

Prabuddha Bharata

उत्तिष्ठत जायत



प्रायः वसुधैव कुटुम्बकम्

Katha. Upa. I. 14.

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

—SWAMI VIVEKANANDA

VOL. XXXII.

OCTOBER, 1927.

No. 10.

REMINISCENCES OF THE HOLY MOTHER

RECORDED BY A DISCIPLE

(Continued from the last issue)

It was about evening when word was brought that Maku's son was in a critical condition. Mother became very anxious and said to Brahmachari Barada: "Arrange for a palanquin. I must go to see him to-morrow morning if he still lives. But who will bring me word to-morrow morning?"

Manindra offered to go with Satu early to Jayrambati to bring the news of the child.

A little after Baikuntha Maharaj arrived from Jayrambati. At this Mother started up and exclaimed: "Is the child then no more?" An ominous silence followed. Mother asked: "When did he die?"

Baikuntha.—At half past five.

Mother.—Shall I find him if I go now?

Baikuntha.—No, Mother, they have taken him away for cremation.

Mother began to cry bitterly. Swami Kesavananda tried to console her. But she said: "O Kedar,* I cannot forget him!"

* Swami Kesavananda's lay name.

Maku's son was a wonderful child. Before leaving for Jayrambati with his mother last time, he had procured some *gulan* flowers, and having laid them at Mother's feet, had said: "See, aunt,* how beautiful it has been!" He had then saluted her taking the dust from her feet, and having put a few of the offered flowers in his pocket, went away. He was dearly beloved of Swami Saradananda whom he used to call "Red Uncle" and eagerly called for him during his illness.

Mother said: "He was perhaps a devotee in his former birth and this was probably his last incarnation. Or how could he, a child of three years, be so intelligent and worship so devoutly? Oh great is my suffering now for having brought him up!" . . .

Next morning when Manindra and Prabhakar went to Mother, they found her still very mournful. She said: "He used to ask one: 'Who has made the flowers red?' I would reply: 'The Lord has made so.' 'Why?' 'To adorn himself.' . . . Sarat† will feel it keenly. He used often to take him on his lap, though his own legs were painful. Sitting on Sarat's lap, he would ask him: 'Where is your mother?' Sarat would point to Maku and say: 'Here is my mother.' 'No,' he would rejoin, 'your mother is in the School.'" (Mother was then staying at the Nivedita School House nursing her niece Radhu who was seriously ill.)

Manindra observed that the passing of Akshay also had deeply grieved the Master.

Mother.—Yes. He said his heart was wrung like a towel. One of my distant nephews, Dinu by name, used to worship at the Vishnu temple. Hriday used to officiate at the Kali temple. Dinu used to sing devotional songs to the Master. He had an attack of cholera.

Manindra.—Were you then at Dakshineswar?

Mother.—Yes, I used to live at the *nahavat*. We tried our best to save Dinu, but he died. This caused the Master great sorrow. . . .

This world is a snare of Maya . . . (*Plaintively*) Ah, we could not bear to have him out of sight even while he was sleeping!—Such was Maku's son! And now he is gone, Oh, how painful! . . . How much have I not suffered by bringing up Radhu! To bring up any one is always extremely painful. Once during worship, a veil seemed to be suddenly lifted and I saw that Radhu's mother was suffering and Radhu was squatting on the dust in the courtyard, eating plain puffed rice, with red and blue threads on her arms tied there by her

* Though Mother was his grand-aunt, yet he used to call her aunt in imitation of his mother.

† Swami Saradananda.

mad mother. The vision seemed to suffocate me, and I felt that Radhu would indeed be in that miserable plight if I forsook her.

Mother was specially fond of her youngest brother. In his dying moment he requested her to look after his family. His wife was then with child. When Radhu was born, Mother brought them to Calcutta. But soon Radhu's mother lost her reason and had to be sent back to Jayrambati. There Radhu suffered much for want of care. One day while Mother was performing worship at the chapel in the Monastery at Bagh-bazar, Calcutta, she saw the above-mentioned vision, and remembering her brother's dying request, went very soon to Jayrambati and took Radhu into her personal care. Mother used to say that with that she came under the sway of Maya.

Once while she was lying seriously ill at Koalpara, Radhu suddenly left her and went away to Jayrambati to go to her husband. She had said to Mother: "You have so many disciples to look after you. But I have none but my husband." Next day Mother remarked: "Yesterday when Radhu suddenly severed all ties of affection and went away, I felt frightened and thought that the Master perhaps did not want me to survive this illness. . . . This attachment for Radhu is only a tie of Maya to bind me to this life."*

Slowly it became dark. Manindra and Prabhakar would leave that night for Arambag. They prepared to take leave of the Mother.

Mother asked them to take some refreshments. Prabhakar said: "We have already taken our meal." But Mother insisted on their having something and ordered some sweets to be served them.

Mother.—Start after your night meal.

Manindra.—Yes, Mother.

Mother.—Have you arranged for carriage?

Manindra.—Yes, Mother.

When they saluted her before departing, Mother blessed them saying: "May you have devotion to the Lord!"

Manindra.—Mother, bless us that we may be freed from Maya.

Mother looked pleased at this prayer.

[*Verily, this divine illusion of Mine, constituted of the Gunas, is difficult to cross over; those who devote themselves to Me alone, cross over this illusion.—The Gita.*]

(To be continued)

* The Hindu idea is that without some attachment the body cannot live.

SWAMI SARADANANDA

BY THE EDITOR

Swami Saradananda, Secretary of the Ramakrishna Math and Mission, passed away at the age of 63, at 2-30 A.M., on Friday, the 19th August. His death has been a profound and irreparable loss to the Order and to the innumerable devotees of Sri Ramakrishna. What his death means to the country, what a precious asset his life was to the nation, few possibly can truly understand yet. He has lived a life of comparative seclusion and his activities scarcely appeared in the lime-light. But with the growth of the Order and the acceptance of its principles and methods of work in larger measures by the nation, it will surely come to feel that he was in essence one of the greatest builders of the Indian nation at the foundation of which he had been silently and steadily working for the last thirty years. What the Ramakrishna Mission is to-day is largely due to Swami Saradananda. The Mission, though it derived its ideals and inspiration from other sources, owes its present articulate form mainly to the endeavours of the departed Swami. It is he who worked at it from its very inception, giving the ideals concrete forms, linking them to the problems of the passing years, till it reached its present advanced state of development. The outside world has learnt to praise its philanthropic activities and its dynamic ideals, but it scarcely knew the man who primarily worked at the details of the machinery. In the meantime the hearts that received the gracious touch of his love are desolate ; the golden chain that linked their worlds to the Eternal is broken ; and a window of Heaven through which streamed the light of God on their life seems closed.

Swami Saradananda or Saratchandra Chakravarti as he was known before he renounced the world, came of a pious Brahmin family of Calcutta. As a young student he was a member of a Brahmo Association started under the inspiration of Keshub Chandra Sen, and through that he came to learn of Sri Ramakrishna. One afternoon in October, 1883, when the association was holding its anniversary festival at the Dakshineswar Temple, he went with a cousin to pay a visit to Sri Ramakrishna in his room. Sri Ramakrishna received them graciously and after a few preliminary enquiries said : "Bricks and tiles, if burnt with the trade-mark on them, retain those marks for ever. Similarly you should enter the world after advancing a little

in the path of spirituality. Then you will not sink in the mire of worldliness. But now-a-days parents get their boys married while quite young, and thus pave the way to their ruin. The boys come out of school, to find themselves fathers of several children. So they run hither and thither in search of a job to maintain the family. With great difficulty perhaps they find one, but are so perplexed to feed so many mouths with that small income. They become naturally anxious to earn money and therefore find little time to think of God." "Then, Sir, is it wrong to marry? Is it against the will of God?" asked one of the boys. Sri Ramakrishna asked him to take down from the shelf a certain book and directed him to read a particular passage in it where the following opinion of Christ on marriage was quoted: "For there are some eunuchs, which were so born from their mother's womb: there are some eunuchs, which were made eunuchs of men; and there be eunuchs, which have made themselves eunuchs for the kingdom of heaven's sake. He that is able to receive it, let him receive." And St. Paul's: "I say therefore to the unmarried and widows, it is good for them if they abide even as I. But if they cannot contain, let them marry: for it is better to marry than to burn." When the passage was read, Sri Ramakrishna remarked that marriage was at the root of all bondage.* Thus at their very first meeting Sri Ramakrishna struck the note of highest renunciation. We can well understand that these strong words were gladly received by Sarat. For at the very first sight of him Sri Ramakrishna is said to have remarked that the young man was endowed with a stern spirit of renunciation.

Sarat felt deeply attracted by the Master and became a frequent visitor at Dakshineswar; and soon became one of his staunch followers. When he first visited Sri Ramakrishna he was a student of the St. Xavier's College, Calcutta, studying in the F. A. class. After passing the examination, he joined the Medical College. But on the passing away of their Master, he was persuaded by Swami Vivekananda, then known as Narendranath, to renounce the world along with a few other young disciples, and joined what has now become known as the Ramakrishna Order of monks. Sarat always entertained a great love and reverence for his great brother-disciple, Swami Vivekananda. These ties of love were formed at the feet of their Master, in the days of their discipleship at Dakshineswar. And this is significant. For this love and faith were absolutely necessary in one who was to carry out in later days the wishes of Sri Ramakrishna's Lieutenant.

Sri Ramakrishna, as was usual with him, had pointed out

* From *Life of Sri Ramakrishna*.

to him the particular spiritual ideal that he was to follow and realise. On one occasion, Sri Ramakrishna was praising Ganesha for his great filial love and absolute purity of heart. Sarat was present in the audience. He said at once: "Sir, I like this idea very much. The Ganesha-ideal is my ideal." "No," Sri Ramakrishna at once corrected him and said: "Ganesha is not your ideal. Your ideal is Shiva. In you lie dormant the attributes of Shiva. Always think of yourself as Shiva and me as your Shakti. I am the ultimate repository of all your powers." It is not for us ordinary mortals to correctly understand the significance of this spiritual prescription. But even a casual visitor of the Swami did not fail to mark the Shiva-like serenity of his mind, gravity of character and suavity of temper; and verily he drank 'poison' from many a cup of life, giving the disciples in return his heartfelt benedictions and blessings.

At Baranagore where the first monastery of the Order was situated, strenuous and wonderful days of *tapasya* and Divine ecstasy were spent by the monks. Their whole heart was set on God. Narendranath often spoke highly of Sarat's meditation and spiritual fervour. But even this hard *tapasya* did not satisfy the monks and the life of wandering soon lured them out into the open road. After visiting Puri, Swami Saradananda left Calcutta and started on a pilgrimage to the Himalayas. He visited Kedarnath and Badrinarayan and came to Almora. Those were days of great hardship and *tapasya*. He also passed sometime at Hrishikesh practising severe Sadhana. After that—spending thus several years in fruitful Sadhana—he returned to the Baranagore monastery. He did not live there long before he was called by Swami Vivekananda in 1895 to join him in London.

Swami Saradananda reached London in April. After some time, at the earnest requests of the Vedanta students of America, Swami Vivekananda sent him to New York. His sweet and gentle personality and his masterly exposition of the Vedanta philosophy proved at once attractive. He was invited to be one of the teachers in the Greenacre Conference of Comparative Religions, and there lectured on Vedanta and held classes on the Yoga systems. After the close of the sessions, he lectured in Brooklyn, New York and Boston. At the Brooklyn Ethical Association he lectured on the Ethical Ideas of the Hindus. Everywhere he made friends and won staunch followers for the cause of Vedanta. He finally settled down in New York to carry on the Vedanta work in an organised way. There was no doubt that he was making an impression among some of the best people in New York and its environs, as the reports of his work at this time testify. He also taught at the Cambridge conferences. "In Cambridge the classes in the Vedanta Philo-

sophy, constituting a single feature in the broad field of comparative study outlined for the Cambridge conferences, attracted large and intelligent audiences, in part made up of professors and students of the Harvard University. The *Swami's* exposition of the principles of the Advaita doctrine, in just comparison with other views which are held in India, was admirably lucid and clear. His replies to questions were always ready and satisfactory. His great fairness of mind and soundness of judgment enabled him to present the doctrine in a manner which at once convinced all of his sincerity and earnestness, while it disarmed the factious oppositions which are sometimes stirred up by a more dogmatic and assertive manner. In Boston, Waltham and Worcester, Mass., the Swami Saradananda also conducted courses of lectures which were largely attended and which everywhere manifested a sustained interest in his subject. At Worcester he addressed the students of the Clark University by invitations of President G. Stanley Hall, and in Providence, R. I., he spoke before the Philosophical Club of the Brown University by invitation of Prof. E. B. Delabarre whose guest he was in the city."

