

Prabuddha Bharata

उत्तिष्ठत जाग्रत



प्राप्य वसन्निबोधते

Katha Upa. 1. iii. 4

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

—SWAMI VIVEKANANDA.

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

BY SWAMI VIVEKANANDA.

Q.— Does Yoga serve to keep the body in its full health and vitality ?

A.— It does. It staves off disease. As objectification of one's own body is difficult, it is very effective in regard to others.* Fruit and milk are the best food for Yogis.

* Swamiji speaks of this method of keeping the body in health in one of his letters :—“ I tell you a curious fact. Whenever any one of you is sick, let him himself or any one of you visualise him in your mind, and mentally say and strongly imagine that he is all right. That will cure him quickly. You can do it even without his knowledge, and even with thousands of miles between you. Remember it and do not be ill any more ”

Q.— Is the attainment of bliss synchronous with that of *Vairâgya*?

A.— The first step in *Vairâgya* is very painful. When perfected, it yields supreme bliss.

Q.— What is *Tapasyâ*?

A.— *Tapasyâ* is threefold; of the body, of speech, and of mind. The first is service of others; the second, truthfulness, and third, control and concentration.

Q.— Why do we not see that the same consciousness pervades the ant as well as the perfected sage?

A.— Realising the unity of this manifestation is a question of time only.

Q.— Is preaching possible without gaining perfection?

A.— No. May the Lord grant that all the Sannyasin disciples of my Master and of myself be perfected, so that they may be fit for missionary work!

Q.— Is the divine majesty expressed in the Universal Form of Sri Krishna in the Gita superior to the expression of love unattended with other attributes, embodied in the form of Sri Krishna, for instance, in His relation with the Gopis?

A.— The feeling of love, unattended with the idea of divinity, in respect to the person loved, is assuredly inferior to the expression of divine majesty. If it were not so, all lovers of the flesh would have obtained freedom.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

“THE great task in life,” says Sri Ramakrishna, “is to conform one’s actions to one’s thoughts.” But how sadly do we fail to carry out this precept in our every day life ! How widely does, therefore, our practice differ from the ideal we profess to follow ! Our religion teaches us the solidarity of man and his inborn divine nature, but we raise insurmountable barriers of race and class between man and man, and spurn and hate our own brother man, instead of loving him, as we should do if we be true to our faith. We claim equality with foreign nations, but are unwilling to establish relations of equality with our own countrymen. We want emancipation for ourselves, but grudge to give even the little freedom that is absolutely necessary for growth and development to our women and to the masses. We protest against our oppression by the so-called higher castes and classes above us, but are very particular about not removing the disabilities we most unjustly impose upon those who rank below us in social and economic scales. We profess to serve God, man and country, but not infrequently do we try to serve our own selfish ends, to feed our personal and national greed of material wealth and power. Thus in a thousand and one actions we play the hypocrite. And it is no wonder that we reap as we sow. Our actions instead of freeing us from bondage, forge fresh fetters to bind us to this world, to its miseries and sorrows. The penalty

we pay for our hypocrisy is slavery, physical, intellectual and spiritual.

* * *

Society is a living organism consisting of individual members, and its advancement depends on the growth of individuals, and on the progress they make in the realisation of the ideals of perfection which is the common goal of mankind. When each individual member understands the real purpose of his life and regains his true self, national self-realisation follows as a matter of course. This great truth the ancient Hindu seers perceived clearly with the help of their remarkable intuitive vision, and tried to apply it to the individual as well as the collective life of the members of their society. Thus at the back of the Hindu spiritual scheme of life, behind all Hindu institutions, political, social and religious, there lies the central thought that the salvation of the nation depends on the salvation of the individual. According to the ancient Varnashrama Dharma, not the travesty of it which we find in modern times, man's career on earth was looked upon as a sacrament, to be utilised for the realisation of the Spirit dwelling in all beings. Brahmacharya, which included the practice of self-discipline and the study of the science of the Self, was the stepping stone to all the other stages of life. The life of the householder with his varied duties and responsibilities, the life of the hermit with his austerities and penances, the life of the Sannyasin with his renunciation and meditation—all these were meant for the realisation of Brahman—the only reality behind the

apparent and ever-changing personality of man.

* * *

We have deviated miserably from the ancient ideals of life and have lost the vision of the Atman—of the Unity behind the diversity of names and forms. We have forgotten that at the back of all India's dreams was the dream of the Eternal, which makes life sweet and pleasant in the midst of the manifold cares and anxieties of the world. We have been oblivious of the fact that under all India's philosophies lay the philosophy of the Sat-Chit-Ananda—Existence-Knowledge-Bliss Absolute—which explains the purpose of life, and supplies the basis of morality, for as the Gita says, "Seeing the Lord equally existent everywhere, the man of Knowledge does not injure self by self, and so goes to the highest goal." As a penalty for our neglect to mould our life after the Divine ideal, as a punishment for our losing sight of the ultimate purpose of life, and for our being drifted away by the waves of modernism from the moorings of our ancient faith, we have paid a very heavy price in the form of national degeneration and its manifold attendant evils. The pitiable deterioration of our village self-governing units, our economic degradation, our intellectual servitude—which is far more dangerous than political slavery, and is the direct cause of our loss of individuality—all these and many more are the immediate fruits of our giving up of those noble ideals which the ancient Hindu sages always held before society to cherish and conserve.

* * *

The root cause of our misery and degradation must be sought for in ourselves, for the responsibility rests primarily on our own shoulders. The law of Karma, which forms the corner-stone of the Hindu, Buddhist and Jain philosophies, makes man directly responsible for all his actions whether good or bad. It further brings faith, if rightly understood, in his own self by teaching him that he is the maker of his own destiny and that it is unnecessary for him to depend on chance or take shelter under any doctrine that throws the burden of responsibility on others, making him a mere tool in the hands of agencies on which he has absolutely no control. Besides this, the doctrine of the potential divinity of man—the crowning glory of the Vedanta—proclaims in the clearest possible terms that behind every one, strong or weak, rich or poor, there stands the One Atman—the infinite, the omnipresent and the omniscient,—that in each soul there is locked up infinite capacity to become really great, pure and holy. Truly speaking this Upanishadic doctrine should bring strength and faith to the weak and the depressed, and if we understand its true significance we, too, would say with the great German philosopher, Schopenhauer, “It has been the solace of my life. It will be the solace of my death.” “Teach yourselves,” says the apostle of modern India, Swami Vivekananda, “teach every one his real nature, call upon the sleeping soul to see how it awakes. Power will come, glory will come, goodness will come, purity will come, and everything that is excellent will come when this sleeping soul is roused to self-conscious activity.”

There was a time when the so-called leaders of the land,—themselves products of a hybrid civilisation—wanted to inoculate the people of India with the lymph of Western culture to bring them back to life and activity. The experiment has failed miserably, for the method employed was wrong from its very inception. But we have learnt to our cost that to bring about our salvation we must follow the history and tradition, the principles and ideals of our own culture and civilisation. We must regulate our life and conduct by our own Dharma or Divine ideals. Already we see around us that the Indian ideals of renunciation and service, the vision of the God-in-man, the doctrines of self-control and self-sacrifice in national service are slowly effecting a great change in the mental outlook of the Indian people,—helping them to realise their own selves and through it also the Self of all. But too much of weakness and faithlessness has taken hold of our soul. Let us not forget at this hour of trial to pray day and night to the Lord of India's destiny—the Lord residing in us all—“Take away my weakness, take away my unmanliness, and make me a man.” And “Real man,” says Sri Ramakrishna, “is he who has attained to Self-realisation.”

