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**SWAMI RAMA TIRTHA**

S. R. Sharma

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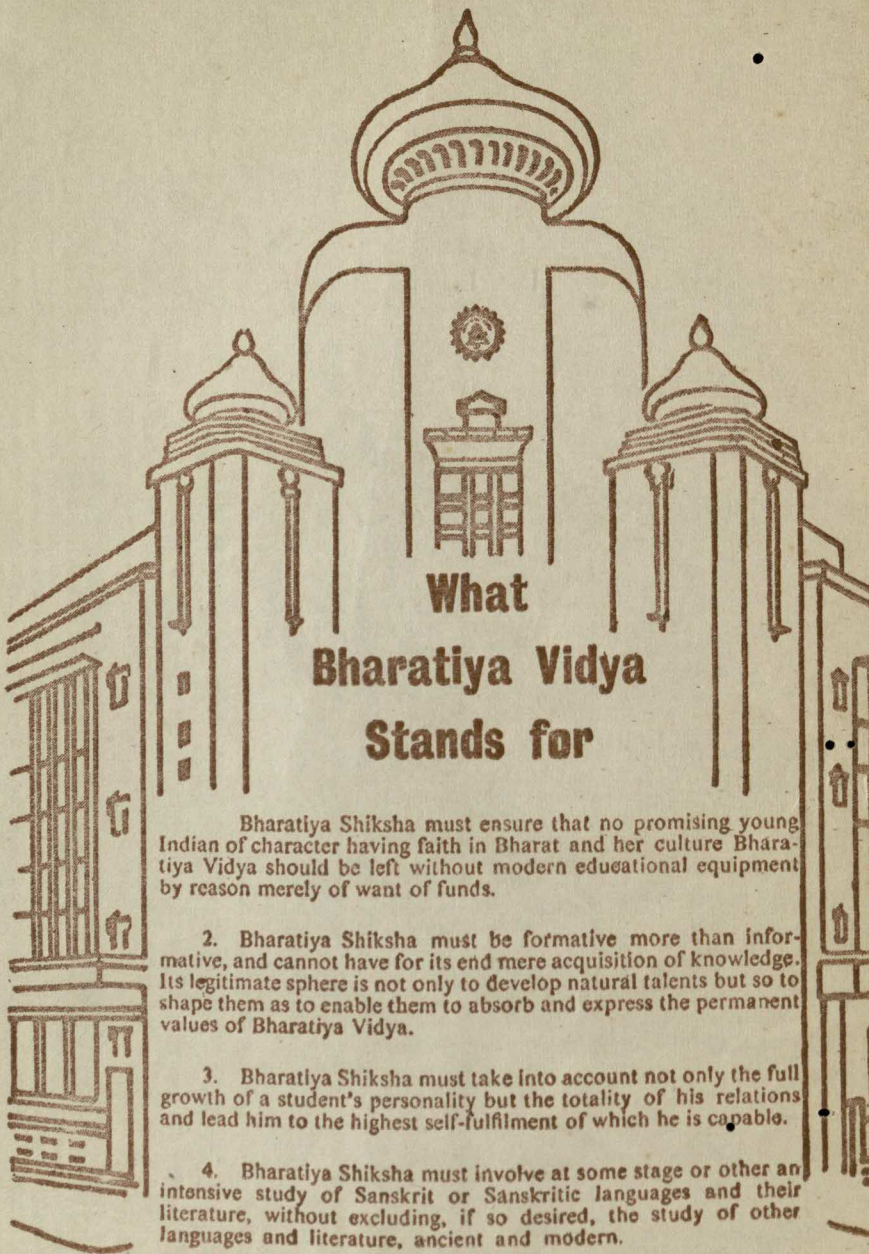
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TIRISHA



BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN, BOMBAY



**What**

**Bharatiya Vidya**

**Stands for**

Bharatiya Shiksha must ensure that no promising young Indian of character having faith in Bharat and her culture Bharatiya Vidya should be left without modern educational equipment by reason merely of want of funds.

2. Bharatiya Shiksha must be formative more than informative, and cannot have for its end mere acquisition of knowledge. Its legitimate sphere is not only to develop natural talents but so to shape them as to enable them to absorb and express the permanent values of Bharatiya Vidya.

3. Bharatiya Shiksha must take into account not only the full growth of a student's personality but the totality of his relations and lead him to the highest self-fulfilment of which he is capable.

4. Bharatiya Shiksha must involve at some stage or other an intensive study of Sanskrit or Sanskritic languages and their literature, without excluding, if so desired, the study of other languages and literature, ancient and modern.

5. The re-integration of Bharatiya Vidya, which is the primary object of Bharatiya Shiksha, can only be attained through a study of forces, movements, motives, ideas, forms and art of creative life-energy through which it has expressed itself in different ages as a single continuous process.

6. Bharatiya Shiksha must stimulate the student's power of expression, both written and oral, at every stage in accordance with the highest ideals attained by the great literary masters in the intellectual and moral spheres.

7. The technique of Bharatiya Shiksha must involve—

- (a) the adoption by the teacher of the *Guru* attitude which consists in taking a personal interest in the student; inspiring and encouraging him to achieve distinction in his studies; entering into his life with a view to form ideals and remove psychological obstacles; and creating in him a spirit of consecration; and
- (b) the adoption by the student of the *Shishya* attitude by the development of—
  - (i) respect for the teacher,
  - (ii) a spirit of inquiry,
  - (iii) a spirit of service towards the teacher, the institution, Bharat and Bharatiya Vidya.

8. The ultimate aim of Bharatiya Shiksha is to teach the younger generation to appreciate and live up to the permanent values of Bharatiya Vidya which flowing from the supreme art of creative life-energy as represented by Shri Ramachandra, Shri Krishna, Vyasa, Buddha and Mahavira have expressed themselves in modern times in the life of Shri Ramakrishna Paramahansa, Swami Dayananda Saraswati, and Swami Vivekananda, Shri Aurobindo and Mahatma Gandhi.

9. Bharatiya Shiksha while equipping the student with every kind of scientific and technical training must teach the student, not to sacrifice an ancient form or attitude to an unreasoning passion for change; not to retain a form or attitude which in the light of modern times can be replaced by another form or attitude which is a truer and more effective expression of the spirit of Bharatiya Vidya; and to capture the spirit afresh for each generation to present it to the world.



