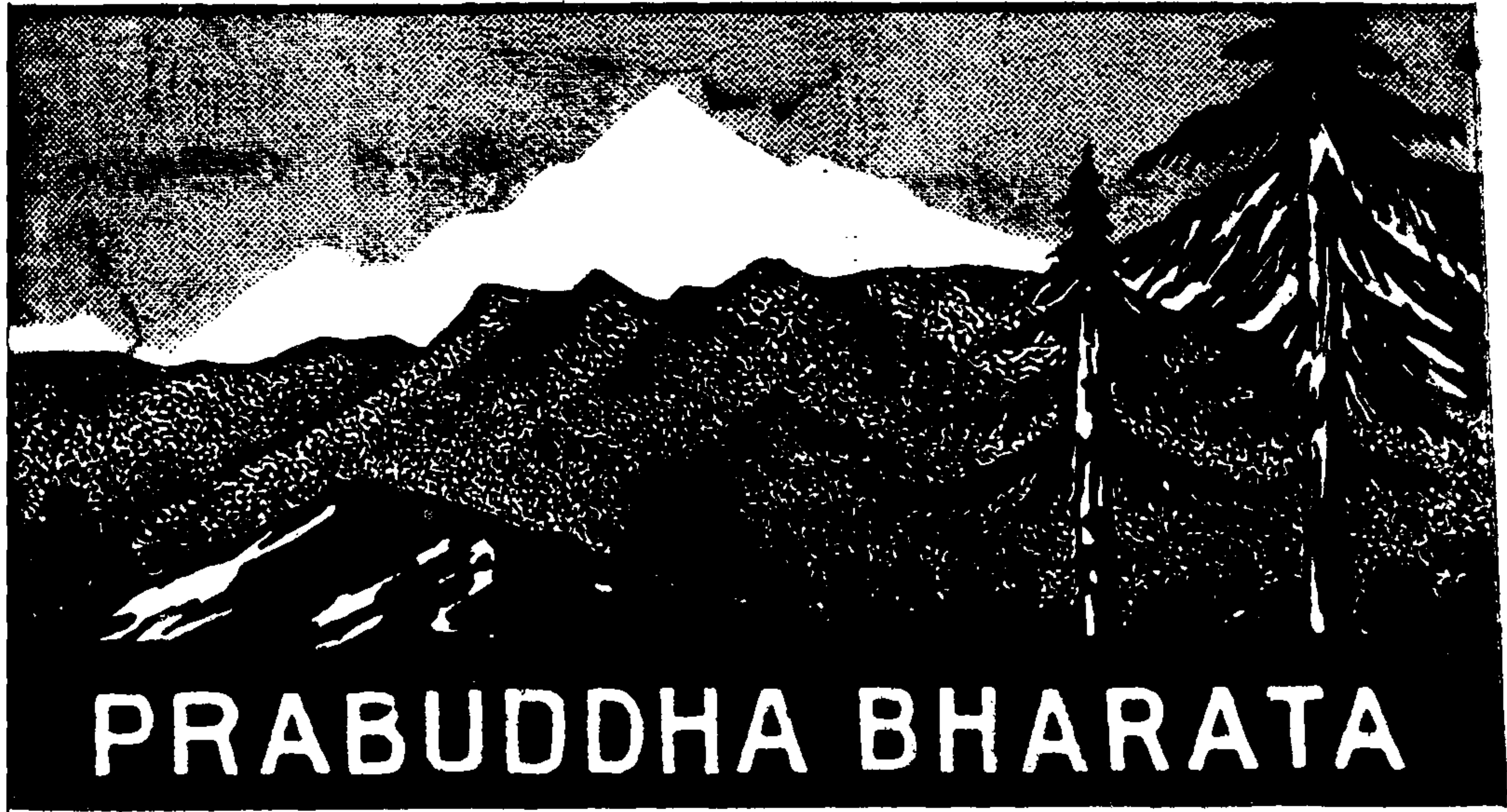


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**PRABUDDHA BHARATA**

OR

# **Awakened India**

Vol. XXVII No. 306, JANUARY, 1922.



**उत्तिष्ठत जाग्रत प्राप्य वरान्निबोधत ।**

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हिन्दी समाज में अथर्व सुयोग ।

# समन्वय

धर्म सम्बन्धी मासिक पत्र ।

आज श्रीरामकृष्ण संघ ने उन लोगों के लिये जो बंगला, अंग्रेजी न जानने के कारण श्रीरामकृष्ण परमहंस देव तथा उनके जगत विख्यात शिष्य श्री स्वामी विवेकानन्द जी के सद् उपदेश और व्याख्यानों के रसास्वाद से वञ्चित थे—यह मासिक पत्र निकालना निश्चय किया है। इस पत्र में धर्म के अनिर्दिष्ट दर्शन, समाज, शिक्षा और शिल्पकला सम्बन्धी अच्छे अच्छे लेख प्रकाशित होंगे ।

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# Prabuddha Bharata

उत्तिष्ठत जाग्रत



प्राप्य वरान्निबोधते

*Katha Upan. I. iii. 4*

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

—SWAMI VIVEKANANDA.

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VOL. XXVII]

JANUARY 1922

[No. 306

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AWAKE ! AWAKE ! !\*

**M**Y ideal indeed can be put into a few words and that is—to preach unto mankind their Divinity, and how to make it manifest in every moment of life.

This world is in chains of superstition. I pity the oppressed, whether man or woman, and I pity more the oppressors.

One idea that I see clear as daylight is that misery is caused by *ignorance* and nothing else. Who will give the world light? Sacrifice in the past has been the Law, it will be, alas, for ages to come. The earth's bravest and best will have to sacrifice themselves for the good of many, for the welfare of all. Buddhas by the hundred are necessary with eternal love and pity.

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\* Written to the Sister Nivedita from L

Religions of the world have become lifeless mockeries. What the world wants is character. The world is in need of those whose life is one burning love, selfless. That love will make every word tell like thunderbolt.

Bold words and bolder deeds are what we want. Awake, awake, great ones! The world is burning with misery. Can you sleep? Let us call and call till the sleeping gods awake, till the god within answers to the call. What more is in life? What greater work? The details come to me as I go. I never make plans. Plans grow and work themselves. I only say, awake, awake.

VIVEKANANDA.

### OCCASIONAL NOTES.

**I**N stepping on the threshold of the new year the Prabuddha Bharata appears in a new garb to convey its cordial greetings to its numerous readers all over the world. And it is the form alone of the Awakened India that has undergone a modification, but the spirit remains unchanged as ever. Since its first appearance in the busy city of Madras situated on the shore of the sea, and its subsequent transfer to the seclusion of the Himalayan heights commanding the inspiring vision of the land of the eternal snows that embrace the vast expanse of the deep blue sky above, has the Prabuddha Bharata, being always in touch with the symbols of the Infinite, passed the eventful period of twenty-six years of its journalistic life. It has tried during all these years to preach in its humble way the message of revived Hinduism, of the synthetic religion that was lived and interpreted by



the twin expressions of the New Spirit,—the prophet and his apostle—Sri Ramakrishna and Swami Vivekananda. May the Prabuddha Bharata with their blessings and inspiration resume its march

“With gentle feet that would not break the  
Peaceful rest, even of the road-side dust  
That lies so low. Yet strong and steady,  
Blissful, bold and free.”

May the new year bring to us all newer visions and fresh enlightenment!

\* \* \*

However unworthy we may feel ourselves to carry on the spiritual mission that has been entrusted to us, the noble benedictions of Swamiji fill our mind with fresh hopes and renewed energy. Fully conscious we may all be of our numerous imperfections and shortcomings, and the retrospective view of the past may not be bright, or may even be gloomy with some of us, but the thought of the divine heritage of man, of the infinite potentiality that is locked up in the human soul, should bring us never failing strength and ultimately make us the participators of perfect freedom and undying peace that is our birthright. Intense faith in the noble doctrines of the Upanishads which uphold the absolute perfection of the Atman, our essential nature, the अमरोऽमृतोऽभयो ब्रह्म—“the deathless, the immortal, the fearless Brahman”—that is uncontaminated by the workings of Maya, gross or subtle, is the greatest source of hope and strength that we all stand in great need of at this most critical period of the world's history. For the world is passing through a new awakening, a great transformation, and it is of fundamental importance for us to see that this evolution may proceed in conformity with the dictates of the highest truth and may finally lead to the real freedom

of the soul that is brought about by the realisation of the immutable Spirit residing equally in all.