Whoever knows essentially his own nature, can know also that of other men, and can penetrate into the nature of things. He can collaborate in the transformations and in the progress of heaven and of earth.—*Confucius*.

BEHIND THE VEIL.*

WE were sitting quietly on a bench on the Birch Hill facing the western sky just after the sunset colours had melted away. The twilight mists which hung over the mountains, the stars, bright and translucent, which shone high up in the sky and the wooded draper which mantled the hillside made a charming picture. Down below shone out the street lights through the leafy trees and contrasted strikingly with the deepening gloom around. Suddenly there came borne on the evening air a burst of Indian music—pipes and bugles and cattle-drums. We thought it was a marriage festival, and our conversation turned on the curious marriage customs of the hill men. In the marriage march, I was told, the bridegroom is carried on a sling let down from a pole resting on the shoulders of bearers. The bride, however, is borne on a platform and is deeply and gorgeously veiled, an impenetrable but fascinating mystery. That seemed to me to symbolise our march through life—a great mystery, deep and attractive like the veiled bride—a march through a world which we only dimly understand and which yet holds our imagination in a trance-like spell. It is an obsessing presence, pervasive and constant, and interwoven with our very existence, which fills our minds with obstinate questionings that we can never wholly answer, the mystery becoming more and more profound as we dive deeper and deeper to fathom it.

Is our life really “a sleep and a forgetting” as Wordsworth tells us? Do we really come “trailing clouds of glory from God who is our home?” This light lingers, we are told, in the joys of childhood, but becomes fainter as the experiences of a bright and beautiful world engross our attention, and we forget the mother as the foster-mother’s

* A paper read at the Behar Young Men’s Institute Hall, Bankipur on Tuesday, the 1st August, 1922.

caresses kindle a new joy in our souls and awaken us into a new world of light and brightness. As the child steps into youth it wraps itself and its surroundings in golden dreams woven out of its exuberant fancies. As youth grows into manhood and life's journey becomes steeper and difficult, and as storms and clouds gather and darken the horizon, the dreams of youth are chastened by sorrow, suffering and disappointment, until the wayworn pilgrim treads on the downward grade of life, wiser, sadder and homesick. Is that all the truth about our journey through life?

Some say we are lured into this life by our self-imposed limitations—by *avidya*. The vast stream of Being moves on calmly and placidly with occasional eddies here and there. This represents the sort of life we lead here, spending our energies in the whirlpool of life from which there seems to be no escape. We must put an end to our delusions and vicious ways of thinking and conduct, and break away from this life in order that we may again join the main current of existence. Is this a right interpretation of life.

We do not know if we bring into this world the joys of antenatal existence, nor do we know if we have ourselves blundered into earthly life with all its sorrows and miseries. But we do know that out of the darkness of antenatal life we came to a life of joy and light. This joy is a natural, unalloyed delight borne on the mere lust of light, of growing vigour and expanding energy. As the various natural agencies beat upon our senses the drawing of consciousness becomes a joyful birth. Like a tuneful harp every sense sings out its harmony in response to the measured beat of the music which plays upon it and constitutes the outer environment. We can hardly conceive a more romantic world than the one in which the unsophisticated child lives. Some unseen hand touches the child's heart-strings through every avenue of sense, making them vocal with the song to which they respond in harmonic vibrations. The magic colours which regale his visions, the sweet soft music of the mother's call which thrills his soul, the everchanging lights and shadows of the

day, the glories of dawn and sunset, the massed bands of nature's choir to which he listens with joy, which rouse the sleeping instincts lying deep in his heart, the charm of bloom and verdure, which stimulates his awakening mind—all these constitute a never-ending passion-play which prepares him for higher things. But he moves in a world of mystery which he does not understand, and is yet lured by the fascination of the veiled mystery.

I think we can still travel back into this romantic child world and feel once more the thrill of joy which filled our minds at the dawn of life. The flooding daylight which fills the sky and streams into the valley, the flaming snow-crown which greets the approaching day, the grey colours which race swiftly up the valleys to meet the dawn and are steeped in the bright splendour and the roseate colours of the early morn, the breezes which are astir in the early morning and rouse the trees from their night's sleep, the choral song which bursts forth from a hundred sweet-tuned throats from every cope and cover—are not all these still an unending joy? The music of the world vibrates in our souls, only it has been deepened and chastened by the experiences of life. It is a common place of natural history that life itself and all its activities, conscious or unconscious, have evolved in response to the call of its environment which is only a veil concealing the Great Mystery. It is the caresses of the *unseen* which have helped in evolving the *seen*. From the non-living to the living, from the living to the conscious, from the conscious to the rational, it is a strenuous effort of nature to build herself up to the stature of the Infinite and the Eternal in response to the Infinite and the Eternal itself.

Groping through the gloom of presentient existence, nature strives to secure stable conditions of life and on the foundation thus laid builds the superstructure of sentience, instinct, intelligence and reason. Not a limb, not a sense-organ, no, not even consciousness and all that it means and includes could come into existence except through this active striving in response to the forces playing upon our organisms.

On the one hand there is the yearning of the Infinite for the Finite, and on the other the responsive yearning of the Finite for the Infinite. This communion between the Finite and the Infinite, at first a throb, more or less mute, grows deeper and vaster as we ascend the higher steps of life, each of which brings a new music to the heart of nature. The first cry was a love call and a new music which grew ultimately into the deeper, perhaps, sadder song of human love. Nature in the lower grades is, as Tennyson tells us, 'red in tooth and claw,' and her life a cruel, relentless strife for self-preservation in which there is no room for pity and compassion, for the self-abnegation and self-consecration of love. Love is a new force which transforms life and allows it an escape from its machine-like activity. We see the veiled mystery first in the clash of the forces of inorganic existence, next in the synthetic activities of life, then in the twilight of consciousness, in sentiency, in appetite and in the play of passions. Through love of the labour of evolving, nature passes from a blind and cruel competition into an awkward yearning to lose itself and live again, not in the cramped life of individual and exclusive existence but in the sweet synthesis which takes us out of ourselves first to other persons and ultimately to God. Thus the mystery unveils itself as we climb to the sunnier heights of our being, until we are in sight of the snow-capped peaks which penetrate the blue depths of the firmament. The revelation is gradual, our evolution is gradual and is an unending process. This breaking up of mere individual life and the growth of the broader life is symbolised in every plumule that bursts through its shell, in every leaf or flower which rents asunder its protecting capsule, in every songster that escapes its dark prison-house and comes out into light, into the pure air, to which it attunes its throat. Break, break, break out of your cramped narrow life, come out into the bright light, breathe the pure air of the unfettered breezes, and the mysterious bride will uplift her veil as to her chosen beloved.

If this life be a mystery, the life beyond is a profounder

mystery. A wall of impenetrable gloom seems to shut us out from the life behind the veil. As the curtain drops upon a dear life, the drama seems to be finished, perhaps to be continued behind the veil, perhaps not. Vainly but fondly does the eye try to peer into the darkness which closes over the departed and get a glimpse of the soul which has winged its way into the other world. And yet there is a sense of the presence of the kindred spirit somewhere very near us, speaking to our hearts in the old familiar accents. If the soul of the departed is a source of inspiration in this life, it does not cease to be so in the life into which it passes after death. That is the testimony of all history and of all devout experience. There is on the other hand a more intimate nearness after the kindred soul has been released from the bonds of flesh and blood, than when it is in the flesh. Released from these limitations the departed are always with us everywhere—a presence, which clings to us through joy and sorrow, health and disease, success and disappointment. The lapse of time instead of increasing the gap between the living and the non-living quickens us into a nearer relationship, and as the shades of the evening close over us we joyfully await the union beyond these shores.

