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SUBRAHMANYA BHARATI

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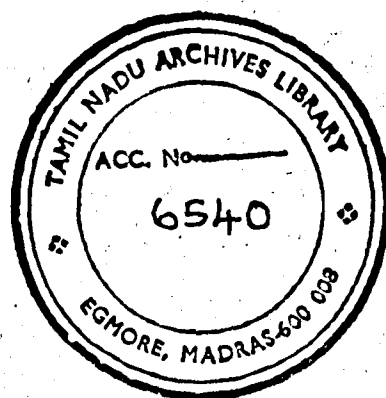
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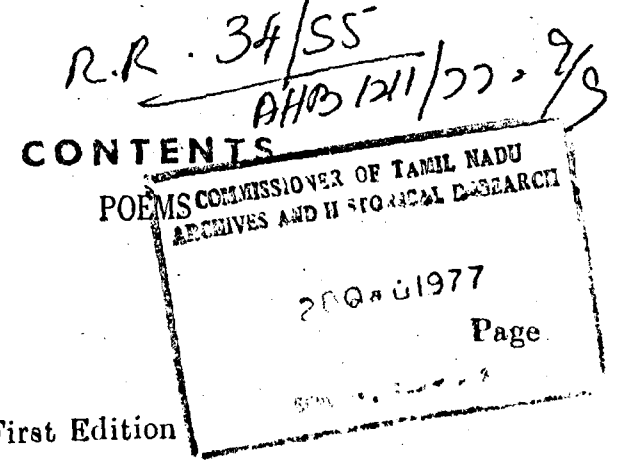
BY
C. SUBRAHMANYA BHARATI

1977

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FOREWORD TO THE FIRST EDITION

For the last one hundred years the Tamil genius has not expressed itself at its real best in any department of life, much less on the creative side, in song and literature. The reasons are many, both political and sociological. This is worth exploring, if only to liberate the stream of creative fancy from the sands of a decorous but false tradition in education and approach to life. Creative artists like B. R. Rajamier and Subrahmanya Bharati are like oases in the desert,—as if the endless waste of sand gets wearied of itself and produces a spot of green for the sheer joy of reaction.

The Tamil genius rejoices in scholarship, in clearness and purity; and in the incisive analysis of its own precious accumulations. Where it is creative it becomes metaphysical, laden with a rapture whose significance and pleasure are only to the chosen few who have transcended the mind-consciousness. Our songs even in their most lyrical moments have always the mystic touch. The quest after the Eternal gives our melodies a stellar gleam.

Subrahmanya Bharati's poetical genius is the happy result of a cross fertilisation, the clash and contact between two great cultures. They say the oyster breeds the pearl in a moment of irritation. Subrahmanya Bharati poured forth his patriotic songs in a like moment of conflict, suffering and struggle, when his sensitive and vigorous nature keenly felt the slavery of his country and man's

inhumanity to man. His warm emotional temperament and aesthetic nature quickly responded in song to the immense joys of freedom and sunshine, like a lotus bud to the stimulating rays of the dawn.

Subramanya Bharati's songs in Tamil have almost a Shakespearean touch in the freshness, spontaneity and suggestive power of the lyrical outbursts. They herald a new epoch in our lives. Bharati is not a summer cloud, but the first expression and descent of the monsoon itself, scattering its pearls of plenty over land and river, over hill and dale.

The authentic Bharathi quality, racy and indigenous, persists even in this collection of poems and essays in a foreign language to which we are given the privilege of writing a foreword. When a poetic soul like Bharati's, happy beyond dream in his own mother-tongue, turns to an alien language for the aching joy of self-expression, it is no surprise to find that the art becomes laden with a more serious thought. For the highest aim of self-expression even in art is, after all self-realisation. This intense longing for the Divine is visible in every song and every page of this collection. We shall not analyse the qualities of each. Analysis is a kill-joy though the Tamil mind rejoices in it.

We offer this precious book to the reader with the same ecstasy with which a guide greets a caravan marching on desert sand and offers to his friends the pure spring water in the oasis.

C. R. REDDY,

K. S. VENKATARAMANI.

-O-

PREFACE

Literature has been defined as 'good writing which has a truth to tell about people and their world, and tells that truth in a way which compels the sensitive reader to re-live the writer's experience with his own mind and emotions. It grows out of experience and response, and conveys both. It does so through native talent, and acquired skill, working with content, form, and style, to create tone'. It has no borders or boundaries. Language, religion, country, theme, manner, or even time, can not confine it. It is ageless, timeless, measureless, and universal.

Literature has form and feature, expression and suggestion, smiles and laughter, tears and lamentations, anger and pleasure, love and hate, hopes as well as disappointments. It may be simple or complex, easy or difficult. It may explain or perplex, hide or reveal. It may spring from innocence, or from experience. It may be wise, foolish, serious, or light. It may comfort or disturb, please or pain. It may be sweet or bitter, or have any other taste which may please or offend the palate. It has an endless variety of moods and modes. It may treat of any subject from light to darkness, silence to sound; birth to death; admiration to ridicule. Joy to grief. Hopes, fears, doubts, certainties; all the passions, hate, anger, excitement, wonder, love, laughter, and abiding peace; colour, tone, perfume, softness, and cruel, cruel war, and gentle mercy.

All literature has tended to run in two broad streams—prose and poetry. Broadly speaking, one is sedate, and somewhat pedestrian, and the other is airy, and has wings. But quite often, one merges into the other, and is hardly distinguishable from it. Walter Pater's prose essay on 'Mona Lisa' has been printed as poetry; and so have some passages from the Bible. Portions of the Song of Solomon, and some Psalms, are really poetry in the uncut disguise of prose. Both are the passionate interpretations of things felt and seen; the couching of those interpretations in different kinds of rhythmical utterances, equipped with arrangements and

ornaments, apparently, but not fundamentally, different from each other when looked at closely. Bharati's Tamil prose, e.g. the description of the evening sky, by Arjuna speaking to Draupadi has been claimed by Prof. A. Srinivasa Raghavan to excel his description of the same theme in verse.

A REBEL

Bharati was several kinds of a rebel rolled into one, and he hated shackles, even golden ones; and he snapped the rules of all grammarians, linguistic, religious, political, or other. A devout Hindu, he dared to sing of Jesus and Allah. He broke several religious canons when he sang of Krishna as his servant, and as his mistress, roles which were the reverse of those laid down by the devout. A believer in the highest manifestation of God, as formless and ethereal, he yet sang of tribal deities with rare gusto. A manly man, who sported a fierce moustache and an aggressive turban, with manner to match, he sang of the supremacy of woman and womanhood; and of Krishna as his mother. He sang of love without inhibition, and of anger without restraint. For money he cared little, but for honour and fame, he was the most covetous soul alive. Was it a weakness, or a strength?

Yet he was a curious kind of rebel; for while his hands reach out all around, and even up to the stars and the worlds beyond, his feet seem strangely implanted in his India, and in the past; and to such an extent that even his rebellion becomes somewhat suspect. He has translated the *Bhagavad Gita*, translated, trans-created, and re-created the episode of Draupadi's vow and the deceit of the dice from Vyasa's Mahabharata, yet he has given us new fantasies like the 'Car of Wisdom' (*Jnana-ratham*) in prose, and the *Song of the Cuckoo* in verse. 'He extracted extreme scrupulousness in manners from his friends, although he himself spat on the floor and expected no remonstrance' says Mrs. Hephzibah Jesudasan, one of his admiring translators. Even his failings seem to please, sometimes.

RANGE—TRANSLATIONS

Bharati has been an original writer of extraordinary range in Tamil; but he has also been a translator of remarkable fidelity and ability—both ways, namely, from English into Tamil (as when he was on the staff of the *Swadesa Mitran*; from Sanskrit into Tamil (as when he translated— he has given us two versions—Bankim Chandra's *Vande Mataram*); from Tamil into English (as in some of the pieces in the present book).

The first translation of Bharati into English (an absolute necessity, if Bharati is to be known and valued as a poet by the outside world, notwithstanding the blind views of the prejudiced and the bigoted) is by V. Ramachandra Aiyar, of the Police department, brother of the famous V. Krishna swami Aiyar Judge and administrator. The translation finds a place in a judgment of Sir C. Sankaran Nair in a case before the High Court, and can be seen in the Law Reports.

I am not sure who the second translator was. It could be either Bharati himself (with one of the translations included in this book); or it could have been Dr. Cousins with his translation in verse entitled 'A Gopi-song to Sri Krishna', which has been included as the second piece in the Third Edition of *The Voice of a Poet* published by the Bharati Tamil Sangham (Regd) of Calcutta. (The first edition was in 1951, and the second edition in 1965). The fourth translator was myself. It is one of the advantages that age has given me over the others who came later. Memory fails me, but I believe my first translation of Bharati was published by Khasa Subba Rao when he was Editor of the *Indian Express*, Madras. I continue to be a discreet admirer of Bharati, and have enjoyed translating some more poems of his.

The first edition of this book was published forty years ago by the Bharati Prachur Alayam, Triplicane. My friends, Dr. C. R. Reddi then Vice-Chancellor, Andhra University) who could wield the English idiom undefiled, or unflavoured, if

you like; and K. S. Venkataramani, (brilliant writer and author, who is almost forgotten now) whose English was suffused through and through with the Tamil idiom of the Cauveri delta, wrote an appreciative preface. They say therein: 'Subrahmanya Bharati's poetical genius is the happy result of a cross-fertilisation, the clash and contact between two great cultures, and the authentic Bharati quality, racy and indigenous, persists even in this collection of poems and essays in a foreign language to which we are given the privilege of writing a foreword. When a poetic soul like Bharati's, happy beyond dream in his own mother-tongue, turns to an alien language for the aching joy of self-expression, it is no surprise to find that the art becomes laden with a more serious thought... Analysis is a kill-joy though the Tamil mind rejoices in it We offer this precious book to the reader with the same ecstasy with which a guide greets a caravan marching on desert sand, and offers to his friends the pure spring water in the oasis'.

ENGLISH

His antagonism to English, and to school education, were poses due to some external circumstances. He had a gift for languages, the present book being an outstanding example. His translation in English verse, in a galloping rhythm, of his own poem in Tamil 'In each other's arms', excels Professor Srinivasa Raghavan's and Hephzibah Jesudan's, translations in some places. He has translated many passages from English with remarkable skill and power, showing his acquaintance with English poets, and English literature in general. He contributed to *New India*, *Commonwealth*, and *Arya*. His brother, C. Viswanatha Aiyar, says, 'I have heard it said that he brought into being a society called the 'Shellyan Guild', to whose members he used to explain the lines of the famous poet'. Shelley was one of the westerns with a somewhat eastern leaning; and Bharati was just the opposite; and so, no wonder his hands clasped and held the other's. He wished to be known as the Shelly of Tamil Nadu.

A PROFESSOR'S VIEW

Professor P. Mahadevan, in his book '*Subramania Bharati, Poet and Patriot- A Memoir*' says, '*Agai and Other Essays*. reveals Bharati's mastery of the English language. There is a rare combination of purity of style, mature poise of thought, and familiarity with the classics, both ancient and modern, which are reflected in the grace and dignity of all he wrote. Over and above all is a sense of humour that lights up his style with warmth, colour and charm. He writes with unpremeditated ease, and without straining after effect. Thus, in prose and verse, in Tamil and English, he achieved a level of expression which is artistically varied, yet adequate and satisfying. In him, the Tamil genius showed once again its power of fusing reason and imagination in the highest forms of literature, and in more than one tongue'.

With these words I commend the book to all those who love Bharati the poet,—a devotee of Tamil, and a lover of English, Sanskrit, and some other languages. The wide horizons he created for himself made much of his poetry superb. He wore coloured glasses, undoubtedly, which gave him a roseate view of much that is drab and unworthy; but he never wore any blinkers. His eyes were on the top of his head; and he could see up above, and in all directions around, but he could not see the useless and the shoddy, except when he bent his proud head down, which he rarely, so very rarely, did.

Finally, I wish to commend the enthusiasm of my live wire friend, Mr. V. Sundaram (now Collector, Tirunelveli) whose range of interests and versatility seem to me to be amazing. He wrote to me:

'It is well known that Bharati was the bard of our struggle for freedom in this part of the country. His songs have become a part of the myth, history, and legend associated with our epic struggle for freedom. While Bharati's songs have moved millions in this part of the

country, it has to be admitted that many are not aware of Bharati's contributions in English. Even as there is a breath of fresh air about his Tamil poetry, there is something that is no less vital and vibrant about his English prose. I have, therefore, decided to popularise his writing in English, and hence, my proposal to bring out a new edition of *Agni and other poems and translations*, and *Essays and other prose fragments*!.

And he asked me to write a foreword. I have gladly and gratefully responded.

I have kept you so long from a delightful feast, which I here commend to you with all my heart. Every dish is a delight, Savour and enjoy it. While he lived, Bharati was often poor in the world's goods and except, late in life, was not so much known. Now his star is high and blazing bright in the sky; and let us all in the Tamil-Land bask in the brightness of his glory, and keep his lustre undimmed. May his readers increase.

10th September 1977.

P. N. Appuswami

A NOTE

Subrahmanya Bharati was a peerless Poet of Tamil renaissance during the early phase of our struggle for freedom. Even as Mahatmah Gandhi gave moral grandeur and greatness to our struggle for freedom, Subrahmanya-Bharati added poetry and grace to it and so much so that his songs were on the lips of every revolutionary and freedom fighter in this part of the country during those exciting and soul-stirring times. What is not so well-known is that Bharati's English prose has all the muscular strength and emotional vigour of his immortal poetry in Tamil. His English prose has the virtues of brevity, precision, power, and exactitude. It is neither contrived nor artificial. Marked by majesty of thought and loftiness of expression, his English prose keeps flowing along—clear, limpid and vigorous—like the waters of Courtallam. This book of Songs and Essays in English by Subrahmanya Bharati which was published nearly forty years ago, is now being republished so as to synchronise with the Bharati Day Celebrations at Ettayapuram on the 12th of September, 1977. I am grateful to Thiru P. N. Appuswami for having honoured us by writing a Foreword to this Edition.

11th Sep. 1977.

V, SUNDARAM, I. A. S.
COLLECTOR, TIRUNELVELI.

CHIEF DATES IN THE LIFE OF
SUBRAHMANYA BHARATI

- 1882 (November) C, Subrahmanya born.
- 1887 Death of mother.
- 1887—90. Schooling at Tinnevely.
- 1893 Title of "Bharati" conferred.
- 1897 Marriage.
- 1897 (June) Death of father.
- 1898—1901. Schooling at Benares.
- 1901 Passed the Calcutta University Entrance Examination.
- 1901—1904. Service under the Raja of Ettayapuram.
- 1904 (Three months) Tamil Pandit in Madura.
- 1904 Sub-Editor, *Swadesamitran* (Tamil)
- 1905—1907. Editor, *India* (Tamil) and *Bala Bharata* (English).
- 1908—1918. Exile at Pondicherry.
- 1918—1920. At Kadayam and Ettayapuram
- 1920—1921. Sub-Editor, *Swadesamitran*.
- 1921 (September, 11th) Death.

AGNI—THE GOD-WILL.

AN AFFIRMATION

Lo, He is rising on the altar of our sacrifice, Agni, the All-Will ablaze, and He leaps forth on all sides chasing the defeated shadows of the Dark Realm, —the Flame!

Lo, He ascends unto Heaven lifting up His golden arms And Dawn, the maiden, whose form is knowledge, descends with love to meet Him, the Flame, the Flame!

Lo, He opens wide His jaws, the son of strength, the priest of our sacrifice. He has come to drink our claries and our honeys, well pleased with our works.

Lo, He blazes up, shouting, the messenger of the Gods and the General in-Chief of their wars. And He has made our life His sacred shrine, this valiant son of the Virgin Eternal.

Lo, He has summoned all the Gods,—Varuna the Wide, Mitra the Harmonious, Aryaman the Puissant, and Bhaga the Enjoyer; also the splendours of the whirlwind and the twin Mind vitalities and the luminous thunderbolt. He has summoned them to attend our works.

Lo, the Gods stand in front of us to receive our oblations. Now, indeed there is no death nor foe. Now, indeed, we have found the supreme good.

Lo, the Goddesses, too, are arriving, led by Her whose name is Vision and her sister Inspiration. And, behold, He too is here, the Highest, the son of Truth.

Welcome, ye gods, take all our offerings—our milk and ghee, our rice and soma-wine. Shining ye stand forth, O Immortal Powers, and accept our works for ascent.

