

"That Art Thou."

Chhandogya-Upanishad.

"This so solid-seeming world, after all, is but an air-image over Me, the only reality; and nature with its thousand-fold productions and destruction, but the reflex of our inward force, the phantasy of our dream."—*Carlyle.*

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Keynotes.

THERE is a conflict of opinions in the Hindu Shástras regarding the age of man in the different *yugas*. In ordinary almanacks it is stated that the period of the lifetime of one man in the *Satya yuga* was one *lac* of years. But the Manu Sanhita, Yoga Báshista and certain passages of the Vedas show that the life-period of a human being in that remote age was only four hundred years. How are we to reconcile these conflicting statements.

In the Bible we find that the age of the patriarchs is stated to be of inordinate length, viz., the ages of Solomon, Jeremiah, Job, and others. Recent excavations in different parts of the world have also shown that the physical stature of the men of the pre-historic ages was gigantic and colossal. These facts bear out the statement of the Manu Sánhita that the age of man in the *Kritá* age was four hundred years. The age of the Biblical patriarchs some-

times reach the high figure of 900 years. All these testimony from different parts of the world can never be taken as fabulous by a rational being especially when these statements are corroborated from excavations. But still how are we to explain the enormous age of a *lac* of years for man as stated in the current almanacks and which is, no doubt, taken from some Shástras?

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The truth is that the period of four hundred years above mentioned refers to the average life-period of an ordinary man in the *Satya yuga*. The extraordinary number of years which go to make up a *lac* of years refer to the life of a *Yogi*, *Rishi*, or Mahátma. It is further stated that in that remote *yuga* men had the power to leave their body *at will*. Of course this refers to the case of extraordinary men

only who by means of *yoga* could prolong their lives for *lacs* of years or for any period they wished.

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The *yugas* signify vast astronomical periods. For example, Kali-yuga commenced when there was a conjunction of all the planets in the ecliptic. Each *yuga* covers many geological sub-periods of life modern scientists, such as the Glacial Period, Tertiary Period, Eocene Period, &c. The material surroundings as well as the condition of life of the inhabitants of those periods were no doubt different from our own. It is therefore, probable that their life-period was also different.

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Col. Olcott's "Old Diary Leaves," in the Theosophist, is becoming startling. In 1879, when "Isis Unveiled" was compiled, Mme. Blavatsky did not hold the doctrine of re-incarnation, tho' she had lived among Hindus, Buddhists and Tibetan adepts! Again, there are not, as formerly taught, seven degrees of Mahâtmas but sixty-three, and some of these are ignorant of re-incarnation, and possess no *siddhis*! Well, the more we know the less we know! *The Buddhist Ray.*

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"I am forced to smile," says the Sâdhu Tulsy Das in a beautiful Hindi couplet, "to see the fish dying of thirst in the water." Within the ocean of Satchidânanda man holds his being, the act, the actor, and the acting are each and all of them immersed in the fountain-head, but man runs hither and thither to get a glimpse of God!

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"Would'st know where I found the Supreme?" says Attar, a Sufi sage,— "One step behind the Self."

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A correspondent gives a very good explanation of the caste-system in Prasnottara. He says, "The caste-system is based upon the doctrine of Spiritual Heredity and it also holds good from the physical standpoint of division of labour and economy or utility. Unlike the modern doctrine of heredity which regards the physical body only of importance, the Hindu legislators of old payed more attention to mental heredity and studying nature found that the mind of man was born in a family having the same tendency as itself. They, therefore, divided the race into 4 principal divisions following different avocations such as spirituality, war, trade, and agriculture.

Now when a man is born in a family of his own proclivities and when that family has been for a series of generations developing in one special field he begins with a good start or impetus in that field. His parents being of that tendency put him in the way from his very boyhood. All his associations, such as neighbours, things, &c., tend to remind him of that one field. Here I would state that each class of persons in India reside in its own precincts, undisturbed by others, though of late that custom is deviated from in large towns. In consequence, instruments, books, &c., are easily obtainable in the family itself as also easy access to information. Thus our forefathers created many specialists in each field who worked in it from their earliest years like the specialists in philosophy science &c., of modern days, the difference being that the modern system lacks good specialists both in number and quality as well as *race* specialists as in the Hindu system. By *race* specialists I mean those who propagate issue having the same tendencies as the father. Thus we find that caste system, both on account of heredity and utility, is good,

It is not, however, to be supposed there will be no love or unanimity of feeling between the castes. On account of division of labour, each has to depend upon the others for its food, physical, mental, or other which others may give. For instance, when spirituality was wanted all the others would apply to the Brahmins for help, and so on."

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In the October issue of the Notes and Queries an American magazine, the editor tries to explain the grand astronomical theory that our Sun with all its planetary systems is revolving round a huge central star which is a member of the cluster called Hercules.

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The Theosophist for November in reviewing the article entitled the "Mahátmás" in the September No. of the Light of the East says, "In the latter (article) objection is taken to the Theosophic view of the Mahátmás. It is full of blind assertion and unsupported theory, but it should be read by Theophists for comparison with other statements made upon what we may regard as *higher authority*." The italics are ours. In reply we should state that the assertions contained in the article in question are at least as authoritative as those given out by the Theosophical leaders; nay, they are more so, as the article above referred to contains no such conflicting opinions as displayed by Mr. Sinnett in his opinion about the planetary chain. We have very little regard for the authority of one who, it is alleged, did not know the re-incarnation theory when writing Isis Unveiled and most of whose adepts are ignorant of the same. May we ask, how many super-sensual

statements of the Theosophical leaders are not "blind assertions and unsupported theories?"

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In the current number of the Theosophist in an article entitled, "The Doctrine of Májá and the Hindu scriptures" an attempt is made to show that "Absolute Monism," which allows Parambrámh to be the only existing reality is not the true doctrine of the Upanishads, and that Sankara and his followers are wrong in their interpretation of the Upanishads. The writer says, "The Advaitis can have no Moksha or final release. Their Moksha can only be a kind of self-destruction, which is figuratively termed Moksha." This is a very rash assertion and the writer has come to this strange conclusion for the following reason. He seems to judge everything from the standpoint of man and holds that as the consciousness of Parambrámh is not similar to that of a man, Bramh is equivalent to "non-being." Just in the same way an ant may reason that as the consciousness of Sir Issac Newton is not similar to his own the mathematician is equivalent to "non-being." In the Secret Doctrine Parambrámh is defined as the "ceaseless eternal breath, which *knows itself not*." Passages like the above (saturated with atheistic flavour) have tinged the thoughts of many a Hindu Theosophist who have come to regard Parambrámh as an entity which "*knows itself not*." If Bramh "*knows itself not*," then it is like a piece of inanimate matter and nothing else. Certainly it is not desirable to reduce one's self into this condition. But no. The Parambrámh of the Hindus is *Satchídánanda*. It is simply existence, intelligence and bliss. It is sometimes urged that how can Bramh be *conscious* of itself when there is no duality. The answer is, because it

is *self-luminous*. It requires nothing to illumine it. The Sun is always self-luminous though it receives no external light.

The student should read the philosophy of Kant if he is desirous to understand thoroughly the theory of *Máyá* as propounded by Sankara. He will find that the *matter* of our waking state is as unreal as the matter of dream from the *stand-point* of spirit.

The writer says that the doctrine of *Máyá* is nowhere explicitly put forth in our religions scriptures. The whole of Yoga Báshista teaches it. We refer our readers to Aitareya Upanishad, I. 2. with Sankara's commentary thereon. It may be remarked (this passage says) that a carpenter can make a house as he is possessed of material, but how can the soul, being *without material*, create the world? * * * We may say that as a material juggler without material creates himself as it were another self going in the air, so the omniscient deity being omniscient and almighty in

Máyá, creates himself as it were another self in the form of the world. Rigveda X. 129. teaches the same doctrine. The doctrine is present in many places of the Brihadárayaka Upanishad. The Gita-condenses the doctrine in one Sloka, viz., Ch. II. 16.

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No. 2. Vol. I. of Borderland (London) edited by Mr. Stead has reached our table. The magazine is of surpassing interest and treats of Crystal-reading, Mesmerism, Clairvoyance, Telepathy, Spiritualism, Automatic writing, Astrology and kindred subjects. If the scientific line of research be strictly adhered to, the magazine will mark an era in the history of modern thought. We are afraid, there is every possibility of a departure being made from the scientific line of research as the subjects are mystical and far away from trodden grounds; and we advise Mr. Stead to adhere to the scientific plan.

The Aim of Life.

WHAT is the common goal of all existence? What is the point to which every creature from the microscopic insect to the cultured and enlightened intellect of the nineteenth century is running? Which is the common object ever unattainable, but shining in the distance, to which all eyes are turned? What is that tempting bait which the young and the old, the girl of seventeen summers as well as the hoary-headed man of seventy winters, are eager to swallow? It is *Happiness*. Search where you will, in the dark bowels of the

earth as well as in the sun-lit expanse of space, you will find that every creature is goaded with the unrest of unceasing willing and desiring, with the untiring search for happiness. Even old men cherish for their children the realisation of their hopes for the attainment of happiness whose vanity they have in all respects perceived in their own case. The desire for happiness is latent in every creature and is the mainspring of its action. The *will* is always yearning after satisfaction, but in the long run it always remains unsatisfied, empty, and

restless as before. There are two kinds of gratification we earnestly long for. The one is of a purely physical nature, concerned with the nerves and is aptly termed *nervous* or *sensual* pleasure. The senses which give us the largest amount of sensual pleasure are the *palate* and the *sexual* organs. Here the *will* enjoys through the nervous system. The pleasure is of a purely nervous character and when it reaches a certain degree of intensity the nerves become blunted and the gratification comes to an end for the time being. (Think of the satiation after a rich meal and exhaustion in sexual gratification). The pleasures of the nervous system are called *Tâmastic* and are of a very low order in as much as the nerves produce a far larger amount of *pain* than *pleasure* during a life time. (Think of the agony of death, the *pain* produced by hunger, thirst, fatigue, disease and accidents). *The accustomed is no longer felt as enjoyment; but the omission of the customary is painfully felt.* "We do not feel the health of our whole body, but only the little part where the shoe pinches," says Schopenhauer; again, "Whoever wishes to put to a brief trial the assertion that in the world enjoyment outweighs pain, or at least in equipoise with it, should compare the sensation of the animal which devours another with that of this other." The loathsome venereal diseases brought about by excessive sexual indulgence and the awful pains of child-bearing in women can never be placed side by side with the momentary sensation which is the result of the sexual impulse. As regards the general condition of the nervous system, it is evident that nobody enjoys health in the same sense as he suffers from disease; nobody feels a limb except when he is ill; the nervous feels that he has nerves; only he who has diseased

eyes feels that he has those organs; the healthy, however, perceives only by sight and touch that he has a body.