Just at this time when he was at the height of his usefulness in America, Swami Vivekananda recalled him to India to help him in organising the monastery at Belur. He reached India in early February, 1898 and devoted himself to the duties for which he was called, and became the Secretary of the Ramakrishna Math and Mission, which he continued to be till his dying day. After his return from America, he gave a series of lectures on the Religion of Vedanta in the Albert Hall, which were highly appreciated by the Calcutta public. He also subsequently gave a series of learned lectures on the Vedas and the Gita, in a conversational style, which were very popular. About this time, he went to Kathiawar and East Bengal on preaching tours. After that, and especially after the passing of Swami Vivekananda in 1902, the responsibilities of organising and managing the growing work of the Order fell principally on him, and he settled down to the quiet discharge of his onerous duties. Very soon the editorial work of the Bengali monthly organ of the Order, *Udbodhan*, also fell on him. Henceforward he passed his days at the Baghbazar monastery, Calcutta, toiling at the multifarious works of the Organisation with whole-hearted devotion, unexhausted zeal and tireless patience, combining with the duties of secretaryship much private preaching, spiritual training of disciples and writing work.

The thought of Swami Saradananda invariably brings to our mind the picture of the ideal man as variously depicted in the Gita. He was the perfect *Sthita-pragna*, the man of steady wisdom. He was the ideal devotee of whom it has been said :

“He who has no enemy and is friendly and compassionate towards all, who is free from the feelings of ‘me’ and ‘mine,’ even-minded in pleasure and pain, and forbearing, ever content and steady in meditation, self-controlled, possessed of firm conviction, with mind and intellect fixed on Me,—he who is thus devoted to Me, is dear to Me.” Swami Saradananda was indeed dear to the Lord, and his soul was fragrant with all the graces enumerated of the Lord’s beloved. To those who knew him intimately, he seemed almost perfect with his deep spirituality, intellectual acumen and above all, his wonderful character. He was equally great in the graces of the head, hand and heart. This unique synthesis, was the main reason which, apart from his intense spirituality, made him a centre of irresistible attraction.

In trying to understand him, we come upon four distinct elements which combined to make him what he was. These were (1) his intense spirituality, (2) his prominent human qualities which were innate in him and were cultured to perfection, (3) his intellectual equipments and (4) his faithful submission to the commands of his great chief, Swami Vivekananda.

It would be impertinent on our part to seek to measure his spiritual achievements. But it could easily be felt that they were of the very highest order. It is said that during the early days of his discipleship, Sri Ramakrishna once asked him how he liked to realise God and what divine visions he liked to see in meditation. The Swami replied: “I do not want to see any particular form of God in meditation. I want to see Him manifested in all creatures of the world. I do not like visions.” The Master said with a smile: “That is the last word about spiritual attainment. You cannot have it all at once.” “But I won’t be satisfied with anything short of that,” replied the disciple, “I shall trudge on in the path of religious practice till that blessed state arrives.” We have reasons to infer that that blessed state did arrive to him. In dedicating his little book, *Bharate Sakti-puja*, the Swami himself admits that he has realised the special presence of the Divine Mother in all womankind. We are also told that on one occasion, being asked by some young monks if he had realised the highest truth, he jocosely remarked that he did not spend his days at Dakshineswar in “cutting grass,”* and observed that whatever he had written in his great book on Sri Ramakrishna about spiritual realities, was from his own experience. The signs of the highest spiritual realisations as described in the sacred books were certainly manifest in him.

A characteristic habit of the Swami was his aptitude for tapasya. Contemplation and meditation were constant and

* A Bengali phrase meaning “wasting time or opportunity.”

natural with him. In the beginning of his Indian work he used to meditate whole nights without the least sense of fatigue ; and he said that unless one kept intimate relations with God, one was likely to lose oneself in one's activities, and that a life of action without constant meditation and communion with God alienated one from God and spirituality and dragged one to the world. All his time was taken up by either work or Sadhana. Even during the last years when his health broke down, he kept up this habit and in spite of doctor's warning, spent long hours in meditation. To frequent and earnest requests to desist, his only reply was a sweet smile. And this ardour increased with the passing of days.

This tapasya made all his actions perfect. It was noticeable in the purity of his love and affection, wonderful self-denial and patience. It is not that whoever is spiritual would have these qualities in remarkable degrees. These have to be innate in a man or assiduously cultivated by him. But their *perfection* depends assuredly on a high spiritual development. Many of the human qualities were inborn with Swami Saradanda and were carefully cultured by him, and his high spirituality made them perfect. Of these qualities, the most prominent perhaps was his great universal love grounded on utter renunciation of self-interests and self-sacrifice in the service of others. That is also what endowed him with a marvellous patience and steadiness. To his love every life that came in touch with him bears testimony. It was like cool moonlight in a summer night. There was no demonstrativeness in it, it was silently potent and deep. It was not confined within the members of the monastic order and his intimate acquaintances, but was extended to all who even casually approached him. All erring individuals found shelter under his great love. Was any one ill? Let him come to his place. Has any one lost his sense? He found refuge in his monastery. Was anybody found difficult to treat with? Well, let him also come and live with him. Thus did his great love and patience prove a refuge to many who would otherwise have found their position difficult in the Order. Nor was this love a mere passive tolerance. It was silently active and positive in result. Many times his patience and love have been tried to their utmost limit, but never have they given way, but brought about, on the other hand, invisible changes in the recalcitrant minds. The secret was that along with loving patience, his behaviour with all was actuated by the consciousness of the inner Divinity of every man. The Divinity of man was a living experience with him and no imagination. His actions showed that he really felt that however disappointing his present aspects, every man contained in him germs of greatness and perfection. He could also therefore repose great confidence in others. This confidence inspired

trust and self-surrender in return and produced miraculous results. Nor would his trust in others be easily shaken. He would stand by one whom he had once given shelter and help him to the last. During the later part of the Swadeshi Movement, some young men, having come to feel that the Mission's ideals and methods were the best for the realisation of individual and national good, came to join the Order. Their previous political pre-occupations naturally gave rise to doubts as to the feasibility of their being admitted into the Order. Swami Saradananda however felt convinced of their sincerity and stood for them. They were taken in. But having once reposed confidence in them, he never cast the least suspicion on them and though they were sometimes the unintentional cause of worry to him, he never regretted his kindness. He had to submit, on one occasion at least, to great insult for their sake. But the Swami swallowed the "poison" with his habitual calmness. No matter in what straits, the monks, old and young, all found a steady refuge and help in him.

Many were the occasions when the Swami sat by the bedside of the sick members of the Math, patiently nursing them hour after hour, and his affectionate touch and sweet words lightened their suffering. Once when a servant of the monastery fell ill, he spent the whole night fanning and shampooing him. He had entered the room of the patient after dark so that he might not discover his identity and feel embarrassed. Oftentimes people have approached him with tales of woe, when he was himself perhaps suffering. Others tried to spare him these painful intrusions on his rest, but he was always for them. Once during a public festival at Belur, which the Swami attended though indisposed, a gentleman came weeping to him while he was resting to remove his extreme fatigue. He was asked by others to come to him another time. But the Swami remonstrated and said that the gentleman had come to him to relieve the agony of his heart and he must be given his opportunity. It was always thus with him. "Not I, but Thou, O Lord" and the Lord often came to the Swami in the guise of the suffering humanity.

During the last years he gave initiation (*Dikshâ*) to many. Of course initiation with persons of high spiritual realisations like the Swami was not a formal affair. It is said when such a person gives initiation, he receives on himself the *Karmas* that bind the disciples and obstruct their spiritual progress. This vicarious suffering of disciples' karmas often causes physical illness to the Guru. Some therefore urged on the Swami to desist from giving initiation in consideration of his broken health. The Swami's reply was characteristic: "Do not say so. I consider myself blessed that people come to me to hear

the Lord's name. It is not they but I who have to be thankful for this. I am fortunate indeed that I have been given the privilege of telling them of the Lord." This was the inner man of Swami Saradananda, the loving servant of the Lord in men.

His humility never knew bounds. He was great in every respect, in spirituality, intellect and achievements. But it was an unconscious greatness. There was never a touch of superiority in his behaviour with others. Once a boy went to him for initiation. He asked him to wait till he grew older and said: "Why hurry? Wait, greater people will come afterwards." That was an absolutely sincere statement. For often he has been heard to remark, on being questioned about the means of self-control, that he was ill qualified to advise on self-control because he himself was lacking in it. It was no idle self-abasement. The consciousness of Perfection was so vivid in his mind that even little defects in himself appeared large in his eyes. Yet who that knew him did not feel that a man of more perfect self-control was scarcely to be seen? He was scarcely known to have shown anger. His steadiness and mental poise was marvellous. And once Swami Vivekananda having teased him variously and long is said to have declared that Sarat had got "the blood of fish" in his veins and could never be made angry.

He was extremely chary of receiving personal service from others. The Swami was very bulky in appearance and had been long a victim of rheumatism. Physical labour naturally proved hard to him in later years. But still, though himself always full of service for others, he scarcely accepted any personal service. During the last few years his health was completely broken; but even then he would wash his own clothes and carry his own water-pot. When he visited Benares last time, it was winter, and it was his habit to bathe early in the morning. The first two or three days he bathed in cold water. A disciple, fearing that cold bath would be detrimental to his health, secretly got up at four in the morning and prepared hot water for him. At first the Swami did not notice this. After two or three days, he happened to wake up at four and heard some one moving about downstairs gathering firewood. When he came to learn his intention, he sternly asked him to return to his bed. The Swami gave up early bath from the next morning.

He always considered himself equal with the youngest member of the Order and was perfectly just and democratic in his dealings. Whenever there were wants of servants in the Math, he would offer to share the menial and domestic works along with the younger members. He never judged any one

or anything without considering all sides. Any hasty judgment or decision was foreign to his nature. This of course stood him in good stead as the practical executive head of the Math and Mission. Every one was sure to get a hearing from him. He never listened to slanders. About this he himself observed that he was guided by the behest of Swami Vivekananda who had asked him to allow slanders to enter his one ear only to throw it out by the other. It has always seemed to us that the successful discharge of responsible executive duties in our Organisation is a most difficult task. The difficulty is scarcely apparent. But those who know the deep and strong forces that constitute the R. K. Math and Mission know full well that it is nothing short of the stupendous. First of all, the harmonisation of the spiritual and the temporal in the Mission is itself a task of supreme difficulty. The conflict between the call of the solitude of the soul and the turmoil of work is inherent in human nature. Secondly, the spiritual quest of the individual members and of the whole Order has to be maintained intact and in unflinching intensity ; and yet the whole energy has to be brought to bear on the solution of the growing and changing problems of the nation and humanity. Thirdly, the freedom, spiritual and otherwise, of the individual members must be maintained to the utmost degree. The peculiarities of individual natures are gifts of Heaven and must in no way be interfered with but allowed to grow to their unique perfection. And yet individual freedom must be made to harmonise with the purpose and function of the Organisation. To add to these, the individual centres of work also enjoy large measures of independence which should not be unnecessarily encroached upon. And above all, the workers are mostly monks with their tremendous love of freedom. If any one succeeds in guiding and controlling an organisation involving such principles and difficulties, he must certainly be a man of extraordinary abilities. Without extreme sincerity, impartiality of treatment, democratic outlook and above all, the clear vision of the spiritual in every man, little success is possible. There is no room here for mere tact or diplomacy. One must be sincere to the backbone and utterly innocent of any worldly outlook. The reason of the Swami's great success as the Secretary of the Mission is due to his having these qualities in large measures. It once happened that some branch centre resisted his decisions and refused to abide by them unless they were confirmed by the President. The Swami never felt the implied slight but cheerfully submitted to the proposal. We have heard of another occasion when having discovered an unintentional error committed in connection with a certain work, he wept bitter tears of regret. He once approached Swami Brahmananda, the then President, with the requests that he should be relieved of the

Secretaryship of the Order. When asked the reason of this strange request, he replied that a few days ago he had reprimanded a junior monk for having come away from Brindaban without previously writing to him and though the monk had said that he had written, he had not believed him ; but that he had that day discovered the letter mixed up with other papers. The Swami continued : "He was right, I scolded him without reason. I must send for him and beg his forgiveness." The President asked him not to go so far. But he could not find rest till he actually expressed his mistake to the monk and begged his forgiveness.

The story of his feeling heart can never be ended. The R. K. Mission usually tries very promptly to take the field whenever there is famine, flood, epidemic, etc., and its selfless and efficient relief-activities are well-known. Though Swami Saradananda could not personally go to the field of action, his heart would shed tears of blood at the suffering of the people. How earnest and piteous were the prayers that he then sent to the feet of the Lord, we could understand from the plaintive letters that he would then write to the Holy Mother whom he looked upon as the Divine Mother Herself. He would detail the sufferings of the people to her and beg her to bless them and alleviate their suffering. The Mother herself also could not refrain from shedding tears over those pathetic letters. His exterior scarcely betokened such a soft heart. He was apparently very stern and grave. But inside he was as soft as any woman, and there was no sorrow or suffering that did not wake up a sympathetic reverberation in his heart's chords.

