

THE PRABUDDHA BHARATA

OR

AWAKENED INDIA

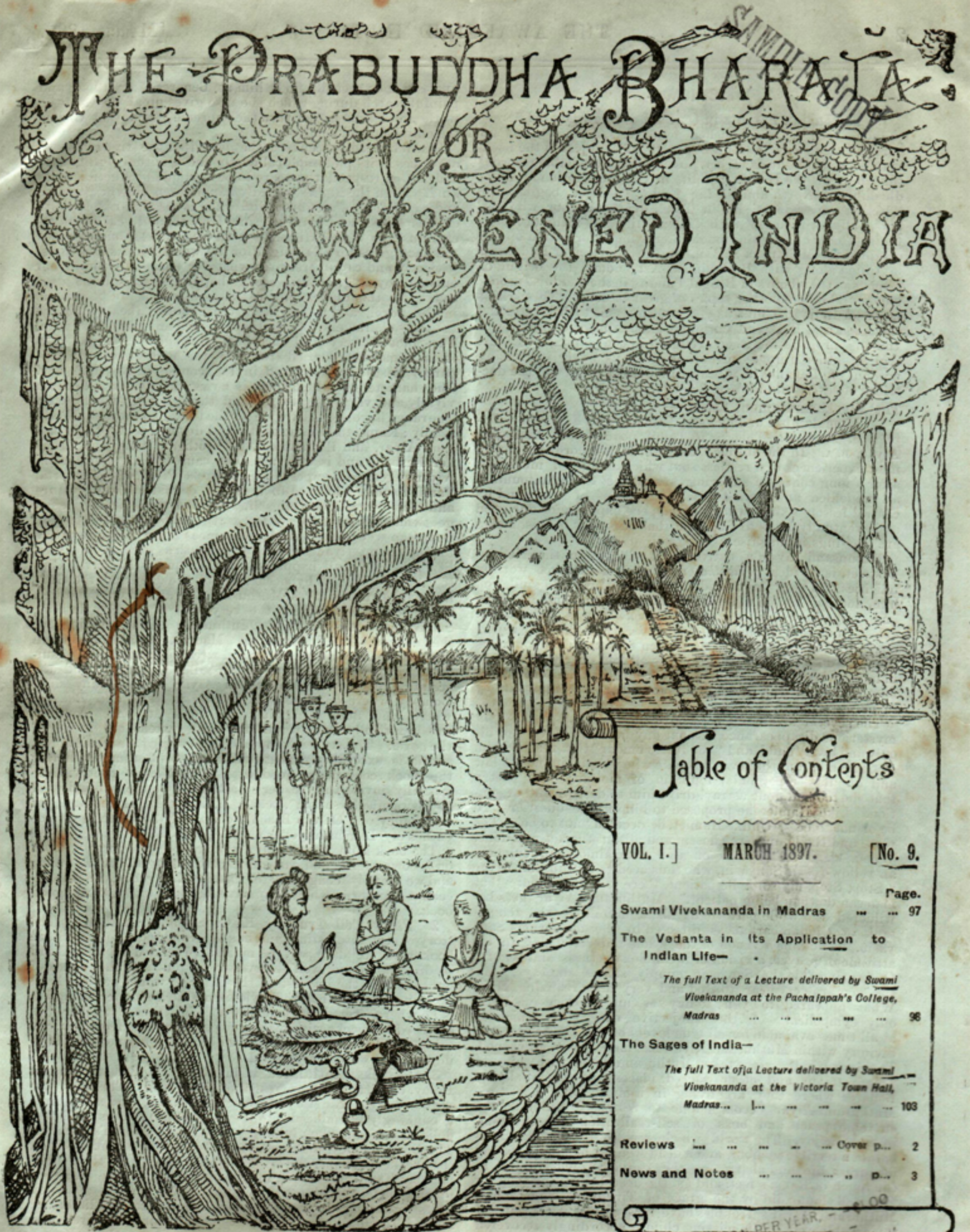


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Reviews.

1. **The Indian Pandits in the land of Snow**: by Sri Saraschandra Das, C. I. E. (published by S. K. Lahari, 54, College Street, Calcutta; price Rupees 1-4-0). The object of the book is to bring to light as far as possible from available records, the labors of the Indian Pandits in the propagation of Buddhism in the North and the far East. The book begins with a lecture on students' life in Tibet by the author who was personally acquainted with Tibetan life and many of its aspects. The book contains much interesting information on the origin of the Mahayana School, the introduction of Buddhism in China along with Brahminical Astronomy, the origin of Lamaism, the labours of Bengal Pandits in the Buddhist propaganda and diverse other topics of great interest. The earliest notice of India in China as yet known seems to belong to the third century B. C. and curiously enough mention is made of Indians propagating their religion in the capital of China. Among other things the author gives us a very interesting account of Depankasa, a beautiful Jataka tale and the doctrines of several Buddhistic Schools.

The Vivekachintamani Series:—

1. **Kamalambal or The Fatal Rumour**—D. K. Agency, Triplicane, Madras:—This is a Tamil novel, by B. R. Rajan Aiyar, B. A. In the author's own words, it records the innermost experiences of a restless soul which struggled much and after a long course of suffering has at last found a fountain all undefiled and pure to slake its thirst of ages; and its central lesson is that whatever happens happens for our good and eventually leads to God, and that our very punishments are blessings in disguise.

Muthusami Aiyar a native of a village in the Madura District, is an ideal *grihastha* enjoying in abundance worldly felicities of a very high and true sort. The world smiles on him, and has for him a perpetual sun-shine and his noble and sympathetic soul accordingly responds and forms on all sides strong and extensive attachments. But, lo! the aspect changes, the world betrays the cloven foot and chases him as a hunter does the deer which he has allured out of its secure haunts by his sweet music. Every connection he formed and nurtured now turns against him and sharply stings him by turns.

The several misfortunes that overtook him, especially the mysterious disappearance without any hope of recovery of his only and lovely child, and "the fatal rumour" that reached him at Chidambaram that even his wife who was to him both "law and impulse" a perennial fountain of morality and poetry that she too had gone astray, drive him to despair and desolation. Like Hamlet he proposed to himself the question "To be or not to be"? Unlike Hamlet, he decided 'not to be'. The place and the hour were chosen, and all but the act was done. When, lo, there appears on the scene almost miraculously an yellow-robed Sanyasin, who thus accosts Muthusami Aiyar "Stop, Stop, my son! Be patient, there is nothing more that man can do than being patient." Muthusami Aiyar gets bewildered and while performing his ablutions in the temple tank at Chidambaram, as directed by the mysterious Sanyasin, he obtains a vision of the whole universe being in an attitude of prayer, a vision of ineffable sweetness and beauty. On hearing this the Sanyasin simply smiles and says, "My son, you are very dear to God and very near realizing Him. What appeared to you to-day as an objective vision is only symbolical of the subjective experience which is at all times available for all true lovers of God." As yet the divinity within Muthusami Aiyar has merely been quickened. The Sanyasin therefore takes Muthusami Aiyar with him to Thiruvettiyur and other sacred places and eventually to Benares where they are living in a mutt. In a short time Muthusami Aiyar becomes able to realize for himself the supreme peace and bliss of self-realization and is living in ecstatic joy. The world which was to him at Chidambaram a terrible incubus and a dead weight has now started into fresh life and charm, as the statue of Ahalya did at the touch of Rama's feet, and as the dead body of a Chetty girl at Mylapur did by the grace of Tirugnana Sambandar. Muthusami Aiyar's troubles have now served their purpose remarkably well. His missing child is accordingly recovered and the rumour as to his wife turns out to be unfounded

and she unexpectedly finds him at Benares after a long and painful search during which she also gives up all hopes of the world and learns in her turn the supreme lesson that God is the only help and comfort.

It will be readily seen from the above that the strength of the novel lies in its philosophical depth and spiritual significance and in this respect, it appears to be a unique production of its kind. Even the highest worldly happiness is but the perfume and suppliance of a minute, and when it disappears leaves its enjoyer barren and wretched; and God, the only real comforter, refuses to reveal Himself—until and unless one realizes this fact, gives up all thought for the world and its affections, patiently and calmly receives whatever comes to him from outside, joy or grief and seeks happiness within his own self. It is this highest lesson, that is intended to be taught in the novel, and it has been quite unmistakably taught in the characters of Muthusami Aiyar and his wife. The plot is very well sustained throughout except that it is somewhat hurried towards the end where the apparent losses are retrieved in the course of a single day. The characters of which there is a vast variety, are all drawn vividly and very true to life and that, in very few strokes. The range is wonderfully wide for the tale of an ordinary Hindu family; Kamalambal, the gentle and devoted wife of Muthusami Aiyar, and Ponnammal, his brother's wife who drugs her husband and is otherwise the cause of all Muthusami Aiyar's temporal woes; Ammayappa Pillai, the immortal Tamil Pandit, a learned fool, utterly devoid of any culture and Muthusami Aiyar himself, a learned and accomplished gentleman of very superior tastes; the hypocritical orthodox Brahman who goes to Chidambaram, as if for worship, utters to Muthusami Aiyar the horrible untruth as to his wife's fidelity, robs him of all happiness and then quotes Bhagavat Gita to comfort him, this hypocrite, and on the one hand, the God-like Sanyasin who saves Muthusami Aiyar and on the other, the robber chieftain with the very soul of chivalry in him; Srinivasan, son-in-law of Muthusami Aiyar, pining for the company of his wife at Madras, at a time when Muthusami Aiyar finds the world wretched and thinks of suicide; the play of the boys in the village common, and the ecstatic revelry of Muthusami Aiyar and co-Sanyasins; Bombay where one loses his life, as it were, and Benares where one finds it again; all these at once contrast so beautifully and reveal to some extent the range of the novel. The style is simple, chaste, vigorous and dignified, and it is exceedingly poetic without being ornate. In fact the book contains a good deal of first class poetry. We specially invite the reader's attention to the sublimity of "Viswarupadarsanam", chap. XXV, the playful and yet lofty fancy of "On the Beach", chap. XXI, and the supreme pathos of "Lamenting over a son"—chap. XIX.

