

Prabuddha Bharata

OR,

Awakened India



वसिष्ठत जाग्रत प्राप्य वरान्निबोधत।

Katha Upa. I. iii. 4.

Vol. XX, No. 227, JUNE, 1915.

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Mayavati: Almora, (Himalayas).

London: E. HAMMOND, 30 PARR ROAD, WIMBLEDON, S. W.

New York: S. E. WALDO, 249 MONROE STREET, BROOKLYN.

Berlin: PROF. PAUL ZILLMANN, GROSS-LICHTENFELDE 3, RINGSTRASSE 47 a.

Kuala Lumpur: SECY. THE VIVEKANANDA READING HALL.

1915

Annual subscription

4s. or \$ 1.

Entered at the Post Office at Brooklyn, N. Y., as second class matter.

Single copy 4s. or 8 cents.

Prabuddha Bharata

उत्तिष्ठत जाग्रत



प्राप्य वराश्लिषोभत ।

Katha Upa. I. iii. 4

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

—Swami Vivekananda.

Vol. XX]

JUNE 1915

[No. 227

UNPUBLISHED NOTES OF CLASS TALKS BY THE SWAMI VIVEKANANDA

(*In Madras, 1892—1893.—X.*)

Freedom of the will: It is as you feel—you are free to act. But this freedom is a species of necessity. There is one infinite link before, after and between the thought and the action, but the latter take the name of freedom—like a bird flitting through a bright room. We feel the freedom and feel, it has no other cause. We cannot go beyond consciousness, therefore we feel we are free. We can trace it no further than consciousness. God alone feels the real freedom. Mahapurushas feel themselves identified with God; hence they also feel the real freedom.

You may spill the water flowing out of the fountain by closing that part of the whole stream and gathering it all in the fountain; you have no liberty beyond it. But the source remains unchanged. Everything is predestination,—and a part of that predestination is that you shall feel such feeling—the feeling of freedom. I am shaping my own action. Responsibility is the feeling of reaction. There is no absolute power. Power here is the conscious feeling of exercising any faculty which is created by necessity. Man

has the feeling—I act; what he means by power of freedom is this feeling. The power is attended with Responsibility,—whatever may be done through us by predestination, we feel the reaction. A ball thrown by one itself feels the reaction.

But this innate necessity which comes to us as our freedom does not affect also the conscious relations we form to our surroundings. The relativity is not changed. Either everybody is free or everybody is under necessity. That would not matter. The relations would be the same. Vice and virtue would be the same. If a thief pleads that he was under the necessity of stealing, the magistrate would say that he was under the necessity to punish. We are seated in a room and the whole room is moving—the relation between us is unchanged. To get out of this infinite chain of causation is Mukti. Muktas are not actuated by necessity, they are like God. They begin the chain of cause and effect. God is the only free being—the first source of their will, and always experienced as such.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE great outstanding problem for India today is the problem of *Organisation*. The whole country is moving, consciously or unconsciously, but irresistibly no doubt, to that one dictate of the Time-spirit: *Organise*. Behind every movement, from the smallest to the highest, that is springing up anywhere in the country, the ultimate motive when analysed will be found to be organisation of thought and activity on some sort of basis or principle. This new universal impulse is working at the bottom of every effort that our countrymen are now making in the direction of religion, education, sanitation, commerce, industry, social and political adjustment, etc. The modern awakening in India, in a word, has taken the form of this universal impulse for organisation.

This impulse for organisation, when closely analysed is found again to form part of that yearning for collective life that has taken possession of the very soul of India, as it were. The fundamental characteristic of the modern age is that it actuates every country brought under its influence to group together its scattered units in such a way that they may live and act as one man. The same call has been sounded forth to India and she is anxious to respond. And it is essential for her very existence in modern times that this response should be made. The impulse for self-preservation therefore is manifesting itself in India today as the impulse for organisation, and service of the motherland cannot now take any better form than that of helping this work of organising ourselves into our proper type of collective life.

This is the most fundamental demand which India makes just now on everybody who professes to be her servant. Such servants

of India must bring all their services under the one governing idea of organising a collective life for their country. Their activities have, first of all, to be systematised in this way to avoid possible misdirection or waste of energy. In the second place, they must acquire fitness for this work of organising. Then they must clearly know how to proceed in this work and have a vivid idea of the goal. Of these three requisites of a servant of India, the first is necessary simply because what we call our services to the country now-a-days are very often found to be self-inconsistent. Our sentiments prompt us to do things in different spheres of activity which do not admit of being brought under one fundamental point of view. We act in one sphere from one sentiment and in the next sphere we implicitly contradict that. In education, in politics, in religion, we put up attitudes that contradict one another. There is no one National Ideal that has to be realised through every sphere of activity. To remedy such inconsistencies, it is absolutely necessary that there should be one governing ideal under which all our activities are to be systematised.

Now to make this work of organisation, to which all true servants of India are called today, something like a perfect *system* where all their activities may have allotted their proper value and place, these workers must have to place themselves under the guidance of men who can lead in thought and action because of their perfect insight into the work, its methods and its goal. That is to say, the whole work of organisation must proceed from a nucleus organisation which is to reflect in an intensified form the entire spirit and all the essential characteristics of the Indian collective life which it is going to build up. Every true servant of India must seek out this

nucleus² and attach himself to it most sincerely and faithfully, casting off all sense of self-importance or jealousy. From such self-consecration, let not the pride of birth, position or learning deter him. Let the lustre of fame acquired through years of toil and self-sacrifice in other fields be extinguished, if need be, when such self-consecration is to be made. For it requires no small capacity for renunciation to become a real nation-builder in India.

Next, what constitutes fitness for the work of organisation? We cannot evidently answer this question before we understand the nature of that work and its goal. So the most central question to ask ourselves is: how should we organise ourselves and with what object? We must have before us clearly defined and outlined that collective life which we are called upon to build up in India today. On the rock of this question many an effort to organise have split. But a satisfactory reply to this question should be the starting-point of every effort on our part to organise ourselves on any scale. Before we do anything, we must fully know what we are going to. As the Indian saying is, before we give a chase to the crow we should ascertain whether the crow, as alleged, has really run away with our head. Do we turn round to look into the past to see whether India had developed any type of nationalism, when we are told that she has to become a nation which she has never been, or in other words, she has to begin building up a collective life which she had never possessed? The new impulse to organise ourselves might have been imparted to us by the example of the West, but that is no reason why we should allow it to dictate to us as to how we should organise and why? But it is exactly this folly of putting ourselves in the leading-strings of the West with regard to the whole question of national organisation that has practically checkmated

our progress today in the direction of nation-building.

Every individual does not set the same goal before himself in his race of life. Then why should every nation have to compete in the same race? The reply perhaps would be made that it is a necessity for every nation to compete in that way simply because it cannot live otherwise in the modern world; to continue to live, each nation must be strong enough in the sense in which other nations are strong, for the very vitals of the weak are apt to be sucked dry to make the strong stronger. Yes, this is a philosophy of collective life which the history of modern Europe, the history of only a few centuries, has evolved. But go beyond these shining centuries to the tale of many an ancient nation and try to find out why the ancient India still lives and others do not. India lives, because like other nations she did not build on political ambition. She allotted to politics the function of a subordinate wheel, as it were, in the machinery of her collective life, such as admits of being worked, under definite but easy safeguards, by any government which ever-changing political fortunes place in authority. Every nation does not treasure up its life-principle in the same repository; neither does every nation garner its resources for fighting death in the same armoury. In most nations, this receptacle for the life-principle is hewn out of political or social ambition, and when political or social life is exposed to danger or dissolution, these nations rise and make a life and death struggle. All the wealth of enthusiasm, all energies and resources, are arrayed round this treasure-box within which rests the life-principle of a nation, and the hand of the enemy if laid on this treasure-box sets in tremendous activity the deepest and the fiercest forces that lay perhaps seemingly moribund before.