Every person is more or less a veiled reality. How little do we know of ourselves, how much less do we know of others. But still in some sense we come to know and love each other, and love opens the portal through which we obtain the vision of the inner sanctuary of the beloved. We really grow into each other, our souls entwine round each other as we move on in life's long way, and through mutual attunement we become one. Our very differences help in the synthesis of mutually complementary personalities. The vacancy which death creates is a vacuum awaiting a higher fulness and lifts us above ourselves to the similitude of the one who has gone beyond the veil and awaits us there. The serenity of the departed soul, penetrates and pervades our being and gives us a taste of the promise and fulness of the life hereafter.

The scriptures of all countries bear testimony to the life on the other side, but perhaps nowhere do we get such persistent assurances of the deathless life as in our own books. With what eagerness was the search after the deathless Reality conducted in this land of ours, with what persistence it continued, and what ample fruition did it bring forth!

A simple story related in the Brihadaranyaka Upanishad will illustrate this. Yajnavalkya was retiring into the forest as the final preparation for the life to come. He proposed to distribute his wealth among his two wives Maitreyi and Katyayani. Maitreyi asked him if wealth would bring her deathless existence. She preferred to forego the offered wealth and to live the way which would bring her immortal life. In the dialogue which took place between the husband and the wife, Yajnavalkya in passages of great tenderness and beauty tried to lift the veil and allowed her to have a glimpse of the Reality behind it. The keynote of the whole teaching is struck in the first sentence. “न वा अरे पत्युः कामाय पतिः प्रियो भवति आत्मनस्तु कामाय पतिः प्रियो भवति.” “The husband is not dear because he is the object of desire but because there is the yearning for the Atman—the Spirit which lives in him.” “न वा अरे जायायै कामाय जाया प्रिया भवति आत्मनस्तु कामाय जाया प्रिया भवति।” “The wife is not dear because she is the object of desire but on account of the yearning for the Atman or the Spirit that lives in her.” Children, wealth and all other things that people care for are so eagerly sought after because the indwelling soul attracts us through them. That is the deeper meaning of life, and viewed in this light all the pursuits, triumphs and relations of life become glorified and transformed.

In the same strain there are other utterances of which I could have given you more samples if the time at my disposal permitted it. The Rishi in the Ishopanishad prays earnestly—“दिरण्मयेन पात्रेन सत्यस्यापिहितं मुखम् । तत्त्वं पुषन् अपावृणु सत्य-धर्माय दृष्टये ॥” “Oh Sun, the world sustainer, the face of the Reality is hidden under thy golden orb. Remove the cover so that I who have followed the path of truth, may have the vision

of It.” It is a golden veil which covers the face of the Reality. Lift the veil and the Reality behind will stand before you in all its undimmed glory. Charmed by the dazzle of the veil we forget the Reality, fascinated by the music of the Beloved we loose the Beloved in the music. That is the tragedy of our life. It is a bright and beautiful world that we live in. But we must not allow it to veil the face of the Beloved. We must not lose the sense of His presence in the joys of this life because these are but His shadows and He is the Reality.

“Where do the departed live?” is one of the questions which everybody asks. Could we say where we live? One part of us and that the larger is hidden from view and can not be encompassed by space. The other and the lesser part is visible and limited by space. If we as spirit could live, is it difficult to conceive that the departed also live out of relation with space? Is it not a fact that the immortal life is in us and is growing and expanding notwithstanding the inevitable decay which sets in with age and is the certain warning of bodily death. That part of our life which is behind the veil glows in spite of the decay which old age brings, and has in it the promise of a life which defies death and is even now above those limitations and incapacities that hem round bodily life. We need not be afraid of the senile decay or death it results in, but must take care that the inner life, the life of the spirit in us, may not suffer through sin and delusion, that we may not stifle our higher aspirations and labours and drown them in the pursuit of thoughtless indulgence in the lower propensities of our nature. That immortality is not true immortality which means simply living on and nothing else, for it may after all be merely a death in life. The higher immortality, the true eternal life, grows by careful nurture, and by alert watchfulness which allows no chance to our evil propensities. Immortality of the true type must be won and fought for and is the natural fruition of a strenuous, pure, selfless life, the life in God. **Those who live in God and have the sense of doing so, have**

conquered death and are already in this life, partakers of life eternal.

The world is holding its high festival, the marriage feast is ready. There is a stir which rises from the depth of the heart of nature. Lo! the portals of the East are opening, and see how the clouds are racing upwards to lose themselves in the light and warmth of dawn, the veil of mist lies yet in the low dark valleys, the sunlight has tipped the snowy eminences with a roseate glow. Anon the veil will be uplifted and all the beauties of the sky and land, of the sunny heights and the deep valleys will be revealed in a mystic glory. The veiled bride invites us to the high festival, let us press on to the ceremony of the unveiling, and behold the unobserved glory of the face of the Beloved!

D. N. SEN.

LETTERS OF SWAMI TURIYANANDA.

(*Translated from Bengali.*)

Sri Ramakrishna Advaita Ashrama,
Laksa, Benares City.

20th February, 1913.

Dear—

I was duly in receipt of your letter of the 9th inst. Owing to indifferent health and a variety of other causes I am late in replying. I hope you are all doing well. How is S— feeling? I hope he is in good health. Convey to him my love. Maharaj and all others are very glad to hear that S— has gone to Madras and have blessed him. S— has determination and the Lord is at his elbow. Now he will be able to achieve whatever he may desire. There will no more be much opposition from outside, it appears. Everything depends upon favourable opportunities. It seems as if the auspicious day has dawned for S—. Our sincere prayer to

the Lord is that he may devote his life and soul to the Lord's work and be blessed.

Needless to say, we are extremely delighted to find how T—— is doing good work. Give him my love. Man is but the instrument and the Lord is the manipulator of it. Blessed is he through whom He gets His work done. Everyone has to work in this world, no one can avoid doing it; but for one who works for selfish ends, the work, instead of liberating him, adds fresh bondage. The intelligent man works for Him, breaks through the fetters of work, and enjoys the bliss of Mukti. Not I but He is the agent—this knowledge severs the bonds. And this is the eternal truth. The notion that I am the doer is merely a delusion. For it is difficult to trace what the ego is. If we carefully analyse the ego, it ultimately melts in Him. Our identification with the body, mind and intellect etc. is merely a delusion created by nescience; they do not survive till the end. Analysis puts an end to them all. They all go, and there only remains the One Reality from whom all things proceed, in whom they rest, and wherein they merge at the end. That Reality is the Existence-Knowledge-Bliss Absolute, the Witness of the ego-consciousness; and again, It is the Omnipresent Lord who is creating, preserving and destroying the universe, and is yet untouched by it all. This machine of a universe rests in Him and is working through His power. The ever playful Lord is watching His play and enjoying it. He only unto whom He unfolds this secret understands it, while others cannot understand it even though they hear of it. They consider themselves apart from Him and come under delusion. This is His Maya. This Maya vanishes if one works surrendering himself unto Him. The doer then understands that he is not the doer, but only an instrument. This is what is called inaction in the midst of action. This is realising oneself as not doing anything—this is liberation-in-life. It is with a view to enjoy the bliss of this liberation-in-life that the soul takes up a body; otherwise, it militates against reason that the eternally free soul can ever come to be born for the purpose

of enjoying sense-pleasures. The ultimate goal of human life is the realisation of one's being above the body-idea, even though possessed of this body. And realising this, man attains the consummation of his life. Our sincere prayer to the Lord is that we may through His grace attain to that bliss of liberation-in-life in this very birth; that this life may be our last life, that is to say, that we may not have to take up another body for the fulfilment of any selfish ends; that He may give us in this very life the notion, the conviction, the realisation that our life is for Him and for nothing else. May the Lord be propitious to us! Victory unto Sri Guru Maharaj!