\* \* \*

A spirit of unrest, having a proportion which the world had no occasion to experience in the past, is working all the world over, sometimes distinctly manifest on the surface and often deep enough to elude attraction or notice. The political struggles between the dominating and subject peoples, the economic warfares between the capitalist and the labourer, the gigantic contests which are being waged between the privileged and the non-privileged, the classes and the masses, the coloured and the white races, and even the cultural conflict between the opposite types of civilisation, the spiritual and the material,—all these unmistakably point to the one fact that the Universal Will is at work behind these stirrings of a new life and spirit. Actuated by this cosmic impulse the depressed and the down-trodden everywhere are bent on regaining their birthright and if need be to struggle unto death. And without taking into consideration this spiritual factor it is never possible to understand this world turmoil, gigantic as it is, in its right perspective.

\* \* \*

The problem of Indian unrest and survey it with an unbiassed and critical mind we find that there has been introduced a spiritual element, though certainly it is not yet fully manifest, in even the political movements of the modern times, not to speak of the purely social and religious organisations that are conforming more and more to the spiritual scheme of life and establishing themselves on the secure basis of spiritual culture. The days of the professional agitator, who cares neither for personal nor for national purification and has no place for renunciation and self-sacrifice in



the service of the motherland and humanity, are gone for ever, never to return. For the man of integrity of character, spotless renunciation and universal love is now sure to triumph. And the worker for the national cause must now feel himself to be the real servant of the people for whose well-being he should be ready to sacrifice his all, and be always prepared to lay down his own dear life if the occasion so arises. He must, besides, not fail to realise the grand truth that true love for one's own people does not necessarily mean hatred for aliens, nay more, both the friend and the so-called foe must now have an equal place in the love universal that is to be the essential feature of his character. It is this self-realisation through self-sacrifice, and the attainment of same-sightedness through the negation of multiplicity that is now the price that is to be paid by the members of a higher humanity that is being born, possessing in full the spirit of national self-respect on the one hand and international equality on the other. The amazingly rapid transformation in the life and thought, ideas and ideals of all countries, and particularly of India, is the forerunner of a better order of things, is in reality the travail of a renaissance that is essentially spiritual in its nature.

\* \* \*

May the Divine Dispenser so guide the life and thought of all individuals and nations that peace and goodwill may reign unhampered on earth, that love universal may be enshrined in the hearts of all men and women, thus preparing mankind for the era of a new life and synthesis that is dawning all over the world! It is to propagate the sublime message of Truth Universal, Love Eternal and Service Free, to work for the establishment of a divine order and a nobler humanity that the

Awakened India has been brought into being. And to join with it in carrying out its life-mission does the Prabuddha Bharata earnestly invite all its readers to whatever caste, creed, race or nationality they may belong.

Om Shantih ! Shantih !! Shantih !!!



## A PEEP INTO INDIA'S PAST AND PRESENT.

**F**ROM time immemorial this sacred land of India has been a play-ground of manifold forces. The ancient Hindus who were engaged more deeply in spiritual culture than in matters secular, have left very little written records of their doings and achievements in different spheres of their activities. This deplorable lack of historical records has created an atmosphere of doubt and uncertainty in the minds of many, so far as the true materials for the exact history of remote ages are concerned. But thanks to the modern research, it has disclosed the hidden sources of Indian history, and has proved that it is not merely to-day that we experience a stir and bustle in the public life of humanity but even in those days of hoary antiquity magnificent dramas rich with their comprehensive variety and charming manifoldness were enacted on this huge religio-political theatre of India. The epigraphic, numismatic and archaeological evidences coupled with recorded traditions, accounts of foreign travellers and faint traces as found in the official annals throw a flood of light on the manifold activities of the past. A new movement has, of late, been set on foot, which has roused a spirit of enquiry and heralded the dawn of an



intellectual awakening in an age when the outside world is resonant with the dominant notes of discursion, scientific analysis, deadly competition and profound reasonings. A curtain of oblivion has at last been removed; strange lands are being explored day after day from the abyss of the past to the astonishment of humanity at large. And in the lime-light irradiation of these facts we have, after age-long torpor and passivity, been able to catch a glimpse of the glorious past of India,—of her commercial, political, economic, intellectual and spiritual greatness.

The corporate life of Ancient India as revealed through the diligent investigations of the modern antiquarians bears an eloquent testimony to the fact that the door of India has, since antiquity, been kept open to the manifold influences of the outside world. But it must not, therefore, be supposed that the Indians possess no originality in their institutional development in the domains of politics, religion etc. The world is rather immensely indebted to India for many of its best ideas and culture. Since the breakdown of the dead wall of isolation, the accumulated culture of the Indians has been pulsing from one end of the world to the other. Besides the vigorous maritime activities of the Ancient Hindus as evidenced in "the Periplus of the Ærythrean Sea" and the "Arthasastra" of Kautilya, the self-governing institutions of India, of which so much has recently been brought to light, constituted in fact the palladium of strength of the people. But to-day in India we experience a woeful lack of those institutions and meet all around myriad engines of suppression moving in their untrammelled course, the industrial and commercial spirit of the people being nipped in the bud, to boot.

The economic crisis of modern India presents a sad

spectacle too. In the halcyon days of antiquity when international jealousies did not crop up to strangle the aspirations and manysided activities of India, she did not even taste the bitterness of that economic atrophy which has now been beating on the shore of human experience. Such is the irony of fate that those very Indians who were proverbially rich a few generations back, are to-day going abegging from door to door for a handful of food to feed the millions of starving proletariat. The land of plenty and profusion has been miraculously transformed into a land of scarcity and famine! Foreign diseases have been raising heavy tolls of human lives every year; floods and famines are working unrestrained havoc in the country. The simple village folk do no longer indulge themselves in their sweet pastoral songs as before after their break-neck labour. The pale countenance of these uncared-for semi-nude lower classes,—the peasants, the weavers and the rest who have been thrown into the cold shade of neglect and are ever being looked down upon by those very pampered Indians who are habitually sponging on the output of the honest labour of these suppressed classes, excites mingled feelings of pity and indignation in every human breast.

A magic wand has been waved, as it were, over the unwary Indians and an influx of new ideas and culture has changed their robust mentality to such a lamentable extent that they are now running after the mirage of the vaunted Occidental civilisation to the total disregard of their spiritual culture. But this is not all, they are even now going to forget that they are the descendants of a manly race which received the light of civilisation at a time when most other countries of the world were steeped in the darkness of utter ignorance, and whose spiritual culture is



still a standing rebuke to the Godless refinement and destructive materialism of the West. Is it not then a pity that these very Indians who possess such cultural superiority should still be running for divine inspiration after the faith of those who being blind to the universality and catholicity of other religions of the world persist in their own narrow-minded bigotry! Men are not wanting in the Christian world whose views are on all fours with those of John Lord, the celebrated author of "the Beacon Lights of History," who declares without a blush in his magnum opus that "to the end of time all systems are to be measured by the Christian standard and not Christianity by any other system" and assumes moreover that "Christianity has elements which are not to be found in any other religion—such as original teachings, divine revelations and sublime truths"!

But cast off for a moment the sloughs of prejudice and look back to the brilliant record of our past religious history, unique in its synthetic comprehension of all that is glorious and magnificent, that stands as a perennial spring-head of inspiration to all. No doubt the poets have sung "Let the dead past bury its dead," but should we on that score relegate all our past thoughts and achievements into an uncatalogued library of oblivion? Remember the days when the melodious warblings of the Vedic bards, dwelling on the sacred banks of the Ganges, revealed new tales of eternal truths to their fellow brethren, when the crimson blush of dawn and the towering hills resounding far and near with the sweet songs of mystic birds evoked spontaneous hymns from the Indian Rishis and when the master-figures of the Epic Age hallowed the Indian world with their magnificent heroic activities. Time was when the world-bewitching Beauty-Boy of Brindaban with the

soul-enthraling melodies of His divine flute kept the whole land spell-bound, or when India witnessed a galaxy of young Sannyasins carrying the sublime message of "Nirvana" and "Freedom" from India to the distant parts of the globe. Nor were there wanting the thunder-notes of Sankara's Vedanta philosophy which fell with a mighty crash, as it were, on the heads of Tantric worshippers steeped in the quagmire of sensual atheism.