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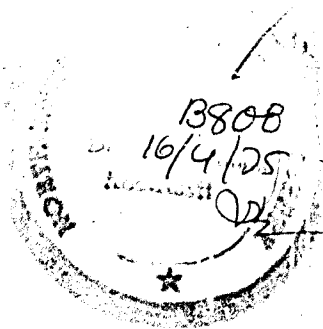
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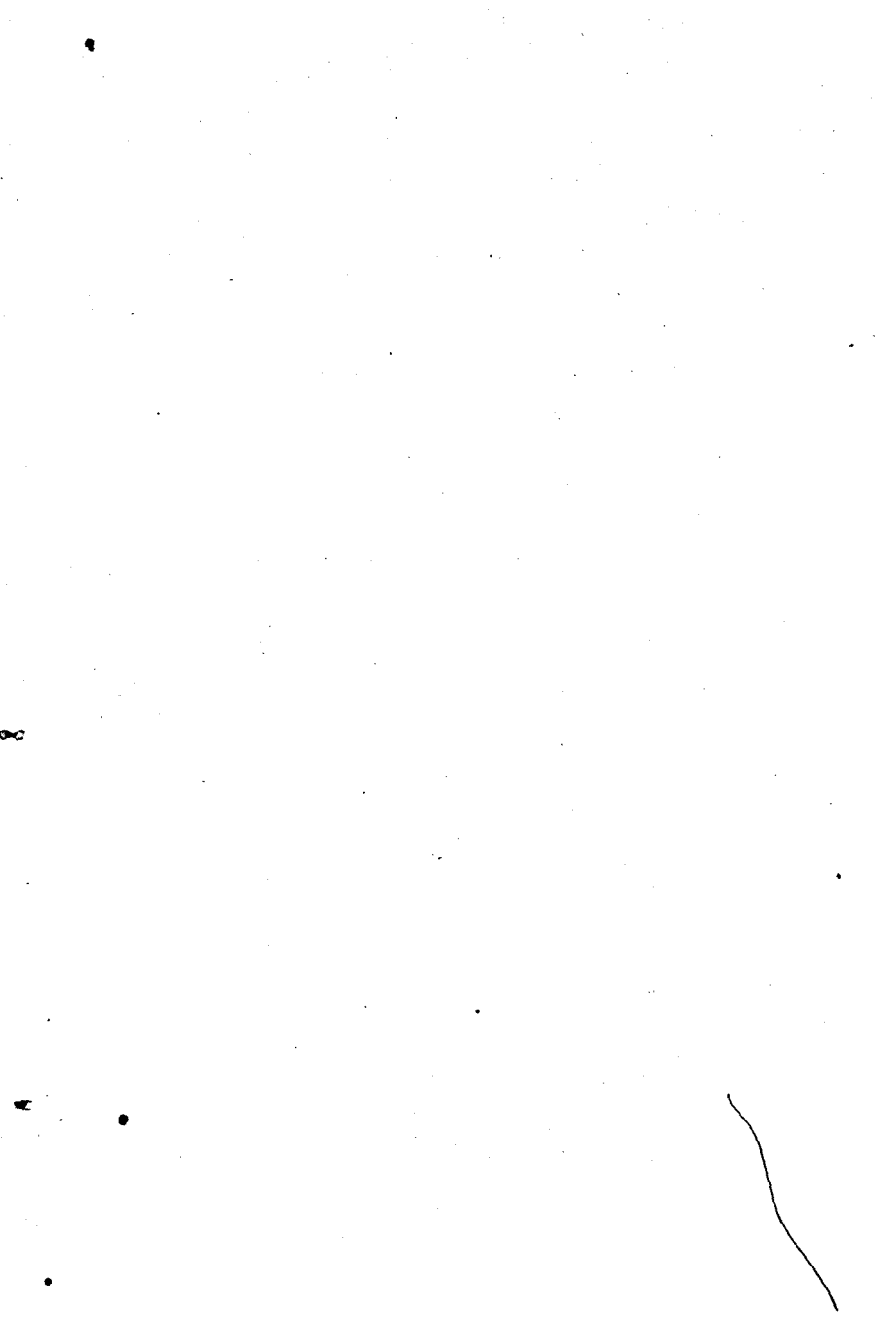
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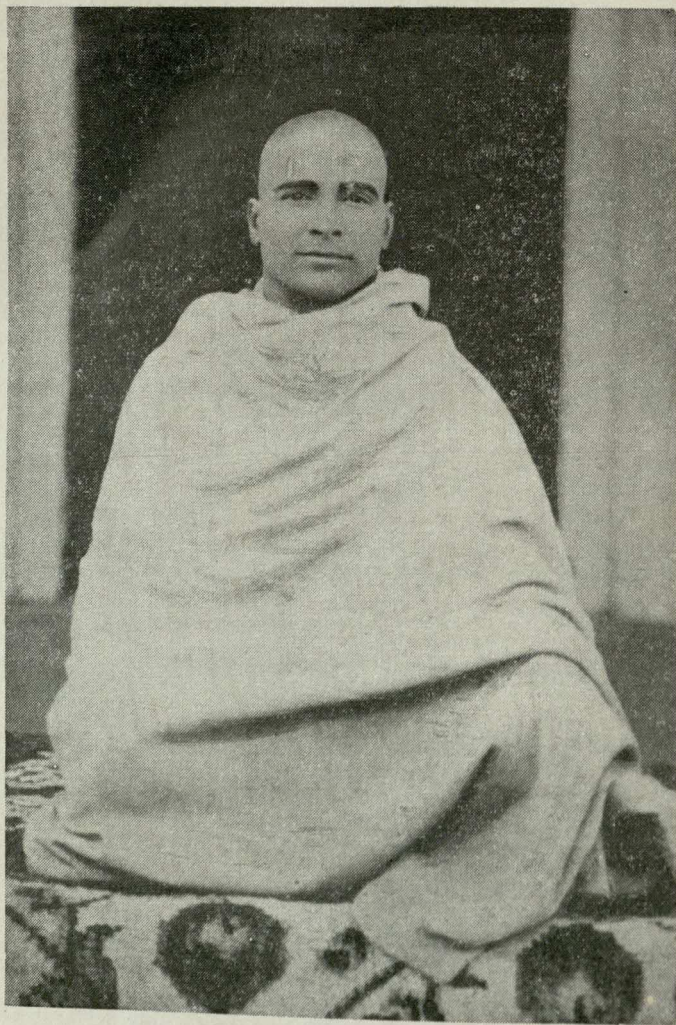
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SWAMI RAMA TIRTHA  
*(Last Photograph at Lucknow)*

BHAVAN'S BOOK UNIVERSITY

# SWAMI RAMA TIRTHA

BY

S. R. SHARMA



1961

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN

CHAUPATTY : BOMBAY

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## GENERAL EDITOR'S PREFACE

THE Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan—that Institute of Indian Culture in Bombay—needed a Book University, a series of books which, if read, would serve the purpose of providing higher education. Particular emphasis, however, was to be put on such literature as revealed the deeper impulsions of India. As a first step, it was decided to bring out in English 100 books 50 of which were to be taken in hand almost at once. Each book was to contain from 200 to 250 pages and was to be priced at Rs. 2/-.

It is our intention to publish the books we select, not only in English, but also in the following Indian languages: Hindi, Bengali, Gujarati, Marathi, Tamil, Telugu, Kannada and Malayalam.

This scheme, involving the publication of 900 volumes, requires ample funds and an all-India organisation. The Bhavan is exerting itself to the utmost to supply them.

The objectives for which the Bhavan stands are the reintegration of Indian culture in the light of modern knowledge and to suit our present-day needs and the resuscitation of its fundamental values in their pristine vigour.

Let me make our goal more explicit:

We seek the dignity of man, which necessarily implies the creation of social conditions that allow him freedom to evolve along the lines of his own temperament and capacities; we seek the harmony of individual efforts and social relations, not in any makeshift way, but within the frame-work of the Moral Order; we seek the creative art of life, by the alchemy of which human limitations are progressively transmuted, so that man may become the instrument of God, and is able to see Him in all and all in Him.

The world, we feel, is too much with us. Nothing would uplift or inspire us so much as the beauty and aspirations which such books can teach.

In this series, therefore, the literature of India, ancient and modern, will be published in a form easily accessible to all. Books from other literatures of the world, if they illustrate the principles we stand for, will also be included.

This common pool of literature, it is hoped, will enable the reader, eastern or western, to understand and appreciate currents of world thought, besides the movements of the Indian mind, which, though they flow through different linguistic channels, have a common urge and aspiration.

Fittingly, the Book University's first venture is the *Mahabharata*, summarised by one of the greatest living Indians, C. Rajagopalachari; the second work is on a section of it, the *Gita*, by H. V. Divatia, an eminent jurist and a student of philosophy. Centuries ago, it was proclaimed of the *Mahabharata*: "What is not in it, is nowhere." After twenty-five centuries, we can use the same words about it. He who does not know it does not know the heights and depths of the soul; he misses the trials and tragedy and the beauty and grandeur of life.

The *Mahabharata* is not a mere epic; it is a romance, telling the tale of heroic men and women and of some who were divine; it is a whole literature in itself, containing a code of life, a philosophy of social and ethical relations, and speculative thought on human problems that is hard to rival; but, above all, it has for its core the *Gita*, which is, as the world is beginning to find out, the noblest of scriptures and the grandest of sagas the climax of which is reached in the wondrous Apocalypse in the Eleventh Canto.

Through such books alone, the harmonies underlying true culture, I am convinced, will one day reconcile the disorders of modern life.

I thank all those who have helped to make this new branch of the Bhavan's activity successful.

QUEEN VICTORIA ROAD,

NEW DELHI:

K. M. MUNSHI

*October 3, 1951.*

'The hero is he who lives in the inward sphere of things, in the True, Divine and Eternal, which exists always, unseen to most, under the Temporary, Trivial: his being is in that; he declares that abroad, by act or speech as it may be, in declaring himself abroad. His life....is a piece of the everlasting heart of Nature herself.'

—CARLYLE, *Heroes*

## SWAMI RAMA TIRTHA

as others saw him:

'That a short slender Brahman boy of the Punjab, in these days, before our very eyes, demonstrated in his personality, the great type of men that wrote the Upanishads and sang Vedic hymns, is truly a miracle of devotion, self-conquest, and a marvel of will-power developed by intense emotion and hard mental labour....'

'His little heart beat in harmony with the rhythm of life itself and the sorrow and joy alike of humanity were his own.... His body was a lake which trembled seeing the Sun enter into its depths. He confounds logic by his divine madness. He disarms criticism by tenderly diffusing himself into the being of his critic.... He enchants the very air around himself with his birdlike speech that was all like poetry, all music.... A truly eloquent apostle of the Life of the Spirit!'

—PURAN SINGH

'The name of Swami Rama is one which I have learnt to honour through residence in the Punjab where his chief influence was felt. Again and again I have seen faces light up at the mention of his name, and men have told me how much they owed to him.... There is a childlike simplicity in what he writes, and an overflowing joy and happiness, won through great self-discipline and suffering, which reveals a soul that is at peace within itself and has found a priceless gift that it desires to impart to others.'

