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“उत्तिष्ठत जाग्रत प्राप्य वरान्निबोधत।”

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

TEACHINGS OF SRI RAMAKRISHNA

By M.

Discrimination and dispassion—Futility of mere lecturing—Devotion and family life—The liberated and the world—Brahman and Shakti—Laziness condemned—His vision of non-duality—Occult powers condemned.

October 16, 1882. (Continued). At nine o'clock in the morning, while the Master was still seated in his room, Manomohan arrived from Konnagar with his family. In answer to Sri Ramakrishna's kind inquiries, Manomohan explained that he was taking them to Calcutta. The Master said, 'To-day is the first of the Bengali month, an inauspicious day for undertaking a journey. I hope everything will be well with you.' With a smile he began to talk of other matters.

When Narendra and his friends had finished their bath in the Ganges, the Master said to them earnestly, 'Go to the Panchavati and meditate there under the banyan tree. Shall I give you something to sit on?'

At about half past ten Narendra and his Brâhmo friends were meditating in the Panchavati. After a while Sri

Ramakrishna came to them. M. was present also. The Master said to the Brahmo devotees, 'In meditation one must be absorbed in God. By merely floating on the surface of the water, can you reach the gems lying at the bottom of the sea?' Then he sang :

Taking the name of Kâli, dive deep
down, O mind,
Into the fathomless depths of your
heart,
Where many a priceless gem lies hid.

* * *

Narendra and his friends came down from their seats on the raised platform of the Panchavati and stood near the Master. He returned to his room with them. The Master continued, 'When under the water of the ocean, you may be attacked by the alligators. But they won't touch you if your body is smeared with turmeric. There are undoubtedly

six alligators—passion, anger, avarice, and so on—within you, in the “fathomless depths of your heart”. But guard yourself with the turmeric of discrimination and renunciation, and they won’t touch you.

‘What can you achieve by mere lecturing and scholarship without such discrimination and dispassion? God alone is real, and all else unreal. God alone is substance, and all else is nonentity. That is discrimination.

‘First of all, set up God in the shrine of your heart, and then deliver lectures as much as you like. How will the mere repetition of “Brahma” profit you if you are not imbued with discrimination and dispassion? It is the empty sound of a conch.

‘There lived in a village a young man named Padmalochan. People used to call him “Podo”, for short. In that village there was a temple in a very dilapidated condition. It contained no holy image of God. Ashwattha and other plants sprang upon the ruins of its walls. Bats lived inside, and the floor was covered with dust and the filth of the bats. The people of the village had stopped visiting the temple. One day after dusk the villagers heard the sound of a conch from the direction of the temple. They thought, perhaps someone had installed an image in the shrine and was performing the evening worship. One of them softly opened the door and saw Padmalochan standing in a corner, blowing the conch. No image had been set up. The temple had not been swept or washed. And the same filth and dirt lay everywhere. Then the villagers shouted to Podo :

You have set up no image here
 Within the shrine, O fool!
 Blowing the conch, you simply make
 Confusion worse confounded,
 While day and night eleven bats
 Scream there incessantly.

‘There is no use in merely creating a noise if you want to establish the Deity in the shrine of your heart, if you want to realize God. First of all purify the mind. In the pure heart God takes His seat. One cannot bring the holy image into the temple if the filth of bats lies around. The eleven bats are our eleven organs—five of action, five of perception, and the mind. First of all invoke the Deity, and then give lectures to your heart’s content. First of all dive deep. Plunge to the bottom and gather the gems. Then you may do other things. But nobody wants to take the plunge. People are without spiritual discipline and prayer, without renunciation and dispassion. They learn a few words and immediately start delivering lectures. It is difficult to teach others. Only if a man gets the commandment from God after realizing Him, is he entitled to teach.’

Thus conversing, the Master came to the western end of the verandah. M. stood by his side. Sri Ramakrishna had repeated again and again that God cannot be realized without discrimination and renunciation. That made M. extremely worried. He had married, and was then a young man of twenty-eight, educated in college in the Western way. Having a sense of duty, he asked himself, ‘Do discrimination and dispassion mean giving up “worldly love and wealth”?’ He was really at a loss to know what to do.

M. (to the Master) : ‘What should one do if one’s wife says, “You are neglecting me; I shall commit suicide”?’

Master (in a serious tone) : ‘Give up such a wife if she proves an obstacle in the way of spiritual life. Let her commit suicide or anything else she likes. The wife that hampers her husband’s spiritual life is an ungodly one.’

Immersed in deep thought, M. stood leaning against the wall. Narendra and the other devotees remained silent for a few minutes. The Master exchanged several words with them, and suddenly going to M. whispered in his ear, 'But if one has sincere love for God, then all come under his control—the king, wicked persons, and the wife. Sincere love of God on the husband's part may eventually help the wife to lead a spiritual life. If the husband is good, then through the grace of God the wife may also follow his nature.'

This had a most soothing effect on M.'s worried mind. All the while he had been thinking, 'Let her commit suicide. What can I do?'

M. (to the Master): 'This world is a terrible place indeed!'

Master (to the devotees): 'That is the reason Chaitanya said to his companion Nityananda, "Listen, brother, there is no hope of salvation for the worldly-minded."'

On another occasion the Master had said to M. privately, 'Yes, there is no hope for a worldly man if he hasn't sincere devotion to God. But he has nothing to fear if he remains in the world after the realization of God. Nor need a man have any fear whatever of the world if he attains sincere devotion to God by going into solitude now and then for discipline. Chaitanya had several householders among his devotees, but they were householders in name only, since they lived unattached to the world.'

It was noon. The worship was over, and food-offerings had been made in the temple. The doors of the temple were shut. Sri Ramakrishna sat down for his meal, while Narendra and the other devotees partook of the food-offerings from the temple.

Monday, August 20, 1888. Sri Ramakrishna was meditating in his

bed, inside the mosquito net, at about eight o'clock in the evening. M. was seated on the floor with his friend Hari Babu. Hari, a young man of twenty-eight, had lost his wife about eleven years before, and had not married a second time. He had his parents, brothers, and sisters, to whom he was very much devoted.

At that time Hazra was living with the Master. Rakhal also stayed with him, though now and then he would stay at Adhar's. Narendra, Bhavanath, Adhar, M., Ram, Manomohan, and other devotees visited the Master almost every week.

Hriday, the nephew and attendant of Sri Ramakrishna, was ill in his country home. The Master was worried about him. One of the devotees had sent a little money to Hriday, which the Master did not know about.

When Sri Ramakrishna came out of the mosquito net and sat on the small cot, the devotees saluted him.

Master (to M.): 'I was meditating inside the net. It occurred to me that meditation, after all, is nothing but the imagining of a form, and so I did not take any delight in it. One succeeds in getting the divine vision if God reveals Himself in a flash. Again I said to myself, "Who is it that meditates, and whom does he meditate upon?"'

M.: 'Yes, sir. You said that God Himself has become all these—living beings and the universe. Even he who meditates is God.'

Master: 'But it is good to have a trace of ego, which makes one say, "O God, Thou art the Master, and I am Thy servant." When one is conscious of duties, one should establish with God the relationship of the servant and Master.'

M. was in the habit of meditating on the nature of the Supreme Brahman.

Master (to M.): 'Brahman is like the *Âkâsha*. In Brahman there is no change, as there is no colour in fire. But it appears as many because of *Shakti*. The three *Gunâs* (constituents), *Sattva* (equipoise), *Rajas* (energy), and *Tamas* (inertia), belong to *Shakti* alone. The fire appears white if you throw a white substance into it, red on account of a red substance, black on account of a black substance; but Brahman Itself is beyond the three qualities. What Brahman is cannot be described in words. It is beyond words. The Bliss that one experiences after arriving at the conclusion, following the Vedantic process of "Neti, Neti", is Brahman. Once the husband of a young girl came to the house of his father-in-law and was seated in the outer apartment with other youngsters of his age. The girl, with her friends, looked at them through the window. The friends did not know her husband and asked her, pointing to a young man, "Is that your husband?" "No", she answered with a smile. They pointed to another young man and asked if he was her husband. Again she said, "No." They repeated the question, referring to a third, and she gave the same answer. At last they pointed to her husband and asked, "Is that the one?" She said neither "Yea" nor "Nay", but only smiled and kept quiet. The friends realized that he was the bridegroom. One becomes silent on realizing the true nature of Brahman.

(To M.) 'Well, why do I talk so much?'

M.: 'You talk to awaken the spiritual consciousness of the devotees. You once said that a noise is produced when an uncooked *Luchi* is dropped into boiling ghee.'

The Master began talking to M. about Hazra.

Master: 'Do you know the nature of a good man? He never torments others. He doesn't give them trouble. Such is the nature of some people that when they go to a feast, they insist on a special seat. A man who has true devotion to God, never takes a false step, never pains others for nothing.'

'A man should not live in the company of bad people. He should stay away from them. He should protect himself. (To M.) What do you say?'

M.: 'Yes, sir. The mind is dragged down in the company of the wicked. But it is quite different with a hero, as you say.'

Master: 'How is that?'

M.: 'When a fire is feeble, it is extinguished even though a small stick be thrown upon it, but a blazing fire is not affected even though a plantain tree be thrown on it. The tree itself is burnt to ashes.'

The Master asked M. about his friend Hari Babu.

M.: 'He has come here to pay you his respects. Long ago he lost his wife.'

Master (to Hari): 'What kind of work are you engaged in?'

M.: 'Nothing in particular. But at home he takes great care of his parents, and his brothers and sisters.'

Master (with a smile): 'How is that? You are like "Elder, the pumpkin-cutter"! You are neither a man of the world nor a devotee of God. That is not good. You must have noticed that there lives in certain families an elderly man who spends day and night entertaining the children. Sitting in the outer apartments he smokes the hubble-bubble. Having nothing in particular to do, he leads a lazy life. But sometimes he enters the inner apartments and cuts the pumpkins. The women do not cut pumpkins, so they send the children to ask him to come

in and cut the pumpkin into halves. Thus far extends his usefulness and hence the nickname, "Elder, the pumpkin-cutter".

'You must do "this" as well as "that". Do your duties in the world, and also fix your mind on the lotus feet of the Lord. Read books of devotion like the *Bhâgavata* or the life of Chaitanya when you are alone and have nothing to do.'

It was about ten o'clock. Sri Ramakrishna finished a light supper consisting of farina pudding and one or two Luchis. M. and his friend took leave of the Master after saluting him.

Friday, September 7, 1883. Sri Ramakrishna and M. were talking together in the Master's room at about half past seven in the evening. No one else was present.

Master: 'The other day I went to Calcutta. As I passed through the streets in the carriage, I noticed that the people's gaze was fixed on low things. All were brooding over their stomachs and were running about for food only. Everybody's mind was directed to "lust and greed". I saw only one or two with gaze fixed on higher things, with their minds directed to God.'

M.: 'The present time has aggravated this stomach-worry. Trying to imitate the English, men want to enjoy more luxuries; therefore, their wants have also increased.'

Master: 'What do the English think about God?'

M.: 'They believe in a formless God.'

Master: 'That's also one of our beliefs.'

For a while the Master and the disciple remained silent. Then Sri Ramakrishna began to describe his experience of Brahmajnâna.

Master: 'One day it was revealed to me that there was only one Non-dual Consciousness, which manifested Itself as innumerable men, animals, and other creatures. There were among them aristocrats, the English, the Mussulmans, the scavenger, the dog, and also a bearded Mussulman with an earthen tray of rice in his hand. He put a few grains of rice into everybody's mouth. I also tasted a little.'

'Another day it was revealed to me that filth and dirt, as well as rice, vegetables, and other food-stuffs, were lying around. Suddenly my soul came out of my body, and like a flame touched everything. It was like a protruding tongue of fire, and tasted everything once, even the excreta. I was shown that all these are made of the same substance,—the One and Indivisible Consciousness.'

'Still another day¹ it was revealed to me that among the devotees who come here, those who are my intimate companions are my very own. No sooner did the evening bells and conches sound, than I would climb to the roof of the bungalow and cry out with a yearning heart, "Oh, where are you all? Come here! I am dying to see you!"'

(To M.) 'Well, what do you think of these visions?'

M.: 'It is God alone who is sporting through your body and mind. This I have realized, that you are the instrument, and God is its Master. God has created other beings as if by machine, but yourself with His own hands.'

Master: 'Well, Hazra says that after the vision of God one acquires the six Divine treasures.'

M.: 'Those who seek pure love do not want the treasures of God.'

Master: 'Perhaps, Hazra was a poor man in his previous life; therefore he

¹ This happened before any of the Master's intimate disciples came to him.

desires so much treasure. He wants to know what I talk about with the cook. He says to me, "You don't have to talk to the cook. I shall talk to the manager of the temple myself and see that you get everything you want." (M. laughed aloud). He talks to me thus and I say nothing.'

M.: 'Many a time you have said that a devotee who loves God for the sake of love alone, does not care to see God's splendours. He wants to see God as Gopâla². At first God appears to be the magnet, and the devotee the needle. And at last the devotee himself becomes the magnet, and God the needle; that is to say, God becomes small to His devotee.'

Master : 'Yes, it is just like the sun at dawn. One can easily look at the sun then. It doesn't dazzle the eyes; rather does it soothe them. God becomes tender for the sake of His devotees. He appears before them, setting aside His splendours.'

Both remained silent for some time.

M.: 'Why should your visions not be real? If they are unreal, then the world is also unreal, for there is only one mind which is the instrument of perception. The mind that is pure

² The Baby Krishna, bereft of all divine splendours.

sees visions, and the ordinary mind perceives worldly objects.'

Master : 'I find that you have firmly grasped the idea of unreality. Well, tell me what you think of Hazra.'

M.: 'Oh, he is some sort of man.' (The Master laughed).

Master : 'Well, do you find me like anybody else?'

M. : 'No, sir.'

Master : 'Like any other Paramahansa?'

M.: 'No, sir. You can't be compared with anybody else.'

Master (smilingly) : 'Have you heard of a tree called the "Achinâ"?''

M.: 'No, sir.'

Master : 'There is a tree called by that name. People see it, but nobody knows what it is.'

M.: 'Yes, sir. So also, nobody can recognize you. The more a man understands you, the more spiritual progress he makes.'

M. was silent. He said to himself, 'The Master referred to "the sun at dawn" and "the tree unrecognizable by man". Does this mean an Incarnation of God? Is this the play of God through man? Is the Master himself an Incarnation? Was this why he cried to the devotees from the roof of the building with a yearning soul, "Where are you? Come to me"?''

'God cannot be seen so long as we keep the slightest taint of desire. Therefore satisfy your small desires and renounce the great, by means of right reasoning and discrimination. Just as an object cannot be reflected by water if it be agitated by the wind, so God cannot be reflected by the mental lake if it be agitated by the wind of desires.'

TO SHIVA'S SON (SKANDA)

In the springtime of my kingdom,
Thou came to me and pricked my heart from end to end.
Ever since thy luminous gaze
Met mine on that morn, when fell a dew-drop of tear
From my eyes into thine,
My aching heart is sad: It seeks to know thy meaning.
Bruised I stand, dear heart,
Playing hide and seek with pain, I've not known so far.
Forlorn, I seek thy keys
To open the doors of bliss; I've grown weary with waiting:
Silent and nameless sighs
Break from a sorrow-laden heart and fondly I ask
My peerless pearl of love,
Why he ever crossed the streaming flow of my even life?

In the still dawn of light,
Thou came from endless time for meeting me, Beloved.
And deep in my heart's core
I always hear the soft sound of your stately steps.
In my daily work and play,
In my world of dreams or mid the wakeful hours of night
Float poignant memories
Of thy radiant smiles and lively tones so tender.
Love's first awakening
Kindled the fragrant incense of my inner temple
To hallow thy Beauty.
Sorrow and love with a burning fever fill my being
And freely flow my tears—
Yet my flawless gem says not, 'Why grieveest thou, my Love?'