Blessed are we and, freed from all evil, we have attained to the eternal felicity. For the Gods have drunk our soma-wine and have given us Light, their highest gift.

And Fire, our flaming priest, has now pervaded the three worlds in us—our bodies, vitalities and minds. And the Gods have stretched forth their hands for our grasping. And their blessings we have received

Lo, the whole world is a sacrifice, everywhere the Immortals shine and everywhere is blazing the Flame, the Flame. This delight will last for ever, for immortality is ours already.

Come now, let us sing: Live the Immortals, live the sacrifice and may humanity reach the good! Live the earth and live the heavens and may He live for ever, the Flame, the Flame, the Flame!

KRISHNA—MY MOTHER.

The Realms of Life are Her bounteous breasts; and consciousness, her milk of endless delight, which she yieldeth into my lips unasked; such grace is my Mother's.

They call her Krishna. Ah, She has clapped me in fond embrace with her arms of ethereal space! And, placing me on her lap of Earth, she loves to tell me endless stories, strange and mysterious.

And some of the tales I call by the name of pleasures, evolutions, victories. Yet others come to me as pains, defeats and falls; stories, all these, that my Mother recounts to suit my various moods and stages, lovingly told, ever entrancing.

And many are the wondrous toys and dolls which my Mother showeth me:

There is one that is named the Moon, and it sheds a nectar-like flood of light. And there are herds and herds of clouds, many-coloured toys, yielding rain. There's the Sun, too, foremost of my playthings, the beauty of whose face I have no words to depict.

Toys, toys, toys:—

A heavenful of stars, sparkling like tiny gems. Many a time, but in vain, have I essayed to count them all. And then those green hills, that never stir from their places, silent toys, offering speechless play.

Rivers and rivulets, fair and playful, that wander all over the land and, in the end, flow into that marvellous toy, yon ocean, wide and boundless-seeming, with dashing billows, spouts of spray and its long, continuous chant wherein my Mother's name is ever sounded: Om, Om, O .. M.

Groves and gardens, abounding in many-hued gems of flowers; and delicious fruits hanging on the trees, strong in essence, rich in form. Ah, the world is full of such exquisite playthings. All these, my Mother has given me.

Nice things to eat and songs all sweetness to hear, and companions gifted, like me, with minds, to play with and become one with; and these fair girls, enkindling love,

Inlaid perfume thou to me,
 Petalled blossom I to thee:
 Thou to me the inner Thought,
 And I to thee the Word it wrought;
 O honeyed Hope, O Krishna fair,
 O Joy, o'erflowing everywhere,
 O Star of love, do teach me, pray,
 To sing thy praise in fitting lay.

Deep Attraction thou to me,
 Living Magnet I to thee;
 Thou to me the Veda pure
 And I to thee the Knowledge sure;
 Voice vibrant of the world's desire,
 O Krishna, Love, all-quickenning Fire,
 In utter stillness, here, I see
 Thy face that yieldeth ecstasy.

As Life to Pulse, and Gold to rings,
 As star to planet, Soul to things,
 So Krishna, Love, art thou to me,
 Thou, the Force, I, Victory;—
 And all the joys of Heaven and Earth
 In thee, O Krishna, have their birth,
 Eternal glory, endless Might,
 O Heart of Mine, O Light, O Light!

LAKSHMI

(The Goddess of Wealth.)

AN AFFIRMATION.

Come, let us affirm the Energy of Vishnu the Jewel of the
 Crimson Flower, and end this want,

Where the mind ever struggles in the fumes of paltriness,
 And Reason so faints that the noblest truths do but
 vex her.

We can endure this no more.

So let us take refuge in the feet of the Mother, Lakshmi.
 The discourtesies of the low, the kinship with those
 who have failed;

The extinction of endeavours like lamps that are
 drowned in a well;

The denial of fruits even when the seven seas are crossed;
 To such things does want subject us, this worst of
 Earth's tyrannies.

Down with it.

She is born of the inner Ocean of Milk;

She is sweet like the nectar of Heaven, twin-born
 with her;

And her shining feet repose aptly on lotus petals.

Multiple riches she holds in her hands, which are four,
 the Goddess whose eyes are gleaming azure;

Ruddy her form and verdant is her love.

Seated beside Love, in Heaven, on the bosom of Vishnu
 Himself, on the Earth her dwellings are many.

We find her revealed

In the festooned halls of marriage;

Amid flocks, and in jewelled palaces;

In the hero's arm, in the sweating toil of labour,

And, ay! on the crown of knowledge,

Extending the light of her bounties.
 Come, let us sing her praises. bless her feet, and climb
 the heights of power;
 Behold her in gold and in gems, in flower and incense;
 In the lamp and the virgin's smile;
 In luxuriant woodlands, groves and fields,
 In the Will that dares,
 And in royal lineaments.
 And firm let us seat her in our minds and speech,
 Her who is revealed
 In underground mines,
 And the slopes of the hills, and depths of the seas;
 In the righteous sacrifice;
 In fame, and in talent, and novelty;
 In statue and portrait, in song and in dance.
 Dedicate unto her grace all knowledge that you have;
 Attain to her splendours, and vanquish dire want;
 Rise high in the world by joyous affirmation of
 Lakshmi who is revealed
 In conquering armies and the traffic of the far-
 sighted,
 In self-control, and ay! in the harmonious lays of
 her poet-votaries.
 Come, let us affirm the Energy of Vishnu, the Jewel
 of the Crimson Flower!

TIME—A VISION.

It was a mighty torrent with a breaking, maddening,
 terrible speed.
 Like that of the flaming forces that leap through the
 wilds of the mind
 I saw it was Time.
 And we were a few that watched its course from the
 bank
 When a powerful desire did seize us
 And we leaped in the midst of the tumult, the force
 and rage of the torrent.
 Then Hands came down to lead us; and we swam
 divinely on
 Against the mad career of this Doom in a torrent's
 form.
 Onward, onward, onward, higher and still higher
 Precipice growing on precipice, further, dizzier ever.
 My comrades and I did swim on and great was the
 joy of this swimming.
 This ride on the waters of Time, this touch of the
 forces of law:
 This sovran race on the tides that aeons are called
 amongst men.
 At last I was tired of this play and I called to my
 comrades, saying:—
 "Stay! let us land on that bank with groves and
 hills and fields,
 Have some taste of summer dreams and then plunge
 back in the torrent."
 Some came, but the others sped on with a grand
 disdain for repose.
 That bank is the realm called "Life" and that race
 is the race of the spirits.

LOVE THINE ENEMY.

Love thine enemy, heart of mine, Oh!
Love thine enemy.

Hast thou not seen the shining flame
Amidst the darkening smoke?
In foeman's soul lives Krishna, whom
As Love the wise invoke.

Oft we have preached to men that God
In all that is doth shine
Why, then, my heart, 'tis God that stands
Arrayed as foemen's line.

Dost know that limpid pearls are found
Within the oyster vile?
Hast seen on dunghill, too, sometimes
The starry blossom smile?

The heart that fans its wrath, shall it
The Inner Peace possess?
The honey poison-mixed, shall it
Be wholesome nevertheless?

Shall we who strive for Life and Growth,
Lend thought to Sad Decay?
'Thine evil thoughts recoil on thee,'
So do the wise ones say.

When Arjun fought, 'twas Krishna whom
He faced, disguised as foes;
'Twas Krishna, too, that drove his car
In chariotearing pose.

Strike not the tiger threatening thee,
But love it, straight and true;
The Mother of All hath donned that garb,
Salute her there, there, too.

Love thine enemy, heart of mine, Oh!
Love thine enemy.

TRANSLATION OF HIS OWN SONG.

THE 'KUMMI' OF WOMEN'S FREEDOM.

(The 'Kummi' dance is perhaps peculiar to Southern India and is danced by women in a circle. The song that accompanies this very picturesque dance is also called 'Kummi.—O S.B.)

We sing the joys of freedom;
In gladness we sing.
And He that shineth in the soul as Light Shines in
the eye, even He is our Strength.

Dance the Kummi, beat the measure;
Let this land of the Tamils ring with our dance.
For now we are rid of all evil shades;
We've seen the Good.

Gone are they who said to woman: 'Thou shalt not
open the Book of Knowledge.'
And the strange ones who boasted, saying:
"We will immure these women in our homes"—
To-day they hang down their heads.

Dance the Kummi, beat the measure.
Let this land of the Tamils ring with our dance.
For now we are rid of all evil shades;
We've seen the Good.

The life of the beast that is beaten, tamed and tied
down,

Fain would they lay it on us in the house; but we
scornfully baffled them

Dance the Kummi, beat the measure;
The dog they sell for a prize, nor ever consult his
will.

Nigh to his state had they brought us—would
rather they had killed us at a blow—

But infamy seized them.

Dance the Kummi, beat the measure;

And they talk of wedded faith
 Good; let it be binding on both.
 But the custom that *forced* us to wed, we've cast it
 down and trampled it under foot;
 Dance the Kummi, beat the measure;

 To rule the realms and make the laws
 We have arisen;
 Nor shall it be said that woman lags behind man in
 the knowledge that he attaineth.
 Dance the Kummi, beat the measure;

 To know the Truth and do the Right,
 Willing we come;
 Food we'll give you; we'll also give a race of
 immortals
 Dance the Kummi, beat the measure.

LIBERATION

(Note:— Tamil original by C. S. Bharati, English version, reproducing the metrical form of the original, by Dr. James H. Cousins.)

Far enisled in honeyed ocean,
 Where the zephyr runs
 Fleetly in delight of motion,
 Live the Shining Ones.
 Ah! come near us, comrades linking
 Love with joy, life's nectar drinking.
 Let perpetual gladness flourish:
 All true joys our spirit nourish
 And for this, O Mother!
 Grant us liberation

Let us fail not when Dark Powers
 Strike to make an end.
 Give us such exalted hours
 Heaven to us shall bend
 Let us know the Word deep hiding:
 Perish false—the true abiding:
 Perish pain and famine shatter:
 Let us of thy largesse scatter:
 And for this, O Mother!
 Grant us liberation.

Let celestial music flowing
 From thy raptured sphere,
 And the splendours round thee glowing,
 Cling about us here.
 Oh! cry 'victory' on our slaughters,
 Take, O Gods! and wed our daughters—
 Yield us, too, the Heavenly Maiden,
 And for this, O Mother!
 Grant us liberation.

UNTO THE MOTHER.

A SONG OF SACRIFICE.

Some call thee Matter. Others have named thee Force.
As Nature some do adore thee. Others know thee as Life.
Some call thee Mind. Yet others have named thee God.

Energy Supreme, O Mother, by grace accept our sacrifice,
drink this excellent soma-wine that we offer thee and
let us behold thy dance of Bliss

Some chant thy name as loving Light; deep Darkness art
thou called by others

To some thou art known as Joy; while others name
thee Pain.

Supreme Energy, O Mother divine, by grace accept our
humble oblations, so that we may enter into the
state of the Immortals.

O thou true nectar, healer of wounds and maker of
delights.

O deathless fire, O source of light and force,

Luminous thought is our soma-wine.

We have pressed it for thee from the bright leaves of
earthly life by the force of Will.

Drink it, O Mother, for we long to behold thine exultant
dance and sing ourselves into gods.

The demons of Fear and Sorrow, with their legions of
beggarly cares and pains and deaths, do ever
encircle us.

They are plotting to rob us of the nectar pot.

Day and night they are assailing this fortified city
of a million halls, this Body which thou hast
given to us.

They are damming the River of Life.
They are shelling our beautiful domes of the Mind.
Mother, we sing thy praises. Protect us, dispelling
our foes.

For our laws, our arts and works,
Our shrines and homes and dear ones,
Our herds and flocks, our pastures and fields,
We beg thy mighty protection, O Mother.

On our lives and loves and songs,
Our dreams and willings and acts,
We invoke thy blessings.
We offer thee our all. We kiss thy lotus feet. We
surrender. Make us immortal, O Mother.

THE GOSPEL OF SPIRITUAL FREEDOM.

(From Nammalvar's Tiruvaymoli, 'The Sacred Utterance'.)

Leave all—
So leaving
Render your life
Unto the Master of Liberty.

O dear soul of Mine,
O great Life that made and pierced and ate and spouted
and measured
All this immense space,
O Glorious Life that made the oceans, dwelt therein
and churned
And stopped and broke them,
Thou who art unto the Gods what the gods are unto
men.
O Soul unique of all the worlds, whither shall I go
to meet Thee?
O Thou great cowherd that hath wedded my Soul,
Thou that tearest all my violence by Thine illusion,
Thou who art Death unto the Demons and the Cruel ones,
For Thy banner Thou hast the mighty Bird,
For Thy mattress the Great Serpent, thousand-hooded.
O Lord of the Ocean of Milk,
I know not how to adore Thee,
For Thou art my Mind and my Speech and my Deed.
Thou art myself.
True, Thou art me. Thou art the bells also.
What matters it them whether I acquire the high delights
of heaven or I go to hell?
And yet, the more I realise that I am Thou, the more
I dread my giong to hell.
O Thou who art seated firm in the high delights of
Heaven, by grace. bestow Thy feet on me.

HYMN OF THE GOLDEN AGE..

(From Nammalvar's Tiruvaymoli.)

'Tis glory, glory, glory! For Life's hard curse has
expired; swept out are Pain and Hell, and Death has
nought to do here. Mark ye, the Iron Age shall end. For
we have seen the hosts of Vishnu; richly do they enter in
and chant His praise and dance and thrive.

We have seen, we have seen, we have seen..... seen
things full sweet in our eyes. Come, all ye lovers of God,
let us shout and dance for joy with oft-made surrender-
ings. Wide do they roam on earth singing songs and
dancing, the hosts of Krishna who wears the cool and
beautiful Tulsi, the desire of the bees

The Iron Age shall change. It shall fade, it shall pass
away. The gods shall be in our midst. The mighty
Golden Age shall hold the earth and the flood of the
highest Bliss shall swell. For the hosts of our dark-hued
Lord, dark-hued like the cloud, dark hued like the sea,
widely they enter in, singing songs, and everywhere they
have seized on their stations.

The hosts of our Lord who reel in on the sea of
Vastness, behold them thronging hither. Meseems they
will tear up all these weeds of grasping cults. And varied
songs do they sing, our Lord's own hosts, as they dance,
falling, sittidg, standing, marching, leaping, bending

And many are the wondrous sights that strike mine
eyes. As if by magic Vishnu's hosts have come in and
firmly placed themselves everywhere. Nor doubt it,
ye fiends and demons, if such be born in our midst,
take heed! Ye shall never escape, For the spirit of
Time will slay and fling you away.

These hosts of the Lord of the Discus, they are here
to free this earth of the devourers of Life, Disease and
and Hunger, vengful Hate and all other things of evil.
And sweet are their Songs, as they leap and
dance, extending wide over earth. Go forth, ye
lovers of God, and meet these hosts divine; with right
minds serve them and be saved.

The Gods that ye fix in your minds, in His name do they grant you deliverance. Even thus to immortality did the sage Markanda attain. Let none be offended, but there is no other God but Krishna. And let all your sacrifices be to them who are but his forms.

His forms he has placed in the various worlds as Gods to receive and taste the offerings due. He, our divine Sovereign, on whose mole-marked bosom the Goddess Laksmi rests—His hosts are singing sweetly and deign to increase on earth. O men, approach them, serve and live.

Go forth and live by serving our Lord, the deathless one. With your tongues chant ye the hymns, the Sacred Riks of the Veda, nor err in the laws of wisdom. Oh, rich has become this earth in the blessed ones and the faithful who serve them with flowers and incense and sandal and water.

In all these rising worlds they have thronged and wide they spread, those beauteous forms of Krishna—the unclad Rudra is there, Indra, Brahma, all. The Iron Age shall cease to be—do ye but unite and serve these.

LOVE - MAD

(From Nammalvar's *Tiruvaymoli*)

(The realization of God in all things by the vision of Divine Love. The poetic image used in the following verses is characteristically Indian. The mother of a love-stricken girl (symbolising the human soul yearning to merge into the Godhead) is complaining to her friend of the sad plight of her child, whom love for Krishna has rendered 'mad';—the effect of the 'madness' being that in all things she is able to see nothing but forms of Krishna, the ultimate spirit of the Universe.)

Seated, she caresses the Earth and cries, "This Earth is Vishnu's;"

Salutes the sky and bids us, "Behold the Heaven He ruleth;"

Or standing with tear-filled eyes cries loud, "O Scathed Lord!"

All helpless am I, my friends; my child has He rendered mad.

Or joining her hands she fancies "the Sea where my Lord reposes!"

