

# 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

ATMA-JNANA—XXVI

IT is true enough that the conditioned mind cannot realise God. But He can be realised by the Pure Mind, which is the same thing as the Pure Reason, which is, again, the same thing as the Pure Unconditioned Soul. He cannot indeed be sensed by the finite reason or the finite, relative, conditioned mind, which has a sensuous nature, and is thus marked by an attachment to 'Woman and Gold' (lust and worldliness). The mind may become rid of its sensuous nature, be purified by culture, and be once more free from all worldly tendencies, desires and attachments, and thus be one with the Unconditioned Soul.

Was it not thus that the sages of old saw God? God, the Unconditioned Spirit, they saw by means of the Purified Mind, which they found to be the same as the Atman or Unconditioned Soul within.\*

ONCE a man's son lay at the point of death and none could help him. A Sadhu however said: "There is but one hope. If you can get the venom of a cobra mixed with a few drops of rain-water fallen under the constel-

\* Compare Kant's exposition of the Transcendental Reason or the faculty of the Unconditioned.

lation of the Swati star in a human skull, your son's life will be saved by it." The father looked and found that the constellation of the Swati would be in the ascendant on the morrow; so he prayed, saying, "O Lord, do Thou make possible all these conditions and spare the life of my son." With extreme earnestness and longing in his heart, he set out on the following evening and searched diligently in a deserted spot for a human skull. At last he found one under a tree and watched, praying. Suddenly a shower came on and a few drops of rain lodged in the upturned skull. He said to himself: "Now I have the water in the skull under the right constellation." Then he prayed earnestly: "Grant, Lord, that the rest may also come." In a short time he discovered a toad not far from the skull, and he prayed again. Then from the grass sprang a cobra to snatch the toad, but at that moment the toad jumped over the skull and the venom of the cobra fell into it. With overwhelming gratitude the anxious father cried out: "Lord, by Thy grace all impossible things are possible. Now I know that my son's life will be saved." Therefore I say, if you have true faith and earnest longing, you will get everything by the grace of the Lord,

## OCCASIONAL NOTES

TEN years ago on the fourth day of this month the Swami Vivekananda, the world-famous Prophet of the Modern Gospel, burst asunder the bonds of flesh and soared into the Highest. To us who reflect upon the Grandeur of his life—there is no death, and this is no mournful anniversary. It is an anniversary of spiritual effulgence, for however deeply the memory of the sad event of the fourth of July, nineteen hundred and two, has impressed itself upon the group of disciples, one is uplifted beyond all sadness, and exalted beyond all grief in the realisation of the truth, "HE is not dead." The Power and the Light of the Most High are imperishable and he who has entered these in final Samadhi, he who has become these, verily is imperishable. And he is not to be gauged by the attributes of form. Verily he is the SPIRIT, he is the SOUL.

And over and above the story of his life is the glory of the message he has given to the world, and the text of that message is formed and composed of the Letters of Immortal Truth. And the Revelation shines forth therein manifesting the Greatness of the Spirit and showing unto each man the path to Highest Realisation. The soul itself is divine—that was his message, that was his LIFE. Verily he was the Light of the Vedas and the Vedanta. Beyond both birth and death he is the Arisen Prophet, the Prophet of the Shiva Consciousness.

And our task is the fulfilment of the message he has given. Ours is the living of that life which he has mapped out for the realisation of the Self. Ours is the task of the making of character. For character is the test of vision. Strong, manly and fearless, dependent on naught save the Divinity With-

in, the Divinity that is everywhere, we are to go forth to the realisation of highest ideals. That was his command. And he has said, "Arise! Awake! and stop not till the goal is reached!" Nothing short of the attainment of the goal is our purpose. And when we proceed nearer and nearer to the goal, we shall find him showing us the way to the goal itself, indeed, as the Light of the soul. For even here on earth he had found the way out of all darkness and all illusion; and he had made us sharers in his Realisation of Divinity even while in the body. Nirvana, Mukti, is not hereafter. It is *here* and *now*, and thus the Swami Vivekananda is still with us in every effort we make to reach out to the Life of Soul, in every great thought, in every great action, in the following by each of the Ideal.

Therefore let us set ourselves to the task. And India shall not be forgotten. For he loved his country as he loved his God. And his words ring out clear, "Love India! Love India!" He preached the unity and greatness of the land. Our task is the propagation of this patriotic spirit, this sublime teaching. The Dharma is the nation, and to help the sinking millions was the hope and the desire of his inmost heart. Therefore those who believe in the Modern Gospel, those who love and revere the Swami Vivekananda—let them love and revere the Motherland. Let them brush aside all distinction, let them hear the words of Swamiji, let them hope for the masses, let them help the masses. True discipleship consists not only in the assimilation of spiritual sentiments, but also in striving after the ideals which the teacher preaches. So we feel that the anniversary of the Mahasamadhi of the Swami Vivekananda is no time for conventional sorrow. Now that he is



in the higher plane, his power is intensified, his illumination shines in its own glory. He is a myriad times himself, freed now from the limitations of form.

He has remodelled the thought of the world; he has injected a new vitality into Hinduism; he has made Hinduism and the Indian people conscious of the glories of India and also of its drawbacks. For he was no fanatical Prophet seeing only the great side. He also saw the weakness and laid down his life to remove it. He preached the democratic consciousness to India,—“An Islamic body with a Vedanta heart.” And with this he wanted to bring about the Resurrection of the Dharma. But we must strive. Putting aside all jealousies, all hatred, all sense of difference, let us realise that we are one as the Indian people. Let us cast aside the provincial consciousness, and place in its stead the fact

that India is One from the Himalayas to Ceylon. Each Hindu is an INDIAN, each Mohammedan an Indian, and India is One in all her joys and sufferings, and the three hundred millions are not of this caste or that, or of this province or that, but they are the children of the Motherland. Such was the teaching of the Swami Vivekananda, and if we are *true* to him, this must be our vision. The oneness of the People, the greatness of the Dharma, the power and superiority of Hinduism, the Oneness of all the faiths in Hindusthan, the greatness of the life IN the world, the greatness of the householders and the citizens who support the Dharma even unto the death, the glory of Sannyas—this is the Teaching of the Swami Vivekananda. Are we true disciples of the Master, are we true sons of the Motherland! Then let us set ourselves to the task!

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## IN LOVING REMEMBRANCE TO SWAMI VIVEKANANDA

**S**WAMI Vivekananda abides happily in our memory. Have ten years really sped since his passing? Ten years; a rounded, completed decade; a term of that Time which, while we bear the burden of this life, means much to us. We have manufactured the system of days and weeks and months; compiled the combination of seconds, minutes, hours and the rest, because of our necessity. It is meet and right that the system and the combination should have been initiated and maintained. Minutes, like money, have a certain immediate, if only ephemeral, value. Some sort of ‘coinage,’ so to speak, is indispensable to us, while we move and have our being in a world of things and happenings. The terms ‘time’ and ‘causation’ have become part and parcel of our conversation, current coins in the record of our moods and phases. How well we know

that “time” is but a term, at best. Yet, for the purpose and utility of this lower life, we are, as we think and prove, bound to employ the term. More, it has so deeply entered into our conception that it has acquired a recognised worth of its own, as applied to the earthly presentation of the spirit of man.

We have then some right, some reason, for bidding ourselves remember a striking circumstance which, occurring, as we say, ten years ago, left its ineradicable mark, a mark which memory will assist us in unveiling for our lasting good. Ten years; a large and eventful share in an ordinary existence; a time in which the writer or the reader may have occupied himself in neglecting or in advocating that world-moving work which Swamiji incarnated to inspire. Did he not shed the rays of his light upon the earth during one ever memorable decade? Did

he not bid us rise above all the petty care and clamour of the days that die, and participate in the eternal power that swings the pendulum of the universe? Did he not urge us to cast aside the trammels of time and soar, soulfully and with surpassing hope, into the heights eternal? Did he not seek to instil into the mind of man that separation was the one grievous, unpardonable sin, and that unity was the deep and broad and surmounting desire and design of God? With wondrous eloquence, with lips carved in the very curve of love, he constantly affirmed our need of union with the One. His Master, Sri Ramakrishna, had infused his spirit with that vital truth and, in vibrant voice, he unceasingly proclaimed it. "Thou mayest reason that the Infinite or the Absolute is both within and without—but thou canst not shake thyself *free* as long as thou reasonest. So long as thou reasonest, there are both 'I' and 'Thou.'.....It is faith—the faith of a child—which leadeth one to The One."