O flame of living love!
Thou hast done well to bring such sorrow unto me.
O altar fire that burns to heal!
Thou hast pierced thro' my soul with so consuming heat!
O wound that bleeds, a truth to reveal!
Say, should my life be for ever bleeding drops of red?
Anguish is thine own touch,
The prize of thy sweet ascent, the reward of my love.
My heart like my well-tuned Veenâ,
With every breath of feeling wakes and speaks in music:
'Come, Sun of my soul!
Endless its wants and countless th' wealth of my love to thee.
And unless you ignite it,
My dying lamp would never, never more give light.'

DEVOTIONAL EXERCISE AND BODILY ILLNESS

BY SWAMI TURIYANANDA

I am thinking of going to Rikhikesh in a few days. But this time I have a mind to live like an ascetic. Now, as Mother ordains. On the last occasion I did not feel so much happy living in the Râjasika way. It gives unalloyed delight if one can live in the Sâttvika way. I feel greatly distressed to learn that you have not been doing well. Continue your spiritual practices with zeal. All obstructions may disappear through Mother's grace. Devotional practices are necessary. Never stop them, no matter whether the body is ill or well. Later on you will find that all obstructions have disappeared. Continue devotional practices for some time with vigour and without interruption, and health and everything will be all right. As soon as the mind is purified, the body also is freed from disease. Spiritual exercises alone can purify the mind. Go on with your spiritual practices. The best devotional exercise is that which is without desire. One must love and be devoted to Him. No sooner that happens than the mind will of itself turn away from all other objects. There will not be then much thought about the body. The thought of the Mother only will be dominant. And bliss is felt no sooner than it happens.

* * *

I am sorry to learn that you are not keeping well. It is also no small cause for regret that the remedies which you

are trying are proving fruitless. Do not, however, give up your devotional practices. Do not forget or neglect to pray to Him, for our Master has taught, 'Let the pain and the body take care of each other, but thou, O my mind, be happy.' Never forget to remember the Blissful One. The person who hopes that he will call on God after the body has become whole, will never be able to do so. Revered Vyâsa says, 'One who hopes to remember God after his distractions have ceased, is like the fool who waits to bathe in the sea after its waves have subsided.' The person who thinks, 'Let this trouble be over, after that I shall call on God with a care-free mind,' is in the same situation as the person who stands on the sea-shore and says, 'I shall bathe when the waves have subsided.' Waves will never subside in the sea, so how can he bathe? He who will be able to bathe in spite of the waves, will alone do it. Similarly, he who is able to call on God in the midst of happiness and misery, disease and bereavement, pain and poverty, will alone call on Him. Otherwise he who says, 'I shall call on God when opportunity comes,' will never be able to do so, for full opportunities fall to the lot of very few in the world. There will always be disease and bereavement, pain and suffering, in life. He who is able to call on Him in whatever situations he may be, will alone do so. Otherwise it is extremely difficult.

SHE SAVED OTHERS RATHER THAN HERSELF

BY THE EDITOR

All the eyes, mouths, hands, and feet are His. He gives hands to men and wings to birds. He produces heaven and earth, and He is the only revealer of them all.
—*Shwetâshwatara Upanishad* III. 8.

I

As schoolboys we learnt from our history that India is the melting-pot of races, that she is predestined to be subjected to repeated inroads of barbarian hordes whom she can never withstand, and that this passivity is the natural result of the climatic influences under which her people live. This verdict of the historians of the old school is not only misleading, but utterly false; for later researches have revealed that this so-called passivity was not a permanent feature of her national life. She, too, had her days of glory when foreign conquerors were effectively held in check and had often to turn their backs on her. India, too, had her days of material progress and prosperity that dazzled the eyes of nations around, and she, too, had her colonial expansion that knew no limit. Her navy swept the seven seas and she, too, 'ruled the waves'. Recent history has been forced to revise its judgement partially, but historians still there are who persist in mud-flinging.

It is absurd to evolve a theory of climatic influence when we learn from history that there is hardly any nation that can boast of perpetual independence and absolute purity of blood; nay, not even the present-day ruling races can lay claim to be 'the chosen of God'. The fact is that the basis of international relationship in ancient India having been substantially different from that of other nations, has escaped the notice of foreign his-

torians. The so-called passivity was the result of a philosophy which by its inherent force raised India to the highest position in the comity of nations, but which in combination with and being modified by the Buddhist way of thinking of the Indian type¹ worked for her ultimate downfall. The heroism of a Chandragupta, a Skandagupta, a Rajaraja, a Pulakeshin II, a Dharmapala, or a Lalitaditya was there; but their achievements were merely so many episodes in the long annals of India which were really shaped by the persistent socio-philosophical tendency at work.

From the earliest ages India was noted for her catholicity based on a recognition of the all-pervasiveness of Brahman and the consequent sanctity of all lives. In the Vedas and the Upanishads the dignity of man as man is constantly emphasized, for man is none else but Brahman in another garb. As a result, Indians in their inter-human and international relations could never be too exacting, too vindictive, and too ruthless. This philosophy, assiduously put into practice, changed Indian society in a way that was a marvel to foreign travellers. But the success of this philosophy at home engendered a blind faith in the goodness of humanity at large, which produced disastrous results without opening the eyes of the Indians to the true nature

¹ Please see our Note on *Buddha and Buddhism* in the *Prabuddha Bharata* of April, p. 208.

of historical factors. India was ever eager, and is still so, to win others over through the mere force of her large-heartedness, without caring to think for once whether a proper habitation and adequate protection have been provided at home for that heart for which others do not seem to care a jot or tittle. India has something unique in her which the world can ill afford to lose; but when that world in its ignorant madness and iconoclastic zeal strikes feverishly on all sides without caring for cultural values, it behoves India to be on the *qui vive* and save the few gems that she may possess. In the past India never tried to do this, and even at present she persists in her faith in the ideal and ultimate goodness of things without caring to look for once at the actual and present frailties of nations.

II

It is due to a lack of proper appreciation of this peculiar Indian standpoint that many facts of Indian history seem to be so inexplicable to us. Europe rules the world, and it is European standards that are requisitioned for evaluating Indian failures and achievements. Another result of the Western influence is that many historical facts that ought to receive the greatest emphasis are treated perfunctorily, while facts of lesser importance are elaborated *ad nauseam*. As a result, our boys come out of their schools and colleges with the idea impressed on their malleable hearts that India deserved and still deserves to be the passive arena of world forces.

It is no shame for us that India welcomed all the races of the earth, gave them a higher outlook on life, and fused them together into a wonderful nation,—united in one culture, engaged

in a similar political endeavour, and inspired by the same spiritual ideal. It is nothing unnatural that from the dawn of history to the present time currents and cross-currents of foreign thoughts have been entering India's doors, often unawares. Nay, it is not even a matter of real regret that she had often to accept foreign norms at the point of the bayonet. Such things have happened everywhere in the world. No race that still lives and hopes to have a vigorous existence in future, can boast of absolute racial and cultural purity. What is very poignantly clear to a close student of Indian history, however, is that the lure of a high idealism has shut her eyes to the actualities of life, with the result that the pages of her history are illumined with occasional flashes of dazzling splendour which only reveal long periods of rape, rapine, ravage, and ruin. India in the past carried her lofty message to others, but the latter in their mad onrush for baser things shook the very foundation of her national life till at last she was forced to take shelter under a thousand self-imposed social and religious fetters that cramped all vigorous movement. The result is stupor and passivity which go by the name of orthodoxy. Nevertheless, India still clings fondly to her belief that the world can be conquered solely by an appeal to its innate goodness, while the world laughs her and her ideals to scorn at every turn. Verily, she was too eager to save others rather than herself, only to find that she has ruined her all. Her very ideal of universal love stands the risk of being thrown to the winds, and through her military weakness and vast unexplored resources she has become a menace to world peace, tempting, as she does, the powerful nations to enter the list

with herself as the prize. Let us make our point clear.

III

Whatever truth there may be in the theory that the Aryans came as conquerors to dispossess the Dravidians, Mohen-jo-Daro and Harappa reveal that India had a very high autochthonous civilization which influenced and substantially modified Aryan life. The non-Aryans were not extirpated, but along with their culture, they were adopted into the body politic. Mohen-jo-Daro was a cosmopolitan city where proto-Australoids, Mediterraneans, Mongoloids, and Alpines thronged the streets. It is silly to argue that since the non-Aryans were degraded into the status of Dâsas or slaves, the catholicity of the Aryans is highly questionable. For, in the first place, it has not been conclusively proved that all the non-Aryans fared the same fate. The Dravidians of the South still rear their heads proudly and rub their shoulders with the so-called pure Aryans. The Kols, Bhils, Santals, Oraons, Khasis, and Nagas still have their unmolested separate existences. And in the second place, the adoption of the indigenous culture of the non-Aryans and the assigning to some of them of a status, howsoever low, bear eloquent testimony to the grand idealism of the Aryans, who could not but have the highest consideration for life and its varied manifestation.

The full significance of what the Indian Aryans did will be clear to us when the happenings here are contrasted with those in the world outside. The aborigines of Australia have been all but exterminated, and a responsible minister of the State now boasts that the country is white and will ever remain so. The Indians of

North America have been pushed to a corner in Alaska and there preserved as curios. The Negroes somehow carry on their despised existence, and even then the Ku-Klux Klan and the American mobs are ever eager to show the black fellows their real position. The Negroes are aliens in their own homes in Africa. Gone are the Maya, Aztec, and Inca civilizations of Mexico and South America. One shudders to think of the ruthless vandalism that accompanied the conquest of these countries. When Europe was still in the woods, and the Hebrews were still nomads, wandering about from place to place and subsisting on wild figs, olives, and berries, the inhabitants of Mexico and Peru lived in marble palaces, had fine temples, built beautiful paved roads, cultivated cereals, and baked bread. But woe befell the country at the advent of the Spaniards. 'Throughout the immeasurably ancient capital of the Incas, and everywhere throughout the empire, it was the same story. Every object of intrinsic value was seized by the Dons. Everything that hinted of paganism and that could be destroyed was destroyed by the priests. Countless palaces, temples, and other buildings were torn to pieces to provide material for Spanish churches, the cathedral, and other structures.' All this was inspired by religious zeal! End justified the means, and for establishing Christ's kingdom on earth it was but a small affair to put the heathens to the sword!

The history of Muhammadan conquest is no less a tale of the uprooting of indigenous customs and beliefs, and demolition of works of art and architecture. Such a sober historian as Dr. R. C. Mazumdar has been constrained to write: 'It is needless to add that the Muhammadan conquest of India was attended with horrors and cruel-

ties beyond description. When Ajmer was captured, thousands of its inhabitants were put to the sword and the rest sold as slaves; and this was by no means an exceptional incident. Even religious establishments suffered the same fate. So completely did they massacre the monks in a Buddhist monastery in Bihar, that when they looked for somebody to explain the books in the library, not a living soul was to be found. Temples, monasteries, and other splendid monuments were wilfully destroyed and their materials used for building mosques.' We may cite here a typical event from the life of Sultan Mahmud of Ghazni. After the sack of Somnath the priests implored him to restore the Shivalinga and offered even a high price. But the Sultan declared that he would rather be known as the breaker than the seller of idols and broke the Linga into pieces. It is needless to multiply instances of this iconoclastic zeal, for world-history has many more to show.

IV

The mode of inter-racial courtesy extended to her own nationals by India, set the standard for ages to come. In international relation, too, the same high standard was maintained. The Indian hospitality encouraged the Chinese travellers like Fa-hien, I-tsing, and Hiuen-tsang to visit India and spend here a considerable time imbibing her culture and spirituality. Considerable colonies of Roman subjects engaged in trade were settled in Southern India during the first two centuries of the Christian era. A temple dedicated to Augustus existed at Muziris (Cranganore). Another Yavana colony was settled at Kaviripaddanam (Puhar). Tamil kings employed the Yavanas and Mlechhas as their body-guards.

Earlier still, Chandragupta and his descendants had friendly relations with the Greek rulers across the Indian frontier, and Ashoka had intercourse with Ptolemy Philadelphus of Egypt. In 68 A.D. a number of Jews fleeing from Roman persecution took refuge among the friendly coast-people of Malabar. A similar contingent of Parsis found shelter in Bombay and Gujarat from Muhammadan conversion. It is said that St. Thomas came to India in the early years of the Christian era and converted the Indo-Parthian prince Gondophares to Christianity, and there are Christians in the South who still claim their spiritual descent from an apostle of Christ. Any foreigner who had no design against the people, could feel quite at home here. This respect for the other fellow, this tolerant attitude that gave practical shape to Christ's exhortation to love one's neighbour as oneself, is beautifully explained by Count H. Keyserling: 'The orthodox Christian in his presumption, which makes him believe that dogma in itself embodies salvation, wants to convert, *coûte que coûte*, everyone who has a different faith, and in the meantime he despises them. I have never met a Hindu who did not believe absolutely in some form of dogma, but on the other hand, I have not met one who wanted to convert anybody, or who despised anyone because of his superstition.'

In trade and commerce, too, the Indian shores were noted for their flourishing and hospitable harbours like Bakaria (port of Kottayam), Suparaka (Sopara), Bharukachcha (Broach), Muziris, Tamralipti (Tamluk), and Champa (Bhagalpur), etc., where foreign ships carried on a busy and unhampered trade and foreign colonies had a well-protected existence. Besides, there was an extensive overland trade, which

evolved friendly relationship and engendered a trust in others about the mild nature of the Indians, so that Indian colonies were allowed to spring up all along the great caravan routes.

But this regard for the needs and feelings of others was not confined to religion, culture, or trade alone. In politics and military conquest, too, the Indians could never run to extremes. The best illustration in point, is that of Ashoka's horror at the bloodshed in the Kalinga war, with the result that the great emperor gave up conquest for ever. But this was by no means a solitary instance. The Indian empire-builders were, as a rule, satisfied only with political suzerainty. Destruction of life and property repelled them, and the idea of cultural domination never crossed their minds. Sri Râmachandra conquered Vâli and Râvana, only to hand over the kingdoms to their brothers. Yudhishtira tried till the last to avert the battle of Kurukshetra, and never throughout his career was he vindictive. Both Rama and Yudhishtira were more eager for peace than war and found nothing unbecoming in standing by their fallen enemies Ravana and Bhishma to receive from them their parting messages on social betterment. Later Indian history is but a repetition of such wonderful political sagacity and foresight, inspired as these were by a solicitousness for making each community better along the line best suited for it. Indian heroes conquered but never tried to impose their personal whims on others. Skandagupta, for instance, thought it wise to leave the vanquished South Indian princes in possession of their kingdoms. Chandragupta and his descendants tried rather to cultivate friendly and matrimonial alliances with the neighbouring Greek States than to overthrow

them, though they never lacked the means to do so.

Such a plethora of historical data forces us to conclude that though there were occasional outbursts of ferocity, the Indian spirit was in travail for a new world outlook that culminated on the spiritual plane in the evolution of Indian Buddhism, which, however, over-emphasized and preached for all and sundry a stereotyped other-worldliness without making proper safeguards for the preservation of that high ideal. Sannyâsa got a fillip at the cost of other worldly duties such as Râjadharmâ. True, Buddha did not directly antagonize the military potentates, but Buddhism upset the social balance.

V

Let us now look at India as she emerges as a colonizing power. Colonization, like all other inter-regional problems, is nowadays studied from the European point of view, and it is tacitly assumed that the technique followed by Europe in her colonies must have been substantially followed by India as well,—there must have been forcible mass conversion, destruction of old relics, political serfdom, and cultural denationalization of the natives. With regard to the Europeans it has aptly been said that 'where missionaries go to-day, the gun-boat follows to-morrow.' But this is hardly the case with regard to the Indians. Europe has forced her own languages and cultures on her colonies, but India evolved her own method fully in keeping with her high philosophy and outlook on life. Her missionaries, Kâshyapa, for instance, during the reign of emperor Ming Ti of China, proceeded to different countries, often on invitation, and seldom went beyond teaching to the few that hankered for the new religion. Preaching was never a sub-

terfuge for or a precursor of political hegemony. Colonization often followed in the wake of trade just as it did in the case of foreign nationals who made India their home. Political conquest was hardly in evidence, or even if it did take place the localities were left free to develop their native languages and cultures, the colonizers exerting their influence on them only so far as the native people chose to have it so. We cannot, of course, dogmatically assert that there was no ambitious expedition beyond the natural boundaries of India; such sporadic occurrences may naturally be expected in a history extending over thousands of years. But what we want to emphasize is that such conquests were few and far between, and even then the colonies never lost their individuality. Let us take up concrete cases.

