

Prabuddha Bharata

OR

Awakened India



उत्तिष्ठत जाग्रत प्राप्य वरान्निबोधत ।

Katha Upan. I. iii. 4.

Vol. XIX, No. 210, JANUARY, 1914.

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Prabuddha Bharata

उत्तिष्ठत जाग्रत



प्राप्य वराग्निबोधत ।

Katha Upa. 1. iii. 4

Arise! Awake! And stop not till the Goal is reached.

—Swami Vivekananda.

VOL. XIX]

JANUARY 1914

[No. 210

UNPUBLISHED NOTES OF CLASS TALKS BY THE SWAMI VIVEKANANDA.

ON RAJA-YOGA.

The first stage of Yoga is Yama.

To master Yama five things are necessary :
1st. Non-injuring any being by thought,
word and deed.

2nd. Speaking the truth in thought, word
and deed.

3rd. Non-covetousness in thought, word
and deed.

4th. Perfect chastity in thought, word and
deed.

5th. Perfect sinlessness in thought, word,
and deed.

Holiness is the greatest power. Everything
else quails before it.

Then comes Asana or posture of a devotee.
The seat must be firm, the head, hips and
body in a straight line, erect, saying to your-
self that you are firmly seated and that nothing
can move you. Then mention the perfection
of the body, bit by bit, from head to feet.
Think of it as being clear as crystal, and as
a perfect vessel to sail over the sea of life.

Pray to God and to all the Prophets and
Saviours of the world and holy spirits in the
universe to help you.

Then for half an hour practise Prana-
yama, or the suspending, restraining and con-
trolling of the breath, mentally repeating
the word Om as you inhale and exhale the
breath. Words charged with their spirit have
wonderful power.

The other stages of Yoga are : (1) Pratyahara
or the restraint of the organs of sense from
all outward things, and directing them entire-
ly to mental impressions ; (2) Dharana or
steadfast concentration ; (3) Dhyana or medi-
tation ; (4) Samadhi or abstract meditation. It
is the highest and last stage of Yoga. Samadhi
is perfect absorption of thought into the Sa-
preme Spirit, when one realises, "I and my
Father are one."

Do one thing at a time and while doing
it put your whole soul into it to the exclusion
of all else.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE birthday anniversary of Swami Vivekananda comes off this year on the 18th of January. On that Sunday or on the next, many a heart from this land and abroad will be lifted up in solemn praise towards that great departed Spirit who conquered death in life and broods for ever over mankind as that Impersonal Ideal which he realised. It was Buddha who described himself to his disciples as the Impersonal Buddhahood. But in the case of these world-teachers, the personal and the impersonal are blended up so marvellously that we know not when the one lets go its grasp on our soul to put it face to face with the other.

But to-day, when the Prabuddha Bharata just enters upon the nineteenth year of its existence, those words of blessing "to the Awakened India"* that rose in sublime anthem from the inspired lips of the great Swami come back to us as an intensely personal gift of perennial inspiration.

Then start afresh

From the land of thy birth, where vast cloud-belted
Snows do bless and put their strength in thee,
For working wonders new. * * *

And how the impulse of that start he gave to the Prabuddha Bharata still works and fills our mind to-day with fresh hopes and energy! It is as undying as the "vast cloud-belted snows" up there along the horizon that daily and hourly bless and strengthen our efforts.

And in the vision of that mighty seer, the Himalayan journal stood transfigured as the voice of awakened India:

Then speak, O Love!—

Before thy gentle voice serene, behold how
Visions melt, and fold on fold of dreams

Departs to void, till Truth and Truth alone
In all its glory shines.—

And why should the Voice for which "the world in need awaits" wake up on the heights of the snowy Himalayas? Because

This the law,—all things come back to the source
They sprung, their strength to renew.

* * *

For sleep it was, not death, to bring thee life
Anew, and rest to lotus-eyes, for visions
Daring yet. * * *

No sublimer role a journal was ever called upon to accept! And as the advent of the New Year is being announced in the midst of our snowy surroundings and we are bracing ourselves up for the year's task, the inspiring words of Swamiji come booming, as it were, into our soul to blow up from it all doubts and lethargy and win for us the very stronghold of faith and hope. And what a glorious part was assigned to Prabuddha Bharata! India lives, because India has a message of her own to deliver to the world, and the time is ripe for this message to be once more delivered. To fulfil this mission, India has to "once more awake," has to become self-conscious. It is no awakening to India if she learns to hang on the West and yearns only for the transient fruits of their material civilisation. It is to her an insidious death, if she catches the contagion of the modern political spirit that runs rampant all over the world and tempts the people of a country to prostitute the mighty forces of their collective life for the sake of worldly possessions and material power. The message of India is a message of the highest truth, of the noblest life that can be lived individually or collectively. And it is round this message as the centre, that the thoughts and activities of the whole country are to be rallied,

* Complete Works of Swami Vivekananda, the Mayavati Memorial Edition, Vol. III, page 919.

developed and organised. It was the utterance of this message,—“Listen ye all, the children of Immortal Bliss and all those who live in the shining regions etc”—it was the discovery of the Spiritual, that set the ball of Indian history rolling in prehistoric times, and if ever the course of that history is beset with darkness on all sides and the shadows of death fall on it, does it not behove us, the sons of India, to rally round the self-same message that the makers of Indian history uttered forth in the Vedic ages?

The Prabuddha Bharata was started from the Himalayas to represent this rallying point in the thought-life of the country. It is to be also the custodian of the message which it is the mission of India to deliver to the world, till the time when the whole country is awakened to this mission and the message is accepted and enthroned in the midst of all its thoughts and activities as their supreme guiding principle. To bring about such a consummation, it will always be the object of the Prabuddha Bharata to endeavour, and in furtherance of this object, it has got, first of all, to study the message in the light of the lives and teachings of Swami Vivekananda and his Master, for they came into our midst to illustrate and embody this message; secondly, to preach and explain the message in all its bearings upon the life and thought of our countrymen and those of other nations; and lastly, to point out, by constant reference to contemporary thought, where it errs from the methods and ideals involved in the message and how it can be brought into line with the same. It is mainly in this threefold direction, that our efforts will be henceforth more definitely directed. When a great ideal that has got to be realised collectively is sought to be brought into practice, the best thing to do is to begin by forming a nucleus; and the Prabuddha Bharata offers such a nucleus for the remodelling of the thought-life of the whole country. Hence how appro-

priate is the name Prabuddha Bharata as applied to the journal, and how apposite the benediction which its founder uttered on it:

Resume thy march,

With gentle feet that would not break the
Peaceful rest, even of the road-side dust
That lies so low. Yet strong and steady,
Blissful, bold and free. Awakener, ever
Forward! speak thy stirring words.

And while thus the Prabuddha Bharata has before it marked out in gold, as it were, the path that it has to pursue in life, its responsibilities have become so much the graver and heavier. By the Hindu Law, the age of majority is fixed at eighteen, and it is at that age that a youth is credited with a proper measure and appreciation of all his responsibilities in life. The Prabuddha Bharata, therefore, is, in a sense, on the threshold of a new period of its life; and it goes without saying that it should be that momentous period for it, when possessed of a full sense of its responsibilities, it should steadily pursue that noble tenour of life which was so solemnly foreshadowed in the benedictory verses of Swami Vivekananda. And as a token of the fresh impulse, which from this important circumstance it surely derives, the Prabuddha Bharata is being provided this month with a separate office building of its own, erected in a nice decent style close to the Advaita Ashrama here at Mayavati. Supplied thus with the implements of modern journalism even in this Himalayan seclusion and standing high on the conning-tower, as it were, of the moving thought-life of India and abroad, let the Prabuddha Bharata month after month diffuse that light and guidance by means of which the ancient philosophy of the One is destined to re-civilise the refined vandalism of the so-called political civilisation of the modern age, which is daily sacrificing the highest in man at the altar of Lust and Mammon.