Himself a great spiritual power, his respect for the President of the Order was great. On the morning of the last Bengali New Year's Day, he waited standing long for the President to finish his breakfast and then made respectful obeisance at his feet like any of the junior monks. This was evidently his homage to the Head of the Order. Such indeed was his spirit of submission to the discipline of the Organisation.

He was specially devoted to the Holy Mother whose name he enshrined in his monastic appellation. Mother also had the greatest confidence in his ability and devotion. She often remarked that Sarat alone was able to bear her responsibility. It is said that during her last illness, Mother once remarked : "I am tired of this life. I shall now depart taking Sarat in my arms and take him wherever I go." When this reached the ears of the Swami, he burst out crying like a child. The house popularly known as the Udbodhan-Office was bought for her and was called the Mother's House, and the Swami called and thought himself the gate-keeper of the Mother's House. To her his services were literally worshipful. How much he loved

and revered her was apparent even from the respectful and affectionate concern that he evinced for every one connected with her at her father's place or in the monasteries. It was his fond wish to chronicle the events of her life, but the passing of Swami Brahmananda took all zest out of his life. His last great act of homage to her memory was the installation of a temple in her birthplace at Jayrambati. The installation ceremony and the infinite kindness and generosity with which he blessed all who approached him then, will ever remain a cherished memory to all who attended the occasion.

We have already referred to the Swami's own admission that he had realised the presence of the Divine Mother in all women. That this was an abiding experience with him was manifest in his reverential attitude towards all women. There was something in that which clearly indicated that he saw in them a reality superior to what appears to mortal eyes. He was besides being a great Vedantist also a great Tantrika. His great reverence for womankind found another expression in the keen and active interest that he took in developing the Nivedita Girls' School. When the Holy Mother passed away, the large number of lady-devotees partly forgot the bereavement in the holy society of the Swami. The present age is struggling for a readjustment of the inter-relation of the sexes. The Swami's attitude is not without its moral in this connection.

The Swami's intellectual accomplishments were not of a mean order. He was possessed of deep scriptural scholarship and was an author of great repute. His intellectualism was at least partly responsible for his breadth of vision and high-mindedness. For he could because of that easily grasp others' standpoints and look at problems from the standpoints of the questioners. It was extremely pleasant and beneficial to discuss social, cultural, philosophical or religious problems with him. He could handle things so rationally! As in other respects, so also in intellectual matters, he was thoroughly impartial and never allowed his judgment to be biased. And often he would solve intricate problems with a few illuminating words to the complete satisfaction of the questioners. Besides a few English works and a Bengali booklet, he has left behind a masterly exposition of the life and teachings of Sri Ramakrishna in five volumes, named *Sri Sri Ramakrishna-Lila-prasanga*, "Discourses on the Life of Sri Ramakrishna." It will stand for ever as a monument to his deep understanding of spiritual intricacies, sound judgment and mastery of a singularly forceful and precise style. This is certainly the greatest and the most authoritative work on Sri Ramakrishna. He did not leave the narrative completed. The passing of the Holy Mother and Swami Brahmananda seemed to paralyse his activity and he gradually

withdrew himself into meditative seclusion. When he was requested by Swami Suddhananda, the present Secretary of the Math and Mission, to complete his great book, he replied that he felt no inclination to write and was eager to lose himself in Divine contemplation and meditation.

And that indeed he actually did. As the days passed, he gave himself more and more to meditation. The mornings were almost wholly spent in spiritual practices, so also a great portion of the evenings. This was the fit conclusion of a life-long Karma-Yoga. For he was above all, an ideal Karma-Yogin. The special message that Swami Vivekananda delivered to the present age was that of Karma-Yoga. He wanted his monks to be a perfect harmony of Jnana, Bhakti, Yoga and Karma. This ideal was completely represented by Swami Saradananda, the brother-disciple whom the great Swami chose for the supreme task of organising his Order and actualising the details of his ideals. About Karma-Yoga, Swami Saradananda, being asked once to give his considered opinion regarding the relative values of the life of solitary meditation and that of Karma-Yoga, said: "Remove your doubt for ever, my boy, and remember what I say to-day. Those who will attain the summum bonum here will also attain it there, and those who will not attain it here will never attain it there." (By *here* and *there* the Swami meant work and seclusion). Steady, patient, unmoved by good or evil, unaffected by joy or sorrow, viewing all with the same eye, concentrating his whole soul on the Lord, and loving and seeing all beings as embodiments of the Divine—such was Swami Saradananda, the concrete form of the ideal that the members of the Ramakrishna Order ever hold before them, and no wonder that his loss has left a big gap in their heart.

His last great act was the calling of the first Convention of the R. K. Math and Mission, which was held in April, 1926. But it is a by-product of the Convention which was perhaps the most important of its results,—the appointment of a Working Committee for the control and conduct of the entire activities of the Organisation. This new step is bound to have a far-reaching effect; and had it not been for the active and whole-hearted support of Swami Saradananda, it would not perhaps have materialised. This evidently was his last legacy to the Order. After that he did not take much active part in its operations. The call of the Undifferentiated Transcendental was sounding clearer and clearer in his ear. Even the little differentiation that Karma-Yoga or service in even the best and highest spirit necessarily implies, was proving too much for his fully manifested spirit. He became yet more meditative and at last the fateful 6th August arrived. He was sitting in his room at 8-30 p.m. prepared to come downstairs to meet the assembled devotees, when he suddenly felt faint, lay down on

his bed and gradually lapsed into unconsciousness. Doctors and Kavirajas were hastily called in ; they declared that it was a case of apoplexy. Since then till his passing away, though he regained partial consciousness now and then, he was never considered out of danger. Devotees flocked from all parts of India to have a last look at the beloved Swami. On Thursday, the 18th August, he got fever and his temperature rose to 105°. The doctors declared the case hopeless. Next day at 2 A. M. the attendants felt that the last moment was imminent, called on the devotees and chanted the holy name of Sri Ramakrishna. At 2-30 A. M. the immortal spirit left its mortal tenement and attained its pristine glory. At noon the remains were taken to the Belur Math and cremated there.

We have but very poorly succeeded in depicting the character of Swami Saradananda. He was immeasurably superior to any conception of our sadly imperfect mind. Of the men of God, we ordinary mortals can know but little ; much necessarily remains beyond comprehension. Yet the very little that we comprehended of him, how much beyond the average man it seems ! After about thirty years' hard toil, he has been called back to the side of his great Master. May His will be done ! The men of God are few and far between ; and when we succeed, through rare good luck, to come in contact with them, we seem verily to *sense* God in their life. To enjoy their company and have their love are literally the enjoyment of Divine communion and love. Therefore their departure from the world seems for the time being to deprive the soul of the ineffable bliss of Divine communion. Such an infliction indeed has been the passing of Swami Saradananda to many ; and their grief is too recent yet to be assuaged by any philosophical speculation. Those who have lived so long protected under the wings of his love, will now have to stand under the open sky and fight their lone battles. But life for them will not be without consolation. For the memory of his great love and life will always infuse new strength into their hearts and actuate them to deeper and deeper accessions to Truth. Having seen him, they have seen what true spirituality is ;—they have not to *imagine* it any more. They also have seen true manhood demonstrated before them. These are great gains. And perhaps even across the abyss of death they will sometimes get the living touch of his love. To the world outside, his life will ever remain a source of great inspiration for noble living and noble achievements. Future India will severely come to look upon him as one of its greatest spiritual teachers and as an ideal Karma-Yogin, a proto-type of what every Indian should be. Death has not ended his career among men, it has only begun it for yet coming ages.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF INDIAN MYSTICISM UPTO THE AGE OF JNANESVARA

BY PROF. R. D. RANADE, M.A.

Director, The Academy of Philosophy and Religion, Poona

[Prof. R. D. Ranade, a scholar of repute, is the director of the Academy of Philosophy and Religion, Poona. It was founded by him in June, 1924 and has enlisted the active sympathy of many scholars and patrons of learning all over India. Its objects are: Research in all philosophies and religions of the world; Publication of original philosophical and religious books; and Lectures in philosophy and religion at various centres in India. During the last three years the Academy has been fulfilling its functions to a certain measure and has already undertaken a very important work, the preparation of an Encyclopædic History of Indian Philosophy in 16 volumes, from the Vedic philosophy down to the modern movements, all to be written by scholars of recognised authority on the subjects. The Board of Editors contains such illustrious names as Sir B. N. Seal, Dr. Ganganath Jha, Prof. S. Radhakrishnan and Prof. S. N. Das Gupta. Two volumes have already been published, and another, "Mysticism in Maharashtra," by Prof. Ranade, is in the press. The following article is the first chapter of that book. It may be, our readers will find it difficult to fully agree with some of the opinions expressed in it, e.g., on the Upanishadic mysticism, Tantrikism and Radha-Krishna cult. But it gives a beautiful panoramic view of the development of Indian mysticism.—*Editor.*]

THE MYSTICISM OF THE UPANISHADS AND THE MYSTICISM OF THE MIDDLE AGE

In the previous volumes of our Encyclopædic History of Indian Philosophy, we have traced the development of Indian thought from its very dimmest beginnings in the times of the Rigveda downwards through the great philosophical conflicts of Theism, Pantheism and Qualified Pantheism to the twilight of the mysticism of the Middle Age, which being the practical side of philosophy can alone give satisfaction to those who care for philosophy as a way of life. The mystical vein of thought has been present throughout the development of Indian thought from the age of the Upanishads downwards. But it assumes an extraordinary importance only when we come to the second millennium of the Christian era which sees the birth of the practical spiritual philosophy taught by the mystics of the various Provinces of India. We have indeed seen that the culmination of Upanishadic philosophy was mystical. But the mysticism of the Upanishads was different from the mysti-

cism of the Middle Age inasmuch as it was merely the tidal wave of the philosophic imaginings of the ancient seers, while the other was the natural outcome of a heart full of piety and devotion, a consciousness of sin and misery, and finally a desire to assimilate itself practically to the Divine. The Upanishadic mysticism was a naive philosophical mysticism ; the mysticism of the Middle Age was a practical devotional mysticism. The Upanishadic mysticism was not incompatible with queer fancies, strange imaginings, and daring theories about the nature of Reality : the mysticism of the Middle Age was a mysticism which hated all philosophical explanations or philosophical imaginings as useless, when contrasted with the practical appropriation of the Real. The Upanishadic mysticism was the mysticism of the sages who lived in cloisters far away from the bustle of humanity and who, if they permitted any company at all, permitted only the company of their disciples. The mysticism of the Middle Age was a mysticism which wholly engrossed itself in the practical upliftment of the human kind, based upon the sure foundation of one's own perfect spiritual development. The Upanishadic mystic did not come forward with the deliberate purpose of mixing with men in order to ameliorate their spiritual condition. The business of the mystic of the Middle Age consisted in mixing with the ordinary run of mankind, with sinners, with pariahs, with women, with people who cared not for the spiritual life, with people who had even mistaken notions about it, with, in fact, everybody who wanted, be it even so little, to appropriate the Real. In a word we may say that as we pass from the Upanishadic mysticism to the mysticism of the Middle Age, we see the spiritual life brought from the hidden cloister to the market-place.

THE MYSTICISM OF THE BHAGAVADGITA AND THE MYSTICISM OF THE MIDDLE AGE

Before, however, mysticism could be brought from being the private possession of the few to be the property of all, it must pass through the intermediate stage of the moral awakening of the people to a sense of duty, which would not be incompatible with philosophical imagination on the one hand and democratisation of mystical experience on the other, which task indeed was accomplished by the Bhagavadgita. As is well known, the Bhagavadgita laid stress on the doing of duty for duty's sake almost in the spirit of the Kantian categorical imperative. This is the central thread which strings together all the variegated teachings of the Bhagavadgita. The doctrine of Immortality which it teaches in the second chapter, the way of equanimous Yogic endeavour which it inculcates in the fifth, the hope which it holds out for sinners as well as saints, for women as well as men, in the ninth, the superiority

which it declares of the way of devotion to the way of mere knowledge in the twelfth, and finally the universal immanence and omnipotence of God which it proclaims in the last chapter, supply merely side-issues for the true principle of Moral Conduct which finds its justification in Mystic Realisation. The Bhagavadgita, however, had not yet bade good-bye to philosophical questionings; it had not yet ceased to take into account the philosophical issues raised by the previous systems of philosophy; it had not yet lost hope for reconciling all these philosophical issues in a supreme mystical endeavour. In these respects the mysticism of the Middle Age offers a contrast to the mysticism of the Bhagavadgita. Barring a few exceptions here and there, the entire tenor of the mysticism of the Middle Age is for the practical upliftment of humanity irrespective of any philosophical questionings, with probably a strong, if not even a slightly perverted, bias against philosophical endeavour to reach the Absolute. We may say in fact that as the mysticism of the Bhagavadgita rests upon a philosophical foundation, the mysticism of the Middle Age rests upon itself, invoking no aid from any philosophical construction whatsoever.