It is scarcely realized what a bold and adventurous nation the Indians were. Historians forget that it was no mere laziness that checked their rapacity. We have to remember that a world-conqueror like Alexander had to turn away from the very gate of India; that the irresistible Sakas and Huns were held at bay for long centuries till they slowly infiltrated into the country in doses small enough to be absorbed for ever; that the Muhamadans before whom kingdoms fell like nine pins, had to wait beyond the Indus for hundreds of years till Indian philosophy was sufficiently divorced from activism to rob her of her independence for ever. In olden days, in addition to a vast and well-organized army, India had her navy protecting a seaboard studded with innumerable ports from the mouths of the Indus to those of the Ganges, from which parties after parties sallied forth to people distant islands and continents. This spirit of naval adventure can be

traced even in the Vedas, and later Sanskrit and Pâli works are replete with references to such voyages, while ethnology, archaeology, numismatics, and foreign histories are throwing fresh light on the subject.

Prince Vijaya of Bengal sailed from Tamralipti with seven hundred followers and an equally big number of women and children for Ceylon in about 543 B.C. It is surmised that Vijaya forcibly installed himself king of the island. To give any semblance of truth to such a theory, each of those seven hundred heroes must have been more than a giant of the nursery tales, and the islanders must have been less than the Lilliputians of Swift. The marriage of Vijaya with Kuveni, the native princess, is significant, explaining as it does the mode of peaceful settlement. Howsoever that may be, Ceylon never gave up her native tongue, and there are still millions of the original people passing their lives in their own way. In the *Mahâbhârata* we read that the magnanimous Sahadeva conquered and brought under his subjection the Mlechcha kings and hunters and cannibals inhabiting the several islands in the sea, including the island called Tâmra. But we are not told that there was any colonization in the exact sense we understand the word to-day. On the contrary, there were instances of fraternization and matrimonial alliances with the people of the colonies. Kaundinya, for instance, is believed to have acquired a kingdom in Cambodia through his marriage with a Nâga princess. At home the Hindus were noted for their spirit of assimilation and absorption, and in the colonies also, these national characteristics never left them. In the *Dashakumâra-charita* we are told that Ratnodbhava went to an island called Kâlayavana and married a girl there. In the *Ratnâ-*

vali one reads of a ship-wrecked princess of Lankâ who was brought to Kaushâmbi. Lower Burma or Pegu was colonized by emigrants from the Telugu kingdom; but they got merged in the Burmese population. Java, Sumatra, and Bali were colonized by people from Gujarat, Sind, Kalinga, and Bengal; but now there are only the Javanese, the Malayas, and the Balinese with their distinctive cultures. The same process went on in all other theatres. In Khotan have been found traces of extensive Hindu colonization, but there was no Indianization. Kabul was for centuries a part of India, and yet Afghanistan is so different from the latter! Tharakh-hetra near Prome in Burma and many parts of Malaya, Siam, and Indo-China may yield evidence of Hindu influence and colonization, but there is hardly any trace of deliberate denationalization. In later days Buddhism had its sway almost all over the whole of the then known world. But Buddhism did not mean Indianization, rather was the new religion changed at every turn to suit the needs of the people; and the little influence that Indian culture exerted was a matter of deliberate choice of the otherwise independent peoples of those countries. That the Indian colonies were no mere appendages of the mother country based on force exerted by a central government, will be evident from the fact that though India fell a prey to her Muhammadan conquerors her colonies across the seas continued their independence for centuries thereafter. During their heydays those colonies had their independent foreign policies, and their arms were often carried to neighbouring countries, irrespective of what India might think.

It has been proved almost conclusively that there were colonies of Indian merchants not only all along the shores

of the Arabian Sea and the Red Sea and that the westward thrust reached not only as far as Egypt, Phoenicia, and Rome, but also that the eastward pacific penetration passed through Burma, Malaya, Indonesia, Melanesia, Micronesia, China, Korea, Japan, and Polynesia; and the advance guards of these colonizers reached the distant shores of America, giving shape to newer expressions of life through a veritably fertilizing influence. India had no 'white man's burden' or 'brown man's burden' to save the souls of other nations by bringing them round forcibly to her way of thinking. Like the gentle morning dew that falls imperceptibly and yet brings to blossom the fairest roses, was the influence of India on the world around. She gave out of the fullness of her heart without any thought of recompense. It was not for nothing that Arrian wrote that the 'sense of justice prevented any Indian king from attempting conquest beyond the limits of India', and even within her limits the Digvijaya of a mighty emperor was but a fitful act, laissez-faire being the dominant policy in inter-territorial dealings. All the same, the cultural influence was the mightiest possible even without the support of big guns and navies, and one is still amazed to find the echoes as it were of the Vedic hymns reverberating from isle to isle over the broad Pacific waters when the Maoris sing:

I dwelt within the breathing-space of immensity.

The universe was in darkness with water everywhere.

There was no glimmer of Dawn, no clearness, no light.

And He began by saying these words, That He might cease remaining inactive:

'Darkness, become a light-possessing darkness.'

VI

This is all very good. But what arrangements did India make for saving this high idealism of international service? The answer is, Practically none. A race of spiritual heroes inspired by a spirit of renunciation exhausted the national life in a pathetic endeavour to save others, only to find themselves outwitted in the long run. We are reminded of a parable told by Sri Ramakrishna of a certain very aggressive, venomous snake which being initiated by a monk and instructed to give up its cruel habits, became so docile that the urchins of the neighbourhood took hold of its tail and gave it a sound thrashing. A few days later the monk happened to pass that way, and remembering his snake disciple called it by its name. At first there was no response. But slowly a faint sound from a hole apprised the monk of the snake's presence. 'Well, what's the matter with you?' inquired the monk, and being told everything that had happened, he added with a rebuke, 'I asked you not to bite any one, but I never told you to cease scaring away your enemies by raising the hood.' The parable has a very apt application in our national life. Generosity may often be overdone, particularly so when the giver is not aware of the limit of his strength.

Ashoka with unparalleled insight carved on rocks the indelible edict that 'true conquest consists in the conquest of men's hearts by the law of Dharma.' But this was scarcely Raja-dharma. The noble sentiment, so sincerely expressed, was accepted by few world-conquerors, and the magnificent edifice built so arduously by the Mauryas crumbled to pieces within a decade of that emperor's passing away. Ashoka's universalism saved the soul of the

world, but it killed India's national unity and checked her political progress for ages to come. Kushan glory did not long outlive Kanishka who did so much for the advancement of Buddhism. The imperial Guptas, who, by the way, were Hindus, restored and maintained India's glory for a time. But the rot set in over again, because the tendency was there all along. Harshavardhana, though evidently a Shaiva, had an outspoken bias for Buddhism and at the quinquennial ceremonies depleted his treasure of everything and put on a hermit's robe. But his magnanimity, his erudition, his personal heroism availed nothing,—the vast empire broke into pieces soon after his death, and was even overrun by the Tibetan forces. The Pala dynasty had a predilection for Buddhism. They began brilliantly, but after Devapala the empire fell into the hands of weaklings like Vighneshvara and Narayanapala who preferred ascetic life to an active kingly career. The kingdoms of the south, however, leaned mostly towards Hinduism, though Jainism influenced some of them. In general they fared better, Indian culture being best preserved there. It was not a mere accident that the Hindu revival was inaugurated by the South Indian saints like Shankara, Ramanuja, and Madhva. The North like the South, however, lacked sustained and co-ordinated effort for making India politically strong, and though she never ceased to minister to the spiritual and cultural needs of the world, she herself was tottering on her last legs without any strong figure to reinvigorate her. Thus 'about the same time that the Huns were opening a chapter of savage onslaught on her bosom, India was sending her sons Kumarajiva, Gunavarmana, Sanghasena and Gunavridha to China to preach

Buddhism, while the Chinese pilgrims like Fa-hien, Chih-mong, and Fa-mong were coming to India to drink at the fountain-head of spiritual wisdom.'

This eagerness for spiritual ministrations continued till the establishment of Muhammadan domination. India made advances to the conquerors as well to carry out a rapprochement by giving up their aggressive habits, with what result, history alone can tell. The rebuffs met with in almost every field made India revise her policy, and that for the worse. From the height of selfless generosity she climbed down to the depth of selfish self-preservation. In fact, as already pointed out, the pro-

cess had begun earlier with the Sena dynasty in Bengal. But it was carried to rigorous perfection during the Muhammadan period. Almost all vigorous national activity and expansion were banned. India was sought to be preserved in a glass-house of negatives.

With the advent of the British and a freer touch with the world and the realities of life, India is just beginning to move about. But it is doubtful if she has yet made a proper diagnosis of her disease and discovered the true medicine, which may be summed up in a few words: Generosity there must be but no quixotic self-immolation.

SOCIAL DISORGANIZATION

BY K. C. MUKHERJI, M.A., P.R.S.

The disorganization of a society is often compared to the crumbling of a wall or the falling to pieces of a structure that once was strong. Generally society begins to get disorganized slowly as it steadily loses unity, vigour, and efficiency. In disorganized society the feeling for the whole is lost greatly; the I-feeling tends to get on the we-feeling. So we observe in it more discords and fewer harmonies, more clashings and fewer co-operations. There is less veneration for forefathers. The laws, customs, and beliefs are not respected; loss of social cohesion gradually follows.

The processes of social disorganization are not fundamentally different from those of organic disintegration. The phenomena of organic disintegration, such as, the cessation of circulation and respiration the breaking-down of cells, etc., are well known. But they are resultants of two opposing fac-

tors—consisting of certain organic functions and structures on the one hand, and of bacterial functions and structures on the other. When one wins victory, the other is forcibly wiped out. The losing side contributes almost nothing to the battle. In social disorganization also the activities of the disintegrating forces—the phenomena of national, social, and racial 'bacteria' growing on favourable soil for many years—finally gain the victory; but if these are excluded from the field of observation and the social disintegration is attributed to some immediate internal spirit of corruption only, the survey of the real situation would not be complete. It will be made complete when both the interacting sides are observed in proper perspectives; for the real situation is that 'destructive' forces get the upper hand as they grow to be more competent to live in that situation. The conditions which favoured the develop-

ment of the original social cohesion turn, therefore, so completely unfavourable as to be positively destructive to the original forces but conducive to a new set.

The adverse conditions which eat into the vitals of a society are both external and internal and may not always be of unexpected cataclysmic character. One of the external causes is a change of climate for the worse. Part of England, east of Cambridge, known as Castor, was in most flourishing condition during the Roman period, but the climatic conditions of the place became so unsuitable during the Anglo-Saxon conquest that the invaders migrated to the interior from the marshy lands of Castor. In Central Asia the discovery of cities, long buried under deserts, affords the principal ground for the pulsatory theory of climatic change formulated by Dr. Ellsworth Huntington. Agricultural theorists assume that mother earth is approaching old age and therefore losing her former fertility. In modern times scientific manuring no doubt improves the condition of soil, but still the phenomena of converting tilled lands into pastures or fallow lands, of importing food-stuff from different countries, of the evolution of an urban populace, of deliberately conquering resourceful countries, etc., generally follow soil exhaustion. These factors produce in their trail profound social changes. Marsh in his *Man and Nature* has shown the disastrous effects which are brought on a people by the destruction of natural resources. Deforestation rendered many areas of China waste and depopulated.¹

Subjugation may also be regarded as an external environmental cause of the breaking of society. Conquest destroys the social organization of the conquered

and forces them to conditions which corrupt their character and gradually make them inert and incompetent to develop higher social consciousness. So the broad comprehensive grouping of a free people becomes difficult to grow among the subjugated and in its place is often found the selective grouping along the lines of blood relationship or religion.

War often raises the autocrat who, either for the excess of critical spirit or for the total absence of it, tends to dissolve the cement binding the old society. In Christian Spain science was once in the medieval age a crime; some exaggeration of orthodoxy and loyalty, which was fatal to the intellectual freedom of the Spanish people, was made; and overwhelming power of the clergy and of the feudal knights and religious intolerance in its extreme form were then evident in the Spanish society. A large and flourishing middle class is a guarantee of social health. War often ruins the middle class. The dwindling or disappearance of the middle class leaves the people in two camps—poor and rich—and leads to the death of society. For neither camp feels that the other is a part of 'us'. The middle class mediates between the extreme classes and serves as stepping-stones leading up from the bottom to the top of society. So the disappearance of the middle class may prove an internal toxin poisoning the vigour of society by reducing it into, to quote Plato, 'two States, the one of poor, the other of rich men; and they are living on the same spot and always conspiring against one another.'²

Domination of man by machine causes no less, if not more, disastrous effect than the domination of man by man. The machine has absorbed the

¹ Ross: *The Changing Chinese*, p. 27.

² *The Republic*, Bk. VIII.

working class and adopted its members as attendant slaves. The worker himself has suffered a debasement. From the dignified, skilful, creative craftsman he has been transformed into a mere unit of production, an appendage of the machine. Now he toils with straining nerves and probably meditates revolution as he toils. The slaves of the machines, goaded to unreasoning anger by the intolerable inhuman dullness of their lives, strike out not at their tormentor, but at their fellow men. Hostile organizations grow for defence, injury, and retaliation. The centralization of production brings ever-widening areas of industrial activity under the control of the 'Industrial Kings'. Unemployment becomes inevitable as the growing automatism of the machine more and more excludes the human workers. A society of unstable equilibrium whose integral parts find themselves mutually hostile, cannot possibly last. Besides, there are certain abnormal antisocial reactions of machine-slavery. At present, during the war, machine stands apart as an independent entity whose function is to kill men and destroy their works—not to kill the French, the German, the English, or the Italian, but to kill men. It takes no sides and it pursues no pre-defined policy. So mechanism is not wholesome to social organization. In civil life its destructive effects on society are indirect, for the injuries it inflicts on humanity are disguised as services. But in the activities of war its effects are direct. It throws off all disguise and becomes the destroyer of man and of his wealth which centuries of industry have created. It may be noted here that the possession of knowledge is not by itself an anti-condition of society, but it is the misuse of it that is so. Machines, instead of remaining the servant of man, have been allowed to become first his

competitor and then his master. The social anti-body (used in the sense of social toxin) here, is not machine itself but the domination by it of human life and human activities.

Disorganization of society is also likely to occur if an occasion arises when the gifted stock is reduced and the unfit predominate. Emigration often carries away the superior elements of society, the cityward flow often takes away the intelligent elements of a society from the country-side. But in the city they are found to marry later, die sooner, and leave fewer children than the dull unenterprising persons that stay in the country. In the city the talented rise, but they become incandescent. So social achievements seem to use up the original eugenic capital. And notwithstanding satisfactory sanitary conditions of the city, the death-rate is high. So the endless flow from the country can only maintain the population in the city, but this means the destruction of the rural life and society.

Collectivism may also be regarded as the social anti-body. It is a system of social co-ordination of which the principal peculiarity is that it enables the unfit to become completely parasitic upon the fit. The unfit live with a minimum of effort, while the fit, having to maintain themselves and the parasites as well, obtain their subsistence with maximum effort. The unfit naturally acquire greater tendency to survive than the fit. Normally the fit tend to survive as a result of the benefit of their superior efficiency, but the unfit demand the transference of that benefit for the substantial part of their maintenance. So the happiness and well-being of mankind are reduced when a great deal of energy is wasted for the existence of these inferior men who do not make the stuff out of which a stable society can be built. One serious social

consequence due to the pressure of these unfit inferior individuals is that they handicap seriously, when they dominate in numbers, any forward march in competitions with other social groups. The relatively good feature of a static age may thus become an evil state in a dynamic movement. Indeed the survival of the unfit men, their multiplication and admixture with the fit, entail the menace of social degeneration.