Or hailing the ruddy sun she cries, "Yes, This is His form"

Languid, she bursts into tears and mutters Narayana's name.

I am dazed at the things she is doing, my gazelle, my child, shaped god-like.

Knowing, she embraces red fire, is scorched and cries, "O Deathless!"

And she hugs the wind; "Tis my own Govinda," she tells us.

She smells the honied Tulsi, my gazelle-like child, Ah me!

How many the pranks she plays for my sinful eyes to behold.

The rising moon she shooweth, "Tis the shining gemhued Krishna!"

Or, eyening the standing hill, she cries: "O come, High Vishnu!"

It rains; and she dances and cries, "He hath come, the
God of my love!"
Oh the mad conceits He hath given to my tender, dear
one!
The soft-limbed calf she embraces, for "Such did
Krishna tend,"
And follows the gliding serpent, explaining, "That is his
couch."
I know not where this will end, this folly's play in my
sweet one.
Afflicted, ay, for my sins, by Him, the Divine Magician.
Where tumblers dance with their pots, she runs and
cries "Govinda."
At the charming notes of a flute she faints, for "Krishna,
He playeth,"
When cowherd dames bring butter, she is sure it was
tasted by Him.
So mad for the Lord who sucked out the Demoness' life
through her bosom!
In rising madness she raves, "All worlds are by Krishna
made."
And she runs after ash-covered folk; forsooth, they serve
High Vishnu!
Or she looks at the fragrant Tulsi and claims Narayana's
garland.
She is ever for Vishnu, my darling, or in, or out of, her
wits.
And in all your wealthy princes she but sees the Lord of
Lakshmi
At the sight of beautiful colours, she cries, "O my Lord
world-scanning!"
And all the shrines in the land, to her are shrines of
Vishnu.
In awe and in love, unceasing she adores the feet of that
Wizard.
All Gods and Saints are Krishna—Devourer of Infinite
spaces!

And the huge dark clouds are Krishna; all fain would she
fly to reach them
Or the kine, they gaze on the meadow and thither she
runs to find Him.
The Lord of illusions, He makes my dear one pant and
rave.
Languid she stares around her or gazes afar into
space;
She sweats and with eyes full of tears she sighs and
faints away;
Rising, she specks but His name and cries, "Do come,
O Lord!"
Languid she stares around her or gazes afar into space;
She sweats and with eyes full of tears she sighs and
faints away;
Rising, she speaks but His name and cries, "Do come,
O Lord!"
Ah, what shall I do with my poor child o'erwhelmed by
this maddest love?

TO THE CUCKOO

(From Nachiar, the Tamil poetess.)

O Cuckoo that peckest at the blossomed flower of honey-dropping Champaka and, inebriate, pipest forth thy melodious notes, be seated at thy ease and with thy babblings, which are yet no babblings, call out for the coming of my Lord of the Venkata hill. For He, the Pure One, bearing in his left hand the white summoning conch, shows me not his form. But He has invaded my heart; and while I grieve and sigh for his love, He looks on indifferent as if it were all play.

I feel as if my bones had melted away and my long javelin eyes have not closed their lids for these many days. I am tossed on the waves of the sea of pain, without finding the boat that is named the Lord of the highest realm. Even thou must know, O Cuckoo, the pain we feel when we are parted from those we love. He whose pennon bears the emblem of the golden eagle, call out for his coming, O Bird.

I am a slave of Him whose stride has measured the worlds. And now because He is harsh to me, how strange that this south wind and these moonbeams should tear my flesh, enfeebling me. But thou, O Cuckoo, that ever livest in this garden of mine, it is not meet that thou shouldst pain me also. Indeed I shall drive thee off, if He who reposes on the waters of life come not to me by thy songs to-day.

I DREAMED A DREAM

(From Nachiar, the Tamil poetess)

I dreamed a dream, O friend!

He fixed 'To-morrow' as the wedding day. And He, the Lion, Madhava, the Young Bull, whom they call the master of readiness, He came into the hall of wedding decorated with luxuriant palms. I dreamed a dream, O friend!

And the throng of the Gods was there with Indra, the Mind Divine, at their head. And in their shrine they declared me bride and clad me in a new robe of affirmation. And Inner Force is the name of the Goddess who adorned me with the wedding garland. I dreamed a dream, Oh, friend!

There were beatings of drums and blowings of the conch; and under the canopy hung heavily with strings of pearls He came, my lover and my Lord, the vanquisher of the demon Madhu, and grasped me by the hand. I dreamed a dream, Oh friend!

Those whose voices are blessed, they sang the Vedic songs. The holy grass was laid all round the sacred fire. And He who was puissant like a war-elephant in its rage, He seized my hand and we paced round the Flame.

YE OTHERS!

(From Nachiar, the Tamil poetess)

Ye Others cannot conceive of the love that I bear for Krishna. And your warnings to me are vain, like the pleadings of the mute with the deaf. The Boy who left his mother's home and was reared by a different mother—Oh take me forth to His city of Mathura, where He won the field without fighting the battle, and leave me there.

Of no avail now is modesty; for all the neighbours have known this fully. If ye would indeed heal me of this ailing and restore me to my former state, then know ye this illness will go if I see Him, the maker of illusions, the youthful one who measured the world. Should you really wish to save me, then take me forth to His home in the hamlet of the cowherds, and leave me there.

If the rumour spreads over the land that I have run away with Him and gone the lonely way, leaving all of you behind, my parents, relations and friends, the tongue of scandal ye can hardly silence then. And He, the deceiver, is haunting me with his forms. Oh, take me forth at midnight to the door of the cowherd, Nanda, whose son is this maker of havoc, this mocker, this pitiless player; and leave me there.

Oh, grieve not, ye mothers. None can know this strange malady of mine. Of the colour of the blue sea is a certain youth—the gentle caress of his hands will heal me, surely.

On the bank of the waters He ascended the Kadambo tree and He leaped to his dance, the dance of war, on the hood of the snake. Oh, take me forth to the bank of that lake and leave me there.

There is a parrot here in this cage of mine that ever calls out his name, saying. "Govinda, Govinda." In anger, I chide it and refuse to feed it. "Oh thou," it then crise at its shrillest. "Oh thou who hast measured the worlds!" I tell you, my people, if ye really would avoid the top of scandal in all this wide country, if still ye would guard your weal and your good fame, then take me forth to His city of Dwaraka, of high mansions and decorated turrets; and leave me there

HYMNS TO KUMARA-THE SON OF GOD WHOSE NAME IS THE SACRIFICIAL FIRE

(From Arunagiri's Tamil verses)

I

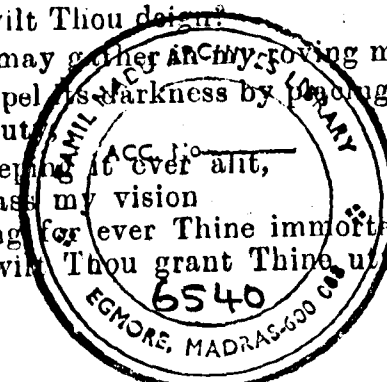
SO BE MY SONGS—

Like a child unto the barren womb,
Like a mine of new-found treasure,
Like a floor of diamonds, so be my songs.
Like the wilful embrace of Love's soft bosom,
Like a string of the purest gems,
Like a garden of fragrant blossoms,
Like the River that descends from Heaven,
Even so be my songs.
Like the daughter of the Ocean,
Like eyes unto poets,
Like a stream full to the brim, easy to drink of,
Like the taste of the nectar of Thy beauty,
So be my wondrous songs of love;
By Thy Grace, O Lord.

II

WHEN WILT THOU DEIGN?

To chase out the Iron Age,
To smite and banish Disease
To still the fire of care devouring my heart,
To change my bitterness into sweetness,
To wipe all foulness from my life,
And to bathe me in the river of Thy mercy.
When wilt Thou deign?
That I may gather Thy moving mind and hold it fast,
And dispel its darkness by placing there the lamp of Thy
beauty.
And keeping it ever alit,
May mass my vision
And sing for ever Thine immortal traits;
When wilt Thou grant Thine utter grace?



THOUGHTS

I

I can think Like a God.
I ought to act like one.

I do not crave for things:

I am the world's master, not it mine.

Those things which Nature brings in my way, I take
and feel content. I crave not, for the world sufficeth
not unto me.

He who writes for others, affects

He is a slave who receives favours.

He sells himself who asks.

Forgetfulness is the bane of life (Muhammad).

If you want to die soon, talk about yourself.

If you want to make your lives sublime, do good
to others.

By the deepest abysses do rise the tallest precipices.

In hours of exultation remember hours of pain, and
act soberly.

Be ever working, calmly, cheerfully, but never get
dizzy.

There is a difference between intellectual comprehension
and seeing. Intellectual comprehension gives you
vain pride and impotence. The seeing gives you
tremendous power.

What is the object of life?

Philosophy has an answer—many answers.

Science has an answer—many answers.

I have a counter-question:—

What is the object of non-life?

I am convinced that *God is* and *God alone is*.

II

ON REASON'S PLANE

We know that the Universe is Being. We guess
it is Infinite. We cannot comprehend Infinity. Mind
is one phase of Existence. We are aware of a mental
life. As Experience is the sole proof of things, we
require no further proof for the existence of the mind.
This mind, we infer, has many phases and almost in-
finite potentialities. We have learnt this, again, by
experience. We infer that all existence is one. We
have almost proved it by comparative science. We
therefore can identify our being with the Universal
Being.

We know nothing more of God.

Passions subdued indicate power and lead to
Peace.

Live and let live.

Enjoyment of good things in life is not wrong,
but what is wrong is the getting enslaved to them.
Getting enslaved to things clouds the Reason, and
Reason is man's highest faculty.

The mystic books are of value where they deal with
ordinary things and cease to be mystic.

Three-fourths of spiritualities trumpeted among
men have been proved to be ways of earning money,
practised by clever scoundrels or self-deluded charlatans.

There is more spirituality outside your temples than
in them.

A reasoning life is not necessarily opposed to a Life of Peace. Reasoning is not the endless quibbling and hair-splitting of the professional logicians and critics. These are abusers of Reason.

° ° °
III

That man is diviner than his brother whose wills are fewer.

Success is the result of concentration, and concentration means the contraction of the area on which our will is exercised.

The contraction of the personal Will permits in the being we call 'man', the expansion of what we may call the impersonal Will.

The All, of which we form parts, must certainly have a Will of its own. Otherwise the All could not be so full of acts. And what is the Universe but a harmonious and endless series of acts?

The Will is independent of Reasoning; it can even be independent of the realm which we ordinarily speak of as consciousness,

* * *

'Where there is a Will, there is a way'

But, Oh, Heavens! Where is the way to get a Will? Instinct replies "in thyself".

Yes, in myself, in myself, in myself.

I will that I develop a powerful Will.

I have willed it.

I have willed that what I will I will achieve.

I have willed to will anything.

I will, Will, Will, Will,.....this is my mantra,

* * *

I will be strong.

I will grow into strength: I will age into youth.

* * *

I will work for Power and Greatness
I will achieve glory.
I will annihilate the miseries of man.
I will make mankind happier.
I will make the world better.
I will wed Truth and Power, Oh, Heavens!
Grant unto me Truth and Power.

* * *

I will work, work, work, work, work.
Toil, Toil, Toil.....Toil, Yes, Toil
Shall be my strength, Toil, my pleasure,
Toil my Rule, and Toil shall be my Way,
Toil my Will, Toil my Weapon,
And Toil shall be my Glory,
Toil my Charm, Toil my Use,
And Toil shall be my Custom,
Toil my fort, Toil my ground, and Toil shall be
my Play.
Toil shall be my Faith, Toil my Scripture, Toil
my Code,
And Toil shall be my Mate.
Ever Toil ever success; ever Toil
Ever success.....I succeed.
I succeed, I succeed, I succeed...

* * *

Success my Law, success my Way,
And success shall be my Bride,
Success my Glory, success my Pride,
Success my Tune, success my Lay,
And success shall be my Faith,
Success my Doctrine, Success my Code,
Success my Vehicle, Success my Road,
Success my custom, Success my Mode,
Success my Life and My Death.
Success my Religion, Success my Heaven,
Success my only God.
Success, success.....Success!

I SUCCEED.

* * *

IV

MANTRAS ON THE PLANE OF SELF

I am God, I am God, I am God.

*

*

*

I am prosperous beyond all expectations, God.

I am prosperous. There is money about me in infinite quantities. I am beginning to utilize all that.

I am wealthy. I am a Prince, for I am God. I am greater than all Princes, for I am *myself* and I am God.

I am healthy, I am strong, the limbs of my body have received my Godly strength and power. They are agile, they are elastic, they are full of ease and power. All disease has gone out of my body, has gone out into Nothing. I am Ease, I am Strength, I am Health. The devil is weak. Weakness is weak, 'Nothing' is weak. But I am God, I am Power. I am All Things. How can I be weak?

Oh, the pleasure of being strong, healthy and powerful! Oh the joy of divinity! I am divine. So I am infinitely healthy. My eyes, my nose, my mouth, my chest, my hands, my stomach, my legs, my feet, all, all are healthy.

My brain is health incarnate. My mind is free from disease. Ay, my mind is free from all germs of filth and disease. I have thrown out all filth and disease, yes, thrown out all filth and disease, yes, thrown out into Nothing.

I AM HEALTH.

I am God, I am God, I am God. I am Immortal, The hours may pass, the days may roll, the seasons change, and the years die away, but I change not. I am firm; fixed, ever alive, ever real, ever happy. I do believe in all this, for I know all this to be true

I know myself to be immortal, because I am God.

I open myself ever to the inflow of the spirit of God. That is, I open myself unto Myself. I am filled with Myself. I am filled with God. Immortality is ever tingling in my veins. It makes my blood pure and racy. It has endowed me with a great vigour.

I am ever vigorous, ever alert, ever active, ever living. Oh, why am I so full of joy? Because I am God.

I am ever youthful. I age not. Ay, even my body shall ever remain young, because it is filled with the deathless spirit of my Divinity. I shall not die. I have no Death. No, not even this body shall know death.

How can my body die, when it knows no illness? How can it die, when it is ever recuperated, ever refreshed, ever quickened by the deathless Me? How can it die, when I am God? Do the Gods die? They do not.

சந்ததமு வேத மொழி யாதொன்று டற்றினது

தான் வந்து முற்று மெனலால்

ஐகமீதிருந்தாலு மரணமுண்டென்பது

ஸதாநிஷ்டன் நினைவதில்லை.

And I am a Sada-Nishta. Hence I cannot conceive of Death. I can only think of an endless joy, the joy of existence. And this joy is mine for ever and for ever.

I manifest myself—I manifest myself through my Body and my Mind.

This Body shall be seen—recognised as that of a God. It is so seen, so recognised. My Will shall be the Law of the World. For am I not God?

Whatsoever thy mind shall cling to, that will be achieved in thee. And so the ever harmonious ones never feel that there is Death for them even if they remain on Earth.

My body shall shine with the splendour of divinity. It does so shine even now. To all, to all.

My will shall prevail in all things.

It does so prevail even now. It has always been so—it shall ever be so.

My will be done on Earth, as it is in Heaven. For I am going to convert this Earth into Heaven. I am doing it now. And is not this Earth a beautiful Heaven? I find it so; and all shall so find it, who think with me. All will find it so, who obey my Will. For my Will is everybody's will. I am God, sing on, I am God, I am God.

My messages shall be listened to with avidity and men shall obey them with all their might. For I am God.

My messages are God's messages. I am the brother of Krishna and Buddha, Jesus and Muhammad. Ay, they are all rays of the great Sun which is Myself. I am God, I am God, I am God.

I am the Father, I am the Son, I am the Holy Ghost.

I am the stars, the suns, and the planets. I am the four lokas. I transcend the four.

I am all the subtle things. I am all the blisses.

I am the moralities, the laws, the ways.

I am the religions, the creeds and the sects. I am All, I am All.

I am Rain, I am Air, I am Fire, I am Earth, I am All.

I am the clouds, the flash of the lightning, the clap of the thunder.

I am God, I am God, I am God.

So, I direct and the world obeys,

So, I direct and the planets march.

So, I direct and the Gods shout for joy.

I see all subtle existences. For I am They.

I HAVE FAITH IN MYSELF.

I have no need of Prayer. Action is my Prayer. Incessant meditation of the Highest has become my Nature, for the Highest is Me. How can I help meditating on it?

There is no Higher Self and Lower Self. All is the Brahman.

"The Spirit of Infinite Life and Power that animates all things, that is behind all things, from which all things

have come and are continually coming" — That spirit is Me.