The book is on the whole a remarkable production, both on its own merits and considering the rarity of Tamil novels; and we heartily congratulate the D. K. Agency, on the excellent manner in which they have brought out a truly good book.

2. **Fairy Tell True** by K. G. Seshaiyer, B.A., B.L. The story is very interesting and has a grand moral. This little book will, we dare say, be much appreciated by the Tamil reading public and well deserves to be put into the hands of our girls. In the interests of the latter, it would perhaps have been an advantage had the style been a little simpler though it is no where stilted or bombastic. The learned author has enriched his books with many choice quotations from various sources and the ordinary reader will find the footnotes explaining difficult words very useful.

3. '**Vivekarasattalattu**' a lullaby by D. Balasubramania Pillay, consists of 108 verses and sings well. The lines flow very sweetly. The story of a boy thief with a good moral in it is cunningly introduced into the song and mothers will feel delighted to sing such lullabies over their children's cradles. The D. K. agency deserves to be heartily congratulated on the excellent manner, hitherto almost unknown in the field of popular Tamil literature, in which the books have been got up and made available to the public. We wish it godspeed in its endeavours to create a popular and healthy literature for the Tamil-knowing public especially for our wives and sisters.

G. S. K.

THE
Prabuddha Bhârata
OR
AWAKENED INDIA.

ब्रह्मविदाप्नोति परम्.

“He who knows the Supreme attains the highest.”—*Tait. Upa. II. 1. 1.*

VOL. I.
No. 9.

MADRAS, MARCH 1897.

PUBLISHED
MONTHLY.

Swami Viveka'nanda in Madras.

As our readers are aware, the Swami arrived here on the 6th February and was accorded a most enthusiastic reception, one of the grandest, we are told, ever known in Madras. Many were the addresses presented to him. His stay here was very short. He delivered five lectures in all—two in the Victoria Hall, one in the Pacheyappah's, one in the Triplicane Literary Society and the last in Harmston's Circus Pavilion. The enthusiasm which marked his reception continued undiminished till his departure. His stay here was a regular nine-night's festival (Navarâtri) Mr. Goodwin the Swami's English disciple and others simply wondered at the remarkable display of religious enthusiasm which flowed from all classes of society alike. The following address was received during his stay in this city.

TO SWAMI VIVEKANANDA—INDIA.

DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER.

As members of the Cambridge Conferences devoted to comparative study in Ethics, Philosophy, and Religion, it gives us great pleasure to recognize the value of your able expositions of the Philosophy and Religion of Vedânta in America, and the interest created thereby among thinking people. We believe such expositions as have been given by yourself and your co-labourer, the Swami Sâradânanda, have more than a mere speculative interest and utility,—that they are of great ethical value in cementing the ties of friendship and brotherhood between distant peoples, and in helping us to realize that solidarity of human relationships and interests which has been affirmed by all the great religions of the world.

We earnestly hope that your work in India may be blessed in further promoting this noble end, and that you may return to us again with assurances of fraternal regard from our distant brothers of the great Aryan Family, and the ripe wisdom that comes from reflection and added experience and fresh contact with the life and thought of your people.

In view of the large opportunity for effective work presented in these Conferences, we should be glad to know something of your own plans for the coming year, and whether we may anticipate your presence with us again as a teacher. It is our hope that you will be

able to return to us, in which event we can assure you the cordial greetings of old friends and the certainty of continued and increasing interest in your work.

We remain,

Cordially and fraternally yours,

LEWIS JAMES, D.D. *Director,*

C. C. EVERETT, D.D.

WM. JAMES,

JOHN H. WRIGHT,

JOSIAH ROYCE,

J. E. LOUGH (*Pres., Harvard Graduate Philosophical Society 1895-96.*)

A. O. LOVEJOY, (*Secretary, do 1896-97.*)

RACHEL KENT TAYLOR, (*Pres., Radcliffe Philosophical Club, 1896-97.*)

SARA C. BULL,

JOHN P. FOX.

Dr. James is the President of the Brooklyn Ethical Association, Prof. C. C. Everett is the Dean of the Harvard Divinity School, Prof. James is acknowledged to be one of the leading Psychologists in the Western Hemisphere, Prof. Royce is the Harvard Prof. of Philosophy and an extremely able metaphysician, Prof. Wright is the Harvard Professor of Greek, Mrs. Bull is the promoter of the Cambridge Conferences, and Mrs. Fox acts as Honorary Secretary.

The following letter addressed by the Brooklyn Ethical Association to 'our Indian Brethren of the Great Aryan Family' was also received in Madras and copies printed and distributed to an eager and thankful multitude.

THE POUCH MANSION,

345, CLINTON AVENUE,

BROOKLYN, N. Y., *December 31st, 1896.*

To our Indian Brethren of the Great Aryan Family.

Dear Friends:—The return to India of the Swami Vivekânanda, the delegate of the Vedântists to the Parliament of Religions in Chicago, and the teacher of the Religion and Philosophy of the Vedânta in England and America, is a proper occasion for the expression of our warm fraternal regard for our Eastern brethren, and our sincere hope that one effect of the presence and teaching of the Swami Vivekânanda and the Swami Sâradânanda in our Western world will be the establish-

ment of closer relations of sympathy and mutual helpfulness between India, England and America.

We wish also to testify to our high appreciation of the value of the work of the Swâmi Vivekânanda in this country. His lectures before the Brooklyn Ethical Association opened up a new world of thought to many of his hearers, and renewed the interest of others in the comparative study of religious and philosophic systems, which gives breadth to the mind, and an uplifted stimulus to the moral nature. We can heartily endorse the words of the Venerable Dean of the Harvard Divinity School: "The Swâmi Vivekânanda . . . has been, in fact, a missionary from India to America. Everywhere he has made warm personal friends; and his expositions of Hindu philosophy have been listened to with delight We may not be so near to actual conversion as some seem to believe; but Vivekânanda has created a high degree of interest in himself and his work."

We thank you for sending him to us. We wish him god-speed in his educational work in his own country. We hope he may return to us again with new lessons of wisdom resulting from added thought and experience. And we earnestly hope that the new avenues of sympathy opened by the presence of himself and his brother Sannyâsins will result in mutual benefits, and a profound sense of the solidarity and brotherhood of the human race.

On behalf of the Brooklyn Ethical Association

Z. SIDNEY SAMPSON,
President.

LEWIS G. JANES,
Ex.-President.

We cannot sufficiently thank the American people for the large-hearted hospitality and kindness which they showed to our beloved Swâmi during his sojourn with them and the members of the Cambridge Conferences and the Brooklyn Ethical Association in particular, have laid us under a very deep debt of obligation, which we can only repay by commending them and the great nation to which they belong with all our hearts to the care and kindness of Him whose care availeth more than that of all the world, and who is the great and eternal fountain of all mercy. No one who heard from the eloquent lips of the Swâmi of the generous love and sympathy which the American and the English people showed him could have helped being struck with the genuine greatness of the Western branches of the Aryan family. And nothing could give us Hindus greater pleasure than to join with the Brooklyn Ethical Association in praying for 'the establishment of closer relations of sympathy and mutual helpfulness between India, England and America'. At the request of several of our friends we have great pleasure in publishing two of the Swâmi's Madras speeches, the full texts of which have not appeared in any other paper and which two in particular many are anxious to have in a book form.

Sree Ramakrishna Paramahansa.

We have great pleasure in sending herewith a phototype of the great Paramahansa Sri Ramakrishna Deva the *guru* of Swâmi Vivekânanda. It was our intention to print it in the body of the journal, but as many of our friends preferred to have it on a separate paper to enable them to mount it on card-board and keep it framed, we have printed it separately. This has entailed extra expense for printing and paper. We request our subscribers to send us at their earliest convenience 2 As. in half anna postage stamps to meet the extra expenses incurred. We have no doubt they will comply with our request gladly. A similar but a larger phototype of Swâmi Vivekânanda will be sent along with our next issue to such of our subscribers only as promptly remit the amount.

The Vedanta in its Application to Indian Life.

(FULL TEXT.)

There is a word which has become very common as an appellation of our race and our Religion. I mean the word "Hindu," which requires a little explanation in connection with what I mean by Vedanta and Vedantism. This word "Hindu" was the name that the ancient Persians used to apply to the river Sindhu. Wherever in Sanskrit there is an "S" in ancient Persian it changes into "H" so that "Sindhu" became "Hindu"; and you are all aware how the Greeks found it hard to pronounce "H" and dropped it altogether so that we became Indians and so on. Now this word whatever might have been its meaning in the ancient times as the inhabitants of the other side of the Indus, has lost all its force in modern times; for all the people that live on this side of the Indus no more belong to one religion. There are the Hindus proper, the Mahomedans, the Parsees, the Christians, some Buddhists and Jains. The word "Hindu" in its literal sense ought to include these all; but as signifying the Religion it would not be proper to call all these Hindus. It is very hard therefore to find any common name for our Religion seeing that this Religion is a collection so to speak of various religions, of various ideas, of various ceremonials, and forms, all gathered together almost without a name, and without a church and without an organization. The only point where perhaps all our sects agree is here, that we all believe in the Scriptures—the Vedas. This perhaps is certain that no man can have a right to be called a Hindu who does not admit the supreme authority of the Vedas. All these Vedas, as all of you are aware, are divided into two portions—the Karma Kanda and the Gñana Kanda, the Karma Kanda including various sacrifices and ceremonials of which the larger part has become disused in the present age. The Gñana Kanda as embodying the spiritual teachings of the Vedas known as the Upanishads and the Vedanta, have always been cited as the highest authority by all our teachers, our philosophers and our writers, whether Dualist or Qualified Monist or Monist. Whatever be his philosophy or sect, every one in India has to find his authority in the Upanishads. If he cannot, his sect would be heterodox. Therefore perhaps the one name in modern times which would designate every Hindu throughout the land would be "Vedantist" or "Veidik" as you may put it; and in that sense I always use the words "Vedantism" and "Vedanta". I want to make it a little clearer, for of late it has become the custom of most people to identify the word Vedanta with the Advaitic system of the Vedanta Philosophy. We all know that Advaitism is only one branch of the various philosophic systems that have been founded on the Upanishads. The followers of the Visishtadwaitic system have as much reverence for the Upanishads as the followers of the Advaita, and the Visishtadwaitists claim as much authority for the Vedanta as the Advaitist. So do the Dualists; so does every other sect in India; but the word Vedantist has become somewhat identified in the popular mind with the Advaitist and perhaps with some reason; because although we have the Vedas for our Scriptures, we have Smritis and Puranas,—subsequent writings—to illustrate the doctrines of the Vedas; these of course have not the same weight as the Vedas. And the law is that wherever these Puranas and Smritis differ from any part of the Sruti, the Sruti must be followed and the Smriti rejected. Now in the expositions of the great Advaitic

philosopher Sankara and the school founded by him, we find most of the authorities cited are of the Upanishads, very rarely an authority cited from the Smritis except perhaps to elucidate a point which could hardly be found in the Srutis. On the other hand other schools take more and more refuge in the Smritis and less and less in the Srutis, and as we go to the more and more Dualistic sects we find a proportionate quantity of the Smritis quoted which is out of all proportion to what we should expect from a Vedantist. It is perhaps because these gave such predominance to the puranic authorities that the Adwaitist came to be called as Vedantist *Par Excellence*, if I may say so.