The Vaishnava literature that embodies, on the other hand, the spontaneous outpourings of Jayadeva, Vidyapati, Chandidas and Sri Chaitanya bears an eloquent testimony to what India was during the Mohammedan suzerainty. The tidal waves of the universal love of Sri Chaitanya swept over the land, demolishing the dead wall of "Don't-touchism" and spurring into activity all the dormant potentialities of the Hindus who were reeling at that time under the sledge-hammer blows of Islamic persecution. The volume of energy accumulated under the spiritual auspices of Ramanuja, Kabir, Dadu, Sayanacharya, Ramananda and Nanak found a living utterance in the virile political life of the Rajputs, the Marhattas and the Sikhs. As in politics, so in society the Indians received a vast accession of spiritual strength during this period.

If such be the past religious history of India, is it not a pity and a matter of unutterable shame that we should be anxious now to shine in borrowed feathers and gulp down whatever is held before us as a tempting bait? Look again to the lives of Rammohan Roy, Keshav Chandra, Vijay Krishna, Dayananda Saraswati, Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa and Swami Vivekananda, who have ushered in a Renaissance in the history of modern India and whose spiritual legacy to the world has almost sounded a death-knell to the progress of materialism in this country. They have shown.



moreover, to mankind that if a permanent peace on a stable basis of spiritual unity is to be established amongst the varied nations of the world so deeply swayed by their respective jarring political and social interests, the world should still have to imbibe that spirit of catholicity and universality which constitute the glory of Hinduism. The history of modern India is thus not an unmitigated horror nor a mere black record of national tragedy. A silver lining of hope stands out in bold relief to guide us to the happy land of peace and security. Oppression has indeed prepared the way for liberation. There is a spontaneous outburst of India's literary, scientific and artistic activities. From Bankim-chandra, Hemchandra and Nabin Sen down to Dwijendra Lall and Rabindra Nath, all have sung those immortal songs of patriotism, which besides being fruitful in furthering the cause of Indian intellectual freedom have accelerated her political progress. A spirit of rejuvenescence has, as a result of that, come upon the Indians who had so long been dozing away their precious time in the opium-eaters' paradise.

The world is moving to-day towards a reconciliation of differing principles on a common platform of spiritual unity of nations and a "voice is coming unto us gentle, firm yet unmistakable in its utterance"—the voice which has even penetrated into the heart of the sleeping Leviathan,—the masses of India—whose awakening has become more and more certain. A pitiful cry of oppressed humanity is waking up to-day from all quarters and "the countless millions of the poor in India, are all astir and are coming forth out of their long dark night of ignorance and oppression." The greatest desideratum under the present circumstances is the spirit of non-violence, the greatest spiritual weapon in the hands of the "mild Hindu" and an invincible faith

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in our own potentialities without which it is nothing but a child's prattle to talk or think of standing unnerved amidst the buffets of fortune and a plethora of the perplexing concerns of life. The East is still pursued by a thousand imaginary fears and by a deep distrust in the conclusions of her own intellect. This has caused a want of self-reliance, a lack of inner certainty, a divided mind and a leaning on authorities, which is outside the pale of will and understanding. This is a mental condition which is antagonistic to the attainment of freedom in social and political spheres. Let not, therefore, the glorious teachings of our national heroes of the past and the present be totally lost upon us all in this psychological moment, as we have yet a long distance to walk in the field of national life for reaching the ultimate goal of spiritual freedom.

KHAGENDRA NATH SIKDAR, M. A.

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### THE SECRET OF WORK.

**T**HE world is a mass of change. Everything in it from the biggest and grossest to the smallest and finest is every moment undergoing some modification or other. Man also, as a part of this system, is subject to innumerable changes every minute of his life. The outside world forces itself upon his mind and acts upon his body through his senses, and to preserve his entity he must adjust himself every moment to the altered circumstances in the midst of which he finds himself. This is demanded of him as the inevitable condition of his life on earth. He lives so long as he successfully adjusts himself to his environments, and the



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moment he is defeated in this fight, decay seizes upon him, leading ultimately to death.

This is one palpable fact of life. But there is another side to man's nature. There is an element of inertia in him which ever prompts him to sit idle, without in the least moving his muscles or taxing his brain. He wants to avoid unnecessary exertion in any shape and would be a perfect statue,—if he could. But nature forces him on. He is made to react, and as a compromise he seeks the best way to react, so that he may just put forth the right quantum of exertion that is necessary for efficient life, without frittering away a bit of needless energy. The Hindu mind has bestowed its careful thought upon this subject of action and inaction and the result is what we find in the Gita, the wonderful philosophy of selfless work. We shall here try to understand the meaning of the phrase a little.

It is an instinct in the animal to preserve itself and perpetuate its continuity. The average man is also not an exception to this general rule. But man has a twofold nature. In one aspect he is on a par with the generality of animal kingdom; in the other he is far above the lower animals, higher than even the gods as we hear of them, and approaches real Divinity. This distinguishing feature is his rationality, and the perfection of rationality is reached when man, triumphing over the animal instinct which considers the body as the be-all and end-all in life, realises the solidarity of the whole universe and places his interests below those of the other denizens of the earth. Having reached

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the ultimate centre of gravity he no longer is pulled hither and thither by opposing interests, and is at perfect rest. The decided element of self-seeking propensity which is met with in the savage, gradually takes on a more and more refined colouring, till at last in the highest man it is sublimated into the rarest trait of perfect self-abnegation. The brute became the man in the process of evolution, and the man finally developed into a Buddha through a series of struggles and self-improving activities.

When the impulsive animalistic side of man puts to itself the question why he should do good to others first and then to himself, the sane and sober side of his nature furnishes him the ready answer that because it is the only way whereby he can hope to attain the maximum amount of bliss in life. For it shows that all nature is one and homogeneous, and the individual mass is nothing but one infinitesimal portion of that mass of life, magnified through egoism to inordinate proportions, and held up to his distorted vision as worthy of his best, nay exclusive, attention. Once this broader and truer feeling gets a hold on the human mind he cannot but consider the claims of the thousand and one other units of the universe while he considers his own, and the result is that he prefers the collective good of the universe to his own little individual good. When this is ingrained in his nature, when he has become one with this idea, has *realised* it, he is called a saint.

Though occasionally having glimpses of this supreme truth that the universe is one, we are yet



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apt to lose sight of it through the opposite tendency of our accumulated Samskaras of countless lives which hinder us from practising the truth in right earnest. Even when we are profoundly disinterested, we seek some subtler self-satisfaction which the cursory eye seldom detects, but which cannot hide itself from the scrutinising gaze of a really sincere soul. For instance, when we make some charity, we perhaps inwardly wish that it would not have upset the economy of the world had anybody been witnessing it at the time. And it is a common foible with many to speak of their acts of generosity to friends, with the tacit and scarcely detected wish that the report may get abroad. Where there is a craving for fame or reputation, the act, it is needless to say, is not unselfish.

Mankind can be classed under four distinct groups according to their ideas of egoism or altruism. There are many who would do a kind act to a neighbour if it does in no way prejudice his own interests. There are also some who, to gain some personal end, would think of nothing in doing an unkind act to another. Then there are two opposite extremes—the man who does evil, not for achieving some personal good but solely for the sake of evil, because he loves to do evil; and the man who would cheerfully immolate himself if it serves the least purpose of somebody else. This last one is certainly the genuine type of unselfishness.