This body is one of my Infinite Adharas. This Chitta is one of my Infinite Adharas. There is a Chitta Loka, a mind-world. Of this mind-world. "I am master. What is called the lower self is a part of the Chitta Loka and the body which that particular part has chosen for itself. The Infinite can play on the Infinitesimal, I, illimitable, indivisible, omnipotent, can for my Leela choose this little frame and this little mind. Ay, and put infinite energies and force into this "little" mind.

I am God, simply God.

I am the Self, the only Self.

My nature is Light.

I am the Seer—the Light that sees all and sees that it sees—the pure Knower. Even Chitta is unconscious; it reflects my Light. But I am both conscious and unconscious. I am God.

The Chitta is a nest of subtle things,—sparks or seeds which are placed there as the result of past mental action. This Chitta is a whole sea of such things. It is a maze. Now these sparks reflect My Light. But they take each other for "conscious" sparks. The Earth looks at Mars and says, 'Lo, there revolves a shining planet'. And Mars looks at the Earth and says, 'Lo, there wheels an orb of light'. Yet no. Neither has any intrinsic light of its own. Both reflect the light of the sun. So are these seeds of the mind. The eye and the light are above—They are in Me. Thoughts are not conscious motions. They are motions in the presence of the Great Conscious. I am the Light, the Light, the Light. I am God.

O, Is it true that I have been falsely dreaming,—dreaming for long in the past, that I had wants, that I had troubles, that I had cares? Is it true that Indra

was for some time wallowing in the mire in a pig's form? Is it true that Siva the Lord was mad for a while? Is it true that Vishnu, the All-pervading, had to pass through several births—as Fish, Tortoise, Pig, Half-Man, Mannikin, and Man, before he could manifest himself as a full-blown God-man—ay, God on Earth? Yes, this is all true.

But why? Why should the Atma forget himself? The Atma forgets nought. The Atma is self-luminous and so omniscient. He is all there is. Could HE not know all? But Evolution is his Leela. Evolution is the play he has chosen. He is infinite at all centres. But He is also finite at all centres. Each centre, knowing itself as finite, goes through the process of Evolution. When perfection is reached and it knows itself as Infinite, then it is in Endless Joy, and helps the other centres to follow the Path.

Behold! the Divine Stream is flowing into the Prana-Sarira and eats up all the seeds of Fear.

I am God.

What shall I fear?

And Why?

It is for fear of Me, the Upanishad says, that the sun shines, the fire burns, the wind blows, and the worlds revolve.

All things fear ME. I am positive to all things. All things are negative to ME. I command. They obey.

What shall I fear?

And why?

"He who knows the joy of the Brahman, he fears nought, he fears never."

I know the joy of the Brahman.

For I am the Brahman.

The Gunas, I transcend them. I am "nistraigunya". I am God. I am God. I am God.

I owe nothing to anybody. How can I be indebted? I am God—the Prime Principle of Good. All the good things that all the creatures possess are my gifts—given out of my Love.

I gave Rockefeller his wealth. I gave Wilhelm his Empire, I gave Togo his fame, I gave Ramamurti his strength. All, all that princes, poets, artists, generals, and the rest of men possess, are my gifts, given out of my Love. I am the Giver, I receive not. I give all that men want; they have but to come and ask and lo! I give like the Kalpa-taru.

I owe nothing to anyone. Debts have I none. The Universe is mine; it is indebted to me for its very existence.

I give, I give, I give.

All powers are mine.

By my Will the suns move and the planets revolve around them.

By my Will the infinite systems are moving and vibrating in infinite space, and the infinite existences do exist.

I am God—all-Powerful—Sarva Saktiman. All the tendencies, all the knowings, and all the actions of the Universe are mine.

I am the Lord, the Spirit, the Life and Being of the Universe.

I care not for Powers, for they are mine already. I care not for finite things, as the Infinite is mine. All that this particular Adhar, that I have chosen in a particular centre for my Leela, requires, shall come unto it, unheeded and unasked-for.

I shall make no Demands, I shall merely expect all good things for this Adhar. Ay, Ay, I love this Body, else how could I have chosen it for My manifestation?

But I love it as my vehicle, as my servant, as the animal that is here to be used by Me, but not as the Self, never.

This body and this mind, which I use as tools, shall get all things that are good for them.

This mind of mine is My Temple.

I shall keep it clean, pure, wholesome, strong and beautiful.

It is my Golden Shrine.

And My Heart is the Holy of Holies.

Being filled with Me—the Atman,—this body and this mind shall convey all my glorious powers to the rest of the world for the amelioration, upheaval, and protection of the latter.

My organs shall be vehicles of the Divine Force, which flowing shall reach out the corners of the world and help invigorate, purify and elevate all that may be found on its way. I am God—the Omnipotent.

My blessings go forth to the world.

Behold, I bless all, all of whatever race or nation. Even those nations of the barbarous realms, whom men count as cruel, greedy, and godless, even them I bless.

For they are all Myself.

I ordain that all these men shall have the brute in them slain and the god in them liberated.

I ordain that all these men shall grow more and more godly, highminded and tolerant.

I ordain that all hate and hypocrisy, all desire for godless power and ill-gotten gold, shall disappear among the races of men.

Ay, disappear if not by Peace, then by suffering.

For nothing shall stand against the Will of God.

Great and unnameable shall be the suffering of those who resist the Will of God.

I ordain that there shall be equality, mutual tolerance and regard among the children of men.

I bless all, I want all men to be happy and joyous. I want that there should be no Disease or Famine or War among the races of men.

I bless all. I want that there should be no jails and no hospitals, and no need for them. May man-kind have Happiness, Peace and Plenty. May they grow in Wisdom and in true Power.

May they make the Path of Evolution towards God easy and painless, both for themselves and the lower animals.

May all creatures feel My joy—the joy of the pure Atman.

May all sentient beings be filled with love and godly power.

May Love be the ruler of this Universe.

Good, Good be to all, all, all.

I have no agitations, mental unrests.

I am the Great Equilibrium.

I am Peace, Peace, Peace.

Nothing can move me.

Nothing can upset me, nothing can jar on me.

Nothing can ruffle my temper.

I am nistraigunya—beyond the three gunas. I am Peace, Peace, Peace.

I am the Lord Vishnu, resting on the Primal Serpent of Wisdom, afloat on the sea of milk—the sea of the milk of pure, spotless, cool, radiant peace.

I am Vishnu. I am Narayana, I am the Parandhama, the Sarvesvara, Sarva-Santi-maya.

The truth is I am one with, hence I am, the Supreme Being. But still I am conscious of a personality which I very often consider to be myself and which, although it is part of the All, still can conceive of itself as a separate finite entity and act in accordance with that conception.

Anything which considers itself as a separate small entity in this illimitable Universe, illimitable in all ways natural, tends to have interest peculiar to itself as a part from the whole and tends, therefore, to put itself in opposition to the whole in a few respects. The result is what we call pain. What you think, that you are. When you take yourself as but an infinitesimal particle of consciousness, set adrift helpless, in this frightfully immense world, you become so. The result is : you fear, and with reason. For how can a particle be safe, secure and happy (and it wants to be all this) when it is surrounded by an Infinity which is at best indifferent to its little self.

There is no safety, no permanent gratification for what takes itself to be a cell in an ocean.

When men cannot realise themselves as the Paramatman, the Supreme Being, the next best thing for them to do is to take themselves as parts of a whole with which they are in perfect harmony and accord.

When you cannot know yourself as the Being of the Universe, try at least to make peace with the Universe, Peace entire and unconditional.

TRUTH

Ever will I trust in thee, O Truth.
 In the temple of my heart shalt thou ever shine.
 Keep thou my vision, true star of our stormiest
 nights,
 Mother of Liberty, maker of strength,
 Bride of the four-faced Lord who made these
 worlds.
 O thou, white River of Bliss,
 Soul of Being and its only light,
 Hold thou my tongue.
 Ever will I trust in thee, O Truth;
 Not all the fiends of the triple worlds shall prevent
 me.
 In the temple of my heart shalt thou shine for ever.

PEACE

(CHRISTMAS, 1916)

My heart loves Peace.
But once I fought against God. I raised my head like
a tower.
My arms were of steel, of fire.
My pride was great, for folly hath pride.
And I hurt the weak for pleasure.
I preached that woman was a slave,
For I knew brother man was the same.
I cast small stones at birds, for joy of breaking wings.
I deemed it no stealth to steal from the shrine,
For I deemed that this God was but stone.
But no, but no.
This God is real, for He smote at pride.
And the proverb says:— The fear of God is the beginning
of wisdom.

IN THY ARMS, AGAIN

Once again in thy arms, Oh Mother!
Thy fragrant breath; and that lightning message
From a loving soul to another, thy kiss on the face,
Thy living voice, the music of the word;
The glance of thine eyes, the touch of thy limbs,
Thy whispered blessings on the beloved regained,
Thy sighs and thy tears of joy—
These, at this moment, are Tilak's lot,
Thrice happy, thrice blessed.

° ° ° °

Once again in thy arms, Oh mother,
After six long years
Of solitude, pain and endless thought,
Self-torturing, merciless, insistent;
Of Love separated,—love in anguish;
Love, whose heart hath been hurt by Time's brute
sword.
But Love, withal, whose vision is not dimmed
By the forces of Time and of Space;
Love that can behold from a caged solitude
Through ages and through worlds!
Once again in thy sacred realm, O Hindustan,
Behold thy wearied child.
Force, Life, and bright-eyed Hope
Be the gifts of the mother to her chosen!

NOTES

Agni—The God-Will

This poem is not a rendering of any particular Vedic hymn, but its imagery is reminiscent of the Rig Veda. Varuna, Mitra, Aryaman and Bhaga are Rig Vedic gods and Dawn, Vision, Inspiration and the Virgin Eternal are Rig Vedic goddesses.

Krishna—My Mother

Krishna is one of the forms of the God Vishnu and is often addressed as both Mother and Father.

P. 5: Arjuna and Krishna typify man and god.

In Each Other's Arms

See note on the previous poem. The poet does not distinguish Krishna from other forms of Vishnu. The depiction of Krishna here as the lady-love is a boldness of imagination characteristic of Bharati.

P. 6: *Peacock dancing* At sight of the rain cloud, the peacock dances

P. 7: *Gold to rings*—An image of the relation of matter and form, which are inseparable.

Lakshmi

Each God has, as His consort, His Energy or Sakti. Lakshmi is Vishnu's Sakti; and corresponds to Hera and Athene.

Vishnu

The allusions to Vishnu at pp. 5, 8, 11, 18-28, 41, etc., are explained by the following summary of the Vishnu legends:—

Vishnu keeps the universe in his stomach during the deluge and spits it out afterwards (p. 18, 11. 6-8).

The sun is one of His forms.

He is blue-coloured, like a rain-cloud or the ocean.

Brahma, Rudra, and Indra are other forms of His (p. 21, 1, 32)

He holds the Discus in His Right Hand and the Conch in His Left (p. 21 1, 5).

He is the lord of the Ocean of Milk. He sleeps on the folds of the serpent Sesha, of 1000 hoods, and has for his vehicle and banner the mighty Bird, Garuda (p. 18). Markandeya worshipped Rudra, who took him to Vishnu and obtained for him eternal life (p. 21, 1, 14).

Tulsi, the holy basil, is dear to Him (p. 20. 1, 12).

He is the all-pervader.

Ten incarnations are ascribed to Him (p. 42, 11. 1, 2):—

(1) As fish, He saved the Vedas from the deluge.

(2) As tortoise, He bore on His back the mountain Mandara when it was used for churning the Ocean of Milk. Thus was Nectar obtained by the Gods. The Moon and Lakshmi arose from the Ocean then. Lakshmi is therefore twin-born with Nectar (p. 8, 11, 11-13)

Lakshmi's feet rest on a crimson lotus (p. 8. 11, 1 & 13)

She is the wife of Vishnu, who is hence called Madhava, husband of Lakshmi, and she dwells in His bosom (p. 8, 11 16, 17: p. 21, 11, 20-21.)

(3) As a boar, He raised the sinking earth aloft on His tusk.

(4) As Half-lion, Half-man, He destroyed the demon Hiranya.

(5) Indra once lost his kingdom of Heaven to the Demon chief Bali. Bali performed a sacrifice, at which Vishnu, assuming the form of a dwarf, begged for as much space as He could cover by three steps of His. Bali granted boom. With the first step He measured the earth, with the second the Heavens, and the third step He placed on Bali's head (p. 18, 1 6: p. 28, 1 12).

(6) As Rama, the perfect Man, when His wife Sita was carried off by Ravana, the Demon chief, to his island of Lanka, He dammed the ocean (p. 18 1 9) and crossed over to that island and killed Ravana in battle

(7) He was born later as Krishna, of Devaki and Vasudeva, who were imprisoned by Devaki's brother Kamsa, in the city of Mathura on the Yamuna; Kamsa had been warned that the son born of Devaki would be his death

The new-born Krishna was stealthily removed to Gokula, a hamlet of cowherds (p. 28, l. 14) on the other bank of the Yamuna, and was brought up as the son of Nanda and Yasoda (p. 28, ll. 4-5). A demoness sent by Kamsa to destroy Him, came with poisoned breasts to suckle Him, but He sucked her to death (p. 23, l. 14). As a cowherd, He was fond of butter and loved to play on the flute (p. 18, l. 12 : p. 23, ll. 12-13). Once He jumped from a Kadamba tree on to the hood of a cobra which infested a lake near Gokula and, dancing on his hood, subdued him to harmlessness (p. 29, ll. 1-4). He slew the demon, Madhu (p. 27, l. 16).

He took Mathura without a battle and set His parents free. Later on He changed His capital from Mathura to Dwaraka. (p. 28, l. 5 : p. 29, l. 12)

He helped his cousins, the Pandavas, in many ways: He was the charioteer of Arjuna in the Mahabharata War and delivered the message of the Gita to Arjuna on the eve of the battle (p. 11, ll. 23-26)

Arjuna is Nara, the typical man and Krishna is Narayana, the goal of man. (p. 5, ll. 2-3)

Aniruddha, a grandson of Krishna, woos Usha the daughter of the Demon King, Bana of Sonitapura; and is imprisoned by him. To release him from prison, Krishna goes there as a cowherd, and performs as a tumbler in the streets of the city (p. 23, l. 11). He ultimately fights Bana and defeats him.

There is a famous temple of Vishnu in the Venkata hill, the modern Tirupati, near Madras. (p. 26, l. 5).

Thoughts.

P. 38: *Sada Nishta*: a mystic who has realised God.

P. 40: *Adhara*: vehicle, embodiment.

P. 41: *Leela*: Sport.

P. 43: The Gunas: *Sattva*, *Rajas* and *Tamas*.

Nistraigunya: free from the three Gunas of attributes of matter.

Kalpataru: A celestial tree which gives whatever is desired.

P. 46: *Narayana*: the Goal of Man.

Parandhama: the Great Splendour.

Sarveswara: the Lord of All.

Sarva-Santi-Maya: the Infinite Peace.

P. 48: *the four-faced Lord*: Brahma.

In Thy Arms, Again

P. 51: *Tilak's lot*: Tilak, the Indian leader, was released in June 1914, after a long term of imprisonment at Mandalay.

TO THE BEING OF THE UNIVERSE.

A DEDICATION.

It is absolutely essential that I should be complete master of the mind.

"But what am I? I can do nothing of my own accord. I am responsible for not a single one of my thoughts, nor a single one of my acts," says the devotee of a particular kind; "God does everything; everything; everything; everything" All right; we do not object to the good old doctrine of the Vedas and the Bhagavad Gita that God is the doer of all deeds by means of His Prakriti; you, my brother, and I are not at all responsible for anything. We accept, too, the wondrous doctrine of Sri Ramanuja Acharya, that a man must renounce all sense of responsibility for anything that takes place within his own mind, as for what takes place without.

But—there is a very great 'but'. Good mental habits, otherwise called good thoughts, as well as bad mental habits, otherwise called bad thoughts, are the architects of our future. There it becomes our duty most silently and completely to throw away all evil thoughts, all thoughts of weakness and error and sin, as poisonous weeds that infest the fair fields of the human consciousness.

If nervous shocks kill a living being—if they actually murder a man—then are we not bound to keep free of such shocks? How do nervous shocks take place at all? Any man can realise that, in his body, nervous shocks are created by the great fiends of fear, suspicion, disgust, hatred, pride, vanity, etc.