The progressive increase of population is not always helpful to social organization, specially when it consumes all the resources of nature and does not produce artificial food-supply. Such increased density of population will create very unpleasant conditions of life and greatly decrease comfort and convenience. It is suggested often that the excess population may migrate. But

emigration, even where practicable, is but an unsatisfactory solution.

Besides, there are certain social customs and usages which are indeed anti-social in character. The marriage by purchase and the non-prevalence of the widow-remarriage are amongst them. We observe that men of lower classes are married later when they are able to earn money, while for monetary interest girls are offered for marriage almost in childhood. The age difference between the husband and the wife becomes often so great that the husband leaves behind comparatively few children or dies before the wife reaches puberty. It is for this reason that the classes of Nâpits (barbers), Dhopees (washermen), and other lower-class people such as Châmârs, Bâgdees, etc., are dying out especially in Bengal.

‘Before flooding India with socialistic and political ideas, first deluge the land with spiritual ideas. The first work that demands our attention is, that the most wonderful truths confined in our Upanishads, in our scriptures, in our Puranas,—must be brought out from the monasteries, brought out from the forests, brought out from the possession of selected bodies of people, and scattered broadcast all over the land, so that these truths may run like fire all over the country, from north to south and east to west, from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin, from Sindh to Brahmaputra.’

—SWAMI VIVEKANANDA

PILGRIMAGE TO KAILAS

BY SWAMI APURVANANDA

(Continued)

THE TOMB OF ZORAVAR SINGH

Real Tibet begins from Taklakot and the onward journey is considered to be more perilous than the return journey. This is partly because of the rocky, uneven route that lies in high altitudes with no shelter whatsoever, and partly because of the Tibetan bandits who roam about the place and are a source of constant terror to visitors. In order to avoid the latter danger, no party—be it a party of pilgrims or of tourists—ever leaves Taklakot without making sufficient arrangement for self-protection. For our party we procured two double-barrelled guns, one six-chambered revolver, and enough ammunition. Fire-arms can be had on hire both at Garbyang and Taklakot.

Before the after-effects of the previous days' journey to Khocharnath were over, we had to leave Taklakot. It was the first of July. The day was pleasant and everything seemed favourable. At ten o'clock our party started for Ringung, our next immediate objective, ten miles off. After leaving behind two small villages our caravan stopped near Toyo, a village consisting of several hovels. A few members of that village came forward and offered 'Jân' to our porters. They all exchanged greetings as they met. Two small loaded donkeys joined our pack-animals. They were carrying various articles for two of our porters who belonged to that village. A small tomblike structure was seen in the village. On inquiry we were told that it was the monument or Chhorten as

the Tibetans call it, of the brave General Zoravar Singh, who annexed Ladakh, the extreme western part of Tibet, to Kashmere. After several gallant victories General Zoravar at last was killed in Toyo. Even to-day there is a common belief amongst the Tibetans that no weapon could ever penetrate his body. So at last he was killed with a magic bullet made of gold.

We were leisurely proceeding, enjoying the picturesque view over the distant horizon, when to our great surprise our guide cried halt. The whole party stopped there and tents were fixed up in an open stony place with little vegetation. We did not know that the day's journey would come to an end so soon at three o'clock. Soon the porters were busy cooking. They collected some dry droppings of animals and thorny bushes which burn even when green, and with the help of bellows which they carried with them made an inviting fire. The night was rather chilly, for we were nearly 14,000 feet up.

DULL TRACKS AND CHARMING SPOTS

Next morning there was not much hurry for starting, as we proposed not to leave the place before ten o'clock. The day was ideal for the journey excepting for the high wind, which was characteristic of Tibet. As we progressed, the road seemed more and more monotonous even though we had many views of distant peaks and there were long straight stretches of almost level valleys. It seemed so strange that

after leaving the village Toyo we had not met a single human being, or cultivated spot, or any other sign of human habitation. We were following the course of a river which was flowing by. It was past twelve o'clock. The ground was moist and uneven with a little water here and there, which seemed to be the old bed of the river. We gradually left that part of the country. Our path slowly led us to a vast table-land with scanty vegetation of thorny bushes which did not rise more than two feet from the ground. It looked mostly like an endless ocean. The distant high-peaked mountain ranges appeared on the horizon. Seen from one end the table-land through which we were travelling appeared like a nightmare because of the appalling flat landscape of utter sameness. I was often haunted by the fear of being lost in it without a compass. After some three hours of steady progress we halted in a place which had a background of a high cliff. A lovely stream was flowing by, and at the farthest east was the magnificent Gurla range. We thanked the guide heartily for selecting such a lovely place as our camping ground. We had first seen Gurla from Lipu Lekh Pass, and even though the distance was great we had been charmed by the beauty; but what we saw in front of us was something marvellous, specially so when the snow-clad main peak was lit up with the dazzling rays of the reclining sun. We got our tent fixed facing the Gurla, and the eyes feasted on that heavenly beauty. The sun sank lower and lower behind the cliff, till finally it disappeared altogether, leaving behind a celestial glow on the earth. One by one the stars came out and began to twinkle in the cloudless heaven,—such stars as one never sees anywhere save in Tibet.

The following morning we left Chhi-

bru, our charming camping ground. Everybody seemed to have been very comfortable there, so none was in a hurry to leave the place. As for myself, I developed such a fascination for the place that I felt sorry to leave it. After an hour's march, we were let inside a narrow gorge with high precipices on both sides. Our path was winding very close by a precipice with bare and projecting rocks yawning overhead as if about to be dislodged any moment. If one of those boulders happened to roll down we were doomed. In one place, between the stream and the elevated rocks, the space was not sufficient for the animals to pass. Gradually, circling round the side of the mountain by a very narrow precipitous path, we came out to a long table-land whence a lovely view could be had. As we advanced I was very glad to see a few tents at a distance. For the last two days we had not seen a single human being excepting the men of our party, so the very idea of meeting some people was heartening. But the worst disappointment awaited us. As we approached, four fierce Tibetan dogs of good size attacked and scattered our mules, the Tibetans paying no heed to our importunities to control them. And it was after their eyes had fallen on our fire-arms that they came to their senses. Soon we left the place and slowly moved down a steep incline on our left. As there was no road and the whole track was thickly covered with boulders and thorny bushes, it was a real test of our patience and endurance to cross that part.

THE MIRACLE OF A LAMA

The sun was very bright and hot. We were feeling very thirsty, but the guide said that no water would be available during another three or four

hours' march. It seemed so shocking! We carried some water in our water-bag but it was soon exhausted. After the descent was over, the path led gradually to a big plateau which looked endless. It is really astonishing to think of such a barren country. After leaving Lipu and setting foot on Tibet we had been moving on for four days but not a single tree had been visible and practically there had been no vegetation excepting the little cultivation here and there. We were told that excepting a little portion of Eastern Tibet no tree ever grows in the whole country. People are so much handicapped by heavy snow-fall that they are made captives in their own houses. Sometimes for weeks together they cannot come out of their own habitations. Even meeting with other members of the same village becomes impossible. So being pressed by necessity they sometimes sacrifice a Chamuri cow and live on its raw meat.

We were moving up through the sandy ups and downs of the plateau. The sun was sinking down gradually, but still no trace of water was to be found and accordingly no halting place was available. We did not know what to do next. Proceeding further up was an impossibility. It was already becoming dark. At last I, together with two porters, went to see if any dry bed of a stream could be found. After a long search one such bed was found. I asked the porters to dig the dry bed with spades, and after a long digging, to our great joy it was found that water had begun to percolate slowly. To make sure, digging was continued, and the percolation of water, instead of stopping, began to increase. At last the whole party was engaged in digging with Mr. Banerji, a district engineer, in charge of our irrigation work. After

nearly one hour of continuous labour the newly made tank began to supply us with good water sufficient for the use of the whole party. Later, the animals also got water from there. It was a great relief to us all. We rested there for the night. In the porters' camp there was much talk about the finding of water in a dry place. 'Oh, the miracle of the Lama saved our life to-day!' they said. The porters believed that I being a Lama (a monk is called Lama in Tibet) had created water in a dry place. In our camp there was much fun over this. In the whole of Tibet the Lamas are taken to be miracle-makers. The greater the Lama the more the miracles in him. We heard of a Lama in Taklakot who could stop rain and hail-storm, and who was very much feared and respected by the villagers. As a remuneration for his miracles the villagers presented him with portions of their crops. That was the most chilly night, so far experienced. The morning temperature recorded by our thermometer inside the tent was twenty-eight degrees, and outside twenty degrees.

A DISTANT VIEW OF KAILAS

Before leaving Lupcha we were informed by Kisch Khampa that we might see the Holy Kailas peak that day. The news gladdened every heart. The journey was rather smooth in the beginning excepting the short thorny bushes which covered the whole place very thickly. As we were dragging on towards the top of a hill which we had to cross, the big skull of an animal attracted our attention. It was so heavy that a porter with difficulty brought it to us. It was the skull of an ibex as we came to know later on. At the end of our ascent, which was more than 700 feet, we found ourselves inside a distant ring of high-

peaked, snow-clad mountain ranges. From here all the high peaks of the Himalayas including Nanda Devi, Panchachuli, and Trishul were visible.

As we descended from the enchanted peak, another steep ascent awaited us. The guide hinted that from the top of the next peak, the Holy mount would be visible. The clever hint had its effect, and without feeling much exertion we climbed up the peak which was very steep. Before reaching the top I noticed the porters prostrating themselves and throwing stones at the *Lâptchâ* (sacred heap of stones). They began to pray loudly and assembled together. I could gather from the porters' conduct that they had the first view of Kang Rinpoche, Holy Kailas, in Tibetan language, from there. Soon I also joined them. A thrill passed over my whole being at the first sight of the Holy Kailas peak—domelike in shape. It peeped from behind the opening of two barren peaks and looked like a huge ball of ice,—unique in appearance, grandeur, and beauty. It appeared as if the Divine Mechanic had shaped it. The gorgeous silvery summit, awe-inspiring in its solemnity and resplendent with the golden lustre of the sun, was an immediate revelation of serenity and purity to which man had to bow down his head in reverence. For thousands of years the Holy Kailas has been commanding the heart-felt veneration of millions of Hindus and Tibetans. There is no temple, no image in Kailas. The peak by itself represents God Shiva, the Lord of goodness and righteousness. Pilgrims go there in spite of many dangers and difficulties. It is very difficult to understand why and how so many people get attracted towards a particular peak of a mountain when there are hundreds more. It is, perhaps, because of its superb natural beauty,

or is there something else in that Holy peak which satisfies the inner cravings of man?

With a throbbing heart I left the place along with others. With much exertion after covering a distance of more than six miles through a desert-like plateau the party could reach the side of the old bed of the Sutlej, one mile below Dolchu, where camps were fixed for the night. The place was very lovely and moist. On the other side of the river was a vast grazing ground. The whole place looked green, and further off in the dry bed, several herds of wild horses were seen grazing.

On waking up next morning, my eyes first fell on the Kailas peak. Though almost covered with clouds, it looked so attractive! A little further off in the opposite direction was Dolchu Gumpha, which we wanted to visit on the way. But to our great disappointment we learnt from our advance party that the monastery was closed.

TO TIRTHAPURI

Before we reached the confluence of the Tirthapuri and the Trokposar after our day's march, we had to climb a very bad cliff on the way, where even the pack-animals had to be taken one by one with much caution. It was before five o'clock that we reached the beautiful gorge, where our camps were fixed near the confluence. Two lovely swift-flowing rivers were on either side. But we could see almost nothing except the blue sky overhead, and a few wild pigeons flying here and there, and the swans with their young ones as they floated down the current.

Tirthapuri was only six miles from the place where we pitched our camps on July 5, so without dismantling our camps we decided to go to Tirthapuri and come back the same day. That would give the pack-ponies full one

day's rest and save a lot of additional troubles also. Accordingly the next morning we started for Tirthapuri. All the porters and care-takers of the horses also accompanied us leaving behind Darbu, the head of the porters, in charge of the camp.

The Tirthapuri hill where Bhasmâsura, a demon of great notoriety, is said to have been killed, looked unique and striking. The whole body of that hill was white as lime. A funny story is connected with the death of Bhasmasura. It is said that the demon, in order to achieve some powerful boon, came to Kailas and began to practise hard austerities. The penance was so austere that the Lord Shiva was pleased to appear before the demon. Being asked by Shiva as to what boon he wanted, the demon said that the only boon he wanted was that anybody on whose head he would lay his hand, should immediately be reduced to ashes. The Lord granted the boon. As soon as the boon was granted, the shrewd demon wanted to test the power of the boon. As there was no one else there, he wanted to put his hand on the head of Shiva himself. The great God realizing the danger began to run, but the demon gave chase. Shiva ran and ran for days together, but the demon was always after him with a stretched arm. Seeing the pitiable plight of Shiva other gods met in a conference for ascertaining how to save him. At last Brahmâ, the Lord of creation, took up the matter in hand, and appearing before the demon in disguise asked him why he was running so much. After hearing the whole story Brahma said, 'Well, well, why are you so much worried over such a simple affair? You can test the power of the boon by putting your hand on your own head!' As soon as the demon did that he was reduced to ashes, and

the ashes stand to this day as a white peak in Tirthapuri.

When within a mile of Tirthapuri we had a magnificent view of the whole place. The Gumpha front painted in red was a charming contrast against the chalk-white barren hills behind. It was really wonderful how and why a portion of that range was white and the stones looked more like lime than stone. Instead of visiting the Gumpha first we went ahead to see the hot springs on the bank of the Sutlej a little further up. After a sharp descent of some 200 feet we found ourselves on the bed of the Sutlej which was covered with boulders of different sizes. The first hot spring which could be seen was quite thin coming out of the nearby cliff. A little further up, just on the bank of the river, was another big hot spring within seven or eight feet of the water level. The water of that big spring rushed up with so much force from within that it rose up more than three feet—and it was steaming all the time with great noise. The water was too hot to be touched by hand, and the bubbling sound was so great that one did not dare go near. It was really a freak of nature that such a big hot spring should spring up almost from the river bed itself! There were three more hot springs near-by, almost as big as the other one, and in every place stalactite and stalagmite had formed around the hot springs. Numbers of hot springs of different sizes lay scattered on all sides. We had a pleasant bath in the water of one of the hot springs. It was curious that the soil instead of being hard was as soft as soda. Pilgrims carry the powdered soft stone from that place as the sacred ashes of Tirthapuri.

Next we visited the Gumpha which looked so attractive from a distance. The priest was very cordial to us. We

were soon led inside the temple. The inner sanctuary being too small we all assembled in the prayer hall. The whole place was dark, and only when a few butter lamps were lighted—as special worship offered in our name—we could see the image inside. The central figure on the altar was the Buddha, to his left there was the image of the Guru Lama, perhaps, the founder of the monastery, both made of wood and gilded over. On the lower step of

the altar there were many small metal images including those of Pârvati, Vishnu with four arms, Shiva in Tândava dancing posture, Shankara, and others. In the niches and on the walls there were several images which appeared more like demons in various terrifying postures. It was really astonishing to find the gods of Hindu mythology so liberally worshipped in all the Tibetan Gumphas so far visited by us.

(To be continued)

WHO FOUNDED THE INDUS VALLEY CIVILIZATION?

By C. R. Roy, M.A., B.L.

Man made his appearance on the surface of the globe about half a million years ago. In course of time he progressed gradually in the path of civilization from a humble beginning to the present state. As he outgrew certain stages of culture he left many relics behind, throughout the world. Before the discovery of metal he had only stone implements, and that stone culture continued for several thousand years. Afterwards he learnt the use of metal. We can divide these stages of man's culture, in order of succession of the implements he used at different times, as the Paleolithic Age, the Neolithic Age, the Copper Age, the Bronze Age, and the Iron Age, the last one being our own age.

We do not know when people first came to live in India. The history we have reconstructed so far, can lead us no further than 2,500 years back. We cannot say definitely what kind of people used to live in India and what was their culture before these 2,500 years or before this Iron Age.