However it might have been, as we have seen, the word Vedanta must cover the whole ground of Indian Religious life, and it being the Vedas, by all acceptance it is the most ancient literature that we have; for whatever might be the idea of modern scholars, the Hindus are not ready to admit that parts of Vedas were written at one time and parts were written at another time. They of course still hold on to their belief that the whole of the Vedas were produced at the same time, rather if I may so call it—they were never produced, that they always existed in the mind of the Lord. Thus this is what I mean by the word Vedanta to cover the whole ground of Dualism, of Qualified Dualism and Adwaitism in India. Perhaps we may take in parts even of Buddhism, of Jainism too, if they would come in,—for our hearts are sufficiently large. It is they that will not come in; we are ready; for upon severe analysis you will always find that the essence of Buddhism was all borrowed from the same Upanishads; even the ethics, the so-called great and wonderful ethics of Buddhism, were word for word there, in some or other books of the Upanishads, and so all the good doctrines of the Jains were there minus their vagaries. In the Upanishads, also we find the germs of all the subsequent development of Indian religious thought. Sometimes it has been urged without any ground whatsoever that there is no ideal of Bhakti in the Upanishads. Those that have been students of the Upanishads know that it is not true at all. There is enough of Bhakti in every Upanishad if you will only seek for that; but many other ideas which are found so fully developed in later times in the Puranas and other Smritis are only in germ in the Upanishads. The sketch, the skeleton was there as it were. It was filled in in some of the Puranas. But there is not one full-grown Indian ideal that cannot be traced back to the same source—the Upanishads. Certain ludicrous attempts have been made by persons without much Upanishadic scholarship to trace Bhakti to some foreign source; but as you all know these have all been proved to be failures and all that you want of Bhakti is there, even in the Samhitas, not to speak of the Upanishads—it is there, worship and love and all the rest of that; only the ideals of Bhakti are becoming higher and higher. In the Samhita portions now and then you find traces of that religion of fear and tribulation; in the Samhitas now and then you find a worshipper quaking before a Varuna or some other gods. Now and then you will find they are very much tortured by the idea of sin, but the Upanishads have no place for the delineation of these things. There is no religion of fear in the Upanishads; it is one of Love and one of Knowledge.

These Upanishads are our Scriptures. They have been differently explained and, as I have told you already that, whenever there is a difference between subsequent puranic literature and the Vedas, the Puranas must give way. But it is at the same time true that as a practical result

we find ourselves 90 per cent. Puraniks and 10 per cent. Vaidiks, even if that at all. And we also find the most contradictory usages prevailing in our midst, religious opinions which scarcely have any authority in the Scriptures of the Hindus prevailing in societies, and in many cases we find with astonishment—we read books and see—customs of the country that neither have their authority in the Vedas, authority neither in the Smritis nor in the Puranas but are simply local customs; and yet each ignorant villager thinks that if that little local custom dies out he will no more remain a Hindu. In his mind Vedantism and these little local customs have irrevocably become joined. In reading Scriptures it is hard for him to understand that what he was doing has not the sanction of the Scriptures and that the giving up of them will not hurt him at all, but on the other hand will make him a better man. Secondly, there is the other difficulty. These Scriptures of ours have been very vast. We read in the Mahabhashya of Patanjali, that great philological work, that the Sama Veda had one thousand branches. Where are they all? Nobody knows. So with each of the Vedas, the major portion of these books have disappeared and it is only the minor portion that remains to us. They were all taken charge of by particular families; and either these families died out or were killed under foreign persecution or somehow became extinct; and with them that branch of the learning of the Vedas they took charge of became extinct also. This fact we ought to remember as it always forms the sheet-anchor in the hands of those who want to preach anything new or to defend anything even against the Vedas. Wherever we know in India there is a discussion between local custom and the Srutis and whenever it is pointed out that the local custom is against the Scriptures, the argument that is forwarded is that it is not; that the custom existed in the branch of the Srutis which has become extinct; this has also been a custom. In the midst of all these varying methods of reading and commenting on our Scriptures it is very difficult indeed to find the thread that runs through all of them; for we become convinced at once that there must be some common ground underlying all these varying divisions and sub-divisions, there must be harmony, a common plan upon which all these little bits of buildings have been constructed, some basis common to this apparently hopeless mass of confusion which we call our religion. Else it could not have stood so long, it could not have endured so long.

Coming to our commentators again we find another difficulty. The very same Adwaitic commentator whenever an Adwaitic text comes he preserves it just as it is; but as soon as a Dualistic text presents itself before him he tortures it, if he can, brings the most queer meaning out of it. Sometimes the "Unborn" becomes a "goat" such wonderful changes. "Aja" the "Unborn" is explained as "Aja" a goat, to suit the commentator. The same way if not in a still worse fashion the texts are handled by the Dualistic commentator. Every Dualistic text is preserved and every text that speaks of non-dualistic philosophy is tortured in any fashion they like. This Sanskrit language is so intricate, the Sanskrit of the Vedas is so ancient and the Sanskrit philology so perfect that any amount of discussion can be carried on for ages in regard to the meaning of any word. If a Pundit takes it into his head, anybody's prattle can be made into correct Sanskrit by force of argument and quotations of texts and rules. These are the difficulties in our way of understanding the Upanishads. It was given to me to live with a man who was as ardent a Dualist, as ardent an Adwaitist, as ardent a Bhakta and as ardent a Gnani.

And living with this man first put it into my head to understand the Upanishads and the texts of the Scriptures from an independent and better basis than blindly following the commentators; and in my humble opinion and in my humble researches I came to this conclusion that these texts are not at all contradictory. So we need not have any fear of text-torturing at all! They are beautiful aye they are most wonderful, and they are not contradictory but wonderfully harmonious, one idea leading to the other. But the one fact I found is that in all the Upanishads you will find that they begin with Dualistic ideas, with worship and all that, and they end with a grand flourish of Adwaitic ideas.

Now therefore I find, in the light of this man's life that the Dualist and the Adwaitist need not fight each other; each has a place, and a great place in the national life; the Dualist must remain; he is as much part and parcel of the national religious life as the Adwaitist; one cannot exist without the other; one is the fulfilment of the other; one is the building the other is the top; the one the root, the other the fruit and so on. Then again any attempt to torture the texts of the Upanishads appears to me very ridiculous, for I begin to find out that the language was so wonderful; apart from all its merits as the greatest philosophy, apart from its wonderful merit as theology as showing the path of salvation of mankind, taking Upanishadic literature, they are the most wonderful painting of sublimity that the world has. Here comes out in full force that individuality of the human mind, that introspective intuitive Hindu mind. We have paintings of sublimity elsewhere in all nations, but almost without exception, you will find that their ideal is to grasp the sublime in the muscles. Take for instance, Milton, Dante, Homer or any of those Western Poets. There are wonderfully sublime passages in them; but there it is always grasping for the senses, the muscles—muscle getting the ideal of infinite expansion, the infinite of space. We find the same attempts in the *Sambhita* portion. You know some of those most wonderful *Riks*, where creation is described and so on; the very heights of expression of the sublime in expansion; the infinite in space is reached; but as it were they found out very soon that the Infinite cannot be reached through that way, that even the infinite space and expansion and the infinite external nature cannot express the ideas that were struggling to find expression in their minds, and they fell back upon other explanations. The language became new in the Upanishads; it is almost negative, the language sometimes chaotic sometimes taking you beyond the senses, going half way and leaving you there, only pointing out to you something which you cannot grasp, which you cannot sense, and at the same time you feel dead certain that it is there. What passages in the World can compare with this? [Repeated a Sanskrit verse which he translated thus] "There the sun cannot illumine, nor the moon, nor the stars, the flash of lightning cannot illumine the place, what to speak of this mortal fire." Where can you find a more perfect expression of the whole philosophy of the whole world; the gist of what the Hindus ever thought, the whole dream of human salvation, painted in language more wonderful, in figure more marvellous? [Quoted a Sanskrit passage and proceeded to say]. Upon the same tree there are two birds of beautiful plumage, most friendly to each other, one eating the fruits, the other without eating, sitting there calm and silent; the one on the lower branch eating sweet and bitter fruits in turn and becoming happy and unhappy, but the one on the top calm and majestic; eats neither sweet nor bitter, cares for neither happiness nor misery,