With love to yourself and all,

Yours affectionately,

Turiyananda.

P. S. You see we are still here. In spite of repeated attempts something or other has stood in the way of our going to the Math. Perhaps this year we are to see Sri Ramakrishna's Festival here. The Shivaratri we are sure to witness here. It now depends on the will of the Lord. It is three days since M—— left for Kankhal. We have received intimations of his arrival. He writes to say, he is in exalted spirits at the sight of the Himalayas and other scenes. The rest is all good news.

Sri Ramakrishna Kutir,

Almora.

14th August, 1916.

Dear——

Day before yesterday I received a card from you. I had also received a letter of yours some days ago, which, I am afraid, has not been answered. Only I acknowledged receipt of it in my letter to P——. Don't be sorry for my forgetting to reply to your letter. Whether I reply or not, rest assured that I always pray to the Lord for the welfare of you all. Those who take refuge in the Lord are verily our own people, dear to us as life itself. "He who is devoted to Sri

Chaitanya is verily my life and soul,"—this is what every devotee of the Lord says from the bottom of his heart. That you are staying at the Advaita Ashrama and devoting yourself to religious exercises, I am delighted to hear now and then from P——. Yes, one indeed becomes free from anxiety when one can give the whole mind up to the Lord's lotus-feet. But one cannot do so, he only tries and the Lord draws him to Himself of His own accord. As Sri Ramakrishna used to say, "If one approaches Him by ten paces, He comes forward a hundred paces." Could anybody realise Him if it were not so? Can human endeavour ever achieve that? Swamiji once said to me, "Brother dear, is God fish or vegetables that you pay so much price—that is, perform so much Japa and such and such austerities and want to realise Him?" To realise Him, only His grace is required." "यमेवैष वृणुते तेन लभ्यस्तस्यैष आत्मा विवृणुते तनुं स्वाम्"—"Whomsoever He chooses, he only attains Him; to him this Atman manifests Its nature." Well, should you not then perform spiritual practices? Of course you shall,—to the top of your bent, as far as in you lies, you must do them, but you must know that God's granting you His vision will be due not merely to your undergoing those exercises, but that He, the All-merciful One, will bless you out of His own grace. You undergo those practices simply because you cannot help doing them—this should be the attitude. These spiritual practices should be as natural to one as the process of breathing. They are only a means of bringing solace to our heart. It is wholly essential on our part to lay to our heart the belief, the conviction, that God-realisation depends on His grace alone, and not on our spiritual exercises. These are only for fatiguing the wings.* The bird wants to sit when its wings are tired. Then, having no other resting-place except the mast, it has to betake itself to that. One cannot wholly surrender himself to the Lord until one gets the conviction, after continued

* The reference is to Sri Ramakrishna's parable of the bird and the ship on high sea.

flight in the infinite sky, that there is no other refuge for rest. It is, therefore, that one has to undergo such spiritual disciplines as meditation, passionate reflection, Japa, and austerities etc. to the best of one's might, but after all these one finally comes to the conviction: Lord, all these exercises are of no avail. "My rosary and all I hang up in my chapel."* Then the aspirant implores: "Do Thou out of Thy bounty look graciously on me, O Lord! For to realise Thee by such means is silly talk." † This is not to be. None ever attained Thee through spiritual exercises, nor ever shall. Only if "Thou out of Thy bounty look graciously on me"—there is some hope. Otherwise, why should Ramaprasad ‡ say, "Why call upon the Mother any more,—you can no longer see Her. She must be dead, for were She alive, She would surely appear!" But this is not a cry of despair, for though he knows that "it is like crossing the ocean by swimming," still he says, "my mind is convinced, but not my heart: a dwarf itself, it would fain grasp the moon!" Is He not the very life of our life, the soul of our soul! How can one live without attaining to Him? One *must* have Him. But then, "He is realisable through passionate devotion; one who is devoid of this can never comprehend Him." That state He Himself helps to bring about. As one goes on calling on Him with one's whole mind and soul, He manifests Himself in the heart, and helps one to understand everything rightly. Then only one "catches a glimpse of the Divine Mother's face." May the Lord quickly bring about such a state for you all,—is my earnest prayer to Him. I am glad to learn you are all doing well. My health is so so. Now the ebb-tide has set in, so there is not much chance for improvement. * * My cordial love and greetings to yourself and to all inmates of both Ashramas.

Yours affectionately,

Turiyananda.

* From the Bengali poet-devotee Kamalakanta. † Ibid.

‡ Another poet-devotee of Bengal.

THE DIVINE MOTHER.

SRI Ramakrishna, then a humble priest in the Kali Temple of Dakshineswar, was pining away for the realisation of God. This yearning for the Mother was eating him up day by day. A pitiable young man, insane and deranged, the people around thought him to be, unable to judge aright the spiritual elevation of his soul, his impeccability, his spirit of fire and his heart of gold. Slings and shafts of ridicule were hurled at him from all sides. But the yearning for God made him dead to the world and its weal and woe, sunshine and cloud, pleasure and pain. How to realise Him—this became the theme of his thought and the dream of his sleep. Food, rest, dear relatives, sweet home, contumely of friends, cravings of the flesh and attractions for the world,—all were lost to him in one all-absorbing passion for God. The night he used to spend in the sequestered Panchabati in prayer and meditation. The day he spent in the worship of the Divine Mother. His two eye-lids never closed for sleep, and but for the earnest attention of his nephew and care-taker his body would have ere long withered away like the dry leaves of a tree. But still he could not get the vision of the Blessed Kali. His heart was breaking in remorse and grief. He resolved to get anyhow the vision of God or end this futile life in the attempt. The singing of passionate songs by such devotees as Ramaprasad and Kamalakanta became one of the salient features of his worship. Those soul-stirring songs opened the flood-gate of his mind and the singer losing all self-control would often bitterly weep like a child, sore at heart at the separation from his dear Mother. "Oh Mother, where art Thou? Be revealed unto me. Ramaprasad found Thee out and got Thy divine grace. I am an unfortunate wretch and so Thou dost not come before me. Pleasure, wealth, friends, enjoyments—I do not want any of these trifles. I wish to see Thee alone, Mother!" These were the pathetic wailings with which he would lay open his heart's

burden before the Divine Kali. Continuous flow of tears would swell his eyes and trickle down his cheeks. The day would pass away and the peal of the bells in the Temple would herald the approach of the night. Sri Ramakrishna would become sadder still and beating his heart, he would cry, "Another day is gone in vain, Mother, and I have not seen Thee. Another day of this short life has passed away and I have not know the Truth." In the agony of his soul he would often rub his face against the earth. His plaintive mournings would attract the people around and they would whisper to each other, "Ah, the unfortunate young man! Has he really lost his mother? Perhaps he has been suffering from an attack of colic pain. His pathetic cry moves even a stone to tears." Again in another mood he would sit before the Divine Image of Kali and thus say to himself, "Art Thou, O Mother, true or a mere chimera of the mind, a poetry without any reality? If Thou dost exist, why cannot I see Thee? Then is religion a dream, a phantasy, a mere castle in the air?" Hardly would this doubt cross his mind than in a flash he would recollect about Ramaprasad and other devotees who had actually seen God in this very life. The young priest would again become buoyant and cheerful. His broad chest and full face, owing to the plethora of emotions within, would look red as if glowing with a divine halo.