And as we conclude, the same music of benediction comes penetrating our soul with faith and hope, and the eternal snows, the solemn immensities, the mystic grandeur of colours and distances, that constitute the ineffable charm of these Himalayan regions, all seem to follow with an amen!

They bless thee all,

The seers great whom age nor clime
Can claim their own, the fathers of the
Race, who felt the heart of Truth the same,
And bravely taught to man ill-voiced or
Well. Their servant, thou hast got
The secret—'t is but One.

* * *

And all above,

Himala's daughter Umá, gentle, pure,
The Mother that resides in all as Power
And Life, Who works all works, and
Makes of one the world, Whose mercy
Opes the gate to Truth and shows
The One in All, give thee untiring
Strength which is Infinite Love.

THE STORY OF THE BOY GOPALA.

By the Swami Vivekananda.

(An Unpublished Writing)

“**⊖** H mother! I am so afraid to go to school through the woods alone; other boys have servants or some body to bring them to school or take them home—why cannot I have someone to bring me home?”—thus said Gopal, a little Brahmin boy, to his mother one winter afternoon when he was getting ready for school. The school hours were in the morning and afternoon. It was dark when the school closed in the afternoon and the path lay through the woods.

Gopal's mother was a widow. His father who had lived as a Brahmin should, never caring for the goods of the world, studying and teaching, worshipping and helping others to worship, died when Gopala was a baby.

And the poor widow retired entirely from the concerns of the world—even from that little she ever had,—her soul given entirely to God, and waiting patiently with prayers, fasting, and discipline, for the great deliverer death, to meet in another life, him who was the eternal companion of her joys and sorrows, her partner in the good and evil of the beginningless chain of lives. She lived in her little cottage. A small rice field her husband received as sacred gift to learning brought her sufficient rice, and the piece of land, that surrounded her cottage, with its clumps of bamboos, a few cocoanut palms, a few mangoes and lichies, with the help of the kindly village folks brought forth sufficient vegetables all the year round. For the rest, she worked hard every day for hours at the spinning wheel.

She was up long before the rosy dawn touched the tufted heads of the palms, long before the birds had begun to warble in their nests, and sitting in her bed—a mat on the ground covered with a blanket—repeated the sacred names of the holy women of the past, saluted the ancient sages, recited the sacred names of Narayana, the refuge of mankind, of Siva the merciful, of Tara the Saviour mother and above all prayed to Him her heart most loved, Krishna, who took the form of Gopala, a cowherd, to teach and save mankind, and rejoiced that by one day she was nearer to him who has gone ahead, and with him nearer to Him the cowherd by a day.

Before the light of the day she had her bath in the neighbouring stream, praying that her mind be made as clean by the mercy of Krishna, as the water did clean her body. Then she put on her fresh-washed white cotton garment, collected some flowers, rubbed a piece of sandal-wood on a circular stone with a little water to make a fragrant paste, gathered a few sweet-scented Tulsi leaves and retired into a little room in the cottage, kept apart for worship. In this room she kept her

baby cowherd ; and on a small wooden throne, under a small silk canopy on a small velvet cushion, almost covered with flowers, was placed a bronze image of Krishna as a baby. Her mother's heart could only be satisfied by conceiving God as her baby. Many and many a time her learned husband had talked to her of Him who is preached in the Vedas, the formless, the infinite, the impersonal. She listened with all attention and the conclusion was always the same,—it must be true what is written in the Vedas but, oh! it was so immense, so far off, and she, only a weak, ignorant woman ; and then, it was also written : " In whatsoever form one seeks me, I reach him in that form, for all mankind are but following the paths I laid down for them,"—and that was enough. She wanted to know no more. And there she was,—all of the devotion, of faith, of love her heart was capable of was there in Krishna, the baby-cowherd, and all that heart entwined round the visible cowherd, this little bronze image. Then again she had heard : " Serve me as you would a being of flesh and blood, with love and purity, and I accept that all." So she served as she would a master, a beloved teacher, above all, as she would serve the apple of her eye, her only child, her son.

So she bathed and dressed the image, burned incense before it and for offering?—oh she was so poor!—but with tears in her eyes she remembered her husband reading from the books : " I accept with gladness even leaves and flowers, fruits and water, whatever is offered with love," and she offered : " Thou for whom the world of flowers bloom, accept my few common flowers, thou who feedest the universe, accept my poor offerings of fruits. I am weak, I am ignorant. I do not know how to approach thee, how to worship thee, my God, my cowherd, my child ; let my worship be pure, my love for thee self-less ; and if there is any virtue in worship let it be thine, grant me only love, love that never asks for anything—

'never seeks for anything but love.' " Perchance the mendicant in his morning call was singing in the little yard :

Thy knowledge, man ! I value not,
It is thy love I fear ;
It is thy love that shakes my throne,
Brings God to human tear.
For love behold the Lord of all,
The formless, ever free,
Is made to take the human form
To play and live with thee.
What learning, they of Vrinda's groves,
The herdsmen ever got ?
What science, girls that milked the kine ?
They loved, and me they bought.

Then in the Divine the mother-heart found her earthly son Gopala, named after the Divine cowherd. And the soul which would almost mechanically move among its earthly surroundings,—which, as it were, was constantly floating in a heavenly ether ready to drift away from contact of things material, found its earthly moorings in her child. It was the only thing left to her to pile all her earthly joys and love on. Were not her movements, her thoughts, her pleasures, her very life for that little one, that bound her to life ?

For years she watched over the day-to-day unfolding of that baby life with all a mother's care ; and now that he was old enough to go to school, how hard she worked for months to get the necessaries for the young scholar.

The necessaries however were few. In a land where men contentedly pass their lives poring over books in the light of a mud lamp, with an ounce of oil in which is a thin cotton wick, and a rush mat the only furniture about them, the necessaries of a student are not many. Yet there were some, and even those cost many a day of hard work to the poor mother.

How for days she toiled over her wheel to buy Gopala a new cotton Dhoti and a piece

of cotton Chadar, the under and upper covering, —the small mat in which Gopala was to put his bundle of palm leaves for writing, his reed pens, and then carry the mat rolled up under his arm to be used as his seat at school,—and the inkstand, and what joy to her it was, when on a day of good omen Gopala attempted to write his first letters, only a mother's heart, a poor mother's, can know.

But to-day there is a dark shadow in her mind. Gopala is frightened to go alone through the wood. Never before had she felt her widowhood, her loneliness, her poverty so bitter. For a moment it was all dark, but she recalled to her mind what she heard of the eternal promise: "Those that depend on me giving up all other thoughts, to them I carry myself whatever is necessary." And she was one of the souls who can believe.

So the mother wiped her tears and told her child that he need not fear. For in those woods lived another son of hers tending cattle, and also called Gopala; and if he was ever afraid passing through them, he had only to call on brother Gopala!

The child was that mother's son and he believed.

That day, coming home from school through the wood, Gopala was frightened and called upon his brother Gopala the cowherd: "Brother cowherd, are you here? mother said you are, and I am to call on thee: I am frightened being alone." And a voice came from behind the trees: "Don't be afraid, little brother, I am here, go home without fear."

Thus every day the the boy called and the voice answered. The mother heard of it with wonder and love; and she instructed her child to ask the brother of the wood to show himself the next time.

The next day the boy, when passing through the woods called upon his brother. The voice came as usual, but the boy asked the brother in the woods to show himself to him. The

voice replied "I am busy to-day, brother, and cannot come." But the boy insisted and out of the shades of trees came the Cowherd of the Woods, a boy dressed in the garb of cowherds, with a little crown on his head in which were peacock's feathers, and the cowherd's flute in his hands.

