

Prabuddha Bharata

उत्तिष्ठत आगत



प्राप्य वरान्निबोधत ।

Katha Upa. I. iii. 4

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

—Swami Vivekananda.

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UNPUBLISHED NOTES OF CLASS TALKS BY THE SWAMI VIVEKANANDA
(In Madras 1892—1893.)

What is Spencer's Unknowable*? It is our Maya. Western philosophers are afraid of the Unknowable, but our philosophers have taken a big jump into the Unknown and they have conquered. †

Western philosophers are like vultures soaring high in the sky, but all the while, with their eye fixed on the carrion beneath. They cannot cross the unknown and they therefore turn back and worship the almighty dollar.

There have been two lines of progress in this world, Political and Religious. In the former the Greeks are everything, the modern

* Spencer's Unknowable is some Power standing beyond that evolution in nature which human intellect is capable of apprehending and studying as the only reality. This power, the ultimate Cause of Evolution, the human intellect by its very constitution is unable to comprehend. Indian philosophers have had recourse to a higher instrument of knowledge than intellect (Sanjama of Patanjali's Yoga philosophy) to know the Unknowable.—Ed.

‡ ते ध्यानयोगानुगता अपश्यन् देवात्मशक्तिं स्वयुषैर्निगूढाम् ।
श्वः कारणानि निखिलानि तानि कालात्मयुक्तान्वधितिष्ठत्येकः ॥
—Svetasvatara Upanishad.

political institutions being only the development of the Grecian; in the latter the Hindus are everything.

My religion is one of which Christianity is an offshoot and Buddhism a rebel child.

Chemistry ceases to improve when one element is found from which all others are deducible, Physics ceases to progress when one force is found of which all others are manifestations. So Religion ceases to progress when unity is reached, which is the case with Hinduism.

There is no new religious idea preached anywhere which is not found in the Vedas.

In everything, there are two kinds of development, analytical and synthetical. In the former the Hindus excel other nations, in the latter they are nil. †

† Here by the term "synthesis" is meant a scientific generalisation, and by the term "analysis" an ontological reduction of facts and objects to their immanent principles and not their physical reduction to component units.—Ed.

The Hindus have cultivated the power of analysis and abstraction. No nation has yet produced a grammar like that of Panini.

Ramanuja's important work is the conversion of Jains and Buddhists to Hinduism. He is a great advocate of *Murti-puja*. He introduced Love and Faith as potent means of salvation.

Even in Bhagavata, 24 Avatâras are mentioned corresponding to the 24 Tirthankars of the Jains. The first of both being Rishavadeva.

The practice of Yoga gives the power of abstraction. The superiority of a Siddha over others consists in his being able to separate attributes from objects and think of them independently giving them objective reality.



OCCASIONAL NOTES.

WHEN Vâlmîki in Râmâyana is leading his Râma and Sitâ through the forest hermitages towards the woods and wilds of the Western Ghâts, a beautiful discussion takes place between the divine prince and his consort. Sitâ has her own idea of how the life of exile is to be lived, and insists on her husband to cast off his bow and arrows. She argues that it ill befits forest recluses, such as they have promised to become, to carry arms with them always, and the more so, because the mere possession of arms is sure to predispose human nature to warlike activities. But finding that this argument produces no effect on her husband, Sitâ relates to him a story to substantiate her position.

By age-long devotion to religious austerities, a forest recluse was earning spiritual merit of a very high order. In fact the merit he acquired became so great that Indra in heaven grew uneasy in mind, for his own claims to his exalted position might be easily contested any day by the recluse. So afflicted with keen anxiety, he assumed the form of a Brahman traveller, way-worn and wan, and sought the hospitality of the lonely hermitage of the forest recluse. There, when, after being amply entertained as a guest, he was taking leave, he managed to obtain his host's per-

mission to leave the bow and arrows, he happened to be carrying, in his keeping, till such time as he would be coming back on his way towards his home. Then the story goes on to describe in wonderful detail how the very proximity of the arms almost imperceptibly influenced the mind of the recluse and he found occasion to use them for some trifling purposes at first. Then gradually his whole nature veered round to the vocation of a Kshatriya or warrior, and he lost all the high merit and distinction of a religious anchorite.

Such is the psychology of the armed peace that had been reigning so long in Europe, and now the whole of the continent is prancing high to the reverberating roll of the war-drum. It seems, it has been plunged into the vortex as a mere helpless plaything in the hand of the Râjasik principle. In the world's history, this principle has ever acted like a capricious autocrat, giant-like and irresistible in its power of putting men and nations to absolute slavery. It is always blowing the enormous bubbles of kingdoms and empires and then as easily pricking them out. But this terrible capriciousness, men have no eyes to see, for they are blinded by the charms that lust for power spreads out and hypnotised by the siren song with which it thrills

their souls. But Râjasik greatness, whether it belongs to an individual or to a nation, is as sure to topple down with a crash as a pyramid erected on its apex.

India has the lesson of Kurukshetra inscribed for ever on her heart in gold. Few wars in the history of the world were mightier in point of the fighting efficiency of men or of the number of human lives swept into the fatal vortex. Its significance may be understood from the fact that with the close of this eighteen days' battle, an old India lay dead and cremated and a new India had to be bred and nurtured up from its ashes in the following centuries which ushered in the Kali Yuga. The very climax of Kshatriya or military greatness was reached in India on the eve of the Kurukshetra. The spiritual culture of the age developed through the art of mental concentration and control a science of offensive and defensive warfare which reads like a myth in this modern age of purely mechanical control over nature. The missiles from the ordinary bow used to be tipped, as it were, with such power of the spirit as would press into all kinds of service even the subtlest forces of nature without the slightest mechanical help, so that guns of all sorts which were evidently in use in that age, were considered to be of almost negligible value in time of warfare. In point of number, the armies that met on the Kurukshetra surpass almost all records of history. In fact, the highest consummation of Râjasik development seems to have been displayed on the battlefield of Kurukshetra.

And here also, peace was rendered out of question by the inordinate lust for military power and glory. The Pândavas had even bargained for peace at any price. No European power could have done that. But the blind impetuosity of Rajah (राजः) has no patience for proposals of peace; it makes its victim's

life miserable so long as any rival exists on the field. Drona did for the Kshatriya princes what science has done for Europe. He was the greatest teacher of warfare that ever entered the service of the Kshatriyas. His training had equipped the princes with powers which made them bellicose to the bursting point. The story of their life-long preparation reads like the perpetual developing of some explosive substances for bringing about a tremendous conflagration, which Kurukshetra no doubt represents. And the resulting force of explosion was so great, that within a period of eighteen days practically the whole Kshatriya population of India and the then civilised world lay as mangled corpses on the battlefield of Kurukshetra. It is with deep interest that we gaze into the later history of India to find out which factors of the ancient collective life survived this stupendous blaze.

The Kurukshetra battle therefore presents many points of resemblance with the great continental war that is raging in Europe. Both represent the culminating blaze of Râjasik development. But the denouement in the one case differs from that in the other in one essential point. While the material end of Western life is going to greatly suffer through the present catastrophe, the spiritual end of India triumphed through the Kurukshetra cataclysm in a marvellous way. While the present war would be in all probability a great blow to the civilisation which Europe had been building up, the battle of Kurukshetra gave a new, prolonged lease of life to the spiritual civilisation which India worked out in the Vedic ages. The tendency of a war between the European powers is towards destruction, while the Kurukshetra war was a master stroke of preservation. Had there been no Kurukshetra, all the spirituality which the Vedic ages developed in India would have been choked up to death by the

supremacy and abundance of the Râjasik elements in the civilisation of ancient India.