I am not willing to die; oh great father of the universe, God, I believe in Thee, I believe in Thee, I believe in Thee, O God mine. Save me from these accursed nervous shocks. Save me, O God, O my father and my mother, O God, my father, my friend, Oh God! Oh God! Oh Being of the world, now, even now, make me immune from nervous shocks. Take away Fear and Doubt and Hatred and Disgust and Indifference and Vanity and all foul qualities, away, far away, from my mind.

So that I may become Love Himself, that I may love all men and creatures as Thyself, love my neighbours and relatives as I ought to; that I may injure none; nor others, nor myself; that all may straight away recognise in me their higher self and their Ideal

Oh may my mind cling to the Ideal, and may it so occur that all men and all women and all children and all beasts and all birds may recognise that I have converted myself into the Ideal which is — Thee!

Through the mouth of Jagadish Ghandra Bose and many another sage, Thou hast revealed to man kind the High Truth that mind and its activities are wholly subject to the Will and that is a great consolation and matter for much rejoicing—that my Will is absolute, unquestioned master of mind.

The mind may be put into any mould, any groove, by means of the Will. The mind is passive clay to the Almighty hands of the Will. Then why grieve? Oh Father, O Father, O Father,—where is any ground for doubt, for the slightest doubt about anything? Why should the mind fear? When thoughts are architects of Life and thoughts are absolutely under the control of Will—I rejoice, O Father, I thank thee again, and again, and again, for the beautiful scheme of things—for this grand assurance of Victory over Death and Sorrow.

May Thy holy feet be ever glorified—I am Thine.

THE SERVICE OF GOD.

THE TWO IDEALS

The Aryan Mind—as Mrs. Annie Besant has done well to indicate in a recent article of hers—has pointedly differed from the Christian mind in its conception of God—that is to say, the Universal Principle of Being and Loving. And God appears to us, so we have heard, in the form in which we invoke Him. For the infinite can be perceived in an infinite number of ways. And among the points of view, so far permitted to the race of men, many are complementary, many are explanatory, and a few polar, in their relations with one another.

We find that the Aryan and Christian realisations have been polar, denying each other at their ends, while united at the base.

The one has a martyr for its ideal, the Christ, the God of suffering, loving but slain, triumphant but dying. Its saints are victims to God, its Church claims the blood of the martyrs for her seed. Its symbol is the Cross. Its chief effort is to wash off the load of sin by denying oneself.

The other upholds Rishis, soldiers of God, but the lovers of earth, with earthly happiness, and not suffering for their watchword, fighting error under the standard of God, but working for longevity and an illustrious progeny, for the joy of faithful soul-mates and the soma-juice.

It worships as its foremost incarnation, Krishna, the Shepherd-Boy, with His flute of immortal melody, the darling of the fair shepherd maids, the comrade and charioteer of valiant Arjuna, his divine teacher, and his brother Dharmaputra's most trusted counsellor.

Its gosbel is the expansion and the illumination, not the denial, of oneself. Those who serve the Highest must at least have peace, plenty, and happiness. The monkeys of Rama, even when slain, do return to life.

The Earth is not for us a reformatory, but our rich heritage. Suffering is the good lesson deserved by those who serve not God and love not His ways. To the Godly—Shreyas, the Good. Our symbols are images of the various attitudes of being and loving, not the cross of pain, not the agony of death.

The seed of the Hindu Church is good song and good cheer. Agni and Varuna love tender meat and the juice of the soma-plant. Shiva and Vishnu, holier and higher, are pleased with flowers and fruits. But none of the Gods has any use for human blood, except the Durga of a few extinct cults among the lower classes and certain exalted schools of allegorical Mysticism.

We perish not at the feet of error's fortresses. Where we arrive, error exists not. For we serve God, and He can never reward His service by humiliation and death. In His service we enter into a greater, a richer, a prouder, and a happier life. When men find God, the earth becomes a Paradise. Where the son of the Hindu God—Parvati Kumara—is present, no Herod, no Pharisee. Men and Gods serve each other, and truth is adored, glorified and victorious, not crucified. The way to God is not by washing away sins, but by bringing light where darkness was. We reach purity, not by suffering, but by illumination. Of course illumination is often found by suffering but illumination can be had in a different and higher way—by trustfulness and by straightness.

But a nominal Christian may not have a true idea of the Christian faith, even as a nominal Aryan may be absolutely untouched by the teachings of the Vedas and the stories of the Puranas. The shaven crown does not always indicate the saint, and the holy thread but rarely shows the Brahmana.

But where the two Ideals may be really operative, the results produced are bound to be diametrically opposite. Well has Mrs. Besant pointed out that the West is in need of the teachings of the East, and the East is in need of the practicality of the West.

The Bible saves. The Veda immortalises.

The Bible saves—by the Cross. The Veda immortalises by Soma Rasa, the Spiritual Peace.

The Bible stands for a life that suffers to reach the holiness of God. The Veda stands for a life plunging into high for reaching the splendour of God.

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THE SIDDHA AND THE SUPERMAN

Names are images. Carlyle has spoken to us of the profound poetry lying hidden in all nomenclature. Meditate, for a moment, on any important and vital word of a people's language and it will reveal to your mind something of the modes of thought, something of the historic reminiscences and of the spiritual aspirations of that people. For instance, a certain school of Western thought has evolved the term 'Supermen'. Nature has made us men. "Let us," says this school, "strive to become more than men;"—whereas we in India have our Siddha, meaning the "Perfected man."

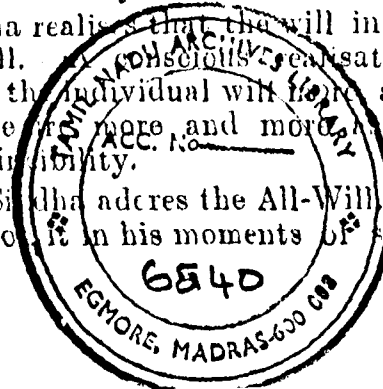
The Siddha does not worship the "will to power" for he knows that power is merely one of the many things necessary for a perfect life and therefore can never be a supreme end in itself.

He worships the will pure and simple—the Sakti of God. The Will of the Universe, the All-Will, the Will not merely for Power but for Being and Loving, that Will should, in full measure, be realised by man in himself if he seeks perfection.

I wonder if the Western school above referred to has, in any of its treatises, described fully and systematically the methods to be adopted for acquiring the will to power. But here, in India, we have a yogic literature which, in spite of many interpolations and mediaeval accretions, still contains the most scientific and rational treatment of the question of consciously accelerating human evolution. By Will is this Universe made. By Will is this Universe maintained in motion and activity. By Will does thought become manifested in material forms. By Will does life stand

The Siddha realises that the will in him forms part of this All-Will. His conscious realisation of this fact tends to make the individual will more and more ablaze with the divine fire, and more assured of immortality and invincibility.

And the Siddha addresses the All-Will day and night. He meditates on it in his moments of silence, he makes



it the theme of his songs, his motto, his battle-cry, the awakener of his faculties and the sustainer of his actions.

Teacher or King, vowed celibate or father of a large and prosperous family, poet or soldier—whatever may be the role of life that the Siddha has chosen to play, it will be sanctified by the Will Divine and shine with the lustre of immortality,

But in all that he may do, his heart will ever be free from the taint of self-aggrandisement, of harm, or indifference to the interests of other beings. If sometimes his duty impel him to impose a severe correction on obstinate evil-doers, he does so with love in his heart, hidden, perhaps, but very real.

Above all, the Siddha is a democrat. Equality is to him a matter of utter reality, as he has seen the basic unity of all beings.

Where Nietzsche's 'Superman' would take of the 'hero', the Siddha speaks of the children of God, the living rays of the universal sun.

Heroism and 'Supermanism' are, by certain people, wrongly identified with the pursuit of war and kingly domination, exclusively. The Siddha, of course, is a hero; for heroism is one of the conditions of human perfection. But he need not necessarily be a War Lord. The Shastras tell us that there are four types of the hero—the Hero of War (the Yuddha-vira), the Hero of Sacrifice (Dana-vira), the Hero of Duty (Dharma-vira), and the Hero of Compassion (Daya-vira). He may be anyone of the four.

Firmly established in Mauna (the silence internal), fearless of death, disease, and the devil, serene in the strength of God, and happy in the knowledge of immortality, resplendent in his energy, irresistible in his action, tireless in labour, and full-souled in service, the Siddha lives amidst men, a representative of the will Divine, a veritable messenger from Heaven, protector of men, loving, elevating, immortalising.

IMMORTALITY

A thousand voices have declared it of old and some are proclaiming it to-day, but still it is not an "old truth". It is very new, this truth of "immortality". Many millions declare it, and many millions of millions realise it, in all the worlds.

Man can make himself immortal here on earth by making his personality one with the Soul of the Universe. This unification can be achieved by the ceaseless exercise of Will. Collect all the life-streams and thought-streams in thy being, making them all into a mighty river. Let this mighty river ever flow towards the Truth. And the Truth shall make thee immortal.

The body must be prepared for holding and reflecting the light even before the latter is realised in the mind. This can be done by dispensing with all superfluities in dress and by a constant and intelligent motion of the limbs. We must give the body sufficient natural food, when it really requires it. We must keep it clean and tidy, vigorous and active. But we must never worry our minds about it, never entertain any fears on its behalf, and never release our complete mastery over it. Life can be made electric, thoughts, luminous, and the soul joyous by exercising all our inner and outer faculties justly and well, all the while "meditating on the Truth".

For a Divine Truth is the first reality of man's experience. There is a Beauty in the heart of this world. All conscious things are conscious of it in various degrees. Indeed some may deny the All-Great of the Universe while they are arguing either with themselves or with others. But all have felt it. It is what you know as existence, life, thought, passion, aspiration or love. The All-Great is the foundation of the sense of reality. The world lives. It has therefore a life working in and through its body. It is the life of the Universe that the sages have glorified by the name Divine.

Deep in the heart of Nature, there is an unending flow of harmony. Whoso drinks of this harmony attains to immortality. Trees, stars and clouds, the ripples on

the stream and the fair maids of Brindaban—they all melt into one joy of life when the notes of the Divine Flute are heard. The voice of immortality shall make thee realise that thou art one with the dawn and the night, the stars and the pebbles. And yet it is this realisation that a man must have before ever he can hear the voice of immortality.

Self-surrender is the supreme condition of winning the universal life. Men will part with their wealth, their rights, and even their lives, at the call of religion. But when you ask them to exchange their human self for the divine self, which is exactly what all great religions want them to do, they refuse. For the wine of mortality has a terrible fascination for most of us—and yet by flinging myself into the blazing fire of universal Reality, I do not lose myself. I emerge out of the ordeal, shining and deathless. Brothers and sisters, come, let us strive to become immortals by losing ourselves in the Supreme Light.

FATALISM.

Does fatalism lead to inertia, and consequent decadence? Certain people say that the East 'fell' by its fatalism. What they mean is that Asiatic nations have, during the past few centuries, been thrown into the shade by the superior commercial and political organisations of the West, and also that the Asiatics have, during the same period, lagged behind the Europeans in public "education". But we were much worse fatalists than now, at the time when Arabia could impose her culture on Europe by superior force of arms. Chandragupta, Vikramaditya, Akbar, Shivaji—were not these men confirmed fatalists?

But is fatalism tenable scientifically? Is it a fact? Now I am writing these lines. Is it true that I could not possibly have helped doing so? In external nature all things are preordained. That is everyday experience. Are human affairs subject to the same law? Am I as helpless in this world-current as a straw on the mad waves of a torrent?

* * *

I will not attempt to answer these questions scientifically. I shall only invite your attention to the fact that on any hypothesis of the Universe, materialistic or other, the human being is strictly a part of the world. I cannot believe that the world law may be suddenly reduced to the play of chance and uncertainty by the freakish and accidental whims of one of tiniest centres of world-activity, viz., the human personality.

Man is like the finger that writes; God is the directing spirit. I believe this and therefore I am a fatalist. Free Will, which God has given me as a gift, does not negate fatalism. My will is free or not, as God chooses. Anything is free or not, as God chooses to make it.

It has been observed that the incoherent behave more wisely than the conscient. As wisdom is the

supreme end of conscious existence, the latter must know itself to be as utterly a tool in the hands of God as a piece of wood or a ball of clay

Shankara says that God alone is real and the rest apparition. Other religions urge you to lose your personal sense in the vision and in the enjoyment of God. All this has only one meaning. Trust in God and be free. That is the true fatalism. The Gita is clear on the point that wherever says to himself "I am the doer of such and such a deed" is a fool, because, the old book points out, all things here are done directly by Nature. Nature does not cease to be Nature merely because she is using me or you as her instrument instead of using the wind or the waves.

Duty means work, work which comes to me in the most natural manner, which Nature does through me. The word is used in other senses also, as when they speak of excise-duties and so on. I have nothing to say against the vulgar conceptions of duty except that they are vulgar. A certain human being once made me understand that he considered it his duty to bear false witness against his neighbour—because, he said, he would get some money thereby and be able to feed his wife and children. But the fatalist says: The Lord does all things. Through the coward, He bears false witness. But through me, He speaks the truth. It is my fate to speak the truth, for I am a fatalist and fear nothing.

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No, the fatalist, who is still a house-holder, does not deny that he has certain defined duties to perform towards the gods, men and demons, also the beasts, birds, and so on. It is only the sage who has conquered the self and the world, who has made the great surrender to the gods, it is only he who can openly discard all duties, always excepting those we all owe to Heaven. For the freest man is still the truest servant of the Lord.

THE DAWN

"She widens from the extremity of Heaven over the Earth. Meet ye the Dawn as she shines wide towards you and with surrender bring forward your complete energy..... By Heaven's illuminings one perceives her a bearer of Truth"—*Rig Veda* 111, 61.

It is this deathless imagery of the great seer, Vishvamisra, we have a fine picture of all types of Renaissance, individual or national, material or spiritual. It must be noted, first of all, that, to the Aryan mind, the "Dawn" is never a product of existing earthly conditions. It always comes on us from the extremity of Heaven. It is ever from the realms above the mental that the great Light descends which makes for regeneration in men and in nations. And when after the long hours of the sombre night, Dawn comes forth, the 'Bride of Bliss', the 'Vision of Felicity', 'Richly stored with Substance' and 'Many-thoughted', you must advance to meet her and throw yourself at her feet, in full surrender in order that she may touch you into immortality.

All new knowledge is "revealed". All truth comes of inspiration. If you ask any scientist how he made his best discoveries, he will tell you that they just came to him from somewhere. It is a common experience with poets that they receive their best songs from Above. A few days ago, I asked Sri Arambindo Ghose how he got his new and marvellous theory of Vedic interpretation. "It was shown me", he said, and I knew he meant it in a very literal sense. All truth is inspired. The popular mistake is to suppose that this revelation, this inspiration, must ever be the unique privilege of a few souls specially favoured of the Gods. But the Veda tells us that we can all bring forward our complete energy by fully yielding to Dawn.

And, of course, the "complete energy" of any man is only another name for the supreme energy—the Para Shakti of God.

All is One. And the purely spiritual verses of Vishvamisra can well be adopted as the authoritative

text describing the character and the scope of the great movement of intellectual and moral regeneration in our country. Addressing the Dawn divine, Vishvamisra sings: "O Thou of plenitudes, Goddess ancient, yet ever young! Thou movest many-thoughted, following the law of thy activities, O bearer of every boon. Dawn divine, shine out, sending forth the pleasant voices of the Truth". What a beautiful picture this of a great Renaissance like ours!

Again, "From Dawn as she approaches shining out on thee, O Agni, thou seekest and attainest to the substance of Delight."

"Agni", says Arabindo Ghose, "is the illumined will". Let your higher Will, the "fire" in you meet the Dawn. It shall then seek and attain to the "Substance of Delight".

RASA—THE KEY-WORD OF INDIAN CULTURE

Rasa primarily means essence. Juice, taste, water, blood, elixir, beauty, sentiment—these are a few among the score of meanings given to this word by the Sanskrit dictionaries.

When, forgetful of the self and the world, you are borne in ecstasy to the realm of pure Being, you are said to enjoy the Rasa of Immortality.

Or, again, when a passionate grief has devoured your heart, and you rend the skies by your loud bewailings, cursing the Gods and knocking your head against the earth, you are still enjoying a Rasa—that of sorrow, of wild self-pitying. It is the lower form of the Karuna-Rasa, so the books tell us Karuna is compassion and its higher form is, of course, the pity that you feel for the pain of others.