THE PERSONALITY OF KRISHNA

The personality of Krishna, which looms large behind the teachings of the Bhagavadgita, is indeed a personality which antiquarians and critics have sought in vain to construct from all the available evidence from the times of the Vedas to the times of the Puranas. While one view would hold that Krishna was merely a solar deity, another would regard him merely as a vegetation deity; a third would identify the Krishna of the Bhagavadgita with the Krishna of the Chhandogya Upanishad on the slender evidence of both being the sons of Devaki, unmindful of any difference between their teachings; a fourth would father upon Krishnaism the influence of Christian belief and practice. To add to these things, we have to note that these critics have been entirely blind to the fact, as Mr. Raychaudhuri has cleverly pointed out, that the Krishna, the famous prince of the Vrishni family of Mathura, was the same as Vasudeva, the founder of "Bhagavatism" which is also called the Satvata, or the Aikantika doctrine in the Santiparvan. Vasudevism was indeed no new religion, *pace* Dr. Bhandarkar, as has been contended sometimes. It was merely a new stress on certain old beliefs which had come down from the days of the Vedas. The spring of devotional endeavour which we see issuing out of the mountainous regions of the Vedas, being then directed primarily to the personality of Varuna, hides itself in the philosophical woodlands of the Upanishads, until in the days of the Bhagavadgita it issues out again, and appears to

vision in a clear fashion with only a new stress on the old way of beliefs. The mystical strain which is to be found in Upanishadic discussion is to be found even here in Vasudevism with a greater emphasis on devotion. That the Vasudeva doctrine and order existed in the times of Panini is now patent to everybody. The epigraphic evidence afforded by the Besanagar and Ghasundi inscriptions with even the mention of "Dama, Tyaga and Apramada"—virtues mentioned by the Bhagavan in the Bhagavadgita—lends a strong support to, and gives historical justification for, the existence of the Vasudeva religion some centuries previous to the Christian era, and the philosophic student would note that as in essence the religion of the Bhagavadgita does not differ from the religion of the Santiparvan, mysticism being the culmination of the teachings of both, it is the same personality of Krishna which appears likewise as the promulgator of the Bhagavata doctrine, even though at later times that doctrine fell into the hands of the mythologists, who, not having been able to understand its philosophical and mystical import, tried merely to give it an occult and ritualistic colouring.

VISHNU OCCULTISM : THE PANCHARATRA

This indeed did happen as the Pancharatra doctrine came to be formulated and developed. The doctrine has its roots so far back as at the times of the Mahabharata, though later on it came to be taught as a separate occult doctrine. We are concerned here, however, only with its later theological development, and not with its origin. We have to see how the Pancharatra was a system of occult Vishnu worship. The system derived its name from having contained five different disciplines, namely Ontology, Liberation, Devotion, Yoga, and Science. Its central Occult doctrine was that Divinity was to be looked upon as being fourfold, that Vishnu manifests himself in the four different forms of Vasudeva, Sankarshana, Pradyumna and Aniruddha. These are called the four Vyuhas, that is to say, "disintegrations" of the one Divinity into four different aspects. Now the supreme Godhead was regarded as possessing six different powers, namely, Jnana, Aisvarya, Sakti, Bala, Virya and Tejas. These six qualities were to be "shoved off" into three different groups. The first and the fourth constitute the first group and belong to Sankarshana. The second and the fifth constitute the second group and belong to Pradyumna. The third and the sixth constitute the third group and belong to Aniruddha. In fact, it seems that the whole Pancharatra scheme was based upon the worship of the Vasudeva family: Sankarshana was Vasudeva's brother, Pradyumna his son, Aniruddha his grand-son. Each of these three Vyuhas, with its set of two qualities each, was identical

with Vasudeva in possession of all the six qualities. When, however, we remember that the last three qualities, namely Bala, Virya and Tejas are merely a reduplication of the third quality, namely Sakti, the sixfold scheme of qualities falls to the ground, and what remain is only the three primary qualities, namely Jnana, Aisvarya and Sakti. These three belong severally to Sankarshana, Aniruddha and Pradyumna, and collectively to Vasudeva himself. There is also a cosmological sense in which the three last Vyuhās are to be regarded as being related to the first, namely, Vasudeva. They are a series of emanations, one from another, like one lamp lit from another. From Vasudeva was born Sankarshana, from Sankarshana, Pradyumna, and from Pradyumna, Aniruddha. This is as much as to say, that from the Self was born the Prakriti, from the Prakriti, the Mind, and from Mind, Consciousness. Dr. Grierson has put the whole cosmological case of the Pancharatras in a lucid fashion: "Vasudeva first creates Prakriti and passes at the same time into the phase of conditioned spirit, Sankarshana. From the association of Sankarshana with the Prakriti, Manas is produced; at the same time Sankarshana passes into the phase of conditioned spirit known as Pradyumna. From the association of Pradyumna with the Manas springs the Samkhya Ahankara, and Pradyumna passes into a tertiary phase known as Aniruddha. From Ahankara and Aniruddha spring forth the Mahabhutas." This was how the four Vyuhās came to be endowed with a cosmological significance. Vishnu, however, whose manifestations all the four Vyuhās are supposed to be, is endowed by the Pancharatra scheme with two more qualities, namely Nigraha and Anugraha, which, when paraphrased freely, might mean destruction and construction, disappearance and appearance, frown and favour, determinism and grace. The theistic importance of the Pancharatra comes in just here that it recognises the principles of "grace". The grace of the Divinity is compared to a shower of compassion which comes down from heaven: it droppeth as the gentle rain upon the place beneath. The Pancharatra rarely uses Advaitic language, and had it not been for the doctrine of the Antaryamin, which, as Dr. Scharader has pointed out, is its point of contact with Pantheism, it would not have much in common with the Advaitic scheme. It does not support the illusionistic doctrine of the Advaita, and its Occultism is seen writ large upon its face in its disintegration of the one Divinity into four aspects, which acquire forthwith an equal claim upon the devotion of the worshipper.

SIVA OCCULTISM: TANTRISM

Correlative to the Vishnu Occultism of the Pancharatra, we have the Siva Occultism of Tantrism, the sources of which

likewise are to be traced as far back as the days of the Mahabharata. The Siva Occultism even surpasses Vishnu Occultism in point of irregularities of belief and practice, which must be regarded evidently as aberrations of mysticism. When we remember the distinction between Mysticism and Occultism, the one given entirely to God-devotion and God-realisation, and the other to mere incrustations on these, which inevitably gather round any good thing as time goes on, we shall not wonder at the great aberrations of practice which are illustrated in the development of Tantrism. Possessing an immense literature as it does, Tantrism abounds in discussions of Mantra, Yantra, and Nyasa which are only fortuitous, and therefore unnecessary elements in the true worship by means of the heart, which alone mysticism commends. . . . No doubt when Tantrism recognises Siva as the embodiment of Supreme Consciousness, and Sakti as the embodiment of Supreme Power, both being merely the aspects of that eternal Verity, the Brahman, it preaches a truth which is worth while commending in philosophy. Tantrism recognises itself to be the practical counterpart of Advaitism. In that respect even the great Sankaracharya may be regarded as a great Tantrist ; and Tantrism was supposed to be merely the Sadhana counterpart of the doctrine of Monism. It is not its philosophic standpoint which is worth while commenting on in Tantrism. It is rather its practical part, the part of Sadhana, which, if literally understood, was sure to engender grievous practices bordering upon immorality and vice. . . . In psychology, however, Tantrism did one good service in the development of Indian thought. It supposed that a man's mind was a vast magazine of powers, and as the universal Consciousness was supposed to be vehicled by the universal Power, so man's consciousness was supposed to be vehicled by the power in the form of mind and body. The unfoldment of such power was the work of Sadhana. A man in whom Sakti was awakened differed immensely from the man in whom it was sleeping, and the whole psychological process of the Tantric Sadhana lay in the awakening of the Kundalini. Tantrism did great service to the development of physiological knowledge when it recognised certain plexuses in the human body such as the Adharachakra, the Svadhishthanachakra, the Anahatachakra and so on, until one reached the Sahasrarachakra in the brain. But on the whole, it may not be far away from the truth to say that Tantrism drove true mysticism into occult channels, from which it was not easy to extricate it, and to set it on a right foundation.

THE BHAGAVATA AS A STOREHOUSE OF ANCIENT MYSTICISM

We have hitherto considered the occult movements, both Vaishnavite and Saivite, which spring from the days of the

Mahabharata to end in utterly sectarian systems, each of which tries to develop its dogma in its own particular way. We shall now consider the Mystic movement proper, for which our texts are the Bhagavata, the Narada Bhakti Sutra and the Sandilya Bhakti Sutra. These three works represent the Mystic development of thought which probably runs side by side with the Occult movement on the one hand which we have already considered, and the Philosophic movement which we shall consider a little further on. That the Bhagavata influenced systems of philosophical thought like those of Ramanuja and Madhva, that it had by that time earned sufficient confidence from the people to be used as a text-book, that it is the repository of the accounts of the greatest mystics from very ancient times, that, though some of its language may be modern, it contains archaisms of expression and diction which may take it back to the early centuries of the Christian era—all these facts make it impossible that the Bhagavata should have been written, as is sometimes contended, about the 12th century A.D., pointing out unmistakably that it must have been written earlier, *pari passu* with the development of early philosophical systems, so as ultimately, in course of time, to be able to influence later formulations of thought. The Bhagavata, as we have pointed out, is a repository of the accounts of the Ancient Mystics of India, and if we may seek for some types of mystics in the Bhagavata, we may find a number of such types, which later on influenced the whole course of the Mystic movement. Dhruva, in the first place, is a child-prince who leaves his kingdom and the world when he is insulted by his step-mother and who, in the agonies of his insult, seeks the forest where he meets the spiritual teacher who imparts to him the knowledge of the way to God, and who ultimately succeeds in realising His vision (IV. 8). Prahlada, the son of the Demon-King, whose love to God stands unvanquished in the midst of difficulties, whose very alphabets are the alphabets of devotion, who escapes the dangers of the fire and the mountain when his earnestness about God is put to the test, supplies another example of a pure and disinterested love to God, so that he is able to say to God when he sees Him—"I am Thy disinterested Devotee. Thou art my disinterested Master. But if Thou wishest to give me any boon at all, bestow upon me this boon, that no desire should ever spring up within me" (VII. 10). Uddhava is the friend of God, whose love to Him stands the test of time, and of philosophical argument (X. 46). Kubja, the crooked concubine, who conceived apparently a sexual love towards Krishna, had her own sexuality transformed into pure love, which made her ultimately the Beloved of the Divine (X. 42). Even the Elephant who lifted up his trunk to God when he found his foot caught hold of by the great Alligator in the sea, supplies

us with another illustration as to how even animals might be lifted up by devotion, and as to how God might come even to their succour in the midst of their afflictions (VIII. 2-3). Sudaman, the poor devotee, who has no other present to offer to God except a handful of parched rice, is ultimately rewarded by God who makes him the lord of the City of Gold (X. 80-81). Ajamila, the perfect sinner, who is merged in sexuality towards a pariah woman, gets liberation merely by uttering the Name of God at the time of his death (VI. 1-2). The sage Ajagara, who lives a life of idle contentment and of unconscious service to others, has derived his virtues from a Serpent and a Bee whom he regards as his spiritual teachers (VII. 13). Rishabhadeva, whose interesting account we meet with in the Bhagavata, is yet a mystic of a different kind, whose utter carelessness of his body is the supreme mark of his God-realisation. We read how, having entrusted to his son Bharata the kingdom of the Earth, he determined to lead a life of holy isolation from the world ; how he began to live like a blind or a deaf or a dumb man ; how he inhabited alike towns and villages, mines and gardens, mountains and forests ; how he never minded however much he was insulted by people, who threw stones and dung at him, or subjected him to all sorts of humiliation ; how in spite of all these things his shining face and his strong-built body, his powerful hands and the smile on his lips, attracted even the women in the royal harems ; how he was in sure possession of all the grades of happiness mentioned in the Upanishads, how ultimately he decided to throw over his body ; how, when he had first let off his subtle body go out of his physical body, he went travelling through the Karnatak and other provinces, where, while he was wandering like a lunatic, naked and lone, he was caught in the midst of a great fire kindled by the friction of bamboo trees ; and how finally he offered his body in that fire as a holocaust to God (V. 5-6). Avadhuta is yet a mystic of a different type who learns from his twenty-four Gurus different kinds of virtues such as Forbearance from the Earth, Luminosity from the Fire, Unfathomableness from the Ocean, Seclusion from a Forest, and so on, until he ultimately synthesises all these different virtues in his own unique life (XI. 7). Suka, in whose mouth the philosophico-mystical doctrines of the Bhagavata are put, is the type of a great mystic who practises the philosophy that he teaches, whose mystical utterances go to constitute the whole of the Bhagavata, and who sums up his teaching briefly in the 87th chapter of the Xth Skandha of the Bhagavata, where he points out the necessity of a Spiritual Teacher, of Devotion, and of the Company of the Good for a truly mystical life. Finally, Krishna himself, who is the hero of the Xth and the XIth Skandhas of the Bhagavata, who, on account of his great spiritual powers,

might be regarded as verily an incarnation of God, whose relation to the Gopis has been entirely misrepresented and misunderstood, whose teachings in essence do not differ from those advanced in the Bhagavadgita, who did not spare his own family when arrogance had seized it, who lived a life of action based upon the highest philosophical teaching, and who, when the time of his departure from earthly existence had come, offered himself to be shot by a hunter with an arrow, thus making a pretext for passing out of mortal existence, supplies us with the greatest illustration of a mystic who is at the top of all the other mystics mentioned in the Bhagavata Purana.