It is the unique glory of India that she has never surrendered herself to the Râjasik principle in her life and civilisation. The fact implies a wonderful amount of self-possession that had to be assiduously developed throughout all those ages which preceded the Kali Yuga and the Kurukshetra. During those ages, she had to build up the eternal foundation of her spiritual life and civilisation. Vyasa and Sri Krishna came to give the finishing stroke to this constructive work,—the former by his memorable efforts to consolidate and perpetuate the ancient culture, and the latter by embodying that culture in his life and teaching in a manner to make it permeate all strata of the society, as also by wrenching from the hands of the Râjasik principle the destinies of the ancient civilisation. It was by the Kurukshetra that this last historical purpose was served. In fact, if we carefully examine the ancient annals of India, we find the whole period of history that elapsed before the Kurukshetra to be divided into three big epochs called by tradition the Satya, Treta and Dwâpara; and in each of these *yugas*, we find mighty efforts made by the Vedic civilisation to rid itself of the Râjasik or Kshatriya supremacy whenever that threatened to possess it as an incubus. For example, the divine Parashurâma was but an embodiment of this fundamental tendency in the Vedic civilisation, and the cultural counterpart of this tendency is that theory of Bhubhâraharana, (i. e. relieving the earth from the oppressive weight of the military) by which tradition and history sought to explain the appearance of Divine incarnations on earth.

Kurukshetra therefore is but a master stroke of the very genius of the Indian civilisation to extricate itself for ever from the

fatal tentacles of the Râjasik octopus. Never since that memorable battle, had Indian life and culture been tempted away to surrender themselves to Râjasik glory. Kingdoms and empires have risen and fallen on her soil,—political fortunes have brought her in confused succession periods of darkness and sunshine,—but India has her deeper mood of serene unconcern that has kept her always above the vanities of Râjasik power and glory. In that inner atmosphere of life and culture where India has been moving for centuries and centuries, it is only the light of beneficence to all mankind that shines and no storm of political ambition or Râjasik glory has ever swept into it. Compare this serene, self-possessed mood in the Indian consciousness with the feverishness, the thirsting and the hungering that characterise European life. You cannot say, life is dead in India, when the like of its highest products, the saints and seers that crop up even now, the vaunted life of Europe absolutely fails to produce. And what is the trend and drift of that fret and fever that defines life in Europe? Where will it all lead to in the end? Is there any doubt as to the only reply to this question? No. Armed peace is a myth. Balance of powers is more frail and fickle than water on lotus-leaves. Nothing but mutual destruction can quench the fever of competition that drives nations into that pitch of frenzy in which Europe finds itself today. There is no power on earth to hold leashed in peace infuriated nations bent upon one another's discomfiture; so today or tomorrow, the superabundance of Rajah (राजः) in Europe is sure to make a final oblation of all her military glory in the sacrificial pyre from which is to rise in future a nobler and wiser humanity.

“If thou knowest It (Brahman) here (in this life), then there is for you (the foundation of) Truth (to stand upon), but if thou knowest It not, utter ruination overtakes thee.”

—Kenopanishad.

NATIONALISM AND PEACE.

WHEN modern nationalism rose in Europe, it was all over with the chances of peace in the world, and Peace Conferences, so plentifully in vogue, send up rather a requiem for the dead than a service for its long life. Just fancy, in view of the Kurukshetra that is raging in Europe today, the shocking irony of the situation when at the last session of the National Peace Congress held at Liverpool, Mr. J. F. Green spoke the following words from the chair to wind up the proceedings:—

Since I came to Liverpool this time it has been my privilege to visit a very fine and impressive building that has lately been erected in this city. It is called a Temple of Humanity, and on the outside, in view of all passers-by, is a very beautiful statue of the Madonna and Child, representing Humanity. Above, graven in stone, are these words: "Love as Principle, Order as Basis, Progress as Aim." * * Who will deny that those words fitly describe the work we are trying to do? Love, the idea of human brotherhood, is the very foundation of the peace movement. When we discuss arbitration and other legal methods, what are we doing but trying to establish international Order? And our aim, surely, is the Progress of Humanity. Let us then go forward with renewed energy in this great work, inspired by Faith, Hope and Love for Humanity, but ever remembering that "the greatest of these is Love."

The peace movement in Europe is like the mad intercessions of a woe-begone mother for the return of life to the dead child in her arms, or at best, you may call it an instructive wool-gathering,—instructive, for the sentiments do some good to the advocates of peace. The fair form of Peace languished and faded away from earth ever since the modern nations

forged ahead out of the nebulae of mediæval Europe.

Modern nationalism is but an organised form of human greed and selfishness. Its redeeming feature is the sense of organisation or patriotism that informs the whole group and the exaltation it brings to human sentiments and activities. But what it adds in volume to manhood, it debases by misuse. So the whole force which this nationalism brings into operation tends finally to lie on the head of humanity as a curse, and not as a blessing. Power is blessed or accursed according as the end by which it is called into being and growth is good or bad. It was pure self-seeking in the worldly sense that grouped together in Europe men of a common country and common self-interest and formed them into nations. It was self-seeking that impelled them to organise, and what they organised or nationalised in fact were those cravings and pursuits of individual man which individual self-seeking implied. It is a life of those cravings and pursuits to be lived on a larger scale.

But is it merely the self-seeking in the individual man that finds itself nationalised in the nation? Let us see. We have said that the cravings and pursuits of the individual reproduce themselves on a larger scale in the nation; well, how is it that only the cravings and pursuits of a self-seeking type do that, and not those of the higher and nobler purposes in life?

Nationalisation of the interests and purposes of individual life is an organic process, in which there is one supreme governing end which places all other ends in a position of subserviency to it. When once this process is complete and the nation has been formed, the system of ends operates with mechanical precision and regularity, and the working of

all the parts is fully regulated by the one governing end. The nation thus is more of the nature of a machine than the individual. In individual life, the governing end may vary from time to time, but in national life such variation implies an impossible amount of overhauling and renovation such as require almost a miraculous change in the character of the whole people concerned. In fact, the governing end in national life cannot be altered without dismantling the whole fabric; and a governing end owes its supreme position not simply to its recognition by a nation as such but really to its having actually evolved and created the nation. It has to govern the whole process of nationalisation from beginning to end. It has to form out of chaos the very nation it has to govern.

So the governing end in national life controls that life with the precision and uniformity of a machine. That is the fate of every perfect organisation, call it good or bad. This rigorous autocracy of the governing end distinguishes the nation from the individual. If this governing end in the life of a nation is selfish, the unselfish ends therein have to content themselves with a scope of operation necessarily limited by their subserviency to the selfish governing end. Within these allotted spheres they may fume and fire away as they like, but if they choose to step beyond to the prejudice of the governing end, they are sure to be knocked on the head. Such a limited scope for unselfish ends in the life of a nation may perhaps be technically called their nationalised scale, but in reality we do not find there reproduced their sterling character and possibilities as manifested in individual life. It is therefore the self-seeking in the individual that we really find nationalised and exalted as self-seeking in the nation, while the nobler ends of individual life gain precious little by the transfiguration.

It is this selfish nationalism that is rife all over the world today, and to expect peace to be showered upon the world during the reign

of this nationalism is to expect a snowfall in the Sahara. Every world-power created by this nationalism is a stupendous dynamo of destruction. And add to this the jealousy that each is bound to bear towards the other, the prospect of the world's peace shrinks into nonentity. The tension of suppressed jealousy is the salt in the life of a modern nation, and its booming outburst is life at a premium. The very consummation of this life is a stunning victory in war flinging open the door to new possessions.