In history we never find India engaging in such life and death struggle when her political life is in danger. We never find the deepest forces and resources of her life called forth into action when her politics is in fatal confusion. But look closely into the rise of the ancient Rajputs, of Shivaji's Maharattas, of Guru-Govinda's Sikhs. In every case you find the enemy's hand first laid on religion and as a result wonderful Kshatriyas are created and flung upon the arena from mysterious hidden resources. India has made the choice long ago; her dice has long been cast. Her life-principle has long become established within the citadel of her religion. Any effort now, so late in the day, to transplant it will but surely kill it. So it is a question of the utmost gravity for us as to how we proceed in our work of collective organisation. We must impress on our minds as clearly as possible the important fact that we have no choice left in the matter. We must fully accept those conditions which our past history imposes on our present task. It is in fact not a work of organisation to which we are called today by Providence, but more accurately it is a work of re-organisation. Perhaps materials have changed a little, perhaps circumstances have changed much, perhaps old methods have to be supplemented by new ones, but the work that lies before us, taken as a whole, is the same that the real makers of India have been addressing themselves to again and again in the whole course of her history.

It is the work of nation-building. And how is it that India takes so much time in building up a nation, while in other countries a century or so would be enough for the purpose? The answer is that India accepts the law of life and death and triumphs over its course while others ignore it. India has her foothold on immortality, so that life and death pass over it as sunshine and shadow. India pitched her aim high on things of the spirit;

the main current of her life is surrendered to the spirit. Her life therefore is not all a forfeit to matter, or in other words to death. When death, which alternates with life in their jurisdiction over everything that is of earth, appears, the whole fabric of life in India does not tumble down, but only its superstructural parts. The stream of life shrinks back from the high surface to which it rose, but its main current maintains its course, lowly but held fast to the firm bed-rock over which history has traced it. The life-principle is there, held secure within the depths of spiritual pursuits. Thus death comes to other nations as grim dissolution, but to India only as an involution. The law of life and death that obtains in the world of matter does not affect her life-principle but simply creates for her a problem of repeated reorganisation after periods of superstructural dissolution.

So this problem of reorganisation has to appear again and again in our history. It is this necessity which is asserting itself today as the impulse of a national re-awakening in India. This problem of reorganisation has started up as it were from its quiescence. It is slowly and majestically moving towards its solution; and we have simply to give up our prepossessions acquired through Western education, we have only to renounce Western ways of nation-building through politics, and we shall find that the problem itself through our sincere efforts to understand it will lead us to the solution. And it is not yet a life and death problem, if of course we do not in the meantime add to its keenness the hopelessness due to negligence. No hostile hand aims at the life-principle; only we have to rally round it all our resources of thought and activity, resources which we are wasting most blindly on the field of political aspirations. Let us collectively seek the quickening touch of that life-principle which lies ensphered within religion and religion will organise all other interests and concerns of

our life according to their respective value and importance in that scheme of collective life which religion has all along been working out only in India. Let us try to discuss next month how religion offers to organise us today.

POETRY AND RELIGION.

POETRY seeks to express the play of human sentiment, religion seeks to restore to it its real foundation and keynote. Poetry takes sentiment *as it is*, religion seeks to make it *as it ought to be*. Poetry, primarily, is expression, religion is education.

But poetry and religion may go hand in hand. While poetry may coalesce into religion, religion which is of the very essence of poetry may also concern itself with its expression as such. When religion takes up poetry, Beauty which is idealised in the latter becomes at the same time realised in it; but when poetry takes up religion, Beauty which is realised only in religion becomes merely idealised in it.

Poetry is sentiment expressed round an idea, religion is sentiment experienced as part of spiritual realisation. So religion may or may not be expressed as poetry, however much experienced as its essence. And poetry may or may not reach the depths of religion, however much religious in expression.

Ramprasad, for example, combined in himself both religion and poetry. What he felt as poetic, he realised also as religion. Poetry in him did not simply come out of a heart throbbing with appropriate feeling in presence of an *idea*, but it used to express in word and tune *actual experience* such as moved the heart from beyond its bounds. Here we find religion taking up poetry.

While in religious hymns, composed so plentifully now-a-days, we oftner find poetry taking up religion. Here it is an idea manu-

factured in intellect which raises waves of feeling in the heart and creates poetic expression. Here it is the ideal, and not the real, that comes out in poetry. And that is enjoyable and edifying no doubt, but to make poetry an unfailing inspiration in religion, the real experience must come out through it and speak.

Even the final test of true poetry is this reality of experience. Apart from religion, poetry as poetry must pass this test to become immortal. In religion, the experience which moves the heart to create poetry belongs to a higher plane. But in poetry generally, the experience which should thrill the heart to break out in poetic utterance has a specific, though lower, plane allotted to it. It is that mental plane where sentiment and idea appear distinguishable from each other,—where sentiment as such responds to idea as such and the sequence is discernible for all practical purposes. In the higher plane spoken of above, namely the plane of spiritual realisation, sentiment and idea surrender themselves to a higher unity of experience. There they are indistinguishable, for they lose their character and being in this higher type of experience.

This response of sentiment to idea is the life and soul of poetry, and the reality and purity of this response is the final test of true poetry. In man, this experience of sentimental response to idea is of course universal, but in a poet, this response habitually carries with it a peculiar impulse for artistic verbal expression while the same impulse *may* manifest off and on in life in the case of any other man. In poetical creation, this peculiar impulse is the instrument by which the sentimental response as reacting on the stimulus of idea is shaped forth into beautiful expression.

Now it is important to note that this sentimental response to idea admits of being artificially produced in our minds, and a man in whom the impulse for poetic expression is

natural and habitual may just create poetry by forcing, more or less, an idea on his sentiment to elicit its response. When sentiment works thus under compulsion, when it is deliberately churned, as it were, by the impulse for poetic expression with the dasher of an idea, the value of its output is naturally affected and poetry becomes less inspiring and stimulating to the soul of the readers. In it there is not that glow of sincere sentimental response which fully and readily echoes itself back into the depths of our hearts. Real sincerity is telling without fail. Sentiment profoundly sincere is bound to smite the chords of our heart and transfer to it a lasting and tangible asset of feeling. But when response of sentiment to idea in a poet is artificially induced, when the poet does not feel from the very depths of his heart,—depths where lie the real springs of his conduct in life,—the result is indeed poor. But this poverty may not be obvious at the beginning. The impulse for artistic expression, natural to a poet, may do its best to compensate the defective response of sentiment in the poet's mind. He may try his best to make good in expression what he lacks in sentiment; the artist in the poet may try to put forth what the seer in him failed to supply. And modern culture has put such a big premium on the art of expression that the question of sincerity, of the real man behind, is apt to be easily brushed aside. Now-a-days the artist in the poet would score on how poor soever the seer in him may be. We do not very often pause to see whether the sentimental response in the poet was laboured or unreal, for we have formed the habit of being fully satisfied with beauty and loftiness of expression. We expect of the poet to squeeze with nice words out of our hearts what sentiment he can, but we do not expect his words to come and make our hearts flushed with lasting spontaneous response, so that a character with definite ideals might be shaped out from within the sphere of our

poetic feelings. Most of our modern poets therefore easily come up to the superficial range of our expectations and admirably fulfil them.

Thus the foundation of experience on which a poet has to build his art may just be nebulous and insecure. His utterances may be lacking in the reality of experience. He may be more a poetical artist than a poetical seer, and his productions will create a nine days' wonder and glare to give up after that their claim on immortality.

What makes poetry immortal is the reality of experience which speaks from behind it. There is no mistaking its effect for its sentiments abide with us as a powerful potentiality of character. Such poetry transmits to you something tangible, distinct, for the experience which created it was real. Reality imparts reality, void can create only void. Power of expression cannot modify this law.

History proves that this reality of poetical experience is the gift of religion, and also, if a man be sincere in his religion, if what he practises as his religion reflects his sincere convictions however much narrow or even agnostic, he is found to be sincere in other spheres of sentiment. If you sincerely believe and act up to what you speak of religion and God, the presumption is that you express what also you sincerely feel as your poetic sentiments. But if you talk religion profoundly while you practise or realise it superficially, if you are, in a word, a hypocrite in religion, you are sure to be a hypocrite in your poetry.