"The One! The One!" To aim always at That; to be ever unsatisfied, yearning towards That. To cast aside thought of station,

climate, class; even of conditions of caste or sex; to be delivered from all the self-imposed pretensions of this body and this life; this was his hope for himself, his undying hope, too, for us.

We have, then, to consider our attitude during the ten years that have sped since his passing. We have to ask ourselves, as even he would ask us,—“Have we obeyed him? Have we followed him?”

Much of sorrow, much of regret must there be in our answer; but, to our vast comfort, something, also, of joy and of rejoicing. We have striven feebly perhaps and faintly; but, thank God, we have not fallen quite from the way. We have striven, too, to support one another; to uphold the lantern that our Master lit. We have seen the gleams of that light spread from East and West and scintillate to North and South. In the promise of the future, in the continuous effort of the past, in the assurance that he still aids our every effort, we will look the next decade fully in the face and know that the 'good time' he prophesied shall dawn.

ERIC HAMMOND



## IN THE HOURS OF MEDITATION

### V

#### COMMUNION WITH THE GURU

The Voice of the Guru, who is God, speaks:—

“Lo! I am ever with thee. No matter where thou goest, I am already there. I live for thee. The fruit of my realisation I bequeath unto thee. Thou art the treasure of my heart, the apple of mine eye. We are one in God. Our business is realisation. So well do I realise my oneness with thee—I fear not to cast thee into the wilderness of the world and into the forest of doubt. It is because I know the measure of thy powers. Through experience after experience I send thee; but always doth my eye follow thee

in thy wanderings. Dost thou sin? Thou sinnest in my presence. Dost thou perform virtuous acts, I perceive them all. I know all thy moods. Through all manner of experience and of thought I fasten the bonds that are between us. My salvation is naught to me, unless thou dost take part in it. Thou art the self of me in another form. The more thou dost absorb the vision which is mine, lo! the more and more do we grow into that spiritual oneness which is the Divine Life. The veils of separate personality fall off and thou art mine own self and mine own self is thou. So close are the bonds. Death and separation have no hold in my



relationship to thee. For though thou mayest be born far apart and though thou mayest not have even seen the physical form I wore, still none the less art thou my very own. Discipleship does not consist in having seen my form, but having understood my will. Thou canst never escape the net I have cast out.

“Seek out my will. Follow the teaching which the Master has given unto me and which I have transmitted unto thee. See, thou, the same vision which is mine. Then shalt thou be more at oneness with me than hadst thou dwelt near a myriad bodies which were mine. Discipleship consists in steadiness of devotion to my thought and will. And immeasurable love is between us. Go thou in peace. Harder than adamant are the bonds of relationship between Guru and disciple. Stronger than death are they. For they are tied by Immeasurable Love and the Divine and Omnipotent Will.

Om Tat Sat!

The Disciple responds in praise and thanksgiving :—

“Aye, my Lord, my God, my all in all. So am I taught. The Guru is God. He yearns to merge in the Divine Reality. His vision is of God. Untiring is his zeal in the salvation of my soul. Through the eyes of the Guru, I also see the vision. True love is stronger than death; aye, stronger than birth as well is love. Birth and death may separate me from his presence. What do I say? False!! The Guru is God. Can I at any time be separated from God! Taking His Name I shall struggle through this ocean of darkness safe to that other shore where all is wisdom and radiance. I shall march fearlessly through this interminable jungle of illusion, for He is watching all my movements and, if I fall, he shall raise me up. Are there thorns in my path, lo! He will brush them aside. Do the wild animals of doubt and temptation beset me, lo! He will slay them. Or, perhaps, He will let me fall

into their path. He will make me struggle with them in order to reveal my own powers to myself. And how shall a man know His powers until he has tested me.

“Birth and death are nothing to me. I shall tear aside all limitations. I shall go beyond all bonds. I shall see the Divinity in Him. That self-same Reality which is in me, O Guru, is likewise within Thee. Thou art the Sun and I, the Ray. Even so am I the Sun and Thou, the Ray. The great utterance of Self-revelation of the Upanishads, “Tat Tvam Asi”—“Thou art That”—applies to Thee; it applies to me. O the sense of Unutterable Oneness!

“Adoration to the Guru as Guru! Adoration to the Guru as God. Om Tat Sat! Tat Tvam Asi! Brahmásmi! Aham Brahmásmi!”

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## THE UPWARD TENDENCY

### AN IDEA

A little stone upon the ground  
That could not breathe or move,  
Dreamt inwardly :—“Ah would I were  
A flower—that grows above.”

The Flower rooted deep in Earth,  
Immovable—outbreathed  
Hope's tendency :—“Oh shall I e'er  
Be bird—with wing unsheathed—”

The bird and beast that roam at will  
And watch man's work and way,  
Cried yearningly :—“Oh would that we  
Might human be—some day.”

And human beings—feeling God  
Through all His works outshine,  
With heart and voice for ever pray  
“Oh! would we were divine!”

BLANCHE ERYL.

## RELIGION, ITS METHODS AND PURPOSE

*Unpublished Lecture by Swami Vivekananda*

**I**N studying the religions of the world we generally find two methods of procedure. The one is from God to man. That is to say, we have the Semitic group of religions, in which the idea of God comes almost from the very first, and, strangely enough, without any idea of soul. It was very remarkable amongst the ancient Hebrews that, until very recent periods in their history, they never evolved any idea of a human soul. Man was composed of certain mind and material particles, and that was all. With death everything ended. But, on the other hand, there was a most wonderful idea of God evolved by the same race. This is one of the methods of procedure. The other is through man to God. The second is peculiarly Aryan and the first is peculiarly Semitic. The Aryan first began with the soul. His ideas of God were hazy, indistinguishable, not very clear; but as his idea of the human soul began to be clearer, his idea of God began to be clearer in the same proportion. So the inquiry in the Vedas was always through the soul. All the knowledge they got of God was through the human soul; and, as such, the peculiar stamp that has been left upon their whole cycle of philosophy is that introspective search after Divinity. The Aryan man was always seeking Divinity inside his own self. It became, in course of time, natural, characteristic. It is remarkable in their art and in their commonest dealings. Even at the present time, if we take a European picture of a man in a religious attitude, the painter always makes his subject point his eyes upwards, looking outside of nature for God, looking up into the skies. In India, on the other hand, the religious attitude is always presented by making the subject close his eyes. He is, as it were, looking inward.

These are the two subjects of study for man, external and internal nature; and though at first these seem to be contradictory, yet external nature must, to the ordinary man, be entirely composed of internal nature, the world of thought. The majority of philosophies in every country, espe-

cially in the West, have started with the assumption that these two, matter and mind, are contradictory existences; but in the long run we shall find that they converge towards each other, and in the end unite and form an infinite whole. So it is not that by this analysis I mean a higher or lower standpoint with regard to the subject. I do not mean that those who want to search after truth through external nature are wrong, nor that those who want to search after truth through internal nature are higher. These are the two modes of procedure. Both of them must live; both of them must be studied; and in the end we shall find that they meet. We shall see that neither is the body antagonistic to the mind, nor the mind to the body; although we find many persons who think that this body is nothing. In old times, every country was full of people who thought this body was only a disease, a sin, or something of that kind. Later on, however, we see how, as it was taught in the Vedas, this body melts into the mind, and the mind into the body.

You must remember the one theme that runs through all the Vedas;—"Just as by the knowledge of one lump of clay we know all the clay that is in the universe, so what is that, knowing which we know everything else?"—This, expressed more or less clearly, is the theme of all human knowledge. It is the finding of a Unity towards which we are all going. Every action of our lives, the most material, the grossest as well as the finest, the highest, the most spiritual, is alike tending towards this one ideal, the finding of Unity. A man is single. He marries. Apparently it may be a selfish act, but at the same time, the impulsion, the motive power, is to find that Unity. He has children, he has friends, he loves his country, he loves the world, and ends by loving the whole universe. Irresistibly we are impelled towards that perfection which consists in finding the Unity, killing this little self and making ourselves broader and broader. This is the goal, the end towards which the universe is rushing. Every atom is trying to



go and join itself to the next atom. Atoms after atoms combine, making huge balls, the earths, the suns, the moons, the stars, the planets. They, in their turn, are trying to rush towards each other, and, at last, we know that the whole universe, mental and material, will be fused into one.