There is a nice story to illustrate how we fail to do real unselfish work simply because behind our work there lurks some personal motive. There was a man who was exceptionally wicked. He had

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done all sorts of crimes, little and big, and the catalogue of his misdeeds reached quite a large figure. Then, by a curious change of mood, a sort of compunction seized him and he wished to turn over a new leaf, if there was any chance for him to do so. So he repaired to a venerable sage and laid bare to him the burden of his mind. The sage advised him to wander over the different places of pilgrimage in the land and again come to him. On his questioning when he was to come back, the sage gave him a stick, to the top of which was tied a piece of sooty rag. Pointing out to the rag the saint told him that when he found that dirty thing had turned white, he might come back. The man cheerfully took up the stick and putting it on his shoulder began to visit one holy place after another. As he left each sacred place he willfully looked to the rag at the top of his wand to see whether it had turned white. To his great mortification, however, the thing was as black as ever—quite the picture, he thought, of his own mind. But he pinned his faith to the words of his Guru and continued his pilgrimage. A long time elapsed, and he almost finished the round of all noted places of sanctity. But to his dismay the obstinate piece of cloth would not change its hue! He was very sore at heart, and thinking it was useless to travel any more, he almost gave up the task, and sat down in a grove by the side of an out of the way tank, thoroughly exhausted. He had sat for some time musing over his hard lot, when he saw a lady coming to the tank to fetch water. It was almost dusk and there was no one else in that quarter.



The penitent man took no more notice of her and pursued the trend of his thought: All on a sudden he heard a shriek, and on looking to the quarter it came from, he found that a ruffian was about to assault the lady, who was crying for help. Our friend got up but was perplexed as to what he should do. Here a dastardly attack was being planned upon a helpless being, a woman, somebody's wife, someone's sister, and it was his duty to prevent it if he could. But was he not sworn to a peaceful course of life, and was not the picture of his past iniquities already too lurid? To add one more crime to it would be simply madness. The villain had something like a holy thread hanging from his neck. Who knew whether he might not be a Brahmin? That made the matter worse. Our man had refrained from killing a Brahmin even in the infamous period of his life, and now that he was trying to atone for his past misdeeds, was he to commit a more dreadful crime than any that he had hitherto done and blast his future prospect for good? It was a sad dilemma, and there was no time to lose. He must decide at once. Now or never.

The shrieks became more piercing, more pitiful. Our hero could no longer contain himself. He had done fifty-two kinds of offences, and one more, he thought, and he would be neither here nor there. He threw his chances of redemption to the winds, and leapt forward to the rescue of the lady, stick in hand. He gave a smart blow to the culprit, which felled him to the ground. Then he hastened to minister to the lady who had swooned. Through gentle nursings he soon came round. Our hero

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escorted her a great way to her house, and then came back to take his cudgel. There it was lying, besides the criminal who was dead, killed more by his own foul deed than any external agency! With a woe-laden heart our man took up his stick and determined to return to his Guru, and tell him that it was hopeless for him to become pure. After going a short distance his eyes fell by chance on the rag, which to his utter bewilderment, had turned white! Off he ran to the sage and before anything else wanted to know how it was that the murder of a Brahmin could wash away his sins and make the sooty rag turn white. The Guru who had come to know everything explained that the act, apparently a heinous one, was nevertheless truly unselfish, for he had not only sought no personal gain from it, but on the contrary, he had risked his all in doing it. And so it was quite natural that the absolute purity of motive would take off all dirt from the rag, as it did from the mind of the doer.

It is a mere story, but it throws a flood of light on how costly must be the sacrifice to effect our soul's liberation. There must not be the least shade of expediency or self-seeking in it. If we want an entire result our sacrament must also be entire. There must not be any subterfuge. Thus only can the portals of the palace of Immortality be thrown wide open and man enter safe into the interior. He must die to save himself. The ego must go to make room for the non-ego.

SWAMI MADHAVANANDA.



## THE HOLY MOTHER.

**I**N our mad pursuit after the grandiloquent how often do we brush aside the calm and unassuming! By our praise for the short-lived splendour of a rocket how often do we mock at the serene beauty of a star! In our blind worship for the dazzling and ephemeral how do we fail to appreciate the mild but permanent! How before our tribute to the grand and great loom into insignificance the good and the humble. Everyone aspires to be great but few undergo the silent martyrdom to become really great, good and sweet.

If crowding of noisy events goes to make a life successful and momentous, and frothy talks or meaningless imitation indicate depth of spirituality, if empty rigmarole or noisy prattle serves as the barometer of knowledge, and the humdrum way of counting beads, prostration, salutation or genuflection mark the culmination of devotion, then the character of one we propose to touch in these lines cannot be called attractive or useful. Tranquil and serene, pure as the unstained crystal of a gem, bounteous and liberal like the proverbial milch-cow, simple, silent and possessed of a naive sincerity, Sarada Devi or—as she was more generally known among the followers and admirers of Sri Ramakrishna Deva—the Holy Mother passed her whole life behind the arena of public gaze in a long stillness of prayer. The spiritual guide of thousands of disciples, the fountain-head of inspiration and illumination after the passing away of the Master from this mortal plane of existence, honoured and eagerly sought after even in the sequestered recess of her thatched cottage in a far off village by her admirers and devotees from all parts of the world, and revered and worshipped as the very embodiment of divinity, she was still the ideal woman, the model housewife, the sweet relative and the affectionate mother—indeed the final word of Sri Ramakrishna as to the perfect ideal of Indian womanhood. But again the

great teacher, the gracious Guru removing with a word the last tegument in the final unfoldment of spiritual knowledge, the firm and resolute guide, the hard taskmaster impatient of even the slightest of irregularities, the keen seer penetrating into the innermost self of her disciple with a remarkable degree of precision and perspicuity, the sweet and genial monitor allowing the widest catholicity in her strange method of teaching, a source of perennial inspiration to her monastic disciples spurring them on the path of rigid renunciation, but protecting her lay disciples too with the same degree of warmth and affection—and nay, leading her life as one of them—the Holy Mother in her universal and comprehensive aspect stands, indeed, as a strange model of creation harmonising and reconciling in her life the great conflicts of the human mind.

But first and foremost, the mother in her stood shoulder high above all other characteristics and traits and that divine motherhood, unlike the worldly one, was free from all earthly taints, considerations of gain and loss, hopes of future reciprocity or any other tinges that generally colour the law of philoprogenitiveness in our everyday outlook of life. The earthly mother loves her children only and that too generally with a degree of variation or difference; but the Holy Mother, was the mother of all and bestowed equal affections upon all her spiritual children—thousands in number—irrespective of caste or creed, unmindful of virtue or vice, saintliness or sin. Indeed such ethereal love for the sons of *all* mothers is a rarity in this selfish world. “All alike were her children,” wrote one of her Western disciples; “here was the universal mother heart which wrapped itself in love about every child born of woman: and her family was the human race.” Sweetness and tenderness personified, it was the mother that worked in the discharge of her onerous function of Guruhood to bring a recalcitrant disciple with a bellicose spirit of revolt to the path of submission and obedience and infuse his wayward mind with the rare elixir of divine enthiasm. One word of her sweet voice, a kind look from her gracious eyes a



gentle touch and one stroke of divine blessing and the hard shell of the delinquent was dissolved in the sweet menstruum of that ineffable tenderness, and a moment later he was all in anguish and grief. On her shoulder she took the fullest charge of thousands of aspiring souls with their many iniquities. Fully conscious as she was of the responsibilities of the most sacred of functions, her infinite heart never said nay to anybody who might seek her spiritual aid and as days are rolling on everyone is realising its too significant effect. Though to all outward observers she never appeared to be above an ordinary woman, the fortunate few could at once recognise in her the teacher *par excellence* and she would shine for ever in the firmament of their heart as the effulgent star of the first magnitude.