We hear much now-a-days some people saying that we have only to take what a poet says and profit by it; why should we pry into what he does or is in life? But, pray, what do you mean by profit? Surely you mean only the intellectual treat which you derive from your favourite poet's utterances. But that is not all the profit we should expect from our study of poetry. Poetry is an art, not simply because of what and how it ex-

presses or suggests, but also because of what and how it affects in the character of those that study it. From poetry we should not only know what the poet feels, but know it in a manner to be able to rise to that height of "untried being" where such feeling habitually dwells. This uplifting power of poetry proceeds not from the silken web of words which the poet weaves but from those depths of his being where lie the springs of his conduct and character in life. If we remember this, then the wisdom of the advice to hold on to the poet and let go the real man behind him would be too apparent!

Educated India is claiming to day an intellectual renaissance. Let them remember that they never suffered in the past by making intellect the handmaid of spirituality, for intellect realises its highest freedom in and through leading us beyond itself to spiritual experiences. Let them seek to invest sentiment with the authority of spiritual realisation. Let their culture move in an orbit determined by the central spiritual goal, and poetry freed from the hypocrisy of artificial sentiment derive its inspiration from actual experience and acquired character.

EPISTLES OF
SWAMI VIVEKANANDA.

XLIX.

9 Ray Coat Gardens,
Westminster, S. W. England,
13th November '96.

Dear—

* * I am very soon starting for India, most probably on the 16th of December. As I am very desirous to see India once before I come again to America, and as I have arranged to take several friends from England with me to India, it is impossible for me to go to America on my way, however I might have liked it.

Dr. J. is doing splendid work indeed. I can hardly express my gratitude for the many kindnesses and the help he has given me and my work..... The work is progressing beautifully here.

You will be interested to know that the first edition of Raja Yoga is sold out, and standing order for several hundreds more.

Yours &c.,
Vivekananda.

—
LXX.

39 Victoria St., London, S. W.,
28th Nov. '96.

Dear Sisters,

* * I feel impelled to write a few lines to you before my departure for India. The work in London has been a roaring success. The English are not so bright as the Americans, but once you touch their heart, it is yours for ever. Slowly have I gained and it is strange that in six month's work altogether I would have a steady class of 120 persons apart from public lectures. Here everyone means work—the practical Englishman. Capt. and Mrs. Sevier and Mr. Goodwin are going to India with me to work and spend their own money on it! There are scores here ready to do the same: men and women of position, ready to give up everything for the idea once they feel convinced! And last though not the least, the help in the shape of money to start my 'work' in India has come and more will follow. My ideas about the English have been revolutionised. I now understand why the Lord has blessed them above all other races. They are steady, sincere to the backbone, with great depths of feeling,—only with a crust of stoicism on the surface; if that is broken you have your man.

Now I am going to start a centre in Calcutta and another in the Himalayas. The Himalayan one will be an entire hill about 7000 ft. high—cool in summer, cold in winter. Capt. and Mrs. Sevier will live there and it

will be the centre for European workers, as I do not want to kill them by forcing on them the Indian mode of living and the fiery plains. My plan is to send out numbers of Hindu boys to every civilised country to preach—get men and women from foreign countries to work in India. This would be a good exchange. After having established the centres I go about up and down like the gentleman in the book of Job.

Here I must end to catch the mail. Things are opening for me. I am glad and I know so you are. Now all blessings be yours and all happiness with eternal love,

Vivekananda.

What about Dharmapal? What is he doing? Give him my love if you meet him.

LESSONS ON RAJA-YOGA.

[*Unpublished Class-notes given by the Swami Vivekananda.*]

(*Continued from page 15.*)

III.

To return to the Imagination :

We have to visualize the Kundalini. The symbol is the serpent coiled on the triangular bone.

Then practise the breathing as described before and while holding the breath, imagine that breath like the current which flows down the figure 8; when it reaches the lowest point imagine that it strikes the serpent on the triangle and causes the serpent to mount up the channel within the spinal cord. Direct the breath in thought to this triangle.

We have now finished the physical process and from this point it becomes mental.

The first exercise is called the "gathering-in." The mind has to be gathered up or withdrawn from wandering.

After the physical process let the mind run on and don't restrain it; but keep watch on your mind as a witness watching its action. This mind is thus divided into two—the player and the witness. Now strengthen the witnessing part and don't waste time in restraining your wanderings. The

mind must think, but slowly and gradually, as the witness does its part; the player will come more and more under control until at last you cease to play or wander.

2nd Exercise: Meditation; which may be divided into two. We are concrete in constitution and the mind must think in forms. Religion admits this necessity and gives the help of outward forms and ceremonies. You cannot meditate on God without some form. One will come to you, for thought and symbol are inseparable. Try to fix your mind on that form.

3rd Exercise: This is attained by practising meditation and is really "one-pointedness." The mind usually works in a circle, make it remain on one point.

The last is the result. When the mind has reached this, all is gained—healing, clairvoyance, and all psychic gifts. In a moment you can direct this current of thought to anyone as Jesus did with instantaneous result.

People have stumbled upon these gifts without previous training, but I advise you to wait and practise all these steps slowly; then you will get everything under your control. You may practise healing a little if Love is the motive, for that cannot hurt. Man is very short-sighted and impatient. All want power but few will wait to gain it for themselves. He distributes but will not store up. It takes a long time to earn and but a short time to distribute. Therefore store up your powers as you acquire them and do not dissipate them.

Every wave of passion restrained is a balance in your favour. It is therefore good *policy* not to return anger for anger, as with all true morality. Christ said: "Resist not evil," and we do not understand it until we discover that it is not only moral but actually the best policy, for anger is loss of energy to the man who displays it. You should not allow your minds to come into those brain-combinations of anger and hatred.

When the primal element is discovered in chemical science the work of the chemist will be finished. When unity is discovered the science of religion is reached and this was attained thousands of years ago. Perfect unity is reached when man says "I and my Father are one."

SRI RAMAKRISHNA : THE GREAT MASTER.

Chapter III.

LIFE AT KAMARPUKUR.

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THE feelings of Srijut Khudiram can better be imagined than described when at the age of thirty-nine he came to settle at Kamarpukur. Fate had indeed been hard upon him in taking away at one stroke all that he possessed and leaving him entirely at the mercy of others,—and that, for no fault of his own, but for his scruples to become the instrument in the hand of the wicked to bring undeserved wrong on the heads of his simple and weak neighbours. Yet through all the bitterness and despair that well-nigh overwhelmed him during the dark days of persecution and of sorrow for separation from those whom he held near and dear, he felt from time to time the calm and unwavering assurance within himself that he had done well in not yielding to the tempter. The good had been looking up to him with admiration and a feeling akin to awe, and the selfish, the worldly and the bad holding his conduct to ridicule, and he heeded not their praise or blame; but had it not been for that assurance within he could hardly have been able to hold himself firmly to the path that he chose for himself. And yet he felt much stunned by the blow when it came. But he blamed none, not even the wicked Ramananda, for all that had befallen him, after he had recovered himself from the effects of the same. For had he not heard from the scriptures that man reaps in his present incarnation what he had but sown in the past? And had not the Deity whom he worshipped, the pure and immaculate Sri Ramachandra, suffered more than any man had done before, while He made his sojourn through this 'vale of tears,' to bring home to men that sufferings and miseries were sure to visit all here below and were the best of all teachers? Then, when he thought of the unaccountable way in which help had come to him in his darkest moment, his heart became full of thankfulness towards his God and

he felt that he would never be left forsaken, come whatsoever may to make his cup of misery fuller than ever. And along with that came the determination in him never to swerve from the path of righteousness in future. Thus we find him living at present at Kamarpukur from day to day without making any plans for the future and passing his days in company with his wife like a 'Vanaprastha' or recluse of old, in worship and devotion. He kept a little hut separate for the purpose and passed many hours of the day within it in practising exercises helpful to concentration, in prayers and in deep contemplation of and communion with his *ishtam* (or, that expression of the Deity to which he had been directed by his spiritual preceptor as being specially helpful to quicken and stimulate his spiritual impulses).