In 1922, the late Mr. Rakhaldas Banerji lifted the veil of darkness that covered the ancient history of India by discovering the pre-historic site of Mohen-jo-Daro. This startling discovery has brought to light a highly advanced type of civilization which existed in India in so remote a period as 5,000 years ago.

The people of Mohen-jo-Daro had built a very big city on the west bank of the Indus with broad roads, lanes, and bye lanes; with elaborate drainage system; with magnificent buildings, palaces, forts, etc., of burnt bricks, equipped with bath-rooms, wells, and other amenities. They derived their wealth from agriculture and extensive trade by land and sea. They cultivated wheat, barley, cotton, as well as date. Their domestic animals included humped bulls, buffaloes, sheep, pigs, dogs, and elephants; but cats and horses were unknown to them. They were very skilful in work in metals like gold, silver, copper, bronze, and tin; and had proficiency in weaving and spinning as well as in

pottery, stone, shell, ivory, and wood-work, though they did not know the use of iron. They were literate and used a pictographic script. Their religion was probably the cult of Shiva and the Mother Goddess, etc.

It has been now definitely established from the antiquities found among the ruins of the city of Mohen-jo-Daro as well as among those of the many other cities such as Harappa, Chanher-Daro, Amri, etc., belonging to the same civilization, that there existed in the Indus Valley a widespread, advanced culture and civilization much higher than that of the Indo-Aryans, as also of contemporary Elam, Mesopotamia, Babylon, and Egypt.

It is generally agreed by all scholars that the Indo-Aryans (Vedic Aryans) came to India about 2,000 B.C., and it has been admitted that the Indus Valley civilization existed about 3,000 B.C., i.e., about 1,000 years before the arrival of the Indo-Aryans. Hitherto it has been commonly supposed that a race of white-skinned, long-nosed people called Aryans (Indo) came to the upper Indus Valley from the mountains of Afghanistan about 2,000 B.C. and settled there after subduing the uncivilized, dark-skinned, flat-nosed aboriginal Dâsa or Dasyu tribes who had no civilization worthy of name. But the discovery of Mohen-jo-Daro has given the lie to such a supposition, unravelling as it does a civilization older than that of the Vedic Aryans by at least 1,000 years.

The orthodox view, held so far, was gleaned from the hymns of the *Rigveda* which is the oldest written record of the Indo-Aryans and which is supposed to have been composed about 2,000 B.C. In the light of this new discovery we must now review the whole situation and see how far the orthodox

view is tenable and how far the Vedic evidences can be accepted.

The new discovery confronts us with many puzzling, unsolved questions, the most important of which is, Who were the authors of the Indus Valley civilization? It will not be possible to grasp the true significance of the Indus Valley civilization so long as we are not able to trace its authors. Many attempts are being made to piece together their history bit by bit, and new lights are being thrown every day.

I had the privilege of excavating and studying the ruins of Mohen-jo-Daro. From my personal experience and researches and from the investigation of co-workers, I shall here try to give an outline of the conclusions arrived at so far.

There are two sources on which we must rely for the reconstruction of the history of the Indus Valley. The one is the archaeological remains that have been unearthed at these pre-historic sites and the other is the *Rigveda*. Fortunately, a large number of antiquities has been found which will undoubtedly help us in our research. As to the *Rigveda*, doubts have been raised by the recent discoveries as to whether its evidences will be of any use, since the Indus Valley civilization was prior to its composition. In spite of this apparent difficulty, however, there are indications to show that the *Rigveda* will be of great value in reconstructing this history. From my study of the relics of the Indus Valley and of the evidences of the *Rigveda*, I am convinced that the interpretation of the *Rigveda* by certain scholars is faulty in many respects. One instance will suffice to show how glaringly faulty is the interpretation of the Vedic picture of ancient India.

The conclusion derived from the *Rigveda* by the Vedic scholars about the

aboriginal people is that they were different in physical appearance as well as speech, culture, and religion from the Aryans, and were in an uncivilized condition, though they were very good fighters and possessed wealth and cities and forts in which they defended themselves against the invading Aryans who were still in the village state of culture and whose society was in other respects correspondingly primitive. In spite of the possession of such cities and forts by the aboriginal people, the modern Vedic scholars finding the Indo-Aryans of those days in the primitive village state could not conceive the possibility of the existence of any city life for the aborigines, and consequently interpreted the *Rigvedic* references wrongly. The possession of the Puras 'or cities and forts' by the aboriginals referred to in the *Rigveda*, is a very significant fact, but the 'forts' were explained by the Vedic scholars as the places of refuge, or at the most, mud walls; and no importance had been given to the Puras. But the discovery of the cities of the Indus Valley now corroborates the Vedic references. Besides, we find the black-skinned and flat-nosed people still present in India, so the *Rigvedic* evidences cannot be ignored altogether.

However, in spite of the true interpretation of the *Rigveda*, it may be argued that its evidences cannot be of any use as the Indus Valley civilization was prior to the composition of the *Rigveda* at least by 1,000 years. There is no doubt that the *Rigveda* was composed later, still its evidences are of great value when we understand what the *Rigveda* really is. 'The *Rigveda* as a literary work consists of 1,028 hymns divided into books or Mandalas. Of these books six (II-VII) are homogeneous in character, the hymns of each of these having been composed by Rishis (poets and priests)

as family books. According to the modern European Sanskritists these family books formed the nucleus of the *Rigveda*, into which books I and VIII were incorporated. Book X was added, still later as a supplement. It should be borne in mind that the *Rigveda Samhita* is only a collection of hymns which were composed not in any particular period but in different periods of time, one group separated from another by probably a thousand years, and handed down from generation to generation. There is a distinct mention in the *Rigveda* of the hymns having come down, clothed in a new language, from the Aryan ancestors of olden times. The composition of the earliest hymns, therefore, takes us several centuries back, and the real beginning of the Aryan life would be assigned to times immemorial during which long period the archaic language of the hymns having proved unintelligible had to be changed into Vedic Sanskrit.'

It appears, therefore, that in the later period when the *Rigveda* was composed in Vedic Sanskrit, the memories of the ancestors were preserved in a new garb. The European scholars are unanimously agreed that most of the *Rigveda* was composed in Sapta Sindhu on the banks of the Indus and its tributaries as also of the Saraswati and the Drisadvati. In these hymns we do not find any mention of the ancient Aryans having ever lived in any other country or migrated thence to Sapta Sindhu. This shows that at the time of the composition of the *Rigveda*, the people had already settled there and practically forgotten when and whence they came. Thus, though we do not know the exact time when the Vedic Aryans first came to India, it is clear that they came long before the composition of the *Rigveda*.

The space of time between the com-

position of the *Rigveda* and the desertion of the pre-historic cities like Mohen-jo-Daro and Harappa by the aboriginal people is about 1,000 to 500 years. The Aryans who had settled in the Indus Valley for several centuries before the composition of the *Rigveda*, must have come in contact with the later phase of the Indus Valley civilization.

On the other hand we find that the Indus Valley civilization did not completely die out, but some of its features still persist in modern India. Norman Brown says, 'Although we are ignorant of many phases of civilization we recognize numerous cultural items which still persist in India such as Swastika or the veneration of the Pipal tree, and we plausibly interpret other remains as indicating that some of the major phases of the Indus intellectual life were already in existence such as of the use of the Yoga methods in religious meditation.' The remains of Jukar, discovered by the late Mr. N. G. Mazumder, only a score of miles from Mohen-jo-Daro, seem to indicate that the civilization lingered on long after the disappearance of Mohen-jo-Daro. From the anthropometric measurements of the present people of Sind taken by me and from the comparison of the skulls found at Mohen-jo-Daro I have shown that the racial types of the Indus people are still continuing in Sind as well as in other parts of India. It is to be noted that we can trace the existence of Alpine Aryans from the skulls. Hunter says, 'The civilization does not appear to have vanished without leaving influence on its successors.' Prof. Langdon detects its influence on the Brahmic script, and Mr. R. B. Rama Parsad Chanda, on the religious symbols of India. Now if the civilization and the people of the Indus Valley persist in some respect up to the present

age, it is certain that they must have passed through the Vedic period which just succeeded the Chalcolithic civilization of the Indus Valley.

Thus we see from both the sources that the aboriginal people of the Indus Valley came in contact with the Vedic Aryans. We do not know the exact time when the Vedic Aryans first came to India, but proofs are not lacking that they settled there several centuries before the composition of the *Rigveda*, and there are also evidences to prove some admixture between the native inhabitants and the Vedic Aryans during that period. The natives had even been taken into the fold of the Vedic Aryans before the composition of the *Rigveda*. Now, if the *Rigveda* records the memories of the ancestors we may expect to find references to ancestors from both these lines of the common *Rigvedic* people. This is the most important fact which should be noted by scholars, as it will help to solve many puzzling questions in interpreting the *Rigvedic* evidences. Thus, it is to be seen that the *Rigveda* is a valuable record of the fusion of the two ancient peoples. It is very desirable that the *Rigveda* should be thoroughly studied anew on scientific lines without any prejudice, as it is undoubtedly the storehouse of knowledge of the past. By a combination of the evidences supplied by the Indus Valley antiquities as well as the *Rigveda* we shall then be able to reconstruct the history of the ancient people.

Now, who were these aboriginals, or native inhabitants, who founded the Indus Valley civilization? As the civilization was anterior to and distinct from the civilization of the Vedic Aryans who came to India about 2,000 B.C., it cannot be said that the Vedic Aryans were the authors of the civilization. On the other hand the civiliza-

tion was akin to the contemporary civilization of Sumer. It was once supposed that the Sumerians were the authors of this civilization; but evidences are there to show that though in some respects the civilization of the Indus Valley is akin to that of Sumer, it has some important distinctive features which go to prove that it is definitely of Indian origin. It has been suggested by some that the black-skinned, flat-nosed Dasa people, referred to in the *Rigveda*, were the authors; but facts are there to disprove such a theory. Then who were the authors? The question is a very difficult one as we do not know anything of the ancient people of the Indus Valley except the antiquities left behind by them.

Fortunately, some skeletal remains have been unearthed at Mohen-jo-Daro which give us some clue to solve the racial history of these forgotten people. We find that there existed at that time four distinct races, viz, (1) pre-Dravidian, (2) Mediterranean, (3) Alpine, and (4) Mongoloid. It is to be noted that there is no trace of the Indo-Aryans during the period, which corroborates the fact that the Vedic Aryans came after the foundation of the Indus Valley civilization. From the analysis of the skulls and the anthropometric measurements of the various races I have shown that the principal race of the Indus Valley civilization was the Alpine people, though the other three racial elements were present. This Alpine people was not autochthonous, so the find presupposes a racial movement into India before the invasion of the Vedic Aryans. It appears from the evidences at hand that the Alpine people came

first and founded the Indus Valley civilization after subduing the pre-Dravidians, i.e., the dark-skinned, flat-nosed people. It means that the Vedic Aryans did not subjugate these black-skinned, flat-nosed Dasa people, but their predecessors, the Alpine people, did so. Now, the Alpine race is one of the branches of the Aryan race. They are brachycephalic or a broad-headed, white-skinned, long-nosed people. When the Vedic Aryans came to the Indus Valley they found this Alpine Aryans already settled there in an organized manner. The Vedic Aryans came as missionaries of the cult of Indra and settled there under the protection of the native kings who gradually acknowledged the superiority of the Rishis in spiritual matters and became converts; and at the same time the Vedic Aryans took into their fold some sections of the white aboriginal Aryans whose traditions were also incorporated in the *Rigveda* when it was composed in the later period. The tradition of the subjugation of the dark-skinned Dasa people by the Aryans as referred to in the *Rigveda*, thus proves to be true.

From the above it is to be seen that there were two waves of Aryan migration. The evidences point out that the Vedic Aryans represented by the Rishis who were dolichocephalic or long-headed, and whose type is represented now by the Punjabis, Jats, and Afghans, came to India later; but the brachycephalic or broad-headed Alpine race, whose type is now represented by the Sindhis, Gujaratis, Mahrattas, and Bengalees, entered India first and occupied the Indus Valley and founded the Indus Valley civilization.

ONE THING AT A TIME AND INFINITE CARE

CHICAGO,

20 April 1900.

Dear Mrs. L.,

I never did anything so difficult as these stories. Fancy, to-day I have before me the task of putting on paper what I know about Buddha! It is like trying to put the rainbow under a tumbler. I have only done five stories so far, of which only one, Prithi Rai, satisfies Mr. W. He is perfectly splendid in his standard of perfection. But it makes each story seem endless.

But I have found dozens of translations from the Sanskrit in the Library, and I never dreamt of the real beauty of some of these. Bhartrihari's *Century on Renunciation* is lovely,—translated by an English clergyman,—and it is curious to find in an American library enough fuel to feed the fires of Shiva worship to satisfy an ashen-clad Yogi.

But one of the wittiest things I ever came across is *Vikram and the Vampire* by Sir Richard Burton. I am not at all sure that the book is fitted for polite consumption—having long ago lost the power to discriminate between the righteousness of *In His Steps* and the wickedness of M. Zola,—but it is certainly clever. The heroine who dies on hearing of her husband's death is spoken of as having a most peculiar disposition.

Talking of books, I met a man at a friend's house the other day, who seemed to know much about printing, and, with a book of Wm. Morris's in my hand, I spoke of E. H. He said E. H. was a fine man, as a man, but the poorest printer going. When Wm. Morris wanted to print he studied the history of type, of ink, of tools, of paper; he learnt to space his words pro-

perly, took infinite pains to measure straight, etc., etc. His designs were the result of *knowledge*. Consequently, when he produced anything, it was not merely original, it was also in line with the highest traditions of the trade. He was a *great workman*. This side E. H. overlooks entirely. We can all design, true, but it does not follow that designs taken haphazard from any of us are worthy of perpetuation. Faithful craftsmanship is what E. H. wants.

I felt that the whole talk was a lesson to me. Honour of work, unremitting toil till the thing is perfect,—this is the quality that we of the Ramakrishna School must show, or all is useless. Cheap crafts, shabby handiwork, these things are unendurable, are they not? So we shall have to add one thing at a time and give infinite care.

I have been thinking much over questions of organization since I left you, and I grow more and more convinced that no one is wholly responsible for his own success or failure. So much depends on the *ability* of others to co-operate. People *can't* do what they can't.

Two things, however, increase the area of appeal: bigness of the central idea, and personality of preachers.

Religions represent these things on the vastest scale. Now we see in the history of the Christian Church that short periods give no conclusive verdict. Three years after founding, utter failure—even disgrace of the

Central Figure; five centuries after,
clothed in imperial purple!

And the moral of that is, said the
Duchess affectionately tucking her arm

into Alice's, 'Have faith in *things*, and
never have faith in self.'

Yours,

—M. (SISTER NIVEDITA.)

TRUTH THROUGH ART*

BY JAMES H. COUSINS

There are nine and sixty ways
Of constructing tribal lays,

Kipling chanted; and in a gesture of
inclusiveness towards all methods of
expression, he added that 'every single
one of them is right.'

The same may be said of the nine
and sixty ways (more or less) of con-
structing expressions of the state of
mind and emotion that is commonly
referred to as truth. A convergence of
circumstances from an incalculable
number of directions and intensities
ends in an abnormal influx of ideas or
upsurge of feelings—and a new religion
begins: inevitable, therefore true.

An ardent follower of any other faith
would deny this claim to truth (Kip-
ling's rightness) in the inevitable, and
would substantiate the denial from the
scriptures of his or her own religion. This
would be the same thing as denying the
rightness of what nine and fifty tribal
lays *said*, on the ground that the one
lay that a tribesman had taken to heart
said something different from the others.
But this would not be Kipling's test
of rightness. He did not say that all
the *statements* of the tribal lays were
right. What he said was right was that
which moved behind the lays; the res-
ponses of the lay-makers to the *ways*
in which life constructs its forms; what
William James, the American philoso-
pher, called 'the total push and pres-

sure of the Cosmos'; the *Tanmâtras* and
Tattwas of Indian philosophy.