From the above considerations it is clear that as regards the pains and pleasures of the nervous system, the former far out-weigh the latter and it is a delusion to think that in an entire life-time the sum of nervous pleasure exceeds or is even equal to the sum of nervous pain. Even granting that the pleasures and pains equipoise each other (which is certainly not the case) the balance would weigh in the side of pain as will appear from the following considerations stated by Hartmann: "If I have the choice either of not at all hearing, or of hearing first for five minutes discords and then for five minutes a fine piece of music; if I have the choice either not to smell at all, or to smell first a stench and then a perfume; if I have the choice either not to taste, or to taste first something disagreeable and then something agreeable, I shall in all the cases decide for the non-hearing, non-smelling, and non-tasting, even if the successive homogenous painful and pleasurable sensations appear to me to be of equal in degree, although it would certainly be difficult to ascertain the equality of the degree."

We see that as long as sensation will continue the sum of pain will far outweigh the sum of pleasure. The state of deep sleep may be called the Zero-point of sensation, when pain or pleasure is absent. With regard to the nervous system, therefore, the state of its non-existence is preferable to the state of its existence; hence the hope for attaining a sum of pleasure during a life-time which will outweigh the sum of pain is simply a delusion.

From the consideration of the pleasures of the senses let us pass over to the sensations which are purely mental, that is, to the

province of the *will*. Here we find that mental pleasure consists in the satisfaction of a desire and mental pain in its non-satisfaction. But we know from experience that the *will* never becomes satisfied. In its search or enjoyment it vainly grasps one object after another fondly devoting itself to the first best object that pleases it; but as soon as it withdraws and asks, "Am I now happy?" the reply comes from the depth of its soul, 'oh, no; thou art still just as empty and destitute as before!' There is much truth in the following statement of Schopenhauer, "The *will* is, as long as it exists unsatisfied, for otherwise it would exist no longer; the unsatisfied will, however, is want, need, displeasure. If now it is satisfied this displeasure is abolished, and therein consists the satisfaction or pleasure; another there is not." Now, a lasting satisfaction of the *will* can only proceed from *contentment* and not from the enjoyment of any external object. Hence the man enjoying perfect contentment is far happier than the emperor of the whole world. This is the great truth which lies hidden in the ancient Shástric lore of India. When the *negation of will* is fully accomplished rebirth ceases and the man becomes possessed of the knowledge of his higher self. This is known as *Jibunmukti*. We have shown before that the non-existence of the nervous system is preferable to its existence in as much as it inflicts more pain than pleasure; we now see that the *negation* of the will is preferable to its existence in as much as the will is, as long as it exists, unsatisfied, for otherwise it would exist no longer; the unsatisfied will, however, is want, need, and displeasure. Hence we conclude that, on the whole, the non-existence of man, under the present circumstances, is preferable to his existence and that the only path to happiness

is the *negation of the will to enjoy*. The *will to enjoy* is the cause of rebirth. When the negation is accomplished rebirth ceases and the will becomes transformed into Satchidánanda.

Mukti or emancipation is a purely subjective state. The word *Nirvána* which occurs in the Hindu as well as in the Buddhistic literature fully expresses the meaning of *Mukti*. *Nirvána* means the extinction or the blowing out of the mind or *desire*. When desire comes to an end the true nature of the sense of "I" (egoism) is revealed, which is clouded with desire in the case of an ordinary man. This revelation of self, which is of the nature of Satchidánanda, is *Mukti*. There is no *material cord* which binds the self with the body; it is the invisible cord of *desire* which ties us down to our mortal tenement. But sunder this tie for ever and you will reach the supreme abode of Bliss.

What is then the Aim of Life? The aim of life is to secure eternal happiness for the soul. How are we to reach this end? By the extinction of all desire, by the negation of the will. The will should be carefully turned aside from every object of enjoyment by the suppression of the passions and should lie self-satisfied like a *dead* object. This is the first step in the ladder of *Nirvána*; all else will be accomplished by the slow process of nature. The initial step is the most difficult and is adorned with the most tempting objects of enjoyment. To rend asunder the veil of seeming beauty and to find out its hollowness is the work of wisdom and is the only means of salvation. This is the great truth which is inculcated by the Aryan Rishis, by Christ, and by Buddha. It is the crown-jewel of wisdom. The deluded world can not see through the veil of *Máya*. The natural man lives for the moment and like the animal

wanders vaguely through the world without looking straight to the end of his existence. He revels in transcendent ideals, strives after glory, possessions, and practical science, till at last he perceives the vanity of all endeavour and rests his weary head longing for peace. After the energetic activity of manhood, the wise man enters upon a period of ripe contemplation and at last comes to the simple conclusion that the death of desire is the royal road to the abode of eternal peace.

The illusion which deceives man with a show of false pleasure can be easily detected by a critical examination of the so-called pleasures of life. I am indebted to Mr. Hartmann (a great German philosopher) for a critical analysis of the apparently pleasure-giving feelings of man. The satiation of hunger and love seems to give us the greatest amount of pleasure but on close consideration it will be found that the pain they inflict for outweighs the sense of pleasure. Hartmann's remarks on these two radical impulses of human nature, I quote as follow in his own words. Regarding these two impulses he says, "If the value of *these* two factors for the individual must be pronounced to be small, there is little prospect of showing the value of individual life for its own sake in other ways." Again, "whoever finds himself in the fortunate situation of being able, whenever the commencement of hunger is announced, instantly to satisfy the same, and whoever is not inconvenienced by the lowering of the power of the brain through satiety, may certainly receive through hunger a certain excess of pleasure by the power of digestion; but how few are in this doubly enviable position! Most of the 1,300 millions of the earth's inhabitants have either a scanty nourishment, unsatisfying and prolonging life with difficulty, or they live for a time in

superfluity from which they derive no preponderating enjoyment, and must for another period actually starve and suffer want, when they must accordingly endure the pains of hunger for long periods, whilst the pleasure of satiety, with perfect stilling of hunger, only occupies a few hours of the day. But now let any one compare the dull delight of satiety and digestion with the distinct gnawing of hunger or the hell-torments of thirst to which animals in deserts, steppes, and such regions that in the hot season are perfectly dry are not seldom exposed. How much more however, must among many species of animals the pain of hunger exceed the pleasure of satiety in the course of life, which at certain season die of hunger, from want of food, often in considerable numbers, or for weeks and months just on the brink of starvation, prolong their existence in slightly more favourable conditions of life! * * But even in our large towns we read ever and anon of cases of literal dying of hunger. Can the gluttony of a thousand gourminds outweigh the torments of one starving human being? The result in respect of hunger is then this, that the individual by the simple stilling of his hunger, never experiences a positive rise above the Zero-point of sensation; that under specially favourable circumstances he can certainly gain a positive excess of pleasure by the relish and pleasure of digestion connected with hunger; but that in the animal kingdom and the human kingdom, on the whole, the torment and pain produced by hunger and its consequences far outweigh, and always will outweigh, the pleasure connected with its satisfaction. Considered in itself, therefore, the need of food is an evil." Referring to the feeling of love, Mr. Hartmann says, "With man, especially the cultivated, birth is more painful and more difficult

than for any other animal, and mostly entails a longer sick-bed. I need not hesitate, therefore, to declare the total sufferings of child-bearing for the woman greater than the total physical pleasures of coition. * * * One side generally loves more ardently than the other; the less loving is usually the first to draw back and the other feels faithlessly abandoned and betrayed. Whoever could see and weigh the pain of deceived hearts on account of broken vows, as much of it as is in the world at any moment would find that it alone exceeds all the happiness derived from love existing at the same time in the world, for the simple reason that the pain of disillusion and the bitterness of betrayal last much longer than the blissful illusion. * * * How much married and domestic peace is not destroyed by clandestine love! What colossal sacrifices of paternal happiness and well-being in other respects does not the unblest sexual impulse demand! Father's curse and expulsion from the family circle, even from the social circle in which one has become rooted ;

such is the price paid by man and maiden in order merely to be united to the beloved one!" Following the principle that pleasure consists only in the satisfaction of the will and the customary is no longer felt as pleasurable the philosopher says, "A caliph, on the other hand who is conscious that he has only to issue his commands in order to possess any woman that pleases him, will hardly be at all conscious of the satisfaction of his will, however, strong it may be in particular case. Hence it follows that the pleasure of satisfaction is only purchased by preceding pain at the supposed impossibility of attaining possession; for difficulties whose conquest one foresees as certain are already no longer difficulties."

From the above it is clear that the expectation of pleasure, under the present circumstances of man, rests on an illusion; that in the world, *pain* far outweighs the sense of *pleasure*; and that *Bairāgya* (the death of desire) as recommended by the ancient Rishis can only lead one to the abode of infinite bliss.



The U. S.

THE T. S. is strong and stout enough and well-secured in the affection of the present generation to stand in need of any body's smiles or frowns. Yet criticism in true spirit is a thing never unwelcome to any honest institution having for its aim objects high and noble as those of the T. S. In the hope of giving expression to the feeling which the Hindus in general entertain towards it, I venture to write the following lines on the T. S. as it stands at present.