(To be continued)

MOMENTS WITH SWAMI TURIYANANDA IN AMERICA

BY SWAMI ATULANANDA

(Continued from the last issue)

He never hesitated to correct our shortcomings in a bold, straightforward way, for which we, in the West, were hardly prepared.

Some of the students took exception at the unceremonious method in which the Swami rebuked them. They were greatly annoyed and offended when he laid bare their weak spots in the presence of others, or even in private. Then he would say, "You people in the West always try to cover up and hide your mistakes. But how can the wound be treated unless the bandages are removed? You hide your real character behind a smooth and polite exterior, but the sore festers in the heart. The Guru is the physician, and once the disease is diagnosed he must not fear to apply the lancet if necessary. Sometimes a deep, clear incision is the only remedy. You are so sensitive, always afraid of being scolded or exposed. When I flatter a little, you say, 'Swami is so wonderful,' but when I utter a harsh word you run away."

Another difficulty the Swami had to meet was that some students thought that he did not understand them.

To this he would reply, "I know you better than you know yourself, because I can look deep into your mind. What is hidden to yourself, is revealed to me. In time you will realize that what I tell you is true."

We could not understand it then, but later, when hidden tendencies came to the front, we discovered that the Swami was right.

A young student once confessed this to him, and then the Swami gave the explanation.

“You see,” he said, “ordinarily we know only the surface waves of our mind. But through Yoga practice we learn to go deeper. By watching and studying our own minds we dive below the surface consciousness, and observe what is going on there. Many Samskaras—latent desires and tendencies—are stored up there, waiting for an opportunity to express themselves. These we can discover before they rise to the surface. This is very important, for once a thought has come to the surface it is extremely difficult to control. But at an early stage, before it has fully developed and gathered strength, it is easy to manipulate. This is called, ‘Seeing our thoughts in seed form.’

“The seed is easily destroyed, but when it has germinated and grown into a big, strong tree, it requires great strength and effort to hew it down. So we must crush our desires in their early, undeveloped stages. Yogis can do this. They keep down undesirable thoughts in the germ state by smothering them beneath thoughts of an opposite nature. Thus they conquer all evil tendencies, hatred with love, anger with kindness, and so on.”

Once in New York, after a morning lecture, the Swami called me aside, and asked me to go with him for a walk. It was a lovely, sunny day. We took lunch together in a restaurant, and then walked to Central Park. There we sat down in a solitary place on the grass beneath a tree. The Swami had spoken little. He was in a serious mood, and seemed a little sad, I knew there was something on his mind that he wanted to unburden, but I did not feel inclined to approach the subject. However, at last he began.

“You see,” he said, “I tell you everything because I cannot keep my thoughts hidden. Some of the students think that I don’t understand them. That is because they don’t understand themselves. They don’t know the hidden motives that prompt them to action. They feel the impulse to do certain things, and that impulse they interpret to suit their own convenience. The real desire that pushes them on, they don’t see. I can see these hidden springs, but when I tell the students this, they get annoyed, and say, ‘Swami doesn’t understand.’ Everybody in this country thinks that he is unselfish, whereas unselfishness is extremely rare. We are deluded by our ego. Therefore, Hindu scriptures say that a Guru is necessary. He can probe the mind of the disciple, see his real motives, and warn him in time. But Western people don’t understand this. They won’t admit the need of a Guru. The West is very egoistic.”

When we got up and walked home, the Swami said, "My Master was a perfect Yogi, nothing remained hidden from him. He knew our minds through and through. We didn't have to ask him anything, he anticipated all our thoughts. We never had the impression that he was teaching us, but he watched us all the time. Nothing escaped him. He knew what pitfalls stood in our way, and he made us avoid them.

"Have you ever seen people play chess? The players sometimes overlook a move because their minds are set on winning the game. But the looker-on will see the move, because his mind is calm, not disturbed by the desire to win. We become ambitious, and thus lose clearness of vision. Ambition sweeps us along, and all prudence is thrown to the winds. Our desires make us blind."

When I saw in the letter which I have quoted before about the Swami scolding his nurses, I was reminded of what another friend of mine once told me. She also had freely given her skill and time to wait on him through a serious illness.

"The Swami," she told me, "was what we call a difficult patient. He insisted on having his own way. He was almost like a child, fretful, and complaining about little things. I could not understand it. I expected a Sannyasin to be above all weaknesses, stoical under all conditions, suffering silently, as *we* all try to do. Instead of that he showed his temper at the least provocation, and sometimes seemed even unreasonable.

"One morning, when I came to release the night nurse, I found him peevish after a restless night. Almost the first words he greeted me with were a scolding. 'You Western nurses don't know anything. Any Hindu knows more about nursing than you do. Our grandmothers are better doctors than all your M. D's.'

"Of course, I knew he did not mean it. But, you know, we, trained nurses, are very touchy when our profession is assailed. So I was really annoyed, and rather sharply remarked, 'I don't know anything about your grandmother, but our men are braver under suffering than you are.'

"'Yes,' the Swami retorted, 'you all want to show off, but I don't care for your praise or blame. If you don't like me you may go. I don't need any nurse. I could cure myself this moment, if I wanted to. I am a better Christian scientist than you people are. Go, and carry your pride elsewhere, where you will get praise. I can do nothing with you. All you want is a little surface polish and praise. I am not going to be a hypocrite to please you. Even a patient, in this country is not allowed to be natural. He must consider the nurse, what will *she* think?'

"I loved the Swami and regretted to have given way to

impatience. Tears came to my eyes. When the Swami saw this, his attitude suddenly changed, and he said, very gently, 'Don't you know, this is our way of doing in India? We scold those whom we love. When we feel indifferent toward a person, we never scold him. But those whom we love we try to correct. What do I care whether I am sick or well? I have come to this country to help you, not for my own benefit.' "

This little episode must be rather surprising to those who have witnessed the remarkable power of *titiksha* (patient endurance) shown by the Swami during the years of his last and very painful illness. He has shown in that one side of his nature, in the West he showed another side and if we believe that the Swami was one of those souls already free, reborn on earth to do his share in his Master's work, we cannot but believe that behind this all was a great purpose.

Perhaps my friend's own confession throws light upon the subject. For there is a sequel to this story. She admitted that patient and even heroic suffering in the West is so common than in the Swami's case it would not have attracted her special attention. But when during the rest of his illness, after this little incident, she found the Swami kindness and patience itself, she recognized his power of manipulating his own mind. Henceforth he was as manageable as an obedient child, without a complaint. He spoke of the Divine Mother as a power greater than the power of man. He was Her child, accepting without complaint whatever She meted out to him. "Let Mother's will be done," was constantly on his lips. My friend's professional pride was toned down. She began to realize that after all, man is but an instrument in the Mother's hands. She became one of the Swami's most devoted disciples.

I have often been present when the Swami came to the kitchen and told stories while the mistress of the home prepared the food. One of these stories I remember was about a lion who had been caught and tied down with ropes. A little mouse came and began to gnaw the ropes one by one, till the lion was free. "Thus," the Swami concluded, "the mind must cut one by one the bondages of the world, till the soul is liberated."

His answers to questions after the lectures, were often short, but always to the point and illuminating. Thus we had our doubts settled, sometimes doubts of long standing, that had puzzled us a great deal. The Swami was very fond of the saint Tulsidas, and in answering questions often quoted his sayings.

Once, in San Francisco, when a student asked him why there is so much evil in the world, the Swami replied, "Tulsidas says, 'To the good the world is full of good, but to the bad

the world is full of evil.' The world is neither good nor bad. What I call good, you perhaps call bad, and the reverse. Where is the standard? The standard is in our own attitude towards life. Each one has his own standard. And with increased experience and insight, the standard changes. The pity is that we still recognize evil. When we become perfectly good ourselves, the whole world will appear good. We see only the reflection of our own minds. See the Lord always in everything, and you will see no evil."

When asked to explain this more fully, he said, "A suspicious mind sees evil everywhere ; a trusting mind sees only good. Have you ever seen a jealous woman? She is always suspicious. Her husband may be a good man, but no matter what he says or does, the woman will find something to justify her jealousy. A quarrelsome person constantly finds something to quarrel about ; a peaceful person finds no one to quarrel with. I find so many people here with fixed notions. They have one set idea that colors everything. They cannot get away from it. Everything is explained according to that one idea.

"Some persons always want to argue. They often have little brain, cannot see a point, still they must argue. Then there are over-sensitive persons. They are always on the defensive. Whatever general statement you may make, they take as being directed towards them, to attack them. All these are causes for evil. But the evil is not in the world, it is in the persons. It is all a matter of misunderstanding. If we understood each other better there would be less evil.

"But who wants to understand? Every one is shut up within his own ego. From that prison we judge the world. The remedy is to see the Lord in all. 'He who sees Me in all, and all in Me,' Sri Krishna says, 'he finds peace.' See the Lord, and you will see good everywhere."

In the Shanti Ashrama the Swami repeatedly warned us against idle talk. "You always like to gossip," he said. "Useless talk brings much trouble. You begin to discuss others, and go on at a great rate talking foolishness. Why do you criticize others? Look at your own faults, and be silent. A Hindu saint has said, 'Let your lips only utter the name of the Lord, let your ears only hear the words of scripture and wise men, let your eyes see only God's greatness in His creation.'

"That is why I sometimes ask you to observe silence, and to live alone, in retreat. Silence is called *mauna* in Sanskrit. It means not only abstaining from speech, but indrawing of all the senses, looking inward, centring the mind on Atman. The mind is always curious, always reaches out for 'news.' I see, whenever it is mail day, you run for your letters, and for the following twenty-four hours, though your body is here, your

mind is in San Francisco. Give up being curious about non-sensical things, be curious about Mother, and how to know and love Her. Make the best of your time. Life is short, don't waste your energy in useless pursuits. 'Know the Atman alone, and give up all other talk.' "

The Swami's instructions were not reserved for special occasions. His religion was not a Sunday or special-day religion. He *was* what he taught. His talks came in torrents, ever new flows, fresh currents from an inexhaustible spring. There was no set time; we never knew when a new supply would be released. We therefore wanted to be with him at all times, that we might not miss a single outpour from that hidden source deep down in his own heart. For in him dwelled the Divine Mother, using his lips to teach, to call, Her children.

Yes, it is true what my friend writes, the Swami used to call us Mother's children. And how sweet, how encouraging did these words sound in our ears!

GOD, SOUL AND MATTER

BY SWAMI SHARVANANDA

(Concluded from the last issue)

GOD

Religion begins with the personal conception of God who is considered to be endowed with supreme attributes and excellences and infinite powers. He is looked upon as the creator, preserver and ruler of the universe and on his mercy the entire creation depends. He has a distinct personality. He resides in some extra-cosmic region from where he manipulates the infinite forces of the universe. This personal conception is natural with man. The very limitations of man compel him to look up to some being who would help him to transcend those limitations to realise a better state of being for which his whole soul yearns. And the thought of that great helper as infinite and perfect in every respect is a deep psychological necessity with him. Man however does not seem to feel the incongruity of combining these aspects simultaneously in God. That a God who is infinite and perfect cannot also at the same time be a person, a ruler or helper, does not seem to strike him. Anyhow this personal ideal of God is in all revealed religions the motive power and spring of all noble sentiments and inspirer of superior and holy life.

Along with the consciousness of limited existence, an intense pessimism also marks the beginning of religion. Pessimism takes a gloomy view of life. The world seems a vale of

tears and religion is considered to brighten life with the light of hope and glory, promising to take man beyond to a state where reigns perfect freedom from the present harrassing limitations. This state of perfection and emancipation through the grace of God is called heaven. The hope of heaven is a strong incentive to the ordinary mind in taking to the worship of God.