In the present war, England has worked hard for peace no doubt, and for the protection of the weak too. This may afford us a measure of self-congratulation. But this working for peace in political language means efforts to preserve the balance of power in Europe, and this state of equilibrium does not imply equal power in each of the nations concerned. It is an equipoise of inferiors, superiors and equals all taken together, but it does not necessarily imply any compulsion that each must maintain for ever its *status quo*. This being the case, the inferior powers, having a chance thereof, try hard to equalise, while the superior powers avoid being overtaken by them. The inevitable result, for which there is absolutely no remedy, is a feverish race for power that perpetually urges nations onward, heedless of peace or war so long as a single step forward is the object to be secured by any means. Granted that every nation in Europe is engaged in such a race for power, granted that this race is admitted to be a necessity for all, is it not perfectly natural that one nation will try, whenever possible, to advance its own interest at the expense of the other? For neither is the earth boundless, nor its wealth unlimited that it might go on amicably dividing its prizes to the greedy nations till the end of time. In such a state of things, it sounds almost hypocritical for one power enjoying an advanced position in the race to turn round to say to another "Thus far, and no

further, or else you atrociously break the peace of the world." The race for power has already made a potential peace-breaker of every nation in Europe, and it is a mere chance as to whose sword has to be unsheathed first in an imbroglio.

Modern nationalism and peace therefore are as the poles asunder. It is no better than a hollow trick of political diplomacy to assume that they can be made compatible. It is a sad commentary on Western philosophy that even this philosophy should stray into the dreamland of that assumption. Is not the inscription,—“Love as Principle, Order as Basis, Progress as Aim”—on the Temple of Humanity at Liverpool more fanciful than a dream? Is it not madness to hope to enshrine “Love as Principle” in the heart of Europe so long as the modern type of nationalism sends through its veins the hectic flush of a bloodthirsty competition?

It is only the history of India, her culture and civilisation, that hold up to mankind the beaconlight of a nationalism that involves Love as Principle, Order as Basis and Progress as Aim. Here the governing end in the national life is not that self-seeking of worldliness which is sure to breed jealousy and hatred of others; here it is constituted by that synthetic Spiritual Ideal which the Vedas revealed and which has been working out through the ages a wonderful synthetic spiritual culture, the most valuable and enduring asset of mankind. It is such a governing end that makes Indian nationalism the perennial fountain of world-wide peace and harmony. Now that the cloven feet of European nationalism has put in its horrible appearance, now that its inmost character is being shown forth in all its destructive fury, India should unite all her energies in the noble task of carrying out her own ideal of nationalism. More time than was necessary for the bitter lessons of experience has already been spent by the so-called leaders of Indian thought in sporting and meddling with the Western type of

nationalism. India calls them back today in a more earnest voice to rally round the ideals she had been cherishing for them. The glare and glitter of political nationalism should not hold them captive any longer. Theirs is a heirloom of a nobler patriotism than what actuates men to fly at the throats of one another for the sake of political power. Theirs is a heritage of a loftier civilisation than what holds all that it values at the absolute service of political greed. Will you sell your birth-right for a mess of pottage, namely, a tawdry nationalism on political lines? It is high time to pause and think.

EPISTLES OF
SWAMI VIVEKANANDA.

XVII.

11th April, 1895.

54. W. 33rd Street, New York.

Dear Mrs. B—,

* * * I am going away to the country tomorrow to Mr. L— for a few days. A little fresh air will do me good, I hope.

I have given up the project of removing from this house just now, as it will be too expensive, and moreover it is not advisable to change just now. I am working it up slowly.

* * * I send you herewith the letter from H. H. the Maharaja of Khetri. * *

* * * Miss H— has been helping me a good deal. I am very grateful to her. She is very kind and, I hope, sincere. She wants me to be introduced to the “right kind of people.” This is the second edition of the “Hold yourself steady” business, I am afraid. The only “right sort of people” are those whom the Lord sends—that is what I understand in my life’s experience. They alone can and will help me. As for the rest, Lord help them in a mass and save me from them.

Every one of my friends thought it will end in nothing, this my living and preaching

in poor quarters all by myself, and that no ladies will ever come here. Miss H— especially thought that "she" or "her right sort of people" are *not up* from such things as to go and listen to a man who lives by himself in a poor lodging. But the "right kind" came for all that, day and night, and she too. Lord! how hard it is for man to believe in Thee and Thy mercies! Shiva! Shiva! Where is the right kind and where is the bad, Mother? It is all *He!* In the tiger and in the lamb, in the saint and sinner all *He!* In Him I have taken my refuge, body, soul, and Atman. Will He leave me now after carrying me in His arms all my life? Not a drop will be in the ocean, not a twig in the deepest forest, not a crumb in the house of the god of wealth, if the Lord is not merciful. Streams will be in the desert and the beggar will have plenty if He wills it. He seeth the sparrows fall. Are these but words, mother, or literal, actual life?

Truce to these "right sort of presentation" and the like. Thou art my right, Thou my wrong, my Shiva. Lord, since a child I have taken refuge in Thee. Thou wilt be with me in the tropics or at the poles, on the tops of mountains or in the depth of oceans. My stay—my guide in life—my refuge—my friend—my teacher—my God—my real self. Thou wilt never leave me, *never*. I know it as sure as anything. Sometimes I become weak, being alone and struggling against odds, my God, and I think of human help. Save Thou me for ever from these weaknesses, and may I never, never seek for help from any being but Thee. If a man puts his trust in another good man he is never betrayed, never forsaken. Wilt Thou forsake me, Father of all good, Thou who knowest that *all* my life I am Thy servant and Thine alone? Wilt Thou give me over to be played upon by others, or dragged down by evil?

He will never leave me, I am sure, mother.

Your son,
Vivekananda.

XVIII,

64 W. 83rd Street, New York.

25th April, 1895.

Dear Mrs. B—

The day before yesterday I received a kind note from Miss F— including a cheque for a hundred dollars for the Barbar House lectures. She is coming to New York next Saturday.

I will of course tell her not to put my name in her circulars as I have arranged to go to the Thousand Islands, wherever that may be. There is a cottage belonging to Miss D—, one of my students, and a few of us will be there in rest and peace and seclusion. I want to manufacture a few "Yogis" out of the materials of the classes, and a busy fair like Greenacre is the last place for that, while the other is quite out of the way, and none of the curiosity seekers will dare go there.

I am very glad that Miss H— took down the names of the 130 persons who came to the Jnana Yoga class. There were 50 more who came to the Wednesday Yoga class and about 50 more to the Monday class. Mr. L— had all the names and they will come anyhow, names or no names.....If they do not, others will, and so it will go on,—the Lord be praised.

Taking down names and giving notices is a big task, no doubt, and I am very thankful to both of them for doing that for me. But I am thoroughly persuaded that it is laziness on my part, and therefore immoral, to depend on others, and always evil comes out of laziness. So henceforth I will do it all myself....

However, I will be only too glad to take in any one of Miss H—'s "right sort of persons," but unfortunately for me not *one* such has as yet turned up. It is the duty of the teacher always to turn the "right sort" out of the most "unrighteous sort" of persons. After all, though I am very, very grateful to the young lady, Miss H—, for the great hope and encouragement she gave me of introducing me to the "right sort of New Yorkers" and for the practical help she has given me,

I think I had better do my little work with my own hands. * *

I am only glad that you have such a great opinion about Miss H—. I for one am glad to know that you will help her, for she requires it. But, mother, through the mercy of Ramakrishna, my instinct "sizes up" almost infallibly a human face as soon as I see it, and the result is this: you may do anything you please with my affairs, *I will not even murmur*;—I will be only too glad to take Miss F—'s advice, in spite of ghosts and spooks. Behind the spooks I see a heart of immense love, only covered with a thin film of *laudable* ambition,—even that is bound to vanish in a few years. Even I will allow L—to "monkey" with my affairs from time to time, but here I put a full stop. Help from any other persons besides these *frightens* me. That is all I can say. Not only for the help you have given me but from my instinct (or as I call it, inspiration of my Master) I regard you as my mother, and will always abide by any advice you may have for me—but only *personally*. When you select a medium I will beg leave to exercise my choice. That is all.