—C. F. ANDREWS

'Rama's body has disappeared, it is invisible, I never saw Rama in his body. But dear Rama lives. He cannot be dead to us. I feel his presence. I have often felt him speak-

ing, or addressing me.... It is to his own help behind the scenes, or to the influence of his teachings, that I attribute the prompt solution and disappearance of all difficulties and obstacles. What better tribute, however unworthy and humble it may be, could I pay, what more suitable homage could I render, what better acknowledgement and expression of my gratitude for the spiritual good I have gained from him could I make, than to take a humble part in preserving and giving to the world the priceless legacy of the message bequeathed by him to the world!

—AMIR CHAND

The world turns aside  
To make room for me:  
I come blazing light  
And the shadows must flee!

\* \* \*

*If Vedanta is not practised in everyday life, what is the use of it? Vedanta printed in books and placed on shelves, to be eaten up by worms, won't do. You must live it. . . . Vedanta is the whole Truth; it kills if the whole of it is not lived.*

—SWAMI RAMA TIRTHA

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## WANTED

### REFORMERS —

Not of others,  
but of themselves.

### Who have won —

Not University distinctions,  
but victory over the local Self.

### AGE —

The Youth of Divine Joy.

### SALARY —

Godhead: Infinite Peace of Mind.

## APPLY SHARP!

With no begging solicitations but commanding decision  
to — The Director of the Universe: YOUR OWN SELF.

om! om!! om!!!

Extract from Puran Singh's Preface to the First Edition of  
Rama's Works

Swami Rama comes before us with the majesty of a teacher of the spiritual laws of life. . . . He is trying to lay before us only those ideas which he practically carried into his own life, and which he thinks would, if followed by others, guide—as they did in his own case—the life of man to the pinnacle of glory, of happiness and success. . . . Poet-philosopher as he was, his suggestiveness in thought and speech is marvellous, pointing as it does to Infinity. He is the philosopher of that deep music of life which is audible to those only who go deep enough. . . . His language penetrated far under the little thoughts and dreams of men. How few are the ears which hear that wondrous melody! He heard it, lived it, breathed it, taught it, and his whole soul was imbued with it. He was the messenger full of joy.

'O freed soul! Soul that has completed its relation to the body! O soaring, happy beyond words, into other worlds passing, salutations to you, freed, redeemed Soul!'

OM!

---

Extract from C. F. Andrew's Introduction to the First Edition  
of Rama's Works

'His heart goes out in every word as he tries to make his message clearer; it is the message of his own experience not that of another's. He is full of happiness himself, which he wishes to give to the world, and he is never so happy as when happiness is his subject.'

## PREFACE

SWAMI RAMA TIRTHA was born in 1873, and he died in 1906. His achievements during this short span of thirty-three years are briefly reviewed in this slender volume. Some idea of the importance of his work may be gained from Mahatma Gandhi's appraisal of him: "Swami Rama's teachings," he said, "have got to be propagated. He was one of the greatest souls not only of India but of the whole world. I adore his ideals."

Like Swami Vivekananda a little before him, Swami Rama acquired his reputation first in America. He was there for about two years from 1902 to 1904. In October 1906 he got accidentally drowned while swimming in the Ganges, near Tehri.

His life was—still is—a model lesson in many respects. Born in an obscure Punjab village, he fought against heavy odds and made a mark as a student, as a professor, as a preacher, and as a patriot,—in a remarkable manner. As a gifted poet he attracted attention not less than he did as a practical philosopher. A perusal of these pages will show his unique genius in every sphere of life.

Over a thousand of his letters—mostly written to his Guru, while he was a student, and later to his friends and followers,—are still available; and they reflect his personality at every stage as in a mirror. They reveal him as a pupil who was consciously shaping his future with a rare determination and self-confidence which it is very stimulating to know.

He was Professor of Mathematics in the Forman Christian College, Lahore, for a short period in his meteoric career; but we have only to read his two inspiring lectures on 'How to Excel in Mathematics' to realise how he could con-

vert 'a cold unsociable stranger with knit brows and frowning countenance into a warm-hearted cheerful and loving friend.'

Swami Rama's lectures are now available in print; and even as they are—like Carlyle's published speeches—they enable us to 'recapture. . . the first fine careless rapture' of his 'winged words' that set his contemporary listeners 'laughing and crying and clapping their hands.' Even like Carlyle, Swami Rama 'did not recite lectures previously committed to memory, but spoke extempore, after careful preparation.' Had he been able to fulfil his expressed intention, perhaps we would have had his self-edited speeches, like those of his Scotch prototype,—though they might have inevitably lost their original flavour, force and freshness in revision. Puran Singh who knew Swami Rama intimately writes: "We feel the Swami himself present in his own words and can almost picture him writing and speaking—with a smile of happiness always on his face."

Rev. C. F. Andrews, in his Introduction to Swami Rama's published works, says much the same about his poems: "The outward setting of these poems. . . may often be crude and even grotesque, but the inner spirit may be caught by the sympathetic reader beneath the imperfect vehicle of expression. The message of this gay spirit, laughing at hardship and smiling at pain, is one that sad India sorely needs amidst the despondency of so much of her present (1909) modern life."

He was a patriot who identified himself so much with India that he said: 'When I walk, I feel it is India walking. When I breathe, I feel it is India breathing. When I speak, I feel it is India speaking. *I am India.*' His constructive thinking about the problems of India comprehended everything—from national freedom to blotting out the curses of poverty, overpopulation and illiteracy, etc. His famous 'Appeal to the Americans on behalf of India', and his

addresses to the Youngmen's Indian Association of Lahore, are classical in their earnestness and erudition.

For a closer acquaintance with Swami Rama's dynamic and colourful personality, glistening like the Himalayan glaciers, of which he was very fond, one must turn to his life and letters—of which the pages that follow are intended to give a foretaste.

PART ONE describes Swami Rama from his infancy to his exit from this world. We see therein Tirtha Rama Goswami as a pupil evolving into a professor of note, and the professor shading off into a preacher, patriot, blossoming into the mystic-poet Swami Rama Tirtha. His abrupt end is dealt with in Chapter Six.

PART TWO assesses Swami Rama's place among the 'prophets' and sums up his precepts. A few of his interesting parables are cited therein as illustrative of his manner of instruction. These are followed by some striking parallels to Swami Rama's essential message and experiences; and the possible influence of Carlyle's *Heroes* on Swami Rama is also examined, in Chapter Eleven. The concluding chapter passes in review various facets of Swami Rama's rich personality. In the Appendix are given a few 'Pointers' from his letters and journals, etc.

In conclusion, I cannot resist the temptation to disclose the fact that I first conceived a passion for Swami Rama's Works while I was still at school, about fifty years ago. Since then, with various degrees of intensity of appeal, Swami Rama has acted as the most powerful of the forces shaping my outlook and life. In 1921, I expressed my juvenile enthusiasm for him in a brochure entitled 'Swami Rama Tirtha: the Poet-Apostle of Practical Vedanta.' Now, after well-nigh forty years of rumination, I offer this maturer study to the public with the hope that it might inspire and promote the aspirations of others, even as it has sustained me all these years.

'If a book come from the heart, it will contrive to reach other hearts.'

It is obvious that a work like this could not be produced without laying under contribution the published writings of Swami Rama and various other source materials cited in the body of the book. I can do no more here than acknowledge my deep sense of indebtedness to them all in lieu of a detailed statement of my specific obligations.\*

I need hardly add that I am equally beholden to those who have enabled me to appear in the present setting.

S. R. S.

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\*See Bibliography, p. 195.

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The world is concerned only with my blossoms, and they taste me when I appear before them in my flowers. But they do not know how much I have to labour underground, in the dark recesses, in my roots that gather the food for the flowers and the fruits. I am now in my roots.