Again behind this mother's love and womanly solicitude there was a strong determination and unflagging resoluteness before which would recoil even the strongest mind in affright and horror. And marvellous was her power to go straight into the bottom of a thing with such swiftness and precision as would stagger the boldest imagination of many a stalwart intellect. With smile and supreme ease she would solve problems otherwise engaging many mature brains. And it was possible because no riddle, however knotty, could hide from her unerring circumspection its innermost secret. Imbued and surcharged with the highest conception of spiritual truths by association with a divine consort for more than twenty-five years of her life, trained in all the mysteries of sublime truths by a God-man, practising herself the most strenuous asceticism and self-control under the very eyes of a divine master, and again living and moving amidst her kith and kin, and passing her whole life amongst the householders, amidst their weal and woe, there were few things, spiritual or temporal, that could remain outside the domain of her intellect or understanding. Sri Ramakrishna Deva moulded her life in such a way that she might be equal to any occasion that might present itself to her in the course of the discharge of the various duties of her life. She was accustomed to the

strictest privacy from the time of her marriage and during the life-time of Sri Ramakrishna she spoke with only a few of his disciples, yet when the necessity required it she travelled on foot all the way from her country home to the Dakshineswar Kali Temple. Again an orthodox woman, a Hindu of Hindus, extremely scrupulous about her daily Puja, she never denied access to any people of other caste or nationality and in her treatment with them she always respected their sentiments and feelings as was clearly evidenced by the fact that the Sister Nivedita and some other Western lady devotees of Sri Ramakrishna often lived in the same room with her and shared even the same bed.

Even amidst her thousand and one preoccupations of the day, the Holy Mother lived, moved and worked in the spirit of God, making her daily life permeated and instinct with the divine quintessence and realising Him in her every breath and heart-beat. After transcending the universe she again embraced it and worked from the midst of the world for the fulfilment of the divine mission of her Master. The whole life of Sarada Devi since she tasted the sweet bliss of the Eternal Verity at the feet of her divine lord, was one uninterrupted flow of divine realisation and her 'whole experience is one of theocratic civilisation.' She brought the divine relation to guide the daily routine of her life and consequently all her activities were tinged with the holy communion of God. Thus in the short span of her simple and artless life, the Holy Mother crowded the infinite varieties of religious experiences; and the worker, the devotee, the teacher, the ascetic, all were blended in that wonderful character in a happy and luminous *rapprochement*.

Coupled with her supreme kindness and motherly love, naturally was seen another great characteristic imparting a golden sunshine to the beautiful amenities of her sweet nature. She was forgiveness and forbearance personified. Confronted with situations trying even the patience of the angel, she would stand unmoved as a rock in the midst of an ocean with angry foams and waves dashing around. A



gay spirit laughing at hardship and smiling at pain none ever found her worried or perturbed even while faced with awful odds. In fact the more one probes deeply into the unfathomable depth of her virtues, the more one is amazed at their ineffable brilliance. Where on earth can we find another example of that self-inflicted suffering—a moth-like death day by day—so that others may draw inspiration from the practical demonstration of her self-immolation?

Needless it is to point out that her training began after her marriage and her friend, philosopher and guide in life was her dear husband. For many years after her marriage she did not know much about Sri Ramakrishna. Learning that he had turned mad in the worship of Kali, she came to Dakshineswar and at once knew what sort of madness it was. The Master accepted her and was ready to allow her the fullest privilege of wifedom. He very humbly said, "I have learned to look upon every woman as my mother, but I am at your service." The Holy Mother understood everything at a glance and told him that she had no desire to drag him to the vicious life of the world. All that she wanted was to live as an humble servant and student. From that time, she lived faithfully by his side for many years in the same garden, at once the nun and wife but always the chief of his disciples. Wonderful was the teacher and equally wonderful was the disciple. On the part of the latter there was complete surrender and resignation while on the part of the former there was the joyous acceptance of the pupil whom he taught by examples, precept and influence, all the mysteries of life beginning from the minutest detail in household affairs and culminating in the highest spiritual knowledge. The great life of Sri Ramakrishna was completely reflected in the mirror of her own life in all its beauty and magnificence and even after he did pass away from this world he found in the Holy Mother the fittest instrument to further his cause and thus guide unseen and unnoticed the destiny of those who took shelter at his feet.

From the time her tutelage commenced she began to look

upon her husband as her own *Ishtam* and this attitude she maintained all through. In fact she made no distinction between the Goddess Kali in the temple and the beloved husband mated to her by the worldly tie of wedlock. After the *Maha-samadhi* of the Master, she wept with the words, "Oh Mother, where art thou gone leaving me behind alone!" And how again did Sri Ramakrishna look upon his married wife? One day while massaging the feet of the Master, she suddenly asked him, "What do you think of me?" He replied in a moment, "Truly I tell you that I find no difference between the mother that is now serving me and the mother who has given me birth and the Goddess Kali who dwells in the temple." What a strange relation between a husband and a wife!! They not only transcended the mutual relation sanctioned by worldly law, but they forgot even the very difference in their sex and looked upon each other as the One Great Soul. When their mind rested on the highest plane of consciousness, all ideas of duality were completely obliterated and there was only One Existence without a second—without sex—without colour—without name, form and denomination—all diversity merged into a holy unity. But when they came down to the world of phenomena the husband looked upon the wife as the very embodiment of the Divine Kali and the wife regarded the husband as the perfect incarnation of the Supreme Goddess—the same divinity intermingled in their mutual conception. Under such circumstances it is futile to look into their mutual relation for any trace of worldliness and the two lives so closely lived together were singularly free from all carnal passions or earthly attachment. The Master said later on that even in a dream he did not think of a woman as his wife. And the disciple too was the very embodiment of purity. Even in her childhood when her companions would indulge in various amusements and childish pranks, she would stand apart from them and pray to God to make her as pure and stainless as the yonder flower, the snow-white *Rajanigandha*. It is, as it were, that two souls were joined together in a holy communion, both helping each other



in the fulfilment of their respective functions. Without one the other was not complete. One was placed beside the other to enhance the glory of both and help the fruition of their divine mission on earth.

The more one thinks of the beauties of the Holy Mother's angelic character the more one is charmed with its sublimity. Fully conscious of the great purpose her divine consort designed to achieve through her, she dedicated herself heart and soul for its fulfilment. Her whole life became one constant act of consecration and sacrifice at the feet of Sri Ramakrishna who wanted to resuscitate once more the ancient ideal of Indian womanhood in terms of modern exigencies. Modesty, gentleness, patience, endurance, service, sacrifice, piety and fortitude are the qualities that constitute true womanhood. The heavenly virtues of ancient mothers, their great ideal of purity and saintliness which were the resplendent beauty of their lives, unflagging determination and solemn faithfulness with which they faced the diverse problems of the world, have now, well nigh, become the embellishments of fables and myths. It is a great desideratum that these priceless amenities of their character should once more be vindicated in the coming renaissance of Indian culture. And it was imperative that the great values of these qualities should be demonstrated once more to the sceptic world by a practical life in its everyday transaction and thus the Holy Mother stands at the crest of the new wave set on rolling by the tide of time, and though for the time being, amidst the din and tumult of the new awakening, all eyes have rather turned to the foams and radiances on the surface, it is sure that when the feverish heat and impetuosity would subside, she would shine as an effulgent star of the first magnitude—a beacon light for all women to follow and a flawless model for all to imitate.\*

CHAITANYA.

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\* Written on the occasion of the birthday of the Holy Mother which came off on the 21st December last.—Ed P B.

## PROGRESSIVE HINDUISM.\*

BY SWAMI ABHEDANANDA.

**T**HE religion known as Hinduism has always been progressive. At a very ancient time when the Rishis and the Seers of Truth of the Vedic age realised the fundamental laws of nature, and the spiritual and ethical laws which governed their lives, they established a system of religion which was not limited by time or space. That religion, which is to-day called Hinduism, is in reality the eternal religion, or Sanatana Dharma; and an eternal religion cannot have the limitations of time or space, because eternal means without beginning and without end. The spiritual laws are eternal just as the laws of nature are on the material plane. Thus as the law of gravitation which holds the earth in its proper place preventing it from being attracted and pulled by the mighty celestial body known as the Sun, is eternal, so also the spiritual and ethical laws which govern our lives and souls are eternal. The great Seers of Truth understood these laws and declared them before the world in a language which was most perfect in the world and known as the Deva-Bhasha or the language of the Gods. It was also called Sanskrit or a purified language, and was the language of all the members of the Aryan race.

The Aryan race which originally inhabited somewhere in Central Asia migrated to different parts of the world. One branch went to Persia and its members were known as the Iranians. Another branch went to west Europe and settled down in Russia, Greece, Italy, France, England and other parts of the continent and it was known as the Caucasian race. The third branch of the Aryan race came down from the north-west into the Valley of the Indus. Its members were known as the Indo-Aryans and

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\* Extracts from a lecture delivered at Rangoon.



were afterwards called by foreigners the Hindus. These Indo-Aryans described their migrations in pre-historic times in the Rig-Veda, the oldest of the scriptures in the world.