The wants of the family were few and Khudiram, who had a sort of practicality peculiar to himself though regarded by many as a visionary, made up his mind never to increase them. The little plot of land which his friend Sukhlal had given him, began to produce rice more than sufficient to last the family throughout the year; and his method was to offer especial prayers to the Deity and sow a few paddy seeds with his own hands on the field uttering the words 'Victory to the heroic Scion of Raghu,' before he engaged hired labour to finish its cultivation. And strange as it may appear, the story runs in the family that the field never failed him even at times when draught and scarcity prevailed throughout the land! The plot of land is called even to this day *Lakshmi-jala* or the land belonging to the goddess of wealth, for that very reason.

Secure of the produce of his field Khudiram found that he could devote his life henceforth to plain living and high thinking towards which he felt himself drawn strongly by the present state of his mind. The climate of Bengal in which so little is needed to keep body and soul together and the old custom of India which made society responsible for providing the necessaries of life to the real spiritual aspirant, helped him to it.

For his neighbours who had enough to spare would send to him unasked, what they thought might be wanted for his little family. But here also Khudiram had set up strong barriers in the way of accepting presents, so that he might not lose

his self-respect and independence of mind and above all, that he could teach himself the lesson of looking to God and never to men for help and comfort even in little things. And the rules that governed his conduct in this direction were, firstly, that he would never accept anything from one who was not his equal in society as regards the circumstances of birth, secondly, that he would never accept anything even from such a person in case he disregarded the open injunctions of the Scriptures in order to earn the creature comforts of life; and thirdly, that he would never accept anything even from one equal to him in birth, in case that person took dowry money for giving his daughter in marriage, for, that he regarded as tantamount to selling one's daughter. Strange as the last of the above conditions may sound to the reader, it will appear in proper light when he considers the fact that the custom of marrying one's daughter to the party who paid the most had prevailed in this part of Bengal until it had become a regular evil and Khudiram and others of his opinion had to set their faces against it in this manner to rouse self-respect in the mind of the misguided fathers and make it peremptory on them to correct themselves.

Impressed by his recent misfortune with the transitory nature of prosperity which wealth brings one in society, Khudiram gave up for ever the idea of struggling to regain his former position and devoted himself entirely to the leading of the higher life in the light of the Scriptures. Things transpired as if guided by some higher power to confirm him in that decision. It was at this time that he gained the image of his tutelary deity *Raghubira*, in a wonderful way. Happening to return to Kamarpukur after visiting a distant village on business one day, he felt tired and rested awhile underneath a tree on the side of the road, which lay across a wide field. Overcome by fatigue and slumber he now dreamt that his own *ishtam*, the divine Ramchandra, was standing before him, and telling him that he would like to go to his house and always bless him and his family with his benign presence there. Overjoyed at this unexpected turn of events and overwhelmed with sorrow the next moment to think of his poverty, he beseeched him with tears in his eyes, not to do so, for he had not the means to serve him properly.

At this the Deity seemed to be very pleased and insisted on going with him, assuring him that he would never feel offended for he knew that he would serve him to the best of his ability. Khudiram then awoke to wonder at this extraordinary dream. The place where he saw his own *ishtam* in his dream seemed to be the one adjacent to where he was lying, and on going to make a closer inspection of it his eyes fell on what seemed to be a little stone image lying by the side of a venomous cobra. Nothing daunted he went to the spot to find the cobra gone and the image lying as he had seen before! But what was his wonder when the image turned out on examination to be really of the divine Ramchandra, of whom he had dreamt a little while ago! The devotee in him believed from that moment, that it was indeed Sri Ramchandra whom he had seen, and believed also in the promise that, He would henceforth bless his home and remain with and protect him in a special sense! With a heart full of the ecstasy of devotion and awe he hastened to his home with the image and placing it in the hut in which he performed his meditations, related the event to his faithful wife.

Khudiram seemed to have made rapid strides towards spiritual realisations at this period of his life. The accounts which we have found of him state that his noble figure used to literally glow with the fervour of devotion when he repeated his invocation to mother Gayatri in his daily prayers in the morning and at night; that he frequently saw the vision of mother Sitala as a sweet girl leading and helping him while he busied himself daily with his task of gathering flowers for his worship at break of dawn; and that he practised truthfulness so strictly in every thought, word and deed that people came to believe that no untruth could cross his mind or pass out of his lips even in times of jest. And such was the loving reverence that they felt for the man whose ways of life were so different from theirs, who welcomed poverty and rejoiced to see others happy, who blessed and helped all who came to him for advice and guidance, and settled all disputes among them with justice tempered with kindness,—that they gradually came to look upon him as a veritable seer whose every word could not but be true. They stood up in respect whenever he would pass by their houses,

never allowed themselves to talk foolish things before him and would wait taking their plunge into the waters of the big tank, Haldarpukur, as long as he would be bathing in it.

And if Khudiram made such a wonderful impression on the mind of his neighbours, his wife, the sweet and graceful Chandrá, did none the less. But the impression that she made was of a different nature altogether. For they found in her the mother, who was ever careful to look after the comforts of even the lowest of them, and would sacrifice her time and what little she had to feed and clothe them whensoever they were ill or in want. The children of the neighbourhood engaged her special attention and their mothers found in her always such ready sympathy, that they would assemble in her hut in their leisure moments and would seek her advice and help in their troubles. Thus her great mother-heart made her the centre of a large family, as it were, in the village. The elderly ladies of the neighbourhood felt themselves attracted towards her as to their own daughters. And to those who were equal to her in years she had in her heart such genuine friendship that they longed to be in her company always.

All those and more came to Chandrá naturally as she became accustomed to her new mode of living and environments. But inured to plenty it was hard for her at first to face life thus with nothing else but a stock of deep trust in God. And had it not been for her brave and truly devoted husband she would most surely have broken down in the attempt. For days there were, when such dire want stared her in the face that she knew not how she would be able to cook her next meal for her husband and children in spite of her observing the strictest economy and depriving herself even of the bare necessities of life. And Khudiram knowing by her looks what was in her heart would encourage her by saying, "Are we not under the protection of the all powerful *Raghubira* and ought we not to observe fast on the day in which we are not able to offer Him anything? So be of good cheer and make up your mind to starve with Him as your companion if such be His will." Chandrá, who had perfect trust in her noble husband, felt then as if the burden had been lifted from her and went about joyfully in her daily round of duties. And strangely enough presents

in the shape of food grains and vegetables would always reach her on such an occasion from unexpected quarters and she found that *Raghubira* was indeed looking after her!

The faithful heart of Chandrá and her simple devotion raised her sometimes to mental planes from which she would see visions of gods and goddesses. It may have been a subjective affair with her, as all visions are in which the intense concentration of the mind on a single train of thought seeks relief, as it were, in projecting it outwards. Yet it shewed none the less that she had been advancing unconsciously towards the habit of thinking deeply on a subject, a habit which in its culmination leads one to the goal of realising the highest spiritual truth of the oneness of Being. It is stated that she had such a vision once, of the mother Lakshmi, the goddess of wealth, at this period of her life. Her boy Ramkumar who had become about fifteen years of age at that time had been receiving his education in Sanskrit grammar and literature generally and in Smriti or the Hindu Laws, by joining the *Tola* or *Chatuspati* after becoming familiar with the three R's under the village pedagogue, and had been helping the family also, by earning something as a priest in the *puja* or worship of the tutelary gods in a few private families of the neighbourhood.