Herewith I send the English gentleman's letter. I have made a few notes on the margin to explain *Hindustanee words*.

Ever your son,
Vivekananda.

IN THE HOLY LAND.

(Continued from page 151.)

THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS.

We started out from the Damascus Gate, riding along the Damascus road in a northerly direction. We found these old places of sepulture well worthy of a visit, as they are admirable examples of the labour and expenditure which were lavished on rock-tombs in olden times, as a little particularizing will now show.

The excavations are in two separate portions connected by an arched portal in the solid rock which divides them. We enter first the portion which consists of twenty-four broad rock steps with rock-cut water channels on either side leading into cisterns at the further end. Passing through the dividing doorway, we gain admittance into a spacious court ninety feet by eighty feet in extent, and at the west end we reach the portico entrance to the actual tombs. There are situated in three square chambers which are reached through a vestibule, this in its turn being entered through a low passage, which was formerly closed by a rolling-stone, still to be seen in its groove. Altogether there are receptacles for over seventy bodies. They are certainly not the sepulchres of the Kings of Judah, who were buried on Mount Zion, but it is surmised that they were the family catacombs of Helena, Queen of Adiabene, who becoming a Jewish proselyte, settled in Jerusalem after the death of her husband in the year A. D. 48.

THE TOMBS OF THE JUDGES.

are similar in character to those just described and need no extended notice here. As in the case of the other tombs, the title of these is purely imaginary.

On our homeward way we passed through colonies of Jews, French Dominicans and American Adventists. In their neighbourhood stands

ST. GEORGE'S COLLEGIATE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

with its seat for the Bishop in Jerusalem. The church is a fine building, English in style, with a good organ and choir of Eastern voices. The Bishop of Jerusalem is the Greek Patriarch, and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is the Cathedral, so that although St. George's has cathedral status, the style is not claimed. In order to show that the extent of the "Jerusalem and the East Mission" is composed of varied parts, we may mention

that the British episcopal oversight includes not only Palestine, but Syria, portions of Asia Minor and Egypt. Thus will be seen the scope of its influence and far-reaching activities. Its medical and nursing possibilities are of the finest and will find an open door to every heart. Friendliness to the Eastern churches, has been the characteristic of the Jerusalem bishopric from its foundation about seventy years ago, and Canon Brown has been in the foremost ranks of those men who have championed the cause of the Jews. Jerusalem is the Holy City of half the world under the influence of three great creeds, Judaism, Christianity and Mohammedanism. We must remember that the primitive Christians of Palestine were themselves of Oriental stock, and this affinity in racial origin, perhaps makes the peaceful amalgamation of Jew, Christian and Turk possible.

HILLS AND VALLEYS ROUND JERUSALEM.

In the afternoon we fared forth again, this time going out beyond the city walls bearing southwards along the Bethlehem road until we came to the bridge over the pool known as *Birket-es-Sultan*, which according to some authorities is identified with the lower pool of Gihon. We rapidly descended down the valley of Hinnom, bounded on the south by the "Hill of Evil Counsel." This valley was the scene of the idolatrous worship of the Ammonite god Molech, and later the Jews cast into it the refuse of the city and a perpetual fire was kept burning: hence the place was known as Gehenna. Entering the valley of Jehoshaphat we proceeded northward, following the course of the Kedron which flows only in the rainy season. After a little while we came to an old pool still shown as the lower pool of Siloam; the Pool of Siloam proper, lies immediately above this. We passed close to the rock-tombs of Zacharias, St. James and Jehoshaphat, tarrying for a moment to examine the monument supposed to be Absalom's tomb. We subsequently

joined the carriage-road from Bethany and presently arrived at the

GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

It now belongs to the Franciscan monks, who have enclosed the ancient olive-trees in a garden which is tended and kept in beautiful order. Within, sat a guardian monk, basking in the sun. He rose as we approached and came slowly towards us, and with a salutation, opened the gate to admit us to the garden. We wandered along the little paths dividing the flower-beds, which were alive with blossoms, until we came to some venerable olive-trees standing like sentinels in the centre of the enclosure, which the monk indicated as being the last remnant of the famous Garden of Olives, at the time of Christ.

I have ever had a love for trees and flowers, feeling a sense of personality, a subtle sense of communion with them, for they surely have a measure of conscious life, and these old olives with their hundreds of years of growth, seemed to retain some such slumbering personalities, dreaming of a dim, hidden life in the past. The monk led the way to a seat and invited me to rest, while he moved away amongst the flowers. Soft airs laden with fragrance were blowing over the garden and the atmosphere breathed out a gentle aroma of peace and imaginings. If colour be, as is stated, but the effect of light on the delicate fibres of plants, one may conceive it a musical vibration that each flower-form puts forth to sun and air, a simple melody in florid style, each containing some variation but all preserving, embodying or suggesting the same theme. I gazed abstractedly before me, and then slowly the surroundings melted into the presentment of a Divine Figure—a thin form, worn with fasting, poorly clad, with feet bare. The countenance, mingled with humility and dignity, full of love and holy purpose, sublime with the calm assurance of one who is the Truth.

At a light touch on my sleeve, I became self-

conscious, confused by the sudden turn from dream to actuality, and saw the monk standing at my side and offering me some flowers which he had just gathered from this garden of dreams. I regarded with interest his fine intelligent face, whose lined physiognomy revealed to me that he had had to pass through his Gethsemane and Calvary before learning the supreme lesson that the way to perfect self-realisation is by renunciation and self-sacrifice, for the monastery is a battle-ground of spiritual forces.

Not far from the Garden is shown the Grotto of the Agony, and a few paces further is the time-honoured chapel, the traditional burial-place of the Virgin. The entrance is a handsome stone doorway, and a broad marble stair-way leads to the underground chapels and shrines.

THE MOUNT OF OLIVES

is linked with Bible history in many ways and is fruitful in sacred memories connected with our Lord. Its primitive simplicity has been spoilt by the huge erections which the Russians have built upon its sides and summit. We take the easiest path that leads to the brow of the hill, past the Russian church of St. Mary Magdalene and the Tombs of the Prophets. There is no ground for connecting these tombs with the Jewish prophets, though they are certainly held in great veneration by the Hebrews of Jerusalem. And coming to the memorial churches, one feels transplanted back into the New Testament era. Here, is the Latin church of the Creed, so named because the Apostles are said to have drawn up the Creed on this site: behind this, again, is the Church of Pater Noster, where Christ is supposed to have taught His disciples the Lord's Prayer. The Church of the Ascension stands over the spot ascribed by tradition to the Ascension, and the impression made by the foot of Christ when He left this earth is pointed out to pilgrims. A continuity of interest runs through these various places,

and even if not the true sites of these events Mount Olivet will still continue to be enshrouded with legend and tradition.

The summit (2,720 feet above the level of the sea), is the highest point of the hills standing about Jerusalem. The landscape unfolded to view from the Russian Tower eastward, over the Wilderness of Judæa to the Dead Sea, with the mountains of Moab beyond, is one which should on no account be missed. Its wild beauty and the striking contrasts are unforgettable. Keeping on along the ridge of Olivet we arrive at the heights of Mount Scopus, where the army of Titus once lay encamped. The panorama of Jerusalem from this point can hardly be surpassed. Built upon hills herself, she is girt round by the valleys of Hinnom and Jehoshaphat, while she is divided into two parts by the shallow Tyropcean valley.