The process that is going on in the cosmos, on a large scale, is the same that is going on in the microcosm, on a smaller scale. Just as this universe has its existence in separation, in distinction, and all the while is rushing towards Unity, non-separation; so in our little worlds, each soul is born, as it were, cut off from the rest of the world. The more ignorant, the more unenlightened the soul, the more it thinks that it is separate from the rest of the universe. The more ignorant the person, the more he thinks he will die, or will be born, and all such ideas that are an expression of this separateness. But we find that, as knowledge comes, man grows, morality is evolved and the idea of non-separateness begins. Whether men understand it or not, they are impelled by that power behind to become unselfish. That is the foundation of all morality. It is the quintessence of all ethics, preached in any language, or in any religion, or by any prophet in the world. "Be thou unselfish." "Not 'I,' but 'thou.'" That is the background of all ethical codes, and what is meant by this is the recognition of non-individuality, that you are a part of me, and I of you; the recognition that in hurting you I hurt myself, and in helping you I help myself; the recognition that there cannot possibly be death for me when you live. When one worm lives in this universe, how can I die? For my life is in the life of that worm. At the same time it will teach us that we cannot leave one of our fellow-beings without helping him, that in his good consists my good.

This is the theme that runs through the whole of Vedanta, and which runs through every other religion. For, you must remember, religions divide themselves, generally, into three parts. There is the first part, consisting of the philosophy, the essence, the principles of every religion. These principles find expression in mythology—lives of saints or heroes, demi-gods, or gods, or divine beings, and the whole idea of this mythology is that of power; and in the lower class of mythologies,

the primitive, the expression of this power is in the muscles—their heroes are strong, gigantic. One hero conquers the whole world. As man advances, he must find expression for his energy higher than in the muscles; so his heroes also find expression in something higher. The higher mythologies have heroes who are gigantic moral men. Their strength is manifested in becoming moral and pure. They can stand alone, they can beat back the surging tide of selfishness and immorality. The third portion of all religions is symbolism, which you call ceremonials and forms. Even the expression through mythology, the lives of heroes, is not sufficient for all. There are minds still lower. Like children they must have their kindergarten of religion, and these symbologies are evolved—concrete examples, which they can handle and grasp and understand, which they can see and feel as material somethings.

So, in every religion, you find there are the three stages, philosophy, mythology and ceremonial. There is one advantage which can be pleaded for the Vedanta, that, in India, fortunately, these three stages have been sharply defined. In other religions the principles are so interwoven with the mythology, that it is very hard to distinguish one from the other. The mythology stands supreme, swallowing up the principles; and, in course of centuries, the principles are lost sight of. The explanation, the illustration of the principle swallows up the principle, and the people see only the explanation, the prophet, the preacher, while the principles have gone out of existence almost—so much so that even to-day, if a man dares to preach the principles of Christianity apart from Christ, they will try to attack him and think he is wrong and dealing blows at Christianity. In the same way, if a man wants to preach the principles of Mohammedanism, Mohammedans will think the same; because concrete ideas, the lives of great men and prophets, have entirely overshadowed the principles.

In Vedanta the chief advantage is that it was not the work of one single man; and therefore, naturally, unlike Buddhism, or Christianity, or Mohammedanism, the prophet or teacher did not entirely swallow up or overshadow the principles. The principles live, and the prophets, as it were,

form a secondary group, unknown to Vedanta. The Upanishads speak of no particular prophet but they speak of various prophets and prophetesses. The old Hebrews had something of that idea; yet we find Moses occupying most of the space of the Hebrew literature. Of course I do not mean that it is bad that these prophets should take any religious hold of a nation; but it certainly is very injurious if the whole field of principles is lost sight of. We can very much agree as to principles, but not very much as to persons. The persons appeal to our emotions, and the principles to something higher, to our calm judgment. Principles must conquer in the long run, for that is the manhood of man. Emotions many times drag us down to the level of animals. Emotions have more connection with the senses than with the faculty of reason; and, therefore, when principles are en-

tirely lost sight of and emotions prevail, religions degenerate into fanaticism and sectarianism. They are no better than party politics and such things. The most horribly ignorant notions will be taken up, and for these ideas thousands will be ready to cut the throats of their brethren. This is the reason that, though these great personalities and prophets are tremendous motive powers for good, at the same time their lives are altogether dangerous when they lead to the disregard of the principles they represent. That has always led to fanaticism, and has deluged the world in blood. Vedanta can avoid this difficulty, because it has not one special prophet. It has many Seers, who are called Rishis, or sages;—Seers—that is the literal translation, those who see these truths—the *Mantras*. (To be continued).

—From *The Message of the East*, April, 1912.



### TO THE SWAMI VIVEKANANDA

Descend again, Thou Atman-Champion!  
 Thou Brahman-Conscious One, descend again!  
 With Thy Spirit's strong and fiery will  
 Thou, Jagad-Guru, Shiva, Mahadev,  
 Descend again! Do Thou remove the Dream  
 From Maya-bound and Maya-living souls!  
 Descend again; resuscitate the strength  
 That comes with Knowledge of that Deathless Self,  
 Hurling weakness and dependence into Naught!  
 O Thou, Preacher of the Highest Truth,  
 Again incarnate for the sake of Man;  
 Renew Thy Task of teaching changeless Truth;  
 Point out That One amidst the manifold!  
 Again destroy all clinging unto form;  
 Show us that Formless Self one with the soul!  
 Descend again, O Master-mind;  
 Bring forth anew That Massive Thought  
 The Vast Incomparable Vedanta—  
 Crest and Glory of the Endless Vedas!  
 Thou, Terror of all Priestcraft,

Thou, chanter of the Vedic Lore,  
 Arise! Again come forth, O Soul!  
 Again the world doth need Thy Might:  
 Form forsaking, e'en forsaking life,  
 Holding the whole universe as naught  
 Thou didst tread the sacred soil of Ind,  
 Ochre-robed and staff in hand;  
 Afoot thou went'st distributing the Truth,  
 To whomsoever cared to heed the Word,  
 From each direction to the Himavant.  
 And in Thy Footsteps flourished Truth anew:  
 Abandoning all and Atman-pondering,  
 A thousand souls arose to do Thy Will  
 And seek and find the Vast Unchangeable.  
 Thou Master of Vedanta, come anew!  
 Show Thou that One Without a Second,  
 The Great, the Pure, Eternal Atman  
 Above the Maya-woof of thought and sense.

—Sannyasin.



## THE MASTER IN SAMADHI

## I.

'TIS the twilight when all things that were hidden by the darkness of night again assume shape, though indistinctly so, upon the great horizon. Only here and there is the faint light of a star shining as a token of the night gone by. Here and there in the dim distances the soft grey of the earlier dawn is disappearing gradually into retreat, revealing the blue of the sky, before the rising of the sun. Yea,—in the regions of the west the moon still holds her borrowed sovereignty. The birds are singing and there in the forest the breezes play soft whispers among the trees, and by the forest's edge murmurs sweetly the crystal stream.

The dawn is turning. Now along the horizon-length of the east a scarlet streak appears. Just above, the sky is opalescent. Nature is glad, for there appears the lord of day lifting his mighty head slowly above the perspective. He comes and with his coming the splendid scene transforms itself in variegated shades. At last the scene is lost, for the eye can see nothing but the arisen and shining sun.

But now comes a beggar, ashen-clad with bowl in hand and staff, from distances far beyond the virgin peaks of the towering northern mountains. His gait is a king's gait and his searching eyes seem fraught with more meaning than the meaning through which the sun rises from beyond the curtains of the night. His body is huge, like the mountains which he loves, and upon his countenance the light of the sun reveals another light, no less glorious than the luminousness of the face of the lord of day.

With eagle's eye he beholds the sun, then seats himself upon the mound of grass before him and soon,—another wonder appears in that place, more glorious than the rising of the sun, paler, too, and more august in retir-

ing purity than the fading moon. The beggar is lost in thought. His body, with an iron posture, seems adamant like the stones that rib the mountain's side. His eyes look vacant on the ground. He is lost in thought. Is he dreaming? No,—for behold the super-human bliss mirrored in the divine loveliness of the smile that wreathes his lips.

## II.

Lost,—lost,—lost! Nay,—found,—found,—found! The portals of the world are set ajar and through an oceanic radiance the soul of that beggar, like an argent galley, sails with imperial motion upon the depth.