immersed in his own glory. This is the picture of the human soul. Man is eating sweets and bitters of this life, pursuing gold, pursuing his senses, pursuing the vanities of life, hopelessly, madly careering he goes. In other places the Upanishads have compared it to the charioteer and the mad horses unrestrained. Such is the career of men pursuing the vanities of life, children dreaming golden dreams to find that they were but vain, and old men chewing the cud of their past deeds, and yet not knowing how to get out of this net work. Thus we are; yet in the life of every one there come golden moments, in the midst of deepest sorrows, nay of deepest joy there come moments when as it were a part of the cloud that hides the sun-light moves away and we catch a glimpse in spite of ourselves of something beyond, away, away beyond the life of the senses, away, away beyond its vanities its joys and its sorrows away, away beyond nature, in our imaginations of happiness here or hereafter, away beyond all thirst for gold or for fame or for name or for posterity. Man stops for a moment in this glimpse, he sees the other bird calm and majestic, eating neither sweet nor bitter fruits, immersed in his own glory, self-content, self-satisfied, as the *Gîtâ* says, "Those that have become satisfied in the Atman, those who do not want anything beyond Atman, what work is there for them? Why should they drudge?" He catches a glimpse, then again he forgets, he goes on eating sweet and bitter fruits of life, he forgets everything again; perhaps after a time, he catches another glimpse, perhaps the lower bird comes nearer and nearer, as blows are received; if he be fortunate to receive hard knocks, then he comes nearer and nearer to the other bird, his companion, his life, his friend, and as he goes nearer he finds that the light from the other bird is playing round his own plumage and as it comes nearer and nearer, lo! the transformation is going on. He finds himself melting away, nearer and nearer still he has gone, he has entirely disappeared. He did not exist; it was but the reflection of the other bird, who was there calm and majestic on those moving leaves, it was he always, always so calm. It was his glory that upper bird's. No more fear; perfectly satisfied, calmly serene, he remains. In this figure the Upanishad takes you from Dualistic to the utmost Adwaitic conception. Examples can be added to examples, we have no time in this lecture to do that, to show the marvellous poetry of the Upanishads, the painting of the sublime, the grand conceptions; but one other idea, the language and the thought and everything come direct, they fall upon you like a sword blade, like a hammer blow they come. No mistaking their meanings. Every tone of that music is firm and produces its full effect; no gyrations, no mad words, no intricacies in which the brain is lost. Signs of degradation are not there; no attempts at too much allegorising, too much piling of adjectives after adjectives, making it more and more intricate till the whole of the sense is lost, and the brain becomes giddy, and man does not know his way out from the maze of that literature, none of them yet. If it be human literature, it must be the production of a race, which has not yet lost a bit of its national vigour. Strength, strength is what it talks to me from every page. This is the one great thing to remember; it has been the one great lesson I have been taught in my life; strength, it says strength, oh man be not weak. Aye are there no human weaknesses, says man; there are, say the Upanishads. But will more weakness heal it, would you try to wash dirt with dirt? Will sin cure sin, weakness cure weakness? Strength, oh man, strength say the Upanishads, stand up and be strong; aye, it is the only literature in the

world where you find "nabhayeth" "fearless" used again and again; in no other scripture in the world is this adjective applied either to God or to man. "Nabhayeth" "fearless"; and to my mind rises from the past the vision of the great Emperor of the West, Alexander the Great and I see as it were in a picture the great monarch standing on the banks of the Indus, talking to one of our Sanyasins in the forest, and that old man he was talking to, perhaps naked, stark naked, sitting upon a block of stone and the Emperor astonished at his wisdom tempting him with gold and honor, to come over to Greece. And this man smiles at his gold and smiles at his temptations and refuses and then the Emperor standing on his authority as an Emperor says, "I will kill you, if you do not come," and the man bursts into a laugh, and he says "you never told such a falsehood in your life, as you tell just now. Who can kill me? Me you kill Emperor of the material World! Never, for I am spirit unborn and undecaying, never was I born and never do I die, I am the infinite, the Omnipresent the Omniscient, and you kill me child that you are". Aye, that is strength, that is strength. And the more I read the Upanishads my friends, my countrymen, the more I weep for you, for therein is the great practical application. Strength, strength for us. What we need is strength, who will give us strength? There are thousands to weaken us, stories we have learnt enough, every one of our Puranas if you press them gives out stories enough to fill three-fourths of the libraries of the world. We have all that. Everything that can weaken us as a race we have had for the last thousand years. It seems as if for the last thousand years national life had this one end in view, viz., how to make us weaker and weaker till we have become real earthworms, crawling at the feet of every one who dares to put his foot on us. Therefore my friends as one of your blood, as one that lives and dies with you, let me tell you that we want strength, strength and every time strength. And the Upanishads are the great mine of strength. Therein lies strength enough to invigorate the whole world; the whole world can be vivified, made strong, energised. It will call with trumpet voice upon the weak, the miserable, and the down-trodden of all races, creeds and all sects to stand on their feet and be free; freedom, physical freedom, mental freedom, and spiritual freedom are the watchword of the Upanishads. Aye, this is the one Scripture in world of all others that does not talk of salvation but of freedom. Be free from the bonds of nature, be free from weakness! And it shows to you that you have it already there. That is another peculiarity, you are a Dwaitist, never mind, you have got to admit that by its very nature soul is perfect; only by certain actions of the soul it has become contracted. Indeed the theory of contraction and expansion of Ramanuja is exactly what the modern evolutionists call Evolution and Atavism. The soul goes back becomes contracted as it were; its powers become potential and by good deeds and good thoughts it expands again and reveals its natural perfection. With the Adwaitist the one difference is that he admits evolution in nature and not in the soul. Suppose there is a screen and there is a small hole in the screen. I am a man standing behind the screen and looking at this grand assembly; I can only see very few faces here. Suppose the hole to increase; as it increases more and more all this assembly is revealed unto me, till the whole has become identified with the screen. There is nothing between you and me in this case; neither you changed nor I changed; all the change was in the screen. You were the same from first to last: only the screen changed.

This is the Adwaitist's position with regard to Evolution—evolution of nature and manifestation of the Self within. Not that the Self can by any means be made to contract. It is unchangeable, the infinite one. It was covered as it were with a veil, the veil of Maya and this Maya veil becomes thinner and thinner more and more, and the inborn, natural glory of the soul comes out and becomes manifest. This is the one great doctrine which the world is waiting to learn from India. Whatever they may talk, however they may try to boast, they will find out day after day that no more can there be a society without admitting this. Do you not find how every thing is being revolutionised? Do you not see how it was the custom to take for granted that everything is wicked until it proves itself good? In education, in punishing criminals, in treating lunatics, in the treatment of common diseases even, that was the old law. What is the modern law? The modern law says the body itself is healthy; it cures disease of its own nature. Medicine can at best help the storing up of the best in the body. What says it of criminals? It takes for granted that however low a criminal may be there is still the divinity within which dies not, we must treat criminals as such. They have changed all that. They call jails penitentiaries. So with everything; consciously or unconsciously that divinity which is inside and outside India is expressing itself. And in your books is the explanation; they have got to take it. The treatment of man to man will be entirely revolutionised and these old old ideas of pointing to the weakness of mankind will have to go. They will have received their death-blow within this century. Now they may stand up and criticise us. I have been criticised from one end of the world to the other as one who preaches the diabolical idea that there is no sin! Very good. The descendants of these very men will bless me as the preacher of virtue and not of sin. I am the preacher of virtue, not of sin. I glory in being the preacher of light and not of darkness.

The second great idea which the world is waiting to receive from our Upanishads is the solidarity of this universe. These old old lines of demarcation and differentiation are vanishing rapidly. Electricity and steam power are placing the different parts of the world in intercommunication with each other and as a result, we Hindus no more say that every country beyond our own land is peopled with demons and hobgoblins; nor do the people of Christian countries say that India is only peopled by cannibals and savages. We go out of our country, we find the same brother man with the same strong hand to help, with the same lips to say god-speed and sometimes better than in the country we are born. They, when they come here find the same brother-hood, the same cheers, the same god-speed. Well our Upanishads say that the cause of all misery is ignorance; and that is perfectly true applied to every state of life either social or spiritual. It is ignorance that makes us hate each other, it is ignorance of each other that we do not know and do not love each other. As soon as we come to know each other love comes; must come, for are we not one? Thus we find solidarity coming in spite of itself. Even in Politics and Sociology, problems that were only national 20 years before can no more be solved on national grounds. They are assuming huge proportions, gigantic shapes. They can only be solved when looked at in the broader light of international grounds. International organisations, international combinations, international laws are the cry of the day. That shows the solidarity. In Science everyday they are finding

out that view of the matter. You speak of matter, the whole universe as one mass, one ocean of matter in which you and I, the sun and the moon and everything else are but the names of different little whirlpools and nothing more. Mentally speaking it is one universal ocean of thought in which you and I are similar little whirlpools and as spirit it moveth not, it changeth not. It is the One Unchangeable, Unbroken, Homogeneous Atman. The cry for morality is coming also, and that is in our books. The explanation of morality the fountain of ethics that also the world wants; and this they will get. What do we want in India? If foreigners want these things we want them twenty times more. Because in spite of the greatness of the Upanishads, in spite of our boasted ancestry of sages, compared to many other races I must tell you in plain words we are weak, very weak. First of all is our physical weakness. That physical weakness is the cause at least of one-third of our miseries. We are lazy; we cannot work; we cannot combine; we do not love each other; we are immensely selfish; we are what the women of Europe are; not three of us can come together without hating each other, without being jealous of each other. That is the state in which we are, hopelessly disorganized mobs, immensely selfish; fighting each other for centuries, whether a certain mark is to be put this way or a certain that way; writing volumes and volumes upon such most momentous questions whether the look of a man spoils my food or not! These we have been doing for the last few centuries. We cannot expect anything more except what we are just now, of a race whose whole brain energy has been occupied in such wonderfully beautiful problems and researches! And we are not ashamed. Aye sometimes we are; but we cannot do what we think. Think we many things and never do; till parrot-like, thinking has become a habit and never doing. What is the cause of that? Physical weakness. This weak brain is not able to do anything; you must change that. Our young men must be strong first of all. Religion will come afterwards. Be strong my young friends, that is my advice to you. You will be nearer to Heaven through foot-ball than through the study of the Gita. Bold words are these. I have to say them. I love you. I know where the shoe pinches. I have got a little experience. You will understand Gita better with your biceps muscles a little stronger. You will understand the mighty genius and the mighty strength of Krishna better with a little of strong blood in you. You will understand the Upanishads better and the glory of the Atman when your body stands firm upon your feet and you feel yourselves as men. Thus we have to apply these to our needs. People get disgusted many times at my preaching Adwaitism. I do not mean to preach Adwaitism or Dwaitism or any *ism* in the world. The only *ism* that we require now is this wonderful idea of the soul—its eternal might, its eternal strength, its eternal purity and its eternal perfection.