It is well to arrange a visit here in the afternoon, when Jerusalem and her surroundings may be seen fused in the lovely glow of the setting sun, hill and dale gathered into one transcendent mystery of light and colour. Moment by moment the colours change and through the blending and fading of lights there stands out in bold relief the grey-walled City, dominated by the focal point of the Mosque of Omar, the mellow tints of its dome shining resplendent in the sunlight, forming a picture in which there is more than mere sun-glamour. This imposing scene induced in me obscure stirrings of heart, keen emotions and strange yearnings which seemed to have escaped from some higher sphere. Could we but fathom the depths of the silence that falls upon us outwardly and inwardly, we should find that as the pathway of gold would lead us to the sun, so our dim consciousness would bring us to the sure Reality. Perhaps the hour lends it sanctity, for the bell at the Russian church chiming for Vespers steals on our senses as if calling us to make our orisons. Instinctively we turn and walk towards the church and softly enter. Here and there

are worshippers : some standing, some sitting, some kneeling : all praying. Gleams of light poured richly across the dusky dimness, drifting in long rays through the stained-glass windows, and the air is redolent with incense. The sweet and solemn strains of the organ and the singing of the choir carried my thoughts into a realm where all is rest and harmony. On coming out from the church, we found that the dwindling light had changed the scene into a tender nocturne of grey and silver.

It was not necessary to return to Jerusalem by the outward route, so we descended the newly-constructed carriage road into the Holy City over the ruined foundation of the old Roman road which led from Jerusalem to Damascus.

(To be continued).

C. E. S.

THE PARABLES OF SRI RAMAKRISHNA.

VI

THE PARABLE OF THE THIEF.

A thief of bold consummate skill and pluck
At midnight made his way
Within the bed-room of the palace straight,
The king and queen where lay.

The royal pair were busy talking free
About their daughter fair,
A match for whom they failed to make and bore
A world of anxious care.

The king in much despair his firm resolve
To queen at last thus said :
"Of monks who by the river stop at dawn
To one I give the maid."

The royal maid ! The thief—he thanked his stars,
The palace left in haste,
—A Sadhu's guise so plain indeed to take—
And looked a Sadhu chaste !

At morn the king in high but humble state
Approached the river-side ;
One by one the monks declined to take
The princess as a bride.

Now came the turn of him disguised as monk :
The royal retinue
Bowed deep before His Holiness's feet
In humble gestures due !

This honour great the thief received sedate
But deeply felt at heart,
"A Sadhu's life what greater glory brings
If real on my part !"

The more the king besought his kind assent
The more impressed was he :
"How great must be the real thing, if this
Its counterfeit but be !"

A real Sadhu's life to see and live
A longing seized his soul ;
As if in him the thief lay dead at once
With all its wicked role !

Refusing full the offer made he rose
And sought a hermit's care,
Whose teaching and his own devotion great
A Sadhu made him there.

How good we find it is to imitate
The pious and the pure,
A moment spent with them its good effect
In man produces sure.

—P. S. I.

To realise God the mind must be trained by the sixfold means which are:—Restraint of the mind from the senses. Calmness of mind. Suffering, bearing everything, heat and cold, pleasure and pain, without complaint. Discrimination of the real and the unreal. Renunciation of all desires ; one must give up all desire for enjoyment in this world and the next. Persistence : this time I will know the Truth.

The man who kills his body commits a great sin. The man who does not wish to come to God commits a greater sin.

—Swami Vivekananda.

CONCENTRATION AND BREATHING.

[*An Unpublished Class-lecture of the Swami Vivekananda.*]

THE main difference between men and the animals is the difference in their power of concentration. All success in any line of work is the result of concentration. Everybody knows something about concentration. We see its results every day. High achievements in Art, Music etc., are the results of concentration. An animal has very little power of concentration. Those who have trained animals find much difficulty in the fact that the animal is constantly forgetting what is told him. He cannot concentrate his mind upon anything long at a time. Herein is the difference between man and the animals,—man has the greater power of concentration. The difference in their power of concentration also constitutes the difference between man and man. Compare the lowest with the highest man. The difference is in the degree of concentration. This is the only difference.

Everybody's mind becomes concentrated at times. We all concentrate upon those things we love, and we love those things upon which we concentrate our minds. What mother is there that does not love the face of her homliest child? That face is to her the most beautiful in the world. She loves it because she concentrates her mind on it; and if every one could concentrate his mind on that same face, every one would love it. It would be to them all the most beautiful face. We all concentrate our minds upon those things we love. When we hear beautiful music, our minds become fastened upon it and we cannot take them away. Those who concentrate their minds upon what you call classical music, do not like common music, and vice versa. Music in which the notes follow each other in rapid succession holds the mind readily. A child loves lively music because the rapidity of the notes gives the mind no chance to wander. A man who likes common music dislikes classical music, because it is more complicated and takes a greater degree of concentration to follow it.

The great trouble with such concentrations is that we do not control the mind, it controls us. Something outside of ourselves, as it were, draws the mind into it and holds it as long as it chooses. We hear melodious tones or see a beautiful painting and the mind is held fast; we cannot take it away.

If I speak to you well upon a subject you like, your mind becomes concentrated upon what I am saying. I draw your mind away from yourself and hold it upon the subject in spite of yourself. Thus our attention is held, our minds are concentrated upon various things in spite of ourselves. We cannot help it.

Now the question is: can this concentration be developed, and can we become master of it? The Yogis say, yes. The Yogis say that we can get perfect control of the mind. On the ethical side there is danger in the development of the power of concentration,—the danger of concentrating the mind upon an object and then being unable to detach it at will. This state causes great suffering. Almost all our suffering is caused by our not having the power of detachment. So along with the development of concentration we must develop the power of detachment. We must learn not only to attach the mind to one thing exclusively, but also to detach it at a moment's notice and place it upon something else. These two should be developed together to make it safe.

This is the systematic development of the mind. To me the very essence of education is concentration of mind, not the collecting of facts. If I had to do my education over again, and had any voice in the matter, I would not study facts at all. I would develop the power of concentration and detachment, and then with a perfect instrument I could collect facts at will. Side by side, in the child, should be developed the power of concentration and detachment.

My development has been one-sided all along. I had developed concentration without the power of detaching my mind at will; and the most intense suffering of my life has been due to this. Now I have the power of detachment, but I had to learn it in later life.

We should put our minds on things: they should not draw our minds to them. We are usually

forced to concentrate. Our minds are forced to become fixed upon different things by an attraction in them which we cannot resist.

To control the mind, to place it just where we want it, requires special training. It cannot be done in any other way.

In the study of religion the control of the mind is absolutely necessary. We have to turn the mind back upon itself in this study.

In training the mind the first step is to begin with the breathing. Regular breathing puts the body in a harmonious condition; and it is then easier to reach the mind.

The mind acts on the body, and the body in its turn acts upon the mind. They act and react upon each other. Every mental state creates a corresponding state in the body, and every action in the body has its corresponding effect on the mind. It makes no difference whether you think the body and mind are two different entities, or whether you think they are both but one body,—the physical body being the gross part and the mind the fine part. They act and react upon each other.

The mind is constantly becoming the body. In the training of the mind, it is easier to reach it through the body. The body is easier to grapple with than the mind.

The finer the instrument, the greater the power. The mind is much finer and more powerful than the body. For this reason it is easier to begin with the body.

The science of breathing is the working through the body to reach the mind. In this way we get control of the body, and then we begin to feel the finer working of the body, the finer and more interior, and so on till we reach the mind. As we feel the finer working of the body, they come under our control. After a while you will be able to feel the operation of the mind on the body. You will also feel the working of one half of the mind upon the other half, and also feel the mind recruiting the nerve centres; for the mind controls and governs the nervous system.

You will feel the mind operating along the different nerve currents.

Thus the mind is brought under control,—by regular systematic breathing, by governing the gross body first and then the fine body.

The first breathing exercise is perfectly safe and very healthful. It will give you good health, and better your condition generally at least. The other practices should be taken up slowly and carefully.

THE VAIRAGYA-SATAKAM

OR THE HUNDRED VERSES ON RENUNCIATION BY BHARTRIHARI.

(Continued from page 134).