And they were so happy: they played together for hours in the woods, climbing trees, gathering fruits and flowers—the widow's Gopala and the Gopala of the woods, till it was almost late for school. Then the widow's Gopala went to school with a reluctant heart, and nearly forgot all his lesson, his mind eager to return to the woods and play with his brother.

Months passed thus. The poor mother heard of it day by day, and in the joy of this Divine mercy, forgot her widowhood, her poverty, and blessed her miseries a thousand times.

Then there came some religious ceremonies which the teacher had to perform in honour of his ancestors. These village teachers managing alone a number of boys and receiving no fixed fees from them, have to depend a great deal upon presents when the occasion requires it.

Each pupil brought in his share, in goods or money, and Gopala, the orphan, the widow's son!—the other boys smiled a smile of contempt on him when they talked of the presents they were bringing.

That night Gopala's heart was heavy, and he asked his mother for some present for the teacher, and the poor mother had nothing.

But she determined to do what she has been doing all her life, to depend on the Cowherd, and told her son to ask from his brother Gopala in the forest for some present for the teacher.

The next day after Gopala had met the cowherd boy in the woods as usual and after they had some games together, Gopala told his brother of the forest the grief that was in

his mind and begged him to give him something to present his teacher with.

"Brother Gopala," said the cowherd, "I am only a cowherd you see, and have no money, but take this pot of cream as from a poor cowherd and present it to your teacher."

Gopala quite glad that he now had something to give his teacher, more so because it was a present from his brother in the forest, hastened to the home of the teacher and stood with an eager heart behind a crowd of boys handing over their presents to the teacher. Many and varied were the presents they had brought, and no one thought of looking even at the present of the orphan.

The neglect was quite disheartening; tears stood in the eyes of Gopala, when by a sudden stroke of fortune the teacher happened to take notice of him. He took the small pot of cream from Gopala's hand, and poured the cream into a big vessel, when to his wonder, the pot filled up again! Again he emptied the contents into a bigger vessel, again it

was full, and thus it went on, the small pot filling up quicker than he could empty it.

Then amazement took hold of every one, and the teacher took the poor orphan in his arms and enquired about the pot of cream.

Gopala told his teacher all about his brother cowherd in the forest, how he answered his call, how he played with him and how at last he gave him the pot of cream.

The teacher asked Gopala to take him to the woods and show him his brother of the woods, and Gopala was only too glad to take his teacher there.

The boy called upon his brother to appear but there was no voice even that day. He called again and again. No answer. And then the boy entreated his brother in the forest to speak, else the teacher would think he was not speaking the truth. Then came the voice as from a great distance:

"Gopala thy mother's and thine love and faith brought me to thee, but tell thy teacher, he will have to wait a long while yet."



THE HIMALAYAS.

I saw those morn-lit Himalayan
Solitudes of ice-bound rock and snow
Peering above the sea-like mists of dawn.
I saw their peaks hovering 'lone o'er
The cloud-enshrouded earth.
High they seemed above all earthly life,
Soaring into altitudes ethereal,
Beyond the utmost reach of man.—
That was my latest vision of their glory.
They bade farewell to me who love their forms.
My soul made effort to say farewell in turn,
But could not. It still lingers there.
Irrevocable your mem'ry, O Himalayas,
Your glories unextinguishable with me!
My very self lives midst your solitudes,
My heart and thought and soul.

Treasured for ever my days amidst your scenes.
Your firmament-approaching altitudes
Are like sense-surpassing visions to my soul.
Ye spur me to the All-Attainable.
O! ye are not masses insensate,—but soul;
Ye are like Thoughts Divine incarnate made.
And when the heart of man to ye aspires,
Lo! it aspireth e'en to God Himself!
O Associations, sweetest yet sublime!
O Presences, so near and yet so far,
Enfold my littleness of thought and form
Within the mantles of your virgin snows;
And let my soul soar forth to That Immensity
Which by your angust grandeur ye reflect!

A Western Pilgrim.

Dhoonaghat, May 11, 1911.

THE MESSAGE OF THE SPIRITUAL.

THE truth is generally accepted that no country in this world has any claim to live on, unless it has got something to give to humanity at large; and it has been claimed on behalf of India that she has a message of her own to deliver to mankind—the message of the Spiritual. Now let us try to define this message in a brief compass.

The word 'spiritual' is a pretty old word in religious literature, but it has kept itself current not so much on the strength of any positive well-defined meaning that people have attached to it, as on the strength of an important distinction which it enables them to make. People distinguish the spiritual from the secular as well as the spiritual from the material. In the former case, the import of the distinction is easy to understand, for here the spiritual is quite equivalent to the religious; but in the latter case, people draw the distinction most often just as it suits them to draw it. So we find many people taking the spiritual as opposed to the material to cover the world of their inner religious experiences, as if to claim that in this world of theirs, there is strictly no room for matter and all that it implies! Then we have the spiritualists who would identify the spiritual with the world of departed spirits, thus practically cutting it off from the ordinary world of human experiences. Modern psychology again would assign to the spiritual a particular area in the domain of the intellect, an area probably where it would make the abstract religious sentiments dwell. Thus we find that people generally have got different points of view from which they would choose to draw the line between the spiritual and the material. But the real truth of the matter is that the two terms which are to be distinguished from each other, do not both convey to the minds of these people any clear, positive, well-defined meaning. As a

result, in every case the line of distinction is drawn by such people, afterthought or riper experience is bound to show that the spiritual and the material are freely overlapping each other.

But the distinction cannot be lost sight of or slurred over. Like the Sphinx, it stares us in the face and demands satisfaction. It is a psychological necessity for man to have to draw the line between the material and the non-material or the spiritual. Man ever strives to build higher than on the shifting sands of matter, higher on some basis less evanescent, less disintegrating. But alas, how high soever he builds, you scratch the plinth and it is matter still that stands out revealed, and on the forehead of everything that belongs to the jurisdiction of matter, is writ large the word 'death.' From the dawn of history, every country on this globe had tried to rise above matter by getting hold of some lasting, unifying principle on which to build up a scheme of life for itself, but alas, when the day of reckoning came, with the crack of doom the hidden materiality of that principle, like the cloven feet of Satan, was laid but utterly bare. In spite of all the glare of the civilisation of to-day, modern history is recapitulating the same old tale, and with whatever name you hold them aloft—political nationalism, imperialism, state-socialism, or the like—the foundation of these schemes of life is of the earth earthy and it is all that dangerous, fatal, though unconscious play with matter which is doomed to end with a crash. But on the ruins of kingdoms and empires, the mighty Sphinx squats and flings down over again the unsolved question: what is the non-material?

The pity is that people should try to draw the line between the material and the non-material, before knowing properly what matter

is. Ordinary intelligence defines matter as that which we can objectify through our senses. But we all know that the external organs of sense are quite limited in their power and science tells us everyday of matter in such form that our senses cannot objectify it. So with the above definition of matter which is ordinarily put forward, it is impossible to properly distinguish the non-material from the material. Now, how does science define matter? It does not mind defining it, for it serves its purpose well only to define matter in the terms of force and define force in the terms of matter. Therefore practically, science defines neither. To Western philosophy the problem of the relation between mind and matter has long been a very hard nut to crack. Before Kant, all manner of theories were being put forward to explain this relation,—some holding matter up in the scales and some holding up the other, some putting God between them to bridge the gulf and some running down to monads or running up to an indifferent absolute for holding in peculiar solution the dualism of thought and extension. It was Kant who first successfully attempted to analyse intellectual consciousness and since his time, German idealism has been putting forward a consistent philosophical view about matter. The Hegelian system, which reached the highwater mark of philosophical thought in Europe, leaves room for matter even in the topmost round of the self-realising activity of the Spirit, inasmuch as the subject-object relation cannot even then be fully dispensed with. The Spirit in this system, *must* posit itself in objectivity (i. e. as the material), even though it were only to over-reach or transcend it. To put it in plain language, the highest European philosophy cannot point out to man a plane of consciousness, which is perfectly beyond matter; and no wonder that it would so fail in this object. For intellect can measure only intellect, it cannot gauge the depths beyond: and intellect is the sole organon of

European metaphysics. Elsewhere we mean to shew briefly how it was still the utmost bounds of the intellect, where Hegel reconnoitred.