And soon the harrowing pain of his suffering came to an end. "I was fried, as it were," to describe in his own words the wonderful tale of his first realisation of God, "on a burning furnace of excruciating pain owing to the separation from the Blessed Mother. I felt that, as if, somebody was squeezing my heart as a man wrings a towel. I was overpowered with great restlessness fearing that it might not be my lot to realise Her in this life. Then what is this life worth?—flashed the idea in my mind. A sword was hanging in the yonder corner of the Temple. My eyes fell on it. Like a madman I jumped to snatch it. I was just about to plunge it into my bosom when all on a sudden the Mother revealed Herself to me in a wonderful and unexpected way. Unconscious I fell

down on the marble floor. The building, the door, the temple, the image and everything else were all mingled up and blended into one ethereal substance which at last vanished away from my vision. An all-engulfing Ocean of Consciousness and Light approached me from all sides. Looking around I found it everywhere and its bright waves were dancing and rolling with a divine charm. In the twinkling of an eye, the luminous waves fell upon me and I was engulfed in the bosom of the spaceless Effulgence. The next moment, in that Ocean of Light I saw the Blissful Mother, formed of concentrated Consciousness, standing before me with uplifted hands, offering boon and saying 'Fear not!' How can I describe even a portion of that ineffable Beatitude. I began to float in that Ocean of Bliss, with nothing but Bliss above and beneath and enveloping me on all sides. The day passed in that state. The next day too I was totally unconscious of the outside world and experienced indescribable happiness owing to the constant proximity of the Mother. People gathered around me. But I was hardly conscious of them. In my state of semi-consciousness they appeared more as shadows than things of reality and it seemed, as if, those phantoms were transfixed there through all eternity. But suddenly they vanished away. I became unconscious. Again the Divine Mother appeared before me radiating in all directions Her Divine Effulgence—and She was speaking to me consoling and teaching me in various ways."

* * * * *

Long eighteen years rolled away. Sri Ramakrishna in the meantime practised various Sadhanas,—Tantric, Vaishnava, Islam, Christian,—and after passing through the whole gamut of worship as laid down in the Hindu scriptures, he attained the realisation of the Advaita Brahman, the Indivisible Self, eternal and undying—the One without a second. He crowded the events of a whole series of spiritual evolution into the activities of a few years, and there was not left for him anything to know in the realm of spirituality. He became a Siddha Purusha—a perfected soul. Sarada Devi, his

wife, was living with him in the Dakshineswar Temple garden. A woman born with divine attributes, she, at a glance, had understood the life of her holy consort and never made the least wifely importunity upon him. A wife and a nun, but always the chiefmost of his disciples, she followed her husband like a shadow and accepted him as her very God incarnated in flesh and blood.

It is said that God has made man as fire and woman as dry tow, and that He always keeps Satan in readiness for precipitating a danger out of their meeting. Now Sri Ramakrishna subjected himself to a severe course of self-examination. Once at dead of night, he sat by the side of his young wife unconscious in sleep, and said to himself, "This, oh my mind, is the body of a woman which is considered as the most enjoyable thing in the world and always sought after, in a blind hankering, by people at large. But know once for all, one who is bewildered by its charm can never transcend the misery of birth and death, can never realise God, the ultimate haven of all bliss and happiness. O my mind, don't deceive yourself, don't prevaricate, but decide now and here if you really hanker after the fascination of a woman's body or want to enjoy the unending Divine Peace. The body lies stretched before you, accept it if you so desire." He was about to touch the body of his wife, when his mind, in one bound, left behind the fleeting phenomena of the world, and reaching the realm of Divine Beatitude was lost in the unspeakable consciousness of deep Samadhi. Again and again he subjected his mind to the severest ordeal and every time it coiled back before everything that is mean, small, paltry and evanescent. Not the slightest craving for worldly objects tormented his flesh. Not the least trace of concupiscence agitated his mind. He realised Brahman which is devoid of sex. In a state of transcendental consciousness he perceived no other existence but that One Self. And when his mind dwelt among the phenomena of the relative world, he looked upon men as the manifestation of Narayana and regarded women as the

living image of the Divine Kali. And one day, while massaging his feet his wife asked him, "What do you think of me, my lord?" He replied calmly without a minute's reflection, "I tell you frankly and truly that the Mother who is worshipped in the Temple is the same mother who has given birth to this body, and She again in another form is sitting at my feet at this moment. I always look upon you as the direct incarnation of my Blessed Kali."

* * * *

Another year passed away. Sri Ramakrishna's mind never came down to the plane of the gross phenomena from the high elevation of the Self. His wife never appeared before him, even in sleep, in any other form except as Brahman or the Divine Mother. He was convinced that his mind had leapt over the last barrier that keeps man away from God. He was satisfied that it would never cast a lingering look behind from its lofty altitude of Divine communion. And now a strange desire flashed in his mind which he, at once, resolved to translate into action. It was a new-moon day, particularly auspicious for the worship of Goddess Kali. It was a day of festivity and rejoicing in the Dakshineswar Kali Temple. Sri Ramakrishna made special arrangements for the worship of the Mother of the Universe. But according to his wish it was done privately in his own room instead of at the Kali Temple. A seat painted with the holy pigment of rice powder was placed by the side of the priest. The sun set behind the topmost pinnacle of the temple building dyeing the earth and heaven with its crimson glow, and the night gradually covered the world with its black drapery. The stars twinkled from the dark firmament and at dead of night a sombre hush and solemn silence reigned in all directions.

Sri Ramakrishna had already asked his wife to be present at the time of worship. She arrived in the room in time. The husband occupied the seat of the priest. The preliminaries were gone through according to the injunctions of the scripture. Sarada Devi was asked to occupy the seat

reserved for the Goddess. She had already fallen into a state of semi-consciousness, and carried out the command of her husband without a word and sat on his right side facing the east. Sri Ramakrishna sprinkled holy waters on her person, and then worshipped her with various offerings as the living representation of the Divine Mother. His wife, completely bereft of outward consciousness, sat like an image, fixed in deep Samadhi. He put a portion of the offerings into her mouth. Muttering the sacred Mantrams in a half-conscious state, he, too, plunged into a deep trance. The two souls—the worshipper and the worshipped—transcending all limitations found out their real unity and were merged into the consciousness of the One Existence which is without a second. Hours passed away. They remained transfixed in their seats. At last Sri Ramakrishna manifested some symptoms of outward awareness. He offered at the feet of the Living Goddess, seated before him, the fruits of his previous Sadhana and also his counting beads. And at last he prostrated before Her, uttering, “Oh Thou Goddess Gouri, the Divine Consort of Siva; the auspicious Abode of all Bliss, the Divine Accomplisher of all deeds, the Refuge of all creatures; Oh Thou Three-eyed Narayani, I bow to Thee, I bow to Thee.” The worship came to a close. The course of Sri Ramakrishna’s Sadhana, which he practised with unflagging devotion for long twelve years; at last came to its completion by offering the fruits of his Sadhana at the feet of Woman, the living representation of the Divine Mother. The Divinity which he at first envisaged in an idol of stone and then comprehended by transcendental abstraction in the featureless Unity; was ultimately and more effectively realised, in its immanent form; in a Living Image. He himself was also transformed into a God-man by the integral, all-round and compendious perfection of his Sadhana which culminated in revealing all male principles as the manifestation of Narayana and all female principles as the embodiments of the Divine Mother Herself.

“BHARAT.”

LIFE AND SPIRIT.

