communion with the Divine. Just a minute before the end he uttered the names of Sita, Rama, Ishvara, and Ambika, turned round smiling on all about him with exceeding serenity and sweetness, and expired his last breath with the same blissful smile on his face.

All during the 33 years of his spiritual sovereignty His Holiness (who by a curious coincidence was the 33rd Jagadguru and also held that office for 33 years) dedicated his unrivalled Sanskrit scholarship and intellectual powers for the good of Hinduism. He was remarkable for his humility, his Guru-bhakti, his affability of manners, and his tenderness of heart. He combined in himself the paths of Karma, Bhakti and Jnana, holding them in perfect balance. Pure in thought, word and deed, abstemious in habits, he practised in his life what he preached. Though he lived amidst old-world ideas he was very liberal and catholic in his views and recognised the limitations and requirements of the present times. He was, like Swami Vivekananda, for the fusion of sub-castes, and for the spreading of Sanskrit culture. May this noble life, so spiritually lived, inspire the Hindu Society to emulate the splendid qualities of his head and heart!

NEWS AND MISCELLANIES

(CULLED AND CONDENSED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES)

PLAGUE is badly raging in Bhagulpore. The services of the Ramakrishna Mission volunteers have been requisitioned, and they have commenced their self-denying labours with characteristic zeal in coping with the plague there.

WE congratulate Miss Joshi, daughter of Mr. M. V. Joshi of Amraoti, on her taking the degrees of L. R. C. P., M. R. C. S., of London. She returns to India after visiting some leading hospitals in France and Germany. She is an L. M. S of the Bombay University and is the first Hindu lady to get the London degrees.

CAPTAIN Amundsen took fifty-two dogs with him in his final dash for the South Pole. He reached land on 17th November. Thenceforward he climbed among glaciers and mighty mountains and camped on the 21st November at a height of 10,600 feet. On the 30th November he began a three days' climb over a glacier, honeycombed with numberless holes and crevasses. He describes the crossing as like walking on empty barrels. He named the place the Devil's Dancing Room. The afternoon of 14th December was beautiful, with the temperature at minus 23 celsius. On that day he planted the colours at the South Pole.

THERE are nearly two lakhs of Indians serving in the sea-going vessels as lascars and in other unenviable capacities. Babu Jaganmohan Talukdar, a Bengalee youth from Pabna, is working as the second officer of a big sea-going vessel. The steamer recently touched the port of Calcutta. Another Bengalee youth named Sriman Haricharan Mukherji, a young and strong athlete and gymnast was recently given the appointment of a fourth officer in one of the sea-going vessels of Messrs. Apcar & Co.

MR. M. E. Powell writes to the Editor of The Saturday Westminster Gazette as follows:—"Many of your readers must treasure the memory of what they feel is the 'Finest View in the World.' Mine is the view from Ranikhet, in the Himalayas, looking across forty miles or so of pine-clad hills and deep valleys to the mighty snow-clad range in which Trisul, Nanda Devi, and the wonderful five pyramid peaks of Panch Chula are specially remarkable for their beautiful shapes. Their heights are from 23,000 to 26,500 feet, and no words can convey the beauty of the colour of that grand panorama. Nanda Devi, 26,500 feet, is the highest mountain in the British Empire."

It may interest our readers to know that Mayavati commands the grand view of the majestic snow-range and the peaks mentioned above.

THE birthday anniversary of Sri Ramakrishna and Swami Vivekananda was celebrated at the Vivekananda Society, Natrampalli branch, near Vaniyambady, on the 31st of March. As usual there were Bhajana, Pooja, public procession and the feeding of the poor. The President, Mr. Venkitasami Naidu, delivered a lecture on the Avataraship of Ramakrishna—Vivekananda, which was greatly appreciated by the audience.

On the 18th March there was a public meeting held at Natrampalli with Mr. Venkitasamy Naidu in the chair to concert measures to erect a building for the Society. The members readily subscribed Rs. 1380 out of Rs. 1500 required. There being a prospect of the remainder of the sum being realised from absent members, it was proposed to begin the building and request Swami Sarvananda of the Madras Math to lay its foundation stone.

THE Twelfth Anniversary Utsav of Sri Ramakrishna Archanalaya, Entally, Calcutta, was celebrated with great eclat on the 7th of April. The spacious hall was tastefully decorated with flowers, foliage and buntings, and in the centre was placed a life-like portrait of Sri Ramakrishna on a lotus which appeared to be floating in a tank. The portraits of Swami Vivekananda and Ramchandra and Debendra Nath of revered memory were also beautifully adorned with flowers and garlands. There were songs and prayers, worship and Aratrikam. The Holy Mother and the Sannyasins of the Ramakrishna Math graced the occasion with their presence. The Bhaktas and invited guests numbering about 500, were entertained with Prasada. The main feature of the Utsav was the feeding of the poor, and about 700 of them were sumptuously fed. In the evening Sankirtan parties from different parts of the town came and chanted songs and hymns.

THE Annual General Meeting of the members of the Ramakrishna Mission was held on the 5th of April last in the premises of the Belur Math. In the unavoidable absence of the President and the Vice-president, the Swami Premananda was voted to the chair. The Secretary then dealt briefly with the reports of the various permanent centres in India and abroad affiliated with the Mission, as also those of the temporary relief works conducted by the Mission during the year 1911. It was a great pleasure to observe that reports from the various centres showed a record of marked progress and extension of their limits of usefulness and service in

the cause of humanity. The Secretary then laid on the table the balance sheets of accounts of those centres. After the election of the honorary auditors for the current year, several new members were added to the list. The Secretary then feelingly spoke of the great loss that the Mission had sustained by the deaths of its valued workers and members, such as the Swami Ramakrishnananda, Sister Nivedita, Swami Sadananda, Mrs. Ole Bull, and Babus Girish Chandra Ghose, Debendra N. Mozumdar and Charu Ch. Chakravarti. The meeting dispersed after an address of exhortation to the members to hold strictly to the ideal of *Nishkam Karma* and *Sheva* as shown to them by Bhagavan Sri Ramakrishna in His own person and by His great disciple, the Swami Vivekananda.

THE seventh annual meeting of the Ramakrishna Society (Anath Bhandar) was held on March 23 at the Union Chapel Hall, Calcutta. His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal presided. The proceedings commenced with a welcome song in honour of the President of the meeting, after which the Secretary of the Bhandar read the annual report.

It is gratifying to note that much of the success achieved has been due to the cordial support extended to the Institution by the Government of Bengal, the Corporation of Calcutta, and the generous public. The total number of members at the close of the year was 852.

Mr. Justice Chaudhuri spoke in support of the appeal now in circulation for funds, in aid of a Home for the Ramakrishna Society and Anath Bhandar.

The President, in the course of a short speech, said that the Government of Bengal was alive to the good works done by the Institution, the success of which was mainly due to the fact that it was an organised charity. His Honour knew that the Indians dealt charity to their poor relatives and neighbours according to their means but if those little charities were put together and organised, they could be made the means of better serving the purpose for which they were intended. The organisation, His Honour said, was working very well. He could not hold out any promise to them, but if they continued to work satisfactorily, they were likely to attract the sympathy and support of the Government of Bengal to a greater extent.

A vote of thanks to the President was proposed by the Hon. Mr. D. P. Sarvadhikari.

Roy Lalit Mohan Sinha Bahadur of Chakdighi paid Rs. 400 to the Building Fund and promised to pay Rs. 100 monthly to the funds of the Bhandar. Roy Jyotkumar Mukherji Bahadur of Uterpara paid Rs. 100. With the vote of thanks to the Chair and the singing of a song the meeting dispersed.