Before this oceanic radiance, infilling all conceivable distances of space and, like the expanse of the sky,—infinite,—were dispelled by a magic, musical force, all the dark and finite things that cloud even the mind of a saint and make him appear as human; and his desire took him beyond the greatest of all human things. But the darkness of the world of mind shrivels into nothingness at the beggar's great command with more speed than the night of earth fades before the golden star that loves our world.

The thoughts of that beggar are like vast mountains. They reach beyond the ordinary mortal perspective into the golden heights above which the God lives in the Immensity of His Being. And the thought of the beggar carried his soul with swiftest wings unto the Splendours that make barriers between all that is mortal and the Great Immortal.

The beggar's thought stood for a moment. It struck with potency at the barriers, but in vain. It reached to great heights and sunk into great depths. Its ponderous movement was as the breath united of all the gods whose forms make possible the cosmos, and whose forces wheel the worlds in endless space, through endless time. The beggar's thought was mightier than all the mountains of the

earth, mightier than all the Host of Heaven. The infinities of space attempted to surround it, and all the ages thundered at it to hurl it into nothingness, but it rose higher than space and took on eternal proportions, so that neither space nor time could stain its Sun-superior Light.

It was only thought, however. The beggar had shot forth his mind, charged with the splendours of the world, to what lay beyond the world, and what the world can never know; but still a Soundless Voice from the Ponderous, Infinite Depths of his Being came, and with notes louder than the ocean's roar cried out:

"Make way, ye tempestuous thoughts that dare to strike out into the Infinite! Only the Soul can go beyond the world. Only the Soul can go beyond and pierce the distance of the Universe. Only the Soul can sweep aside the darkness of the world which veils what lies beyond the world,—the Soul. Lo! and behold! I have set my Soul beyond the confines even of mine own Being. Lo and behold! I shall enter into that Thoughtless Region where God, meditating throughout the Eternities upon the Divinity of His Own Soul, remains unconscious of the Movement of the World. I am not satisfied with the earth, nor with the infinite sky, nor with the depths, nor the heights of the Universe. Make your own Path, O Soul!"

Ten thousand potencies then stormed the beggar's soul with all the power in the world's own life. Ten thousand myriad lesser things that make all things called life, stormed the fortress of the beggar's Soul, but he had gone beyond. And all those myriad forms that assailed, dashed vainly against his self-centred, adamantine Being. The sun wondered and all the gods; the moon wondered and all earthly beings. The star-crowned gods who rule the world wondered and knelt in awe, for a divine act had been performed. The beggar's Soul unto its Source and Fountain had merged in the Nameless and the Form-

less, into the Nameless, Formless Soul of God.

For a timeless time did the beggar's Soul commune with That with which Man ne'er communes. For a timeless time was he in unison with the Ageless, Ancient Soul of Life itself. Then did the beggar's Soul with Bliss Supreme slowly part from the Infinitely Real,—and descended upon the Divinities of the World.

He touched his Presence upon the Great World-Gods that hold the World. He stepped upon the Milky Way and a ray of his Light made brighter all the Jewels of the Firmament of God. He stepped upon the shining sun, then stepped upon the pale, dead moon; and from the moon he stepped upon the highest mountain height and from the highest mountain height he stepped upon the great rim of the upper plains which sleep at the mountain's gorgeous base. He stepped from the great rim of the mountain's gorgeous base upon that scene which the sun kissed as he departed from the World of Sense unto that World beyond the Sense and from that World beyond the Sense, unto that World where Thought is dead and where the Life of the World seems lifeless, as compared with the Life of That Beyond the World, the Life of the Transcendently Supreme.

### III.

I had knelt in rapturous awe worshipping the beggar's lotus feet with richest garlands of perfumed flowers. I had placed my soul upon that flower of altars and in the lotus of the beggar's feet. I too had lost the world in finding him,—but found instead the World of God.

### IV.

Suddenly,—a revelation! Saw I the beggar's lips move? Yea, I saw and upon his lips was Durga, the Mother's Name. I was about to speak and give my Soul to That Radiant Beggar God,—but he had fled, ashen-clad, with staff and begging-bowl, beyond the Portals of the Rising Day.

MUMUKSHU.



## SAINT APPAYA OF BHATKAL

*(Concluded from page 117)*

**A**PPAYA was now a perfect Jnani. His only sorrow now was why man should not discriminate between the real and the unreal though possessed of intelligence, and should love so much the fleeting pleasures of this world. His only desire now was to help mankind. With a Veena in his hand he went from place to place singing and preaching the Gospel of Truth. He also visited many important places of pilgrimage. During his travels he is said to have worked many wonders, of which a few may be mentioned here.

About two days' journey from Mangalore, in the South Canara District, there is a famous place of pilgrimage called Dharmasthala. The very name signifies a place of charity, and to this day every pilgrim visiting the place is supplied with provisions from the temple as long as he stays there. People have a great reverential regard for this place. The temple is dedicated to the worship of Sri Manjunath, and its affairs are managed by a person who in his official capacity is called "Heggade" (meaning, monitor). The colossal income of the temple is entirely in the hands of the Heggade to be expended at his discretion, and it is believed that if there is any discrepancy in the management, the Heggade either receives instructions in a dream or hears a voice in silence directing him how to rectify it. At the time of which we are speaking the management was in the hands of one Varadaya Heggade, who had surrounded himself with an air of authority and grandeur befitting a prince of Royal birth. Waxing fat on the revenues of the temple and living in idle luxury, he had little inclination to look into its affairs. The management had thus devolved on his underlings, but as was the master so were the servants, as is often the case. When there was no supervision over them nobody cared for his duty, so that visitors to the temple received scant attention.

One day a Mântrika (one versed in the art of charms and incantations) came to the temple to offer a cocoanut and plantains at the Shrine. He was a Sudra, and as he was prohibited from going

into the temple he stood at the entrance expecting that someone going in would take his things to offer before the deity. One hour passed without his meeting anybody. Another long hour elapsed, and yet another; still there was nobody. His blood boiled at this state of things. Taking the cocoanut in his hand he uttered some Mantras, and whirling it against the entrance walked away with it. That same night the Heggade had a dream. He heard a Voice say, "What a pity that My wealth should blind your vision! There is none to greet anybody that comes to Me." Next morning the Heggade woke up at the usual hour; but alas he had turned blind. "Oh God, I am indeed punished," he cried. Forthwith every stranger in the town was invited to the temple and treated with great hospitality,—even the Sudra Mantrika. But the Heggade's blindness continued. When matters stood thus Appaya in the course of his travels happened to arrive at the place. Already his fame had preceded him there, and when the news of his arrival reached the Heggade he himself came to greet him. Waiting for a favourable opportunity he explained with tears in his eyes the cause of his affliction. "Where there is sincere repentance there is forgiveness," said Appaya. "Let us pray, and turn over a new leaf, to be forgiven of our sins." Next day at Puja time the temple was overcrowded with pilgrims as well as inhabitants of the place drawn thither for a sight of the saint. When the waving of lights was over Appaya took both hands of the Heggade in his own and singing a prayer began to make Pradakshina of the Shrine. At the end of the third round the Heggade uttered a cry of delight; for there was a sudden flash of light in his eyes, and lo, he regained his lost sight.