The highest European thought, therefore, defines matter as the principle of objectivity in the consciousness of man. This definition is good so far as it goes. But we have got to take along with it the verdict of European philosophy, which makes the material a necessary and everlasting factor in the self-realising activity of the Spirit. The spiritual that has thus to be yoked to the material to enable us to realise it from beginning to end, loses thereby the full measure of its sovereignty and through the loophole of this compromise, invincible matter is given practically the fullest opportunity to establish and exercise its insidious and irresistible sway over human life in all its departments. If you start with recognising the endless necessity of matter and its claims, there is no escape in the long run from its hidden but omnipresent clutches. The greatest teachers of spirituality, therefore, like Christ, have all preached renunciation in no compromising terms: "And seek not ye what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, neither be ye of doubtful mind. For all these things do the nations of the world seek after: and your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things. But rather seek ye the kingdom of God; and all these things shall be added unto you." A compromising spirituality is in the strictest sense no spirituality at all, and the attitude of Western life and culture towards matter is an attitude that is incompatible with uncompromising spirituality. It is but a halting and perilous definition of the material, which leaves so much scum and dross in the conception of the spiritual.

So return we to India, where in defining and eschewing matter, "the doubtful mind" with regard to the things of this world was so boldly cast away.

From time immemorial, Kapila has been regarded in India as the founder of the Sankhya system of philosophy and “ऋषिं प्रसूतं कपिलं यस्तमत्रे”^{*} seems to have been spoken of him. He it was, who first traced and discovered how matter, a principle unfathomable to intellect, is drawing the veil of illusion over the Spiritual which the Vedic seers declared to be beyond time, space and causation, and how combining itself with the reflected consciousness, it is ever forging out, step by step, the various stages of being and becoming. He it was, therefore, who first clearly drew the line between Matter and Spirit and founded a positive system of renunciatory discipline. Had it not been for him and for other Rishis who followed his example of handing down from generation to generation their system of practical discipline by the help of organised monasticism which implies such a wonderful concentration of life and effort in a noble cause, the message of the Spiritual which the ancient seers announced to the world would not have lived down to history. For matter is a tremendous foe to that illumination which a great spiritual seer transmits to his age. It has got a fatal knack of silting up, so to speak, the currents of spiritual revelation by materialistic accretions which multiply as time passes by, and it is only the concentration of monastic life that can fight these formidable tendencies. India, as the Vedas declare,[†] developed monasticism in the earliest Vedic ages, when practically she started in her career of beneficence to humanity with the revelation of the Spiritual as her asset. India lives because she has not lost her asset, and she has not lost her asset because her monastic institutions, however much they crumble and rot in so many instances, still bear within themselves the living impulse of the Spiritual.

* “He (God) who gave birth to the Rishi Kapila in the beginning.”—Svetasvatara Upanishad.

† “त्यागेनैके अभृतत्वमानशु”--Rig-veda.

It is a thorough-going doctrine of the Spiritual that India has to offer to the world, for as river into an ocean, all that are made up of name and form merge into that Supreme Oneness of the Spiritual losing all distinction, and the universe of matter passes off like a dream. “There the sun do not shine, neither the moon and the stars, nor the lightning and how would then fire? Out of Its illumination, all these objects their light do borrow and in and through Its light, does all this universe manifest.” “From Which words crowd back, with mind failing to reach It.” “Greater and beyond what is known and greater and beyond what is unknown.” Thus in describing the Spiritual, the Vedas rise not only beyond the world of sensuous objects, but also beyond the world of intellectual knowledge,—beyond the province of subject-object relations.

This doctrine of the Spiritual, again, is not a mere theory, not a mere hypothesis on which to explain life and all its experiences, activities and aspirations. The Brahman “has to be heard, meditated upon and realised,” and thousands in India devote their life to this attempt with a singleminded zeal that is unsurpassed in the records of human effort in the whole world. It will not do to say that it is madness to fly away from the world in this fashion. Rather it is real madness to plunge in worldliness in the way the people all over the world do plunge, for by so doing, both nations and individuals court the death that matter surely deals to everything caught in its vortex. The ancient seers who bore the message of the Spiritual to humanity said :

“इह चेद्वेदीदथ सत्यमस्ति न चेदिहावेदी-
न्महति विनष्टिः” “If ye realise It here, ye have an enduring foundation in truth, but if ye dont realise it here, great ruination is sure to befall you.” It was from this, that India took warning and found out the secret of an eternal life, while many a proud nation in history struck their impudent heads against the inevitable decree of matter and died.

The question may arise here as to what should we say of religious doctrines and cults that do not soar high enough to recognise the pure Adwaitism of the Vedas as their basis,—should we not still include them within the purview of the Spiritual, as we generally do? The reply of Adwaitism is that these dispensations surely mix up Matter and Spirit in their conceptions, but they have got to minister to man in a stage of development where symbols cannot be fully dispensed with, but inasmuch as the symbolic conception of matter by which they seek to replace its rigid reality for ordinary consciousness makes for true spirituality in the end, the term spirituality is ordinarily used to cover this spiritualising process as well as the ultimate goal. But strictly speaking, the spirituality of the temples and churches is spirituality by sufferance. True spirituality knows no faltering or back-sliding, for it is not a process but a consummation when salvation yields itself to you like the fruit Amlak, as the sages say, on the palm of your hand, when by the infinite sweetness of love and bliss all symbols are consumed, so to speak, and when the sun of consciousness absorbs into its infinite effulgence all subject-object relations. Just think what unspeakable fearlessness and strength pulsate through our minds, when we strive even by words to form an idea, however inadequate, of that Spirituality!

For has it not been said of the Spiritual: **यदाह्येवैष एतस्मिन्दुदरमन्तरं कुरुते अथ तस्य भयं भवति**, “Whenever even by the breadth of hair one thinks himself different from It, fear overtakes him.” Everything that limits is a source of fear, for you know not how again it may deprive you, and even that love which still leaves a duality to be resolved makes you a prey to expectation and therefore to fear. Stand therefore on the strength and glory of the Self and renounce all expectation and begging, for such renunciation only is the stronghold of fearlessness, while all the

world is sicklied over with the pale cast of fear.

It is such a doctrine of the Spiritual that India has got to rally round to become self-conscious,—to rise equal to the mission that she has to fulfil in this world.

THE HYMN OF CREATION.

(Rig-Veda : 10th Mondal, 129).

A Translation by the Swami Vivekananda.

Existence was not then, nor non-existence,
The world was not, the sky beyond was neither,
What covered the mist? Of whom was that?
What was in the depths of darkness thick?

Death was not then, nor immortality,
The night was neither separate from day,
But motionless did *That* vibrate
Alone, with Its own glory one,—
Beyond that, nothing did exist.

At first in darkness hidden darkness lay,
Undistinguished as one mass of water,
Then *That* which lay in void thus covered
A glory did put forth by *Tapah*!

First Desire rose, the primal seed of mind,
(The sages have seen all this in their hearts
Sifting existence from non-existence.)
Its rays above, below and sideways spread.

Creative then became the glory,
With self-sustaining principle below,
And Creative Energy above.

Who knew the way? Who there declared
Whence this arose? projection whence?
For after this projection came the Gods,
Who therefore knew indeed, came out this whence?

This projection whence arose,
Whether held or whether not,
He the ruler in the supreme sky of this,
He, Oh Sharman! knows, or knows not

He perchance!

THE HEGELIAN ABSOLUTE.