It is not necessary to base a state-
ment of truth as it is approached
through art on what may be regarded
as a whimsical statement of the 'banjo
bard', building a castle of sand on a
foundation of sand. We shall come
near the verity behind Kipling's fancy
if we recall the historical fact that no
religious teacher, or any other teacher
for that matter, came after his own
teaching. Christ preceded Christianity;
Einstein was born before the theory
of relativity, Rabindranath before
Gîtânjali.

The way towards truth is through
original participation, like that of the
great announcers, in the creative pro-
cesses of life, not in assent to secondary
or tertiary, ancient or modern, state-
ments regarding life save in so far as
they point us to life itself. This is, as
far as my experience and understand-
ing serve me, the way of art towards
truth; a collaboration, as intimate and
continuous as circumstances permit, of
the artist with the flow of life between
the banks of form, with the *Manvantara*
of creative effort and the *Pralaya* of
artistic achievement. Poets, as Shelley
said, 'are the unacknowledged legisla-
tors of mankind'. Creators in the arts
are the vicegerents, the true deputies,

* Read at the Truth Seekers' Fraternity
Conference, Madras, November 1941.

not the mere ambassadors, of the creative spirit of the universe. From them will, I am convinced, come the religion of the future, the religion that will recognize the truth in all religions, the reality of the life of the spirit behind the masks of dogma.

This anticipation of the future will not be acceptable to the 'convinced believer' in a particular formulation of truth. It happens, however, that the 'convinced believer' is not aware of the fact that he is a contradiction of terms. Conviction and belief are two different functions of consciousness. Conviction arises out of experience: belief hangs upon statements of someone else's experience and the thoughts and feelings engendered by the statements. I am myself *convinced* of the enlargement, upliftment, and enrichment of life that come from creative activity in my own particular art, that is, through participation in art-creation, and to a lesser degree, from appreciation of the art of others. But I do not *believe* in what art-critics, including one bearing the same name as myself, have written, as 'nine and sixty' or even 'Thirty-nine Articles' of belief, though I may, at rare times, have the glow of satisfaction in recognizing another critic's statement as having behind it experiences similar to my own.

The way of art towards truth is, as indicated, through the experience of creation, not through dissertations on it. This is the main road. Parallel to it runs the path of art-appreciation. This, for its exercise, requires works of art. In works of static art such as sculpture and painting, their deeper significances, apart from their titles, are approached through implication. Some art-appreciators use inartistic language when told the name of a work of art: they want to discover its true significance for themselves through the implications

involved in design, vitality, texture, appearance, and other qualities. The object of static art is never its true subject. A statue of death is an embodiment of creative life.

In orchestral and pianoforte music, and interpretative dance, implication is helped out by mimicry and literary references, as in John Ireland's *Island Spell* and Gopinath's dances on incidents from the Purânas.

In recent times in new movements in sculpture and painting in the West, efforts have been made to extend the boundaries of significance in art. The plain allegory of G. F. Watts in painting was, like the plain allegory of Spenser's *Faery Queen* in poetry, too plain. An impressive or mysterious algebraical element was felt to be necessary to express the growing awareness by artists of things other than the technique of art and the depiction or expression of obvious beauty. Literature felt the same necessity. A class of students in New York criticized my own poetry for saying what it meant to say, in comparison with the new poetry in which Robert Frost sang about a well and meant the mind of a schoolboy.

The closest collaboration that I know of between the objective arts and literature in the expression of meanings through which the appreciator may reach the inner apprehension of reality that is called truth, is in Hindu sculpture and painting. Implication to the extent of Western art remains. A statue of Sri Krishna or a painting of Lakshmi Devi may be looked on simply as a work of art, and be judged for its proportions, design, expressiveness, and the rest. But there is something more. I once gave a lantern lecture abroad on Indian Art. A slide from the familiar South Indian bronze of Natarâja drew exclamations of admiration for its form and poise, and its ex-

traordinary power of creating the sense of perpetual rhythmical motion. An inquisitive auditor asked me why the image had four arms, and what the queer things in the upper two hands were. An unanticipated lecture within a lecture, on Indian philosophy, ensued. The image, with its ancient anticipation of what in our time is known as etheric wave-lengths and radio-activity, in the drum in one hand and the flame in the other, and further significances that need not here be recounted, carried cosmic truths beyond the boundaries of religions, and raised the imagination and iconographical art of India somewhat higher than it had been in the estimation of the audience. Hindu art, apart from the religious aspect of its images, accepts the fact that symbolism is the most impressive manner of indicating through art the truths of nature and the human soul; and in its long history has created probably the most extensive and most complete gallery of objective representations of cosmic and psychological ideas.

Drama and poetry provide the most explicit artistic expression of subjective truth. Yet, for all their explicitness, there is always in the verbal expression of the higher imagination something deeper than the spoken or written word, 'a language within language', as Shelley said. Yeats was once asked, in the heyday of the Irish dramatic movement, what the meaning of his play, *The Shadowy Waters*, was. He replied: 'Which meaning do you refer to? It has seven meanings.' I gave a full-length lecture once in London on the significances involved in Rabindranath's little song beginning, 'What divine drink wouldst thou have, my God, from this overflowing cup of my life?' To take an example of this stratification of meaning in poetry, apposite to the time of war through

which the world is passing: We may justifiably feel that, when Browning made Pippa sing:

God's in His heaven;

All right wth the world. . . .

he did not express a mere verbal fancy or turn a wishful sentiment into a positive declaration in harmony with his temperamental optimism. I think we shall be justified in elaborating the significance of the lines from the lilt of a simple Italian girl (created, be it remembered, by the metaphysical mind of the poet) into a declaration of the existence of a co-ordinating centre to all the phenomena of the universe, with the inference that, while that centre retains its place, in our era of demolition and transition, we may look upon the spectacle that Europe now presents less as a hopeless ruin and the discarding of the civilizing achievements of the past, than as the disorder of a Cosmic Builder's yard, with its veiled optimism, or as the apparently unintelligible jumble of 'properties' for a future picture in the store-room of a celestial 'talkie' studio. Works of art may be destroyed, but the impulse to art is eternal.

A last thought in this note on *Truth through Art*, though there is much more that could be said:—Participation in creative art may or may not put the mind of the artist in touch with verifiable intellectual statements of truth. But the intimate relationship of creative art with the creative principle of the Universe, out of which, as far as we can understand it, all things proceed, has the power to equip the creative artist with a sensorium that will react with rapidity and clarity to all expressions of the Cosmic Life and the phase of Ultimate Truth that each of them in some degree points towards. If this be so, and I am personally convinced that it is, then the bringing of creative

art into education will, in the course of one or two generations, create a race that will be more adequately equipped than the present to react wisely to crea-

tive influences from the thither side of life, and to recreate our inartistic life in harmony with the terms of Ultimate Truth and the qualities of pure art.

WHERE ALL CONTRADICTIONS HARMONIZE

BY KAPILESWAR DAS, M.A., B.ED.

The world-course is changing rapidly. The old order gives place to new. New ideas are in the air. In the wake of the complicated strife of old and new loyalties, seeds of far-reaching changes are being sown. An intellectual restlessness is visible everywhere—a fearless experimentation, a spirit to question the right of tradition and convention,—a wild effort to get out of the beaten track, to build a New Humanity, to usher in a freer and wider life, and to be romantic. There is no content in taking anything on trust; we ask questions for ourselves and would believe in nothing that does not seem to us good and reasonable. So far so good. But side by side there is so much unrest, disturbance, and bitterness caused by the conflict of the old and the new. Everything run to excess is fraught with danger, for as the adage goes, too much of anything is bad. A building ought to be raised on well-laid foundations, not on shifting sands. Modernism in completely severing itself from the past may lose the very source of life and wither like a tree without roots. It may give a hectic glow for a time. But the glow will eventually die leaving us in the darkness of futility. The past cannot be buried; it grows into the future. The limitless vista of the future is discernible through the narrow arc of the momentary present from the bygone. Antiquity, the spirit of the ancient world, clings to

us in spite of us. It is not a useless burden to be thrown away at will; without its nourishment we will starve and die. The price of breaking up the majestic unity of our ancient culture with a haste and a violence that destroy all that is good as well as what is merely corrupt and decayed, will be too high. Our best efforts should be to revive it. We have to build but slowly along the line of least resistance, nourished by our cultural heritage. All our up-to-date notions of statecraft, intellectual awakening, economic uplift, and social amelioration have to be judged in reference to a framework of absolute ends and values. Spiritual India indicates its outline and rich content from time to time, when its notations and configurations appear blurred in the whitewash of materialistic sophistry. And this indication is always made through the instrumentality of men of realization. Sri Ramakrishna, the saint of Dakshineswar, is one, and a superb one among them.

Ramakrishna's personality casts a lustre on our humanitarian outlook, invests it with a meaning, deep and positive. His Sâdhanâ inspires us to live in purity and selflessness in quest of the true, the good, and the beautiful. Tolerance, universal identity, the truth of each religion in its own way, transparent sincerity, a heart-felt anguish for liberation are among his fundamental teachings. His magnetic

force is embodying itself in the Rama-krishna Mission, a great movement devoted supremely to cultural enrichment, self-realization, service, and philanthropy. This movement, again, is established on the heart's blood of Swami Vivekananda, that dynamic personality through which the static Absolute flows in ever-widening circles of deep and gushing waters.

Life is becoming distracted for us. A thousand conflicting trends of thought clash. Everyone is parading his pet notion as the panacea of all evils. Isms are as plentiful among us as the Shephâli flowers on a winter's morn. The tragedy of unfulfilment of the promised El Dorado, the millennium, on the one hand, and the friction among different races, nations, and communities on the other,—the talk of international co-operation on the one hand, and the play of the most animal greed and passion on the other, the struggle between the white and the coloured, the rich and the poor, the capitalist and the labourer, the prince and the peasant,—all these have made the present age very troublesome, a veritable skein of entanglement, the key to which remains hidden. The evils of the age, of every age, are too potent to be ignored. The facts of grumbling of the have-nots about the wealth, privileges, corruptions, selfishness, and greed for gain of the haves, the rich becoming richer and the poor poorer, men unwilling to work and men willing to work but for whom no work can be found, the grasping hand of the worldly, are too persistent in every age to be evaded. But, alas, we want to escape so easily; we

are so loth to face hard work! Fondly we imagine a Utopia where everything is ordered to the best, every man has enough and none more than enough, where men can think as they please and worship as they like, where they are interested in reading and improving their minds and are not allowed to quarrel with each other. But the next moment the cobwebs of our fancy are so sternly swept away by the rugged hand of stark reality,—words, mere words! Where is the straightforwardness, high-mindedness, sturdy directness of spirit, vigour, and knowledge of practical affairs, insight and delicacy, faith and earnestness, and above all deep sympathy so much needed for the purpose? In their absence, the temptation to cut the Gordian knot, to flout everything 'smacking' of religion and ethical discipline, to invite chaos in place of the cosmos, are strong. But is this possible? Desperate treatment is not a true remedy of the disease. Let us not break without the power of making, let us not apishly imitate, let us live and grow from within and without, let us synthesize all for a better harmony,—this is the significant teaching of Sri Ramakrishna.

Let us cultivate the sense of proportion, the variegated expression of relative existence. Let us strive to find out the thread of Divinity running through the infinitely graded scale of creation from the stock or stone to the Brahman. Let us reflect, discriminate, realize, and thereby, grow nobler and wiser. Living, moving, and having our being in truth, let us work for peace, goodwill, and mutual understanding.

YOGIN-MA

BY SWAMI NIRLEPANANDA

THE BACKGROUND AND THE TURNING POINT

Ramakrishna was like an all-consuming spiritual fire. By his rare Yogic gift and power he lighted the same in others whom he thought fit vehicles of the Eternal Mother. This is why we find after him in his trail, small in number but, all the same, a brilliant galaxy of highly spiritual men as well as women, monks as well as householders. His race is not yet totally run. Yet Sri Ramakrishna lives amongst us. Yet he burns and influences humanity at the present hour, the very present moment. What began in the seventies, eighties, and nineties of the last century is still being carried through. The world outside as well as the Indian world knows and is knowing to some extent the Order-of-Ramakrishna monks captained by the glorious, gigantic, and meteoric Vivekananda. Within a short compass we have a mind herein to present before the English-knowing readers a *resumé* of the life of a certain lady disciple of Sri Ramakrishna known as Yogin-Mâ.

She began career as a householder but ended as an unknown, unrecognized, undivulged, but all the same a nun, imbued with the highest ideal of renunciation and service. She thereby unwittingly maintained our great ancient Indian life-pattern and hoary tradition. When one attains the high altitude of spiritual positivism nothing remains secular any more. Everything, every movement, every action, each life-breath is spiritualized, divinized, and given an upward turn.

Before she met her Supreme Ideal of life what was she but a mere social tragedy of Bengal in the last sixties?—pining and whining her time away in deep agony, struck in the heart, broken and forlorn by a spoilt aristocrat husband, a pitiable victim to the whims and caprices of a libertine,—no peace, no fixity, no solace! But like the hilarious touch of the Himalayan breeze, the God-intoxicated Master worked miracles and brought about a total transformation in her being. She found at last that, after all, she did not wait in vain through decades. She got really something very big. Instead of cursing, she began to bless her former ill lot.

The whole point of view changed. A worldward mental frame got a Godward bent, a twist towards inner self-realization. An extrovert became an introvert. An altogether new chapter of intense soul-life opened. This presupposed, of course, her own fitness and capacity for it. Protracted suffering cannot alone explain her search and adoption of a new spiritual standard and a spiritual ideal. In many cases it has made people more material, more agnostic, more unbelieving. But she became re-born, re-cast in the realm of spirit. This was due to that high priest, that soul-specialist Sri Ramakrishna. With a right medicine and a right doctor henceforth everything became smooth. All troubles and tribulations came to an end. As Vivekananda so beautifully puts it,—She heard the voice of the Supreme Redeemer—gentle, firm and yet unmistakable in its utterances. The seem-

ing corpse waked up. It brought life into the almost dead bones and muscles. Harmony and balance returned. Lethargy passed away. She plucked courage by both hands at the bidding of the Great Call. Temporary atrophy vanished. New suggestions came. The real leader appeared to lead her out of Ajnâna—absence of knowledge. What was stagnant and hopeless was made into a running, flowing brook.

Freely she received unbounded grace. That was most probably sometime in the year 1883. Her vigilant, sincere lifelong Sâdhanâ, her wonderful application and strength of character, the story of which cannot be recounted in detail within a short compass, when considered as a totality are seen ultimately to reward her with a bumper crop,—a fine success in the great, arduous mystic quest. She latterly became full of divine bliss, acted as an instance of awakened Indian womanhood in sainthood. She became a guiding light, an inspiration to many. As one scans her long life of three score years and twelve, one appreciates the truth of the great Swami's prophetic utterance in a Bengali letter from England in 1895: 'Holy Mother (Sarada Devi) has come to bring about a new awakening of Mahâshakti in India. Looking upon her as an ideal in our present world, would appear once again a new set of Gârgis and Maitreyis.' And veritably Yogin-Ma was all along with the Holy Mother as a new type of Maitreyi. She lived and moved with all and sundry as such, in the latter nineteenth and early twentieth centuries of the present era. As we remember her, our memory haunts back to the instances of a whole host of Vedic women Rishis, to blessed Mirabai of Rajput annals, and to St. Theresa of European mysticism. She

belonged to the same line—heir and successor to the same spiritual heritage. Sri Sarada Devi pronounced her to be a Jnâni and, again, using a Paurânic analogy she said, 'Yogin is my Jayâ—my attendant maid, my comrade, my companion.'

Yogin's life was full of ups and downs, full of vicissitudes, full of actions—shall we say, full of such actions, out of which a drama may be built up? There are sufficient materials for it. The main note of her life, her real *life* in the Eternal, began from the point when she met the great saint of Dakshineswar. It is fitting, therefore, that we begin with that. Running all through like a golden thread we may see the single, all-possessing, all-powerful idea—how to seek and get self-realization, to come face to face with the Ishta, the chosen ideal in its dualistic modality to start with. The Master generated within her heart a burning, maddening love for the life divine. Supreme communion with one's Atman was the thing to be striven after. She finally became a real disciple of a real master, not a half-hearted faltering bargainer but a whole-timer, a whole-hogger, an earnest sincere seeker bent upon getting the Ultimate Truth. The ball was set rolling. With a bulldog tenacity and a strong determination the path was followed unflinchingly.