It is stated that Ramkumar went one day to perform the worship of the goddess Lakshmi in the village of Bhursuba a mile to the north of Kamarpukur. It was the night of fullmoon and as the goddess was being worshipped at an advanced hour in the evening he was rather late in returning home. Chandrá getting anxious for the safe return of her boy waited as long as she could on the threshold of her hut, and then went slowly to the crossing of the road leading to Bhursuba with the intention of asking anyone who might chance to come from that direction about him. She scanned with eager eyes the meadow through which the road lay, but finding none approaching waited and fell to musing. She started suddenly from her reverie by the sound of footsteps of one coming from the direction of Bhursuba, to find a beautiful lady dressed gaily as if for some festive occasion and having curious ornaments and jewellery on her of great value, approaching her all alone! On her drawing near she accosted her with the inquiry

of her boy and the lady replied that she had met him a little while ago and that he would be returning shortly. The simple-hearted Chandrá thanked her heartily and then getting anxious for the safety of the lady in turn asked her not to travel all alone at this late hour and invited her to become her guest for the night. The lady replied that she could not accept her kind offer as she would have to visit certain people that night but promised to come to her some time. She then wended her way by the side of Chandrá's home and entered a bypath that led to the house of her wealthy neighbours, the Laha family. Chandrá thinking within herself that she had lost her way hastened to the spot to help her with directions about the road but could not find her now though she searched for her everywhere round the place. And even as she was engaged in this fruitless task a strong feeling suddenly took possession of her that she had seen and spoken ere long to none else but to the mother Lakshmi herself,—and that she had deigned to visit her thus to offer her consolation about her boy! And as Chandrá was repeating this vision to her husband with a heart full of grateful devotion, her boy Ramkumar entered the threshold of her home.

Thus passed ten years at Kamarpukur and few were the events that disturbed the even tenor of the life of this little family during the time. The betrothal of Katyayani, the daughter of Khudiram to Kenaram Banerje of Anur, a village about two miles to the north and the marriage of Ramkumar with the sister of that person (Kenaram) may be cited as examples of such. Then there was the sad event of the death of Sukhlal some time during the period, the friend, who had been so faithful to Khudiram up to the last. Then again there came the betterment of the financial condition of the family partly by the earnings of Ramkumar, who had finished his education by this time, and also by the monthly help that began to come to the family regularly from Ramchand, son of Ramsila the sister of Khudiram, who had become a *mukhtar* (lawyer) and joined the bar at Midnapur. Khudiram as we have told already was very fond of Ramchand and used to pay visits to him and his family at Selampur from time to time. And the story runs in the family how after starting once for that place on such a visit he travelled actually

more than half the distance and then postponed it and returned to Kamarpukur with a basket full of fresh young leaves of the Bel tree that grew by the side of the road solely for the purpose of offering them to Siva, for he could not find such fresh leaves to offer to Him for some days past, it being the month of February when that species of trees sheds their old leaves.

The management of the affairs of the family having fallen on Ramkumar, Khudiram was able to turn his attention at present to other directions. He felt a strong inclination within to roam freely now for some time, leaving all cares behind, and planned a pilgrimage on foot to the holy temple of Ramesvara, in the southern-most part of India. He started early in the year 1824 for this purpose and did not return to Kamarpukur until some time during the next year. It is said that the *linga* image of Siva named Ramesvara that is still to be seen at the house of Khudiram was brought during this pilgrimage. The year following saw the birth of the second son of Khudiram, and the new-born babe was named Ramesvara in remembrance of the event happening a little after the return of his father from the pilgrimage of that name.

Swami Saradananda.

CREATION AS EXPLAINED IN THE TANTRA.

BY MR. JUSTICE J. G. WOODROFFE.

(*Continued from page 93.*)

Transcendentally creation of all things takes place simultaneously and transcendentally such things have only a Mayik reality. But from the standpoint of Jiva there is a real development (Parinama) from the substance of Mula bhuta avyakta vindurupa (as the Sharada calls Mula-prakriti) of the Tattvas, Buddhi, Ahankara, Manas, the Indriyas, Tanmatras and Mahabhutas in the order stated. The Tantra therefore adopts the Sangkhyan and not the Vedantic order of emanation which starts with the Apanchikrita Tanmatra, the Tamasik parts of which on the one hand develop by Panchikarana into the Mahabhuta and on the other the Rajasik and Sattvik parts of which

are collectively and separately the source of the remaining Tattvas. In the Tantra the Bhutas derive directly and not by Panchikarana from the Tanmatra. Panchikarana exists in respect of the compounds derived from the Bhutas. There is a further point of detail in the Tantrik exposition to be noted. The Tantra, as the Puranas and Shaiva Shastras do, speaks of a threefold aspect of Abhankara according to the predominance therein of the respective Gunas. From the Vaikarika Abhankara issue the eleven Devatas who preside over Manas and the ten Indriyas; from the Taijasa Abhankara is produced the Indriyas and Manas; and from the Bhutadi Abhankara, the Tanmatras. None of these differences in detail or order of emanation of the Tattvas have substantial importance. In one case start is made from the knowledge principle (Buddhi), on the other from the subtle object of knowledge the Tanmatra.

The above mentioned creation is known as Ishvara Srishti. The Vishvasara Tantra says that from the Earth come the herbs (Oshadhi), from the latter, food, and from food seed (Retas). From the latter, living beings are produced by the aid of sun and moon. Here what is called Jiva Srishti is indicated, a matter into which I have no time to enter here.

To sum up, upon this ripening of Karma and the urge therefrom to cosmic life, Nishkala Shiva becomes Sakala. Shakti manifests and the causal body of Ishvara is thought of as assuming seven causal aspects in Sadrisha Parinama which are aspects of Shakti about to create. The Para Vindu or state of Shakti thus developed is the causal body of both the manifested Shabda and Artha. The Paravindu is the source of all lines of development whether of Shabda or as Shambhu of Artha or as the Mulabhuta of the Manifested Shabdārtha. On the completed ideal development of this causal body manifesting as the triple Shaktis of will, knowledge and action, the Shabdārtha in the sense of the manifested world with its subtle and gross bodies appears in the order mentioned.

From the above description it will have been seen that the creation doctrine here described is compounded of various elements some of which it shares with other Shastras and some of which are its own, the whole being set forth according to a method and terminology which is peculiar to itself.

Thus there is Adrishta Srishti up to the appearance of shakti as Paravindu. The theory which is a form of Advaitavada has then characteristics which are both Sangkhyan and Vedantic. With the latter it posits a Nirguna Atma and Maya in the sense that Avidya produces an apparent changing manifold where there is a real unchanging unity. In this Tantrik Advaitavada, three special points are Shaktiattva, the reality of Mulaprakriti, Sadrisha Parinama which is a kind of Vivarta and a doctrine of Laya. This development extends up to the appearance of the manifested Shabdārtha. In such development it posits a real principle of Becoming or Mulaprakriti. Thereafter it states a real Parinama of the Tattvas in general agreement with the Sangkhya. Other points of similarity with the latter system have been already noted. Lastly there is Yaugika Srishti of the Nyaya Vaisheshika in that the world is held to be formed by a combination of the elements. It accepts therefore Adrishta Srishti up to the appearance of Shakti; Vivarta Srishti up to the complete formation of the causal body known as the Kamakala; thereafter Parinama Srishti of the Vikritis of the subtle and gross body produced from the causal body down to the Mahabhutas; and finally Yaugika Srishti in so far as it is the Bhutas which in varied combination go to make up the gross world.

There are (and the doctrine here discussed is an instance of it) common principles and mutual connections existing in and between the different Indian Shastras notwithstanding individual peculiarities of presentment due to natural variety of intellectual or temperamental standpoint or the purpose in view. Shiva in the Kularnava says that all the Darshanas are parts of His body and he who severs them severs His limbs. The meaning of this is that the six Darshanas are the six minds and these as all else are parts of the Lord's Body.

Of these six minds Nyaya Vaisheshika teach Yaugika Srishti; Sangkhya and Patanjali teach Yaugika Srishti and Parinama Srishti; Vedanta teaches Yaugika Srishti, Parinama Srishti according to the empirical method and Vivarta according to the transcendental method. The Tantra includes all these various forms of Srishti adding thereto an Adrishta Srishti of the nature above described. In this sense it is their synthesis.

(Concluded).

THE VAIRAGYA-SATAKAM
OR THE HUNDRED VERSES ON RENUNCIATION BY BHARTRIHARI.

(Continued from page 96).