If I had a child I would from its very birth begin to tell it "Thou art the Pure one." You have read in one of the Puranas that beautiful story of Queen Mathalsa, how as soon as she has a child she puts her child with her own hands on the hammock, and how as the hammock swings to and fro, she begins to sing "thou art the Pure one, the Stainless, Sinless, the Mighty one, the Great one." Aye there is much in that. Feel that you are great and you become great. What did I get as my experience all over the world is the question. They may talk about sinners; and if all Englishmen believed that they were sinners indeed, Englishmen would be no better than the Negroes

in the middle of Africa. God bless them that they do not believe it. On the other hand the Englishman believes he is born the lord of the world. He believes he is great and can do anything in the world, if he wants he can go to the sun or the moon and that makes him great. If he had believed his priests that he is a poor little sinner going to be barbecued through all eternity, he would not be the same Englishman that he is today. So I find in every nation that in spite of priests and superstition the divine within lives and asserts itself. We have lost faith. Would you believe me, we have less faith than the Englishmen and women, thousand times less faith! These are plain words, but I say it, cannot help it. Don't you see how Englishmen and women, when they catch our ideas become mad as it were, and although they are the ruling class, come to India to preach our own religion against the jeers and ridicule of their own countrymen? How many of you can do that; just think of that; and why cannot you do that? Is it that you do not know it? You know more than they, that is why it is; you are more wise than is good for you, that is your difficulty! Simply because your blood is only a pint of tar, your brain is sloughing, your body is weak! Change the body, it must be changed. Physical weakness is the cause and nothing else. You talk of reforms, of ideals and all these for the last 100 years and when it comes to practice, you are not to be found anywhere; till you have disgusted the whole world and the very name of Reform is a thing of ridicule to the whole world! So that what is the cause? Is it that you do not know? You know too much. The only cause is you are weak, weak, weak, your body is weak, your mind is weak? you have no faith in yourselves! Centuries and centuries, thousand years of crushing tyranny of castes and kings and foreigners and your own people, have taken out all strength from you, my brethren! Like the trodden down, and broken back-boneless worms you are! Who will give us strength? Let me tell you, strength, strength, is what we want. And the first step in getting strength is to uphold the Upanishads and believe that "I am the soul" [Here the Swami repeated a Sanskrit quotation, which he translated thus,] "Me the sword cannot cut; no instruments pierce; me the fire cannot burn; me the air cannot dry; I am the Omnipotent, I am the Omniscient." So repeat these blessed saving words. Do not say we are weak, we can do anything and everything. What can we not do, every thing can be done by us; we have the same glorious soul in every one and let us believe in it. Have faith as Nachiketa; at the time of his father's sacrifice, faith came unto Nachiketa; aye I wish that faith would come unto each of you; and every one of you would stand up a gigantic intellect, a world-mover, a giant, an infinite god in every respect; that is what I want you to become. This is the strength that you get from the Upanishads, this is the faith that you will get and this is there. Aye, but it was only for the Sanyasin! Rahasya! The Upanishads were in the hands of the Sanyasin; he went into the forest! Sankara was a little kind and says even Grahasthas might study the Upanishads, it will do them good; it will not hurt them. But still the idea is that the Upanishads talked only of the forest. As I told you the other day the only commentary, the authoritative commentary of the Vedas has been made once and for ever by Hin, who inspired the Vedas, by Krishna in the Gita. There it is for every one, for every occupation of life. These conceptions of the Vedanta must come, must remain not only in the forest; they must not only go into the cave, but they must come

to work out in the Bar and the Bench, in the Pulpit, the cottage of the poor man, with the fishermen that are catching fish and students that are studying. They call to every man, every woman, and child, whatever be their occupation, everywhere they must be; and what fear! The ideals of the Upanishads! how can the fishermen and all these carry them out! The way has been shown. It is infinite; religion is infinite, none can go beyond; and whatever you do, that is very good for you. Even the least done brings marvellous results; therefore let every one do what little he can. If the fisherman thinks that he is the spirit he will be a better fisherman; if the student thinks he is the spirit, he will be a great student. If the lawyer thinks that he is the spirit he will be a better lawyer, and so on, and the result will be, that the castes will remain for ever. It is in the nature of Society to form itself into groups; and what will go? These privileges! Caste is a natural something. I can perform one duty in social life, you another; you can govern a country and I can mend a pair of old shoes, but that is no reason why you are greater than me, for can you mend my shoes? Can I govern the country? It is natural. I am clever in mending shoes, you are clever in reading Vedas, but that is no reason why you should trample on my head; why if you commit murder you will only be praised and if I steal an apple I shall be hanged! This will go. Caste is good. That is the only natural way of solving life. Men must form themselves into groups, you cannot get rid of that. Wherever you go there will be caste. But that does not mean that there will be these privileges. They will be knocked on the head. If you teach Vedānta to the fisherman, he will say, I am as good a man as you, I am a fisherman you are a philosopher; never mind, I have the same God in me, as you have in you. And that is what we want, no privilege for any one, equal chances for every one; let every one be taught the Divine within, and every one will work out his own salvation. Liberty is the first condition of growth. It is wrong, a thousand times wrong, if any of you dares to say 'I will work out the salvation of this woman or child.' I am asked again and again what do you think of this Widow question and what do you think of this Women question? Let me answer once for all, am I a widow that you ask me that nonsense! Am I a woman, that you ask me that question again and again? Who are you to solve Women's problems and Widows' problems? Are you the Lord God himself, ruling over every woman and every widow? Hands off. They will solve their own problems. Nonsense! Tyrants, attempting to think that you can do anything for any one! Hands off. The Divine will look after all. Who are you to assume that you know everything; how dare you think, oh blasphemers, that you have the right over God. For don't you know that every soul is the soul of God, oh, blasphemers! Mind your own Karma, a load of Karma is there, is working. Oh ye blasphemers! Your nation might put you upon a pedestal, your society may cheer you up to the skies; fools may praise you; but He sleeps not, He will catch you, and the punishment will be sure here or hereafter. Therefore look upon every man and woman and every one as God. You cannot help anyone; you can only serve; serve the children of the Lord, serve the Lord Himself if you have the privilege. If the Lord grants that you can help any one of His children blessed you are; don't think too much of yourselves. Blessed you are that that privilege was given to you and others had it not. Hands off therefore; none here requires your

help. It is only worship. I think there are some poor, because of my salvation, I will go and worship them: God is there; some here are miserable for your and my salvation so that we may serve the Lord, coming in the shape of the diseased, coming in the shape of the criminal, coming in the shape of the lunatic, the leper and the sinner. Bold are my words and let me tell them for it is the greatest privilege in your or my life, that we are allowed to serve the Lord in all these shapes. Give up the idea that by ruling some one, you can do any good to them. But you can do just as in the case of the plant; you can supply the growing seed with the materials for the making up of its body, bringing to it, the earth, the water, the air that it wants. It will take all that it wants by its own nature, assimilate and grow by its own nature. Bring all light into the world; light, bring light; let light come unto every one, let the task be not finished till every one has reached the Lord. Bring light to the poor, and bring more light to the rich, for they require it more than the poor; bring light to the ignorant and more light to the educated for the vanities of this two-pence half, penny education of our time are tremendous! Thus bring light to all and leave the rest unto the Lord, for in the words of the same Lord "to work you have the right and not to the fruits thereof." Let not your work produce results for you, and at the same time may you never be without work. May He who taught such grand ideas to us, to our forefathers ages before, He help us to get strength to carry into practice His commands.

The Sages of India.

(FULL TEXT.)

In speaking of the sages of India, my mind goes back to those periods of which history has no record, and tradition tries in vain to bring the secrets out of the gloom of the past. The sages of India have been almost innumerable, for what have the Hindu nation been doing for thousands of years except producing sages? I will take, therefore, the lives of a few of the most brilliant ones, the epoch-makers, and present them before you, that is to say, my study of them. In the first place, we have to understand a little about our scriptures. Two ideals of truth are in our scriptures, the one is, what we call the eternal, and the other not so authoritative, yet binding under particular circumstances, and time, and place. The eternal relations which deal with the nature of the soul, and of God, and the relations between souls and God, are embodied in what we call the Srutis, the Vedas. The next set of truths is what we call the Smritis, as embodied in the works of Manu, Yagnavalkya, and other writers, and also in the Puranas, down to the Tantras. This second class of books and teachings is subordinate to the Srutis, inasmuch as whenever anyone of these contradicts anything in the Srutis, the Srutis must prevail. This is the law. The idea is that the framework of the destiny and goal of man has been all delineated in the Vedas, the details have been left to be worked out in the Smritis and Puranas. As for general directions, the Srutis are enough; for spiritual life, nothing more can be said, nothing more can be known. All that is necessary has been known, all the advice that is necessary to lead the soul to perfection has been completed in the Srutis; the details alone were left, and these the Smritis have supplied from time to time. Another peculiarity is that these Srutis have many sages as

the recorders of the truths in them, mostly men, some even women. Very little is known of their personalities, the dates of their birth, and so forth, but their best thoughts, their best discoveries, I should say, are preserved there, embodied in the sacred literature of our country, the Vedas. In the Smritis, on the other hand, personalities are more in evidence. Startling, gigantic, impressive, world-moving persons for the first time, as it were, stand before us, sometimes of more magnitude, even, than their teachings.