—SWAMI RAMA TIRTHA

To  
Swami Narayana  
and  
Amir Chand  
To whose Devotion  
and Zeal  
We owe  
THE LEGACY OF RAMA

13

1870-1871

14

1872-1873

1874-1875

15

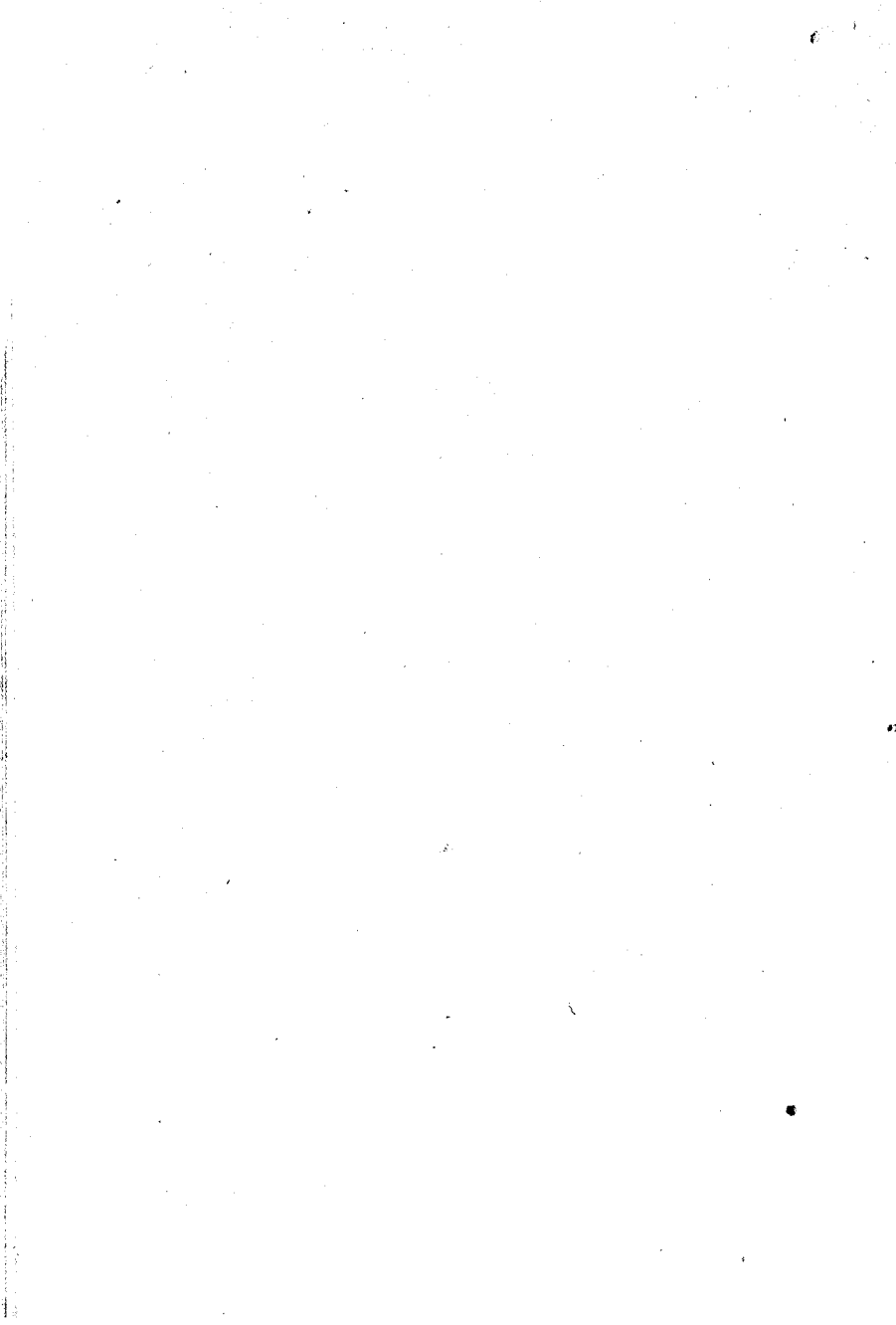
1876-1877

1878-1879

**PART ONE**

*'Follow thou thy star, thou shalt  
not fail of a glorious haven!'*

—DANTE.



# I

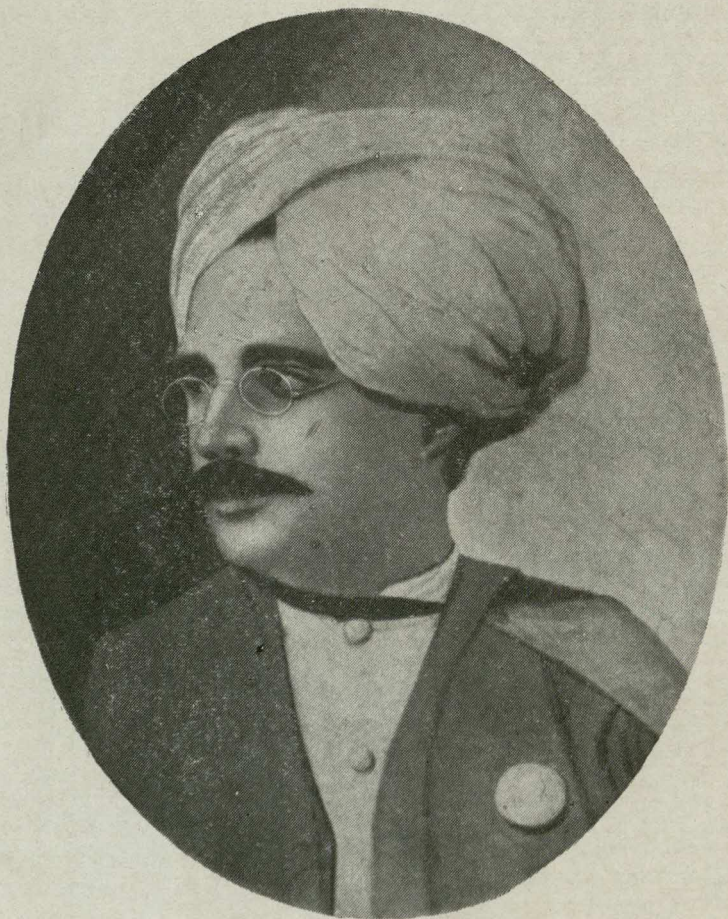
## PUPIL

TIRTHA RAMA GOSWAMI—later Swami Rama Tirtha—was born on Wednesday, October 22, 1873, at Muraliwala (a village in the Gujranwala district, West Punjab). His father Hiranand Goswami was a poor priest who eked out a precarious living by his ministrations to the Hindu families of Swat and Peshawar. His mother having died about a year after his birth, the bereaved infant was brought up on cow's milk by his aunt Dharma Kaur and elder brother Guru Das. Hidebound in orthodox conventions, his conservative father betrothed his motherless child of two summers to the infant daughter\* of Pandit Rama Chandra of Viroke in the Wazirabad tahsil of Gujranwala district. The ceremonial wedding took place eight years later when Tirtha Rama was only ten years of age!

At this time young Tirtha Rama was a pupil in the primary school of his village. For further education he had to go to Gujranwala, about six miles away. Tirtha Rama matriculated from the Mission High School there in 1888, and decided to proceed to Lahore for College education. There he joined the Forman Christian College where eventually he became Professor of Mathematics (1896). Outwardly speaking, there was nothing extraordinary in this. But inwardly, these eight years (1888-96) were the seed time of a career that was to culminate in what Mahatma Gandhi characterised as 'one of the greatest souls not only of India but of the whole world'. We shall confine ourselves in this chapter to Tirtha Rama's life as a pupil at school and student at college, which demonstrated the power of idealism backed by a strong will to achieve. An entry in his notebook reads: 'Poverty is blessed:

---

\* The only grand-daughter of Diwan Massadi Mal, a minister of Maharaja Ranjit Singh.



PROFESSOR GOSAI *alias* TIRTHA RAMA

## PROFESSOR

AFTER graduation what? This is the problem that normally confronts a young man after being decorated with a degree. Tirtha Rama, no doubt, stood first in the University at the B.A., yet failed to secure the State scholarship to proceed to Cambridge for higher studies. He passed his M.A. too with distinction in Mathematics from the Government College, Lahore. Even before that, as we noticed, he had chosen his vocation in life: it was to serve God above all other interests, and he thought that to teach Mathematics was one of the ways. In his letter to his *guru* he writes (on June 5, 1895): 'I am a poor slave. Mine is to work, work and build a little sacred shrine for God in my heart. This inner peace gives me that joy which nothing of the outside world can give me.'

He appears to have been a favourite of Prof. Gilbertson at the Forman Christian College. Even before graduation he had the privilege to officiate for his professor, and taught Mathematics for an hour daily. Gilbertson paid half his tuition fees, and also gave him additional aid occasionally. He also presented him with a nice watch even while Tirtha Rama was pursuing his M.A. studies at the Government College. For some time Tirtha Rama held private classes to coach F.A. and B.A. students. These were found so useful that some teachers of Mathematics also attended them. There was a scramble in the city to secure his services as a tutor. But all this was too precarious to be depended upon for a living. There were calls upon his scanty earnings from all quarters which he was unable to meet from month to month. But he never lost his serenity or peace of mind. 'Problems of life', he writes in his notebook, 'cannot remain unsolved because *life is only the solution*

### III

## PREACHER

'EVOLUTION is simply orderly change,' observes Tirtha Rama in his notebook. 'Balanced recklessness' is another phrase Swami Rama minted to sum up his dynamic philosophy later. So he did not run away from the world of Lahore all on a hot impulse. When he decided to relinquish his Professorship and retire into the Himalayas, it was recognised by all who knew him that his spiritual evolution had made such a step inevitable. He was going there with his wife and two sons. It was only later that, when he discovered that his family could not endure the hardships of the mountains he sent them back home, and pursued his solitary course. It was to culminate in his becoming a *sannyasi*—reversing his old name into Swami Rama Tirtha. In his letter of December 13, 1897, he stated that 'some fruits stick on to the tree even after they are ripe, while others fall off when they get ripe.'