वैराग्यशतकम् ।

आदित्यस्य गतागतैरहरहः सञ्चीयते जीवितं
व्यापारैर्बहुकार्यभारगुरुभिः कालोऽपि न ज्ञायते ।
हृष्टा जन्मजराविपत्तिमरणं त्रासश्च नोत्पद्यते
प्रीत्वा मोहमयीं प्रमादमदिरामुन्मत्तभूतं जगत् ॥

43. Daily with the rising and setting of the sun, life shortens, and time (i. e. its flight) is not felt on account of affairs heavily burdened with manifold activities. Neither is fear produced at beholding birth, death, old age and sufferings. (Alas,) the world is become mad by drinking the stupefying wine of delusion.

रात्री सैव पुनः स एव दिवसो मत्वा मुग्धा जन्तवो
ध्रुवन्त्युद्यमिन्स्तथैव निभृतप्रारब्धतत्तत्क्रिया ।
व्यापारैः पुनरुक्तभूतविषयैरित्यंविधेनःमुना
संसारं कदर्थिता वयमहो मोहाच्च लज्जामहे ४४

44. Seeing though the same night to be ever following the same day, in vain do creatures run on (their worldly course) perseveringly and busy with various activities set agoing secretly i. e. by individual mental resolves. Alas, through infatuation we do not feel ashamed at being thus befooled by this *samsara* (life) with occupations in which the same particulars repeat themselves!

[The idea is: how profoundly deluded by desire we live! For never growing old itself, it makes all things look fresh and new, otherwise no worldly pursuit has any real novelty. They are as stale as the uniform appearance of day and night following each other.]

न ध्यातं पदमीश्वरस्य विधिवत्संसारविच्छिन्नये
स्वर्गद्वारकवाटपादनपदुर्धर्मोऽपि नोपार्जितः ।

नारीपीनयोधरोरुयुगलं स्वप्नेऽपि नालिङ्गितं
मातुः केवलमेव यौवनवनच्छेदे कुठारा वयम् ॥४६

नाभ्यस्ता प्रतिवादिबृन्ददमनी विद्या विनीतोचिता
खड्गाग्रैः करिकुम्भपीठदलनैर्नाकं न नीतं यशः ।
कान्ताकोमलपल्लवाधररसः पीतो न चन्द्रोदये
ताह्वयं गतमेव निष्फलमहो शून्यालये
दीपवत् ॥४६॥

विद्या नाधिगता कलङ्करहिता वित्तं च नोपार्जितं
शुश्रुषापि समाहितेन मनसा पित्रोर्न संपादिता ।
आलोलायतलोचनाः प्रियतमाः स्वप्नेऽपि नालि-
ङ्गिताः

कालोऽयं परपिण्डलोलुपतया काकैरिव प्रेर्यते ॥४७

45, 46, 47. न ध्यातं etc. The feet of the Lord have not been meditated upon (by me) in due form for the sake of doing away with this *samsara* or worldly bondage. स्वर्गद्वार etc, neither has *dharma* (merit through performance of religious duties) been earned such as is strong to knock open the gates of heaven. मातुः केवलमेव etc. We have simply proved to be hatchets, as it were, to cut down the garden of our mother's youth, i. e. we have simply made our mother age through giving birth to us. That is the only result, we find worthy of mention.

नाभ्यस्ता etc. The proper scholarship for a cultured man such as enables one to defeat hosts of disputants, has not been acquired. खड्गाग्रैः etc. By the point of the sword strong to knock down the capacious temples of elephants fame has not been carried to the heaven. ताह्वयं etc. Useless has youth passed away like lamp in a deserted house.

विद्या नाधिगता etc. Knowledge free from defect has not been mastered; कलङ्करहिता means 'free from doctrines incapable of proof.' वित्तं च etc. riches neither are earned. शुश्रुषापि etc. Services to parents have not been rendered with single-mindedness. कालोऽयं etc. Like crows, all the time has been passed in greediness for food, i. e. maintenance, obtainable from others.

[These three stanzas (nos. 45, 46, 47) strike a rather anomalous note. Here the poet personates

a man whose life has been, like the lamp burning in a deserted abode, a thorough failure. Such a man is looking back on his youthful years of unmitigated worthlessness. But are the reflections he is making here typical of those who are at the threshold of true renunciation? By no means are they typical. The poet here simply takes up a particular case of an aspirant after renunciation which may just serve his poetical purposes best. This aspirant has had in his youth no taste of glory either as a pious man, a dutiful son, a scholarly student, a brave warrior or a lover of women. He appears to lament here that none of the fourfold aims of human life (धर्म, religious merit; अर्थ wealth; काम, fulfilment of desires, and मोक्ष, final salvation) has been pursued by him in the past with any the slightest success. Perhaps he means that that is best calculated to impress on his mind the vanity of all the ends of a householder's life. But this impression of vanity and consequent non-attachment may very well come, and come with perhaps greater completeness, to men who had the ability to succeed in life, and such men may not at all look back with any lingering regret on enjoyments he is going to leave behind, whether their harvest had been actually reaped by him or not. There is even some inconsistency in the ring of regret running through these stanzas. But the poet is here more concerned with dramatic effect than psychological precision.]

(To be continued).

ON THE CONNING TOWER.

PUBLIC thought in India, we find, is slowly taking up the question of social service, and the discussion is timely no doubt. Educated people have been growing more and more eager to serve their country, and their nascent activities finding no adequate scope through politics are bound to seek fresh fields and pastures new. The only regret is that it is rather necessity, and not deliberate choice, which is giving this new direction to our impulses for serving the country. Had we ascertained at the very outset the *national* lines on which service requires to be rendered to our country, we would have long given up knock-

ing at the door of politics. It would have been clear to us long ago that it was not a cruel but benign Providence who had closed that door against our collective access, not because he wanted to fling us into despair and death, but because he wanted to drive us, during the present period of self-oblivion and confusion, into our national path of patriotic service that lay elsewhere.

But it is not exactly the door of social service, in the sense in which this term is used in the West, that we have to knock at to find real satisfaction today for our patriotic impulses. For we must clearly understand that to do good to society in India is not exactly the same thing as to do good to society in the West, for the type of service required in one case differs fundamentally from that required in the other. No scheme of service to any country or its society can be properly conceived or devised, unless first that country or its society has been correctly studied and understood. We cannot be sure of only doing good to a society, until we are sure first that we fully know what its good consists in and why, and know also the prescribed way that good has to be pursued. Neither India nor her society has popped up just today from the Indian ocean, that we may set about doing good to it just as other people are found to do good to their own country or society. The Indian society had been pursuing her long course of history, long before you and I and others eager to serve her today were born into it; and instead of the indecency of hastily besieging her with what *we* believe to be good services, is it not for the sake of our own good imperative that we should first enquire of her in all humility as to the proper way she requires us to serve her?

Have we done this? Let the founders of social leagues in our country ask themselves this question. On close examination it will be found that our impulse to serve is moving rather blindly, that it is being directed more by the glow of sentiment than by the light of reason. In service the motive force comes from sentiment, the direction, the lead, from reason. But reason here is not simply the theoretical knowledge of the ideals of social service as propounded in social philosophy. Such knowledge makes the sentiment of service natural for

us no doubt. We may of course love our society because social philosophy makes us love it. This philosophy points out that it is our *own* society and that our sentiment of service should be naturally directed towards it. But real love goes much further. We can really love an object when its real self is revealed to us. Unless there is this self-revelation of the object of love, we love simply to satisfy a demand within ourselves and not to satisfy a mutually understood demand. From such one-sided love true service can never proceed. So before we truly serve our society we must have its real self revealed to us. This intimacy of knowledge is the essential part of the reason which should direct sentiment in social service, and general social philosophy is only an instrument in the hand of that reason.