MISS Evelyn Underhill's fascinating new book "The Life of the Spirit and the Life of To-day"* furnishes right wholesome nourishment for thought and action. A brief prologue on its outer cover says, "The aim of this book is to present the spiritual life in terms of contemporary thought, without using the technical language of mysticism. It discusses the relation of the life of the Spirit to history modern psychology, institutional religion, education, and the personal and social life." Thus it grasps the feeling and the fact of life and, with deep and wide generosity, embraces the idea and the symbolism of all creeds, of all presentations of religious expression. There is no attempt in its well-considered chapters to limit the search for God to any one people or any one church. The author has learned by study and by experience that there is one base, and only one, on which religion can be built; "God is the ground of the soul, the Unmoved, our Very Rest." In support of this immutable position she quotes sayings and passages from the tongues and pens of many prophets and preachers. She calls Catholic and Unitarian, Sufi and Hindu to endorse her argument; nor does she call on them in vain. The quotations given are weighty with divine wisdom. We will gather a few of them here.

A Spaniard, Miguel de Unamuno, said "I believe in God as I believe in my friends, because I feel the breath of His affection." Upton, a Unitarian, said "If this Absolute Presence . . . cannot fitly be called a Personal Presence, it is only because this word 'personal' is too poor and carries with it associations too human and too limited adequately to express this profound God-consciousness." Miss Underhill remarks that "Such a personal God-consciousness is the one

* Published by Methuen & Co., 36, Essex E. London, W. C. 2.

impelling cause of those moral struggles, sacrifices and purifications, those costing and heroic activities, to which all greatly spiritual souls find themselves drawn."

To continue our gathering, let us collect these :—

"I am not a God afar off, I am a brother and friend ;

Within your bosoms I reside, and you reside in Me." Blake.
(Cannot we imagine Swami Vivekananda chanting those lines with the glory of faith in his face?)

"O soul, seek the Beloved ; O friend, seek the Friend !"

The Divâni Shamsi Tabriz.

"The Divine Wisdom, the Father and ever-present Companion of the soul." Plotinus.

"From the beginning until the end of time there is love between Me and thee, and how shall such love be extinguished?" Kabir.

"Love, whoso loves Thee cannot idle be, so sweet it seems to him to taste Thee ; but every hour he lives in longing, that he may love Thee more straitly. For in Thee the heart so joyful dwells that he who feels it not can never say how sweet it is to taste Thy savour." Jacopone da Todi.

"When the Voice of God called her it was at one and the same time a Light, a Drawing and a Power." Lucie-Christine.

"Seekers after God must realise Brahma in these three places ; they must see Him within, see Him without, and see Him in that abode of Brahma where he exists in Himself."

Maharshi Devendranath Tagore.

Realisation, then, is the solution of the secret of spiritual success. At this point Miss Underhill's reflection compels the keenest attention :—"Indeed, if the first moment in the life of the Spirit be man's apprehension of Eternal Life, the second moment, without which the first has little work for him, consists in his response to that transcendent Reality. Perception of it lays on him the obligation of living in its atmosphere, fulfilling its meaning, if he can ; and this will involve for him a measure of inward transformation, a difficult growth and change . . . The soul's true path

seems to be from intuition, through adoration, to moral effort and thence to charity." She proceeds to show how the Oxford Methodists who began by trying only to worship God and *be* good, by adhering to a strict devotional rule, soon found themselves impelled to try to *do* good by active social work. Here again we are bound to recall the trumpet call of Swami Vivekananda; as Mr. V. V. S. Iyengar, B. A., B. L. declared in 1909, when paying due tribute to Swami Vivekananda's Mission and Message, "He endeavoured to lash his countrymen into activity. He sacrificed all and took up the beggar's bowl. There was a sacrifice and the fire glowed and illumined the world. In the nine years of his labours, he did more than most men can do during a whole life-time. It was he who made us blush for our inactivity. He was the first to see the dawn and rouse us. What signifies more than all is the fact that he was a religious teacher. History shows us that every period of development and progress in art and letters, in industry and commerce, in the improvement of society and the state, has always been preceded by religious reform and spiritual awakening. The exhortation of his life to each of us is;—spiritualise yourself, assimilate whatever is best and sacrifice everything to the common good."

One comes to realise, and largely through the study of this book, that "sainthood" does not mean mere asceticism. It means, indeed, that your genuine mystic is also your genuine mover. One comes to realise, too, that this same sainthood knows no limitation of creed or country. "In studying all such experiences," says Miss Underhill, "we have to remember that the men and women of the Spirit are members of two orders. They have attachments both to time and to eternity. . . . Two factors will inevitably appear in those experiences, one due to tradition, the other to the free movements of creative life. . . . The man or woman of the Spirit will always accept and use some tradition. They must not be discredited on account of the symbolic system they adopt; but must be allowed to tell their news in their own way. We must not refuse to find Reality within the

Hindu's account of his joyous life-giving communion with Ram, any more than we refuse to find it within the Christian's description of his personal converse with Christ. We must not discredit the assurance which comes to the devout Buddhist who faithfully follows the Middle Way, or deny that Pagan sacramentalism was to its initiates a channel of grace. . . . These people seldom or never answer to the popular idea of idle contemplatives. They do not withdraw from the stream of natural life and effort, but plunge into it more deeply, seek its heart." Our author illumines and illustrates her position by instancing St. Paul, Saints Benedict, Bernard, Francis, Teresa, Ignatius, Fox, Wesley, Booth;—"not mere specialists, as more earthly types of efficiency are apt to be. St. Paul could break into poetry as the only way of telling the truth. St. Catherine of Genoa was one of the first hospital administrators. Brother Laurence assures us that he did his cooking the better for doing it in the presence of God. In the intellectual region, Richard of St. Victor was supreme in contemplation and also a psychologist far in advance of his time." Considerable stress is duly laid in Miss Underhill's book on the world-abandonment sought and found by saints of various races and religions; contemplation and meditation being essential to the make-up of the saintly character. "St. Paul hides himself in Arabia. St. Francis, with dramatic completeness, abandoned his whole past even the clothing that was part of it:—*some* decisive break was imperative for all."

Briefly, but with increasing gratitude, we deal here with this fascinating volume. The author's happy phrasing coincides with her equally happy breadth and depth of thought and reading, fitting together with the one-ness of Spirit which she discerns.

Friends of India will recollect how nobly, even in this our own day, those twin souls Ramakrishna and Vivekananda revealed the same thought, the same Spirit. The former proved the one basis of all spiritual experiences by personally practising the mode of work of many of them. The latter, by

his unflagging energy, aided by surpassing eloquence and alluring personality, made his Guru's (Ramakrishna's) message a living practical thing. East and West, comparing notes with sympathy and sureness, will know that neither has the monopoly of sainthood ; that the Great Spirit moves upon the waters of the world.

ERIC HAMMOND.

SRI KRISHNA AND UDDHAVA.

(Continued from page 350.)

वैशारदी साऽतिविशुद्धबुद्धिर्धुनोति मायां गुणसंप्रसूताम् ।
गुणांश्च संदह्य यदात्ममेतत्स्वयं च शाम्यत्यसमिद्यथाग्निः ॥

13. That highly refined wisdom which comes to (or of) a competent person removes the delusion which is the product of the Gunas,¹ and completely burning the Gunas, of which this universe consists, is itself extinguished² also, like fire without fuel.

[¹ *Gunas*—Sattva, Rajas and Tamas, the components of Maya.

² *Extinguished etc.*—There is no more knower, knowledge and known—there is only Brahman.]

अथैषां कर्मकर्तृणां भोक्तृणां सुखदुःखयोः ।

नानात्वमथ नित्यत्वं लोककालागमात्मनाम् ॥१४॥

मन्यसे सर्वभावानां संस्था ह्यौत्पत्तिकी यथा ।

तत्तदाकृतिभेदेन जायते भिद्यते च धीः ॥१५॥

14-15. If you suppose¹ that these doers of action and experiencers of happiness and misery are many in number, or that the heavenly spheres, time, scriptures² and souls are eternal, or that the existence of all things is eternal as a series and is

real, and that knowledge originates and is diverse according to the form of things cognised,—

[¹ *Suppose etc.*—Here the view of the Mimamsakas, who are upholders of work with motive, is put forward, which is refuted in Slokas 16—21, and 31-34. According to this school the souls are real and many, in number, they actually experience happiness and misery, do work and go to various spheres as the result of their deeds. The Mimamsakas do not believe in Ishvara or God, and heaven is their goal—not Moksha. They, of course, do not believe in the One Existence-Knowledge-Bliss Absolute—the Brahman or Atman of the Vedantists—whose *apparent* manifestation is everything, internal and external.