GEORG Wilhelm Fredrich Hegel (1770-1831) exerts by his system of philosophy no inconsiderable influence on European thought and no wonder that his influence has found its way into some intellectual coteries among educated Indians. It is claimed that his system involves in many respects a close approach to the philosophy of the Vedanta and it is contended that his conclusions while bearing close resemblance to those of qualified monism like that of Ramanujacharya work out by a wonderful dialectic a reconciliation between this phase of Indian thought and the pure Advaitism of Sankara.

We do not propose here to examine into the details of the Hegelian system. We simply mean to touch upon and consider the essential feature of that system so as to be able to form a verdict upon the claims, which are stated above to be generally advanced on its behalf.

Before we undertake to compare a European system of thought with an Indian, it is necessary that we should enquire, like Bacon, into the sort of organon or instrument which the propounder of each system manipulated while working it out. Generally speaking, intellect is invariably the instrument we have to use in building up a system of philosophy, but in the case of our Vedantic systems, this statement must have to be taken with a qualification; for here in these Vedantic systems, intellect is invariably found to play the part of a secondary instrument. Not that its scope, force or freedom is thereby prejudicially affected in any way, for still, we find, it exerts itself always to its very utmost limits, but that here in all its workings and achievements, it has got to pay peculiar homage to a higher instrument of knowledge, which, for want of a better equivalent in English, we may term inspiration, direct intuition or direct illumination. This higher instrument, be it understood, is not a subterfuge of irrational mysticism. Everybody is welcome to learn to use it and Patanjali in his system of Yoga, has quite in a scientific style described a process of Sanjama (त्रयमेकत्र संयमः) by which any sincere aspirant after truth may acquire the use of this higher

instrument and enter into the region beyond intellect. We must also remember that this higher instrument of inspiration does not contradict reason or intellect, but rather carries up its conclusions to a higher synthesis or deeper analysis as the case may be. In fact, the higher and the lower instruments of knowledge do but fulfil each other. Owing to this recognition of a higher instrument, the Vedantic systems accept a third kind of proof which is called *Sábda* (शब्द), besides inference and experience (अनुमान and प्रत्यक्ष), for in *Sabda*, or the Vedic Scriptures, the discoveries of this higher instrument of thought are all recorded.

Now we know that in the European systems of thought, there is no higher instrument of knowledge than intellect. And just as a man can never over-reach his own shadow, intellect can never transcend its own limitations. For example, it is a sort of constitutional necessity for intellect to have to *know* by relating a subject to an object. By no end of somersaults, can it transcend this subject-object relation in its activities. It is only beyond the intellect—in what Patanjali calls *Samadhi*—can the subject and the object be made to coalesce completely into each other, so that consciousness absorbs and transcends their duality in a proper sense.

But Hegel through his intellect could deal only with the intellect. However, with an intellectual inwardness seldom met with even in philosophers he made a thorough survey of the intellectual operations. As a necessary result, he discovered to his great credit that the unity of consciousness reigns supreme even in all the variety, contrariness and contradictoriness of intellectual products and holds all these together in its own peculiar solvency which reduces the world of objects into an endless system of relations existing in and for consciousness itself. But the corner-stone of his philosophy is his analysis of self-consciousness, for herein he found what he termed the Absolute and the self-objectifying principle in consciousness by means of which it puts forth out of itself an objective world. Consciousness involves in itself the duality of the subjective and the objective and at the same time while holding this duality before itself, it transcends the same and returns to itself or its unity. This self-realising consciousness through self-evolved

duality is the Hegelian Absolute, as we understand it.

But after all, Hegel is only studying the intellectual consciousness, that is to say, consciousness as functioning in the form of intellect in the realm we call intellectual. Here in this realm, consciousness is sure to be found intellectually conditioned and that which thus conditions it is still the Maya of the Vedantist operating from beyond the intellect. The consciousness as Hegel found it, the consciousness which has to realise and return to itself through the self-evolved duality of a self and not-self, is not the Absolute Consciousness of the Vedanta but a super-imposition on it by Maya. It is a misnomer to call this superimposed consciousness the Absolute, simply because its nature unceasingly suggests the possibility of, though never itself fully effecting, the transcending of the subject-object relation. Really speaking, Hegel succeeded in discovering in the highest operations of the intellect the constant clear suggestion of a universalised self-consciousness out of which the duality of the subjective and the objective has evolved. This universalised self-consciousness is the Mahatattva of the Vedanta and we know that it is also conditioned by Maya to evolve the universe of mind and matter. But still we must all admire the power of intellectual introspection in a man like Hegel.

The consciousness as conditioned by Maya cannot yield us through analysis the very highest principles of conduct in life, both individual and collective, and hence the taint of secularism which mars the ideals of spiritual progress as expounded by Hegelian thinkers and hence also the absence of the Vedantic note of renunciation in the doctrines of this school.

In conclusion, therefore, we must say that it is silly and idle for our educated countrymen to bring forward the Hegelian system and set it up as, in any sense, a mediator or model over Vedantic systems where speculation by virtue of the data supplied by a higher instrument of knowledge, has before it a larger and sublimer field to traverse than any European system in modern times can expect to have even glimpses of.

ON THE CONNING TOWER.

IT is curious to find how our motto: "Arise, awake and stop not till the goal is reached," —is being adopted by people who have quite a different meaning of their own to read into it. Why, the other day only, it was reported that an anarchist leaflet appeared in public with the words of this motto blazoned forth on the top! No wonder that all this political feverishness that would fain drag India down into the cockpit of political scuffles, would show such scant courtesy for this wonderful motto of Swami Vivekananda who fought valiantly all his life against such westernising of the Indian outlook! Even the Swami's worshipful attitude towards Mother India and his stirring appeal to his countrymen to lay at her feet their manhood, learning and unstinted service are all misinterpreted by these political neophytes and grotesquely tagged on to their own favourite political aspirations. It is a pity that the modern political craze has deluded them into believing that a people have no right or competency to live in this world unless they make of their country a pugnacious political gamecock!

In our next number,* to be specially devoted to the memory of the Swami's life and teachings, we propose to discuss his views on the Indian problem.

We have spoken above of the tendency to westernise the Indian outlook. It is grievous indeed to find how much of the contemporary thought in India to-day is under the complete sway of this evil tendency and almost the whole of what is called the educated community in India has unconsciously put itself under its spell. We say unconsciously, because this pernicious tendency creeps into our minds as a matter of course along with all the good and bad stuff with which we give western culture quite a free hand in loading them, and when this tendency has rooted itself into the very texture of our thoughts, how will doubt arise as to its sinister nature? Now let us see what exactly this tendency to westernise the Indian outlook means. The Indian outlook is, of course, the viewpoint of collective life in India, where the problem

* As is known to the readers of Prabuddha Bharata, the February and March numbers of the paper will, as usual, appear combined in the month of March.

for all becomes the problem for each and we think of India, its welfare, its future—as a whole. Now we owe it to western culture to admit that it has revived this sentiment for collective life in India on an extensive scale such as we find nowhere in past history. This sentiment now permeates the thoughts and activities of our educated countrymen and behind whatever they think and do, the Indian outlook is found to stand as the inevitable perspective. But because this sentiment for collective life has been revived and replenished in India in modern times by Western education, it has contracted a very strong tendency to run into political lines. In the West, people would not even admit that there can be any outlook on the collective life in any country except it be political. They cannot even imagine how there can be any scheme of collective life in which politics does not form the essential or the regulative principle. Now this peculiar Western view about collective life naturally establishes itself in the mind of every body who owes to the West his education and enlightenment, and to him, therefore, the Indian outlook must assume the political colour and complexion. As a necessary result, educated people in India generally believe that Indian life to be collective must have to become political and must have some political status to start with. This is what is called the westernising of the Indian outlook. Against such a trend of thought, Swami Vivekananda in his lectures from Colombo to Almora sounded, again and again, a clear, distinct warning. His idea was that the outlook on the Indian collective life should be spiritual and not political, because the fabric of that life is to be based and reared on the spiritual mission that India has got to fulfil in this world. It is this spiritual mission alone and not any political ideal that should infuse into every Indian soul an enthusiasm for collective life. It is this spiritual mission of India that is bound to weld together all the different religious communities in the land into the unity of a collective life, for every community has its contribution to make to the fulfilment of this mission and because the harmony of their collective life as realised in this Indian federation will be as an object-lesson of the great truth which Ramakrishna Paramahansa illustrated by his life,—the truth, namely, that all the various religions are but so many different

paths that lead to the same goal of Spirituality.