Another noteworthy incident occurred at Kollur—a village lying on the North-eastern border of the South Canara District. It is noted for the temple of Mukambika or Mother Kali. Kali was the Kuladevata of the Nagara kings, and every morning a couple of the king's mounted cavaliers had to bring Tirtha and Prasada to the king from the



temple. One morning the Archaka overslept himself on account of a ceremony that occupied him till late the previous night. When he awoke, he found that the king's messengers had already arrived and were demanding Tirtha and Prasada as usual. There was no time to do the Puja, as these men had to reach the Palace before the King's breakfast, and if any delay occurred on account of the Archaka his life would be in danger. In his confusion he pulled out a few Prasadi (offered) flowers from the tuft of hair on his head and handed them over to the King's messengers with some Tirtha left over from the day before. Unsuspectingly the men galloped back with these and were just in time. The King drank the Tirtha and opened the packet of Prasada. The first thing that met his eyes was a shining dark hair which, as ill luck would have it, had got entangled in the flowers and had escaped the notice of the Archaka in his hurry! At once the Archaka was sent for. It was an unusual thing for such an insignificant person to be called before the august presence of a king, and the poor man rightly guessing the cause of the summons, tremblingly appeared before the King. "How is it, Sir, that these flowers sent by you this morning contain a piece of hair?" questioned the King. What could the poor fellow answer? In his bewilderment he replied, "Oh King, what can I say of Mother Kali's Lilâ (play)?" "That's so. Is it?" the King said. "Do you want us, sirrah, to believe that the stone image in the temple has on its head living hairs of this kind? Well, we shall visit the temple some day soon; if you fail then to show us such hair, your head will not rest on your shoulders." More dead than alive the Archaka went back to the temple. How could he satisfy the King? Prostrating himself before the Shrine he wept and prayed. His days were numbered and there seemed no possibility of his life being saved. Was it not providential that Appaya should arrive at the place at such a juncture? The Archaka confessed everything to him and prayed to be rescued. "Take refuge in the Mother; She alone can save you," he said. Now it so happened that a neighbouring chief threatened to invade the Nagara Kingdom, as there was an old dispute between these two chiefs. It was customary with the Kings of Nagara to visit their Kuladevata and

offer a prayer for success before going out to encounter an enemy; and so the then King came to Kollur earlier than the Archaka expected. The poor man felt that his last day had come. "Mother's Will be done," he thought, and resigned himself. It was Puja time. The King and his courtiers had assembled in the temple. With intense devotion the Archaka was conducting the Puja ceremony. With Veena in hand Appaya was singing a prayer for the success of the King. Suddenly the King saw the stone image assume the living form of Kali with flowing dark hair reaching Her ankles and a bunch of flowers flew from Her head on to the person of the King. The King was thunderstruck with amazement! Falling down before the shrine he prayed to be forgiven his infidelity. Thus the Archaka was saved.

There is another famous Kali temple at Gokarn in the North Canara District. During the first nine days of the Hindu lunar month of Ashwin which are dedicated to Kali, people from far and near flock to the temple and once Appaya too thought of visiting it. The roads leading to Gokarn were then in a very bad condition and there was no regular ferry service to cross the rivers. Under great hardships Appaya reached the river Aghanashini at midnight of the eighth day. Here a difficulty presented itself. There was neither a boat nor a boatman in sight. It was his intention to reach Gokarn before dawn and there was no time to be lost. Without any more hesitation—he tuned up his Veena and stepped into the water singing a prayer to Mother Kali. In an instant he felt that he was standing on the opposite bank of the river. There are a great many other instances which go to prove that Appaya was a Siddha, but which for want of space cannot be mentioned here.

His capacity of composing songs without premeditation was remarkable. In the above incidents the songs and prayers were all composed by him on the spot. We shall now relate here a few instances on the point.

While at Kollur the King of Nagara invited Appaya to his palace. Accordingly he went to Nagara and entered the Durbar hall where all the learned Court Pandits had assembled and were awaiting the arrival of the King. "Pooh! Is this



the man who is said to have worked so many wonders?" sneered one. "Look at the fellow coming barehanded to salute his King! What cheek!" remarked another, while a third observed "He does not appear to be an enlightened man; what can we expect of him?" Appaya understood that he was the subject of all this titter and whisper. He cast his eyes around. A cocoanut-shell in a corner attracted his attention. Taking it up he wrote on it in verse the story of Ramayana briefly, and on the arrival of the King placed it before him. One of the Pandits was ordered to see what it was about. On the poem being read aloud the King was greatly astonished at the ability displayed in its composition, and conferred the distinction of "Varakavi" (gifted poet) on Appaya. The conceited Pandits had to bow their heads in shame.

One of the guards stationed at the entrance of the palace was very desirous of having a song from Appaya, but he could not forsake his duty and go to hear him. One day when Appaya was passing, out he mustered courage to say "Sir, I wish very much to hear your songs. Will you kindly sing me a line or two, and inscribe the same on this gun of mine?" Without a moment's hesitation there issued forth from Appaya's lips a song that gladdened the heart of the man. This incident came to the knowledge of another guard, and one day he too approached Appaya with a request to be obliged with a few lines on his beloved *hookā*. Out came a song at once and the man was more delighted with it than he had ever been with his *hookā*.

As already said, it is not known whether Appaya had adopted the Sannyas Ashrama. It is most probable that he had not; for having subdued his lower nature and having rooted out all desire, was he not already a Sannyasi in the strict sense of the term? Why would he care for the outer form of a yellow garb and a clean-shaven head? His last days were spent at Bhatkal. Want of care for his body had enfeebled his frame to a considerable degree. When anybody advised him to pay a little attention to his health he would say, "My friend, when I know that this house of mine is to topple down to-morrow why should I try to repair it? I see my Guru's abode in all its glory, and on its threshold stands my Guru Deva with open arms

to receive me. I am now on my way to it." On the fourth day of the dark half of the month of Kartik he peacefully passed away. His mortal remains are preserved in the Uma-Maheshwar temple or the Nadigara Devasthanā at Bhatkal, together with a piece of his very Veena which, if it had a tongue, would tell us much more about this saint.

A Seeker.

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## THE HIMALAYAS

Holy mountain Heights, snow-clad eternally,  
 Vested in the world's most august altitude,  
 Unknown are the stretches of your icy peaks,  
 Where mortal foot hath never trod nor can.  
 Ye raise your height's stupendous reach  
 Soaring vast above the petty marts of man!  
 Only the thought of him compares with ye:  
 His highest thought, like ye, incomparable  
 With aught save the Essential Soul of Things.  
 Ye seem not material masses insensate,  
 But august Presences overlooking earth!  
 Only the Self-illuminated, Self-renouncing Sage  
 Doth know the Secret pent within your walls:  
 He knows the Soul that fashioned ye  
 From formless substance into stretchless  
 Height,  
 And hath called Him Who dwells amidst  
 your snows  
 The Great God, Shiva, Mahadev.  
 The vast entirety of all thy scene,  
 Your girdling, scimitar-circuitry  
 Resembleth well a super-mundane haunt,  
 Fit for the Uppermost Celestial God,  
 Centred in Omniscience and in Peace  
 High above the lunacy of life.  
 Ubiquitous His Presence midst your Heights.  
 Your rock and glacier-strewn symmetries  
 Compose the spotless Form of Him;—  
 Your virgin snows, His manifested Soul.

—A Hermit.

Mayavati, May 4, 1911.

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## MY PLAY IS DONE.\*

*Written by Swami Vivekananda in the spring of 1895—at New York, U.S.A. (All rights reserved.)*

Ever rising, ever falling with the waves of time, still rolling on I go  
 From fleeting scene to scene ephemeral, with life's currents' ebb and flow.  
 Oh ! I am sick of this unending farce ; these shows they please no more,  
 This ever running, never reaching, nor e'en a distant glimpse of shore !  
 From life to life I'm waiting at the gates, alas, they open not.  
 Dim are my eyes with vain attempt to catch one ray long sought.  
 On little life's high, narrow bridge I stand and see below  
 The struggling, crying, laughing throng. For what ? No one can know.  
 In front yon gates stand frowning dark, and say : " No farther way,  
 This is the limit ; tempt not Fate, bear it as best you may ;  
 Go, mix with them and drink this cup and be as mad as they.  
 Who dares to know, but comes to grief ; stop then, and with them stay."

Alas for me, I cannot rest. This floating, bubble earth,  
 Its hollow form, its hollow name ; its hollow death and birth,  
 For me is nothing. How I long to get beyond the crust  
 Of name and form ! Ah, ope the gates ; to me they open must.  
 Open the gates of light, O Mother, to me Thy tired son.  
 I long, oh, long to return home ! Mother, my play is done.

You sent me out in the dark to play, and wore a frightful mask,  
 Then hope departed, terror came, and play became a task.  
 Tossed to and fro, from wave to wave in this seething surging sea  
 Of passions strong and sorrows deep, grief *is*, and joy *to be*,  
 Where life is living death, alas ! and death,—who knows but 'tis  
 Another start, another round of this old wheel of grief and bliss ?  
 Where children dream bright, golden dreams, too soon to find them dust,  
 And aye look back to hope long lost and life a mass of rust !

Too late, the knowledge age doth gain ; scarce from the wheel we're gone  
 When fresh, young lives put their strength to the wheel, which thus goes on  
 From day to day and year to year. 'Tis but delusion's toy,  
 False hope its motor ; desire, nave ; its spokes are grief and joy.  
 I go adrift and know not whither. Save me from this fire !  
 Rescue me, merciful Mother, from floating with desire !