In the Vedas we find the ideals of Sanatana Dharma. The first ideal was the One-ness of the Spiritual Being. "That which exists is one, sages call it by various names." That conception was given out about 5,000 years before the Christian era, and that idea could not be surpassed by any other of a similar nature. Him we may worship as God, as the Father of the Universe, as Jehovah, or Allah, or Shiva, or Vishnu, or as the Divine Mother. These are the various names given to that One Existence, who is not outside us. He is all-pervading. He dwells in men, in every atom of the universe, in plants, in minerals, in all living creatures, in fact everything in this whole universe that we perceive with our senses, has its life, existence and end in that Being. This idea was given out in the Upanishads by one of the Seers of Truth who, when asked as to the source of this universe, said "that Being is one, out of which all the animate and the inanimate objects of the universe have come into existence, in which they live and into which they return in the end. Know that to be Brahman." The word Brahman does not mean anything but the Infinite Being that is without the limitations of time or space. He is the source of life, of mind, of consciousness and intelligence. If to-day we as human beings possess consciousness, intelligence and all the powers of the senses, we do so because we have all emanated from that one Being which is the prime reality of the universe and that reality is called Brahman or Infinite Existence; and we may call this Paramatman or Shiva or Allah or Jehova or the Father in Heaven. If we look at that Being with certain ideals, attributes and qualities then we make a personal God out of the Impersonal.

All personal Gods are man-made. We cannot grasp the Infinite which is beyond our conception and so we have to conceive the Infinite as a human being which is our highest ideal. If a cow had intelligence and powers of understanding she would conceive the Infinite as of the cow-form. Similar is the case

with a dog, a tiger and all other living beings. Man's interpretation of the Infinite must be in the human form. A dog when it worships its master regards him as a big dog, because it has no consciousness of the human mind. This is natural and it is an established psychological fact to-day. We find in all sectarian religions these conceptions of God as a being possessing form and that form is more or less connected with the human form. When God is described as all-pervading he is represented with thousand eyes, thousand heads, thousand ears, thousand hands and so on. The word thousand stands for an infinite number of heads, hands, mouths, eyes and other organs of the body; in other words, he is called the Virat-Purusha who sees through all eyes, who hears through all ears, who speaks through all mouths, who works through all hands etc. In short He pervades all humanity and dwells in every single human being irrespective of caste, creed, colour or nationality. We are all human beings and must therefore stand on the common platform whether we are Muhammedans, Hindus, Christians, Buddhists or Parsis.

We are all parts of the same humanity, which, in its totality, is Divinity. Putting aside our sectarian ideas, our doctrines and dogmas which form the non-essentials of our religions, we must take this essential part that God dwells in all of us whether rich or poor, high or low. A rich man for instance cannot fill the place of a poor man and so the poor man is quite as great as the rich man. If we try to do the work of a scavenger properly we are sure to fail. So a scavenger is just quite as great as any other person. Thus we should not make any distinction between the high and the low from the standpoint of the Infinite and herein lies the foundation of Progressive Hinduism. This ideal which we have learnt in the past ages and inherited from our forefathers and the ancient Rishis we must try to carry out and live up to, as much as possible.

(To be continued)



## REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

### Bengali.

*Rajaniti*.—By Swami Prajnanananda Saraswati. Published by the Saraswati Library, 9 Ramanath Majumdar's Street, Calcutta. Pp. 316. Price Re. 1-8.

It is an excellent book on political science—one of the best of its kind in Bengali—and contains a learned exposition of the subject from the true Hindu standpoint. Very rightly has the author pointed out that the interest of the ruler and the ruled is identical. The throne of the true king is installed in the hearts of his subjects, and to contribute to the well-being of the people is the duty of the king—this is *Rajaniti*. In this critical study of politics the author has quoted, where necessary, the political views held by the ancient master minds of Greece including Plato and Aristotle, by the mediæval philosophers of Europe—Hobbes, Spencer, Locke and others, as also by Hegel, Comte, Spencer and other modern European thinkers.

A great deal of ignorance prevails in the mind of the average man about the high place which the study of political science occupied in ancient India. Whether we study the earliest record of the Indo-Aryan Seers, the Vedas, the great Epics, the Codes of Manu or the *Artha-Sastra* of Kautilya, we find more or less everywhere, an elaborate treatment of the important subject. This admirable book of three chapters presents to the reader in unmistakable terms how the ancient Hindu sages attempted to work out a spiritual scheme of life and establish society on a spiritual basis as contrasted with the political scheme and material setting of the modern Occidental nations swayed as they are by the greed of wealth and power that is hampering the growth of true humanity and the realisation of the Universal Brotherhood of mankind. We have read the book with great pleasure and heartily recommend it to our readers.

**Hindi,**

*Sadhanasamgraha*.—Part I. Published by Raghunandan Prasad Sinha. P. O. Silout, Dt. Muzaffarpur. Demy 8vo. Pp. 348. Price Rs. 2.

The book is based mainly on the lectures and teachings of Pandit Bhavanishankar as also on the works of Mrs. Annie Besant of the Theosophical Society, and is written in a simple style. It is a treatise on the theory and practice of religion and deals with Jnana, Bhakti, Karma and Yoga, containing copious quotations from the Hindu scriptures. The present edition, we hope, will be welcomed by the Hindi-reading public. The printing is not all that could be desired. The price is cheap considering the size of the book.

**English.**

*Ethical Religion*.—By Mahatma Gandhi. With an appreciation of the author by Rev. J. H. Holmes. Translated from the Hindi by A. Rama Iyer, M.A. Published by S. Ganesan, Publisher, Triplicane, Madras. Pp. xxxii + 32. Price 8 as.

Truly does Mahatmaji say that this is an age of hypocrisy. People generally never care to put into practice the principles of religion and yet would not refrain from laying blames at its doors. The author clearly points out the fact that the underlying principles of all religions are the same, only the forms are different according to time, place and individual taste. Mahatmaji makes no distinction between religion and morality in this little book. Though ordinarily speaking morality is included in religion the converse is not true. The author treats of "the way of action" taught by Sri Krishna to Arjuna and so effectively put into practice by Lord Buddha. This path is a combination of ethics and religion intended to bring about the attainment of freedom through selfless work. It leads to the same goal which the Jnani attains through reasoning and discrimination, the Bhakta through love and the Yogi through Yoga. When we become absolutely unselfish we break through the bondage of 'me and mine' and become infinite. This infinite expansion is nothing but spiritual freedom which is the goal of all religions. A dark



cloud of Tamas is hanging over India and it is only through Rajas that this can be dispersed, and so Mahatmaji has rightly put great stress on "the way of action."

The appreciation of the author's life by Rev. J. H. Holmes is very interesting and educative. We commend this pamphlet to our readers.

*Rabindranath Tagore.*—By E. J. Thompson. The Heritage of India Series. Published by the Association Press, 5 Russel Street, Calcutta. Pp. xvi + 112. Price—Cloth, Re. 1-8, Paper Re. 1.

Unlike the majority of the non-Bengali authors who have written on Rabindranath, Mr. Thompson has taken great pains to study a good deal of the original writings of the poet in Bengali and this little book is, therefore, an admirable critique of Tagore's writings. It indicates generally soundness of judgment and clearness of thought although on some points the opinions of the author are certainly open to objection.

Rabindranath is one of the ablest interpreters of the East to the West and his mission in life is, as Mr. Thompson puts it, "to strive for reconciliation of East and West in mutual helpfulness," but this fact does in no way justify the author to say that at one time the great poet's "activity became muddy with politics." It is evident that because the author has failed to understand the true significance of the Indian national movements that he is unable to appreciate Rabindranath's taking part in politics; and this is the reason which has led Mr. Thompson to believe that "his *real* sense suffered a temporary eclipse."