This is a peculiarity which we have to understand,—that our religion preaches an Impersonal Personal God. It preaches an amount of impersonal laws *plus* any amount of personality, but the very fountain-head of our religion is in the Srutis, the Vedas, which are perfectly impersonal, and the persons all come in the Smritis and Puranas, the great Avatars, incarnations of God, Prophets, and so forth. And this ought also to be observed, that except our religion, every other religion in the world, depends upon the life or lives of some personal founder or founders. Christianity is built upon the life of Jesus Christ, Mohammedanism, of Mohammed, Buddhism, of Buddha, Jainism, of the Jains, and so on. It naturally follows that there must be in all these religions a good deal of fight about what they call the historical evidences of these great personalities. If at any time the historical evidences about the existence of these personages in ancient times become weak, the whole building of the religion tumbles down to the ground and is broken to pieces. We escaped this fate because our religion is not based upon persons but on principles. That you obey your religion is not because it came through the authority of a sage, no, not even of an incarnation. Krishna is not the authority of the Vedas, but the Vedas are the authority of Krishna himself. His glory is that he is the greatest preacher of the Vedas that ever existed. So as to other incarnations; so with all our sages. Our first principle is that all that is necessary for the perfection of man and for attaining unto freedom is there in the Vedas. You cannot see anything new. You cannot go beyond a perfect unity, which is the goal of all knowledge; this has been already reached there, and it is impossible to go beyond the unity. Religious knowledge became complete when *Tat twam asi* was discovered, and that was in the Vedas. What remained was the guidance of people from time to time, according to different times and places, according to different circumstances and environments; people had to be guided along the old, old path, and for this these great teachers came, these great sages. Nothing can bear out more clearly this position than the celebrated saying of Sri Krishna in the Gita—"Whenever virtue subsides and irreligion prevails I create myself for the protection of the good; for the destruction of all immortality I am coming from time to time." This is the idea in India.

What follows? That on the one hand, there are these eternal principles which stand upon their own foundations, without depending on any reasoning even, much less on the authority of sages, however great, of incarnations, however brilliant they may have been. We may remark that as this is the unique position in India our claim is that the Vedanta only can be the universal religion, that it is already the existing universal religion in the world, because it teaches principles and not persons. No religion built upon a person can be taken up as a type by all the races of mankind. In our own country we find that there have been so many grand personages; in each little city we find that so many hundreds of persons are taken up as types by the different minds in that one city. How

can it be possible that one person, as Mahommed or Buddha or Christ, can be taken up as the one type for the whole world? nay, that the whole of morality and ethics and spirituality and religion will be true only from the sanction of that one person, and one person alone? Now the Vedantic religion does not require any such personal authority; its sanction is the eternal nature of man, its ethics are based upon the eternal spiritual solidarity of man, already existing, already attained and not to be attained. On the other hand, from the very earliest times, our sages have been feeling conscious of this fact that the vast majority of mankind require a person. They must have a Personal God in some form or other. The very Buddha who declared against the existence of a Personal God had not died fifty years before his disciples manufactured a Personal God out of him. This Personal God is necessary, and at the same time we know that instead of and better than vain imaginations of a Personal God, which in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred are unworthy of human worship, we have in this world, living and walking in our midst, living Gods now and then. These are more worthy of worship than any imaginary God, any creation of our imaginations, that is to say any idea of God which we can make. Sree Krishna is much greater than any idea of God you or I can make. Buddha is a much higher idea, a more living and idolised idea, than any ideal you or I can conceive of in our minds, and therefore it is that they always command the worship of mankind, even to the exclusion of all imaginary deities. This our sages knew, and therefore left it open to all Indian people to worship such great personages, such incarnations. Nay, the greatest of these incarnations goes further.—"Wherever there is an extraordinary spiritual power manifested by external man know that I am there; it is from me that that manifestation comes." That leaves the door open for the Hindu to worship the incarnations of all the countries in the world. The Hindu can worship any sage and any saint from any country whatsoever, and as a fact we know that we go and worship many times in the churches of the Christians, and many, many times in the Mahomedan Mosques, and that is good. Why not? Ours, as I have said, is the universal religion. It is inclusive enough, it is broad enough to include all the ideals. All the ideals of religion that already exist in the world can be immediately included, and we can patiently wait for all the ideals that are to come in the future to be taken in the same fashion, embraced in the infinite arms of the religion of the Vedanta.

This, more or less, is our position with regard to the great sages, the incarnations of God. There are also secondary characters. We find the word Rishi again and again mentioned in the Vedas, and it has become a common word at the present time. The Rishi is the great authority. We have to understand that idea. The definition is that the Rishi is the *Mantra drashta*, the seer of thought. What is the proof of religion?—this was asked in very ancient times. There is no proof in the senses, was the declaration. "From whence words reflect back with thought without reaching the goal. There the eyes cannot reach, neither can the wind, nor any of the organs"—That has been the declaration for ages and ages. Nature outside cannot give us any answer as to the existence of the soul, the existence of God, the eternal life, the goal of man, and all that. This mind is continually changing, always in a state of flux, it is finite, it is broken into pieces. What can this nature talk of the infinite, the unchangeable, the unbroken, the indivisible, the eternal?

It can never be. And wherever mankind has striven in vain to get an answer from dull dead matter history knows how disastrous the results have been. How comes, therefore, the knowledge which the Vedas declared? It comes through being a Rishi. This knowledge is not in the senses, but is the senses, the be-all and the end-all of the human being. Who dares say that the senses are the all in all of man. Even in our lives, in the life of everyone of us here, there come moments of calmness, perhaps, when we see before us the death of one we loved, when some shock comes to us, or when extreme blessedness comes to us; many other occasions there are when the mind, as it were, becomes calm, feels for the moment its real nature, and a glimpse of the infinite beyond, where words cannot reach, nor the mind go, is revealed to us. This is in ordinary life, and has to be heightened, practised, perfected: men found out ages ago that the soul is not bound or limited by the senses, no not even by consciousness. We have to understand that this consciousness is only the name of one link in the infinite chain. Being is not identical with consciousness, but consciousness is only one part of Being. Beyond consciousness is where the bold search. Consciousness is bound by the senses. Beyond that, beyond the senses, men must go in order to arrive at truths of the spiritual world, and there are even now persons who succeed in going beyond the bounds of the senses. These are called Rishis, because they come face to face with spiritual truths. The proof, therefore, of the Vedas is just the same as the proof of this table before me, *pratyaksham*, direct perception. This I see with the senses, and the truths of spirituality we also see in a super-conscious state of the human soul. This Rishi state is not limited by time, or by place, or by sex, or by race. Vatsyana boldly declares this Rishihood is the common property of the descendant of the sage, of the Aryan, of the non-Aryan, of even the Mlech. This is the sageship of the Vedas, and constantly we ought to remember that ideal of religion in India, which I wish other nations of the world will also remember and learn, so that there may be less fight and less quarrel. It is this, that religion is not in books, nor in theories, nor in dogmas, nor in talking, not even in reasoning. It is Being and Becoming. Aye, my friends, until each one of you has become a Rishi and come face to face with spiritual facts religious life has not begun for you. Until the super-conscious opens for you religion is mere talk, it is all but preparation. You are talking second hand, third hand, and here applies that beautiful saying of Buddha when he had a discussion with some Brahmins! They came discussing about the nature of Brahman, and the great sage asked "Have you seen Brahman?" "No," said the Brahmin; "Or your father?" "No, neither he." "Or your grandfather?" "I don't think even he saw Him." "My friend whom your father and grandfather never saw, how do you discuss about such a person, and try to put down each other?" That is what the whole world is doing. Let us say in the language of the Vedanta "This Atman is not to be reached by too much talk, no, not even by the highest intellect, no, not even by the study of the Vedas themselves." Let us speak to all the nations of the world in the language of the Vedas:—Vain are your fights and your quarrels; have you seen God whom you want to preach? If you have not seen vain is your preaching, you do not know what you say, and if you have seen God you will not quarrel, your very face will shine. An ancient sage of the Upanishads, sent his son out to learn about Brahman, and the child came back,

and the father asks "what have you learnt"? the child replies he had learnt so many sciences and the father says "that is nothing, go back." And the son went back, and when he returned again the father asks the same question, and the same number of sciences was the answer from the child. Once more he had to go back, and the next time he comes, his whole face is shining, and his father stands up and declares "Aye, to-day, my child, your face shines like a knower of God." When you have known God your very face will be changed, your voice will be changed, your whole appearance will be changed. You will be a blessing to mankind; none will be able to resist the Rishi. This is the Rishihood, the ideal in our religion. The rest, all these talks, and reasonings, and philosophies, and dualisms, and monisms, even the Vedas themselves are but preparations, secondary. The other is primary. The Vedas, Grammar, Astronomy, &c., all these are secondary; that is supreme knowledge which makes us realise the unchangeable one. Those who realised are the sages whom we find in the Vedas, and we understand how this Rishi is the name of a type, of a class, which everyone of us, as true Hindus, is expected to become at some period of our life, and which, to the Hindu, means salvation. Not belief in doctrines, nor going to thousands of temples, nor bathing in all the rivers in the world, but becoming the Rishi, the *Mantra drastha*, that is freedom, that is salvation.

Coming down to later times, there have been great world-moving sages, great incarnations, of whom there have been many, and according to Bhâgavatam they also are infinite in number, of whom those that are worshipped most in India are Rama and Krishna. Rama, the ancient idol of the Heroic ages, the embodiment of truth, of morality, the ideal son, the ideal husband, the ideal father and above all the ideal King, this Rama has been presented before us by the great sage Valmiki. No language can be purer, none chaster, none more beautiful, and at the same time simple, than the language in which the great poet has depicted the life of Rama. And what to speak of Sita? You may exhaust the literature of the world that is past, and I may assure you, will have to exhaust the literature of the world of the future before finding another Sita, Sita is unique; that character was once depicted and once for all. Ramas have been, perhaps, several, but Sitas never. She is the very type of the Indian woman as she should be, for all the Indian ideals of a perfected woman have got around that one life of Sita, and here she stands, these thousands of years, commanding the worship of every man, woman, or child, throughout the length and breadth of the land of Aryavarta. There she will always be, glorious Sita, purer than purity itself, all patience, and all suffering. She who suffered that life of suffering without a murmur, she the ever chaste and ever pure wife, she the ideal of the people, the ideal of the gods, the great Sita, our national God she must always remain. And every one of us knows her too well to require much delineation. All our mythology may vanish, even our Vedas may depart, and our Sanskrit language may vanish for ever, but as long as there will be five Hindus living here, speaking the most vulgar *patois* there will be the story of Sita present, mark my words. Sita has gone into the very vitals of our race. She is there in the blood of every Hindu man and woman; we are all children of Sita. Any attempt to modernise our women if it tries to take our women apart from that ideal of Sita, is immediately a failure, as we see every day. The women of

India must grow and develop after the foot prints of Sita, and that is the only way.