PARENTAGE AND FAMILY LIFE

Yogindra Mohini Mitra was born in mid-nineteenth century at the premises No. 59, Baghbazar Street in Calcutta. Near-by were houses of Balaram Bose, Girish Ghosh (the dramatist), Swamis Premananda, Turiyananda, Akhandananda, Nirmalananda, Golap-Mâ and other stalwarts in the line. Early morning at six, Thursday, 16 January 1851, she was born. Her father Sree-

jut Prasanna Kumar Mitra was widely known all over north Calcutta as Dhâi Pesanna, the he-midwife Prasanna. In those days when Lady Doctors were almost a contradiction in terms in our land, he was an expert in midwifery, working in the Calcutta Medical College also, as a lecturer in the same subject. He was consequently well off. He had a big house over a broad street in the city, with a garden, extended courtyard, and an attached Shiva Temple. Yogin was his second daughter by his second wife.

When Yogin was only a child of six years and six months she was given away in marriage with one Biswas, an adopted son of the rich Kâyastha Biswas family of Khardaha, 24-Per-ganas, near north Calcutta on the bank of the Ganges. Biswas succeeded to a huge estate. Dr. Mitra wanted to finish the match early in time with the object of *registering*, as it were, ahead for his dear youngest daughter a career of plenty and happiness and glittering glamour. The ancestors of Biswas were noted all over Bengal for their religious inclination and charities. They were great Shâktas. *Prânatoshini Tantra* was published under their aegis, and they wanted to build a Ratna-Vedic—an altar inside which full one lac Sâlagrâma-shilas or sacred stones (of which eighty thousand were actually gathered) were to be collected and interred. The family deity was called Vishnu-dâmodar. Khardaha is held sacred by devout Hindus owing to its historical associations with Sri Goswami Nityananda. Sri Ramakrishna also paid visits to this holy place with its temple of Krishna known as Shyâmasundara.

But an unseen dispensation decided otherwise. Yogin grew young in time. Instead of the usual merry aristocratic

frivolous life, full of the joys of the world, she met only cold neglect and utter refusal. The young husband became wayward,—by and by a confirmed addict to wine and a courtesan, finally, to squander away everything and became literally a street-beggar. He rolled in sin and iniquity. Good advice was not heeded in the least.

Yogin got only one daughter having Ganu as her nickname. She had also a male infant only to live for six months. That finished her domestic life. Ganu was ultimately given away in marriage. Yogin's responsibility was over. As a normal wife who wanted a sober husband, she at first became exceedingly annoyed and enraged. She left Khardaha for good. Her husband was an abomination to her. She came over to her paternal house at Baghbazar. Her father was gone. But the mother still lived.

Here Yogin was passing through a mental storm with many ruts and complexes. She knew not then that the simplifier was so near at hand and all those psychological disturbances were simply preparations for the pacifier to come and heal up all the wounds.

THE MAGIC TOUCH OF THE MASTER

In the first seventies of the last century north Calcutta became quite familiar with the name of a certain Paramahansa living in the temple garden of Rani Rasmani. This was due to Keshab Chandra's publishing in his weekly paper in Bengali about the saint and his fine, original simple Biblelike forceful sayings. Yogin's grandmother (mother's mother) had a religious disposition. Among her near ones this lady first heard of Sri Ramakrishna and actually visited the temple to meet him. Ramakrishna wore no usual external sign of a Sâdhu. She met him unknowingly and asked about one Parama-

hamsa. The unassuming Master was in an inward mood. He did not want to divulge his identity all at once and simply told her to *seek*.

Balaram Bose, the chosen, ardent, trusted devotee of the Master, was distantly related to Yogin on her father-in-law's side. Just at the moment she was full of pangs, one day as the Master came in the now historic Bose House, Yogin was informed to be present and seek his shelter. Sri Ramakrishna stood at one end of the big hall shaking in beatific ecstasy. She very naturally misunderstood. She took him to be just a tipsy Kâli-sadhaka. That was the first impression, first reaction in her. She had already the painful experience of a drunken man who had spoiled her family life and made her abjectly miserable. But as days rolled on, she began to come in closer, and more familiar and frequent contacts with the Paramahamsa with a chosen group of her Baghbazar lady friends. Very soon she was freed from her error. She got the mental and spiritual pabulum she was hankering after. Her entire estimation and valuation of things were changed by the touch and glance and repeated instructions of the saint.

She was accepted as an inner-circle disciple. The Master ever liked those spiritual persons who would act and practise, *follow* and *do* things at his bidding, and not simply become mere theoreticians, hair-splitting dialecticians, and good debators. Familiarity with that sea of mystic communion kindled similar stimuli in like hearts. It lifted the lady (now up thirty) out of the pettiness and sordidness of her untold social mishaps, which pertained to her worldly self. Henceforth she was renewed, renovated. She began to breathe the atmosphere of spiritual freedom and got scent of her real self.

His bright, serene, calm, and beautiful face created an atmosphere all its own. The very air and surroundings of Dakshineswar were all surcharged with spirituality by this rare personality, this magnetic presence. He cast his spell upon his environment and was then at the apex of his achievement, already a teacher of teachers, to remain only three or four years more in his mortal coil. He began to take special care of Yogin-Ma as was his wont with those who surrendered themselves at his feet. He gave guidance at every step. Sometimes doubts would be solved automatically by his very presence. He *bestowed* power actually as in many other cases. Veil after veil fell off, and she had entrance into a new realm of light and unspeakable Ânanda—Bliss. She was till then repeating twice daily a Devi Mantra received from her father-in-law's side of family Gurudevras. It could not be made living. It was dull, drab, flat, and soulless. Sri Ramakrishna did not destroy or disturb the original Mantra. He vitalized it, made it real, made it speak and respond. It was wonderful. It was amazing. It was an altogether new revelation.

By and by, she became acquainted with a host of lady disciples who were all occasionally visiting the Master and progressing in their inner lives. The Holy Mother Sarada Devi was also all compassionate to them. The Master very graciously paid visits to Yogin-Ma's paternal house. This had an encouraging effect. *Kathâmrta*, the famous Bengali book, records (footnote, Part III, p. 235) one such occasion. Devotion naturally welled out. She said most strikingly, 'Sir, my room will be converted into a Benares by the dust of your feet!'

Yogin's mother and Yogin's daughter with her newly born first son also were

taken to the Master. They were all moved and touched but Yogin's son-in-law, the son of a Calcutta rich money-lender, got no impression and began to criticize adversely. Therefore Yogin was careful enough not to speak about the Master before that lad and took him there no more, barring the first ceremonial visit just after marriage. Biswas, her husband, ultimately had to die in Yogin's paternal home almost penniless. Her mind had changed by the grace of the Paramahansa. She took pity, served and nursed the husband in his last days. He had a dog-bite on one leg, got fever, and finally succumbed.

Before this, one day in his home, Balaram Babu pleaded for Biswas before the Master with no effect. The latter was rather full of bitter annoyance for Biswas's utter neglect of duty. Biswas was seated before the Master. M. records it in *Kathamrita* (footnote, Part V, p. 20) Biswas was not lucky

enough to receive the Master's mercy. But he appreciated full well the unparalleled power of the saint who had thoroughly changed his wife and made her travel Godward with calmness, perfect unconcern, and peace of mind. That life which this spoilt child of Lakshmi was instrumental in making starkly miserable, was now discovered to be safe in the good hands of this guiding messenger of God. To Yogin, old scars henceforth appeared in a new light with deep meaning. She made friends with another neighbour of hers, older in age, who had become almost mad at the demise of her only daughter. The latter was called Annapurnâ by her parents, but she later on came to be known as Golap-Ma, in the Ramakrishna Order. Both of them were very close and intimate to the Holy Mother to the end of their days and both senior in age to the Mother. Golap-Ma also turned a new leaf in her life by her contact with the Great Healer.

(To be concluded)

NOTES AND COMMENTS

TO OUR READERS

Sri Ramakrishna was ever in sympathetic touch with people of all walks of life, which set their frailties and foibles in their true perspectives before his saintly vision. He soared to transcendental heights, and yet there never was a lack of encouraging suggestions for those who needed the wherewithals for an unhampered spiritual flight. The present instalment of the *Teachings* will amply bear this out. . . . *Shiva's Son* catches the heart of Miss Pancha Chelliah, but instead of enjoying her divine pangs all by herself, she shares it with the readers. . . . Bodily ail-

ments there will be so long as we are in this earth. But true spiritual heroism consists in continuing the *Devotional Exercises* in spite of such impediments. . . . The universalism for which India is noted should not degenerate into self-deluded quixotism. The Editor argues that by a misguided zeal India, in the past, *Saved Others rather than Herself*. . . . Mr. K. C. Mukherji of the Dacca University analyses the causes of *Social Disorganization*. . . . In the second instalment of his *Pilgrimage to Kailas* Swami Apurvananda takes us to the beautiful monastery and shrine of Tirthapuri. . . . *Who founded*

the Indus Valley Civilization?—is a question that still remains unsolved. The Curator of the Victoria Museum, Karachi, holds that the credit should go to the broad-headed Alpine race. We perceive that this will flatter the vanity of our Sindhi, Gujarati, Marhatti, and Bengalee readers; but we may warn them that there are the long-headed Punjabis and the black-skinned people all over India to fight every inch of the ground. . . . The Sister from her practical experience tells us that the best method of success is *One Thing at a Time and Infinite Care*. . . . Mr. J. H. Cousins maintains that *Truth* can be realized *through Art*. We hope our readers are tolerant enough to concede the claim substantially. . . . The world is full of conflicting ideas, each of which denies a *lebensraum* to the others. Mr. Kapileswar Das argues that *All Contradictions* can be *Harmonized* on a higher plane. . . . In the short sketch of the life of *Yogin-Mâ*, Swami Nirlepananda has delineated a particular phase of Sri Ramakrishna's ministration and the spiritual fibre of Indian womanhood.

ENDS AND MEANS

As little boys we heard from our elders that the eyes of philosophers are fixed on supermundane realities, so much so that one of them once fell down into a well when walking with his gaze riveted on the beauty of the starry firmament. But nowadays they seem to be of the earth, earthy. In *The Philosophical Quarterly* of January Mr. K. R. Sreenivasa Iyengar takes up the modern attitude and writes: "The modern world appreciates only activity, life, social service, progress. . . . Absolutism and social service cannot peacefully lie down together any more than the lion and the lamb: they have not done so in the land of Hegel, Bradley,

and Bosanquet, they cannot do so in the land of Bhartriprapancha, Shankara, and Appaya Dikshita either.' It would really be a good riddance if we could have done away with the Absolute once and for all and stuck to 'activity, life, social service, and progress'. Unfortunately for us, these shibboleths are equally illusive and hopelessly disparate. Activism or constant movement without a permanent background is an illusion; earthly life without a transcendental basis is a passing phantom; social service without a higher vision of Divine unity is but meaningless automatism; and progress *ad infinitum*, which is but another name for meaningless change, is a utopian chimera. Activism ends in a world war that kills life; life prospers at the cost of others; social service ends in frenzy by its attempt to freeze society into a static uniformity; and progress moves on like a will-o'-the-wisp creating confusion, competition, mutual recrimination, and international conflagration. By taking too great a care to avoid the pitfalls below, the modern philosopher misses the beauty above; and in his eagerness to be true to the facts of ordinary life, he loses his grasp on lives extraordinary. In the hermitages of old the lion and the lamb did lie together, and an Absolutist like Shankara could march through life energizing and enriching it at every step.

The trouble with modern thought is that it wants to judge everything in terms of utility; and in the process of analysis, calculation, and weighing in the balance, every good thing is bereft of its intrinsic worth. A loving father is solicitous for the welfare of the children without their knowing it. But once the children begin judging him in terms of pound, shilling, and pence, the old man thinks they can help themselves well enough without his care.

The Absolute sustains life without our being aware of it, but once the pragmatist steps in and ushers in his tests of ends and means It is nowhere to be seen. The Absolute is neither the means nor the end of anything, but the *prius* of both.

This does not mean that we have to depend on magic and not logic. The writer is substantially correct when he argues: 'Political objectives are of the earth earthy; they can be attained only by means equally material. To employ moral or spiritual means to attain political ends is like trying to satisfy one's hunger by hearing good music.' Good music, by the way, does soothe our discomfort when no food is at hand. But that is a different issue. When we maintain that the Absolute sustains life or that religion should be the background of all our activities, it is never implied that physical or moral, or for the matter of that, political or economic efforts should stand still. On the contrary, it is in and through these that we have to realize our goal. Each plane of our activity has a *modus operandi* of its own and religion must not be requisitioned to serve the purpose of politics, though we repeat once again,—the goal of spiritual perfection must ever be kept blazing before each soul. Shankara never tried to stop activity—for the simple reason that the Absolute can never be either of the poles of an opposition. Shankara's India was never a land of dreams, though monasticism there was as one manifestation of life on earth.

EDUCATION IN ANCIENT INDIA

The Maha-Bodhi of March publishes an illuminating article on *University Education in Ancient India* by Mr. N. N. Ghosh, M.A., who maintains that 'corporate educational organization on a large scale through universities of

residential types was developed from the Buddhist times.' (The Italics are ours). We take this only as a hypothetical proposition; for many social improvements that were supposed to begin from the Buddhist period, have through recent researches been proved to antedate it. The writer notes that during Buddha's time 'or even a little earlier' Taxila 'developed into a great seat of learning'. In this seat of learning were taught, among other things, archery, the Vedas, medicines, and surgery. 'There was no caste restrictions. All subjects were open to students of all castes.' The Buddhist Universities, Nalanda established by Kumar Gupta I (Narasinha Gupta Baladitya, c. 469-473 A.C.?) in the fifth century A.D. and Vikramashila by Dharmapala in the eighth century, were destroyed in 1203 by the Muslim invaders, 'after having served the cause of high education' for hundreds of years. The Hindus, too, had their colleges and seats of learning in cities like Vallabhi, Benares, and Navadvipa. Besides, evidence of Ashrama schools can be traced in the Vedas. Panchâla and Mithilâ are referred to as centres of learning in the Upanishads. The subject is of great interest. But research in this field is far from satisfactory.

DOGMATISM RUNS AMUCK

The Maha-Bodhi of March presents us with another article which it could very well do without, since it is no better than a string of historical and philosophical half-truths and untruths. Besides, if the magazine is out for re-establishing Buddhism in India, articles of this sort will do the worst disservice to its cause. And this we write out of a deep sense of reverence to Lord Buddha, who never inflicted an unnecessary injury on others. Mr. Umesh Mutsuddi, the writer of the article

makes many precious discoveries, some of which are culled here for our readers: Before Buddha came 'the Indian people were ignorant of true religion and philosophy;' 'compassion had no place in the earth;' 'the Brahmins were all in all in the society; the Dharmashastras were compiled for their benefit;' 'Sankaracharya . . . utilized the Godlessness of Buddhism,' and 'by converting Buddha's *Avijjya* into *Mâyâ*' and tagging on 'the hollow word God' to 'his Advaitabad' revived Brahminism; 'Sankara could not convert the enlightened;' 'Nirgun Iswar . . . according to Ramkrishna Paramhangsa and Swami Vivekananda and Kato-panisad means only nothingness or void.' The writer will be well advised to widen his vision beyond sectarian literature.

THE WHIG INTERPRETATION OF HISTORY

The Hindusthan Review of January (published in March) reproduces the Presidential address of Prof. K. A.