In America, later, he was asked whether retirement into the Himalayas was necessary for realisation; and he answered that it was like students going to the University for specific discipline—no longer needed after graduation. When, among others, Shivaganacharya of Mathura urged him to come back and work among the people, instead of keeping aloof, his reply forcefully summed up his intentions. He declared that he was temporarily keeping himself away to prepare himself for the great task: 'In order that I may be able to inspire working power or energy into our countrymen, I must start with a vast store of accumulated energy myself. Let the time come, you shall most certainly be with me. . . . If I have to prove truly useful to our country, I feel I require a little more preparation in order to make myself equal to the stupendous task,

## IV

### PATRIOT

A FEW points from the previous chapter are worth recalling here: (1) Mrs. Whitman remarked that Swami Rama's 'unfaltering devotion to India and his desire to raise her benighted people was indeed perfect self-abnegation.' (2) *The Rocky Mountain News* drew attention to his two main objectives in America—(i) '*Primarily it is to interest Americans in his own country and countrymen, with the object of helping to educate Hindus...*' (ii) '*His second object is to spread his philosophy...*' (3) In his letter to Shivaganacharya he wrote: '*In order that I may be able to inspire working power or energy in my countrymen, I must start with a vast store of accumulated energy myself... If I have to prove truly useful to my country, I feel I require a little more preparation in order to make myself equal to the stupendous task... I have full conviction that I could, if I would, long since, have caused a tremendous stir in the country...*'

But experience has taught us, in these times, that even the tallest among the Indians must have recognition from the West first, before they can make a mark on their own countrymen. It was so with Dadabhai Naorojee and Swami Vivekananda before Swami Rama, and with Rabindranath Tagore and Sri Aurobindo since,—not to mention Jagdish Chandra Bose and Mahatma Gandhi.

We described Swami Rama's Appeal to the Americans on behalf of India as 'an outstanding event.' But it was no beggarly petition for foreign aid. He criticised the Americans boldly and frankly, pointing out their weak spots just as he admired their 'push and spirit of adventure.' He appealed to them as 'brothers' in the name of humanity and freedom. He remind-

V

P O E T

'For him in vain the envious seasons roll  
Who bears eternal summer in his soul!'

—COLERIDGE.

Rama burst into song, as birds do, because he could not help it. Poetry was the natural medium of his expression. Whether he was lecturing, writing letters, or regaling himself, he seemed to feel with Tennyson:

'The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills and the plains,  
Are not these, O soul, the Vision of Him who reigns,  
Is not the Vision He? Though He be not that which He seems:  
Dreams are true while they last, and do not we live in dreams?'

And like Wordsworth, not sometimes only, but always he was *en rapport* with Nature:

'..... with the joy  
Of elevated thoughts, a sense sublime  
Of something far more deeply interfused,  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
And the round ocean, and the living air,  
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:  
A motion and a spirit that impels  
All thinking things, all objects of thought,  
And rolls through all things.'

He could hence declare:

'Therefore am I  
A lover of the meadows and the woods,  
And mountains; and all that we behold  
From this green earth: of all the mighty world  
Of eye and ear, both what they half-create,  
And what perceive.'

He was always in

'that serene and blessed mood,  
In which the affections gently lead us on,



## PART TWO

Oh! How could I get my Love's likeness!  
Could anything like him be conceived?  
Could he in camera be received?  
Could artist stand to take his picture?  
Could he appear in colour and figure?  
The camera of form did melt away;  
His flood of light was too much, too much.  
Oh! How could I get my Love's likeness!

\* \* \*

I focussed my mind to take his portrait,  
Adjusted the eyes to take his portrait,  
The camera of my heart to take his portrait.  
The apparatus all did melt away;  
His flood of light was too much, too much.  
Oh! How could I get my Love's likeness!

## VII

### PROPHET

'The Hero is not now regarded as a God among his fellow-men; but as one God-inspired, as a Prophet.' This is how Carlyle begins his lecture on Mahomet: The Hero as Prophet. 'Did any set of human beings ever really think the man they saw there standing beside them a god, the maker of this world?' he asks; and answers; "Perhaps not: it was usually some man they remembered, or had seen. But neither can this be any more. *The Great Man is not recognised henceforth as a god any more.* It was a rude gross error, that of counting the Great Man a god. *Yet let us say that it is at all times difficult to know what he is, or how to account of him and receive him!*"

Swami Rama was once asked by an American, point blank, 'Do you play the role of an Apostle or Prophet?' His characteristic reply was: 'No, That is below my dignity: I am God Itself, and so are you! *The body is my vehicle.*' We have elsewhere indicated the context of this remark and given a fuller report of this conversation. Here we shall confine ourselves to the topic under discussion.

On another occasion, Rama was asked: 'Do you believe in God?' Rama answered: 'No. I know God. We believe in a thing we do not know, . . . I AM GOD! That makes the whole difference. . . . You are God, I am God. . . . Vedanta does not believe God to be far away; one has only to close his eyes and see Him within.'

We need not here go into the metaphysics of all this. Our purpose is more concrete. In Carlyle's words, it may be 'difficult to know what he is, or how to account of him and

## VIII

### PRECEPTS

'Spare not, respect not, believe not anything that I have written... *Me alone*, when you have separated and rejected all these, *shall you see and not reject.*'

\* \* \*

'Correct yourself first, and all else will become corrected or corrigible.'

—*Swami Rama.*

It is not easy to make a *selection* of Rama's teachings from all his writings and speeches: they are all so very aphoristic and full of poetical apothegms and parables. Some samples of the last will be given in the next chapter. Here we shall consider a few outstanding precepts he conveyed, not only through his lectures, but more pointedly in his letters and, above all, practised in his own life. '*If Vedanta is not practised in everyday life,*' he pertinently asked, '*what is the use of it?* Vedanta printed in books and placed on shelves, to be eaten up by worms, won't do. You must *live it*. . . *Vedanta is the whole Truth; it kills if the whole of it is not lived.*'

His ingenious advertisement, printed at the opening of this book,—'*Wanted Reformers: Not of others but of themselves,*' etc., puts his entire philosophy and practice in a nutshell. It also illustrates his uniqueness in expression. He called his philosophy *Practical Vedanta* or the *Common Path*. In a message to the Mathura periodical, *Practical Wisdom*, he defined wisdom as 'knowing what one ought to do next; virtue is doing it.' Wisdom without virtue, he said, is a weariness of the flesh. 'Where thought does not go over into action, and precept into practice, there results mental dyspepsia or spiritual constipation.'

In his lecture on the Secret of Success delivered in Tokyo,

## PARABLES

Rama described his philosophy as Practical Vedanta as well as the *Common Path*. We might say, it was the latter because it was *also* the former. Most men find that mere metaphysics will not bake bread; at the same time, they do not wish to live by bread alone. Rama showed a *Common Path* for laymen and philosophers alike. He would lead the man-in-the-street to the philosopher's goal without bumps and headaches. To see the Infinite through the finite was his principle. His illustrations of how one could do this were also infinite: anecdotes, stories, parables, similes, metaphors, allegories and poetical flights of fancy and imagination, brought down his transcendentalism from the clouds to *terra firma*—to the hearths and homes of ordinary men, women and children. We shall recount a few of these in this chapter to illustrate his homely manner and style.

1. 'In lectures, sermons and speeches, it is often heard,' he said,—'Brothers, adopt humility and poverty; become an humble servant; never aspire to be great, etc. In prayer halls, it is heard: 'I am Thy slave, I am Thy slave; Thou art my Master! . . . Make me Thy servant, Lord! make me Thy servant.'—[Parenthetically, he observed, 'According to the theory of *Karma*, these thoughts of *slavery* cannot but bear fruit. How can God, as Formless, or as a stone image, keep a slave? But *the thoughts of slavery must have their effect!* Therefore, effulgent God, in His white body, has enslaved India!'].'

'But the natural cry of Name, Fame, Wealth, Freedom, rises from every heart, every place, from under bent necks and broken teeth, from every house and shop, from every office and

## X

### PARALLELS

Parallels may not meet, but they are meet for instruction, edifying. No personal comparison, with a view to gauging the relative spiritual attainments of the entities cited here, is intended. But, by the association of ideas, these parallels are so striking that they should prove of relevant interest to the readers of the foregoing pages.