Turn not to me Thy awful Face, 'tis more than I can bear,

\* We are indebted for this charming poem to a Western Disciple into whose keeping Swamiji gave it.—Ed. P. B.



Be merciful and kind to me, to chide my faults forbear.  
 Take me, O Mother, to those shores where strifes forever cease ;  
 Beyond all sorrows, beyond tears, beyond e'en earthly bliss ;  
 Whose glory neither sun, nor moon, nor stars that twinkle bright,  
 Nor flash of lightning can express. They but reflect its light.  
 Let never more delusive dreams veil off Thy face from me.  
 My play is done, O Mother, break my chains and make me free !

## SIX STANZAS ON NIRVANA

BY SRI SANKARACHARYA

[ The following verses reflect the spirit of the Advaita religion and philosophy as taught by the author. According to the founder of India's great system of monistic Idealism, Reality is Brahman, one without a second. The world has phenomenal existence only; and as such roots in Mâyâ or universal Nescience. Sankara sums up his teachings in this terse statement: "What has been told in a thousand volumes I will tell thee in one line of a verse, viz., Brahman is real, the world is false, and thou art Brahman." This thought pervades the poem throughout. The ever-recurring negative particle *na* aims at striking out all the attributes of terrene experience till at last Brahman alone remains as our true Self.

By the practice of *viveka*, or discrimination between the Real and the unreal, the Advaitin pur-

ports to destroy his identification with the temporal and illusory; as Sannyâsin he cuts the bonds of sense-attachment by the sharp sword of renunciation. His one concern is Self-realisation, or what Christian saints and mystics term union with God. This—the one goal of all religions—the Yogin attains in the deeps of that meditation which culminates in highest Samâdhi;—then the limitations of his human self are blotted out in the ineffable glory and richness of the Absolute. To him priests, churches, scriptures, and creeds are of no further use. He has penetrated Mâyâ's veil and bathed in Light Divine; he has reached the Fount of religion and revelation. Where he has gone, words—or thought—cannot follow and language melts into worship and adoration. He has become "Siva" or absolute spiritual Blessedness. ]

### निर्वाणषट्कम्

### TRANSLATION

#### I.

मनोबुद्ध्यहङ्कारचित्तानि नाहं  
 न च श्रोत्रजिह्वे न च घ्राणनेत्रे ।  
 न च व्योम भूमिर्न तेजो न वायु  
 श्चिदानन्दरूपः शिवोऽहं शिवोऽहं ॥ १ ॥

I am not mind, intellect, thought, or ego ;  
 Not hearing, taste, smelling or sight ;  
 Not ether or earth, fire or air.  
 I am the soul of Knowledge and Bliss,—  
 I am Siva, I am Siva.

#### II.

न च प्राणसंज्ञो न वै पञ्चवायु  
 न वा सप्तधातुर्न वा पञ्चकोषः ।  
 न वाक् पाणिपादं न चोपस्थपायु  
 श्चिदानन्दरूपः शिवोऽहं शिवोऽहं ॥ २ ॥

I am not that which is called Prâna, nor the five  
 vital airs ;  
 Not the seven components of the body  
 Nor the five sheaths ; nor the five organs of action.  
 I am the soul of Knowledge and Bliss,—  
 I am Siva, I am Siva.

#### III.

न मे द्वेषरागौ न मे लोभमोहौ  
 न मे मदो नैव मातृसर्यभावः ।  
 न धर्मो न चार्थो न कामो न मोक्ष  
 श्चिदानन्दरूपः शिवोऽहं शिवोऽहं ॥ ३ ॥

I have no aversion or clinging, greed or delusion ;  
 No envy or pride, duty or purpose ;  
 No desire, no freedom.  
 I am the soul of Knowledge and Bliss,—  
 I am Siva, I am Siva.

न पुण्यं न पापं न सौख्यं न दुःखं  
 न मन्त्रो न तीर्थं न वेदा न यज्ञाः ।  
 अहं भोजनं नैव भोज्यं न भोक्ता  
 चिदानन्दरूपः शिवोऽहं शिवोऽहं ॥ ४ ॥

न मृत्युर्न शङ्का न मे जातिभेदः  
 पिता नैव मे नैव माता न जन्म ।  
 न बन्धुर्न मित्रं गुरुर्नैव शिष्य  
 श्रिदानन्दरूपः शिवोऽहं शिवोऽहं ॥ ५ ॥

अहं निर्विकल्पो निराकाररूपो  
 विभुत्वाच्च सर्वत्र सर्वेन्द्रियाणां ।  
 न वा सङ्गतं नैव सुक्तिर्नमेय  
 श्रिदानन्दरूपः शिवोऽहं शिवोऽहं ॥ ६ ॥

IV.

I am not virtue or vice, not pleasure or pain ;  
 Not sacred word or pilgrimage, not Veda or  
 sacrifice ;

I am not enjoying, enjoyable, or enjoyer.  
 I am the soul of Knowledge and Bliss,—  
 I am Siva, I am Siva.

V.

I have no death or fear, no distinction of caste ;  
 No father, no mother, no birth ;

No friend or relation, no master or disciple.  
 I am the soul of Knowledge and Bliss,—

I am Siva, I am Siva.

VI.

I am changeless, formless, and through All-per-  
 vadingness Omnipresent ;

I am not touched by attachment of sense ;  
 I am not freedom nor knowable.

I am the soul of Knowledge and Bliss,—  
 I am Siva, I am Siva.

## THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE LIVES OF SRI RAMAKRISHNA AND VIVEKANANDA FOR MODERN INDIA

( Concluded from page 114 )

We now turn to the second part of the subject, viz., Modern India as influenced by Western culture and civilisation. All Asia has felt the disturbing influence of the contact of the West. In India, it is the intervention of the British race that has brought that influence, and the advantage of the British connection and supremacy lies in the fact that we shall be enabled to tide over the epoch of disturbance and transition without revolutionary chaos. A great Englishman who has written a great German work has said:—"From the earliest times to the present day we see the Teutons, to make a room for themselves, slaughtering whole tribes and races, or slowly killing them by demoralisation." The great German historian of Greece, Dr. Adolf Holm, has also said:—"The only way to settle with the East is to vanquish her intellectually." But Asiatic peoples in general represent immemorial systems of culture; and we in India, especially, bear with us the aureole of an immortal truth and the blessing or burden of an immortal hope. So neither destruction as in the case of the uncivilised races of North America and Australia, nor demoralisation as in the case of the semi-civilised races of central and South America can be dealt out to us. There is, however, infinite

scope for the exercising of the genius for political organisation which our British rulers undoubtedly possess in a higher degree than any other people, West or East. As the work of territorial conquest and consolidation was in the past achieved by our rulers in inseparable association with us, so also the future work of political organisation and economic development must be carried on by continuing and extending a similar policy of mutual co-operation. If Europe is strong with the strength of strenuous activity, India is strong with the strength of passive resistance,—a strength which excludes the *Rajasic* activity of self-love which cares only for purely secular aims and gains, but does not exclude the regulated *Sattvika* or spiritual activity which flows from the love of God and man. It is this strength which has preserved us hitherto, and the same strength is now to raise us again to be one of the strong races and communities of the British Empire. It is this future that we Indians ardently desire, and it is this future that is foreshadowed by the epoch-making visit to these shores of our present Gracious Sovereign and his message of hope to his loving and loyal people. Times without number in the history of the world, a single man or a single event has altered the



course of human destiny, overthrowing old landmarks, forming new combinations, sowing fresh seeds of disturbance, vicissitude, and repair. The sudden intrusion into Europe and the daring exploits of Charles XII transformed the entire history of Protestantism; James Watt's discovery of the steam-engine has in truth brought a new world into existence and altered the entire character and trend of events in modern society; the Pope's edict excluding the Portuguese from the Western seas, led to the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope and the British Conquest of India. One such event is Swami Vivekananda's journey to the Chicago Parliament of Religions bearing Sri Ramakrishna's message to humanity, and we have seen what rich fruit it is to bear for us and to the Western world at no distant future. Another is our Gracious Emperor's recent visit to India. His now classic message of hope is destined to reverberate through the ages and to pave the way for the coming fulfilment of India's destiny and the growing recognition of India's Mission among the nations. But we must show ourselves truly deserving of His Majesty's Sovereign magnanimity and his gracious recognition of our aspirations. To aspire is not to achieve; to obtain the Emperor's message of hope is not to deserve it. Fulfilment alone counts in the world's record of progress. We shall earn our rightful place in the Empire only if we achieve the unity of India. We must pay the cost.