वैराग्यशतकम् ।

भिक्षाशनं तदपि नीरसमेकवारं

शय्या च भूः परिजनो निजदेहमात्रम् ।

वस्त्रं विशीर्णशतखण्डमयी च कन्या

हा हा तथापि विषया न परित्यजन्ति ॥१५॥

15. For food, (I have) what begging brings and that too tasteless and once a day; for bed, the earth and for attendant, the body itself; for dress, (I have) a worn-out blanket made up of hundred patches! And still alas! the desires do not leave me!

[विषयाः—Objects of desire haunting the mind.]

स्तनौ मांसग्रन्थी कनककलशावित्युपमितौ

मुखं श्लेष्मागारं तदपि च शशाङ्केन तुलितम् ।

खवनमूत्रक्लिन्नं करिवरशिरःस्पर्धि जघनं

मुहुर्निन्द्यं रूपं कविजनविशेषैर्गुरु कृतम् ॥१६॥

16. मांसग्रन्थी—lumps of flesh (dual number). कनककलशावित्युपमितौ—(become) golden jugs in (poet's) comparison. श्लेष्मागारं—seat of phlegm, saliva etc. शशाङ्केन तुलितम्—is compared to the moon. करिवरशिरस्पर्धि—claiming likeness with the elephant's forehead. मुहुर्निन्द्यं रूपं etc.—form deserving constant contempt has been magnified (in praise) by certain poets.

एको रागिषु राजते प्रियतमादेहार्थहारी हरो

नीरागेषु जनो विमुक्तललनासङ्गो न यस्मात्परः ।

दुर्बारस्मरवाणपन्नगविषव्याविद्धमुग्धो जनः

शेषः कामविडम्बितान्न विषयान्भोक्तुं न मोक्तुं

क्षमः ॥१७॥

17. Among sensual persons, Shiva is unique, sharing half his body with His beloved; and again, among the dispassionate, there is none superior to him, unattached to the company of women; while the rest of mankind smitten and stupefied by the irresistible, serpent-like poisoned arrows of Cupid, and brought under the infatuation of Love, can neither enjoy their desires nor renounce them at will.

प्रियतमदेहार्धहारी—This refers to the symbolic representation of Shiva and Gouri in a single divided form.

“On one side grows the hair in long and black curls
And on the other, corded like rope

* * * * *

One side is white with ashes, like the snow-
mountains

The other golden as the light of the dawn.

For He, the Lord, took a form,

And that was a divided form,

Half-woman and half-man.”

भोक्तुं न मोक्तुं क्षमः—Ordinary persons when they give themselves up to enjoyments, lose all control and become slaves to them; so even when satiety comes, they cannot detach themselves from them, as the force of blind attachment has enslaved them. But Shiva, who has subdued his mind, is unaffected by them, as in His state of mental poise of Yoga, pleasure and pain are the same to Him.

अजानन्दाहात्म्यं पततु शलभस्तीव्रदहने

स भीनोऽप्यज्ञानाद्ब्रडिशयुतमश्नातु पिथितम् ।

विजानन्तोऽप्येते वयमिह विपञ्चात्तजटिला-

न्न मुञ्चामः कामानहह गहनो मोहमहिमा ॥१८॥

18. Without knowing its burning power the insect jumps into the glowing fire; the fish through ignorance eats the bait attached to the hook; whereas we, having full discernment do not renounce the sensual desires complicated as they are with a manifold dangers; alas! how inscrutable is the power of delusion.

(To be continued).

FROM THE PSALMS OF TAYUMANA SWAMI.—VIII.

O SEA OF BLISS!

I.

Ravished by Thee of Thine own will with taste
Like Nectar honey sugarcandy and fruits,
Thy Lovers still unceasing pine and long;
And lo! with thought relaxed and stamm'ring words,
Their languid frames unnerved in ecstasy,
They do perceive Thee as Thou art in truth
In Superconscious Life of Bliss Supreme.
Just as a virgin flouts the joys of sex
But welcomes them when she becomes mature,
Blest with her husband's love, and put in mind
Of what she said erewhile, she only laughs,
So when this fool, a willing servant Thine,
Receives Thy Grace, then doth the rapture rise.
O Thou the Pure Impers'nal Being Supreme!
O Thou Transcendent Light! O Sea of Bliss!

II.

Pursuing me unknown to ways of love,
And while yet immature Thou didst fill me
Full with the Flood of Love and maddened me,
Bewild'ring sense and all, so that I cried,
'I pine away, I'm gone.' Hast Thou ev'r yet
Descending as the Rising Flood of Bliss
Mingled with me delighting heart and soul?
The duly blossomed flower its fragrance sheds
Besieged by bees, and nev'r the bud unblown.
Upon me too thus sinking, all alone,
Without thy Grace, O! say how shall the Bliss
Of those immortal lovers thine descend?
O thou the Pure Impers'nal Being Supreme!
O thou Transcendent Light! O Sea of Bliss!

III.

Even the stone doth sometime melt, O Sire,
But not my heart of flint; why Brahmâ should
Thus make the heart too hard for Grace Divine!
But who can yet impeach the well-known law
That might achieveth all? Lo! 'tis for Thee
To send the rain of joy and save me too,
Descending from the Firmament of Bliss!
May then a mother spurn a naughty child?
Where else is then refuge? If this be lie,
Let me be cast away from Grace Divine.
No good, alas! in this high-sounding talk!
Deign me to live in silence and in peace:

O Thou the Pure Impers'nal Being Supreme !
O Thou Transcendent Light ! O Sea of Bliss !

IV.

With melting bones and hairs that stand on end,
With withering frame, an ever-pining mind
Like wax upon the fire and eyes that pour
Torrents of tears, Thy lovers faint with love,
And unto them Thou dost descend at once,
As shower of bliss, like the immortal balm.
Why holdest Thou me devoid of heartfelt love ?
Ver'ly this is a house of filth made up
Of rotting flesh, hair, skin and nerve and bones :
Will yet my mind accept this flesh as true
And tread the dreary wand'ring way of woe ?
I wish not, nor ev'n dream of worldly ways :
O Thou the Pure Impers'nal Being Supreme !
O Thou Transcendent Light ! O Sea of Bliss !

V.

Hot baths I can't endure and when one pulls
With violence a thorn out of my foot,
Anon I close my eyes and pray for Grace.
Should one kill aught of life, Thy Grace doth know
I cry 'O Lord' and stand with woe-worn face.
A coward in truth am I : forsake me not
O Thou my Lord. For ev'r the law holds good
Who takes this load of flesh must cast it off
And none knows when : and yet I trust Thy Grace
That made in human mould time-honoured saints
Of Suka's type that all the worlds adore.
O Thou the Pure Impers'nal Being Supreme !
O thou Transcendent Light ! O Sea of Bliss !

VI.

The plane of selflessness where all bonds cease,
And then the plane where Prana's force is stilled,
Achieved by Yoga's path : if these be reached
The mind becomes extinct. Thus has he taught
My silent sage of handsome plaited locks
Opening his graceful lips with gracious heart
As if to make me ripe, himself full-ripe.
Nought have I gotest nor have I not got,
And pining still and raving over much
And like a woman pouring streams of tears
I roam about like unto crying sp'rits
While all the world around me laughs indeed.
Thus hast Thou left me too, what need I say ?
Thou the Pure Impers'nal Being Supreme !
O Thou Transcendent Light ! O Sea of Bliss !

—A. K.

(To be continued).

ON THE CONNING TOWER.

THE biggest event of the month is the war in Europe. Its echoes fill the world and its horrors overshadow it, while its glories are of questionable import, for whatsoever they may lead to, they are surely not going to lead to lasting peace or growing righteousness. The death of His Holiness Pope Pius X is an index to the terrible shock which piety in Europe may receive from the war, and the melee of Armageddon* in Biblical prophecy has fitly been recalled by the calamitous scenes looming in our prospect. When nations are spurred on by ambition to make war upon one another, a patched-up peace is but a frail armistice, and the world can have no peace until it be given to it to build up a new life on the ruins of the old.