We are further at a loss to understand why the author speaks of the morning prayer of Santiniketan, beginning with "Thou art our father"—*ओं पिता नोऽसि*—as Christian in every phrase. Probably he does not know that it is a Mantram of the Sukla-Yajurveda and was composed, if we be permitted to use this term, many centuries before the world could think of Christianity. It is again when the author becomes bent upon tracing Christian influence in Rabindranath's life

and works, although the poet himself has said that he had never read the Bible, that his vision gets blurred. And unable to prove any direct influence of Christianity he rests satisfied in pointing out that "it is mainly through the Brahmo channel that the abundant Christian influence in his life and thought has been mediated." To the credit of Mr. Thompson it must be said that in spite of his Christian bias, he has not failed to acknowledge that "the main ground of Rabindranath's religious teaching and belief is Indian and (still more) individual.....He belongs to the Hindu Civilisation."

*The Principles of Hindu Ethics.*—By M. A. Buch, M. A.  
Published by M. A. Buch, Hathi Pole, Baroda. Pp.  
18 + ix + 600. Bound in Cloth. Price Rs. 6-4.

In the Vedanta, to quote the words of Prof. Max Muller, "we find ethics in the beginning, ethics in the middle, ethics in the end." These words are as true of the Vedanta as of the other systems of Hindu thought. In spite of the misrepresentations of alien propagandists the essentials of Hinduism are gaining an ever-increasing number of followers in the East as well as in the West, and the publication of the work under review is, therefore, very opportune at this moment. The book is a systematic study of the Hindu ideas on morality and the learned author has attempted with admirable success to present in a connected form "the wealth of ethical reflections scattered all over the ancient sacred writings of the Hindus." He has traced the evolution of the ethical ideas from the early Rig-Veda period down to the modern times and has shown in a conclusive manner why "at no period can we say that there was a sudden break or chasm in the continuity of our civilisation.....Hindu ethical theory has, therefore, an organic coherence about it."

Very truly and happily has Mr. Buch also pointed out in the chapter "Criteria of Morality" that there is "a transcendental plane where the tyranny of ritualism, of worldly convention does not touch him (man), but where even the words good and evil, right and wrong, moral and immoral



become meaningless to him," and this "super-moral state is the goal of life."

The book is the product of vast erudition and exhibits a true judicial frame of mind in which the personality of the author is kept entirely in the background. We wish this useful book a wide circulation.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

*Non-Co-operation.\** By C. F. Andrews. Pp. 49. Price As. 8.

*The Claim for Independence.\** By Do. Pp. 68. Price As. 8.

*Some Revelations.* By P. Sankunni Menon, B. A., L. T., Pensioned Headmaster, Trichur. Pp. 42. Price As. 8.

SRI KRISHNA AND UDDHAVA.

(Continued from page 284, Vol. XXVI.)

कपोती प्रथमं गर्भं गृह्णती काल आगते ।  
अण्डानि सुषुवे नीडे स्वपत्यु. संनिधौ सती ॥५७॥

57. In course of time the good female bird had her first conception and laid (some) eggs in that nest in the presence of her mate.

तेषु काले व्यजायन्त रचितावयवा हरेः ।  
शक्तिभिर्दुर्विभाव्याभिः कोमलाङ्गतनूरुहाः ५८॥

58. In due season some young birds with tender limbs and feathers grew out of those eggs, the inscrutable Power of the Lord fashioning their features.

प्रजाः पुपुषतुः प्रीतौ दम्पती पुत्रवत्सलौ ।  
शृण्वन्तौ कूजितं तासां निर्वृतौ कलभाषितैः ॥५९॥

59. The happy pair, devoted to their offspring, reared the young ones, listening to their chirping and delighted by their sweet accents.

\* Published by Messrs. Ganesh & Co., Madras.

तासां पतत्रैः सुस्पर्शैः कूजितैर्मुग्धचेष्टितैः ।  
प्रत्युद्गमैरदीनानां पितरौ मुदमापतुः ॥६०॥

60. They were cheerful, and their wings soft to the touch, their warblings and graceful movements, and their going out to meet their parents,<sup>1</sup> gladdened the latter.

[<sup>1</sup>Parents—when they returned from their search for food.]

स्नेहानुबद्धहृदयावन्योन्यं विष्णुमायया ।  
विमोहितौ दीनधियौ शिशुन्पुपुषतुः प्रजाः ॥६१॥

61. The two birds, with their hearts attached to each other in love, beguiled by the Lord's Maya, reared their young ones, with no higher outlook on life.

एकदा जग्मतुस्तासामन्नार्थं तौ कुटुम्बिनौ ।  
परितः कानने तस्मिन्नर्थिनौ चेरतुश्चिरम् ॥६२॥

62. One day, the pair went in search of food for them, and roamed about for a long time in that forest, with this object.

दृष्ट्वा ताल्लुब्धकः कश्चिद्यदृच्छातो वनेचरः ।  
जगृहे जालमातत्य चरतः खालयान्तिके ॥६३॥

63. A fowler rambling in the woods at will saw them<sup>1</sup> flying near their nest, and caught them by spreading a trap.

[<sup>1</sup>Them—the young ones.]

कपोतश्च कपोती च प्रजापोषे सदोत्सुकौ ।  
गतौ पोषणमादाय खनीडमुपजग्मतुः ॥६४॥

64. The parent birds who were always eager to bring up their young ones and had been out (for that end) returned to their nest with food.

कपोती स्वात्मजान्वीक्ष्य बालकाञ्जालसंवृतान् ।  
तानभ्यधावत्क्रोशन्ती क्रोशतो भृशदुःखिता ॥६५॥



65. The female pigeon, finding her young offspring caught in the trap and weeping, rushed at them, crying and much aggrieved.

सासकृत्स्नेहगुणिता दीनचित्ताजमायया ।

स्वयं चाबध्यत शिचा बद्धान्पश्यन्त्यपस्मृतिः ॥६६॥

66. The poor mother-bird, fettered by many a tie of love through the Lord's Maya, herself fell into the trap, even though seeing the young ones caught in it,—for she was beside herself (with grief).

कपोतश्चात्मजान्बद्धानात्मनोऽप्यधिकान्प्रियान् ।

भार्या चात्मसमां दीनो विललापातिदुःखितः ६७॥

67. The poor male-pigeon, too, finding his young ones who were more to him than his own self, as well as his beloved partner who was a (fit) match for him, caught in the trap, wept, sorely afflicted.

(To be continued)

## NEWS AND NOTES

### Birthday of Swami Vivekananda.

The sixtieth Birthday of the Patriot-saint of modern India fell on the 19th inst. and was celebrated with great enthusiasm and devotion by his followers and admirers in different parts of the world. As our humble homage we have undertaken to bring out in this auspicious month, the first issue of our new Hindi monthly "The Samanway" published from our branch at 28 College Street Market, Calcutta, and also, to improve the size and get-up of the Prabuddha Bharata that was started twenty-six years back under the direct inspiration and loving care of the great Apostle of Vedanta.

We request all centres, societies and associations observing the birthday to kindly send us early the reports of their

celebrations for the Swami Vivekananda Number of the Prabuddha Bharata to be issued in March next.

### The Problem of Labour in India

India is awakening, and the Indian proletariat too, who is the real backbone of the nation, is all astir and shows unmistakable signs of a new life. Whether those, who call themselves the upper-classes and profit by the labour of the miserable wage-earner and the agriculturist, care or not for the well-being of the poor, the poor have begun to feel for themselves, to think for themselves and to assert their birth-right; thus alone can they solve their own problems and bring salvation to themselves.

Deplorable indeed is the condition of the labourer in India both materially and morally. Whether he is employed in the colliery or in the cotton-mills, in the tea-estates or in the fields, he has practically the same sad tale to tell about himself. The chairman of the reception committee of the second session of the All India Trade Union Congress held at Jharia described in vivid terms the piteous condition of the labourer and the yawning gulf that divides him and the capitalist. "The iniquitous distance between the opulence of the mine-owners and the starvation wages grudgingly granted to flesh and blood which is verily coined into our money, strikes me as something monstrous, as unspeakable treason to that law of unrealised identity between the different forms of life which is the highest human aspiration to realise.....As I have watched a labour couple with babies, which should have been sporting in God's free air and light, buried in the dungeon of the coal-mine for the whole of the day to earn what is barely enough to appease their physical hunger, I have felt myself a criminal badly needing the settling of my accounts with my own conscience, for participation in an economy which produces big bank balances on the one side and half a meal and stunted growth on the other. Such a state of things could not go on. The reaction was bound to come and labour upheaval all over the world was the inevitable nemesis." This pronouncement gains weight all



the more as it comes from a person who is himself one of the largest employers of labour in the coalfields and is, besides, thoroughly acquainted with the actual state of affairs.