I shall but tell the bare truth when I say that the formation of the T. S. has marked an epoch in the world's history. Its influence and the change it has wrought on the thinking portion of humanity and thus on the world at large are no more dim shows of the perspective but real glaring facts. Indeed it has made poor progress in India; but it has taught the European world a great lesson,—that of looking with other eyes on the Indians than those used heretofore for the

act. The proper field of its action is Europe. It is a tree whose roots are in the Eastern soil and the trunk and branches in the sky of the West. India provides it with sap and life for the enjoyment of its shade and fruits by Europe. The whole thought of Europe, excepting a few honorable exceptions, was hitherto confined in the narrow groove of the sensual, material world with nothing but blankness or grandmother conceptions of the other side beyond it, and the advent of the T. S. has offered the general public for the first time the opportunity to speak out their thoughts, to believe according to their reasons, and form a general idea of life and death which is rational and intelligible. For an organized support is in all countries and among all nations necessary for the support of the belief and practice of the general mass and this the T. S. affords to the West. The T. S. has been carrying to the homes of Europe the sublime truths of nature, re-incarnation and the law of Karma where an eternal heaven and eternal hell, after a period of hanging in the space, reigned supreme. Now people are learning there to laugh at the foolish threat of the missionary that "God has pronounced his eternal condemnation against the world." The T. S. has opened out new avenues of thought on life and death and has imparted a spiritual turn to the hopeless and grovelling material tendency of the west, caused by the ungodly theories of God and his work. The T. S. is the bearer to the general public of the west of a religion and a system of thought walking side by side with the modern explorations of science and reason. In a word, it has been doing invaluable work in the west.

Not so in India. Though like the Christian missionaries it did not propose to sell needles to the smith,

as the Bengali saying goes—yet it is trying to sow on well-stocked fields. The simple cause of the tardiness of progress of the T. S. in India is that it has nothing new for the Indians. To the Indians, ignorant or careless of their faith, it has proved to be the mentor, only that after receiving the light of explanation from it he should recur or begin strictly to obey his *Swadharma*. Neither it is so difficult for the Indians to conciliate the statement that the energies of two solitary individuals could not have raised the edifice of a "wisdom religion" which has stretched to the farthest corners of the world within a period of about 15 years, but that super-human agency must have been behind and guided their exertions. Nor does the fact that H. P. B. was one of the chosen excite the veneration of the Indians so much as it is calculated to do in the case of the Europeans; for it is not a rarity in India, and the fact that in the rank of the F. T. S. themselves there were, Damodar and Subba Rao, as is known to every good Theophist, persons far more spiritually advanced than the *Mme.* herself, and a whole host of others outside who do not care to make themselves public. However, the general attitude of the Indians towards the T. S. is not only not hostile but sympathising to a great extent and silent recognition is the exact expression for the attitude. And if the T. S. works according to its avowed objects, on the lines generally trod on by it during the past, it has no cause for despair in India. Genuine merit and patience are the things to win over the hearts of the Indians. It must not outdo itself or allow its members to run amuck the beliefs of others. And it should be particularly careful of its treatment of them whose system of thought, philosophy, and religion it has taken upon itself to learn

and teach. For, it should clearly bear in mind that it can never grow wise in the knowledge of the ancient Aryans without the help of their children. And however fallen and degraded the present race of Hindus may be, the T. S. should never forget that it cannot ever get wiser than them in the knowledge of their forefathers. For the religion of the Vedas is not learnt by 'learning vast'; hard devotion regular practice, and purification of the Upadhi are the means to secure it, and the T. S. should know it very well, that for scores of years to come, it must not hope to proceed side by side with the Hindus on this way for reasons too evident to need mention here.

We should also make some allowance for the weakness and failings of the T. S. for "to err is human." We should remain prepared to see

the 'voice of silence' given preference to the Gita and the authority of the Mme. valued higher than that of the Shástras. It is a matter of course that some body should rise up now and then firing volleys against the Brahmins and pose as their monitor and teacher. "The division in the house" about "Mars and Mercury" and the valiant Colonel's statement that H. P. B. was not aware of the law of reincarnation when Isis was written must not be paid serious attention to, for the one comes out of the overworked brain of a retired news-paper Editor and the other from that of an old soldier fond of dilating on his past exploits. They will blaze out in good time. We should in the meanwhile keep silent watch on the real amount of work turned out by the T. S.

Alpha.

Browning

As a philosophical and religious teacher.

(AN ABSTRACT).

ROBERT BROWNING was not only a poet but also an exponent of a system of ideas on moral and religious subjects, which may fairly be called a philosophy. Browning is clearly one of that class of poets who are also prophets. He was never merely the "idle singer of an empty day," but one for whom poetic enthusiasm was intimately bound up with religious faith, and who spoke "in number" not merely "because the numbers came," but because they were for

him the necessary vehicle of an inspiring thought.

True poetry is a fine art. "Fine art is not real art, till it is free;" that is, till its value is recognised as lying wholly within itself. There is no doubt that great poetry gives pleasure or refinement or moral culture; but the reader can enjoy them only on condition of forgetting them, for they are effects that follow the sense of its beauty. Art, morality, and religion is each supreme in its own sphere.

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Browning is both a poet and a philosopher. It is only as a poet that he can be finally judged; and the greatness of a poet is to be measured by the extent to which his writings are a revelation of what is beautiful.

What we shall seek in the poet's writings is not beauty, but truth; and although truth is beauty and beauty is truth, still the poetic and philosophic interpretation of life are not to be confused. Philosophy must separate the matter from the form. Its synthesis comes through analysis, and analysis is destructive of beauty, as it is of all life. Art or poetry resists the violence of the critical methods of philosophy.

But, although art and philosophy are supreme each in its own realm, and though neither can be subordinated to the uses of the other, they may help each other. They are independent, but not rival powers of the world of mind. Not only is the interchange of truth possible between them, but each may show and give to the other all its treasures and be none the poorer itself. "It is in the works of art that some nations have deposited the profoundest intuitions and ideas of their hearts." Mankind is indebted to the poets in the first place for revealing beauty; but it also owes to them much insight into the facts and principles of the moral world. It would be an unutterable loss to the ethical thinker and the philosopher, if this region were closed against them, so that they could no longer seek in the poets the inspiration and light that lead to *goodness and truth*. We need the poets for these ethical and religious purposes. Poets are greater than moral philosophers, for the poet presents the strife between right and wrong in concrete character and with a fulness and truth impossible to the abstract thought of science or philosophy. Philoso-

phy can never get rid of an element of abstraction and reach down to the concrete individual. The poetic representation of character is always more complete and realistic than any possible philosophic analysis. Science can only deal with aspects and abstractions.

In the case of life and of human conduct, poetry is peculiarly helpful to the ethical investigator. Poetry is the great corrective of the one-sidedness of science with its harsh method of analysis and distinction. Poetry is a witness to the unity of man and the world.

"Poetry is the idealized and monumental utterance of the deepest feelings." Poetic feelings *are* the deepest; they are the afterglow of the fullest activity of a complete soul. Led by poetry, the intellect so sees truth that it glows with it, and the will is stirred to deeds of heroism. In poetry, there is a revelation of the inner truth of human life beyond the power of moral science to bestow. It is better to read poetry for ethical doctrines than for fine sensations; for poetry purifies the passions only when it lifts the reader into the sphere of truths that are universal.

There is no doubt that with Carlyle, Browning is the interpreter of our time, reflecting its confused strength and chaotic wealth. He is the high priest of our age, standing at the altar for us, and giving utterance to our needs and aspirations, our fears and faith. By understanding the poet, we shall, to some degree, understand ourselves and the power which is silently moulding us to its purposes.

We regard Browning as not merely a poet but a prophet. We are entitled to seek in him a solution, or a help to the solution of the problems that press upon us, when we reflect upon man, his place in the world, and his destiny. Browning has given us indirectly, and as

a poet gives, a philosophy of life ; he has interpreted the world anew in the light of a dominant idea ; and it will be no little gain if we can make clear to ourselves those constitutive principles on which his view of the world rests.

NEED OF A PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.

"Art,—which I may style the love of
loving, rage
Of knowing, seeing, feeling tifs absolute
truth of things
For truth's sake, whole and sole, not any
good truth brings
The knower, seer, feeler, beside,—instinctive Art
Must fumble for the whole, one fixing on
a part
However poor, surpass the fragment, and
aspire
To reconstruct thereby the ultimate
entire."

No English poet has spoken more impressively than Browning on the weightier matters of morality and religion, or sought with more earnestness to meet the difficulties which arise when we try to penetrate to their ultimate principles. He often seems to be roused into speech, rather by the intensity of his spiritual convictions than by the subtle incitements of poetic sensibility. His convictions caught fire, and truth, became beauty for him ; not beauty Truth as with Keats or Shelly. He is swayed by ideas rather than by sublime moods. Beneath the endless variety of his poems, there are permanent principles ; and although these are expressed by the way of emotion, they are held by the poet with all the resources of his reason.

Browning's work, though intuitive and perceptive as to form, is an articulated system. It is a view of man's life and destiny that can be maintained, not only during the impassioned moods of poetry, but in the very presence of criticism and doubt. Browning has given us something more than intuitive glimpses into the mysteries of man's character. It is to this unity of

his work that we would attribute the impressiveness of his deliverances on morality and religion. He has a right to a place amongst philosophers, as Plato has to a place amongst poets. There is a deliberate earnestness and systematic consistency in his teaching. He sought to establish an Idealism ; and that Idealism, like Kant's and Fichte's, has its last basis in the moral consciousness.

There is, at the present time, a wide-spread belief that we had better keep poetry and religion beyond the reach of critical investigation ; if we set any store by them. Faith and reason are thought to be finally divorced. It is an article of common creed that every attempt which the world has made to bring Faith and Reason together has resulted in denial or doubt regarding all supersensuous facts. The one condition of leading a full life, of maintaining a living relation between ourselves and both the spiritual and material elements of our existence, is to make our lives an alternating rhythm of the head and heart, to distinguish with absolute clearness between the realm of Reason and that of Faith.

Now, such an assumption would be fatal to any attempt to find truth in poetry. We cannot admit that the difficulties of placing the facts of man's spiritual life on a rational basis are so great as to justify the assertion that there is no such basis, or that it is not discoverable by man. Surely, it is unreasonable to make intellectual death the condition of spiritual life. If such a condition were imposed on man, it must inevitably defeat its own purpose ; for man cannot possibly continue to live a divided life and persist in believing that for which his reason knows no defence. We must in the long run, either rationalize our faith in morality and religion, or abandon them

as illusions. Reason, in spite of its apparent failure in the past to justify our faith in the principles of spiritual life, may yet, as it becomes aware of its own nature and the might which dwells in it, find beauty and goodness, nay, God himself, in the world. We should not lock the intellect and the highest emotions of our nature and principles of our life in a mortal struggle.