All life is Rasa. Our ancient writers reduce all forms of experience, emotional, intellectual, or spiritual into nine Rasas—Love, Mirth, Compassion, Heroism, Wrath, Fear, Repugnance, Wonder, and Peace. But they say that all these are one, *au fond*. As moonlight is reflected variously by the clear spring and the muddy pond, by the moon-stone and the pile of bricks, so does one and the same Ras manifest itself variously under various conditions in the human mind.

What is Rasa, then?

It is the form of Shakti, the feminine, aspect of the Supreme Being. For God is two-fold—Being and Energy, Masculine and Feminine, Absolute and Relative, Purusha and Shakti.

In the unity of these two aspects, Existence becomes. And in the manifestations of Shakti, Existence moves and acts. It is eternal, this play, Lila, of Shiva, the Being, and Shakti, His Energy. And the wise ones say that she is ever a virgin, ever pure and ever of a marvellous and immortal beauty, this Shakti of God

And, man, what art thou?

Thou art a centre of this play, the one amongst the countless, the now in the midst of the ever.

God is in thee, in the innermost depth of thy being, watching and silently enjoying the beauty of this Shakti's perennial dance and ceaseless music—sad or joyful, aggressive or shrinking, madly passionate or sublimely calm.

Thou art nothing, O man, but enchanted Being, and His ever-enchancing, ever-beloved Energy. Shiva-Shakti is thy name—even as it is the name of all things.

Now the nature of this Shakti is Rasa. It is juicy, tasteful and beauteous, infinitely and for ever.

This is the basic theory of Indian Culture, the fundamental justification of India's arts and her literature, her aspirations and achievements, her life and her actions.

And, to-day, her Renaissance means her return to this fundamental doctrine of life.

Rasa, then, is the magic word that has awakened the Mother from her slumber of centuries, that has brought light into her eyes and gladness into her heart.

"What has been shall yet be." Her music will yet be recognised as the most marvellous in the world; her literature, her painting and her sculpture will yet be a revelation of beauty and immortality to the wondering nations; her life and acts will yet be ennobling examples for a grateful humanity—for India is coming back to a recognition of Rasa the secret of all life.

All Rasa is one. The trembling coward is wasting the material which can be utilised for making himself a hero.

In this drama of life our parts are chosen by ourselves. Allons! Let us be gods and goddesses.

"BLUNTING THE IMAGINATION"

"The greatest crime that can be laid at the doors of one generation by another is that of blunting the imagination of the latter, because where there is no imagination and where there is no vision of a higher and nobler life, the people perish" (*New India, February 18*).

Truer words were never written.

For the imagination—not that of the idler and the dreamy parasite, but the vigorous and positive imagination of the worker, "the vision of higher and nobler life"—this imagination is the mother of a Nation's hope—this imagination makes a nation's seers, its poets and its builders of all types.

This imagination is the way to immortality, the ladder that man climbs to arrive at divinity.

And, assuredly, "the last generation (in India) had come perilously near that stage" of losing this imagination and the people had all but perished. A few exceptional souls there have been, however, who, in a spirit of true religion, preserved this fire from total extinction. Did not Ramatirtha and Vivekananda belong to the last generation? Did not Tata and Tagore? And our social and political reformers?

Whatever may have been the merits of the Bhashya writers, the sacred annotators of orthodoxy—and I am not scholar enough to measure their values with accuracy—there is no doubt that the generations of Brahmanas who defied those annotations, led the way inevitably towards "that stage" which the *New India* so deeply deplores. They blunted the nation's imagination, and, with their 'Vaidyanatha Codes, and their super-annotations, vere nearly cost us our life.

The temples are "in ruins" and the "sacred tanks" are filled up with "heaps of dust and slime, rags of obnoxious clothing and all kinds of wretched weeds", and, naturally, the hamlets have become "dirty and repulsive"—because men who call themselves intellectual, who call themselves Brahmanas—the truth-seers, and

Vairagis—the Selfless ones—these men began to quarrel about texts and to neglect souls, to deify phrases and to despise humanity. Even our "modern education" is far from perfect in helping to kindle this sacred "imagination". For even among the products of our Universities, how few are great scientists or great teachers, great builders, great creators!

The breath of life is, however, blowing over the land.

The Gods are once again turning to us with kindly eyes and smiling faces. And here and there we have a Bose and a Tagore, amidst, alas! a formidable horde of philistines, pharisees, and other futilities. But we are thankful to the Gods—for signs have we seen that the Ruskinian "half-a-dozen men" are coming, who, "with one day's work, could cleanse the hamlets and drag the tanks" and "purify the temples".

Brothers and sisters, imagine yourselves to be wise and great. That means, convince yourselves and, of course, convince others. Brothers and sisters, imagine the Mother as a Queen of great beauty and unfading youth, leading humanity on the paths of peace and immortality.

Imagine yourselves as noble and godly. And act on this imagination.

THE CRIME OF CASTE

"Four Varnas were made by me according to variations of character and work".

The *Gita* says this, and it specifies the occupations and traits pertaining to each Varna. Everyone knows what they are. I may be permitted to call this *Chaturvarnya* (Four Varna System) by the name of "the *Gita* theory of society", although it is well known that the same ideal is upheld in most of the ancient writings. I do so for convenience. The *Gita* theory may, or may

not, promote the highest interests of man. It was never tried in its pure form, or, if it was, history tells us nothing about it. As a hypothesis it is one of the best and the most attractive—at least some of us think so.

But the caste law is leagues away from the *Gita* theory. For the Brahmanas have long ceased to make Vedas and Shastras; they have long ceased to think seriously of eternal verities or the sciences of this earth. They have totally forgotten the meaning of the older and purer writings. They adopt all professions. They are cake-sellers, railway clerks, and police-constables. And their general intelligence and character are naturally on a level with their pursuits. The Kshatriyas have long ceased to govern.

The Vaishyas and Shudras have followed the great chaos. They are honest but they are very ignorant and down-trodden—very far indeed from performing their duties as prescribed by the *Gita* ideal of society. And instead of the four Varnas, you have four thousand castes. And you sometimes quote ethnology, eugenics, hydrostatics, and what not, to support these four thousand castes! But, alas, the ignorant masses of our country have been made to believe that this caste chaos is a special divine gift to our country and whoever transgresses it has to go to hell. It is this belief more than anything else that makes people insensible to the injurious results of caste. If you really have your justification in ethnology or hydrostatics, then you have been cheating people during all these centuries by telling them a different story. No science can justify cheating.

The sole remedy is in inter-dining and intermarrying. The others are mere quack remedies of an anaesthetic character. There are many difficulties in the way of applying this remedy on a large scale. One very real difficulty is the fact that many members of the purely vegetarian sects cannot physically endure the smell of flesh and fish at a distance of five yards. But the vegetarian votaries, consisting of both Brahmanas and non-Brahmanas, can marry among themselves. There is

no rational excuse for not doing that. I repeat there are many—but not insuperable—difficulties in the way of applying that remedy. But there is no other remedy that the human mind can think of.

Sometimes people who seem half-inclined to admit the injustice and inutility of caste suddenly turn round and shout: "But they have similar prejudices in South Africa, North America and Oceania."

If other people are fools, that is no reason why we should be such. If others to-day are thoughtless by committing the mistake that we committed many centuries ago and became much degraded in consequence thereof, it is our duty to warn them. But we ought not to make it an excuse for not rectifying the mistake for which we have been so signally punished by the laws of Nature.

"But the masses of people are quite content," say some. "It is only the intellectual classes that are always harping on this old grievance. From Buddha to Vivekananda, many have been the sages who condemned this chaos. But it persists. It is in the blood of the Indian people."

I reply that the people are not contented. That is proved by the very fact that for these two thousand and five hundred years great ones have again and again risen from the ranks of the people and condemned this caste in no measured language. During these two thousand and five hundred years it has lost most of its saving features. Little vitality is now left in it. The form remains with a shadow of life and a million bad wounds on it. Let none rejoice that caste takes a long time in dying, for its life will be all the ghastlier for that.

Who knows? Who knows that the Brahmanas may not purify themselves by the waters of knowledge and then recognise that no caste can be irredeemably impure? Who knows that the other castes which have been out-heroding Herod, the castes which are fonder of their chains than the Brahmanas themselves, even they may not behold the vision of the age and proclaim democracy?

If only the Brahmanas of to-day will read aright the signs of the times, then they will see that Democracy, far from being a thing to be dreaded, will be as great a joy to them as to any other class. The three watchwords of France—Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity—when fully understood by men, will really prove to be the highest guides of human evolution.

THE PLACE OF WOMAN

In the mystic symbolism of the Hindus Shiva wears his divine consort, who is also his mother, as part of his body; Vishnu wears the Goddess of Wealth on his chest; and the four-faced Father of the worlds holds the soul of Learning on his tongue. Christianity, in its earlier form of Roman Catholicism, attributed a partially (but not wholly) divine status to Mary, mother of God. But Protestantism has dethroned her from that position and rendered her merely human. Islam, some allege—I hope it is a wanton slander—denies a soul to woman.

* * *

Civilisation is the taming down of man by woman. Men, indeed, have till now been trying, with scant success, to civilise one another by means of the sword and the bullet, the prison-cell, the gibbet and the rack. But it has been the lot of woman to have no other weapon than fables, parables and symbols in her work of civilising man.

* * *

I don't mean to say that man had not the major part in the making of spiritual symbols and creeds. But I do mean to say that everywhere these symbols

and creeds are upheld and preserved more devoutly by woman than by man. I have read a European free-thinker pathetically complaining that it is woman's firm adhesion to the Church that has saved it and still maintains it as a potent force, notwithstanding the mighty strides of rationalistic science. And in India, we know, but for the adamant stand made by our women, all our temples and images would have become mere powder and dust by this time before the terrific onslaughts of European Christianity and European Materialism.

The mere historic personalities of Rama and Krishna, Buddha and Christ—which, by the way, have been seriously doubted, every one of them—do not, even among the faithful, count for so much as the mythological or spiritual examples. A Krishna or a Buddha, who was once a great man or an Incarnation or what you will, but who, since, has become as dead as Alexander the Great, ought not to mean much for anyone. The object of men in adoring these examples is that they also must try to live like those heroes. And it is towards this realisation that woman has been striving far more strenuously than man.

Where woman comes, comes Art. And what is Art, if not the effort of humanity towards divinity?

There is a saying in Sanskrit: "Grihini Griham Uchyate" (Home is but a synonym for wife).

Nor is it without significance that the country of spiritual liberation, India, should, at this hour of her mighty awakening, have adopted as her most potent spell, the words "Vande Mataram", i.e., "I salute the Mother". That means that the first work of a regenerated India will be to place the Mother, i.e., womankind, on the pedestal of spiritual superiority. Others speak of their Fatherlands. To us the Nation is represented by the word "Mata".

But if woman has always been the civiliser and, therefore, the spiritual superior of man, why did she ever get enslaved at all? For it is not only among Indians but also among the Europeans, and the Chinese, and the

Japanese, and the Hottentots, as indeed among all brutes and birds and insects, that the female has been content, till now, to occupy an enslaved, or if you please, a subordinate position to the male. Why is this? I reply: It is because the female loved the male too well to think of slaying the latter. For it is the masculine habit—advocated by an Anglo-Indian journal, only a few years back—to slay those who do not desire to be enslaved by you. At any rate, that is the principle on which all masculine governments have till now been based. Woman, I say, could not think of slaying you under any circumstances. She loved you too well for that. And therefore, she consented at first to be your slave with a view to civilising you gradually and finding her place as your superior eventually.

Might is not Right; Right is Might. That is what Mr. Lloyd George, Lord Curzon, and other people tell us now-a-days. The question, therefore, that the masculine sex has got to answer is this: "Will you forego the rights of your physical might and liberate woman gratuitously, as the Indians seem to expect the British to do? Or will you go on tyrannising over the age-long sufferer, woman, until the Gods send more of their wrath on poor Earth?"

Nations are made of homes. And so long as you do not have justice and equality fully practised at home, you cannot expect to see them practised in your public life. Because it is the home life that is the basis of public life. And a man who is a villain at home cannot find himself suddenly transformed into a saint the moment he gets to the Councils or to "Courts of Justice".

And the spirit of Hinduism, pre-eminently among the religions of the world, has ever been to help woman in rising to her true position in human society. It has been a long and painful struggle. The progress has been tragically slow here, as elsewhere. But at this hour, when the sages of India have stepped forth to guide the soul of mankind, the ascent of woman to her proper place in society has become imminent and inevitable.

WOMEN'S FREEDOM

Ages ago, in Vedic times, our nation had produced women like Maitreyi and Gargi, who were able to take part in the discussions and debates of the highest thinkers of the land. But, to-day, what is woman's status in our country? There is no use shrinking from strong language when we have to deal with terrible facts. Our women to-day are slaves. I am quite aware that we still retain something of the old idea that the mother must be looked upon as a goddess by her children. But every woman is a wife before she is a mother; and the position of the wife, with us, is that of a petted slave—more slave than pet; she must not speak to strangers; in the North she is not supposed to see men, except the prescribed ones.

When sometimes we are pleased to give our ladies the benefits of "education", we are careful to see that the education scarcely reaches further than enabling them to play some hackneyed tunes on the contemptible harmonium. Cooking is their chief trade and child-bearing their only contribution to the life and progress of humanity. And the splendid result of all this, which we sometimes make a matter for boasting, is that our women are "the pillars of orthodoxy and conservatism"—which means they are immensely helpful in maintaining and perpetuating the conditions of slavery in our religious, social, and political lives.

The root evil is the idea that has almost become instinctive among our men-folk that a woman enlightened and liberated, who can face the world boldly, and treat all as her equals, cannot remain chaste.

Now every intelligent human being will admit that chastity is one of the highest of social virtues. But, certainly, it is not everything in life. Indeed no single virtue can be made to do duty for the infinite realisations of a liberated human existence. But it is sheer ignorance to suppose that freedom will lead women to disregard the virtue of chastity. Was Maitreyi un-chaste? Were Andal, the God-intoxicated poetess of Vaishnavism and Auvai, the fearless moralist, susceptible to the lures

of the flesh? Of course, we cannot expect liberated women to be passively and brutishly submissive and obedient to all the fancies and follies of men. And in modern India there is quite a rage for these blessed virtues of submission and obedience. Inept political leaders, grown old in their ineptitude, are loudly complaining that the younger men are not submissive and obedient. The Brahmanas—our "Gods on earth"—who have nowadays become famous for making sweetmeats and writing romantic police reports, are waxing indignant that the "lower classes" are gradually losing their "virtues" of obedience and submission. "Heaven-born" administrators, and editors of dull, commercial newspapers, are wondering why the "natives" are not quite as submissive and obedient as dogs and cows. The police peon wants the whole village to be obedient to himself. The priest wants submission. I wonder which class in India does not worry itself about the growing disobedience on the part of "our inferiors".

The situation is nauseating. We are men—that is to say, thinking beings. Our chief work in this world is the understanding and glorification of God's ways and not the enslaving of God's creatures. If any man or nation forgets this, that man or nation is doomed to perdition.

The slave and the slave-driver are equally un-happy, equally accursed. It staggers me to think how humanity has managed so far to be even partially blind to this central, essential, most shining truth of God's world. But I feel it as a special shame that we Indians, with our magnificent Vedas and Upanishads, should still be giving sacred names to despicable forms of slavery.

I am anxious that responsible men throughout the country should give the most serious consideration to this question of woman's status in India and do something immediately to make Indian womanhood free, enlightened and really human, that is to say, divine.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE

The little birds do not hasten to seek their mates as soon as they come out of their eggs. The laws of nature are divine. they are the visible manifestations of the Will Divine that ordains this universe. And it is a law of Nature that the male and the female shall unite only after reaching their adolescence, their *pukva* (ripeness).

The first and spontaneous love of two souls, that strange and mystic soul magnetism which poets have ever glorified as a fore-taste of the "Immortal realms", is Nature's guarantee that these two souls have been made for each other. It is idle to pretend that parents or anyone else can know more than God. We often condemn true love to be the way of sin, by making matrimony precede adolescence and free choice. The lads and lasses will choose for themselves and not often may that choice tally with parental "arrangement".

But "Love is blind" It reasons not. And yet its instincts are sure. And never can it be blinder than that spirit of commercialism and social fear that prompt the parents to marry their infants even as young as two or three years old.

I have seen, among "wealthy and respectable Brahmanas", babies wrenched from their mother's breasts, yelling, in order to be made "wives" equally helpless male ones - all the "sacred rites" ordained by the "holy scriptures" being duly observed.

Men live long, useful, and happy lives where they strive to understand Nature's intentions, and follow them scrupulously. But they perish like plague-stricken rats where they set up themselves or their grand-fathers as wiser than nature.