Here it is that Sri Ramakrishna's message comes to our help. He is truly the morning star heralding the dawn of the India that is to be. Once he said:—"God is Infinite; Infinite are the forms in which He manifests Himself. Infinite always is the number of ways leading to Him." He taught on another occasion:—"Never hate others because they do not believe in God with or without form, because they are Hindu, Mussulman, or Christian. People know the Lord only just as He makes Himself known to them. Know that different men have different tendencies, and associate with them as much as you can and love them. Then coming home, enjoy peace and bliss." Swami Vivekananda, interpreting the same idea, said:—"The Christian is not to become a Hindu or a Buddhist, nor a Hindu or a Buddhist to become a Christian. But each must assimilate the others and yet preserve his individuality and grow according to his own law of growth." And again:—"Upon the banner of every religion would soon be written, in spite of their resistance, help and not fight, assimilation and not destruction, Harmony and Peace and not Dissension." This policy we, Hindus, have hitherto faithfully pursued. As the Swami once said:—"All the little toleration that is in the world, practically all the little sympathy that is in the world yet for religious thought is

here in the land of the Aryas, and nowhere else. It is here that Indians come and build temples for Mohammedans and Christians." "Every worship is given unto Thee whatever may be the name or the form; all knees bending towards the Kabbalah or kneeling in a Christian Church or a Buddhist temple are kneeling unto Thee whether they know it or not, whether they are conscious of it or not; in whatever name or form they are offered, all these flowers are laid at Thy feet, for Thou art the one Lord of all, the one soul of all souls." Here is the message of unity for the present age. Hindu, Mohammedan, and Buddhist are called on to enlist under the one banner of Love and Harmony. Each is to help, not to hinder the others. The days of bigotry, intolerance, persecution and selfishness are to pass. We are the children of a common Mother, servants of a common Master, citizens of a common State, members of the same family working for a common goal. Only thus can we fulfil the message of Sri Ramakrishna, or show our appreciation of the crowded hour of that glorious life which Sri Swami Vivekananda lovingly dedicated to our service and of the martyrdom which its ceaseless labour brought on him to our eternal and irreparable loss.

How is this unity to be achieved? The answer of the Christian Missionary and his ally the social reformer is inter-dining and intermarriage. I remember a curious incident which happened some years back. The venerable gentleman who is the Nestor of South Indian reformers once wrote to the papers, as he has very recently done, that Hinduism preaches the doctrine of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. At once a Bangalore Missionary wrote to ask him to dine with him. This elicited the reply that religion consisted not in eating and drinking, but in the rendering of loving service and mutual sympathy between man and man, irrespective of all differences in creed and custom. The venerable gentleman said that he was not in the habit of dining even in the company of near relations in his home. Now the question of elevating the depressed classes has come up. Again the call comes from the missionary and the social reformer—*Eat with the Panchama*. We have seen already what our illustrious Swami thought it his duty to teach us as regards eating together. He gave the idea no encouragement. He only advised inter-dining among the sub-castes in Bengal, and similarly among the sub-castes elsewhere. You cannot raise the Panchama by eating with him, but by rendering him loving service, by finding him more work, more wages, better dwellings, more of useful knowledge, more faith in himself than he has at present. Western men and women, we know, are ready to take up philanthropic work in India. Our big men here are ready to forget themselves and to



forget Swami Vivekananda's caution already quoted by me to the effect that "99.9 per cent. of the human race are more or less savages now," and still philanthropic people neglect them, for philanthropy pays well in India, not elsewhere. The Theosophical society, whatever it is elsewhere, has here proved a splendid success. Colonel Olcott has been a great path-finder, and others are treading the same path to glory and success. History shows that, where destruction is not possible, demoralisation is the method alternatively adopted. Imitation always brings in demoralisation. A great living writer has said:—"Imitation is the most shameless stupidity." I have already referred to our Swami's view regarding our national institutions. But let us for a moment cast our ideas abroad and know the truth as regards this question of eating in the West in particular. Gentlemen, recall to your memory how when Ex-President Roosevelt invited the great Negro, Mr. Booker T. Washington, to his dinner table, there arose a storm of indignation all over the United States and there were "lynchings" of Negroes everywhere. President Roosevelt was given distinctly to understand that, if he persisted in his perversity, the whites of America who supply us with any number of high-minded philanthropists to order, would make him a present of any number of lynchings of Negroes. In one of his Madras lectures, Swami Vivekananda has thrown considerable light—light that ought to illumine many dark corners of the Indian mind—light which we very much need regarding American enlightenment and American philanthropy in their home. I quote from the Swami's lecture (in 1897 A. D.) on his Plan of Campaign:—"No greater upheaval for the establishment of right and liberty can be imagined than the war for the abolition of slavery in America. You all know about it. What has been the result? The slaves are a hundred times worse off to-day than they were before the abolition. Before the abolition these poor negroes were the property of somebody, and as such they had to be looked after so that they might not deteriorate. To-day they are the property of nobody. Their lives are of no value; they are burnt alive on mere pretences. They are shot down without any law for their murderers; for they are niggers, they are not human beings, they are not even animals; and that is the effect of such violent taking away of evil by law, or by fanaticism." Perhaps the example of the American negroes may not seem appropriate to some of us, for they are regarded as savages. Let us take the Turks in Europe. It is not quite two years since the Turks established a constitutional government on the most approved lines. As a proof of their sincerity, they knelt at the feet of Christians, fell on their necks and embraced them, and all wept together in the

public streets. And yet see how the Italians have unceremoniously rushed to war on the most slender of pretences and to the horror of the civilised world, ignoring that great engine and embodiment of modern civilisation,—the Hague Arbitration Court. See how the European Christians have received the repeated appeals of the Turks for peace and international justice. Moreover, it does not follow that eating together will produce National unity. Have Germans, Englishmen and Frenchmen who daily eat together freely, ever formed one nation? Have they not even been frequently at war with one another? Look at the history of the Home Rule movement in Ireland, and at passing events in Belfast. As regards the other question of intermarriage, I do not propose to deal with it at present, as it is too large a question. Moreover we have already seen what the Swami's views are regarding Indian caste, and they are our only concern on the present occasion. One little sentence of his I will quote:—"The solution is not by bringing down the higher, but raising the lower to the level of the higher." How is this to be done? To the Brâhman he said:—"Secular employment is not for the Brâhman, but for the other castes. To the Brâhmins I appeal that they must work hard to raise the Indian people by teaching them what they know, by giving out the culture they have accumulated for centuries." What is his advice to the other castes? "Be not in a hurry. Do not seize every opportunity of fighting the Brâhman, because I have shown you that you are suffering for your own fault. Who told you to neglect spirituality and Sanskrit learning? Why do you not become Sanskrit scholars? Why do you not spend millions to bring Sanskrit education among all the castes of India? The moment you do that, you are equal to the Brâhman. That is the secret of power in India."

Finally, the Swami addressed the following golden words to all of us, and there is the essence of Sri Ramakrishna's teaching:—"What is needed is Chitta-Suddhi, purification of the heart, and how does that come? First of all is needed worship, worship of the Virat, of those all-round us; worship, not serve. These are all your gods, men and animals, and the first gods you worship are your own fellow-countrymen. That is what you have to worship, instead of being jealous of each other and fighting with each other."