The need for philosophy is just the ultimate form of the need for knowledge; and the truths which philosophy bring to light are implied in every rational explanation of things. The only choice we can have is between a *conscious* metaphysics and an unconscious one, between hypotheses which we have examined and whose limitations we know, and hypotheses which rule us from behind, as pure prejudices do. It is the characteristic of poetry and philosophy that they keep alive our consciousness of the primary, uniting principles. It is because of this that the universe is a thing of beauty for the poet, a revelation of God's goodness to the devout soul, and a manifestation of absolute reason to the philosopher. Thus art, religion, and philosophy fail or flourish together.

In truth man has only one way of knowing. There is no fundamental difference between scientific and philosophic procedure. Wherever mind successfully invades the realm of chaos, poetry, the sense of the whole, comes first. There is the intuitive flash, the penetrative glimpse. We do know that this flash or glimpse comes neither from the dead facts nor from the vacant region of *a priori* thought, but somehow from the interaction of both these elements of knowledge. After the intuitive flash comes the slow labour of proof, the application of the principle to details. And that application transforms both the principle and the details, so that

the principle is enriched with content and the details are made intelligible—a veritable conquest and valid possession for mankind. In this labour of proof, science and philosophy alike take their share.

These great ideas, these harmonies of the world of mind, first strike upon the ear of the poet. The poet soon passes his glowing torch into the hands of the philosopher. The intuitive flash grows into a fixed light, which rules the day. The great idea, when reflected upon, becomes a system. When the light of such an idea is steadily held on human affairs, it breaks into endless forms of beauty and truth. The content of the idea is gradually evolved; hypotheses spring out of it, which are accepted as principles, rule the mind of an age, and give it its work and its character. The works of the poets and philosophers, so far from being filled with impracticable dreams, are repositories of great suggestions which the world adopts for its guidance. The poets and philosophers lay no railroads and invent no telephones; but they bring about that attitude towards Nature, Man, and God, and generate those moods of the general mind, from which issue, not only the scientific, but also the social, political, and religious forces of the age.

It is mainly on his account that we cannot treat the supreme utterances of Browning lightly, or think it an idle task to try to connect them into a "Philosophy of Life." In his optimism of love, in his supreme confidence in man's destiny and sense of the infinite height of the moral horizon of humanity, in his courageous faith in the good, and his profound conviction of the evanescence of evil, there lies a vital energy whose inspiring power we are destined to feel. We contend not merely for a larger charity, but for a truer view of the facts of history than is evinced by those who

set aside the poets and philosophers as mere dreamers. There is a universal brotherhood of which *all who think* are members. Not only do they *all* contribute to man's victory over his environment and himself, but they contribute in a manner which is *substantially the same*. All alike endeavour to interpret experience.

"But, friends,
Truth is *within ourselves* ; it takes no rise
From outward things, whate'er you may
believe."

Both science and philosophy are working towards a more concrete view of the world as an articulated whole. If we cannot quite say with Browning that "poets never dream," we may yet admit with gratitude that their dreams are an inspiration.

"Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear.
Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal and woe ;
But God has a few of us whom he whispers in the ear ;
The rest may reason and welcome : 'tis we musicians know."

And side by side with the poetry that grasps the truth in immediate intuition, there is also the uniting action of philosophy which, catching up its hints, carries "back our scattered knowledge of the facts and laws of nature to the principle upon which they rest ; and, on the other hand, develops that principle so as to fill all the details of knowledge with a significance which they cannot have in themselves.

BROWNING'S PLACE IN ENGLISH POETRY.

It has been said of Carlyle, who may be considered as our poet's twin figure, that he laid the foundations of his world of thought in *Sartor Resartus* and never enlarged them. There is considerable resemblance between Carlyle and Browning. These two poets, if we may be

permitted to, call Carlyle a poet, taught the same truth. They were both witnesses to the presence of God in the spirit of man, and looked at this life in the light of another and a higher ; they penetrated through the husk of time and saw that eternity is even here ; a tranquil element underlying the noisy antagonisms of man's earthly life. Both of them, like Plato's philosopher, made their home in the sunlight of ideal truth.

But while Carlyle fought his way into this region, Browning found himself in it from the first ; while Carlyle bought his freedom with a great sum, the poet "was free born." Carlyle saw the old-world faith break up around him, and its fragments never ceased to embarrass his path. But, for Browning, there was a new heaven and a new earth, and old things had passed away. This notable contrast between the two men, arising at once from their disposition and their moral environment, had far-reaching effects on their lives and their writings. But their affinity was deeper than the difference, for they are essentially heirs and exponents of the same movement in English thought.

The main characteristic of that movement is that it is both moral and religious, a devotion to God and the active service of man, a recognition at once of the rights of nature and of spirit. It does not, on the one hand, raise the individual as a natural being to the throne of the universe, and make all forces, social, political and spiritual, stoop to his rights ; nor does it, on the other hand, deny these rights, or make the individual a mere instrument of society. It at least attempts to reconcile the fundamental facts of human nature, without compromising any of them. It cannot be called either individualistic or socialistic ; but it strives to be both at once, so that both man and society

mean more to this age than they ever did before.

After the age of prose came our own day. The new light first flushed the modern world in the writings of the philosopher-poets of Germany. The universal element in the thought of man was revealed. A new spirit of poetry and philosophy brought God back into the world, revealed his incarnation in the mind of man, and changed nature into a pellucid garment within which throbbled the love divine. There were no longer two worlds but one; for the "other world" penetrated this, and was revealed in it: thought and sense, spirit and nature were reconciled. Instead of the hopeless struggle of ascetic morality, which divides man against himself, this new spirit awakened man to that sense of his reconciliation with his ideal which religion gives: "Psyche drinks its stream and forgets her sorrows."

Now, this is just the soil where art blooms. For what is beauty but the harmony of thought and sense, a universal meaning caught and tamed in the particular? To the poet each little flower that blooms has endless worth, and is regarded as perfect and complete; for he sees that the spirit of the whole dwells in it. It whispers to him the mystery of the infinite; it is a pulse in which beats the universal heart. The true poet finds God everywhere; for the ideal is actual wherever beauty dwells. There is the closest affinity between art and religion, as its history proves; for both art and religion lift us, each in its own way, above one-sidedness and limitation, to the region of the universal. The one draws God to man, brings perfection *here*, and reaches its highest form in the joyous life of Greece, where the natural world was clothed with almost supernatural beauty; the other lifts man to God, and finds

this life good because it reflects and suggests the greater life that is to be. Both poetry and religion are a reconciliation and a satisfaction; both lift man above the contradictions of limited existence and place him in the region of peace.

To Shelley, perhaps the most intensely spiritual of all our poets,

"That light whose smile kindles the universe,
That beauty in which all things work and move,"

was an impassioned sentiment, a glorious intoxication; to Browning it was a conviction, *reasoned and, willed, possessing the whole man* and held in the sober moments when the heart is silent. "The heavy and the weary weight of all this unintelligible world" was lightened for Wordsworth, only when he was far from the haunts of man, and free from the "dreary intercourse of daily life." But Browning weaved his song of hope right amidst the wail and woe of man's sin and wretchedness. Browning starts with the hard repellent fact, crushes by sheer force of thought its stubborn rind, presses into it, and brings forth at its heart.

Shelley and Wordsworth were the poet of the human soul. Browning found "harmony in immortal souls, spite of the muddy vesture of decay." He found nature crowned in man, though man was mean and miserable. At the heart of the most wretched abortion of wickedness, there was the mark of the loving touch of God. Shelly turned away from man; Wordsworth paid him rare visits, like those of a being from a strange world, made wise and sad with looking at him from afar; Browning dwelt with man. He was a comrade in the fight, and ever in the van of man's endeavour bidding him be of good cheer. He was a witness for God in the midmost dark where meet in deathless struggle the elemental powers of right and

wrong. God is present for Browning, not only in the order and beauty of nature, but in the world of will and thought. Beneath the caprice and wilful lawlessness of individual action, Browning saw a beneficent purpose which cannot fail.

This was a new world for poetry to enter into; a new depth to penetrate with hope, and Browning was the first of modern poets to "stoop into the vast and unexplored abyss, trenuously beating the silent boundless regions of the sky." It is also a new world for religion and morality; and to understand it demands a deeper insight into the fundamental elements of human life.

By breaking away through the narrow creeds and equally narrow scepticism of the previous age, this new spirit extended the horizon of man's active and contemplative life and made him free of the universe, and the repository of the past conquests of his race. It proposed to man the great task of solving the problem of humanity, but it strengthened him with its past achievement, and inspired him with the conviction of its boundless progress. Under this new view, man has still to fight for his own hand, and it is still recognized that spirit is always burdened with its own fate and can not share its responsibility. From this new point of view, the individual is re-explained for us, and we begin to understand that he is the focus of a light which is universal, "one more incarnation of the mind of God." Man's moral task is no longer to seek his own in the old sense, but to elevate humanity in him; for it is only by taking this circuit that he can come to his own. Such a task as this is a sufficiently great one to occupy all time; but it is to humanity in him that the task belongs, and it will therefore be achieved. This is no new

one-sidedness. It does not mean the supplanting of the individual thought by the collective thought, or the substitution of humanity for man. The universal is *in* the particular, the fact is the law. There is no collision between the whole and the part, for the whole lives in the part. As each individual plant has its own life and beauty and worth, although the universe has conspired to bring it into being; so also, and in a far higher degree, man has his own duty and his own dignity although he is but the embodiment of forces, natural and spiritual, which have come from the endless past. Man's responsibility, man's individuality, is not less, but greater, in that he can, in his thought and moral action, command the forces that the race has stored for him. The great man speaks the thought of his people, and his invocations as their priest are just the expression of their dumb yearnings. And even the mean and insignificant man is what he is, in virtue of the *humanity* which is blurred and distorted *within him*; and he can shed his insignificance and meanness, only by becoming a truer vehicle *for that humanity*.