My youthful brothers and sisters of the Motherland, my appeal is to you : Defer marriage as long as possible, even after reaching adolescence. And when you feel sure that you have found out your soul's true

companion, love, claim and win—and praise the Gods! If any self-constituted guardians of effete forms and conventions stand in your way, ask them to mind their own business—away!

My youthful brothers and sisters of the Motherland, love, love truly, and love against heavy odds. For by love shall ye be liberated. It is the living nectar lent by the Immortal Gods to poor, mortal men.

We live because we love; not because we make compromises. Love is life. Custom is nothing.

PATRIOTISM AND RELIGIOUS DIFFERENCES

It is a commonplace that to the true patriot, his patriotism is part of his religion. And we find that the duties of patriotism, like the purely religious duties, are often the easiest to neglect even for men who honestly believe themselves to be patriots.

For instance, most of us do not fully appreciate the noble truth insisted upon by the foremost Vaishnava saints that a Shudra, who is a devotee of Vishnu, must be held as pure and great as a Brahmana devotee of the highest breed. "All are equal among the servants of the Lord." Are not all equal who serve our Mother?

It is wrong to allow religious differences to divide the patriotic camp. For instance, there is Prof. Sundararama Iyer who believes that a Brahmana without a particular form of tuft and a particular kind of painting on his forehead cannot be a Hindu. He fancies that if a man went to Japan, England or America for the acquisition of knowledge and, of course, dined with foreigners, while there—for, in Rome, you must dine with the Romans—such a man is unfit to call himself a pure Hindu. He thinks that if you took away the sacred thread from Vasishta or Yajna-Valkya, they would have ceased to be Brahmanas and Hindus. I happen to differ from the worthy professor, aye differ fundamentally, radically, absolutely. I think

that even we, Brahmanas, are men and each man's tuft or dinner is his own private concern, not Prof. Sundararaman's.

Now, on account of this difference, would it be right on my part to obstruct the worthy Professor in any patriotic endeavour that he may undertake?

True, patriotism must be spiritual, but that does not mean that differences of belief concerning the nature of the other world should be brought into the theatre of secular nation-building.

Of course, we must have our religious disputes. Religion is the one thing where conformity is more dangerous than in any other. But, in the service of the Motherland, we are all of one creed and one religion, one caste and one colour, one aim and one ideal. In the temple of the Mother whoever enters is holy.

THE NATIONAL CONGRESS.

Party differences are inevitable in all politics. Divergent interests as well as differences in character, in intellectual perception, and in temperament have made it impossible in all countries and in all ages for any large representative assembly to be without parties holding conflicting views on almost all vital questions.

But when men bring into political life the bitterness of religious sectarianism, or the spirit which ordained the untouchable and unapproachable castes—well, they commit political suicide; that is all.

Again, a deep-rooted respect for the laws of the realm must be felt by all the members of a representative assembly, if at all there is to be any stability and continuity in its activities. But no Congress or Parliament is worth its name, if its members or any part of them should be actuated by the constant fear of some extraneous agency and should make it their chief concern

to be thinking as to how every single item of their proceedings might be received by that agency.

All servility, whether of an inherited or acquired character, must be definitely abandoned by men who aspire to guide the affairs of a nation. Of course it is essential that a representative assembly should live at peace with the powers that be. But it must be "peace with honour". And the authorities must equally be made to see that it is their interest to live at peace with the assembly. Every citizen must be presumed to respect the laws of the state till the contrary is proved. Otherwise the assembly will be something like a harem, full of mutual jealousies and recriminations. It must also be borne in mind that the chief duty of a National Congress must be to uphold the National idea and to try to realise it in every detail of the National life.

May our Congress be guided by these principles!

NEW BIRTH

Ring all the temple bells. For India is born again,

Her new name is the one that she had long, long ago—the Bharata-land. Great is her thirst for new things. But, after all, the new things are really older than the old. The world is a cycle.

Ring all the temple bells. The re-born Mother has begun to speak, to sing and to dance. She plays, the infant Devi; daughter of old Himalaya and the predestined bride of Mahadeva, the Great God; and her play is the working of miracles. Her speech and her song send a thrill of joy into the core of the world.

Ring all the temple bells. The Baby Mother opens her Veda and reads. The mighty chantings of her ancient seers, intoxicated with love and illumined by the knowing of the Eternal, those old songs of sacrifice and immortality—she reads them

greedily once again; and once again, she understands them rightly. For she has met her Guru, Maha Deva himself.

Oh, ring all the temple bells. Make feasts and festivals. The Mother is gaining secular knowledge. She is learning arts, sciences, trades. Behold her excelling her astonished teachers in all things. Behold how she teaches under the pretence of being taught.

Oh, ring, ring, ring all the temple bells. Make feasts and festivals. Pour out songs of praise and thanksgiving to the high Heavens. Proclaim universal joy. For the Mother has realised her destiny. She has met the Great Divine—as her Lover.

MATRI-PUJA

(MOTHER-WORSHIP)

God the Father is the Ideal. God the Mother is the actual. That I am one with Pure Being is a spiritual realisation. That I am one with the manifested world is an actual, every-day experience. Indeed, ultimately, the Ideal is the same as the actual; but we, children of earth, find in the motherhood of God, a dearer relation, a sweeter rapport. Nor need we erect shrines for her worship, nor invent symbols. She is there, standing before us; ever-shining, ever-beautiful. She stands revealed as Nature.

In the light of the sun, in the music of the winds, in the soft ray of the star, and the rage of a storm, in the loves and hates, fears and hopes, dreams and deeds of men and women, in the subtlety of a thought, and the majesty of a volcano—in these and in all things we behold the mother of our worship. The land of one's birth and the human mother that nourished one in her womb are natural and concentrated symbols of this all-making Goddess. Womanhood itself is a sublimer representation.

Our ancestors were great apostles of this Mother Worship. Para-Shakti, supreme energy, is the name whereby they knew her. In the dark ages of our history, this worship of the supreme energy began to be misunderstood and misrepresented by its votaries. Has not the same thing been done with the Veda? The wheel of time throws all things down, and again all things aloft. Mother-worship will save humanity; for the supreme energy renders immortal all that reflects her beauty and her fire.

INDIA AND THE WORLD

The Mother has said: "Let the world recognise me". And the world is doing so. The Sikhs and the Rajputs on the battlefields of Europe are only supplementing the endeavours of Prof. Bose and the other intellectual leaders of Great India.

The Mother has said: "I manifest myself once again in my true glory". And the natives look at her and say: "Thy beauty is great. It will be a joy for ever unto all humanity". The intellectual classes of the West have already felt the world's need for India. And we hope that our soldiers will convert the Western "masses" also to the cult of Great India.

For the "masses" with their instinctive love for expressed realities, everywhere demand physical proofs from spiritual changes. And the "masses" are quite right,

The England especially, the Sea Queen of the West, the Mother has offered a beautiful message which, we hope, England will ever remember with feelings of love, and the world, too, will ever recognise as the foreshadowing of higher human civilisation.

The journals of a country are a real mirror of the people's mentality, although the editors may not always mean them to be so. The world is moved by the

iron laws of Nature. And the thinkers of a country cannot possibly help writing down the actual thoughts of the people of that country.

To England, the Mother has said : "Take all. The entire manhood of my children is at your disposal. Enlist them; let them fight for you, let them vanquish your foes and sustain your greatness.

"Take more than you want. Take all."

Love is greater than hate. Young India has freely offered itself for military service. I do not think that anyone is so foolish as to throw a suspicion on the motives of utter nobility and love that prompt this demand for enlistment.

Some have talked of a reward : "England ! Will you give us Self Government after this War? Will you listen to your own higher voice, to the inspired words of your poets, philosophers, and seers? Will you dare to reject the counsels of a pitiful Machiavellism?" We fervently hope you will. But whether you will do so or not, we shall never grudge our efforts to aid you. For deeds will count before the Gods, even if they sometimes fail to count before men. The High Gods have assured us of life, and we rest content.

India, henceforth, will have only one prayer on her lips, while serving humanity with all her might. And that prayer will be addressed to Heaven :

"Make my arms mighty for service, and my thought mighty for love. For by such means will immortality be best ensured in the coming era of human evolution".

IN MEMORIAM

(6TH MARCH 1915)

Gopal Krishna Gokhale has passed away and all India is plunged in deep and passionate grief. In life Gokhale had naturally many critics on all sides—both

among those who wished ill to his country and among those others who loved it too well

But now all differences are, forgotten, and the *Pioneer* of Allahabad agrees with Bal Gangadhar Tilak that Gokhale's life should be taken as an inspiring example by every good man in the country. Indeed we "live and learn"—all of us.

Now, what are the principles that Gokhale lived for and worked for?

These are two:—(1) Indian Nationhood and (2) Indian Self-Government

"India—a Nation", that was the *Mula-Mantra*, the root idea, the basic affirmation of Gokhale's life and work. We all know, for instance, with what zeal and earnestness he worked for Hindu-Muslim unity. Thanks to Gokhale and other workers like himself, we are to-day in sight of the Promised Land.

Again, the demand for self-Government is not only recognised on all hands as legitimate, but almost every one has got into the habit of regarding Indian autonomy as an assured fact of the near future.

We are deeply grateful to the King Emperor for His Majesty's sympathetic message to Mr. Gokhale's family. It is a gracious act, but, to us, its chief significance lies in the fact that the august Head of the Empire respects the life-principles of Gokhale, Respect for a man's memory may not mean the acceptance of his opinions and doctrines *in toto*, but it certainly means respect for his Dharma, his life-work.

Even to-day there must be certain political thinkers in our country who may not approve of Gokhale's life in everything that he did or omitted to do. But may his soul rest in peace—his country has accepted his Dharma.

THE COMING AGE

From the beginning of history the higher human will has been consistently striving to bring about perfect fellowship, or at last mutual harmlessness, among human beings. The poets of the race have sung of it, prophets have preached it, and even legislators have often pretended to work for it. But the construction of human society could only appeal to the intellects and emotions of a few classes, who had to be content with regarding the higher teachings as ideal counsels which yet could never be made practical in ordinary human life. So the Will of Man, aspiring towards the heights, has ever been defeated by the old animal custom of treating human life as a theatre of "competition" — that is to say, mutual injury and endless strife for securing physical necessities and luxuries. Competition is said to be the declared rule of life among animals, but human "civilisation" has aggravated that evil principle into such terrible forms that we are worse than the lower animals in certain respects. There are plenty of crows in the town where I am living. But I find that the crows do not fight each other a thousandth part so badly as men have ever been and are doing, for food and shelter.

What the Westerners call socialism is not clearly understood here. But still for the West as well as the East, there is only one decent way of living, *viz.*, to make the earth common property and live on it as fellow-workers and co-partners. We have a tradition that in the *Krita-yuga*, men lived like that in this country. That may or may not be true. But human will shall yet succeed in bringing about that *Krita-yuga* in all countries and in not a far-off future. The higher Will of man has been baulked till now because for some reason or other it could not direct the main part of its energy towards rectifying the root of all our social ills. Justice must be made to triumph in the very formation of human society. And then she will naturally triumph in all human affairs and relations, so long as the principle of competition hold.

sway over the structure of human associations, so long as land and water do not belong commonly to all human beings, men are bound to behave worse than brutes in their "economic" relations at any rate. They are fools, who think that the sages had no knowledge of political economy. The Rishis were wise not merely in their teachings about the other world, as certain people imagine, they were equally wise in their teachings about this world. When the majority of men realise this fact fully, we shall have taken the next step in our upward evolution.

REFLECTIONS

The Indian Press does not appear to be doing full justice to the activities of Rabindranath Tagore in Japan. Does it happen every day that an Indian goes to Japan and there receives the highest honour from all classes of people, from Prime Minister Okuma as well as from the simple monk of the Buddhist shrine?

We must spread the contagion of greatness among the people. To this end the whole country must be made aware of the important doings and sayings of representative Indians. And who can do this more effectively than the great journalists of modern India? It is genius that elevates the race of men. The Indian ear must ring with the fame of Indian genius. The present intellectual and spiritual revival in the country will be regarded by coming generations as one of the most brilliant chapters in human history. I appeal to our great publicists to identify themselves more completely with the Revival. For true is the message with Vivekananda brought us, the message that we are to be born again. An individual poet is merely a symbol. We shall soon have scores and scores of them, men of thought and men of deed. Go watch thyself or watch thy brother, either of you will soon be great.

In what does greatness consist? Not in the size of your materials but in the manner of your doing. There is a great and divine way of all doings, building houses or reaping corn. When man is master of his work, he is full man and therefore great. Greatness consists in putting your soul into the very heart of your work. We are great in the spirit of self-surrender. Karma-yoga must be easier to learn for the children of Krishna. So let us achieve all things by throwing ourselves at the lotus feet of the Bhagavan. So let us offer full praise to lead us on this great path.

SOME POLITICAL MAXIMS.

(The following are some of the wise sayings of an ancient Tartar philosopher addressed to Bhundhar Shah, who flourished—where and matters little.)

1. All men are children of Allah and have souls. There are certain texts, which hold that a woman has no soul, but it is beyond all doubt that among male human beings at any rate, everyone has a soul.

2. "Discretion is the better part of valour," it has been said. Therefore, let a prudent king completely disarm his subjects and then, at least, leave them in peace.

3. Keep many spies and pay them well; but never believe in what they say, except when they warn you against your friends and counsellors. Don't be short-sighted and long eared. Spies are not a worthy class in any circumstances. But may Heaven save you from the spies you have raised from a servile race!

4. Make fine promises with proper saving clauses, but withhold threats. There is nothing heroic about threatening a "subject nation".

5. Every Moulvi is not a pious man, nor is every counsellor a wise man,

6. Be mindful of your taxes and your army, and indifferent to everything else.

7. Above all things let your justice be fair and irreproachable. Endeavour to make your laws really respectable. Be very severe to your servants when you find them writing false reports or concocting false accusations.

8. Cultivate the mental habits of self-confidence and cheerfulness.

9. Be regular in your prayers. Marry only four wives. Believe in God, His Angels, His Prophets and His Saints. Wear jewelled-turbans. Let your manners be courteous and your gestures dignified. Carefully observe the prescribed fasts and vigils. Do not drink wine. Let your beard be scented at least three times a day.

10. Have common sense.

FREE SPEECH

Englishmen in this country are not popularly supposed to offer much encouragement to advocates of Indian freedom, venturing to give wholesome and useful advice to the Government. And yet it is such advice that should be prized most by the Government. All right minded English people will agree with me that only those Indians who live and strive for Indian autonomy are the true sons of the Motherland—not those others who deify titles and higher salaries. And the thoughts that true patriots are thinking to-day will materialise into national facts to-morrow. Those who desire to cultivate friendly relations with India must learn to respect and, if possible, immediately satisfy the legitimate and reasoned demands of Indian seers and creators.

And the first thing that modern India demands of England to-day is that none may interfere with free speech in India. Free speech is the truest ally of every sensible Government. When you stifle men's voices, you embitter and harden their hearts. And this world is based on the mind: "Thoughts are things".

An old Indian writer says that the wise king should care more for the respect of a hundred thoughtful men than the blind allegiance of a million fools. And the first condition for any sort of State to be respected is to permit free speech in all things and to all parties,

Of course Englishmen know these things quite as well as we do. But, all the same, we sometimes feel constrained to restate them, "lest they forget".

INDIA AND THE WAR.

(JULY, 1915.)

Call it fatalism or what you will, we, in India, have always thought and still think that the destinies of all things here on earth are controlled by superior forces of whose nature man has yet known but little. The affairs of cawing crows and of "civilised nations," of cats and of "supermen," are all determined by Divine laws—the laws of those whom we call the immortals. The diplomats and statesmen of the world think that they themselves decide the fates of nations. We think that the diplomats and statesmen are wrong. All beings are instruments of the Divine will and act for ends which they can never fully comprehend. We know this and we are therefore possessed with a sense of humility and diffidence when we want to understand the real objects for which the Gods have sent this grim and terrible tragedy into the fair and prosperous land of Europe. Our hearts are deeply touched when we think of the immense amount of suffering and anguish which this war has brought to European humanity. We have a special love for Europe, in spite of her blunders and faults; for she has done some very good things for mankind.