But when the mind is chastened and ethically purified and spiritually uplifted by worship which is nothing but a psychological approach to the Divine Ideal, it is able to perceive subtler aspects of life and existence. It feels that a being who is personal, that is to say, of a limited existence implied in personality, can never be infinite and perfect in the true sense. Individuality or personality always carries with it the consciousness of a distinction which is inherent in all conditioned existence, in objects limited by time, space and causation. A limited thing can never be truly perfect or infinite. True infinity is always transcendental. It is unconditioned by time, space and causation. Therefore to look upon God as infinite, perfect, omniscient, omnipresent and omnipotent and also a personal being, is a manifest self-contradiction. To be truly infinite, omniscient, omnipresent, etc., the Divine Principle must be all-pervasive, immanent, and therefore impersonal. Nay, even the immanent view of God does not truly represent his perfection and infinity. An immanent and all-pervasive principle can be infinite only mathematically. But it is mutable and conditioned even as infinite matter is conditioned being converted to various modes by time, space and causality. But of course both the material and spiritual principles cannot be mutable, for then they would require a third principle which must be immutable, because no mutation is conceivable without an immutable something as its background, which must be imagined to be superior even to the spiritual principle. But there is nothing beyond spirit. Strict logic therefore points that the spiritual principle or the Divine Principle must be transcendental and metaphysically infinite to be truly perfect and the permanent basis of existence and life.

That is why we notice that the philosophies of the different religions of the world have generally taken three views of the Divine Principle, namely, God the personal, God the immanent impersonal and God the absolute. This three-fold view of God is also found corroborated by the practical religion, by the actual experiences of religious mystics in different parts of the world. Some mystics experience God as an actual Divine person, responding to their prayer, succouring their needs and receiving the devout homage of their heart. They are even vouchsafed the vision of the personal forms of the Divine. These mystics are not frauds. For we find them

leading lives of utmost moral purity and saintliness such as are scarcely found among ordinary men. Nor are they deluded fools. For their clarity of vision and keen understanding of things and affairs and highly developed intellectual powers can hold comparison very favourably with the best of the so-called intelligent. We must therefore give credence to their evidence and cannot dogmatically set aside their experiences as mental aberrations.

It has been truly said: "Though he is of the nature of pure intelligence, one without a second, without parts and bodiless, yet for the sake of the devotees, Brahman assumes forms." The concretisation of the impersonal Brahman into personal forms is not a subjective aberration of the devotee, but an actual objective fact. It may be too subtle to be apprehended by the ordinary mind, yet it is as much a fact as any concrete object of the world. As external objects are subjective, being the visions of individuals imposed upon the formless material principle, but also objective (and not *products* of individual minds) being perceived similarly and simultaneously by all, even so the personal forms of God, though mental visions, are not yet the outcome of any individual mind, but of the cosmic mind, and are therefore as much a fact and reality as any other object of the universe.

We next notice another group of religious mystics who rise to a still higher experience where the Divine Principle is experienced as the immanent being imbuing everything, every atom, every pulsation of life. Nothing exists which is not an expression of that being. He is the soul of all souls. He is essentially of the nature of intelligence, bliss and energy and is the substance and eternal basis of all phenomena.

There is still another class of mystics whose spiritual experiences transcend even immanence. Contemplating their beloved deity, they reach a state of consciousness where the human soul rends the their rind of individuality, of time, space and causation, of all limitations, and loses itself in the ecstasy of a being that is at once transcendental, infinite and indescribable. Nothing can be posited of that experience except that it is the consciousness of pure existence, unfettered intelligence and causeless bliss. It is this which has been described by the Vedic sages as the experience of *Satchidananda* (Existence-Knowledge-Bliss). In that experience, thought dies and the mind expires and nothing remains except the principle of contentless consciousness shining in its own infinite glory. This is the highest knowledge of God.

Thus our study of matter, soul and God has led us gradually from diversity to unity. We began with external objects. But as we proceeded with our analysis and discovery of underlying principles, we found the multiplicity of existence

melt away like mists before the rising sun. What seemed in the beginning unconnected varieties appeared later on as plural expressions of one fundamental unity. Proceeding further, we found the visions of even such plurality disappear. The distinctions of things became naught. And we reached at the Absolute Principle where do not exist time, space or causation—the real causes of the variegated universe. The highest synthesis is therefore that fundamental principle which is not and cannot be known by the mind, but which is much more than known being the very pivot of our existence and the basis of the knowing mind and all knowable objects. It can neither be known nor unknown. We can only say that it is and nothing else. That being, seen through time, space and causation, gives rise first to the vision of plurality interpenetrated by unity. It next develops into the twin vision of matter the perceived, soul the perceiver and God the presiding power over both. The Absolute is the substance and basis of God, soul and matter. It is behind them all as their common background like a screen on which the moving images of phenomena are being reflected. So long as matter is the object, there must be the perceiver of that object, which is the soul; and so long as the duality of soul and matter exists, there must be a being who governs and inter-relates them; and that is God.

Be it noted that these visions of God (personal), soul and matter are relative and not absolute. Matter is not unreal as the idealists would maintain, nor are soul and God unreal as atheists and materialists would have them. Yet these have but relative values, being as they are related to our evanescent experiences. On the sense-plane our experience is that of unmitigated plurality. Here all objects appear distinct and separate from one another. But as we go higher and see things from the thought-plane, our experience is that of unity in variety. But when we transcend even the thought-plane and reach a state where there is neither time nor space nor causation, our experience is of an indescribable reality which can only be imagined or inferred as pure unity. As our experiences are gathered from these three distinct planes and we see things from these three angles of vision, so reality also must be of three distinct kinds. Thus God, matter and soul are different and distinct in the sense-plane. They are inter-related, as unity in variety, in the mental plane. But they are dissolved into one undifferentiated existence in the spiritual plane. And that is the absolute value inasmuch as that is a state unconditioned and unaffected by time, space and causation. There is only a question of values—relative and absolute. The quarrel is not about what exists and does not exist. The world is, soul is and the personal God is, but only relatively. But all these disappear in the view of the Transcendental which alone has the absolute value.

This in short is the view of matter, soul and God, as seen through science, philosophy and religion ; and to our mind they are not at all contradictory to one another, but stand graded in the scale of values.

SEEING INDIA WITH OTHER EYES

A LECTURE BY SISTER NIVEDITA

Delivered in London, October, 1900

Have any of us thought how much our work has gained from being done in a place where we were thoroughly at home?

Do we know what it is to escape from the hour, or the day, or the week, of patient toil to the edge of some lake or the heart of some wood? Have we stood and listened to the wind amongst the winter branches, or rustling the dead leaves, calling and calling to us with the voices of our childhood, stirring dim depths in us, lifting us to the innermost heights of our own being, filling us with an infinite love, and infinite courage, an immeasurable hope?

Have we ever realised how intimate is the connection between the great interests of our life—whatever they be, house-keeping, teaching, collecting wild flowers, deep intellectual research,—and the love of our country?—the feeling of being at home, amongst our own people? No matter whether our life be comedy or tragedy—always our own. I remember last Good Friday standing in a church in the extreme West, listening to the Reproaches. The day was cold and dark, and the words fell like sobs. “My people, My people, what have I done unto Thee? Wherein have I wearied thee?” In that supreme pathos it was “My people,” there was no breaking of the bond.

I would say that there is no possibility of true work, no shadow of a possibility of a great life, where there is not this sense of union, with the place and the people amongst whom we find ourselves. If you answer that the great majority of men at least, in England to-day, are working at tasks which they hate and despise, I can only say that there is no surer sign of the fatal danger which assails our national life, and if you will give me the opportunity I think I shall easily make good that statement.

But all this does not mean that we must stay in the place where we were born. What happens when the call comes to the individual, to leave the old group and go out and found a new family or a new house? The indispensable condition of adding harmonious natures, well-developed and proportioned individuals, to the world, is that two people shall conceive

SEEING INDIA WITH OTHER EYES

such an affection for each other that it cancels all difference of association. The time when they had not met must seem a blank to them, or only significant because that meeting throws light upon it. Probably both see qualities in the other that none else can see in either. That matters nothing. It may be all illusion. Only, the illusion must be there. And in some extraordinary way we find that if it is not there, and if it is not perfect, we can read the fact that, of two people, one was bondsman to the other, and not the free and joyous comrade, not only in their lives to-day, and in a home that misses the note of perfect joy, but long long hence, in the character of some old man or woman whose nature has always carried an inheritance of war within itself.

If this emotion is so necessary in order to preserve the unity of life through the alliance of a bride and bridegroom who were born in the same street, if its absence be fraught with such danger to more than the two people themselves, let us think how much more imperative it must be to the man who is called from England to India to do his work.

What a little thing it would be to any of us to die for one whom we really loved! Perhaps indeed we do not really love, to our deepest, till we have learnt that to be called to do so would be supreme beatitude. It is such love as this that makes it possible to live and do great service. It is such a falling-in-love that India demands of English men and women who go to her to work. It matters little what the conscious explanation may be,—a civil service appointment, a place in the army, the cause of religion, of education, of the people. Call it what we may, if we go with contempt, with hatred, with rebellion, we become degraded, as well as ridiculous; if we go with love, with the love that greets the brown of a cottage-roof against the sky, the curve of a palm, the sight of a cooking-pot, the tinkle of an anklet with a thrill of recognition, that desires the good of India as we desire the good of our own children, to transcend our own, that India be stimulated into self-activity by us, if we go with this love, then we build up the English Empire by sure ways, and along main lines, whether we imagine ourselves to be serving England or India or Humanity. For the love of England and India are one, but no love ever seeks its own.

Throughout what I say to-night I am speaking in the interests of England, as an English woman; more, what I say would be endorsed by all those highest officials who are faithful to the trust of their country's interest committed to them.

For the man who regards the Queen's cause is he who will impoverish himself to distribute bread in time of famine, and the man who hates and despises is the man who will selfishly exploit a subject people. I believe I am right in

saying that the supreme government is well aware that under the name of race-prestige much may be included which does anything but add to the prestige of our race.

The fact is, under the terrible over-organisation and over-centralisation of modern life, there lurks an appalling danger of vulgarity. We are succumbing to a horrible scepticism. How are mothers who have never seen the inside of anything but beautiful English homes, or luxurious travelling-resorts, how are these to know that there was no noble possibility before the knight-errant of old that is not doubled and trebled for their own boys? How are they to guess that the English race has to struggle with problems of doing and undoing to-day, that no race has ever faced in the history of the world? How can they lay upon their sons that charge of reverence and love and belief in the spiritual possibilities of life, that is necessary to make the name of our country stand in history as Shakespeare dreamt of it.....

This happy breed of men, this little world,
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,
 This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
 This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
 Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
 As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
 Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son,
 This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
 Dear for her reputation through the world.....

And yet, though we know it not, the voices of the gods are all about the world to-day. The calls to self-sacrifice are greater, the ways of self-sacrifice are a thousandfold more, and many thousandfold deeper, than ever before. We are mistaken when we think that the clarion of war is the only sound that calls us to the right of struggling and dying for our country. The churchbells of the British peace ring a far surer summons. There was no greatness, no courage, no divine self-effacement, open to our fathers, of which infinitely more is not the right of their sons to-day. The words "British Empire" mean neither more nor less than the British opportunity to choose the noblest part ever played in the great drama of the world, or refusing, to fail utterly, and miserably, and brutally, as no nation ever failed before.

It has been a long preamble, and I am anxious to do justice to the difficulties that may present themselves to an untrained boy, sincerely desirous of doing the right thing, landing in India, to fulfil the duties of an appointment, without either a store of culture, or a disciplined imagination, or a wealth of rightly directed feeling.

I quite see how impossible it will look to him that people who live with a startling simplicity, who sit on bare floors,

and use in eating neither knives nor forks nor table-linen, are really persons of a deeper and more developed civilisation than his own.

The same difficulty, begin to say the scholars, faced the officers of Marcus Aurelius when they battled, on the frontiers of the Empire, against the merchant-peoples of the North.

It is no credit of mine that I have been so fortunate as to escape this difficulty. I went out to India nearly three years ago, and was there some eighteen months. I went at the call of an English woman, who felt that no sufficiently national attempt had yet been made, for the education of Indian girls. After spending sometime with her, I was to be free to take my own way of studying my problem. When I tell you what were my preconceptions of how I was to do this, I fear you will be much amused. I was not going for the sake of "the Higher" or literary, but for what we here have always called the *new* Education, beginning with the manual and practical aspects of development, and passing on to the question of definite technical and scientific training, but always regarded as subordinate to the development of character. I knew that one must live with the people, and take their point of view, if one were ever to establish any sound educational process amongst them, using to the utmost the elements that their life might provide, and keeping the scheme in organic relation with these.

This study I pictured to myself as taking place in mud huts, on journeys barefooted across the country, amongst people who would be completely hostile to my research. But I owed a great intellectual debt to Sanskrit culture and an educational task was a delightful means for the expression of my gratitude.