And now to conclude, the world is too much with us. Our thoughts, our feelings, our fortunes, our associations, our views of men and things undergo incessant, continuous change. This is human life. But Divine Love never changes. It guides and ennobles man until man becomes one with it. The Unity of Love, divine and human,



is here with us, around us and within us, and we can realise it now if we will. But we bring with us the immeasurable burden of our past, and often that burden is of a kind which even mountains of honest, manly effort cannot remove, owing to the abnormal environment which man creates around us and which inflicts itself upon us. The best and noblest of us are often dragged down into the abyss. Still, we have to get on and on, till at last the good time comes,—the good time which we shall have earned by steady purpose and by the increasing merit born of the shedding of the heart's blood of repentance. The fateful hour strikes when the angel of beneficence descends on us, helping to remove those fetters of ignorance which cause misery and hatred. Then enters upon the scene our Guru, the divine messenger, who is to raise us from the shadow of death into the sunshine and light of living Love. Then and then alone the faults and foibles, the dangers and disasters which have all along afflicted us pass away, and the human soul gains the eternal realm, the blissful abode, the living presence, of Love—the Love which is Freedom, the Freedom which is Love. Sri Ramakrishna's divine intuition recovered, revealed, and renewed the truth which was spoken of old in the primeval forests and by the sacred waters of the Holy Land, and the trumpet voice of the eternally glorious Swami has interpreted it to us and to the world at large. Their messengers are and will ever be with us and call on us to follow the blessed lead. Aryavarta can always be trusted to recognise and follow her rightful leader. Sri Krishna has been and is with us, and will be to the end, till we reach the Light of Love He is; and there can be no other. His message, His law, and His promise are still ringing in our ears. He is our one Master—and the Love He is, the wisdom He is, has again revealed itself to us through the twin heralds—two in one, and one in two—of our dawning renovation, Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa and Sri Swami Vivekananda.

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## NEWS AND MISCELLANIES

(CULLED AND CONDENSED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES)

MR. Peter Widener, of Philadelphia, has endowed a home for crippled children with £800,000 in memory of his son, Mr. George D. Widener, lost in the Titanic.

ACCORDING to an authentic table drawn up by Dr. Mori, the head of the Medical Department in

the Japanese War Ministry, the Japanese casualties in the seven important engagements and battles of the Russo-Japanese War were as follows: There were killed 1,091 officers and 27,923 men, and wounded 3,464 officers and 97,614 men.

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WE are glad to note the munificence of Miss Hamabai Framji Petit who has made a gift of all her jewellery valued at twelve lakhs, for the Parsi Girls' Orphanage, which is already in working order. One half of the amount has been realised and till the full amount is forthcoming, the lady has volunteered to pay a monthly contribution of Rs. 4000.

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IN Central America, and more particularly in the Isthmus of Panama, there are whole forests of curious, candle-bearing trees. The 'candles' are in fact the fruits of the tree and contain seeds, but in appearance and colour they exactly resemble huge wax "dips." In length they are from 2ft. to 4ft. and give out a fat which is used in the preparation of a very good lamp-oil.

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WE regret to record the death of Dr. Arthur Richardson, Ph. D., F. R. C. S., from heart-failure. He was the first honorary Principal and Professor of Chemistry of the Central Hindu College of Benares. It is through his untiring zeal and loving labours that the College has attained its present state of efficiency. From 1898 to 1909 the Doctor worked with devotion out of pure love for and a desire to serve Indians, never accepting any remuneration.

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A Ramakrishna festival was celebrated at the Ramakrishna Math, Vaniyambady, on the 9th June, 1912. The following programme was observed:

Pooja and Bhajana procession, with Sri Gurumaharaj Vimanam, from 6 to 10 a. m. Feeding poor friends of all castes, 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. Ramakrishna School Boys' Stotra Aradhana, 3 to 4 p. m. Songs, 4 to 5 p. m. Lecture on the Life and Teachings of Sri Gurumaharaj by Swami Sarvanandaji of Madras, 5 to 6-30 p. m. Mangalarati and Distribution of Prasada, 6-30 to 7 p. m.

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"IN the month of July 1902, I was with the late Swami Ramakrishnananda in Madras. On the night of 4th July 1912 Swami Vivekananda shuffled off his mortal coil in Calcutta, when the late Swami Ramakrishnananda was sitting in a contemplative mood. All on a sudden he was startled and said to all of us near by, 'Swami Vivekananda has just



now given up his body and entered into Maha-Samadhi. Now I heard his very voice saying—“Soshi (Swami Vivekananda used to call Swami Ramakrishnananda by his former name.) I have just now kicked off my physical body and am going to the Holy Presence of my Guru Maharaj.” Early in the morning a wire came from Calcutta to the effect that Swami Vivekananda had entered Maha-Samadhi on the previous night.—Editor, *Vivekodaya*, in the *Self-culture*, Dec., 1911.

A BURIED city has just been discovered in Mexico by Professor Niven, member of the New York Academy of Science. This city was apparently overwhelmed by a volcanic eruption, like Pompeii, in the most flourishing period of the empire of Nineveh, and the few houses at present excavated are in good preservation. The discoverer has found a goldsmith's shop, in which all the instruments and objects of the trade are still displayed. These comprise objects of art in gold, silver, and bronze and over two hundred terra cotta models of statues, vases, or ornaments. The style of these decorations is unlike that of any style which has previously been associated with the ancient civilisation of Mexico and bears resemblance to the sculptures of ancient Egypt and to the art of Southern Asia. The interior of the goldsmith's house is decorated with paintings executed on a surface of polished stucco-like substance, and retain their brilliance. One series represents the incidents of a shepherd's life and recalls the Arcadian fashions of the European eighteenth century. Underneath the workshop the Professor has made the gruesome discovery of a tomb occupied by the skeleton of a murdered man. A hatchet of bronze is still fixed in the skull.

A correspondent sends to *The C. H. C. Magazine* some notes from the *St. Louis Post-Despatch*, on the San Juan Pyramids, recently unearthed, some 27 miles from the city of Mexico. “Sarcophagi containing human bones, obsidian knives, terra cotta heads and fragments of rare and costly pottery have been uncovered. Many of the fragments of pottery and the implements and utensils found are similar to those uncovered along the Nile, while scroll work and ornamentation on every hand is distinctly Egyptian.”

“Two of the pyramids, named the Moon and the Sun, are found to be constructed of five gigantic layers of basaltic blocks, cemented together. The Pyramid of the Sun covers more than 14 acres of ground. Present excavations have shown its base to be 761 by 721 feet.....Half a mile south of the Pyramid of the Sun is the Pyramid of the Moon.....measuring 511 by 426 feet at the base. On the top of each of the

Pyramids are the ruins of temples. On the Pyramid of the Sun at one time was a gigantic statue to the sun, with faces of solid gold, which reflected the rays of that luminary, but it was rolled off by the Spaniards during the days of the conquest, and now reposes in the museum of Mexico.

“Rising out of a practically level plain, the Pyramid of the Sun reaches a height of almost 200 feet, the Pyramid of the Moon being not so tall. Between the two runs the ‘Camino de los Muertes’—the Path of the Dead.....the winding course of the path covers a distance of more than two miles.”

In an article in ‘The Vedic Magazine and Gurukula Samachara’ Kangri, on “Radium and Radio activity” “Vigayananda” arrives at 1,960,853,010 as the total number of years that have passed since the creation of the universe, by following the Vedic authority. The period during which the world remains manifested is called Brahmadin, while the time during which it exists only in its material cause, Prakritirupa, is known as Brahmatri. The period of both is the same. According to the Atharva Veda, the Brahmadin consists of 4,320,000,000 years, and according to Manu, the Brahmadin is made up of 1,000 Chaturyugis or Dibyayugas (Satya, Treta, Dwapara and Kali Yugas). According to the Surya Siddhanta a Chaturyugi consists of 12,000 Dibya years. Again, 12 civil months each consisting of 30 days make one Dibya day and 30 such days make one Dibya month and 12 Dibya months one Dibya year. Thus one Dibya year = 12 times 30 or 360 civil years. According to Manu the Satyayuga, the Tretayuga, the Dwaparayuga and the Kaliyuga, each consists of 4,800, 3,600, 2,400, and 1,200 Dibya years respectively. Each of these being multiplied by 360 and added up, gives the age of the four Yugas (Chaturyugi) at 4,320,000 ordinary years. Again a Brahmadin is divided into 14 Manvantaras (1 Manvantara = 71 Chaturyugis), and 15 Sandhis i. e. 15 times the number of years in Satyayuga.

Now it is the 28th Kaliyuga of the 7th Manvantara that is passing. We know that now it is 1967 of the Vikram era i.e. 5,010 years have passed of the present Kaliyuga. Thus:—6 Manvantaras = 6 into 71 Chaturyugis ( $\times 4,320,000$ ) = 1,840,320,000 years. 27 Chaturyugis of the present Manvantara = 116,640,000 years. Years of the 28th Chaturyugi that have already passed are 4,320,000 - 432,000, in other words, 3,888,000. Years of the Kaliyuga that have passed is 5,010. Therefore, adding up the above four gives us the total number of years that have passed since the creation of the universe, at 1,960,853,010. Now, science also leads us to regard 100 crores and 1000 crores as the probable age of the earth.