The next is He who is worshipped in various forms, the favorite ideal of men as well as of women, the ideal of children, as well as grown-up men. I mean He whom the writer of the Bhagavad Gita was not content to call an incarnation but says "The other incarnations were but parts of the Lord. He Krishna was the Lord Himself." And it is not strange that such adjectives are applied to him when we marvel at the many-sidedness of his character. He was the most wonderful Sanyasi, and the most wonderful householder in one, he had the most wonderful amount of *Rajas*, power, and was at the same time living in the midst of the most wonderful renunciation. Krishna can never be understood until you have studied the Gita, for he was the embodiment of his own teaching. Every one of these incarnations came as a living illustration of what they came to preach. Krishna, the preacher of the Gita, was all his life the embodiment of that song celestial; he was the great illustration of non-attachment. He gives the throne to so many people, never cares for the throne. He, the leader of India, at whose word kings come down from their thrones, never wants to be a king. He, is the simple Krishna, ever the same Krishna who played with the Gopis. Ah, that most marvellous passage of his life, the most difficult to understand, and which none ought to attempt to understand until he has become perfectly chaste and pure, that most marvellous expansion of love, allegorised and expressed in that beautiful play at Brindavan, which none can understand but he that has become mad and drunk deep of the cup of love! Who can understand the throes of love of the Gopis—the very ideal of love, love that wants nothing, love that even does not care for heaven, love that does not care for anything in this world, or the world to come? And here, my friends, through this love of the Gopis has been found the only solution of the conflict between the Personal and the Impersonal God. We know how the Personal God is the highest point of human life; we know that it is philosophical to believe in an Impersonal God, immanent in the universe, of whom everything is a manifestation. At the same time our souls hanker after something concrete, something which we want to grasp, at whose feet we can pour our soul, and so on. The Personal God is therefore the highest conception of human nature. Yet reason stands aghast at such an idea. It is the same old, old question which you find discussed in the Brahma Sutras, which you find Draupadi discussing with Yudhishira in the forest,—if there is a Personal God, all merciful, all powerful, why is this hell of an earth here, why did he create this; he must be a partial God. There was no solution, and the only solution that can be found is what you read, the love of the Gopis, how they hated every adjective that was piled on to Krishna; they did not care to know that he was the Lord of creation, they did not care to know that he was almighty, they did not care to know that he was omnipotent, and so forth. The only thing they understood was that he was the infinite Love that was all. The Gopis understood Krishna only as the Krishna of Brindavan. He, the leader of the hosts, the king of kings, to them was the shepherd, and the shepherd for ever. "I do not want wealth, nor many people, nor do I want learning; no, not even do I want to go to heaven. Let me be born again and again, but Lord, grant me this, that I may have love for Thee, and that for love's sake." A great land mark in the history of religion is here, the ideal of love for love's sake, work for work's sake, duty for duty's sake, for the first time fell from the lips of the

greatest of incarnations, Krishna, and for the first time in the history of humanity, upon the soil of India. The religions of fear and of temptations were gone for ever, and in spite of the fear of hell, and temptation to enjoyment in heaven, came the grandest of ideals, love for love's sake, duty for duty's sake, work for work's sake. And what a love! I have told you just now that it is very difficult to understand the love of the Gopis. There are not wanting fools, even in the midst of us, who cannot understand the marvellous significance of that most marvellous of all episodes. There are, let me repeat, impure fools, even born of our blood, who try to shrink from that as if from something impure. For them I have only to say, first make yourselves pure, and you must remember that he who tells the history of the love of the Gopis is none else but Suka Dev. The historian who records this marvellous love of the Gopis is one who was born pure, the eternally pure Suka, the son of Vyasa. So long as there is selfishness in the heart, so long is love of God impossible; it is nothing but shop-keeping. I give you something, Oh Lord, you give me something. And says the Lord, if you do not do this I will take good care of you when you die. I will roast you all the rest of your lives, perhaps, and so on. So long as such ideas are in the brain how can one understand the mad throes of the Gopis' love. "Oh for one, one kiss of those lips, one who has been kissed by Thee, his thirst for Thee increases for ever, all sorrows vanish, and we forget love for everything else but for Thee and Thee alone." Aye! forget first the love for gold, and name and fame, and for this little three-penny world of ours. Then, only then you will understand the love of the Gopis, too holy to be attempted without giving up everything, too sacred to be understood until the soul has become perfectly pure. People with ideas of sex, and of money, and of fame, bubbling up every minute in the heart, daring to criticise and understand the love of the Gopis! That is the very cream of the Krishna incarnation. Even the Gita, the great philosophy itself, does not compare with that madness, for in the Gita the disciple is taught slowly how to walk towards the goal, but here is the madness of enjoyment, the drunkenness of love, where disciples and teachers and teachings and books, and all these things have become one, even the ideas of fear and God, and heaven. Everything has been thrown away. What remains is the madness of love. It is forgetfulness of everything, and the lover sees nothing in the world except that Krishna, and Krishna alone, when the face of every being becomes a Krishna, when his own face looks like Krishna, when his own soul has become tinged with Krishna colour. That was the great Krishna. Do not waste your time upon little details. Take up the frame work, the essence of the life. There may be many historical discrepancies, there may be interpolations in the life of Krishna. All these things may be true, but, at the same time, there must have been a basis, a foundation for this new and tremendous departure. Taking the life of any other sage or prophet, we find that that prophet is only the evolution of what had gone before him, we find that that prophet is only preaching the ideas that had been scattered about his own country even in his own times. Great doubts may exist even as to whether that prophet existed or not. But here, I challenge any one to show whether these things, these ideals—work for work's sake, love for love's sake, duty for duty's sake, were not original ideas with Krishna, and as such there must have been some one with whom these ideas originated. They could not have been borrowed from anybody else, they were not floating about the atmosphere when Krishna was born. But the Lord Krishna was the first preacher of

this; his disciple Vyasa took it up and preached it unto mankind. This is the highest idea to picture. The highest thing we can get out of him is Gopi-Janavallava, the shepherd of Brindavan. When that madness comes in your brain, when you understand the blessed Gopis, then you will understand what love is. When the whole world will vanish, when all other considerations will have died out, when you will become pure-hearted with no other aim, not even the search after truth, then and then alone will rush before you the madness of that love, the strength and the power of that infinite love which the Gopis had, that love for love's sake. That is the goal. When you have got that you have got everything.

To come down to the lower stratum, Krishna—the preacher of the Gita. Aye, there is an attempt in India now which is like putting the cart before the horse. Many of our people think that Krishna as the lover of the Gopis is rather something uncanny, and the Europeans do not like it much. Dr. So—and—so does not like it. Certainly then, the Gopis have to go. Without the sanction of Europeans how can Krishna live? He cannot. In the Mahabharata there is no mention of the Gopis except in one or two places, and not very remarkable places. In the prayer of Draupadi there is mention of a Brindavan life and in the speech of Sisupal there is again mention of this Brindavan. All these are interpolations. What the Europeans do not want must be thrown off. They are interpolations, the mention of the Gopis and of Krishna too. Well with these men, steeped in commercialism, where even the ideal of religion has become commercial, they are all trying to go to heaven by doing something here; the Banya wants compound interest, wants to lay by some thing here and enjoy it there—certainly the Gopis have no place in such a system of thought. From that ideal lover we come down to the lower stratum of Krishna, the preacher of Gita. Even there no better commentary has been written or can be written. The essence of the Srutis, or of the Upanishads, is hard to be understood, seeing that there are so many commentators, each one trying to interpret in his own way. Then the Lord Himself comes, He who is the inspirer of the Srutis, to show us the meaning of it, as the preacher of Gita, and to-day India wants nothing better, the world wants nothing better than that method of interpretation. It is a wonder that subsequent interpreters of the Scriptures, even commenting upon the Gita, many times could not catch the meaning, many times could not catch the drift. For what do you find in the Gita, and what even in modern commentators? One non-dualistic commentator takes up an Upanishad, there are so many dualistic passages, and he twists and tortures them into some meaning, and wants to bring them all into his own meaning. If a dualistic commentator comes, there are so many non-dualistic texts which he begins to torture, to bring them all round to dualistic meaning; but you find in Gita there is no attempt at torturing any one of them. They are all right, says the Lord; slowly and gradually the human soul coming up and up, step after step, from the gross to the fine, from the fine to the finer, until it reaches the absolute, the goal. That is what is in the Gita. Even the Karma Khanda is taken up, and it is shown that it cannot give salvation direct, but indirectly, that is also valid, images are valid indirectly, ceremonies, forms, everything is valid only with one condition, purity of the heart. For worship is valid, and leads to the goal, if the heart is pure and the heart is sincere; and all these various modes of worship are necessary, else, why should they be

here? Religions and sects are not the works of hypocrites and wicked people, who invented all these to get a little money, as some of our modern men want to think. However reasonable that explanation may be it is not true, and they were not invented that way at all. They are the outcome of the necessity of the human soul. They are all here to satisfy the *hankering* and *thirst* of different classes of human minds, and you need not preach against them. The day when that necessity will cease they will vanish along with the cessation of that necessity, and so long as that necessity remains they must be there, in spite of your preaching, in spite of your criticisms. You may bring the sword or the gun into play, you may deluge the world with human blood, but so long as there is a necessity for idols they must remain. These forms, and all the various steps in religion will remain, and we understand from the Lord Sri Krishna why they should remain.