But India is interlinked by providence with the fortunes of the British arms and rightly has the country been palpitating all over with an earnest solicitude to be of service to her rulers. War without the passions of war is a phenomenon which it has been possible to witness only in ancient India. The belligerent camps at Kurukshetra used to receive every night after the day's tremendous fighting mutual guests from the enemies. The Gita eliminated from the mind of Arjuna not only all misgivings about the war but also its passions. The sympathies of the toughest warrior among the Kauravas—a warrior who mowed down thousands every day on the battlefield—were on the side of the Pândavas. War to be pursued as a duty imposed, with a mind free from passions, is an ideal not unfamiliar to the sons of India. So if India is called upon to contribute her mite to the united strength of the British dominions, she knows how to do her duty in a dispassionate mind, unaffected by the factious spirit of political hatred that inspires the European belligerents. India can never

* Lord Rosbery in 1909 said : 'There never was in the history of the world so threatening and so overpowering a preparation for war . . . Without any tangible reasons, we see the nations preparing new armaments. They cannot arm any more men on land, so they have to seek new armaments upon the sea, piling up these enormous preparations as if for some great Armageddon.'

In the Literary Digest of April 23, 1910, Admiral Fournier is quoted as saying 'All the European powers will eventually become involved in what will practically prove to be the Armageddon of the Apocalypse.'

have any intrinsic cause to be embroiled in a war for political glory, but if that occasion arises out of extrinsic circumstances which Providence has created, she will exert her utmost where her duty lies for the sake of that duty only and not for participating in spiteful glory.

What is the ancient ideal of a Kshatriya (warrior) in India? A correct reply to this question presupposes a careful examination of the origin of the Kshatriya class. The earliest Vedic society was composed only of Brâhmanas, that is, persons whose sole occupation in life was the practice of the Vedic religion. But in time it was found out by this spiritual society that it was necessary to organise temporal power within itself to protect its religious pursuits from the depredations of non-Vedic races. Mighty warriors, therefore, began to be brought under the spiritual ministrations of the Rishis who extended to them the right of Vedic culture and sacrifices and admitted them into the society. So out of this recognition of a warrior class as a part of the primitive society formed by the Rishis rose the Kshatriyas of ancient India, and this recognition had for its fundamental condition the temporal protection which the Kshatriyas as such had to exercise over the Vedic religious pursuits of the society. This protection was the essential function of the Aryan Kshatriya, and determined, as the underlying principle, the form and trend of his life, its pursuits and glories. Ancient tradition shows that Aryan kings considered it to be their highest duty and glory to be of service to the Rishis in putting down the enemies of their religious pursuits. This union of the Rishi with the Kshatriya clearly explains how the Vedic culture could spread itself almost all over India once at least in every Yuga or epoch of ancient history—Satya, Tretâ and Dwâpara. The forest hermitages of the Rishis were the vanguards and pioneers of that culture and wherever refractory non-Aryan warriors molested these hermitages, the Aryan Kshatriya kings were brought into service by the Rishis to subdue them, the next step being their gradual Aryanisation.

Sri Râmachandra embodied the ideal of the ancient Kshatriya, and the pivot of his whole life-drama was the necessity that arose in his age of

protecting the religion of the Rishis from the rapine of non-Aryan races who overran southern India. His father Dasaratha had fought his fiercest battles in the south for the same noble purpose, and his own glorious battles paved the way for the absorption by Aryan culture in the Tretâ Yuga of the only Dravidian element that remained unyielding after the Aryanisation of the Dravidian races called Bânaras through the influence of hermitages in the Rishyamuk and even in forests to its south (e. g. the hermitage where the non-Aryan woman Shavari received her spiritual training). In fact, if we carefully study the ancient traditions, we shall find that the rise of the Kshatriya ideal had its fundamental justification in the necessity of protecting the Vedic religion, and whenever this justification was forfeited by the Râjasik defection of the Kshatriya classes, the deep-seated forces of the ancient Aryan society were directed towards their destruction. The training of these Kshatriyas again in ancient times was pre-eminently a sort of spiritual training such as could originate only with the Rishis. The Dhanurveda, the science of weapons and their use, says that there are four classes of weapons and for each weapon in each class there is a presiding Devatâ or deity as also a *mantram* to invoke his agency. The practice of this *mantram* to make it operative consists of high Yoga practices such as imply a high degree of spiritual development. So a Kshatriya is not simply a brave warrior according to our modern ideas about him; he is a man of eminent spirituality with his whole life regulated by the supreme duty of protecting the Vedic religion.

The true Indian Kshatriya is therefore neither the creation nor the servant of politics; all his activities have for their governing end the protection of the Vedic religion, and they assume a political character in our eyes only when politics is the means employed by their governing end to realise itself in particular circumstances. This important fact has to be remembered in defining the ideal of an Indian Kshatriya. In other countries a warrior is not a Kshatriya in this proper sense of the term; neither is the Jap Samurai a Kshatriya. A Kshatriya has, of course, the making of the bravest warriors of the world in him,—the stuff too of the most valiant and chivalrous, ready to rush to

death in glory. But a Kshatriya's glory is a gift of the Vedic religion, not of politics, in return for the protection it seeks from his bravery. It is not a glory that *essentially* lies in founding or annexing kingdoms and empires, or in asserting or maintaining political independence. The real life-mission of an ideal Kshatriya may very well be realised apart from such achievements, for the patriotism of a Kshatriya recognises for all time not a political India, but that spiritual India which has to live to realise, preserve and spread the Spiritual Ideal as revealed for the sake of all mankind by the Vedic culture of untold centuries.

This ancient Kshatriya ideal could not be realised permanently in the history of India. During the ages that rolled by before the destruction of the ancient Kshatriya in the Kurukshetra, time and again they rose to the acme of power and fighting efficiency, but time and again they had to pay the penalty of their defection from the true ideal that the Vedic religion set before them, and their race had to be renewed after repeated extinction. Their history which closed with their final destruction in Kurukshetra proves that great accumulation of material power and wealth even in the kingly protectors of the Vedic religion is liable to prove fatal to the purity of the Kshatriya ideal and should therefore be avoided even at the cost of the protection which the Vedic religion seeks at the hands of powerful Kshatriya monarchs; for the ideal of Kshatriya kings when degenerated would pervert the whole culture and civilisation carrying them on to the ruin which awaits every type of Râjasik greatness. Later history proves on the other hand that the Vedic religion and culture, though deprived of the systematic protection they received from the extinct race of Kshatriya kings and though obliged to cripple their energies by narrow social enactments and forced scriptural interpretations to meet the exigencies of their unprotected condition, still continued to live through the unpretentious lives of the common people, putting forth marvellous latent energies when circumstances demanded new Divine Revelations or temporary outbursts of Kshatriya power. It is round this Vedic religion and culture re-stated and re-established by the latest Revelation as embodied in Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa, that we have got

to rally again the new Kshatriya aspirations of the Indian people called forth by a spiritual type of patriotism that seeks its realisation not through the consolidation of political power to be exercised by political bodies or states, but through the organisation of a collective life having for its end the protection and fulfilment of the spiritual life-mission of India.

BY THE WAY.

Some years ago the late August Bebel estimated that any future Franco-German War would cost £150,000,000 a month; while if Great Britain, Austria, Italy, and Russia joined in, the cost would mount up to £450,000,000 a month. Neither Germany nor France, it is thought, could stand the economic strain of such a war for more than three months. Both, however, would break down at the same moment, and—so far as cash and credit decide these things—the State which can pay its bills even a month longer than its rival will win.