So you see that I was indeed more fortunate than most, in the attitude and means of my entrance into Indian life.

What did I find there?

Instead of hostility, I found a warmth of welcome.

Instead of suspicion, friends.

Instead of hardships and fatigue, a charming home, and abundance of the finest associations.

For eight months I lived alone with one servant in a real Indian house in a Calcutta lane. There I kept a small experimental school. About forty little girls belonged to it and I took them in relays—four classes of two hours each. My knowledge of Bengali being limited, I was particularly glad to fall back on kindergarten occupations for the greater part of our class-work, and I was thus enabled to arrive at a clear knowledge of the practical difficulties and practical potentialities of a useful school.

But this was work. The playtime of the day I was allowed to spend in a neighbouring zenana, amongst a group of widow ladies with whom I had much in common, and Saturday and

Sunday I reserved as holidays. This was a custom that I fear my children never approved. I remember how the first Saturday morning a crowd of uproarious little people had gathered outside the door at 6 o'clock, evidently determined to gain admission. A workman who could speak a little English was inside and he came to me, "The baby people, the baby people, Miss Sahib! Let me open!"

No Hindu of any class or sect or party ever put a hindrance in my way. When they heard of any difficulty, they always did something towards removing it, the women just as much as the men. In the same way, they felt a curious sense of responsibility, as if I were the guest of the whole of our lane. They were constantly sending me food. If they had fruit, they would share it with me. If I expected guests, they would provide the repast, and I rarely knew even the name of the giver.

I need not tell you that in deeds like these a very sweet relationship is created. I need not tell you that I am proud as well as grateful to have eaten the bread of a charity so sweet.

And I think if we go deeper into the reason of this hospitality, we shall be struck by the culture that it displays. *They thought of me as a student.* It was something like the university of the middle ages, where the poor scholar naturally came upon the good-wives of the town for maintenance. But there was I think this difference, that the university established such a custom mainly in a given centre here and there, while in India the idea of this function is familiar to every person and every family and the obligations of the university arise wherever there is one enquiring mind. Through and through the life I found these evidences of an ancient culture permeating every section of society, my only difficulty in recounting it all to you is in determining where to begin.

The pleasures of the people are such fine pleasures! It was my custom to save money by avoiding the use of cabs, and travelling in trams as much as possible. This, of course, always left a certain amount of a local journey to be made on foot. So at all hours of the day and night I would come up and down our narrow little lanes and streets, as various errands might lead me. In the sunlight they would be crowded with people, and the traffic of the bullock-carts. In the evening, men would be seated chatting about their doorways or in the shops, or inside open windows, and no one even looked my way; but at night, when one had once turned out of the European streets, everything was sunk in stillness and peace, so that it took me some time on the journey home to recover from the shock of seeing a drunken Englishman. In eight months of living in the poorest quarter of Hindu Calcutta, such a sight had been impossible. As one lay in bed however, the chanting of prayers would occasionally break the silence

of the midnight, and one knew that somewhere in the distant streets a night beggar, lamp in hand, was going his rounds.

I think if one must pick out some feature of Indian life which more than any other compels this high morality and decorum to grow and spread, it must be the study of the national epics. There are two great poems, the Mahabharata and the Ramayana, which take a place to Hindus something like that of Shakespere to ourselves. Only this is a Shakespere that every one knows, and a Shakespere with the sacredness of the New Testament thrown about it.

A picture comes to me of a night-scene in the Himalayas. At a turn in the road the great trees sweep aside a little to make room for a tiny hamlet at their foot. Here in the open shop of the grain dealer, round a little lamp, sits a group of men, and amongst them is a boy reading earnestly from a book.

It is the Ramayana,—the tale of the wanderings of the heroic lovers, Sita and Rama. The men listen breathlessly, though the story is familiar enough, and every now and then as the boy ends a verse, they chant the refrain, "To dear Sita's bridegroom, great Rama, all hail!" Sita is the ideal woman. A divine incarnation to the world of perfect wifehood and perfect stainlessness. She is the woman of renunciation, not of action; the saint, not the heroine. Every Indian woman spends some part of the day in the contemplation of this character. Probably no one passes a whole day without taking her name. Every woman desires to be like her. Every man desires to see in her the picture of his mother or his wife. I do not know if you will see with me the tremendous influence that it must have on the character and development of a nation, to spend a definite time daily in this intense brooding over the ideal.

It is here that I come to my great point, and I must make it clear from misapprehension. I shall not mean that the lot of the Hindu woman in her perpetual struggle with poverty, in her social and industrial inefficiency, is perfect, or perfectly adapted to the modern world. Far from that.

But I remember that some of the greatest men and women that ever lived have been born in India. I remember that from India emanated the only religion that ever put the missionary-question on a true educational basis; I remember that amongst military leaders two thousand years ago India produced her Napoleon Bonaparte, in Chandragupta, the Sudra who unified a continent; that amongst statesmen she bore Asoka and Akbar; that in science we owe mathematics and astronomy and geometry to her; that in philosophy and in literature she has achieved the highest rank.

I remember too that this greatness is not dead in the country. No longer ago than 1750 Rajah Jey Sing concluded

that European astronomical tables contained an error which he was able to correct. Subsequent science, it is said, stood by the Indian astronomer. Within the century that is leaving us Ram Chandra has solved, by intuitive methods, problems of maxima and minima hitherto unfinished, and India has given proof that she can yet add to her scientific laurels.

Seeing all this, I read a message of great hope for humanity. What may be the truth about the military careers of nations, I do not know. It may be that in rude activities there are periods of growth and flourishing and decay. But if a people fix their hope upon their own humanisation, it is not so. The curve of civilisation is infinite and spiral. The dominion of the human mind and spirit has yet to be exhausted.

But still—where—why—is this humanising process the essential life of India, more than of other countries? What differentiates the Indian training from others? I find one answer which outweighs all others in my estimate. It is this. The special greatness of Indian life and character depends more than on any other feature, on the place that is given to Woman in the social scheme. What? you will say, what about child-marriage and child-widowhood, and the grievances of woman? I am not going to speak of woman as the wife. There must be unhappy marriages in India as elsewhere, though I have seen none but the happy, and they have seemed to me to represent a tie more tender and intimate than I have often witnessed. But wifedom in India is not woman's central function. That is motherhood. As mother, an Indian woman is supreme. The honour that a man does here by the simple words "my wife," he does better there by saying "the mother of my children." Sons worship their mothers as the ideal. Motherhood is the ideal relation to the world. Let us free ourselves from self-seeking as the mother does. Let us be incapable of jealousy as is a mother to her child. Let us give to the uttermost. Let us love most those who need most. Let us be indiscriminating in our service. Such is the Indian woman's conception of a perfect life. Such is the moral culture with which she surrounds her children. Can you ask what is its effect? I sat one day hour after hour beside a boy of twelve who was dying of plague. The home was of the poorest, a mud hut with a thatched roof. The difficulty lay in keeping the patient isolated from his family. There was one woman who came and went about the bedside perpetually, in an utter recklessness of her own safety, and at last I ventured to remonstrate, pointing out that my presence was of no use, if I could not save her this exposure. She obeyed me instantly, without a word, but as she went, hid her face in her veil crying softly. It was the lad's mother. Of course I found a place where she could sit with his head on her feet, curled up behind him in comparative security, fanning him, and then,

through all the hours of that hot day, till sunset came, I had a picture before me of perfect love. "Mataji! Mataji! *Adored Mother!*" was the name he called her by. Now and then, mistaking me for her, he smiled his perfect contentment into my eyes, and once he snatched at my hand and carried his own to his lips. And this was a child of the Calcutta slums!

But it is not the child only. The word *mother* is the endless shore on which all Indian souls find harbour. In moments of great agony it is not with them, "My God!" but "Oh Mother!"

A woman in the neighbourhood was wailing loudly in the dark, and the sound disturbed one who was lying ill. An attendant on the sick came down into the woman's hut to find her, and, guided by her cries, came up to her quietly and put an arm about her. The wailing ceased as suddenly as it had begun, and she fell back with long sobs; "You are my *mother!*" was all that she could say.

If the word "God" meant as much to us as "Mother" to this bereaved soul, what might we not reach? And to many in India it is so. The two ideas are one. Life with all its inexplicable torture and its passing gleams of joy is but the play of the Divine Motherhood of the Universe, with Her children. If we can understand this, all happenings will become alike fortunate. We must cease to discriminate. And so in every temple dedicated to this idea, the visitor enters with the prayer:

Thou,—the Giver of all blessings,
Thou,—the Giver of all desires,
Thou,—the Giver of all good,

To Thee our salutation, Thee we salute, Thee we salute,
Thee we salute.

Thou terrible dark Night!
Thou, the Night of delusion!
Thou, the Night of Death!

To *Thee* our salutation,—Thee we salute, Thee we salute,
Thee we salute.

And this rises up daily from end to end of the country together with that other prayer to the Soul of the Universe which to me seems the most beautiful in any language.

From the Unreal lead us to the Real,
From Darkness lead us unto Light,
From Death lead us to Immortality,
Reach us through and through ourselves,
And ever more protect us—O Thou Terrible!
From ignorance, by Thy sweet compassionate face.

THE TWENTY-THIRD ANNUAL REPORT OF THE MAYAVATI CHARITABLE DISPENSARY

In submitting the report of the Mayavati Charitable Dispensary for the year 1926 we take the opportunity to record our sincere gratitude to the kind-hearted donors and subscribers to the funds for the maintenance of the Dispensary. We also acknowledge our profound indebtedness to Messrs. B. K. Paul & Co. of Calcutta for the generosity they have shown us in supplying free 6 bottles of Edward's Tonic and other medicines and accessories at concession rates. It is a matter of regret however that contributions are not forthcoming to the Permanent Fund of the Dispensary in such a measure as to facilitate our work. From the statement of accounts for the year it would be seen that the total receipts during the year were however greater than the total disbursements, but that is due to the fact that the relief given by the Dispensary during this year was comparatively less than in the previous year. In 1925 the total number relieved was 3,197 whereas this year it is only 1,102. Had it been able to continue its work as in 1925, then the total receipts would have fallen far shorter than the total disbursements. But unfortunately our doctor was laid ill for a long period till ultimately he had to leave the work and undergo treatment. Being himself a member of the monastic order and given to the ideal of serving humanity, he had always been anxious and overzealous about the welfare of his patients, even risking his health if by that he could relieve their pains ever so little. As a result he caught that fell disease, Pthisis, while attending a patient and had to suffer for long; but we are glad that he is now much better and almost his normal self again after prolonged treatment. It was sometime before we could realise that our doctor will have to retire for a long period from work and also before the authorities of the Mission could spare us another of its members with medical qualifications, and naturally during this period the Dispensary had to remain closed. This explains the low figures for the year.

The total number relieved during the year at the outdoor dispensary was 1,090 of which 25 were old cases. Of these patients 494 were men, 247 women, and 349 were children. As many as 176 were patients of other faiths than Hinduism—a number which though small is yet pretty big considering the smallness of their population in the hills round about the Dispensary. The number of patients admitted into the Hospital was 12 of which 6 were cured, 5 relieved and 1 died. Among them 5 were men and 7 women.

STATEMENT OF DISEASES.

Dysentery	18	Eye-diseases	193
Fever	129	Ear-diseases	13
Malarial Fever	77	Bronchitis	1
Rheumatic affection	62	Pneumonia	2
Debility	38	Asthma	10
Headache	14	Cough	93

Colic	42	Gout	2
Piles	2	Toothache	15
Spleen	6	Operation	15
Dropsy	5	Phthisis	8
Skin-diseases	117	Dyspepsia and Constipation	69
Ulcer	59	Boil	19
Injury	13	Pain (local)	10
M. disease	11	Diarrhoea	41
F. disease	3					—
Worms	15				Total	1,102

SUMMARY OF ACCOUNTS FOR 1926.

Income				Expenditure							
	Rs.	A.	P.								
Last year's balance	...	2,428	13	7	Doctor's maintenance						
Donations, etc.	...	798	4	0	and travelling	...	360	0	0		
Interest	...	100	0	0	Medicine	...	280	10	6		
Miscellaneous	...	1	4	0	Freight for medicine		48	0	6		
					Hospital requisites & instruments	...	33	12	0		
									722	7	0
					Balance	...	2,605	14	7		

All contributions, however small, will be thankfully received and acknowledged by the undersigned.

(Sd.) SWAMI VIRESWARANANDA,
President, Advaita Ashrama,
Mayavati, Almora, U. P.

NOTICES OF BOOKS

English

THE STORY OF MY EXPERIMENTS WITH TRUTH VOL. I—by M. K. Gandhi. Published by the Navajivan Press, Ahmedabad. Pp. 602. With frontispiece. Price Rs. 5/8.