In this connection, a paper read by Sayyad Wazeer Hassan, Secretary All-India Muslim League, under the auspices of the London Indian Association at Caxton Hall, raises some important issues. Like many a writer in contemporary periodical literature, he suggests that the pursuit of the common political welfare of the common mother-country India should supply the bond of union between the Hindus and Mahommedans of this land, this union, according to his special proposal, being “not of individuals, but of communities—a political entity on federal lines as unique in constitution as our circumstances.” Such a loud bid for a political unity in India is, as we have said above, quite natural in every one in whose veins courses the wine of Western enlightenment. But do you dive deep into the essential nature of a Hindu and a Mahommedan, deep beyond the superficial veneer of Western culture? Is not religion the formative, the determinative, the supreme principle in the life and circumstances of a Hindu or a Mahommedan? If that be so, where else would you go, to what exotic, borrowed, third-hand material of a political sentiment, for the cementing principle in the union of Hindus with Mahommedans? If you want that union to be real and lasting, you have to unite them in the supreme interest of religion. The true secret of union must be found out from within the inmost depths of their nature, depths from which the life and history of the two communities have proceeded. Woe unto both, if the *rakhi* thread which is to bind them in daily fellowship has to be imported from some factory in Kamascotka! The political bond of union between the Hindu and the Muslim was by history weighed in the balance and found wanting. It can but be a temporary bond, for it does not unite the real Hindu with the real Mahommedan, but forms only a coalition of secondary interests.

When Ramakrishna Paramahansa got himself initiated by an Islamic saint into one of the deepest phases of Mahommedanism and practised that with his usual wholehearted devotion, till he realised the vision of the great Allah, a very great fact was taking birth into this world and in that fact lay in a nutshell the solution of the Hindu-Mahommedan problem. We are blind and do not give facts the

value that is their due. Ramakrishna Paramahansa has proved it beyond doubt that India is one, because in spite of all the seething differences in cult and creed, India's religion is one and that oneness is India's message to the world and to deliver this message by practice as well as profession is that God-appointed mission to which she owes the new lease of life that is bound to be hers in modern times.

GLEANINGS

How extraordinary it is that we have not yet realised that conceivability is not the limit of possibility—that the true opposite of belief in a theory or fact is not unbelief, but doubt, uncertainty, suspension of judgment.—Sir William Crookes, the newly-elected president, at the annual dinner of the Royal Society.

* * *

But oars alone can ne'er prevail
To reach the distant coast;
The breath of heaven must swell the sail,
Or all the toil is lost.—Cowper.

* * *

Life a right shadow is,
For if it long appear,
Then it is spent and death's long night draws near!
Shadows are moving, light,
And is their aught as moving as is this?
When it is most in sight,
It steals away, and none can tell how, where,
So near our cradles to our coffins are.
—William Drummond.

* * *

I can understand how pain is silenced by thought, I know this by experience. Whenever I have an attack of pain, I put myself in the attitude of non-resistance and welcome it as a friend. I think at once, that it is good, very good; that it is a sign of activity for the establishment of harmony: so the more pain the better. It is an agreement with the adversary. According to the law of agreement the pain subsides. Oh! yes, all pain is a blessing.
—Tolstoi.

* * *

Thrice happy are those to whom a great sorrow has given clearer insight. On the summits, where life absorbs the soul—upon the heights we see that every act and every thought are infallibly bound up with something great and immortal.—Maeterlinck.

REVIEWS.

Notes of Some Wanderings with the Swami Vivekananda. By Sister Nivedita of Ramakrishna-Vivekananda. Edited by the Swami Saradananda. Size 7½ by 5¼ inches. Pp. 166. Bound in stiff cover with gilt letters. Price Re. 1-4 as. To be had of the Manager, Prabuddha Bharata.

It is with real joy that we welcome the appearance in book form of the "Notes of Some Wanderings with the Swami Vivekananda" by the late distinguished Sister Nivedita. The "Notes" had previously been printed serially in the "Brahmavadin" and after her demise, the editor has brought out this present publication having rectified a few minor inaccuracies regarding facts that had crept into them. The value of the book is greatly enhanced also by his making out chapter headings and a short synopsis of the contents of each chapter. There are two beautiful pictures, one of Swami Vivekananda and the other of the Sister Nivedita.

It is true that the Sister's writings need no introduction. She has gained so wide a popularity that her name, of itself, lends weight and interest to whatever she wrote. What a mighty grasp of ideas she possessed! What a singular manner of statement was hers!

In her was fulfilled the blessings of her Guru, printed in the book in the fac-simile of Swamiji's writing, which we reproduce below:—

"The Mother's heart, the hero's will,
The sweetness of the Southern breeze,
The sacred charm and strength that dwell
On Aryan alters, flaming, free;
All these be yours, and many more,
No ancient soul could dream before—
Be thou to India's future son
The mistress, servant, friend in one.

With the blessings of
(Sd.) Vivekananda.

In this present work, it is seen how excellent a witness the Sister was of her Guru's words and thoughts. She has written most graphically and yet epigrammatically, presenting the reader with a true character-picture of the Swami Vivekananda as he is seen in the company of his Eastern and Western disciples, training, teaching and travelling,

and under many and varied conditions of temperament and scene.

The book opens with the narrative of the Sister's first experiences with the Swami in India, when she, together with Mrs. Ole Bull and Miss Josephine McLeod, lived in the old house on the newly-bought grounds of the Belur Math, where the Swami often visited the party. One sees how the former introduced the subject of Hinduism to his Western followers, how he trained them to study India both philosophically and historically and to acquire the religious insight of his land, and how he did all in his power to cement successfully the ties of loving friendship and respect between his Gurubhais and his Eastern and Western followers.

Later the scene shifts to Almora and still later to Kashmir. At the former place, according to her own story, the Sister passed through a state of much mental and spiritual confusion, owing to her difficulty of ridding herself of Western preconceptions. In the end, what was almost an intellectual and temperamental conflict between herself and her Master, resulted in a true understanding and an increased sense of discipleship on her part. This "confession" has a distinctively high personal and philosophical interest and reveals the greatness of the Sister as well as of the Swami himself.

Both in Almora and in Kashmir the Sister in recording the Swami's own statements has depicted him as a great patriot, scholar and religious teacher. One sees in this book bright glimpses of the yet unrecorded phases of the private life of the Swami Vivekananda. He can quote history as well as Scripture, poetry as well as philosophy, and interpret and throw new light on them and every subject he handled; and as he passes before the imagination of the interested reader, he is recognised as an altogether paramount personality. It is the Sister's unique manner of treatment and depicting that makes her Master stand forth in this broad and luminous perspective.

The "Notes on Some Wanderings with the Swami Vivekananda" is essentially a most instructive and absorbing book, full of masterly interpretations of Hinduism and of his own ideals and teachings by the Swami himself. One gathers from it how the Sister Nivedita was trained in the days

of her discipleship and discovers the source of her monumental information and defence of Indian culture. It is a book filled with spirit and with insight, and one which deserves to be widely studied not only by all followers of the Swami or lovers of his country but by every one who seeks to know of the Truth and Higher Realities from various view-points.