When spirit is spiritually discerned, it is seen that man is bound to man in a union closer than any physical organism can show. This new consciousness of the relation of man to mankind and the world takes him out of his isolation and still leaves him free. It relates men to one another in a humanity, which is incarnated anew in each of them. It elevates the individual above the distinctions of time; it treasures up the past in him as the active energy of his knowledge and morality in the present, and also as the potency of the ideal life of the future. On this view, the individual and the race are possible only through each other.

BROWNING'S OPTIMISM.

"Gladness be with thee, Helper of the
World !

I think this the authentic sign and seal
Of Godship, that it ever waxes glad,
And more glad, until gladness blossoms,
bursts

Into a rage to suffer mankind,
And recommence at sorrow."

One of the distinctive features of the present era is the stress it lays on the worth of the moral life of man, and the new significance it has given to that life by its view of the continuity of history. This view finds expression, on its social and ethical side, in the pages of Carlyle and Browning; both of whom are interested exclusively in the evolution of human character: and both of them regard that evolution as the realization by man of the purposes, greater than man's, which rule in the world. The moral life of the individual is, for each of them, the infinite life in the finite. The meaning of the universe is moral, its last *might* is *rightness* and the task of man is to catch up that meaning, convert it into his own motive, and thereby make it the source of his actions, the inmost principle of his life. This, fully grasped, will bring the finite and the infinite, morality and religion, together, and reconcile them.

The reconciliation which Carlyle sought to effect was incomplete on every side—even within the sphere of duty with which alone, as a moralist, he specially concerned himself. But Browning not only sought to bring about the reconciliation, but succeeded, in so far as that is possible *in terms of mere feeling*. His poetry contains suggestions that the moral will without is also a force within man; that the power which makes for righteousness in the world has penetrated into, or rather manifests itself as man. Intelligence and will, the reason which apprehends the nature of things, and the original impulse

of self-conscious life which issues in action, are God's power in man; so that God is realizing himself in the deeds of man, and human history is just God's return to himself. *Outer* law, and *inner* motive are, for the poet, manifestation of duty in the sense of an autocratic imperitive, or beneficent tyranny; he finds, deep beneath man's foolishness and sin, a constant tendency towards the good which is bound up with the very nature of man's reason and will. If man could only understand himself, he would find *without* him no limiting necessity, but the manifestation of a law which is one with his own essential being. In the language of theology it may be said that the moral process is the spiritual incarnation of God; it is God's goodness as love, effecting itself in human action. Hence Carlyle's cry of despair is turned by Browning into a song of victory. While Carlyle regards the struggle between good and evil as a fixed battle in which the forces are immovably interlocked, Browning has the consciousness of battling against a retreating foe; and the conviction of coming triumph gives joyous vigour to every stroke. Browning lifted morality into an optimism, and translated its battle into song. This was the distinctive mark and mission which give to him such power of moral inspiration.

In order to estimate the value of this feature of Browning's work, it is necessary to look more closely into the character of his *faith in the good*, *i. e.*, his optimism. Merely to attribute to the poet an optimistic creed is to say very little; for the worth or worthlessness of such a creed depends upon its content—upon its fidelity to the facts of human life, the clearness of its consciousness of the evils it confronts, and the intensity of its realism.

It may be said that all men are

optimists ; for such a faith is implied in every conscious and deliberate action of man. Whenever man acts he seeks a good, however ruinously he may misunderstand its nature. Final and absolute disbelief in ultimate good in the sphere of morals, like absolute scepticism in the sphere of knowledge, is a disguised self-contradiction, and therefore an impossibility in fact. The belief that a harmonious relation between the self-conscious agent and the supreme good is possible, underlies the practical activity of man. A moral order, an order of rational ends is postulated in all human actions. We act only in virtue of a moral order. A true ethics, like a true psychology, or a true science of nature, must lean upon metaphysics, and it cannot pretend to start *ab initio*. This is simply the assertion of optimistic creed.

But Browning's optimism is more earnest and real than any pious hope, or dogmatic belief, or benevolent theory held by a placid philosopher, protected against contact with the sins and sorrows of man as by an invisible garment of contemplative holiness. His optimism is a conviction which has sustained shocks of criticism and the test of facts ; and it, therefore, both for the poet and his readers, fulfils a mission beyond the reach of any easy trust in any mystic good. Its power will be felt and its value recognized by those who have themselves confronted the contradictions of human life and known their depths. No lover of Browning's poetry can miss the vigorous manliness of the poet's own bearing, or fail to recognize the strength that flows from his joyous, fearless personality, and the might of his intellect and heart. No doubt the poet's optimism indicates a native sturdiness of head and heart :

"Sinning, sorrowing, despairing,
Body-ruined, spirit-wrecked—
Should I give my woes an airing,—
Where's one plague that claims respect ?

"Have you found your life distasteful ?
My life did, and does, snack sweet.
Was your youth of pleasure wasteful ?
Mine I saved and hold complete.
Do your joys with age diminish ?
When mine fail me, I'll complain.
Must in death your daylight finish ?
My sun sets to rise again."

Thus Browning's optimism was not a constitutional and irreflective hopefulness. It sent its roots deeper than any "disposition"; it penetrated beyond mere health of body and mind, as it did beyond a mere sentiment of God's goodness. Optimisms resting on these bases are always weak ; for mere health of body and mind leaves man naked and sensitive to the evils that crowd round him when the powers of body and mind decay ; and a mere sentiment of God's goodness is, at best, useful only for the individual who possesses it, and it breaks down under the stress of criticism and doubt. Browning's optimism is a great element in English literature, because it opposes with such strength the shocks that come from both these quarters. His joyousness is the reflection *in feeling* of conviction as to the nature of things, which he had verified in the darkest details of human-life, and established for himself in the face of the gravest objections that his intellect was able to call forth. In fact, its value lies, above all, in this,—that it comes after criticism, after the condemnations which Byron and Carlyle passed, each from his own point of view, on the world and on man.

Browning's utterances have something of the convincing impressiveness of a reasoned system of optimism. They contain far-reaching hints of a reconciliation of the elements of discord in our lives, and a suggestion of a way in which it may be demonstrated that an optimistic theory is truer to facts than any scepticism or agnosticism, with the despair that they necessary bring. Browning sought to apply his principle to the facts of life. His

optimism is not that of an eclectic who can ignore inconvenient difficulties. It is not an attempt to justify the whole by neglecting details, or to make wrong seem right by reference to a far-off result in which the steps of the process are forgotten. He takes the value of his view of life on its power to

meet *all* facts. He knew that, to justify God, he had to justify *all* His ways to man; that if the good rules at all, it rules absolutely; and that a single exception would confute his optimism.

(*To be continued.*)

M. M. SHROFF.

A Study of Bhagabat Gita.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE present chapter treats of the three *Gunums* (attributes) which compose matter. The physical body is identified with *Tama Gunum*; the *Linga Sharira* with *Raja gunum*; and the *Karana Sharira* in its pure condition with the *Sutta gunum*. The *Linga Sharira* is composed of the five vital airs, five organs of knowledge, five organs of action and of mind and *Buddhi*. The sense of "I" (pure, when unconnected with the body) is called *Karana Sharira*. Now Krishna says that the man who identifies himself with the physical body is *Tamas* and this quality produces ignorance and is the cause of stupidity in all creatures. Its field of action is the state of deep sleep. By identifying one's self with the *Sthula Sharira* one makes himself subject to pleasure and pain, anger and desire, and suffers the consequences of his actions. The fixed conviction that the sense of "I" is distinct from the body produces spiritual pleasure and the knowledge of self. Rebirth in various states of existence (*i. e.*, the higher, the middle, and the lower) is determined by the attractions and tendencies of a *Jiva* at the time of death.

In the latter part of the chapter various characteristics and combinations of the three *Gunums* and their operations are fully discussed. The means by which one may free himself from the iron bonds of these *Gunums* (attributes) is finally shown by Sree Krishna.

CHAPTER XV.

The central doctrine of the present chapter treats of the position of the Logos (Iswara) in the manifold universe. The doctrine of substance as opposed to that of phenomena is vividly set forth here. Sree Krishna identifies himself with the time-less and space-less spiritual sun hidden from the eyes of ignorant mortals by the never-ending veils of *Máyá*. To rend asunder these veils and to see through them by the light of *Gnan* is according to him the goal of existence. He identifies himself with the immaterial substance of the universe which sustains the great cosmic power which rules, guides, and upholds the vast and gigantic processes of nature,

unfolding itself here as the light of the moon, the fire of the sun, the sap of the plant and rolling there in majestic motion as the upholder of those forces which handle like fiery balls the distant stars and the suns. He is the centre from which radiates those gleams of spiritual light which manifest itself as consciousness in man and as force in the world of matter. He is therefore the essence of both Jivátmá and matter, or *Akshara* and *Kshara*, the Supreme Purush or *Purushottum*.

He is the universal sun each of whose solitary rays is a Jiva.

evil with perfect equanimity. But for the welfare of the beings of our plain it is extremely necessary to make a distinction between the right and the left hand path, so that step by step we may ascend the threshold beyond whose portals shines the radiant face of God. The injunctions of the Shástras are here declared to be the criterion of right and wrong. Our carnal propensities should be kept under the weight of Shástric laws until a very high degree of spirituality is reached.

CHAPTER XVII.

CHAPTER XVI.

I pass over these concluding chapters with very few remarks as the statements contained therein are mere recapitulations of the theories dealt with previously. The doctrine of good and evil, of virtue and vice, which have agitated the minds of almost all the great religious teachers of the world is the theme of the present chapter. Some have compared these two factors of the moral world with the centrifugal and centripetal forces as well as with the positive and negative poles which manifest themselves in every atom. Without going into these conceptions which according to our view have a ring of material tendency about them capable of degrading the holiest and loftiest sentiments of the human heart, we should say at once that the ideas conveyed by the words good and evil have only a relative existence for us and no distinction between them can be detected from the point of view of that all-pervading substance which holds within its bosom good and

In this chapter the peculiarities and the tendencies of reverence, food, ceremonies, charity and religious rights are fully discussed with reference to the three *Gunams*. Instructions are given by which actions may be performed in a manner so that they may not be vitiated by the influence of the two lower *Gunams*, viz., *Raja* and *Tama*. Three kinds of austerities are mentioned here regarding our body, speech, and thought by the practice of which the purification of our self may be brought about. Those connected with our physical body are, (a) the paying of proper respect to the Vedas, Brahmans, *Guru*, and the wise; purity, simplicity, continence, and the absence of cruelty; (b) the use of true, sweet and good words, and the constant repetition of *Pranava*; (c) the practice of contentment, equanimity, the vow of silence, and self-control. Strict observance of the above rules, it is said, will throw a light on the path. Slokas 14, 15, and 16 well deserve to be remembered in their original by every student of religion.