WHY WE LOVE EUROPE

Within her own realms she has fought noble battles against superstition and injustice. She has used her best talents for unravelling the mysteries of God's Physical world. She has been bold in her inquiries, courageous in her convictions and high-souled in her aspirations. Mankind is fundamentally one. Of course there are some silly theorists and sillier rhymesters in Europe, as here, who have been pleased to divide mankind into hearts which "shall never meet", but the true seers have everywhere proclaimed the unity of the human race. And whatever mental or moral victories Europe may have won for herself, she has won for the whole of humanity also. We therefore love Europe and we earnestly hope that she will soon be permitted by the Gods to return to the normal ways of life. Her pain moves our hearts. May she soon have peace.

WHY WE ARE FRIENDLY TO THE CAUSE OF THE ALLIES!

Even the soul which recognises and is ever willing to submit to the inscrutable dispensations of the higher powers may have its own convictions, its own sympathies, its own choice. And from whatever philosophical height one may choose to survey the momentous struggle now going on in Europe, one cannot help taking sides unless one ceases to be human. The thing is so grand, so terrible, so tragic, so human. It is a pity that men should have to die like this. But the laws are inexorable. Certain ideas have got to triumph, certain principles have got to be realised among men. And man generally learns new lessons at a frightful cost. In Europe, to-day, the allies maintain that they fight for international equity, for the rights of nations and individuals; while the Germans say that they are fighting, among other things, for the maintenance and advancement of *their* culture.

They even speak of Germanising the world. I am willing to admit that on the side of the allies also there

are certain people whose love for liberty and equity is of very recent origin—the principal advisers of the Tsar. for instance. But still there remains the fact that their war-cry is; “each nation for itself,” while the other side lays more stress on imposing German culture on the rest of us. There is no use in thinking about past incidents. In the past everyone has been wrong, in Asia as well as in Europe. We must forgive the past. There remains no doubt, however that in the present war the right is with the Allies. And we in India—all of us who count for anything—being passionate lovers of the cause of freedom, we pray that the side which will guarantee the freedom of nations, which will demolish once for all the stupid doctrine that “Might is right”, which will establish a permanent and universal system of international equity and mutual respect—that side should win. This is the reason why India is so willing to sacrifice her men and resources towards aiding England and her allies. England, we are pleased to find, is full of genuine gratitude for all that we are doing for her at present, though some of her agents here persist in clinging to the old follies and superstition. But these men do not count for much; England will never forget India's generosity and magnanimity. She will not disappoint the civilised world by denying her present ideals when the war shall be over.

NAMMALWAR.

(THE SUPREME VAISHNAVA SAINT AND POET)

Maran, renowned as Nammalwar (“Our Saint”) among the Vaishnavas, and the greatest of their saints and poets, was born in a small town called Kuruhur in the southernmost region of the Tamil country—Tirunelveli (Tinnevely). His father, Kari, was a petty prince who paid tribute to the Pandyan King of Madura. We have no means of ascertaining the date of the Alvar's birth, as the traditional account is un-

trustworthy and full of inconsistencies. We are told that the infant was mute for several years after his birth. Nammalwar renounced the world early in life and spent his time, singing and meditating on God, under the shade of a tamarind tree by the side of the village temple.

It was under this tree that he was first seen by his disciple, the Alvar Madhura-kavi—for the latter also is numbered among the great Twelve,—“lost in the sea of Divine Love.” Tradition says that while Madhura-kavi was wandering in North India as a pilgrim, one night a strange light appeared to him in the sky and travelled towards the south. Doubtful at first what significance this phenomenon might have for him, its repetition during three consecutive nights convinced him that it was a divine summons and where this luminous sign led, he must follow. Night after night he journeyed southwards till the guiding light came to Kuruhur and there disappeared. Learning of Nammalwar's spiritual greatness he thought that it was to him that the light had been leading him. But when he came to him, he found him absorbed in deep meditation with his eyes fast closed and although he waited for hours, the Sawadhi did not break until he took up a large stone and struck it against the ground violently. At the noise Nammalwar opened his eyes, but still remained silent. Madhura-kavi then put to him this enigmatical question, “If the little one (the soul) is borne into the dead thing (Matter), what will the little one eat, and where will the little one lie?”, *to which Nammalwar replied in an equally enigmatic style, “That will it eat and there will it lie”.

Subsequently Nammalwar permitted his Disciple to live with him and it was Madhura-kavi who wrote down his songs as they were composed. Nammalwar died in his thirty-fifth year, but he has achieved so great a

*The form of the question reminds one of Epictetus's definition of man, “Thou art a little soul carrying about a corpse”. Some of our readers may be familiar with Swinburne's adaptation of the saying “A little soul for a little bears up the corpse which is man”.

reputation that the Vaishnavas account him an incarnation of Vishnu himself, while others are only the mace, discus, conch, etc., of the Deity.

From the philosophical and spiritual point of view, his poetry ranks among the highest in Tamil literature. But in point of literary excellence there is a great inequality; for while some songs touch the level of the loftiest world poets, others, even though rich in rhythm and expression, fall much below the poet's capacity. In his great work known as the *Tiruvay-moli* (the Sacred Utterance) which contains more than a thousand stanzas he has touched all the phases of the life divine and given expression to all forms to spiritual experience. The pure and passionless Reason, the direct perception of the high solar realm of Truth itself, the ecstatic and sometimes poignant love that leaps into being at the vision of the "Beauty of God's face" the final Triumph where unity is achieved and "I and my Father are one"—all these are uttered in his simple and flowing lines with a strength that is full of tenderness and truth.

The lines which we have translated are a fair specimen of the great Alwar's poetry; but it has suffered considerably in the translation—indeed the genius of the Tamil tongue hardly permits of an effective rendering so, utterly divergent is it from that of the English language.

ANDAL

(THE VAISHNAVA POETESS)

Preoccupied from the earliest times with divine knowledge and religious aspirations, the Indian mind has turned all forms of human life and emotion and all phenomena of the universe into symbols and means by which the embodied soul may strive after and grasp the Supreme. Indian devotion has especially seized upon the most intimate human relations and made them stepping stones to the superhuman. God the

guru, God the master, God the friend, God the mother, God the child, God the self, each of these experiences—for to us these are more than mere idea—it has carried to its extreme possibilities. But none of them has it pursued, embraced, sung, with a more exultant passion of intimate realisation than the yearning for God the Lover, God the Beloved. It would seem as if this passionate human symbol were the natural culminating point for the mounting flame of the soul's devotion: for it is found wherever that devotion has entered into the most secret shrine of the inner temple. We meet it in Islamic poetry; certain experiences of the Christian mystic repeat the forms and images with which we are familiar in the East, but usually with a certain timorousness foreign to the Eastern temperament. For the devotee who has once had this intense experience it is that which admits the most profound and hidden mystery of the universe; for him the heart has the key of the last secret.

The work of a great Bengali poet has recently reintroduced this idea to the European mind, which has so much lost memory of its old religious traditions as to welcome and wonder at it as a novel form of mystic self-expression. On the contrary, it is ancient enough, like all things natural and eternal in the human soul. In Bengal a whole period of national poetry has been dominated by this single strain and it has inspired a religion and a philosophy. And in Vaishnavism of the far South, in the songs of the Tamil Alvars we find it again in another form giving a powerful and original turn to the images of our old classic poetry; for there it has been sung out by the rapt heart of a woman to the heart of the universe. The Tamil word Alvar means one who has drowned, lost himself, in the sea of the Divine Being. Among these canonised saints of Southern Vaishnavism ranks Vishnuchitha, a yogin and poet of Villipattin in the land of the Pandyas. He is termed Periyalwar, the Great Alvar. A tradition, which we need not believe, places him in the ninety-eighth year of the Kali Yuga. But these Divine singers are ancient enough, since they precede the great

saint and philosopher Ramanuja whose personality and teachings were the last flower of the long-growing Vaishnava tradition. Since his time, southern Vaishnavism has been a fixed creed and a system rather than a creator of new spiritual greatness.

The poetess Andal was the foster-daughter of Vishnuchitha, found by him, it is said, a new-born child under the sacred Tulsi plant. We know little of Andal except what we can gather from a few legends some of them richly beautiful and symbolic. Most of Vishnuchitha's poems have the infancy and boyhood of Krishna for their subject. Andal, brought up in that atmosphere, cast into the mould of her life what her foster-father had sung in inspired hymns. Her own poetry—we may suppose that she passed early into the Light towards which she yearned, for it is small in bulk—is entirely occupied with her passion for the Divine Being. It is said that she went through a symbolic marriage with Sri Ranganatha, Vishnu in his temple at Srirangam, and disappeared into the image of her Lord. This tradition probably conceals some actual facts, for Andal's marriage with the Lord is still celebrated annually with considerable pomp and ceremony.

RIGHTS AND DUTIES.

In the course of a recent lecture at Madras (Oct. 1914), Mrs Annie Besant is reported to have emphasised the upholding of one's duties in preference to one's rights. And the Chariman of the meeting, Justice Sadasiva Iyer, naively remarked (in effect):—"After listening to Mrs Besant's speech, I have come to see that man has no rights at all. He has only duties. God alone has rights, etc.

Now, I have a right to submit that such teachings contain but a partial truth and may do injury to the cause of our national progress which I am sure, is as dear to the hearts of Mrs. Besant and Justice Iyer as to anyone else's.

My duties are based on my rights. That is to say, my duties to others are defined by their duties to myself. It is my duty to respect my father, because I am his son and he has permitted me the right to the life and the culture that he has bequeathed to me.

In my view they are equal sacredness : my rights and my duties. My duties I must fulfil. My rights I must vindicate. Life is possible only on such a basis.

Meanwhile it is the right and duty of the wise ones to purify the strong by teaching them their duties and to strengthen the weak by teaching them their rights.

"VERNACULARS."

I do not blame the Madras "Council of Indian Education" for their anxiety to have Prof. Geddes' views on the subject of employing Indian languages as the media of instruction in Indian schools. For I am aware that men's thoughts are ordinarily moulded by their environments. Nor do I blame the good and learned Prof. Geddes for his innocent comparison of the revival of Indian languages with the Gaelic revival in Wales and in Ireland. I do not know if Gaelic has any extensive and *living* literature. But I feel it is high time to remind all parties concerned in discussions like this, that most of the Indian languages have great, historic, and *living* literatures. Of course their lustre has been slightly dimmed by economic conditions during these later days. The English-educated minority in this country can be pardoned for being frightfully ignorant of the higher phases of our national literatures: but they will do well to drop that annoying attitude of patronage and condescension when writing and talking about our languages. The Tamil language, for instance, has a *living* philosophical and poetical literature that is far grander, to my mind, than that of the "vernacular" of England.

For the matter of that, I do not think that any modern vernacular of Europe can boast of works like the *Kural* of Valluvar, the *Ramayana* of Kamban and the *Silapathikaram* (Anklet Epic) of Ilango. And it may not be irrelevant to add that I have read and appreciated the exquisite beauties of Shelly and of Victor Hugo in the original English and French "vernaculars" and of Goeth in English translations.

THE OCCULT ELEMENT IN TAMIL SPEECH.

Among the four typical languages with which I am acquainted, the Tamil language seems to me to be unique in possessing an extraordinary number of words that have more of occult suggestion in them than secular significance.

It is well known among all occultists that the names of the numbers one, two, three, etc., which occur most familiarly in our daily speech, are yet potent spells in the occultist's dictionary. But I should not forget that most of my readers may be perfect strangers to occultism in any of its aspects and, for their benefit, I shall briefly explain here what I mean by the expression. "Occult Speech" or "Occult Language".

Occult language is the language of the spirit. It is the language of the heart. Lovers sometimes speak that language, unaware that they are doing so. Sometimes too, children, devotees and other innocent people with big, deep, unsullied heart speak this language, in a similar or greater state of ignorance. But the occultists have made a regular science of the thing; they carefully learn the inner meaning of every word and expression having any occult import. And they use the secular language in such a way that both the secular and occult meanings may sound simultaneously.

When two yogis met one another, the first thing they did was to recognise in each other the Spark Divine. Each man mentally said to the other (In the luminous words of the Tamil poet and saint, Thayumanavar): "Thou art the soul; not thou the body, nor the five elements, nor the five senses; not thou thy thinking, nor thy reasoning, nor thine heart, nor thine egoism nor thy knowledge nor thine ignorance: but thou art the unbound, pure and untarnished spirit mirroring forth like pure glass whatsoever thou mayst look upon." Unto each other they made the mental affirmation: "Thou art part of God; thou art God; and, so, thou art myself." It is on this clear understanding, this absolute and unforgettable basis, that all further conversation is held by the two seers or aspirants as the case may be. "I am thyself and thou art me; now let us proceed."

Now, all conversation that may ensue on such an understanding between two such companions may be easily expected to be utterly different, both in form and in import, from all other kinds of human conversation. And it is utterly different. In their speech, the yogis naturally use the symbols of the ordinary human languages; but, when they speak, most of these symbols acquire a new value; most of the ideas get a new import. It is to the speech of such yogis that we give the name 'Occult language'.

Thus having made it clear as to what is meant by occultism in language, let me proceed to exemplify it by elucidating some of the chief occult expressions of the Tamil language.

Utkar is the Tamil word meaning "to sit". Etymologically, it is 'utku+ar', meaning: "Within thyself rest", "be self composed". The yogi uses the word in both senses simultaneously. Externally, his word invites you to take your seat. But, in its inner sense, it invites you to compose yourself and put yourself in an attitude of spiritual peace which alone can insure any really happy or really profitable conversation. Give up all ennui, all fretting, all preoccupations; give

up all kinds of absence of mind and lack of present interest, anxieties and all the vulgar and foolish and superstitious cares of that most helpless of all existing things, viz., the individual ego. Get into the peace and happiness of God.

In common speech, however, this word is used as *Ocear* which is *Occa+ar* meaning "Get into harmony, set thy spirit in unison with mine."

"But why," you might ask, "should the aspirants or yogis resort to symbolic speech at all? Why should they not put it all in plain, ordinary language, using a larger number of psychological and metaphysical expressions where quite necessary?" Well, I asked the same question of my Guru. He replied: "Your metaphysical and psychological words which will become absolutely necessary, if you avoid symbolic speech, are not at all likely to make your language either plain or ordinary. In symbolic speech, even the ordinary man gets the external meaning, while the internal meaning is understood only by the trained ones. But when you mix up the psychological with ordinary expressions, the thing becomes wholly unintelligible to the ordinary man. But that is only a secondary reason. The primary reason is that symbolic speech is *par excellence* the language of the heart, and so it has become the immemorial tradition among the yogis to use it. And so far as I know, it is one of the best ways to make the spiritual life practical."

The Tamil first person *Nan* is used by the occultists to denote the third person singular *avan*, meaning "He", "the unique God". And for this audacious monism, the occultist gives the etymological justification that he really intends the Tamil word *annan* which, as every one knows, means "He"—but he merely drops the prefix *an* by a sort of occult license. The word *Ni* meaning "thou" is used by the yogis as signifying "Love me" or "grant me thy grace". The etymological justification is this: In *enni* which means; "Grant me thy grace", the first two letters

en are dropped. *Aham* means both "the house" and "the self".

The word *Thuni* has two meanings in Tamil, "cloth" and "courage". The occultists use it in both connotations, simultaneously. *Sappadu* is the word used for food. In the occult sense it signifies unification in mutual love. *Thannir* is Tamil word for "water". The yogi uses it to mean good grace because, etymologically, *than* means "cool" and *nir* means, "temper". *Kan*, which is the Tamil word for the "eye" is used to signify "know me". *Kel* means "to hear" as well as "to love". The Tamil yogis use the word to signify both. And so is the case with *Muhar*, which means "to smell" as well as "to enjoy". *Thol*, which signifies the organ of touch ordinarily, also means "true love" both in the occult, and in the classic literature. The names of the seven days of the week have also similar occult denotations, but, as these are common to all languages and not peculiar to Tamil, I shall not dilate upon them here. Again *Nel*, which is Tamil for paddy, refers to the spiritual sun, i. e. to the paramount God of Existence.

And so with the names of many other grains and vessels and furniture and what not? They all have occult significances. Indeed, I scarcely know a Tamil word which has no occult meaning as well as the secular,

The longing for the realisation of the spiritual unity has given birth to occultism in language. And, in a deeper sense, human language itself has had its origin in the beginnings of that longing. And the complete achievement of spiritual oneness in this universe with its endless moods and numberless objects is the goal of occult philology which, I feel sure, the ordinary man of

culture, and not only the occultist, will be able to realise as a thing of entrancing interest, if properly initiated thereinto. What has so long been the secret property of the initiated few, I now long to spread among the general public. But I do not know how far that public may be willing to interest itself in this subject.

If there are any indications that people take some interest in it, I shall continue to write further essays on this delightful theme.



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