The Mystery of God and the Union, or The Philosophy of the Abstract and the Concrete. By Mr. Prabhu Lal, of His Highness the Nizam's Service. Size 8½ by 5½ inches. Pp. 100. To be had of the Manager, Prabuddha Bharata Office. Price 10 as.

This philosophical treatise is divided, besides the Introduction, into six chapters of profoundly thoughtful matter dealing with, (i) The Mystery and Its Solution, (ii) Ways to Realisation, (iii) What is True Renunciation, (iv) The Ethics of the Vedanta, (v) The So-called Hindu Idolatry and Polytheism, (vi) Appeal for Religious Harmony and Concord. The author has handled the various intricate ideas and truths of Hindu religion and philosophy with rare ability and has enlarged and commented upon them in a masterly way. The book deals elaborately with the psychology of Bhakti and Jnana, and harmonises the teachings of the Dualistic and non-Dualistic schools by explaining the former from the standpoint of the latter. The solution of the mystery of God and the Universe, as the author says, is the finding out of the fact that there is the Absolute alone which is the only Reality and what is perceived by the senses is a mere illusion due to our ignorance of that Reality, but this can be destroyed by the knowledge of the One Absolute Existence. An active sympathy for all religious ideas, while at the same time interpreting these in their highest form, is a distinctive feature of this work. It aims at reconciliation of opposing views, at the practical realisation of God-vision in service and at the inclusion of all forms of religious and mystic experience. The definition of the personal God and Image-worship is highly instructive. Pervading the book is the exposition of the Advaitavada. There are several quotations from the recently published "Life of the Swami Vivekananda by His Eastern and Western Disciples" from the Advaita Ashrama,

Mayavati, Almora. This book is appropriately dedicated to the sacred memory of the Swami Vivekananda whose writings and utterances have mostly inspired the thoughts of the writer, his ever-loving disciple and admirer, in token of his deep reverence for him as one of the greatest modern teachers of the Vedanta. Our best thanks are due to the author for his having kindly promised to devote the whole of the sale-proceeds of the publication equally towards the much-needed support of the three charitable medical institutions of the Ramakrishna Mission, namely, the Mayavati Charitable Dispensary and Hospital and the Sevashramas at Brindavan and Allahabad.

The Adhyatma Ramayana or the Esoteric Ramayana translated into English by Rai Bahadur Lala Baij Nath, B. A., Retired Judge, U. P. Published by the Panini Office, Allahabad. Size 9½ by 6 in. Pp. v—227. Price Rs. 3.

In the recently published book the learned author has interpreted to English readers the beautiful dialogue on the Divine nature of Rama, between Siva and Parvati, as told in the Brahmanda Purana.

The volume is divided like that of Balmiki's Ramayana into seven kandas or books, namely the Balakanda, the Ayodhya, the Aranya, the Kishkindha, the Sundara, the Yuddha and the Uttara. It consists of 64 chapters and 4200 verses.

One who reads this heart-stirring work can not but appreciate its charming eloquence, treasure of emotional tenderness and simplicity, its clear statements of the Vedanta philosophy combining the path of devotion with that of knowledge. It tells a story of deep interest which never flags for a moment. It is full of variety, now picturesque, now pathetic, while passages showing depths of feeling and knowledge occur again and again.

Of the faithfulness of the rendering of the Sanskrit text we need scarcely speak, the character of the author's other translations is a sufficient guarantee on this point. The work before us bears witness to most painstaking industry in this direction. In order to make the text clear the author has added important notes explaining the difficult and technical doctrines of the Vedanta and he has also given notes comparing the Adhyatman with the Valmiki where necessary.

The 12th Annual Report of the Ramakrishna Mission Sevashrama, Kankhal.

WE have received the 12th Annual Report, January to December 1912, of the Ramakrishna Mission Sevashrama, Kankhal, Hardwar, from which we glean some of the more salient points.

When under the inspiration and auspices of Swami Vivekananda, relief work was first started in Kankhal in June, 1901, medical relief was given during the first eighteen months to 1054 patients, indoor and outdoor taken together. In 1912, the year under review, this total number came up to 9388 patients. This shows how the work is growing fast in dimensions and usefulness. The contributions received from the public during all the years up to December, 1912, totalled Rs. 36312-4-9, the working balance in hand after expenditure on the same date being Rs. 835-4-9.

Of the total number 9388 during 1912, 116 were indoor patients; there were 201 plague cases, 358 Phthisis cases, 231 cholera cases.

Relief is extended to all, irrespective of caste, creed or colour; thus in 1912, there were 14 Christians, 547 Mohomedan, 9 Jains, 2180 Sadhus, 1362 Brahmans, 840 Chammars, 230 Sweepers. Entries for native place in the register of patients include almost all the provinces of India.

The new Phthisis ward which was constructed at a cost of Rs. 6289-5-0 and which contains 12 beds, has been in working order from January 1913. This special Ward supplies a great want, and such special wards for cholera and other infectious diseases have become urgently needed. The general ward now existing being exclusively used by Sadhus, another general ward for poor and helpless lay people (who resort for treatment in large numbers) constitutes another pressing need. The Government is acquiring for the Sevashrama an adjoining plot of land to accomodate these three proposed wards and a strong appeal is made to all sympathisers to come forward with early contribution of funds so that the land after acquisition may not lie unused and vacant for want of mouey.

Another important point to which the attention of the generous public is drawn is the highly precarious nature of the funds on which the Sevashrama has to

depend for all the work of the institution from day to day. The average monthly subscription amounted only to Rs. 47 during 1912, whereas the monthly expenditure to be incurred during this year is estimated to be Rs. 379-9-6, taking into account the maintenance of the new Phthisis ward. Besides the balance of the last year, viz., Rs. 835-4-7, it has to rely absolutely on the uncertain resources of occasional donations. Strong appeal is made to the public to place the finances on a stable basis.

It is announced that donations in the shape of endowments for the construction of wards, rooms, or parts therein or for the maintenance of special beds, in memory of relatives or friends, deceased or otherwise, are accepted, and the names of such friends or relatives will be kept inscribed in proper tablets.

All contributions, however small, may be sent to—

(1) Swami Brahmananda, President, The Math, Belur, P. O. (Howrah).

(2) Swami Kalyanananda, Ramakrishna Mission Sevashrama, Kankhal, P. O. (Saharanpur).

The Twelfth Annual Report of the Ramakrishna Home of Service, Benares.

THE objects of the Ramakrishna Mission Home of Service need no recapitulation here; its work has become known throughout India, and in its annual report one sees how from year to year the institution is growing both in amount and scope of service.

The Eleventh Anniversary Meeting held on the 16th Oct. 1912 was eminently successful. Mr. E. A. Molony I. C. S. Commissioner, Benares Division, presided, and distinguished citizens, including Europeans and Mahomedans, were present.

The period covered by the report extends over a year and a half from July 1911 to Dec. 1912. During the period the report shows an increase of 24 in the number of indoor hospital patients, the total number being 1152. The accommodation not being sufficient for such a large number, 55 of the patients had to be housed and treated in a separate branch house rented for the purpose. Many cases of infectious diseases had also to be sent away for want of special accommodation.

The total number of outdoor patients came up to 11,999 belonging chiefly to the native population of the locality. The report mentions also 454 cases of house-to-house relief of persons unwilling to come to the hospital and so nursed and treated at their homes, 179 cases of aged and invalid persons who were aided from the funds of the Home, 25 cases of relief from actual starvation the victims being found lying in the streets, and 232 cases of persons once in good circumstances and now reduced to destitution.

Owing to the rapidly increasing number of helpless persons seeking the hospitality and service of the Home the institution stands in urgent need of expansion for which substantial financial help is appealed for. Its immediate needs are:— (1) the construction of Infectious Wards for infectious cases which are now being sent away unrelieved. Eight acres of land, for this purpose have kindly been acquired by the Government for the Home which will shortly have to be purchased and built upon; (2) the establishment of a Permanent Refuge for housing the aged and invalid persons who when discharged from the Hospital have no place or person to go to. Temporary work of this nature is now being carried on in a rented house, but as the demand is daily increasing, it has become absolutely necessary to have a more permanent institution.