A rather sadder chapter of India's history comes now. In the Gita we already hear the distant sound of conflicts of sects, and the Lord comes in the middle to harmonise them all, the great preacher of harmony, the greatest teacher of harmony, Lord Krishna Himself. He says, "In me they are all strung like pearls upon a thread." We already hear the distant sounds, the murmurs of the conflict, and possibly there was a period of harmony and calmness when it broke anew, not only on religious grounds, but most possibly on caste grounds,—the fight between the two powerful factors in our community, the kings and the priest. And from the topmost crest of the wave that deluged India for nearly a thousand years we see another glorious figure, and that was our Gautama Sakyamuni. You all know about his teachings and preachings. We worship Him as God incarnate, the greatest, the boldest preacher of morality that the world ever saw, the greatest Karma Yogi; as a disciple of himself, as it were, the same Krishna came to show how to make his theories practical; There came once again the same voice that in the Gita preached, "The least bit done of this religion saves from great fear. Women, or Vaśyas, even Śudras, all reach the highest goal." Breaking the bondages of all, the chains of all, declaring liberty to all to reach the highest goal come the words of the Gita, rolls like thunder the mighty voice of Krishna—"Even in this life they have conquered heaven whose minds are firmly fixed upon the sameness, for God is pure and the same to all, therefore such are said to be living in God." "Thus seeing the same Lord equally present everywhere the sage does not injure self with self, and thus reaches the highest goal." As it were to give a living example of this preaching, as it were to make at least one part of it practical, the preacher himself came in another form, and this was Sakyamuni, he the preacher to the poor and the miserable, he who rejected even the language of the Gods to speak in the language of the people, so that he might reach the hearts of the people, he giving up a throne to live with beggars, and the poor, and the downcast, pressing the Pariah unto his breast like a second Râma. You know all of you about his great work, his grand character. But the work had one great defect, and for that we are suffering even to-day. No blame attaches to the Lord. He is pure and glorious, but unfortunately such high ideals could not be well assimilated by the different uncivilised and uncultured races of mankind who flocked within the fold of the Aryans. These races, with varieties of superstition and hideous worship rushed within the fold of the Aryan and for a time appeared as if they had become civilised, but before a century had passed they brought out their snakes, their ghosts, and all the other things their ancestors

used to worship, and thus the whole of India became one degraded mass of superstition. The earlier Buddhists in their rage against the killing of animals had denounced the sacrifices of the Vedas; and these sacrifices were used to be held in every house. There was a fire burning, and that was all the paraphernalia of worship. These sacrifices were obliterated, and in their place came gorgeous temples, gorgeous ceremonies, and gorgeous priests, and all that you see in India in modern times. I smile when I read books written by some modern people who ought to have known better that Buddha was the destroyer of Brahminical idolatry. Little do they know that Buddhism created Brahminism and idolatry in India. There was a book written about a year or two ago by a Russian gentleman who claimed to have found out a very curious life of Jesus Christ, and in one part of the book he says that Christ went to the Temple of Juggernath to study with the Brahmins, but became disgusted with their exclusiveness and their idols, and so he went to the Lamas of Tibet instead, became perfect, and went home. To any man who knows anything about Indian History that very line proves that the whole thing was a fraud, because the Temple of Juggernath is an old Buddhistic Temple. We took this and others over and re-Hinduised them. We shall have to do many things like that yet. That is Juggernath and there was not one Brahmin there, and yet we are told that Jesus Christ came to study with the Brahmins there. Thus says our great Russian archæologist. Thus, in spite of the preaching of mercy unto animals, in spite of the sublime ethical religion, in spite of the hair-splitting discussions about the existence of a permanent soul, or the non-existence of a permanent soul, the whole building of Buddhism tumbled down piecemeal; and the ruin was simply hideous. I have neither the time nor the inclination to describe to you the hideousness that came in the wake of Buddhism. The most hideous ceremonies, the most horrible, the most obscene books that human hands ever wrote or the human brain ever conceived, the most bestial forms that ever passed under the name of religion, have all been the creation of degraded Buddhism.

But India has to live, and the spirit of the Lord descended again. He who declared that "I will come whenever virtue subsides" came again, and this time the manifestation was in the South, and up rose that young Brahmin of whom it has been declared that at the age of 16 he had completed all his writings; the marvellous boy Sankara Charya arose. The writings of this boy of 16 are the wonders of the modern world, and thus was the boy. He wanted to bring back the Indian world to its pristine purity, but think of the amount of the task before him. I have told you a few points about the state of things that existed in India. All these horrors that you are trying to reform are the outcome of that reign of degradation. The Tartars and the Belluchis and all the hideous races of mankind came to India and became Buddhists, and assimilated with us, and brought their national customs, and the whole of our national life became a huge page of the most horrible and the most bestial customs. That was the inheritance which that boy got from the Buddhists, and since that time to this the whole world in India is a re-conquest of this Buddhistic degradation by the Vedanta. It is still going on, not yet finished. Sankara came, a great philosopher, and showed that the real essence of Buddhism and that of the Vedanta are not much different, but the disciples did not understand the master, and have degraded themselves, denied the existence of the soul and of God, and have become Atheists. That was what Sankara showed, and all the Buddhists began to

come into the old religion. But then they had become laden with all these forms; what could be done?

There came the brilliant Ramanuja—Sankara, with his great intellect, I am afraid, had not as great a heart. Ramanuja's heart was greater. He felt for the down-trodden, he sympathised with them. He took up the ceremonies, the accretions that had gathered, made them pure so far as they could be, and instituted new ceremonies, new methods of worship, for the people who absolutely required these. At the same time he opened the door to the highest spiritual worship, from the Brahmin to the Pariah. That was Ramanuja's work. That work rolled on, invaded the north, was taken up by some great leaders there, that was much later, during Mohammedan rule, and the brightest of these prophets of modern times in the north was Chaitanya, and you may mark one characteristic since the time of Ramanuja,—opening the door of spirituality to everyone. That has been the watchword of all the prophets succeeding Ramanuja, as it had been the watchword of all the prophets before Sankara. I do not know why Sankara should be represented as rather exclusive; I do not find anything in his writings which is exclusive. Like the declarations of the Lord Buddha this exclusiveness that has been attributed to Sankara's teachings is most possibly not due to his teachings but to the incapacity of his disciples. This one great northern sage Chaitanya I will mention as the last and then finish. He represented the mad love of the Gopis. Himself a Brahmin, born of one of the most rationalistic families of the day, himself a professor of logic fighting and gaining a word-victory, for this he had learnt from his childhood as the highest ideal of life, and yet through the mercy of some sage the whole life of that man became changed, he gave up his fight, his quarrels, his professorship of logic, and became one of the greatest teachers of Bhakti the world has ever known,—mad Chaitanya. His Bhakti rolled over the whole land of Bengal, bringing solace to every one. His love knew no bounds. The saint or the sinner, the Hindu or the Mahammedan, the pure or the impure, the prostitute, the street walker—all had a share in his love, all had a share in his mercy, and even to the present day, although greatly degenerated, as everything does, yet his church is the refuge of the poor, of the down-trodden, of the outcast, of the weak, of those who have been rejected by all Society. But at the same time I must remark for truth's sake that we find this. In the philosophic sects we find wonderful liberalism. There is not a man who follows Sankara who will say that all the different sects of India are really different. At the same time he was a tremendous upholder of exclusiveness as regards caste. But with every Vaisnavite preacher we find a wonderful liberalism as to the teaching of caste questions, but exclusiveness as regards religious questions.

The one had a great head, the other a large heart, and the time was ripe for one to be born the embodiment of this head and heart, the time was ripe for one to be born who in one body would have the brilliant intellect of Sankara and the wonderfully expansive, infinite heart of Chaitanya, one who would see in every sect the same working, the same God, as well as see God in every being, one whose heart would weep for the poor, for the weak, for the outcast, for the down-trodden, for every one in this world, inside India or outside India, and at the same time whose grand brilliant intellect would conceive of such noble thoughts as would harmonise all conflicting sects, not only in India but outside of India,

(Continued on the cover page 3.)

(Continued from page 108.)

and bring a marvellous harmony, the universal religion of head and heart into existence, and such a man was born and I had the good fortune to sit under his feet for years. The time was ripe, it was necessary that such a man should be born, and he came, and the most wonderful part of it was that his life's work was just near a city which was full of western thoughts, which had run mad after these occidental ideas, a city which had become more Europeanised than any other city in India. There he was born, without any book-learning whatsoever, he could not write his own name, this great intellect, never could write his own name, but everybody, the most brilliant graduates of our university found in him an intellectual giant. That was a curious man. It is a long, long story, and I have no time to tell anything about him to-night. I had better stop, only mentioning the great Sri Ramakrishna, the fulfilment of the Indian sages, the sage for the time, one whose teaching is just now, in the present time, most beneficial. And mark the Divine power working behind the man. The son of a poor priest, born in one of the wayside villages, unknown and unthought of, to-day is worshipped literally by thousands in Europe and America, and to-morrow will be worshipped by thousands more. Who knows the plans of the Lord? Now, my brothers, if you do not see the hand, the finger of Providence it is because you are blind, born blind indeed. If time comes, and another opportunity, I will speak to you about him more fully, only let me say now that if I have told you one word of truth it was his and his alone, and if I have told you many things which were not true, which were not correct, which were not beneficial to the human race, it was all mine, and on me is the responsibility.

(This portion will be reprinted in the body of the next issue.)

News and Notes.

A rumour is being spread here by interested parties that Swami Vivekananda "played to the galleries" in America. The attention of those that indulge in such rumours is invited to the address and the letter from the Cambridge Conferences and the Brooklyn Ethical Association printed elsewhere in this number.

The Swami was accorded a most enthusiastic reception in Calcutta also. He was taken from Kiddepore Docks by special train to Sealdah Railway Station whence he was dragged along in a splendid carriage by the young men of Calcutta to the Ripon College and from there to the house of Mr. Mitter where he was entertained in regal style. The procession was very grand with music and all, and triumphal arches had been put up all along the way. The Swami now stays at Cossipore, a suburb of Calcutta.

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