* * *

There is a grim humour in the announcement that the World's Peace Congress, which should have met in Vienna on September 15th, has been cancelled. All the great powers, which are now cutting one another's throats, were ardent members of this Congress, the object of which was to put an end to war. But man proposes, somebody else disposes. The position is specially humorous when it is considered that Vienna of all others, was the place selected for the meeting of the Congress. For it was [Austria who began the present fray! The Peace Palace at the Hague which was opened with such a flourish of trumpets last year and which was attended by the representatives of all nations, is no doubt now in tears.—A. B. Patrika.

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The Paris "Matin" of Oct. 7th, 1911 said: "Immediate destruction in the name of humanity of the half-completed Peace Palace in the Hague is demanded by the "Matin" to-day for the following reasons. When its construction was decided upon, the Anglo-Boer war broke out, and plans were laid for the Russo-Japanese war; when the first stone was laid, the Kaiser made his first voyage to Tangier, which event was the beginning of the Morocco-European complications; when the first floor was

finished, Austria seized Bosnia and Herzegovina, when the second floor was finished, the Franco-German controversy arose; when the roof was put on, the Turko-Italian was begun. Only think the painters, blaziers, and decorators have not yet begun their tasks. We have also heard rumours of statues symbolizing peace. Beware! Each time one is unveiled it will rain shrapnel somewhere. When the temple is completed, look out for a grand scrimmage."

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The "Star," as befits its name, shows an interest in the "science of the stars," and under the head of "War Signs in the Sky," prints the following: "Has the coming total eclipse of the sun on August 21st any special significance in view of the present European crisis, which threatens to involve all the great nations? asks a 'Star' correspondent. The eclipse takes place in the astrological sign of Leo, and according to an astrological rule this 'pre-signifies the motion of armies, death of a king, danger of war, and scarcity of rain.' The sign of Leo astrologically governs the destinies of France and Italy."—"Light," London.

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In the course of an address by Dr. Henry Neumann, delivered before the Brooklyn Society for Ethical Culture a short time ago, he said:—

A few years before his death Mark Twain wrote an article, entitled "The War Prayer." It describes how a regiment gathers in a church before it departs for war and prays for victory. As the prayer concludes, a white-robed stranger enters the church, and says:—

"I have been sent by the Almighty to tell you that He will grant your petition if you desire it after I have explained to you its full import. You are asking for more than you seem to be aware of. You have prayed aloud for victory over your foes, but listen to the unspoken part of your prayer, and ask yourselves if this is what you desire."

Then the stranger speaks aloud these implications for their words:—

"O Lord, help us to tear the soldiers of the foe to bloody shreds with our shells; help us to cover their smiling fields with the pale forms of their patriot dead; help us to lay waste their humble homes with a hurricane of fire; help us to wring the hearts of their unoffending widows with unavail-

ing grief. Blast their hopes, blight their lives, water their way with their tears."

Mark Twain never published this article. His friends told him it would be regarded as a sacrilege. Is it really sacrilege to say that men cannot pray for victory in war without asking for these inevitable implications of their petition? What would it mean if we remembered this when the war spirit is abroad?

NEWS AND MISCELLANIES.

WE have received the Fifth Annual Report of the Ramakrishna Sevak Sompradaya, Cuttack. The Society among other activities maintains a Free Boarding House where during the period of the Report 15 college students were housed and their education and moral well-being looked after. Hostels of this type are great desiderata in many Indian towns and we wish the organisers of the Sompradaya all success in their movement.

THE annual celebration of the birthday anniversary of Sri Durgacharan Nag, the great householder disciple of Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa took place on the 22nd August at his native place at Deobhog, East Bengal. Sri Durgacharan Nag will be remembered for his saintliness, his burning renunciation, deep humility and fervid devotion to God as one of the foremost disciples of the Master.

WE hear from the Ramakrishna Bhaktajana Sangham, Kottayam, Malabar, that under its auspices Bhajana service with Sankirtans and Stotras was conducted on the 16th August and a lecture on Bhakti delivered by S. Parameswaram Pillay. It was followed by Durga Puja in the local Bhagabathi Temple and the proceedings were concluded by Mangal Prarthana dedicated to Bhagavan Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa.

Miss May Kyb writes from Portland, Oregon, U. S. A.:

"The many members of the advanced thought societies in Portland who had the privilege of hearing Swami Prakashananda (Ramkrishna Mission), feel that his friend in his home country will be glad to hear of the splendid work he has been doing in this City. During his stay he addressed seven Societies, afternoons and evenings and also gave a number of instructive talks on the Gita.

"His sincerity and clarity of thought were particularly commented upon by all who heard him. Each lecture seemed better than the previous one, and we feel that his lectures are a fore-shadowing of the spiritual message to be given by him in the future. While here Swami Prakashananda formed many warm friends, and created a new impetus for deeper study of the Vedanta teachings. We all send our best wishes with this promising young speaker, and hope he will visit us again in the near future."

THE half-yearly report of the Ramkrishna Mission Home of Service, Benares City for the period from January to June 1914 shows that 355 new indoor and 4680 new outdoor patients were treated during the period. The number of indoor patients is steadily increasing year after year. Provision is being made for the treatment of patients suffering from infectious diseases and for this purpose the Home has lately acquired about 8.22 acres of new land under the Land Acquisition Act.

Besides giving medical help as stated above the Home has also taken care of 114 old and invalids by sending them 2 seers rice and 2 annas weekly. The rice which was thus distributed was all collected by the workers of the Home from door to door begging.

There were 163 other distressed people who also got relief from the Home by way of Railway fares, cooked food, clothes, blankets, milk etc.

THE twelfth annual report of the Vivekananda Society, Colombo, gives an account of progressive work. The number of members on the roll has increased and classes which were organised for the study of Sivagnana Bodam and other subjects were more largely attended. Life-membership has been instituted and several life-members enrolled. The Society, at present, is not provided with a suitable building of its own and we trust that the earnest followers of the Swamiji in the distant south will supply the want and carry on the life-work of the illustrious Swami.

THE third annual report of the Ramakrishna Society, Rangoon, is to hand. The Governing Body include the elite of the Hindu population at Rangoon and during the year of the report the Society suffered a loss in the departure of

Dr. Rajan from the city. Among its activities, the society held regular classes in which the Gospel of Sri Ramakrishna, Karma-yoga, Jnana-yoga were read. The Society has opened a book-stall for the spreading of Vedantic literature in the province, where books are exhibited for sale. The Birthdays of the Master and Swami Vivekananda were observed with much devotion and public celebrations were held. Among philanthropic activities, a Social Service League was organised and education of the Depressed Classes undertaken by holding night classes. The Society helped also the Bengal flood relief work by contributions of money.

WE have been receiving daily news-sheets about the war in Europe from the Central News Bureau established in the United Provinces by the Government. The aim of this provincial Press bureau is to issue translations and explanations of each item of news received from Europe and "to correct and contradict any misleading rumours that may have gained currency." We are glad to say that this important object is being amply fulfilled by the clearly worded news-sheets that are being issued by the Press Bureau, and we are thankful to the Government for taking this wise step during this period of universal excitement and anxiety.

WHILE even these remote Himalayan solitudes are astir with the news of the war, we have to record the peaceful death in our neighbourhood at Fern Hill Estate, Lohaghat, Kumaon, on the 28th of July last on the eve of the declaration of the European war, of Major D. C. Hennessy, a brave large-hearted soldier of His Majesty, our King Emperor and one of the bravest band of Mutiny Veterans. He came of an old military family, his father being a Major-General in the British army. He settled many years ago at Lohaghat after retirement from service and his kind disposition and sympathetic dealings with all classes of local people almost made his name something to conjure with. He was a thoughtful student of the works of Swami Vivekananda and his retired life at Lohaghat was such that he was loved by all in life and is being mournfully remembered by all in death. Despite torrents of rain there was a huge gathering of mourning villagers at the cremation of the day. The blessings of the Lord alight upon his departed soul and upon his widow and relatives.