Hitherto the Home had to depend for its upkeep on the uncertain resources of voluntary contributions which, although, sufficient to yield a surplus formed into a nucleus reserve fund still leave its finances insecure. For the purpose of conferring financial stability on the Home, suggestion is made for contributions in the shape of endowment of special bed or beds. For the above-specified immediate needs funds are urgently required and all well-wishers of the institution are requested to see that the good and invaluable services which it is rendering to suffering humanity may not be arrested for want of financial help. All contributions, however small, may be sent to—

(1) the Bank of Bengal, Benares for credit to the Ramakrishna Home of Service, Benares City, or (2) the Honorary Assistant Secretary, Ramakrishna Home of Service, Benares City, or (3) to the President, Ramakrishna Mission, the Math, Belur P. O., Dt. Howrah, Bengal.

NEWS AND MISCELLANIES.

(CULLED AND CONDENSED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES)

THE Hon'ble Mr. P. C. Lyon after inspecting the relief work carried on by the Ramakrishna Mission in the Contai Subdivision of Midnapur kindly subscribed on the spot Rs. 50 from his own pocket towards the Mission Relief funds.

WE are glad to announce that a new Home of Service called the "Ramakrishna Sevashrama" has been started at Nawabpur in Dacca, Eastern Bengal, under the distinguished patronage of the Nawab of Dacca who has kindly placed a building and the sum of Rs. 200 at the disposal of the workers.

AT Palkonda in District Vizagapatam an association called "The Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa Samaj" has been started four years back and has been doing excellent work since then. One chief item of its work is feeding the poor which is done once a week on Sunday when nearly 40 poor people are regularly fed. The members assemble every night to read and discuss the speeches and writings of Swami Vivekananda and other Swamis of the Ramakrishna Mission.

SWAMI Kalyanananda in charge of the Kankhal Ramakrishna Mission Sevashrama writes to say that in the month of November last there were 12 indoor patients in his hospital and there were 724 outdoor patients. A night school for *Chamar* boys has been started in the Sevashrama, while two orphans are being maintained and educated by the Ashrama during the past two years. The donations and subscriptions received during November amounted to Rs. 237-1-0, which with the last month's balance and deducting disbursements (Rs. 195-6-3) during the month, leaves an amount of Rs. 1198-2-1 in hand.

AN association called the "Ramakrishna-Vivekananda Vedanta Sangham" has been started at Sivaganga in the District of Ramnad, being located for the present in a temporary building. The Sangham holds reading classes every evening and has also arranged for weekly lectures every Sunday

in Tamil on subjects relating to Vedanta. Besides, on every Saturday night and on Ekadasi nights, the Association meets to sing Bhajans. It has already set up a library for itself with 200 useful books to start with and its members on special festive occasions, such as the recent *dipavali* there, make house to house collections to add to the funds of the association. We congratulate the members on the enthusiastic inception of their work and heartily wish it every success.

THE latest report of the flood-relief work of the Ramakrishna Mission declares that out of the four circles into which the Bhagabanpur Thana has been divided by the Government for facility of relief operations, Nos. I and III have been placed in charge of the Mission. It is calculated that the total amount of rice distributed during the month under review from all the centres in both the Contai and Tumluk Subdivisions amounted to about 863 mds. at the rate of $\frac{1}{4}$ sr. per head per diem. The medical relief opened by the Mission at Bhagabanpur and Naraindari is proving very successful. Cold and disease are vying with each other to aggravate the distress of the flood-stricken people and the Mission strongly appeals for old warm clothings and linen to be sent to its headquarters for the distressed people.

A Government Press Communique on the floods in Midnapur, Bengal, in describing the Hon'ble Mr. Lyon's tour in the affected areas says, among other things:—Among the four or five relief parties at work in the area, Mr. Lyon was only able to inspect the work of the Central Relief Organisation Party, whose head quarters are at Kalinagar, and the Ramakrishna Mission at Bhagwanpur. A careful examination of that work, both at the centres and in the villages, shewed that it was excellently organised, and although the charity that these parties have distributed may in some few cases have been on somewhat too lavish a scale, it is certainly not now indiscriminate. In the light of the experience which has been gained, the work is being carried out in a methodical and business way and the public who have supplied these organisations with funds may rest assured that they have been expended to advantage.

SIR William Crookes was on the 1st Dec. 1913 elected President of the Royal Society, London, for the coming year, and presided at the Society's dinner in the evening.

THE committee of management of the Hindu University Society announce that the grand total on the receipt side of their funds amounted on the 7th Dec. to Rs. 42,38,720 of which Rs. 25,92,292 has been actually received.

A species of white ant has attacked the country home of an Indian farmer, and in a short time has eaten away many of the sills and the floor of the house. These ants, according to the State entomologist, have no eyes, can live only in darkness and their food is wood. The entomologist also says that in many respects they resemble bees. They swarm and live in colonies.

ALUM is a sovereign remedy in cases of scorpion sting, says a correspondent to the 'Madras Mail.' "During my stay at Saidapet some years ago, my wife was stung on one of her toes by a large red scorpion. She suffered severe pain, perspiring profusely, rolling on the floor and groaning piteously. A little alum was dissolved in water, in the absence of lime-juice which would have been far more efficacious, to the consistency of a paste, and with this the toe was well coated and a piece of live charcoal held close to the toe until the paste was quite dry. As the process of drying proceeded the pain decreased, until in a few minutes it altogether disappeared."

THE following is an extract from the Westminster Gazette (Aug.):—

"Captain Petavel, the Organising Secretary of the Educational Colonies Association, has long been urging that the educational colony should furnish the solution to India's education problem; and at a meeting at the Indian Institute, Cromwell Road, last night, it was announced that The Indian Poet and Philosopher, Rabindranath Tagore has so far been convinced of the possibilities of the system that he has offered Captain Petavel his help if he will go to India to start an Educational Colony."

Captain Petavel himself describes his system of mass education to be one in which pupils trained in healthy 'colonies' would pay for all their necessities by the work they are taught to turn out in the various small industries.

PROFESSOR Lummer, the well-known physicist of Breslau, has rehabilitated a great French savant, and rediscovered a secret of Nature disputed for seventy years, by successfully liquefying carbon. Simultaneously he has brought science near to the actual natural process which has resulted in the production of diamonds. Professor Lummer has liquefied a carbon pencil in an arc lamp by superheating in a practical vacuum. He hopes now to construct a vessel capable of resisting 300 atmospheres, wherein he will be able to superheat carbon to liquefaction point (4,000 to 6,000 degrees), and then allow it slowly to cool off. The liquid droppings, crystallising as they fall, will, if the experiment succeeds, be natural diamonds. The liquefaction of carbon was asserted in 1849 by the French Desprez, whose conclusions were doubted and denied both by his own countrymen and by the German Professor Lehmann as late as 1895.

A Danish Engineer has invented an automatic soldier, which he claims will do away with most of the dangers of war for the Army employing his invention. It consists of a steel cylinder enclosed within another cylinder, which is embeded in the ground. Its fighting power is set in motion by means of wireless telegraphy, the inner cylinder rising to a height of about 5 ft. above the surface of the ground. At the same time an automatic gun fixed in the cylinder opens fire with 400 bullets in any required direction. The automatic soldiers may be brought in action by an officer at a distance of five miles from the line of defence. Further, it is pointed out that there is no danger of panic. It is claimed that a few hundreds of these steel warriors would suffice to defend a position against the most powerful infantry attack. To stop the murderous shower of bullets the enemy would have to destroy the steel cylinders one by one, which, of course in active warfare would be a most hazardous proceeding.