Astabakra Sāhita.

CHAPTER VII.

Janaka.

(1)

The little ship called the universe is wandering over the deep ocean of my Self guided by my wind-like imagination but I am not affected by it.

(2)

This wave-like universe rises in the Ocean of *Chit* (consciousness, naturally but this causes no loss or gain to Me.

(3)

The wave-like universe exists like the product of imagination in Me, who always remains calm, changeless and shapeless.

(4)

The shapeless *ātmā* is not really affected by the changes of *Prakriti* (nature) nor is *Prakriti* affected by *ātmā*. Knowing this I am resting calmly without even a taint of desire.

(5)

My self is neither subject to attraction or repulsion, for I am shapeless *Gnān* (knowledge) and the universe is like the product of magic.

CHAPTER VIII.

Astabakra.

(1)

A person is said to be *Baddha* (bound) when his mind is subject to

desire, when he takes something and leaves something, or when he is angry or mirthful.

(2)

A person is said to be *Mukta* (emancipated) when he neither desires nor grieves, when he does not leave or take something or when he is neither angry nor mirthful.

(3)

A person is said to be bound when he has an attraction for the various sights of nature; he is said to be emancipated when he is attracted by nothing.

(4)

As long as the sense of separateness remains the *Jiva* is said to be bound; when that sense of separateness vanishes the *Jiva* is said to be free. Knowing this neither leave nor take anything.

CHAPTER IX.

Astabakra.

(1)

In this world no one is free from the effect of the pair of opposites, pleasure and pain, in anything done or undone; knowing this place yourself beyond attraction and become indifferent to all worldly concerns.

(2)

The thirst for life and enjoyment of only some fortunate persons comes to an end by observing the ways of the world.

(3)

. These great men banish desire by being fully aware that the world is illusory, transient, and hateful and by perceiving that it is full of the three kinds of misery, viz., mental, physical, and super-natural.

(4)

Renouncing the thralldom of time in which pain and pleasure show their influence these great men naturally attain the state of *Siddhi*.

(5)

Diverse are the ways followed by the *Sáddhus*, *Jogis*, and *Rishis*; seeing this is there any man who does not learn to hate the world and try to attain peace?

(6)

Does not the *Guru*, possessed as he is of the knowledge of self and of the equilibrium of mind, try to lead his pupil to the path of emancipation?

(7)

By observing the incessant changes of matter and examining it by the light of wisdom, you will immediately become emancipated.

(8)

"Desire" is *Sansára*; so leave desire once for all. By leaving desire, you leave the world, no matter whether you live in the jungle or in the city.

CHAPTER X.

Astabakra

(1)

Fully renouncing desires which are your enemy, leaving the search after wealth which is the source of

misery, leaving also religious longings with which desire and wealth are mixed, learn to show apathy to everything in the world.

(2)

Regard the short days of your life as the procession of a dream and your friends, wife, wealth, &c. as magic show.

(3)

Whenever there is desire, there is *Sansára*; knowing this enjoy profound peace by renouncing all desire.

(4)

Desire is the cause of bondage and its destruction is termed emancipation; release from worldly attraction produces rapture every moment.

(5)

You are the pure, uniform, consciousness, and the universe is a lump of inanimate matter; you can not therefore, be influenced by it; why then do you entertain an insatiable longing?

(6)

Though you are attracted to your kingdom, wife, children, and body, yet they become destroyed birth after birth.

(7)

What necessity is there of wealth, of desire, and even of good works? None of these bring eternal peace.

(8)

Have you not tried to gain the objects of your desire for numberless births without success? It is time for you, therefore, to enter the abode of peace.

(To be continued.)

Hindus at the World's Fair.

FRANCIS ALBERT DOUGHTY, writing to the *Boston Evening Transcript* from Chicago, says :—

There is a room at the left of the entrance to the Art Palace marked "No. 1—keep out." To this the speakers at the Congress of Religions all repair sooner or later, either to talk with one another or with President Bonney, whose private office is in one corner of the apartment. The folding doors are jealously guarded from the general public, usually standing far enough apart to allow peeping in. Only delegates are supposed to penetrate the sacred precincts, but it is not impossible to obtain an "open sesame," and thus to enjoy a brief opportunity of closer relations with the distinguished guests then the platform in the Hall of Columbus affords.

The most striking figure one meets in this anti-room is Swami Vivekananda, the Brahmin monk. He is a large well-built man, with the superb carriage of the Hindustanis, his face clean shaven, squarely moulded, regular features, white teeth, and with well-chiselled lips, that are usually parted in a benevolent smile while he is conversing. His finely-poised head is crowned with either a lemon coloured or a red turban, and his cassock (not the technical name for this garment,) belted in at the waist and falling below the knees, alternates in a bright orange and a rich crimson. He speaks excellent English and replies readily to any questions asked in sincerity.

Along with his simplicity of manner, there is a touch of personal reserve when speaking to ladies, which suggests his chosen vocation.

When questioned about the laws of his order he has said, "I can do as I please. I am independent. Sometimes I live in the Himalaya Mountains, and sometimes in the streets of cities. I never know where I will get my next meal; I never keep money with me. I come here by subscription." Then, looking round at one or two of his fellow-countrymen who chanced to be standing near, he added, "They will take care of me"; giving the inference that his board bill in Chicago is attended to by others. When asked if he was wearing his usual monk's costume, he said, "This is a good dress; when I am at home I am in rags, and I go barefooted. Do I believe in caste? Caste is a social custom; religion has nothing to do with it; all castes will associate with me."

It is quite apparent, however, from the deportment, the general appearance of Mr. Vivekananda that he was born among high castes; years of voluntary poverty and homeless wanderings have not robbed him of his birthright. Even his family name is unknown; he took that of Vivekananda in embracing a religious career, and "Swami" is merely the title of reverence accorded to him. He cannot be far along in the thirties, and looks as if made for this life and its fruition, as well as for meditation on the life beyond. One cannot help wondering what could have been the turning point with him.

'Why should I marry,' was his abrupt response to a comment on all he had renounced in becoming a monk, "when I see in every woman only the divine Mother? Why do I make all these sacrifices? To

emancipate myself from earthly ties and attachments so that there will be no re-birth for me. When I die I want to become at once absorbed in the divine Essence with God. I would be a Buddha."

Vivekanada does not mean by this that he is a Buddhist. No name or sect can label him. He is an outcome of the higher Brahminism, a product of the Hindu spirit, which is vast, dreamy, self-extinguishing, a Sanyasi or holy man.

He has some pamphlets that he distributes, relating to his master, Paramhansa Ramkrishna, a Hindu devotee, who so impressed his hearers and pupils that many of them became ascetics after his death. Mozoomdar also looked upon this saint as his master, but Mozoomdar works for holiness in the world, in it but not of it, as Jesus taught.

Vivekananda's address before the Parliament was broad as the heavens above us, embracing the best in all religions, as the ultimate universal religion—charity to all mankind, good works for the love of God, not for fear of punishment or hope of reward. He is a great favourite at the Parliament, from the grandeur of his sentiments and his appearance as well. If he merely crosses the platform he is applauded, and this marked approval of thousands he accepts in a childlike spirit of gratification, without a trace of conceit. It must be a strange experience, too, for this humble young Brahmin monk, this sudden transition from poverty and self-effacement to affluence and aggrandizement. When asked if he knew anything of those brothers in the Himalayas so firmly believed in by the Theosophists, he answered with the simple statement, "I have never met one of them," as much as to imply, "There may be such persons, but though I am at home in the Himalayas, I have yet to come across them."

Another Brahmin at the Parlia-

ment, representing a younger school of Hinduism, the Veishnava, is often seen in the ante-room, leaning with graceful *abandon* on the table in the centre of the room, his bright boyish face lighting up as he freely airs his opinions upon the Indian civilisation and ours. His costume is usually all white, topped with a voluminous turban. This is Nara Sima Chari of Madras, "an itinerant Hindu" as he laughingly styles himself.

I had a very entertaining conversation with Mr. Nara Sima one day lately. Mr. Lakshmi Narain, a Barrister from Lahore, India, and Professor Merwin Snell of Washington, D. C., being also in the group.

"I am tired of everything," said Nara Sima frankly, "no new sensation is possible to me: I am heartily disgusted with the life I have led in the world, I long now to try exactly the reverse of what I have done before, and go out into the woods alone. I must conquer myself, subdue the senses; it will be hard I know, that is the trouble. You say I will give it up in a week—perhaps so; but I can try again afterwards. I want to be a holy man, to give up everything."

"What good will it do anyone?"

"That is not the question. Each man must elevate himself; nobody else can elevate him. It is not good or evil, but indifference to all earthly things that I am seeking."

When it was suggested that active benevolence and work for others might have a diverting effect, cure his *ennui*, he repelled action with the Hindu ideal of total detachment as the highest aim.

"I would go out into the woods from here" he went on to say, "but the climate near Chicago would be too cold. I think I will try it further south, somewhere in Central America."

"You may encounter wild beasts in your solitude."

"I will take my rifle."

"Then you do kill animals?"—

"Yes, if they came at *me* I should not hesitate in self defence; not to eat—bah! I have eaten meat sometimes since I came here, the first time I tried it, it made me positively sick, actually I ruined a good suit of clothes. Have I lost caste since I came? Oh yes! but I can easily get it back, and I shall do it at once if I return. There is no fun in being without it. When I came to America I had the caste mark on my forehead, and I wore the cord of the Brahmins; but it got worn out and I did not know where to find some more like it. You have caste, too, and it is worse than ours, the caste of wealth. I have never been in a place where there was not caste of some kind."