First and foremost, the most obvious parallel is that of Swami Vivekananda. Both Rama and Vivekananda were brilliant exponents of Practical Vedanta. Both poured, as it were, new wine into the old bottles of traditional teachings. Both brought to bear on our ancient wisdom the light of modern knowledge at its best, and presented it in a form that should appeal to the most enlightened intellects of the East and West alike. Both won their fame first in America; and both, unfortunately, died young—Vivekananda at thirty-nine and Rama at thirty-three years of age.

It is of further interest that they met at Lahore in November 1897, just four years after Vivekananda's glorious achievement at the Chicago Parliament of Religions, and, by a strange coincidence, Rama's death too occurred just four years after Vivekananda's. They were together for only a week, but that meeting proved momentous and transforming for Rama.

Vivekananda's lecture on Vedanta, delivered in a circus pavilion, was specially arranged by Rama himself. His biographer observes: 'Vivekananda's divine eloquence, burning renunciation, indomitable strength, dynamic personality and gigantic intellect made a deep impression on the people.

## XI

## PROTOTYPE

In the foregoing pages we have quoted from Carlyle more than once, fairly frequently. At the very commencement we found him declaring: 'A hero is he who *lives in the inward sphere of things, in the True, Divine and Eternal*, which exists always, unseen to most, under the Temporary, Trivial: *his being is in that*; he declares that abroad, by act or speech as it may be, in declaring himself abroad. *His life . . . is a piece of the everlasting heart of Nature herself.*'

Who can deny that every italicised word in this is true of the subject of our study?—whether we describe Rama as a Hero, Prophet, Poet, or not. Is it not also true as Carlyle says, 'it is at all times difficult to know what he is, or how to account of his and receive him'? We shall say more about this in the next chapter when we try to review Rama's personality from all points of view. Here it shall be our chief concern to note to what extent he may have been influenced, among others, by Carlyle's writings—particularly his *Heroes*. The parallelism between the two, in thought and expression at times, is so close that while we read the one, we cannot help thinking of the other. We shall not accept Carlyle for a 'prototype' until we have marshalled our evidence. Before we compare their *thoughts* let us, first of all, look at their modes of expression.

Rama, like Carlyle, did not speak from notes, or *read* his lectures. Both made studious preparation before they spoke. 'I try hard for getting facts,' said Rama, 'but when they are mine, I stand on a rock, proclaiming my message of Truth for all times.' He told Puran Singh that lecturing to the learned audiences in America was not 'an amateur's busi-

## XII

### PERSONALITY

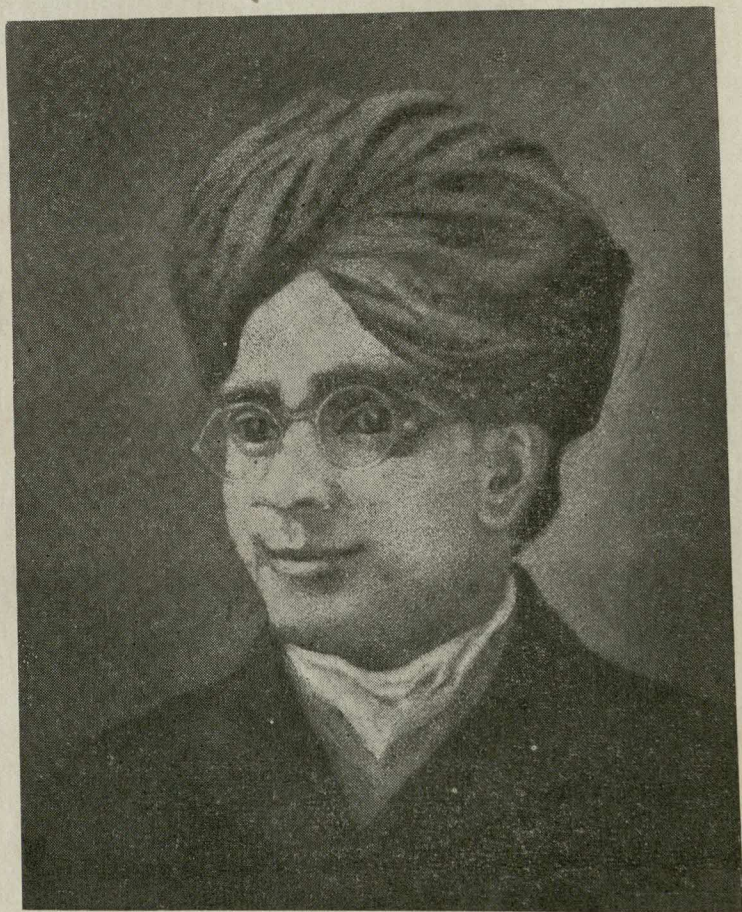
'The lights shone down the street  
In the long blue close of day;  
A boy's heart beat sweet, sweet,  
As it flowered in the dreamy clay....  
The stars made him long, long  
To return to their lights again.  
They lit the wondrous years  
And his heart within was gay;  
But a life of tears, tears,  
He had won for himself that day.'

—A.E.

We now come to the end of our journey with Swami Rama Tirtha. It has been very delectable, exhilarating and inspiring: 'From good to better, he stood daily self-surpassed....' In time, it was of thirty-three years duration. In space, we went round the world with him—from the Land of the Rising Sun to the Land of the Setting Sun. In Spirit, we returned to where we started from—in our dream sojourn;—man coming home to himself, the finite realising its Infinitude.

Going over our itinerary and travel-diary, we find therein a few lacunae which we shall try and make good in recapitulation.

We were in Muraliwala at Tirtha Rama's nativity on the day following Divali in 1873, and witnessed his grandfather rejoice with tears in his eyes; they were *not* tears of unmixed joy. He was an astrologer and foresaw that the child would—if it should survive—grow to greatness, but the mother would succumb; secondly, Tirtha Rama too would meet with an early death, possibly drowning! Actually Tirtha Rama's



•  
SWAMI RAMA TIRTHA  
*(Sketch by the Author)*

1  
The first part of the report on clouds is to study the clouds  
and to find out what they are made of. The second part  
is to study the clouds and to find out what they are made of.  
The third part is to study the clouds and to find out what they are made of.

1  
The first part of the report on clouds is to study the clouds  
and to find out what they are made of. The second part  
is to study the clouds and to find out what they are made of.  
The third part is to study the clouds and to find out what they are made of.

## **APPENDIX**

MINNESOTA

## POINTERS

*'Appetite grows with what it feeds on.'*

—Shakespeare.

We shall give in the following pages some of the more appetising passages and extracts from Swami Rama's available writings. The selection is bound to appear somewhat invidious, but that is inevitable, being personal.

### 1. LETTERS

(i) To Dhanna Ram:

LAHORE,

5th June, 1894.

Maharajji!

God is very good. I like Him immensely. He is so sweet. You ought to live on terms of peace with Him. He is never harsh. Only He is playful and at times what we consider our suffering is His humour. I know many things about Him now. I will tell you some day.

On this table, at which I am writing this letter, are lying a few grains of sugar. And round the sugar collected three or four ants. And they all began looking towards my black letters, as my pen went on writing them on the paper. And they talked a lot about it all. I report to you their conversation.

But at first I may say that though my handwriting is very defective and not very nice, to the ants it looked as wonderful as the paintings of China.

• The very first ant that started the talk was the youngest of the lot, a little ant, a mere baby-ant. The first baby-ant said: 'Look sister! look! The art of this pen! How it goes on writing round and round the beautiful letters. The paper

on which it writes becomes a dear letter; men lift it to their eyes and read it. It is spreading pearls on paper. What colours! What designs! Some letters look like us and our cousins (the other insects)! Oh how beautiful!' The pen says: 'I am the emperor of the world, I bestow wealth on him who wields me!' The pen has no life but it can create insects like us any number of times.'

Saying this the first ant became silent. The elder one, with keener eye-sight, spoke thus: 'My sisters! you see not! The pen is a dead thing. The pen has no power to paint. It is the two fingers holding the pen that are working this miracle.'

And yet another spoke, wiser than the last two: 'Both of you are ignorant. The two fingers are like two thin round sticks; what can the fingers do? It is the wrist above the hand that makes all the fingers work.'

And the mother of these ants spoke: 'No, no! You are all wrong, my daughters! It is that huge trunk that does all this. All the praise for it should go to the trunk.'

When the ants had their say, then I told them: 'O my alter egos! My other bodies! This trunk is also dead. It is moved by the soul. All this praise is due to the soul.'

When I had said this, I heard you speak to my mind, and I told the ants what you said. It is like this: 'There is something beyond the human soul, *viz.* the oversoul. It moves everything that exists: whatever happens in the Universe happens according to His will. Dolls cannot dance without him who holds the strings. Flute cannot play without the player. Similarly man can do nothing without His will. The sword's work is to kill but it cannot kill unless wielded by a human hand. Similarly, however bad one may be, he can do no evil without being moved by Him. Just as the entire administration becomes friendly to one who cultivates the king's friendship, the entire Universe becomes the slave

of one who becomes the friend of God.'