Mahatma Gandhi's autobiography does not require any introduction at our hands at this late hour. This has regularly appeared in translation from the original Gujarati in the "Young India" week after week and has been widely quoted by monthlies and dailies all over India and also abroad. The work is not yet half done and is being still continued in Mahatma Gandhi's weeklies. We can only say that every Indian and also Westerner should read this book and deeply ponder over the "experiments" of Mahatma Gandhi. The get-up of the book is excellent, for which great credit is due to the Navajivan Press. We hope to be able in future to deal in details with some features of the Mahatmaji's wonderful life. We would only mention at present that

his observations on Sister Nivedita ought not to have been allowed to be printed in the book without due modifications. The short footnote will help none who have not read the particular number of "Young India," The "Young India" note also was not perfect. Mahatma Gandhi explained therein only his difficulties regarding the word *volatile*. But what about "the splendour that surrounded her"? *The Vedanta Kesari* of Madras gave a comprehensive reply to Mahatma Gandhi's remarks on the Sister. Mahatmaji is expected to have seen it. The modification of the offending passage in accordance with the information that came to him later on, would have been more truthful in our opinion.

CONSOLIDATION OF THE CHRISTIAN POWER IN INDIA—by Major B. D. Basu, I.M.S. (Retired). Published by R. Chatterjee, 91, Upper Circular Road, Calcutta. Pp. 118. Price cloth Re. 1/8.

The present book is a sequel to Major Basu's much larger work, *Rise of the Christian Power in India*. It consists of 16 short chapters dealing with such topics as the Christianization of India, "The Moham-medan Religion must be suppressed," Policy of Divide and Rule, Centralization of Power, Keeping India in Debt, The Queen's Proclamation, "Overawing" and "Striking Terror into" the Punjabis, etc. All of them are based on and liberally interspersed with quotations from contemporary English authors. The tale that this little book unfolds is extremely unfavourable to the British and proves the well-known fact that the conquest of one nation by another is scarcely done by honest means for honest purposes. We refrain from going into details, but if the documents quoted from are authoritative, then they certainly shed a lurid light on British ventures in India. We do not meet with these facts in current Indian histories. Major Basu should be congratulated on these his laborious and original researches.

DYNAMIC RELIGION by Swami Prabhavananda. Published by the Vedanta Society, Wheeldon Annex, 10th and Salmon Streets, Portland, Oregon, U. S. A. Pp. 50.

Hitherto Swami Prabhavananda has given out his ideas for the wider American public in the form of pamphlets. But the present book containing five lectures—on "What is Yoga?" "Fulness of Life," "The Art of Living," "The Acid Test of a Teacher," and "The Path of Discipleship"—is a solid product and gives a fairly comprehensive idea of what spiritual life in ideal and practice is. As such it is bound to be extremely helpful to the Western readers, especially American; for America is overrun by many metaphysical sects with little or no understanding of true religion yet eagerly preaching all kinds of possible and impossible doctrines obviously for material gains; and their victims are often unable to know the chaff from the grain. The Swami has mercilessly exposed these pretensions and pointed out that spirituality is concerned with the spirit alone and by and for that alone must it be judged and sought. He has also shown what should be the qualifications of a true religious teacher and a seeker of religion. We are sure the book will be of immense help to many in their path-finding through the jungles of irresponsible teachings. Nicely printed.

PALMS AND TEMPLEBELLS by A. Christina Albers. Published by the author from 29, Benlapukur Road, Calcutta. Pp. 150.

We had occasions to review other books of poems of the author before. The present is also a book of poems, the themes of which are almost all Indian. This fact itself renders the author's writings dear to us. For, though a Christian and evidently of foreign birth and education, she possesses the true poetic imagination to enter into the sweet secrets of Indian life and feel as an Indian would feel. This is itself no mean achievement. Added to it there is the author's undeniable command of words and rhyme which confers a peculiar charm on her book. There are both short and long pieces in it and we are sure poetically disposed readers can beguile a pleasant half hour amidst its closely printed pages.

NATURE'S BROTHERHOOD by Saladin Reys. The Red Rose Press, Santa Barbara, Calif., U. S. A. Pp. 53.

Contains 21 well-written short parables and stories to inculcate such spiritual virtues as humility, unity, love, unselfishness, etc. "All beings are of one love. Receiving this is simpler than the breathing of a flower." "To one guiding spirit in all being we give our hearts to become the expression of outpouring understanding." The printing is fine.

PARALLEL QUOTATIONS by T. V. Kulkarni, B.A., LL.B., Dhulia, Bombay. Pp. 104. Price As. 12.

It contains 300 instances of the similarity of thought and expression between English and Sanskrit authors of repute, and will be helpful to students. Get-up indifferent.

Hindi

BALA-KATHA-KAHANI PART II by Ramnaresh Tripathi. Published by the Hindi Mandir, Allahabad. Pp. 71. Price As. 6.

A very nice book, printed in various coloured inks and illustrated, containing 15 short well-written stories for children.

HINDI SANDESH and VARNA-DASHA by Ramvachan Dwivedi. To be had of Bidhu Sahitya-mandir, Gaya.

Two booklets of verses.

Bengali

NACHIKETA by Swami Sambuddhananda. Published by the Ramakrishna Math, Sonargaon, Dacca, Bengal. Pp. 50. Price As. 6.

This is a dramatisation of the story of Nachiketa as given in the Katha Upanishad. The author has also added new features. Swami Sharvananda observes in the preface contributed by him to the book, "The present author in his dramatisation has improved upon the Upanishads by introducing into the plot the three characters of a peasant, a learned scholar and a Sadhak. By juxtaposing the Pundit against the peasant the author has cleverly shown that truth can never be attained by mere intellectual scholarship. But an unsophisticated mind can reach the truth by faith and devotion."

We are sure the little drama can be finely acted by students.

It will prove not only interesting but also instructive. We congratulate the author on this new venture.

NEWS AND REPORTS

Swami Raghavananda's Work in Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Mrs. M. L. Barker, a senior member of the Philadelphia Vedanta Society writes to us :

In the autumn of the year 1924 four people, living in Philadelphia, met together with Swami Raghavananda from the New York Vedanta Society, to form a nucleus of a branch of Vedanta in this city.

This first meeting was held in a room in the Grand Fraternity Building in Arch Street, and for one season, lasting from October, 1924 to the last of May, 1925, Vedanta Philosophy was ably expounded in lectures before the public every Sunday evening. Also a small members' group received meditative instruction either before or after the public lecture, the study book being Patanjali Yoga Aphorisms.

This first year Swami came over to Philadelphia and returned the same night to New York, some two hours' train ride. The members' dues and the public offering and sometimes donations, paid the expenses of train fare, rent, advertising, etc. At these public meetings, there were from twenty to forty in attendance, the number varying each Sunday. The membership was never very large, the greatest number at any one time during these three years of work, ranged from ten to twelve members. Many strangers came to speak to Swami Raghavananda after the lectures, some seemingly very much interested. There were regular attendants during all this time but four joined the Society. The second and third year the Society rented a room in St. James' Hotel, 13th and Walnut Streets, which room was found to be very much more suitable in every way.

It was thought to be better for Swami to remain overnight part of the second year and all of the third, renting a room in the same hotel. For part of these years extra members' meetings were held in Swami's room. These private meetings were much appreciated by the members, for it gave them an opportunity to ask questions and to get a deeper insight into Vedanta philosophy. Under Swami's instruction we studied the Bhagavad Gita and he also told us many wonderfully illuminating stories about, and incidents in, the lives of Sri Ramakrishna and Swami Vivekananda. We had some books to read in the teachings of Vedanta and the sayings of Sri Ramakrishna, and much help and understanding was granted us through these talks and books.

Those of us who read the life of Sri Ramakrishna and that of Swami Vivekananda were truly drawn in sincere love and devotion to make efforts and to practise these wonderful but simple truths and to simulate, even if in a very humble way, the lives of these two mighty God-men. A new rhythm was set up, for some of our members, for all time. Swami Raghavananda was faithful and untiring in his appeals to our hearts, and his strivings to have us meditate.

During these years, we had hoped to increase our membership but

though a number of regular attendants spoke of joining, we still remained a small but interested group. Philadelphia has always been considered quite conservative and we found it so in our lack of growth in numbers, yet those who came regularly to listen to Swami Raghavananda could not but receive much insight into the uplifting and truly satisfying teachings of Vedanta. Some persons said that they had never listened to a more scholarly exposition of any religious or philosophical subject. Some of the lecture titles were as follows :

1. The Art of Concentration and Meditation.
2. Practising the Presence of God.
3. The Religion of Devotion.
4. The Religion of Work.
5. The Religion of Knowledge.
6. Unity of Religions.
7. The Motherhood of God.
8. Five Great Saviours of the World.
9. The Self and its five Sheaths.
10. Psychological Significance of Death.
11. Significance of Ceremonies for the Departed.
12. The Resurrection, an Eastern Exposition.

It was with sincere regret that we learned that Swami thought he would return to India because of his health. He had not seemed well for quite a long time and we had hoped a vacation in the country would renew his body and mind but as the months increased, his strength seemed to decrease and we realized that we must part from our teacher for a shorter or a longer time, but we still hope for a renewal of Vedanta work in Philadelphia in the future.

We are indeed grateful for the unselfish work that Swami Raghavananda has done in our city of Philadelphia. He brought us the gift of Vedanta philosophy and in that bringing, he gave of himself "without money and without price," cheerfully, hopefully and withal in good fellowship.

Swami visited in our homes for an evening's refreshment of body and soul occasionally, and he left his blessing with us.

We wish him, in our prayers and daily thoughts, all good and pray the Divine Mother to grant him health and if it is Her Divine Will, that he may resume his work in the not too distant future somewhere, either in America or some other country.

Swami Raghavananda's arrival from America

Swami Raghavananda of the Vedanta Society, New York, U. S. A. arrived at the Sri Ramakrishna Math, Madras from Colombo on the morning of the 23rd August last, after a stay of four years in America. Early in June last, he left America and came to London, where he stayed for some time. In London he spoke on several occasions to small groups of people and held class on Hindu religion and philosophy. In Holland he stayed a few days with a friend and spoke on one occasion to a small group on Vedanta. In Berlin, Prof. Glasenapp of the Berlin University invited him to take

one of his lectures in the Oriental Seminary. And there the Swami spoke to an audience of students and professors on "Yoga and its Relation to Indian Life." Prof. Glasenapp who presided, translated the lecture in German for those who did not understand English. Then passing through France and after a few days' stay in Paris, he took boat at Marseilles and reached Colombo on the 20th August. In Colombo, Swamis Vipulananda and Avinashananda met him, and he stayed with them for some time and spoke on the day he left to friends and members of the local Vivekananda Society on the Message of Vedanta in the West. At Madras also he spoke on several occasions to appreciative audiences.

Flood-relief in Orissa and Guzerat

Swami Suddhananda, Secretary, R. K. Mission, has issued the following appeal to the public :

The public is hereby informed that the Ramakrishna Mission has started relief works in the flooded areas of the District of Balasore. It is well known that the people of Orissa are generally poverty-stricken and the havoc caused by the floods have highly aggravated the situation. To ameliorate the sufferings of these poor people several parties have opened relief centres but sufficient men and money are necessary to cope with the present critical situation.

The Mission has also undertaken relief work in Cambay-Guzerat and has opened centres at Sayema and Tarapore in Kaira District there. 75 villages are being relieved from 3 centres. Shops have been opened to supply at a cheap rate rice and seeds to persons who are unwilling to accept gratuitous relief from religious and social considerations.

We appeal, on behalf of the suffering humanity, to the generous public for help. Any contribution in cash or kind, however small, will be thankfully received and acknowledged by. (1) The President, Ramakrishna Mission, Belur Math, Dist. Howrah. (2) The Manager, Udbodhan Office, 1, Mukherjee Lane, Bagh Bazar, Calcutta. (3) The Secretary, Ramakrishna Mission Ashrama, Khar, Bombay.

The Ramakrishna Mission, Ooty

A very interesting function took place on Wednesday, the 10th August in the presence of a large gathering, when the Ramakrishna Mission branch at Ootacamund, received a free gift of the handsome Panchakshara Hall from some wealthy Indian planters of the Nilgiris. The Hall which is situated close to the main bazar is a decent building where religious discourses can regularly be delivered for the benefit of the townspeople. The object of the function was to hand over the title-deeds of this property formally to Swami Yatiswarananda, President of the R. K. Mission, Madras, who had gone there for the purpose.

During the function another timely gift came from the hands of His Highness the Maharaja of Jodhpur. His Highness sent a sum of Rs. 4000 in addition to Rs. 1000 already given by him towards the expenses for putting up the habitation of the Mission at Ooty, recognising thereby the Mission work and showing His Highness's interest in the welfare of the Hindus inhabiting the hills.



Swami Saradananda