We find some amount of literature recently produced in Bengal on the ideals of social service. All that is merely calculated to give to social service a philosophical basis. But alas, we have had more than enough of general philosophy in every branch of our thought and activity. In fact in most cases we are suffering from a plethora of such philosophical thought. We are tired of listening to lofty talks as to how the world proceeds to love or serve its motherland in this sphere of life or that! The most crucial point to note is that we cannot succeed in love or service unless we find that love or service *really accepted*. We must have that profound touch with the very soul of our society to know at every step that our love or service is accepted. Our mind is stuffed to the bursting point with no end of wisdom about how to love and serve and why, but oh for that profound communion with the soul of my country and society wherein every act of my love and service will be blessed with a sense of acceptance. It is this communion, this deep sense of mutuality, this feeling of recognition and acceptance coming from the other side, which constitutes the first condition of every really successful act of social or patriotic service in India.

No social league will succeed in doing any real service to society so long as there is not this deep communion to steer it in its onward course. So let us first begin a watchful, patient study of the

Indian society. If we approach this study in the proper spirit our heart will one day thrill with the love and truth of having really understood our country and society. The real difficulty is that this proper spirit does not come to us. We have contracted our habits of study from an alien atmosphere and when we pursue them in connection with Indian life and history, the result becomes something like what happened when once a countryman of ours, a judicial officer, bent on studying an ascetic known all round the place to be a Yogi of the highest realisation, walked forth to where this great man sat on the bare ground, naked and mostly in a superconscious state, and then ordered a chair to be brought before this figure that he himself may sit and watch. The conclusion which this student of ascetic life drew on this occasion was that that Sadhu was essentially a madcap! No better result could follow from a study of that great Yogi made in this attitude.

So the study of every society has to be approached in the proper spirit and attitude. Otherwise the heart of the social worker would never come into real communion with the soul of that society he wants to serve. In Western countries we find that this proper spirit and attitude is sought to be developed in the student even from his boyhood when he is given his school lessons. His mind is tactfully introduced into an atmosphere of the hopes and glories that belong to his country and society. His deepest feelings become intertwined with them and gradually he realises that a sort of communion has been established between the soul of his society and his inmost nature such as will enable him throughout his life to respond properly to every demand that his society makes on his service. But here in India, Western culture imports for us the spirit and attitude we adopt everyday in studying our own society, and the result is that in spite of all the fussy professions of love, our social workers and reformers remain alienated throughout their life from the real self of the society they pretend to serve. People belonging, on the other hand, to hidebound social orthodoxies, disqualified by their slavish prejudices, cannot rise either to the intimate mutuality of a communion or to the dignity of true

love and service. We stand to society not in a relation of blind allegiance, but in that of loving mutual trust. It is a growing, living relation that implies constantly increasing mutual obligations. Neither society, nor we who belong to it remain stationary in life; and they are slaves, not real sons, who are not given the initiative for social adjustments in changing circumstances.

But this relation of mutual trust can only subsist where there is deep mutual intimacy. A merely philosophical view of one's own society can never create this relation of mutual trust; we must feel it to be like a mother. A personal being can never *serve* anything truly unless he feels that thing to have a personal nature somewhere. How profoundly true is this of our service to society! It is inconceivable how people hope to do real good to their own society if they do not first regard it with the love of a son for his mother. Is society a mere collection of human units living within it at present? No, it is something which has lived in the long past forming the cradle and arena for many lives like ours of the present age. But then even, it may be simply an effect produced by the lives lived in the past and the present: it is perhaps the accumulation of effects produced by those lives. But no, we find that a society greatly determines as a cause the manner of life lived in it by its human units. It has not only determined our past equally at least with those who lived in it, it is similarly determining our present and it shall determine our future. This assumption about the future we make, consciously or unconsciously, every moment of our life. It is a necessity we cannot dispense with in living our life. So at every step we take, we assume a social consciousness. And is it then idolatry or figure of speech, to look upon our society as our mother?

And such a mother! She who held in her arms at the dawn of human life on earth those spiritual supermen called Rishis, who held in her arms through all the ages thousands of spiritual heroes who with wonderful self-mastery, unequalled anywhere in this world, faced the eternal mystery of things and bravely crossed over to immortality,—she who was the mother of Sri Rāmachandra, of Sri Krishna, of Buddha, Sāṅkara and Chaitanya, she

who through all the inconceivable stress and strain of great religious and political changes and through mighty vicissitudes of fortune such as no nation can pass through alive, has preserved for us, hidden away in her bosom, that spirituality and culture with which she plants and spreads her home again and again for her children to live and grow,—shall we not deem it the highest social privilege that a man can possess to be given to serve her as our mother? Do we mean by our social service the humble but solemn exercise of this privilege? Or perhaps we laugh it all away as mere sentiment! But mark it, no service to our society will be of any lasting good unless it is rendered in this spiritual attitude of mind.

And moreover a society can be really served only on the lines on which it was initially organised. If we want to serve or reform it, we must bring into operation the same motive force which worked out its evolution, we must appeal to the same immanent end which formed from the outset its life-principle. Every sincere student of the Hindu society will find that this motive force and this immanent end in the case of our society are spiritual. So even to make this society move in any direction, we have to work from the sphere of its spiritual life and ideals. It is there that social movements have to be set on foot. The initiative in social activities must have to be placed in the hands of our religion. If we ignore this fundamental principle, all efforts for social progress will prove either futile or productive of much unpleasant confusion. So in India, social service in the wider sense of trying to remove the evils and needs of our society cannot exactly proceed on lines which the West has generally adopted for it. Here it is quite a different thing as we said before. It has to appear on the field as an outcome or outgrowth of spiritual development. All real social adjustments here must proceed out of the actual necessities of our spiritual pursuit. This is what Swami Vivekananda meant by "reform from within."

People in some quarter complain that having so keenly analysed the evils of caste system, Swami Vivekananda should have plunged himself into the thick of the fight against it. It must have been a glaring inconsistency of his life that he did not do

this, as also his ready acquiescence in idol-worship after having advocated the highest Brahmajñana. Even it is insinuated that this inconsistency is the outcome of his eagerness to stand on good terms with orthodox society and religion on whose favourable attitude he must have counted much in the interest of his propaganda. As a palliative for this mean-minded insinuation, it is explained that perhaps his love for the Hindu society was not deep or developed enough to lift him beyond the blindness of flattery. We dismiss these speculations on the supposed inconsistency in Swami Vivekananda's attitude, as proceeding from minds too much bartered away to sectarian interests to keep themselves free and open while studying a great personality regarded from childhood as having started a rival movement. But we welcome the complaint made against this supposed inconsistency, in the hope that it is sincere. Sincere complaints, sincere criticisms, sincere protests against Swami Vivekananda's views imply the necessity of studying them carefully, and we are anxious that this necessity should be imposed, for the good of our country, more and more thoroughly on our educated countrymen.

In his "The Plan of my Campaign," a lecture delivered in Madras, the Swamiji says, "To the reformers I will point out, that I am a greater reformer than any of them. They want to reform only by little bits. I want root-and-branch reform. Where we differ is in the method. Theirs is the method of destruction, mine is that of construction. I do not believe in reform; I believe in growth." Then he goes on to point out the real spirit in which we should aspire to do good to society. All these passages should be studied and pondered over by those who want to know or discuss Swamiji's social views. Then about method in social reform, he made this important statement, a few pages beyond, "So, in India, social reform has to be preached by showing how much more spiritual a life the new system will bring." Then in his lecture on "The Future of India," delivered also in Madras, the Swami makes a clear statement as regards his views on the caste system and the way its evils have to be reformed. To those who complain of his inconsistency, we propose

careful study of at least these two lectures. Let them read these and then say whether with such views he would have been more consistent in joining the ranks of our social reformers. We have very little to add with regard to the complaint about his silent acquiescence in what is called idolatry. This complaint also comes from people who do not study his religious works,—people who conceive of religion as a creed and cannot rise to the conception of religion as a science fit to govern all processes of spiritual growth, pursued whether through concrete or abstract symbols of worship.

REVIEWS

The Life and Life-work of J. N. Tata by D. E. Wacha. Second Edition. Ganesh & Co. Publishers, Madras. Price Re. 1. Pp. 204.