I never feel angry with any one. I am very happy. People get into tempers and say things in an irresponsible way. We should forgive them. You must establish peace between yourself and them. Whether you accept your meals from them or not, is a separate question; do as you please. But you must have peace between man and man. The ornament of *sadhus* is forgiveness. I know God will give you great peace.

—Rama.

(ii) To Dhanna Ram:

LAHORE,  
14th June, 1895.

Maharajji,

I offer everything at your feet. Please continue to have mercy on me.

God Himself is the house for storing the goods of reliance in.

It is the door of bounty. Don't sit here hopeless of its being opened. From every lock here its key grows like a seed.

By your grace I enjoy bliss.

'None (in reality) is poor and hungry; everyone has diamonds in his bundle, but knows not how to open it, hence finds himself a beggar.'

—Rama.

(iii) To Mrs. Wellman:

SHASTA SPRINGS,  
CALIFORNIA,  
October 8, 1903.

Most Blessed Divine Mother,

....Rama thoroughly appreciates every movement of yours. Rama is not selfish enough to misunderstand; nor is there any likelihood of ever forgetting one who has become

Rama in her love for India, Truth, and suffering Humanity. *Surya* means the Sun, and so does Rama. 'Resist not evil' does not mean, become a passive nonentity; no, not at all. The saying has no reference to the acts of the body. It is a commandment touching the mind, and mind alone, inculcating *Peace of mind*. *Mental resistance, opposition, and revolt* always brings about discord, irritation and worry; instead of 'curling up', and consequently unbalancing yourself, overcome the seeming evil by Love (Sacrifice, or giving nature) than which there is no higher force.

'Resist not evil', and welcome events with the good cheer of a giver. Great souls never lose their balance. By preserving our calm we can always turn the stumbling blocks into stepping stones. Never, never should you let the feeling of helplessness cross your mind.

Just now the thought comes to Rama that on reaching India you should, at your earliest convenience, enquire about the whereabouts of Puran who must be somewhere in the Punjab. He is the Editor of the *Thundering Dawn*. No introductory letters are necessary for him.

Hoping you will immediately write to Rama after securing a berth,

Your own pure, heroic Self as,

Rama Swami.

[N.B.—'This letter was written to me when I was undergoing a great mental strain in regard to my contemplated journey to India, such opposition was raised against my going.—Suryananda.']

(iv) To Mrs. Wellman:

OM!

SHASTA SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA,

October 16, 1903. °

Most Blessed Noble Suryananda,

Both your letters came to Rama's hands simultaneously this noon. All is well and satisfactory. As you are going

on a long trip, it might prove beneficial for you to add a little more to your knowledge of human nature, and indelibly impress on your mind the importance of keeping ourselves *perfectly collected, serene, and at home all the time.*

['There was a delay of a certain matter which gave me much uneasiness.—Suryananda.']

The apparent delays and oppositions are all meant to add to your inner power and purity. Naturalists have decisively shown that no evolution or progress could ever take place had it not been for struggles and opposition.

Do you remember the story of Robert Bruce and the Spider? 'Is not every grand discovery preceded by hundreds, nay thousands of unsuccessful attempts?' Early in the morning you would do well to spend about half an hour in repeating to yourself the *Mantram* ['Pardon omission of *Mantram*.—Suryananda.'] Be strongly instilling into your very nature the truth involved in this *Mantram* while repeating it. This kind of continual auto-suggestion will make a thorough Swami (Suryananda) of you. You will please soon write as to what arrangements are made about your passage.

With deepest love and sincerest regard,

Your own Self,  
Rama Swami.

(v) *Thundering Dawn: WHO AM I?*

Most Blessed Dear Self,

Take up a mirror and see Me reflected in it. Enter into inner solitude and feel Me as the Power of Silence. Look up at the Sun and behold my likeness. 'Verily know Me, this is the highest gain for man. Know Me. Whoever knows Me, by no deed soever is his future bliss marred, never will depart the bloom from the face of one who knows Me'—(*Upanishad*).

Blessed art thou, howsoever, from whose eyes the scales

are dropped to see Me! Blessed is the place where thou walkest, for it must be turned into paradise by your Rama glances. Everywhere my home is.

Beating in thy breast, seeing in thy eyes, throbbing in thy pulse, smiling in the flowers, laughing in the lightning, roaring in the rivers, and silent in the mountains is Rama.

Fling aside Brahmanhood, burn up Swamiship, throw overboard the alienating titles and honours. Rama is one with you, darling. Whoever you be, learned or ignorant, rich or poor, man or woman, saint or sinner, Christ or Judas, Krishna or Gopi, Rama is your own Self. I am determined to thunder out in your bosom my Godhead, your Godhead, and proclaim it through every deed and moment.

Germany, England, America, India and all, I must shake them to freedom. I am tired of the old game. Dreamwalker! dost thou hear the Himalayan Peal? Dost thou feel the Thundering Dawn? *Freedom! Freedom!*

No flimsy phantom this. So wills Rama, your Self of self, and Rama's order absolute.

*Freedom! Freedom!*

Not to produce millions of followers like Buddha, Mohammed, Christ and other Prophets or Incarnations, but to produce, evoke or express Rama himself in every man, woman and child is Rama's mission. Trample over this body, eat up this personality, grind, digest and assimilate me, then alone you do justice to Rama.

OM! OM!! OM!!!

Resolve to be thyself and know that he who finds himself loses his memory.

(vi) From Gangotri:

*September, 1901.*

The holy Ganges could not bear Rama's separation. She succeeded at last in drawing him to herself after a little

more than a month's absence..... Who can describe the nascent beauty and playful freaks of the dear Ganges at Gangotri? Very praiseworthy is the upright character of her playmates, viz., the white mountains and innocent Deodar trees. The latter in their tall stature vie with the Persian Poet's lady love, while their balmy breath invigorates, exhilarates and elevates.

Here how well can one see that 'God sleeps in the stone, breathes in the plant, moves about in the animals, and wakes up to consciousness in man.'

Beauty is breaking forth everywhere. Zephyrs play freely all around, kissing all they meet, but particularly kissing the brightest hued flowers. At places the pulses of fragrance that come and go on the airy undulation affected Rama like sweet music. Here one will find present in rich abundance wind-wafted odour which is sweet and soft; sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet, and soft as their parting tears. Such fair fields on the tops of these giant mountains are stretched like decorated carpets. Do they serve gods as dining tables or dancing grounds?

Murmuring streams and rivers thundering over precipices are not missing in these fairy scenes. On certain summits, vision enjoys perfect freedom, unimpeded it travels far and wide on all sides, no hills to stand in its way, no angry clouds to mar its course. Some of the great peaks, in their zeal to pierce the sky and cleave the cloudland, have, it seems, altogether forgotten to stop, and appear to melt into the highest heavens.

While dealing with the awe-inspiring grandeur of the haughty mountains, let us not leave unnoticed the trembling splendour of the gemlike morning dew which enhanced not a little the attractiveness of the way. How well is man's mind ( जीवा मा ) shown in emblem by the tiny transient dew drop upon the lotus leaf! Tiny, transient, ah! yet how

pure and sparkling, reflecting the Sun of Righteousness (परमात्मा), the infinite source of light, in its bosom!

O man, art thou not the wee little drop of the Infinite Sun?

Indeed, the Light of lights thou art, and not the puny drop. All the Vedas and Rama declare with an emphasis not to be mistaken that it is Thy refulgent glory that lends life and lustre to such fairly lands.

Above, below, and everywhere, Thy resplendent presence shines. Thou art that power 'which does not respect quantity, which makes the whole and the particle its equal channel.' It is Thou that delegatest to the morning its smile and to the rose its blush.

Traced in the midnight planets' blaze,  
 Or glistening in the morning dew,  
 Whate'er is beautiful or fair,  
 Is but Thine own reflection there.  
 Thine is the starry moon of night,  
 The twilight eve, the dewy morn.  
 Whate'er is beautiful and bright,  
 Thine hands have fashioned to adorn.  
 Thy glory walks in every sphere,  
 And all things whisper, 'God is here!'

## 2. NOTE BOOKS

When Rama writes letters, the writing of letters is in itself a complete job (perfectly satisfactory by itself). No answers are ever expected. I never write letters to receive answers, but because the inner joy finds expression in that way for the time.

\* \* \*

The people want something tangible, palpable, material, gross, just like children; they cannot do without toys, being incapable of understanding the subtle truth.