The labour question is not an Indian problem only but a world-problem also. And it is undoubtedly a most regrettable fact that the capitalist-exploiters and their colleagues, blinded as they are by the insatiable greed for gold, are, though certainly there are honourable exceptions, as a rule ever ready to put great obstacles in the path of the progress of the labourer and even refuse to grant him a living wage and comply with his legitimate demands and aspirations. But the fate of unscrupulous and inhuman profiteering is doomed, for the exploited in all countries, sunk though they generally are in poverty and ignorance, are becoming more and more alive to their miserable condition, conscious of their real position and power, and determined to fight to the end the oppressions of capitalism. And they are sure to win, for justice is on their side.

### **Sir J. C. Bose on the Indian Culture and the Unity of Existence**

Sir J. C. Bose in his address on the fourth anniversary of his Institute on the 30th November last, said that the highest aim of the Indian culture is the search for a great synthesis, the discovery of an underlying unity amidst diverse manifestations. This is to be achieved not through unrestrained speculation which leads to grotesque perversion of truth, but by positive and verifiable knowledge, to be tested at every step by rigid experimental methods. The apparent dormancy of intellectual life in India, as he pointed out, had been but a temporary phase; so what India had conserved by inheritance, culture and temperament was not lost but remained latent and is again ready to spring forth into renewed activity and full blossoming of knowledge.

The success which has been achieved by the sustained labour of this descendant of the Rishis conducted for the long period of about thirty years with indomitable zeal and unflinching devotion to knowledge, in the face of fierce opposition and unrelenting conflict is indeed a noble example of the divine law that truth must triumph in the long run.

Dr. Bose has at present concentrated all his efforts and resources for the establishment of new laws relating to the complex and baffling phenomena of life. The patient investigation carried on by him and the band of his devoted workers



is daily pushing back, as he said, the evil of ignorance, and harmony is found to rise out of apparent discord. The fundamental pattern of life is found to be one, from the simplest to the complex; it is by creating artificial organs of perception that his means of probing into the realms of the invisible has been enormously extended. With the help of incredibly delicate instruments invented by him he has been able to establish a continuity between the simplest and the most complex type of life—an evolution from rudimentary beginnings to the highest perfection. There should be no humiliation, in the light of the truths discovered by Dr. Bose, in man's acknowledging his kinship with the lowest of the low. Rather, as Dr. Bose very rightly pointed out, it is a matter of pride for man to have risen through ceaseless efforts from a mass of formless jelly to his present state.

### The Idealism of Romain Rolland

The strength of character of a man is to be gauged by the sacrifice he is prepared to make, by the persecutions that he would gladly face for the sake of his ideal which he values more than all earthly possessions and temporal power, nay, even more than his very life which he holds so dear to himself. It has been the lot of the earth's greatest and best to proclaim by their sufferings the glory of truth. This is exemplified in the case of Romain Rolland, the great Frenchman of unflinching idealism and universal love for mankind who maintained the clarity of vision and sanity of temper and "stood fast by the ideals of civilisation and culture" during the madness of the Great War and opposed it with all the vehemence he could command. The result was that the Idealist was outcasted from the French society and became an exile from his native land. So great is the popular feeling against him even at the present day that it was with great difficulty, so it is reported, that Dr. Rabindranath was able to take the great Frenchman to the hotel where he was putting up, and it was owing to his personal influence alone that the poet could protect the Idealist from molestation there.

Rev. John Haynes Holmes, a minister of the Community Church, New York, has come to be well-known in India especially for his sermon in which he compared Mahatma Gandhi, Lenin and Rolland, and expressed his belief that Mahatmaji is the greatest man in the world at present as he combines in his unique personality the idealism of Rolland and the realism of Lenin. Rolland is not so widely known as he should be. Mr. Holmes, in his appreciation of Rolland's newly published novel *Clerambault* gives a character sketch of the great Idealist. "Romain Rolland," says Mr. Holmes, "like every true prophet proclaimed his message not merely when it was safe and easy to do, but most of all



when it meant denunciation, hatred, exile, and the imminent possibility of assassination and therefore when it was most needed."

Rolland a patriot though he is of the noblest type has no sympathy for the crude form of nationalism that advocates, to quote from the words of Mr. Holmes, "the wild hatred of the enemy, the furious exaltation of national glory and honour,.....the deliberate dishonesty of governments, the lies of propaganda." He stands for perfect liberty of conscience and this theme he clearly puts down in the introduction of his immortal work just published—"My theme is that the individual soul has been swallowed up and submerged in the soul of the multitude and in my opinion such an event is of greater importance to the future of the race than the passing supremacy of one nation.....Nothing in the world can cause the abdication of individual judgment before general opinion." He says again "Every man worthy of the name should learn to stand alone and do his own thinking even in conflict with the whole world.....We are liable to err, but...an honest mistake is not a lie but a stage on the road to truth. The real lie is to fear the truth and try to stifle it." And in this age of communal selfishness, called nationalism, when "each nation desires the end of wars through its own triumph," when what is condemned as vice and crime in the individual is justified and even extolled as virtue and justice in the nation, "independent minds," as Rolland declares with all the passion of his soul, "are what the world needs most." It would indeed be a blessed age if the world be guided by the spirit of universal love which the great Idealist expresses in these noble words—"I belong to life as a whole; I have brothers in every nation, enemy or ally....The families of our souls are scattered throughout the world. Let us reunite them! Our task is to undo these choatic nations, and in their place to bind together more harmonious groups."

### **The Ramakrishna Mission Famine Relief Work at Khulna**

The following communication has been sent to the press by the Secretary of the Ramakrishna Mission :—

The Mission hereby informs the public that it has closed its relief-centre at Shyamnagar Thana. At present there is no need of money for it. The report of the work will soon be published in the newspapers. There is a provident fund for the philanthropic works of our Mission. Contributions to this fund will be thankfully acknowledged at the following addresses :

(1) The President, R. K. Mission, Belur, Howrah. (2) The Secretary, R. K. Mission, 1 Mukherji Lane, Baghbazar, Calcutta.

## The Report of the Ramakrishna Mission Sevashrama, Muthigunj, Allahabad, U. P.

For December, 1921.

Outdoor patients :—Of the total number 857 there were 317 new and 540 repeated cases.

	Rs.	as.	p.
Balance of the previous month	...	2	15 6
Receipts during the month	...	371	10 0
<hr/>			
Total receipts	...	374	9 6
Total expenditure	...	374	0 9
<hr/>			
Balance in hand	...	0	8 9

All contributions in aid of the Sevashrama will be thankfully acknowledged by the Hony. Secretary.

## The Report of the Ramakrishna Mission Sevashrama, Kankhal, Saharanpur, U. P.

For November, 1921.

Indoor patients—There were 7 old and 13 new cases of whom 16 were discharged cured, 1 died, 1 left treatment and 2 were still in the Sevashrama.

Outdoor patients—Of the total number 1839 there were 772 new and 1067 repeated cases.

	Rs.	as.	p.
Balance of the last month	...	5896	2 9
Receipts	...	681	8 3
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Total Receipts	...	6577	11 0
Total Expenditure	...	1658	8 3
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Balance	...	4919	2 9

Any contribution will be thankfully received and acknowledged by Swami Kalyanananda, the Hony. Secretary.

### Birthday of Sri Ramakrishna

The *tithi* of Sri Ramakrishna's nativity falls this year on Tuesday, the 28th February. We hope all public and private bodies celebrating this eighty-seventh birthday of the World-prophet will make it a point to kindly send us at their earliest convenience the reports of their celebrations for the Sri Ramakrishna Number of the Prabuddha Bharata that will be published in the month of April next.