Mr. Nara Simha's manners were naive and pleasing, but his views on the subject of Hindoo widows were the antipodes of Pundita Ramabai's. "Why shouldn't they burn themselves if they want to? For my part I wish the English hadn't stopped them. Why? Because then there wouldn't be so many widows. I don't see why a woman should be prevented from burning herself with the body of her husband if she thinks it will make both herself and him happy for ever in another world."

Mr. Lakshmi Narain of Lahore, and Professor Snell of Washington, claiming to be impartial students of comparative religion, both subscribed to this startling theory that it was an injury to human rights to prevent a person from inflicting an injury upon him or herself for conscience' sake.

"Of course, a widow ought not to be forced to do such a thing," continued Mr. Nara Simha, "and she never was. The act was purely voluntary. She was not persecuted if she refused to burn herself, unless she was a coward, and drew back

after she offered to do it at the first touch of the flames. It didn't hurt her long; she was soon suffocated; the pain was only for a few moments." He shrugged his shoulders nonchalantly, as if alluding to a mere trifle like vaccination. "No, I wouldn't pull any body out of the fire here or any where else who wanted to be burned."

"How would you like to be burned with your dead wife?" was a question naturally put next.

"The rule holds good both ways. The rights of the man and the woman are equal, but the men don't want to burn themselves and the women do. That is all the difference."

On being asked if it was true that widows in India were allowed only one cooked meal a day, he said that he had known hundreds of widows, and they could eat not only three, but four or five meals a day if they chose, that such a law existed; but foreigners were apt to catch at a rule without reporting, often not knowing, the counteracting customs which operate to make it a dead letter. On appealing for confirmation to the gentleman from Lahore, the latter differed with him and declared gravely that in the North of India, where he lived, the rule of one meal a day of cooked food for widows was much more rigidly adhered to.

"We hear a great deal about the condition of woman in India," Mr. Nara Simha went on to say. "It is all nonsense. I have seen as many henpecked husbands in India as anywhere else."

We all laughed at the universality of this acme of civilization, the henpecked husband; and one remark leading to another, some one ventured to suggest to the BLASE young Hindoo that to form a serious attachment for a woman might be the very best remedy for his present state of mind, and

prevent the catastrophe of his be-taking himself to the woods.

"Ah, that would spoil everything?" he protested, with another vehement gesture. An entirely different personality is the secretary of the Jain Association, the only representative, at the Parliament of that historic faith, which is the oldest in India. Mr. Virchand M. Gandhi wears the European dress, with only the national turban in distinction from the hideous hat of our predilection. He has a refined and intellectual countenance, a bright eye and something in his manner that suggests cosmopolitan influences or it may be because the Jains have less restrictive social customs than other Hindoos. Mr Gandhi says that the Jain women are free to go about as they wish. "My wife goes everywhere with me," he added, "when I am at home; but freedom may extend too far when it comes to female suffrage, as with you." This gentleman, too, is a vegetarian. "I have never tasted meat in my life!" he remarked, "and can't bear even to sit at table with those who eat meat. On the steamer coming over I ate only fruit. I am staying with Dr. Barrow (the Chairman of the Congress), and he gives me vegetable food.

Since I have been in America I have been able to see that no one diet will answer for universal use and I think it will be some time yet before men have a universal religion."

On being asked if according to the Jain religion which teaches the law of cause and effect, but cannot find a reason for the existence of God, he could hope for future reunion with the beloved dead, his face became very thoughtful as he replied to this query of all people in all ages.

"We may meet them," he answered after pondering a moment, "but we must look beyond the personal love and satisfaction."

These Orientals are all repelled by the idea of a salaried clergy.

It may be stated of the Hindoos, the Japanese also as rule, that they will concede nothing to us in the conception of a religion of a Supreme Being, a moral order of cause and effect; they are persuaded that they have plenty of religion at home already. What they do credit us with is a greater power of organization, more system, better developed schemes and ideas of labour, practical achievement, and they are glad to learn those things from us.

Life of Jara Bharat—A Bhakta.

ONE of the brightest luminaries in the horizon of *Bhakti* or whole-souled devotion to the feet of Hari, is Bharat surnamed Jara (inanimate). Indeed he cannot be compared with Prahlād—the sweet singer of Harinām in the abode of the Asuras, or Dhrubā—the child of the banished queen, who when he learnt from his weeping mother, after returning from his father's palace insulted and turned out by his

step-mother that the Hari of lotus eyes was their preserver—went secretly the next morning in search of Him in the brier forests and came back crowned with His grace—still Bharat is a *Bhakta* of no mean order and perhaps he is the best for us, for he is more in touch with weak humanity than the above pair of Prodigies. Many a lesson we may learn from his life for he had to struggle hard with intractable

matter and force of habit to conquer them and obtain final peace. Therefore we have thought fit to describe the life of this devotee, without treating of those of the other two in detail. Prahlad and Dhruva were gods, "rapt seraphim to adore and burn" having little in common with man. Their life bore out to the letter the sublime ideal of the poet who thus expresses himself on "worship."—

"This is he, who, felled by foes,
Sprung harmless up, refreshed by blows :
He to captivity was sold,
But him no prison-bars would hold :
Though they sealed him in a rock,
Mountain chains he can unlock :
Thrown to lions for their meat,
The crouching lions kissed his feet :
Bound to the stake, no flames appalled,
But arched o'er him an honouring vault.
This is he men miscall fate,
Threading dark ways, arriving late,
But ever coming in time to crown
The truth, and hurl wrong-doers down.
He is the oldest, and best known,
More near than ought thou call at thy own,
Yet, greeted in another's eyes,
Disconcerts with glad surprise,
This is jove, who, deaf to prayers,
Floods with blessings unawares.
Draw, if thou caust, the mystic live,
Swering rightly his from thine,
Which is human, which divine.

Prahlad was indeed, for his Hari-nám, subjected to all of these tribulations by his cruel father. He was ordered to be beheaded—but the sword broke in two on touching the tender neck of Prahlad. He was fed with poisoned cakes—but the poison forgot its nature in this single instance. He was thrown into the depths of the stormy sea with a heavy stone fastened to his neck, but the stone proved to be a floating raft, an *ásan* for him to sit on. He was thrown,—not to "lions for their meat"—but to be feet of a wild elephant well-drunk with wine to crush him into dust—but the elephant drew him up by means of his trunk on his back and danced in merriment. A funeral pyre was raised around this living corpse bound to the stake—but the flames

without injuring a hair "arched o'er him an honouring vault." In short all the ways that the devil in the intellect can suggest was taken recourse to, to take the life out of this tender child which refused to forget Hari-nám as long as it continued to throb—but all plans were disconcerted and Hari-nám came off victorious in the end.

It was therefore that we were saying that these ideals are too high for us, that the worshipper who requires to be crowned by the hands of an Avatar—yea an Avatar of Maha-Vishnu himself,—before the eyes of gods and men is a person far beyond the range of the vision of ordinary humanity.

Our friend Bharat was a mighty monarch holding undisputed sway over Ajanav, which has thence been changed and called after him Bharat-barsa. Bharat was a far-seeing man. In the *métee* of his kingly duties he did not forget the feet of Vasudeva but always remembered and worshipped them. He performed *Yagna* now and again, and when the hoary Rishis poured the holy *habis* in the sacred fire, he meditated on the *Yagna purusha*, Narayana, one in whom all was established and the various Devas as so many limbs of Him. Thus an untiring devotion and strict adherence to the forms of Karma-kanda soon brought about the desired result—the purification of the mind and Bharat was daily approaching nearer and nearer the fountain of all blessings with increasing ardour and love.

Ten thousand years did Bharat pass in this way, ruling over his vast empire and gathering experience and provisions for the path he had before him leading to the goal for which he was bound. For men at that time, whatever their position and attainments were fully alive to the fact that the busy world was a halting-place where to gather provisions for the journey

taken on hand, not a permanent resting-place as the modern race of Hindus have converted it to be. At that time men could easily understand that the innate uneasiness of heart,—“our old discontent,” the eternal longing of the individual soul to mingle with its source,—was not to be repressed by the sweets and dainties of matter but required at all costs and risks the identical thing which it craved after. They could understand more easily and clearly than the tiny manikin of the present times, puffed up with a vanity all his own that all pleasures of the senses are satiable and therefore sure to cloy some day and serve but to bring forth the old disease with acuter pains after a few day's suppression,—that this heartburn is incurable however successfully choked for a time and would never give peace and is sure to goad man one day towards the Haven of Peace; therefore they did not place their hearts on the material surroundings but eagerly watched for an opportunity to take leave of them and advance towards their goal. So after reigning ten thousand years in the kingdom of his forefathers, Bharat took the yellow robe of the Sanyasi and like one homeless and destitute went forth from his palace into the streets and thence made for the holy Rishi Pulaha.* The holy waters of the Gandaki flow at the foot of this place of devotion and Bhagaban Hari drawn by the love of the devotees who worshipped there in the ancient times, still live in that place in the particular form as desired for by them. King Bharat lived in that forest alone and worshipped God with many offerings of flowers and fruits, &c. Thus a continued application to the outward meditation of the feet of Vasudeva which shed forth rays like the first

glow of the morning sun soon enabled him to taste the joys arising from the realization of Self and his heart melted into the ambrosia of divine love. At times he became so much entranced that he forgot the outward worship, forgot where he was and forgot himself and held his being in Satchidánanda, conscious only of the fullness of unbroken bliss as the effect of his God-intoxication. In this way Bharat devoted himself hard to the path of God. He wore a piece of skin, bathed thrice in the beginning, middle and end of the day and looked altogether beautiful and godly with his wet and loose hairs turned yellow and matted hanging in clusters on the neck and breast. When Nature's eldest child rose in his glory in the eastern skies, Bharat used to hail him with these words:—The spiritual light which is the essence of the Sun, which is beyond the limits of Prakriti and which is existence pure and simple, awards all the fruits of our Karmas. That light has created the universe with the mind and again entering through all sustains it by consciousness. That light guides the intellect of man. We seek refuge in that light.