Nilkanta Sastri at the History Section of the All-India Oriental Conference, Hyderabad, 1941. The Professor asserts that 'we have fallen victims, to what, with justice, has been called "the Whig interpretation of History"', and have made the conceptions of political unity, national sovereignty and parliamentary government the touchstone of Indian History.' He further adds: 'The bias which has coloured India's history so far is that of her conquerors and administrators.' The text-books in vogue in our educational institutions are ignorant of the most glorious achievements of India, and the standards of historical evaluation engendered in the rising generation are greatly demoralizing. 'To judge from these text-books, India was made by God to be invaded, conquered and subdued over and over again from land and sea, and anything that was good in her national life, she got from the Greeks, or Persians, or the British.' Will the rising generation of Indian historians correct our perspective?

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

AKHAND HINDUSTHAN. BY K. M. MUNSHI, B.A., LL.B. *Published by Messrs New Book Co., Kitab Mahal, Hornby Road, Bombay. Pp. 273. Price Rs. 4.*

A new movement ushers in its own literature and often a new literature becomes the starting point for a fresh national movement. But in few books do these two tendencies coalesce. In recent years one such book from Mr. Subhas Chandra Bose, marked an extreme revolt from Gandhism, and the second one from Mr. Munshi is equally a memorable critique of the accepted modes of thoughts. But whereas the *Indian Struggle* alienated public sympathy, the *Akhand Hindusthan* treads the traditional Indian path of reforming without snapping all previous bonds.

The public are now convinced that Gandhism is not a mere political creed. It has a *Weltanschauung* of its own and a technique for bringing about a world revolution. The Mahatma can never divorce his activities from religion. His critics, too, have to recognize this fact. Mr. Munshi states it very clearly that the territorial integrity of India is not a mere political issue. It has its moral and cultural implications, which alone prompt one to take a bold stand against the disruptionists.

The author is no less eager than anyone else for communal rapprochement. But 'friendliness comes by mutual forbearance and mutual respect. It is not born out of a wedlock of bluff and appeasement. . . . The creed of disruption has thriven on

appeasement so far, and unless Indians put their foot down, the country will be cleft into bits before they know what is being done.' But the nationalists in general and the Hindus in particular suffer from a fear complex, which they have got to be cured of.

To understand India, one has to make a proper study of her cultural history. Unfortunately, the so-called histories of India, give no true clue to her inner life. But for a transvaluation of the historical values that have come to the forefront in the wake of Western thoughts, it is necessary to undertake a proper study of such cultural ideas as resistance, non-violence, surrender, and truth, etc., and social institutions like family, Varnâshrama, etc. This at last reveals the grounds of the difference between the Mahatma and the new school of thought represented by *Akhand Hindusthan*.

Mr. Munshi holds that India 'should give up illusory hopes of cheaply earned freedom. It should listen to the voice of God and develop the will to resist all evil, in whatever form it faces us.' On the question of self-defence, the author writes: 'I cannot imagine that, as between man and man, the right of self-defence by all available means can be given up as long as most men continue to be what they are, just normal human beings. Non-violence is a psychological factor. Its moral value is derived from the motive and impulse. If the use of force becomes necessary in the performance of a duty which is undertaken without fear, malice, or anger, it is not Himsa.' 'Resistance is the essence of individual or corporate growth.' It is by resisting the non-self that we create the proper atmosphere for the revelation of Divine effulgence.

The book suffers from some minor defects which can be easily corrected in a subsequent issue. Being a collection of articles written and speeches delivered at intervals, the chapters are very loosely knitted, and the unwary reader may find some difficulty in piecing them together. The book unconsciously divides itself into three sections—political, historical, and cultural—the relationship between which should be better established.

There are a few inaccuracies of thought and facts—historical or otherwise. Resistance by itself is no commendable virtue. When it stands as the counterpart of some

positive effort does it have any claim to recognition. We cannot agree that 'the more strenuously he resists the adverse influence the more living will the picture grow, till concentrated imagination will be converted into reality.' India must stop thinking in terms of mere negation once and for all. Attention should be riveted in an increasing measure on positive achievements, negative virtues being considered as only the latter's handmaids. Mr. Munshi in speaking of India refers loosely to Karachi and Calcutta as the two extreme eastern and western points. The disruptionists may easily take advantage of this, as it is quite of a piece with their Pakistan scheme. In a book that aspires to a high position in Indian thought the language should be more accurate. Why should not the author speak of Hinglaj and Kamakhya, or better still, Parashuram-kunda? It is hardly true to say that Rupa and Sanatana Goswamis were Muslim converts. They were Brahmins serving a Muslim potentate and were known to the public in their official designations which happened to be non-Indian words.

Mr. Munshi's bold stand has rehabilitated Indian politics and such a beautiful presentation of his case requires no further certificate. We wish that every true Indian should read it, digest its contents, and ask himself if his actions are in keeping with the high ideas for which *Akhand Hindusthan* stands. The book is all the more poignantly interesting in view of recent political developments.

WAYFARER'S WORDS, VOL. I. By MRS. RHYS DAVIDS, D.LITT, M.A. *Published by Messrs Luzac & Co., 46, Great Russell Street, London. Pp. 367. Price Rs. 2.*

Mrs. Rhys Davids needs no introduction for her beautiful scholarly writings and her interest in Buddhism. The book under review is a compilation of her articles already published in the *Hibbert Journal*, *Prabuddha Bharata*, *Calcutta Review*, and other leading journals. 'They tell how the religion we now call Buddhism was different at first from what it now is;' and 'they tell how man's more-will in his wayfaring is not yet taught as it needs to be.' 'The More in life, when life is viewed as a growth, a becoming, figured as a wayfaring towards a Most, very long in time,—time past and time future, not for mankind—only considered as a whole, but for each Man,

each Woman; here is what these Wayfarer's Words have after divers manners been trying to say.' Her able pen attracts all readers.

SANSKRIT—ENGLISH

THE TANTRARĀJA TANTRA WITH THE COMMENTARY SUDARSHANA OF PRĀNAMANJARI. EDITED BY PROF. DR. JATINDRABIMAL CHAUDHURI, PH.D. (LONDON), WITH A FOREWORD BY MR. C. A. RYLANDS OF THE SCHOOL OF ORIENTAL STUDIES, UNIVERSITY OF LONDON. *Published by the author from 3, Federation Street, Calcutta. Pp. viii+xliv+116. Price Rs. 3.*

This edition of the first chapter of the *Tantraraja Tantra* and that much of the commentary *Sudarshana* of Pranamanjari that is extant, form the fifth volume of Dr. J. B. Chaudhuri's well-known series, *The Contribution of Women to Sanskrit Literature*. Dr. Chaudhuri has reconstructed the text of the *Tantraraja Tantra* on the basis mainly of the commentary with the help of six MSS. of the text, two of which in Telugu script come from the South and two other from the West of India. The commentary has been edited from a single MS. that is extant. The long list of emendations in the commentary, running over nine pages in print, appended at the end of the work, shows at once the difficulties Dr. Chaudhuri had to face for determining the correct readings of an extremely defective MS. The readings chosen for the text and the emendations in the commentary are all singularly happy and reveal forthwith the sound scholarship of the learned editor. But for a thorough grasp of Tāntrika complexities and mastery over the Tantrika literature, the editor would have been compelled to face a devastating shipwreck in the midst of his arduous undertaking of editing the Tantrika MS. *Sudarshana*. It further adds to the great credit of the editor that he has drawn charts representing the knotty Tantrika problems accurately and inserted them in appropriate places in the commentary for facilitating the quick understanding of the subject-matters.

The English Introduction is a masterly production. Dr. Chaudhuri has mentioned here everything that could possibly be said about the authoress and her work. It is so well written that after going through it carefully, one can easily pursue the intricate Tantrika doctrines, rituals, etc.

Pranamanjari has quoted from a large number of works, Tantrika, philosophical, etc. Almost all the quotations have been traced to their sources. Parallel passages, similar thoughts, contradictory opinions, etc., have been copiously included in Appendix II on Notes. The exegetical and critical notes of the editor are happy and cover a large field of technical and philosophical literature. All the Indices and Appendices including the Bibliography and General Index are in keeping with the very high standard of the rest of the book.

Not only for its excellent editing, but for its intrinsic merit also, the *Sudarshana* of Pranamanjari should commend itself to all lovers of Indian literature and culture. As the editor points out, the authoress was not a novice in the art of literary execution. The points in which she excels many authors are her boldness, firm attitude, undaunted energy, and, above all, very fair judgement.

AMARESWAR THAKUR.

HINDI

SRI RAMAKRISHNA VACHANĀMRITA. TRANSLATED BY PANDIT SURYAKANTA TRIPATHI FROM THE ORIGINAL BENGALI. *Published by the President, Sri Ramakrishna Ashrama, Dhantoli, Nagpur. Pp. 495. Price Rs. 2-4.*

Sri Ramakrishna Ashrama, Nagpur, has done a great service to the Hindi-reading public by publishing such a nice volume containing the teachings of Paramahansa Sri Ramakrishna in Hindi entitled *Sri Ramakrishna Vachanamrita*. The Hindi rendering is done from the original Bengali book *Sri Ramakrishna Kathamrita* by M., a householder devotee of Paramahamsaji, who actually heard those teachings from his sacred lips.

It is needless to say anything about the merits of the Hindi as it is a translation by the renowned Hindi poet 'Niralaji' (Pandit Suryakantaji Tripathi). The translation has been so well done that the Hindi reader of the book is sure to find in it the same Amrita or bliss as in the original teachings in Bengali. The spirit of the teachings, the manner and the matter thereof are all kept up very faithfully. The elegance of language, the lucidity of expression, and the gravity of the subject give the book no mean a place in Hindi literature. The natural craving to know

about the teachings of Sri Paramahamsaji after reading his life-story in detail in *Sri Ramakrishna Leelamrita*, published by the same Ashrama, cannot but be satisfied by this book.

To add to the usefulness of the book, in the first few pages thereof is also a short biography of Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa Deva, so sweetly penned by his great devotee, Sâhitya Shâstri, Pandit Vidya Bhaskar Shukla, M.Sc., Professor, of the University College of Science, Nagpur.

The book contains about 500 pages. Its printing in clear and attractive types has been done in Benares. Its get-up is all that can be desired. Its selling price is only Rs. 2-4 in spite of the high cost of paper and printing in these days.

Every Hindi reader can be advised to make use of this precious book.

PANDIT DWARKANATH TEWARI

BENGALI

HINDU PRAMÂ-VIJNÂN OR NYÂYA-SOPÂN BY PRAKASH CHANDRA NYAYA-VAGISH, B.A. Available from the author at P, 205, Lansdowne Road Extension, Calcutta. Pp. 94. Price 10 As.

Nyaya-Sopan is the last of the series of books written by the author on logic, philosophy, and religion. Dry, subtle, and abstruse as logic, particularly Hindu logic, is, the author has made the treatment lucid, attractive, and thought-provoking. Never before, Hindu logic was thought so easy and clear. He is to be congratulated all the more, for he has dictated the whole

book from his sick bed at the age of eighty-one.

The author's deep knowledge of both Indian and European philosophy has specially fitted him for the work. The book deals with epistemology, sources of knowledge, and fallacies together with a brief survey of all the systems of Indian thought. The topics on Pratyaksha (perception) and Anumāna (inference) which constitute the vital part, have been admirably treated.

Of all the systems of Hindu philosophy Nyaya is supposed to be the most difficult. The modes of thought in Hindu logic are a bit different from those used in Western logic; so a list of technical terms with brief explanatory notes and their corresponding English names, wherever possible, in an appendix, will give a finishing touch to this valuable work.

UPANISHADER ALO. BY DR. MAHENDRANATH SARKAR. Published by the Calcutta University. Pp. 159.

This is the second and enlarged edition of the book. The learned author has narrated in a lucid and clear manner the essential truths inculcated in the Upanishads. His expositions, as is well known, are always illuminating and thought-provoking. Those who have no time to go through the original texts of the Upanishads will do well to go through this book and earn a fair knowledge of the truths embodied in them. The get-up is quite nice, but one wishes that in such a book printing mistakes were less numerous.

NEWS AND REPORTS

THE THIRTY-THIRD ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE RAMAKRISHNA MISSION

THE MISSION UNDER WAR CONDITIONS

The following extracts from the Report of the Secretary of the Ramakrishna Mission, read at its thirty-third Annual General Meeting on 3 April 1942, give a glimpse of the hard struggle the Mission is passing through, caught as it is in the very vortex of the present world war.

'A year has passed since we last met here. Many untoward things have happened during this period. The war has

come to our very gates. Nay, it has dealt a blow to our Mission also. In addition to a very marked general fall of income in all the centres, some of them, for example, the Students' Homes at Calcutta, Vizagapatam, Madras, and Batticaloa in Ceylon, have been compelled to move to distant places for safety, and others, such as the centre at Colombo, are following suit. But the worst calamity befell our Rangoon Sevashrama, which was bombed and machinegunned on the 23rd December last. Fortunately, there were no casualties. The latest news about the Sevashrama and the Society at Rangoon is that both the centres had to be closed *sine die*, and the workers,

after staying in the province as long as they could, have been returning to India in batches, either escorting large numbers of evacuees or doing substantial cholera inoculation work, besides other forms of service to the homeless and distressed. We have received no news from our Singapore centre for a very long time.

'As you can easily understand, the present year is fraught with momentous changes, and there is scarcely any chance of escape from the terrible effects of the war. But we need not lose heart. We have to face the situation boldly. All of us, lay as well as monastic members of the Mission, must play our parts in this great hour of trial. The Lord is present everywhere, ready to help us. Let us have firm faith in Him and try to see His guiding hand in the midst of adversity also. The ominous clouds that have gathered overhead will surely disperse, and a better state of things will prevail. Swamiji's prophetic vision of a rejuvenated India, more glorious than ever, will materialize, and her ancient message of peace and love will captivate the hearts of men and women all over the world. Sri Rama-krishna's advent was for this very purpose. May we be worthy of his grace, and may he make each one of us a fit instrument in his work of spiritual uplift.'

THE MISSION BRANCHES IN 1941

The Secretary, then, goes on to enumerate the Mission centres:

'Including the Headquarters there were 61 Mission centres in 1940, to which was added the Ramakrishna Mission Sarada-Pith (the Residential College) at Belur, so that at the end of 1941 there were 62 centres. Including the 64 Math centres in India and abroad working in close collaboration with the Mission, there are at present altogether 126 centres, besides 18 sub-centres working under the guidance of the main centres.

'Through the above centres and sub-centres are conducted no less than 358 permanent institutions of various types, of which 276 belonged to the Mission. Besides, in 1941 the Mission undertook temporary relief activities such as riot-relief and flood-relief, and individual help of different kinds.'

THE MISSION HEADQUARTERS IN 1941

The activities of the Mission Headquarters in 1941 were briefly as follows:

'Besides guiding, controlling, and supervising the various activities of the branch centres and supplying monastic workers to them, the Headquarters carried on the following activities of its own:

'*The Charitable Dispensary*, Belur, served 26,318 patients with medicine, of whom some were supplied with diet and blankets as well.

'*Regular and occasional help* was given to 20 students and helpless widows and invalids, the total expenditure being Rs. 969-14-6.

'*The Mass Education Fund* helped with monthly grants four schools in different places with a total strength of 209.

'Many monks from the Headquarters went all over India in *preaching tours* and held regular religious classes in and around Calcutta. The response everywhere was quite encouraging.

'*The administrative duties* of the Headquarters were carried on in an atmosphere of mutual understanding; and an eagerness for service, economy, and efficiency was evident all round. Some centres were inspected, some Local Committees (for branch centres) were newly constituted, and some centres were helped with grants from the Kumar Guru Prasad Singh Endowment Fund.'

A SCHEME UNDER DEVELOPMENT

'The Mission could not start the T. B. Sanatorium at Dungri, near Ranchi, owing to restrictions put upon building materials. Permission has been got for securing more materials, but in view of the neighbourhood being requisitioned for military purposes, the work may not be taken up for some time to come.'

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE

The financial position of the Mission, i.e., of the Headquarters as well as the branches, is summed up thus:

'Owing to the war situation income has suffered, which is natural as our supporters are also placed in uncertain situation. It has been also a problem to keep all funds in safety.

'The total income (of the Mission as a whole) during the year was Rs. 14,67,269-5-10 and the total expenditure Rs. 14,33,065-14-6.'