Both the author and the publishers of this book have done good service to our country in bringing out a biography of that great Indian worthy, Jamsetji Nusserwanji Tata. Such a biography is no doubt a study of modern Indian history in the making. It gives us a true insight into the Modern Transition which India is even now passing through. The brilliant career of this towering genius voices forth the collective aspirations of modern India in the sphere of commercial organisation, aspirations produced by the first impact of Western culture on the traditional Indian mind. Tata's life embodies the first response of Vaishya India to this challenging impact of the West. Perhaps a second response may combine, more organically and successfully, the spiritual outlook on life's activities, our Indian inheritance, with the glories of Tata's achievement, commercial organisation on a modern scale. But the fact remains that J. N. Tata worked out in his life the most invaluable materials for the upbuilding of the Indian nation in modern times, and this book by Mr. D. E. Wacha will remain and go down to posterity as a remarkable document to bear witness for ever to the important place of that Indian worthy in the history of Indian nation-building. Every one interested in that history should possess a copy of this interesting book.

Footfalls of Indian History, by the Sister Nivedita, (with six coloured plates and 22 other illustrations). Longmans, Green & Co. publishers. To be had also of the Manager, Prabuddha Bharata, price Rs. 2-8.

This new publication from the pen of the late Sister will be as joyfully hailed by the reading public in India and abroad as everything else from the same pen has been hailed. In this as in her other works, the Sister represents spontaneously the Indian mind struggling to utter itself in terms of the Western culture. Here it is the Indian mind, aglow with flashes of joy in success and buoyant with enthusiasm even in doubting, threading its way through the teeming relics of its past to study the foundations of its present and future. The spirit in which this quest is made is hundredfold valuable to us than the actual results. It is high congratulation that the quest has begun and begun in that dauntless spirit, that sympathetic earnestness and imaginativeness, which the Sister so perfectly illustrates in the pages of the present volume. It is as if half the victory is won when the plunge has been made in such a spirit into the life-stream of the Indian people. Now tossing waves may delude and by-currents may lead astray for a while, but the main current of that life-stream is bound to discover itself one day and lead the quest to success. Now perhaps the rise of Buddhism overpowers historical insight by its great dazzle and the plenitude of its existing relics, and the pre-Buddhistic period appears to be a darkness relieved only by streaks and specks of Upanishadic or Vedic light. Now perhaps a political perspective tends to be projected too much behind the evolution of religious ideas; perhaps flashes of political greatness pivot too much attention and hope from the explorers. But one day all such proclivities induced by Western historical or antiquarian studies will surely wear out. In the Sister Nivedita's case, an alert historical imagination is found sometimes to outstrip balanced insight, but that is a personal equation which hardly prejudices her constant illustration to us of a vigorous development and application of that important faculty. Her mature historical sense was always at the service of her intense sympathy and her firm faith in the purpose of Indian history to perpetuate an Indian nationality. But besides this sympathy with Indian

religious history and this faith in Indian nationalism, an Indian historian is required to possess a thorough grasp of that organic scheme of collective life which history nowhere else illustrates except in India. Without this grasp, it is impossible to trace faithfully the movements of the Indian consciousness in creating its history out of the impulse of spiritual ideas. We do not find this grasp, this wisdom, in those who are labouring at present on the field of historical research in India, and Sister Nivedita was no exception in this respect. But still the value of her historical writings cannot be too highly estimated, because of the throbbing heart of faith and sympathy that she always brought to bear upon the historical problems of India, and this collection of her historical writings is surely an indispensable addition to the library of every educated man who has been attracted to the study of Indian history.

NEWS AND MISCELLANIES.

The Secretary of the Ramkrishna Mission, Dacca Branch sends us the following report of the Astami-Snan Relief Work by the Ramkrishna Mission, Dacca Branch:—

In connection with the late Astami Snan at Langalbanda on the 24th March, 1915, innumerable pilgrims mostly women gathered, and the Dacca Branch of the Ramkrishna Mission opened a temporary relief-centre there to look after the comforts and wants of the pilgrims as much as possible. On the 22nd March some workers of the Mission with tents and other requisites for a hospital with 4 beds started and on the next day and the day following 60 more workers followed them so that on the 24th on the day of the Snan the total number of workers numbered 100.

The workers including the medical men had been divided into different batches to look after the wants of the pilgrims in their own jurisdictions, and assistance was rendered in the shape of (1) helping pilgrims to get in and out of the high and narrow ghats, and also to help them in bathing where women and children had every chance of being drowned, (2) restoring missing persons to their parents and (3) giving medical aid.

(i) At each ghat there was one head worker with a number of assistants under him. We have much satisfaction to say that the Police and our workers joined hands in keeping order in the tremendous rush of pilgrims at these ghats. Our workers had to keep standing by turns in water for over 8 hours to help the bathers in coming out of the water safely. One drowned woman was brought into the hospital apparently dead. After two hours of continuous artificial respiration and other medical treatments pulse was perceptible and after another hour consciousness was restored.

(ii) Our workers found out 94 cases of missing children, women and old men of which 87 were handed over to their guardians 3 were sent to the Police for the same purpose and 4 were sent to their homes at the expense of the Mission.

(iii) The arrangement made by the Mission with 4 beds for the hospital was found to be quite inadequate. The rush of pilgrims this year was unexpectedly great; but fortunately Mr. Mc. Cormack, the District Engineer of Dacca very kindly placed the District Board's contagious disease ward entirely at the disposal of our workers and ordered the Hospital menials to help them whenever required. Altogether 22 cases of cholera, 1 of small-pox, 1 of drowning and 3 of miscellaneous disease such as fever &c., had been treated by our workers. Of these 11 cases proved fatal and 16 recovered.

We tender our best thanks and gratitude to Mr. Mc. Cormack, the District Engineer of Dacca and Mr. Kidd, the Assistant Superintendent of Police at Narayanganj who very kindly gave our workers every facility to make the Relief Work a success, and to the subordinate Police officers in general who gave us every assistance whenever our workers wanted it. Our sincere thanks are also due to Dr. Matindra Chandra Pal, Homœopathic practitioner at Dacca, who, as in our last Dattapara Cholera Relief Works, kindly took charge of our Hospital and worked there for 4 days and nights continually.

With the exception of a few, our workers paid their own travelling expenses to and from Langalband. The total expenditure was Rs. 87-10-0 as detailed below:—

Receipts:—		Rs.	As.	P.
Babu Mathura Mohan Chakravarty and the staff of Sakti-Ausadhalaya	...	5	0	0
Boarders, Engineering School Hospital	...	30	0	0
Boarders, Dacca College Hostel, Ramna	...	10	0	0
Bhuban Babu	10	0	0
Mazam Ali Esq.	3	0	0
Babu Srimanta Kumar Das Gupta	1	0	0
Babu Sarat Chandra Ghose	3	0	0
R. K. Das Esq., Bar-at-law	2	0	0
Babu Bharat Ch. Nath	1	0	0
„ Rasik Chandra Chakravarty	1	0	0
„ Atul Prasad Ray Choudhury, Zamindar	...	8	0	0
„ Radha Shyam Basak	1	0	0
Some Members of the Ramkrishna Mission	...	7	10	0
Some pilgrims at Langalband	...	4	4	0
A gentleman	0	4	0
Balance brought forward from Tangi Relief Work	4	0	0
Total Rs.		91	2	3

Expenditure		Rs.	As.	P.
Hospital requisites	...	6	15	0
Bedding for patients	...	9	4	0
Diet for ditto	1	8	6
Train and boat hire for some workers	...	5	10	9
Lighting	8	5	0
Money help to pilgrims	...	1	15	0
Cook and Sweeper	...	3	12	0
Miscellaneous, such as cooly hire, carrying of tents &c.	10	12	0
Total Rs.		87	10	0
Balance in hand Rs.		3	8	3

The following has been received for publication, being a prospectus of the Self-supporting Industrial Colony started by Captain J. W. Petavel in conjunction with the Indian Self-supporting Educational Colonies Association:

THE object is to form an industrial and educational organisation in which young men and boys will be trained to support themselves and pay for their training by their labour, and in which it is hoped that they will be able afterwards to remain, earning good remuneration and forming

(Continued in page iii.)