Once on a time when Bharat after performing his ablutions and usual prayers was engaged in repeating Pranava, sitting on the coast, a hind came to drink water in the river. As she was drinking eagerly the sudden roar of a lion reverberating the neighbouring woods with the terrible sound was heard and the hind looking at her back with frightened eyes cleared the river with a jump and fell stonedead on some rocks on the other side. The hind was *enciente* and the terrible fright coupled with the sudden act of jumping displaced the young from her bowels, and it was floating

* Modern Mozzufferpur.

helplessly away with the current. This was enough for a heart like that of Bharat; he immediately swam and brought over the young deer and from that moment became its nurse.

In an evil hour did Bharat direct his steps that morning towards the river. The man who could easily cut off all attractions towards his kingdom, his queen, children, and friends and could gladly accept the lowly life of a hermit was in the end tied again to the ruinous stock of affection,—for a deer! Strange is the power of Mahāmaya !! Stranger the frailty of the mind !!! By and by the deer came to be the all in all of Bharat. He became careless of his *Japam*, his pranayam, and yoga for his nursing the deer. His worship of God was no longer whole-souled and devoted, for while seated to pray, he would often look about him for the deer or when out of sight, would get up and see it well-secured from the ravages of the wild beasts. He would take it on his shoulders, shampoo its body and apply himself whole day to feed and tend it. The room he was making for God after removing the kingdom and the joys of the world from his heart was now fairly occupied by the deer. He overdid himself; and

an act of kindness tinged with the poison of attachment proved to be his death in the end. A devil came in the garb of a God!

But time was not idle. Imperceptibly, like the hungry snake's entering into the hole of the mouse, death was fast approaching Bharat, busy with his affectionate care of the deer. Even then in his last moments Bharat was gazing on the deer which lay quietly by his side, and thinking how it would live after his death. And for this deep attachment towards the deer, Bharat had to reincarnate in the *Mrigaloka*, as a deer,* but as the reward of the unflinching devotion to God, which he practised for some time he remembered every event of his previous life. He took his birth in the mountain of Kalanjur and when the events of his past birth dawned upon his mind he descended from its heights, shunned the company of his parents and friends and walked down to Pulaha *dsram* again, penitent and alone, to stop there in company of the Rishi until the wheel of Karma liberated him from his quadruped shape.

(To be continued.)

A. H. B.

The Sayings of Hafiz.

(1.) THE path which leads to the presence of God is full of dangers and troubles. Beware not to tread the path hastily lest thou dost fall down.

(2.) The chief condition to fulfil the requisites of Divine love is, O Hafiz, to surrender life; depart, if thou can'st not do this.

(3.) There is no veil between the lover (man) and the beloved (god);

thou art thy own veil, O Hafiz, get thyself removed.

(4.) One whose mirror (soul) is not free from the rust of desire, the eye of such a one is not fit to behold the face of wisdom.

(5.) If thou can'st not bear the pricking of a thorn, thou will not be able to gather a flower of this rose-garden (life).

(6.) Vacate the house of thy

mind so that it may be the habitation of the beloved (god); for desires keep it occupied by strangers.

(7). The parlour of mind is not intended to be the visiting place of strangers (passions). The angel can enter only when the demon departs.

(8). Thou can'st not know a whit of the mysteries of existence, if thou remainst distracted in the circle of unrealities.

(9). Put aside all sectarian disputes. These are stories concocted owing to want of discerning the truth.

(10). My body of dust becomes a veil o'er the face of the soul. What a happy moment when I shall cast off this veil.

(11). Struggle with thy desires so that thou mayst become a just man; be just so that thou mayst become a spiritual man.

(12). When the heart is tainted with desires and passions, how can the Divine Secrets reveal themselves?

(13). There are hundreds of longings in the heart, thou full of frivolities; how can the Divine Light shine into thy heart?

(14). Thou wantest god as well as the mean world; this is caprice, delirium, an impossibility.

(15). Thou callest thyself a saint and hast a rosary in thy hand; hundreds of hidden idols (desires) thou hast still in thyself.

(16). Behold and go on beholding the friend (god) in every mirror (phenomenon). His music is played through every note.

(17). It is He who pervades the Earth, the Heavens, and the positionless Sanctuary; it is He who is manifested through and is latent in every atom.

(18). Whoever knoweth himself knoweth godhead.

(19). They who see god are ever rapt in ecstasy. *Mesnevi*.

(20). The world is the image of the Gohhead. *Bustami*.

(21). The life of man passes through three degrees. The first or infantile state is that of pure sensation; the second is that of understanding; and the third that of reason, where the intellect perceives the necessary truths &c. But there is a fourth state beyond these three, in which man perceives the hidden things, that have been, and that will be and the things that escape both will and reason. This state is freedom. *Al Gazzali*.

22. How long will thou pine for the mean world, O ignorant soul! What pity that the beautiful should be in love with the ugly.

(23). The kingdom of Freedom and the seclusion of contentment are the treasure that kings can not obtain with the sword.

(24). It requires manliness to tread on desire, to pass beyond lust, avarice, and ambition, to raise up the hand of courage and catch desire as a beast in the snare.

(25). If thou art a man, kill out the heresy of desire; if thou can'st not, keep silence.

(26). If thou becomest free from the distractions of desires and passions thou wilt undoubtedly, get access to the inner chamber for audience (with the divine).

(27). So long as thou art in thyself, thy friend (the Supreme Spirit) can not befriend thee; when thou art no longer thyself, the friend will be thy friend.

(28). Whatever—good or evil—comes under perception is of Divine Essence, O ignorant one!

(29). Whatever thou seest is essentially He; the candle-light and the moth, the rose-flower and nightingale are He.

Professor Baldwin.

FOR some time past Professor Baldwin and his wife have been exacting considerable excitement and amazement in various parts of the country. From a mass of newspaper cuttings before me, there is no doubt that Professor Baldwin and his wife have extraordinary gifts. He seems to be clairvoyant naturally, while his wife has greater psychical gifts when she is under mesmeric influences. I was hoping to have conducted an independent investigation into Professor Baldwin's gifts for the benefit of the readers of *BORDERLAND*, but the opportunity did not offer itself. I am therefore glad to be able to offer as a substitute the following remarkable account which was sent me by a minister of religion, who is personally known to me as a man of the highest character and of considerable reputation as a student in philosophy and political economy. He is an M. A., was a John Stuart Mill scholar, and his University career was such as to mark him out for the appreciative notice of many of his teachers, among whom Professor Croom Robertson was the chief. For obvious reasons I do not wish to mention the name of my correspondent, but I can say that I have before me a letter in which Professor Croom Robertson speaks very highly of his studies especially in philosophy—in which he gained the John Stuart Mill Scholarship.

It is therefore impossible to dismiss his report as of a man uneducated or unaccustomed to deal with men and things. Of course he is not a trained biologist, and possibly Professor Ray Lankester, with the approval of Professor Huxley, may

consider that he is incompetent to record what he saw with his own eyes, under the circumstances which he describes. I am, however, very glad to lay his report before my readers. He sent me the paper without any intention of publishing it, but acceded to my request to lay it before the readers of *BORDERLAND*.

In addition to this prefatory statement, I may remark that another minister, also a personal friend of mine, has confirmed the testimony of my correspondent as to the astonishing success with which Mrs. Baldwin answered the question which he had written on a piece of paper and placed in his pocket before he went to the meeting in Leeds. It was a question about a brother who had been missing for some years. There was nothing to distinguish him from the rest of the audience in the hall to suggest that he had asked a question. Mrs. Baldwin stated from the platform that he would find his brother in a certain town in one of the Southern States of America which she named. Inquiries have been set on foot, but as yet I have not heard the result. Whether the question is answered correctly or not is no matter. The fact that it was answered intelligibly is an extraordinary instance of telepathy. This, as will be seen from my correspondent W.'s account is of constant occurrence.

PROFESSOR BALDWIN'S POINT OF VIEW.

It may not be without interest, in view of that narrative, if I were to give Professor Baldwin's own statement in the matter as to his

theory of his extraordinary powers. From it, it will be seen that when he and my correspondent met, neither of them believed in spirit return. So far from there being any desire on the part of Professor Baldwin to convince my friend as to the reality of the spirit-world, he does not seem to have any belief himself in its existence. Professor Baldwin writes:—

I have had many severe testings, but spiritualists are a funny lot, never satisfied, always "wanting more." If my force moved a chair or table, they wanted the roof taken off the house. If any article was "levitated" a few feet, they straightway wanted to be carried above the house-tops. They imposed a few sensible conditions (but many foolish ones), and, as a rule, they are mean and impecunious. You believe in Christ's miracles; but he never was "tested" by a pseudo-scientific society. And he lived in the open, and was a tramp, and it didn't cost him much. Mediums need food and lodging and clothing, and the spirits (like Julia) won't always work. There was much inducement to humbug, very little to be honest—so I became a showman, and I've made money; but I have also got a sort of a "don't care a damn" feeling for the ordinary run of spiritual testings. Once in a while I run across an honest man whose whole soul is aglow with a desire to investigate, in order to do more good (like the Rev. Mr. A. here), then I take pains and time for pure courtesy's sake to show him what I can; to open the doors a little (and it is only a little I can open them) into

soul-land. But generally, when a man says "I don't believe you can do so-and-so," I say "That's right, old man, it might make your head ache to know too much." And then even if I did convert him, of what avail is it? It is a Quixotic task. If I convert every one in Darlington there is sure to be some fool in Sunderland who doubts me, and when Sunderland is captured there remain yet doubters in Stockton-on-Tees and London, and I am weak and crabbed, and only seek rest. The whole matter of spirit-testing resolves itself into this. We know that sleep is a phenomenon that often occurs, yet how often has it happened you could not sleep. Let us suppose that in Mars there is no sleep; but that an inhabitant of this planet pays you a visit. You show him London, St. Paul's, the Empire Theatre, *The Review of Reviews*, and other variety shows. About midnight, you say, "Well, we will go home and go to sleep." Says he, "Sleep! sleep! what is sleep?"

You explain that it is a comatose condition wherein you close your eyes and soon become insensible; but he, like the spiritualists, remains sceptical, and says: "I don't believe in sleep—go to sleep at once, let me see you."

But you, perhaps, are thinking of the beautiful lady who sang "Daisy Bell," and you cannot sleep, so this virtuous Marsian cuts up rough, calls you a humbug, and goes back to see the half-concealed attractions of the ballet antiquarians.

BORDERLAND.

(To be continued.)