² *Scriptures*—enjoining selfish work.]

एवमप्यङ्ग सर्वेषां देहिनां देहयोगतः ।

कालावयवतः सन्ति भावा जन्मादयोऽसकृत् ॥१६॥

16. Even then, my friend, all corporeal beings repeatedly undergo such states as birth and the like, owing to their connection with the body and owing to time having parts.¹

[¹ *Parts*—such as year, months etc.]

अत्रापि कर्मणां कर्तुरस्वातन्त्र्यं च लक्ष्यते ।

भोक्तुश्च दुःखसुखयोः कोऽन्वर्थो विवशं भजेत् ॥१७॥

17. Even in this case one notices the want of freedom on the part of the doers of action and the experiencers of happiness and misery; and what fruition, ever attends one who is not independent?

[¹ *Fruition etc.*—The subordinate being is always unhappy.]

न देहिनां सुखं किञ्चिद्विद्यते विदुषामपि ।

तथा च दुःखमूढानां वृथाहंकरणं परम् ॥१८॥

18. Sometimes even wise men have not the least happiness, and ignorant people are sometimes

without the least misery. So bragging¹ is simply useless.

[¹ *Bragging*—about the efficacy of work.]

यदि प्राप्तिं विधातं च जानन्ति सुखदुःखयोः ।
तेष्यद्धा न विदुर्योगं मृत्युर्न प्रभवेद्यथा ॥१९॥

19. If they at all know how to attain happiness and destroy misery, they certainly do not know the contrivance¹ by which death can be made powerless.

[¹ *Contrivance etc.*—Only realisation of one's eternal identity with Brahman can do this.]

को न्वर्थः सुखयत्येनं कामो वा मृत्युरन्तिके ।
आघातं नीयमानस्य बध्यस्यैव न तुष्टिदः ॥२०॥

20. While death is near, what acquisition, or enjoyment, can please a man? It cannot please him, like an animal which is being dragged for slaughter.

श्रुतं च दृष्टवद्दुष्टं स्पर्धाऽसूयात्ययव्यथैः ।

बहन्तरायकामत्वात्कृषिवच्चापि निष्फलम् ॥२१॥

21. The happiness (of heaven etc.) that we hear of from the scriptures, is also vitiated,¹ like that we experience here, by rivalry, jealousy, destruction and waste. And because the desire for it is attended by many obstacles, it is sometimes fruitless² like agriculture,

[¹ *Vitiated*—It is just like an earthly pleasure, only keener. The loss of it, therefore, is all the more poignant.

² *Fruitless*—Therefore so much labour is often wasted. Only a perfect work will lead to heaven.]

(To be continued.)

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

Dissertation on Painting.—By Mahendra Nath Dutt. Published by the Seva Series Publishing Home, 3, Sagar Dhur Lane, Calcutta. Pp. 167. Price Rs. 2-8.

The author presents in the book under review the fruits of his labours in the field of painting and sculpture. His study of the subject in India and in foreign lands during his long travels all over the world has endowed him with a broad outlook upon the subject.

The author has devoted separate chapters to the various essentials of painting—pose, colour, cadence and tone. He has clearly shown that the ultimate aim of the art of representation, whether on canvas or in stone, is spiritual. His reflections on the different schools of painting and sculpture are edifying. But we wish the book would have been more carefully edited.

The book opens with a foreword by Dr. Abanindra Nath Tagore who hopes that it will be well appreciated by students of Art in all countries. It is dedicated to the sacred memory of Srimat Swami Brahmananda, the first President of the Ramakrishna Mission. Its sale proceeds, the author declares, will be used for some beneficent work.

The Eternal Wisdom, Vol. I.—By Paul Richard. Published by Ganesh & Co., Madras. Pp. 138. Cloth-bound. Price Rs. 2.

An admirable collection of the noblest thoughts of the scriptures and great men of almost all ages, countries and religions. The inspiring ethical and religious passages are arranged with great skill in logical sequence and grouped under appropriate headings.

The book demonstrates beyond the possibility of a doubt that the essential teachings of the greatest books and the greatest

men of all times and countries are in perfect harmony with one another, although we, in our ignorance, fail to realise this fundamental unity, putting undue importance on non-essential points. It will serve, we are sure, as an invaluable guide to the higher life.

The printing and paper are excellent. The beautiful get-up reflects great credit on the publishers.

Ahimsa and World Peace.—By Wilfred Wellock. Published by S. Ganesan, Publisher, Triplicane, Madras. Pp. 120. Price Re. 1-8.

The author fervently believes that social emancipation can be brought about only by non-violent means. He concludes —“ Lasting peace will dawn upon the world when those who profess to believe in peace...are able...to check the growth of hatred, pride, vain glory, greed and the lust for power.” The ideas expressed in the book are perfectly clear and appealing, and they come from a sincere soul who suffered imprisonment for the sake of his ideal during the Great War.

Amourism or Premamrita.—By R. S. Taki, B. A. Published by G. P. Murdeshwar, High Court Vakil, Gamdevi, Grant Road, Bombay. Pp. 254. Cloth-bound. Price Rs. 2.

This is a learned treatise on the Religion of Love. The whole book breathes a spirit of catholicity which is rather rare to meet with in works of this type. The author supports his conclusions by numerous quotations from the scriptures and sayings of the saints and teachers of all religions. Passages from the works of renowned philosophical and religious writers of the West have also been freely quoted.

“ To enjoy the Eternal Bliss and Companionship of God ” —this the author presents as the summum bonum of life, as the supreme goal of Para Bhakti—the higher form of devotion to God.

There is a little too much overcrowding of quotations in the book, which is likely to make its reading rather tiresome

to some readers. The index at the end of the work increases its value as an excellent reference book on Bhakti.

We are glad to learn that the author intends to devote the profits derived from this work to charitable purposes.

The Dawn of a New Age and other Essays.—By W. W. Pearson. Published by S. Ganesan, Publisher, Triplicane, Madras. Pp. 80. Price Re. 1.

This small book is a collection of six excellent essays. The author speaks of the coming age not only of liberty, equality and fraternity but also of universal love. "If India," says the author, "is to take her rightful place of leadership in the new-age, the age of Mankind's spiritual civilisation, the age of the Coming of God's Kingdom upon Earth, then she must be true to her traditions and emphasise the essential necessity of developing man's inner and spiritual powers."

The Making of a Republic.—By Kevin R. O'Shiel. Published by S. Ganesan, Publisher, Triplicane, Madras. Pp. 188. Price Re. 1-8.

The book narrates the thrilling story of how America won her freedom.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Truth Revealed.—By Syamananda Brahmachari. To be had of the author, Shivala Ghat, Benares City. Pp. 278. Price Re. 1.

From the Council to God.—By Joseph Mazzini. Published by S. Ganesan, Publishers, Triplicane, Madras. Pp. 62.

Calcutta Citizens' Reception of Srimat Swami Abhedananda.

Terence MacSwiney and the New World Movement.—By C. F. Andrews. Published by S. Ganesan, Publisher, Triplicane, Madras. Pp. vx + 53. Price 8 as.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Ramakrishna Mission's Appeal for the Flood Relief Work at Rajshahi.

News have reached us that a terrible flood has occurred in the district of Rajshahi in North Bengal. Thousands of houses are under water. Men and women finding no shelter are huddling together in raised lands or huts. Hearing of these heart-rending tales of disaster the Mission has sent five workers to the affected area on the 4th of October. As the distress is very great and requires immediate relief we appeal to the generous public to take a very keen interest in this matter and lend a helping hand as early as possible. Contributions will be thankfully received at the following addresses:—

- (1) The President R. K. Mission, Belur P. O., Howrah Dt.
- (2) The Secretary, R. K. Mission, 1 Mukherji Lane, Bagh-bazar P. O., Calcutta.

(Sd.) Saradananda.

Secy., R. K. Mission.

Buddhism and Christianity.

Many European scholars were struck by the marked resemblance between the religions of the Buddha and the Christ as regards some of their essential tenets and doctrines, rites and ceremonies. From a close study of the two religions many came to believe that Christianity must have been influenced by Buddhism, although orthodox Christians are not willing to endorse such a conclusion.

Mr. C. F. Andrews in his remarkable letters on "Buddhism and Christianity" published serially in the *Modern Review*, remarks;—"What I am convinced of now is this, that the Christ and the Buddha are not separate phenomena in human history, but organically related: that the stream of Indian religious life flowing from the Buddha and the stream of early Christian life flowing from the Christ are one stream,

that the Upanishads and the Buddhist development lie at the basis of the Gospels and not the evolution of Semetic thought alone."

Mr. Andrews notes the singular coincidence between the doctrines of non-resistance and love as preached by the Buddha and the Christ. "The saying of the Buddha," adds Mr. Andrews in the postscript, "was like a sheet anchor to me,—

'Evil cannot be overcome by evil,
Evil can only be overcome by good,'

and the words of Christ were indissolubly linked with these when he says,—

'Love your enemies;
Do good to those that hate you,
That ye may be children of your
Father which is in heaven.' "

This has also been the highest teaching of the Sanatana Dharma of which Buddhism is an offshoot. Says the Mahabharata—"Let a man overcome anger by love. Let him overcome evil by good." The Bhagavad-Gita, too, says the same thing when it speaks of seeing one's own Self in all, and of doing good to all beings.

From the highest stand-point it is immaterial whether or not one religion is proved to draw any inspiration from another. All religions originate from the common universal source and fulfil the same cosmic necessity, and they present the One Religion from different stand-points which are suited to the varying temperament and capacity of the diverse members of the great human family,

India's Message in Art

Indian Art did not attach much importance to imitating Nature. Its chief function has been to represent the ideal or the supersensuous through the sensuous, through names and forms, though at times it degenerated into giving expression to the ideal in grotesque paintings and images. Art has been intimately associated with the life of the Indian

people in some form or other and its sphere of influence has been practically boundless. In the course of an interesting lecture delivered in Bombay, Mr. W. E. Gladstone Solomon, Principal of the J. J. School of Art, Bombay, laid stress on this point comparing at the same time Indian Art with the Art of Europe. He said, "The Art of Europe is a thing one can more easily define. One can often enclose it in a catalogue and appraise it on the walls of a gallery. It has discreet limits. The Art of India is a stupendous, a limitless thing. It cannot be comprised within circumscribing walls....It is around us, it pervades, it perfumes the air we breathe; it haunts our working hours; it spangles with a thousand stars our drab and weary thoughts. It is an idea made manifest in flesh and fabric. Yes, we have Art in Europe, but in India we have the sanctuary itself."

But it would not do for us to simply brood over the glory of the past. The great task before our Artists is to maintain their fidelity to the spirit of old Indian Art, and to open newer visions of the Spirit to the people, and thus to help them in furthering their evolution and culture—the noble function which Indian Art has always been fulfilling.

The late Srijut Motilal Ghose

The passing away of Srijut Motilal Ghose has removed a powerful figure from the field of Indian journalism. The illustrious patriot combined in him the great virtues of honesty, sincerity and fearlessness which are most essential to the make-up of a true journalist, and all these were reflected in his esteemed paper, *The Amrita Bazar Patrika*. His keen sense of humour, his admirable simplicity, his unaffected geniality and above all his deep religious faith marked him from many of the leading men of his time. Srijut Motilal Ghose's life was a remarkable synthesis of patriotism and religion, and his memory will ever be cherished with love and reverence by the children of his Motherland which he served till the day of his death with passionate zeal and extraordinary devotion.

Obituary

In the demise of Srijut Barendra Krishna Ghose we have lost a valuable friend of our Mission and the country a successful business man who "spent his whole life," to quote the words of Sir P. C. Roy who presided at the memorial meeting held in Calcutta to express sorrow at his untimely death, "in the advancement of the industrial and commercial interest of his country." The deceased was one of the founders of the Ahmedabad Ramkrishna Mills, the Vivekananda Mills, the Bombay Merchants Bank Limited and other industrial concerns. His charity was considerable but unostentatious, and he used to render substantial and regular help to a large number of indigent families and persons.

We are extremely grieved to learn about the premature death of Dr. J. N. Kanjilal, M. B. The deceased was a brilliant graduate of the Calcutta University. He began his career as an Allopathic doctor and soon acquired by virtue of his merit a decent practice in Calcutta. Later he became a staunch admirer of the Homœopathic system of treatment, and rose at the time of his passing away to be one of the foremost Homœopaths of Calcutta. Dr. Kanjilal was a man of a very large heart and deep spiritual temperament. Even in the midst of his roaring practice he used to devote a good deal of his time to regular Puja and meditation. He was an ardent follower of Sri Ramakrishna and a devoted and much-loved friend of the members of the Ramakrishna Mission. In his demise we have sustained a loss which it would be very difficult to make good. May the Lord whom he tried to serve with exemplary enthusiasm and devotion give him rest and peace!

Miscellany

In the evening of the 3rd July last an address of welcome was presented at the Assamese Theatre Hall, Ujanbazar, Gauhati to His Holiness Srimat Swami Abhedananda, on behalf of the admiring citizens of Gauhati. The gathering

was a very largely attended and well represented one. After the presentation of the address the Swamiji replied in suitable terms and delivered a highly interesting lecture on the Sanatana Dharma.

On the 5th July the Swami addressed a gathering of Assamese and Bengali ladies assembled in the house of Srijut N. C. Bardolai. The audience was highly pleased with the lecture.

On the 6th he paid a visit to the Gauhati Sri Ramakrishna Sevashrama, the members of which presented an address to the Swami. The Swami gave the members of the institution some valuable instructions as to the line of work and the spirit in which to conduct it.

Srimat Swami Abhedananda went on pilgrimage to Amar Nath as a guest of the Kashmere State. After his return to Srinagar he delivered an interesting lecture on "Sri Krishna, the World Teacher" under the auspices of the Sanatana Dharma Sabha of Srinagar. His Highness the Maharaja Sahib Bahadur, the State-officials and respectable citizens and Sadhus attended the meeting.

The Swami was also invited by the Arya Samaj of Srinagar and spoke at Hazuri Bagh on his experiences in America. He pointed out in the course of his lecture that the principles of the Sanatana Dharma and true Arya Dharma of the Vedas are the same, and therefore there should be perfect unity among the various sects of the modern Sanatanists and Arya Samajists. He further observed that the Sanatana Dharma of the Vedas is the Universal Religion which embraces the fundamental principles of all the religions of the world, and that Bhagavan Sri Ramakrishna who embodied in his life the harmony of religions, came in this age to demonstrate that the same Universal Truth alone is worshipped under a variety of names and forms by the followers of all religions, sects and creeds.