\* \* \*

The little seed set now must lie quiet before it will germinate, and many alternations of sunshine and showers descend upon it, before it becomes even a small plant. When a thousand years have passed, come thou again, and behold! a mighty tree that no storms can shake. Therefore leave time: do not like a child pull thy flower up by the root to see if it is growing.

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Do not hurry. As when the sun rises, the clouds suffused with light creep over the edges of the hills, the young poplar poises itself like an upward arrow out of the ground, the birds warble with upturned bills to the sun; the hemisphere of light follows the hemisphere of darkness, and a great wave of light rushes round the globe. *The little pigmies (men) stand on end (like iron filings under a magnet) and then they fall prone again;* and this has gone on for millions of years and will go on for millions more.

Do not hurry. Absolve yourself today from the bonds of action. Begin today to understand why the animals are not hurried, and do not concern themselves about affairs, nor the clouds, nor the trees, nor the stars—but only man—and he but for a (few) thousand years in history. Do not hurry; have faith.

Whither indeed should we hurry? Is it not well here? A little denying of ego, and lo! the glory of all the earth is ours.

Is your present experience hard to bear? Yet remember that never again perhaps in all your days will you have another chance of the same. Do not fly the lesson, but have a care that you master it while you have the opportunity.

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Will you rush past for ever insensate and blindfold—hurrying breathless from one unfinished task to another, and to catch your departing trains?

Resume the ancient dignity of your race, lost, almost forgotten as it is. What is it surely that you are fretting about? Is it the fashions or what men say about you, or the means of livelihood, or is it the sense of duty this way or that, or trivial desires that will not let you rest? Are you so light; like a leaf, that such things as these will move you,—are you so weak that one such slender chain will deprive you of inestimable Freedom? And yet the lilies of the field and the beasts that have no *Banks of Deposits or Securities* are not anxious: they have more dignity than you.

Give away all that you have, become poor and without possessions—and behold! you shall be lord and sovereign of all things.

\* \* \*

Like Arjuna fight hard, but (put) the reins of horses in the hands of *Krishna*.

I stand prepared for toil, for hardship—this instant, if need be to start on an unforeseen and distant journey—I am willing without reserve.

As a woman of a man, so will I learn of thee, I will draw thee closer and closer, I will drain thy lips and the secret things of thy body, I will conceive of thee, O Liberty!

\* \* \*

Avaunt! Over the hills with lightning speed fly, tossing your nostrils; but know that I easily outspeed you all—you cannot delude or escape Me. See if to my chariot at length harnessed I will not drive you, irresistible and triumphant through all the kingdoms of space.

\* \* \*

Be not careful about perfections; the day shall come when everything shall be perfect to you. To be ungainly or deformed shall after all be no hindrance; your ignorance and rags shall not avail for a disguise. Past your own futility or vanity, you shall walk unfettered, and just gaze upon them

as you go by; if learning and skill admit you to wonders, ignorance and awkwardness shall give you entrances equally or more desirable.

I do not turn you back from Self-seeking; on the contrary, I know that you shall never rest till you have found your Self. If you seek it, money, fame, and the idle gratifications of inordinate organs and lusts—that is all very well for a time; but you will have to do better than that. If you seek it in duty, goodness, renunciation, they also are very well for a time; but you will do better.

\* \* \*

Pessimism, so far as it declares open war against the present state of affairs and the miserable condition of civilisation, is all right. But it is wrong if it leads us to despondency and dissatisfaction.

Optimism, so far as it wants us to remain happy, no matter how depressing the circumstances, is all right. But when it leads us to accommodate the corrupt tendencies of the age, it becomes a regular plague.

\* \* \*

Are you laughed at, are you scorned? Do they gaze at you and giggle to each other as you pass by? Do they despise you because you are mis-shapen, because you are awkward, because you are peculiar, because you fail in everything you do—and you know it is true? Do you go to your chamber and hide yourself and think that no one thinks of you, and when they do, only with contempt? My child, there is One that not only thinks of you, but who cannot get on at all without you.

Are you alone in the world? Have you sinned? Have you a terrible secret within you which must out, yet you dare not reveal it? Have you a face so disfigured that no one will look straight in your eyes? Have you a mortal disease? Do you feel the beating pulse of it in the dead of the night? At

mid-day when the passers-by go to and fro in the bright sunshine, do you feel the shadowy call of it to another world? Are you tormented with inordinate clutching lusts which you dare not speak? Are you nearly mad with the sting of them, and nearly mad with the terror, lest they should betray you?

My child, there is One who understands perfectly. There is nothing betrayed and nothing to betray. It is all straightforward. There is no fraction of your days, your body, your thoughts, your passions, which has not deliberately and calmly been prepared—and which shall not deliberately and calmly be removed, removed again when it has played its part. There is no prejudice here, or weakness, or self-righteousness, nor any apartness at all; you are included, and all that is done and felt by you is done and felt at the same instant by not-you; whatever you are and whatever you do, there is One who will and does look at you candidly in the face and understand you. You may recoil from that gaze; but if you learn to encounter and return it (whether in one or many lifetimes), you will see that from it, at length, all secret terrors, shams, disfigurements, death itself, vanish away; and you will not only not be alone in the world, but you will be a sovereign lord over the world. Apart from all evil, your Soul, my friend, that towards which you aspire, which will become you one day—your true Self—rides above your *phantasmal self* continually. Do not fear: it is there. Through all the baffling and confusion, through all the seeming haphazard and labyrinth darkness of life, it is there—overseeing, quietly selecting, directing, ordaining. It is lord of all. If there were chance, it were evil; but there is not. The Soul surrounds chance and takes it captive; and all experience—what you call good and what you call evil, alike—it takes and greedily absorbs, nor ever can it have enough.

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I accept you altogether—as the sea accepts the fish that swims in it. It is no good apologising for anything you have done, for you have never been anywhere yet but what I have sustained you—and beyond my boundaries you cannot go.

\* \* \*

I am he that beholds and praises the universe, singing all day like a bird among the branches, and the leaves put forth, and the young buds burst asunder—yet I myself do nothing at all, but dwell in the midst of them singing.

\* \* \*

Behold! I love thee—I wait for thee in thine own garden, lingering till eventide, among the bushes; I tune the lute for thee, I prepare my body for thee, bathing unseen in the limpid waters.

Blessed art Thou whosoever from whose eyes the veil is lifted to see Me; blessed are thy mornings and evenings—blessed the hour when thou risest up, and again when thou liest down to sleep.

Who walks in the singleness of heart shall be my companion—I will reveal myself to him by ways that the learned undertsand not.

Though he be poor and ignorant, I will be his friend—I will swear faithfulness to him.

\* \* \*

Think nothing to be *important*. All the misery, anxiety, and heartaching arises from considering this matter or that *important*. We lay stress on the *importance* of anything, there we sow the seed of our future or present calamity. Take off this feeling of *importance* from all the centres of attraction. It is this *sense of importance* that ripens into attachment. Carelessness is the highest virtue for the man who knows the Self. True liberty is the accurate apprecia-

tion of Necessity. I am that Necessity, and being that Necessity am free.

\* \* \*

Him who is not detained by mortal adhesions, who walks in this world yet not of it—taking part in everything with equal mind, with free limbs and senses unentangled—giving all, accepting all, using all, enjoying all, asking nothing, shocked at nothing—whom love follows everywhere, but he follows it not—Him all creatures worship—all men and women bless.

Seek not your own life—for that is death.

Ah! Death—and Hell with thy gaping jaws,—into thee at length I am curious to descend; curious am I to go where the old empty masks of Fear and Disaster are kept, and see where they hang—hereafter useless for ever.

\* \* \*

Leaving all, leaving house and home, leaving year-long plans and purposes, ease and comfort, leaving good name and reputation, and the sound of familiar voices, entwining loved arms from about your neck, yet twining them closer than ever, let not the flame die out!

\* \* \*

And I conjure you, if you would understand me, to crush and destroy those thoughts which I have written in this book or anywhere; and my body (if it should be our destiny to meet in battle), I conjure you faithfully to destroy....nor be afraid...as I will endeavour to destroy yours: so shall you liberate me to dwell with you.

Spare not, respect not, believe not anything that I have written. Rest not till you have ground it to smallest meal between your teeth. And looking me in the face, accept not anything that I do or say—for it does not call for acceptance.

*Me alone, when you have separated and rejected all these, shall you see and not reject....*

“The match-stick must soon burn off, but blessed is he who has lighted his lamp permanently therewith,” truly Rama also said.

### 3. OTHER SOURCES

#### *Vedanta in Action:*

Puran Singh:—“Do you think Swamiji, America is more after what you call Vedanta than India?” asked I. And the Swami replied: “No! America lives my Vedanta on the physical plane, Rama wants all nations to take the same Truth on the mental and spiritual planes also. America and the whole West thus live cramped up in spite of all expansions, while India having cramped herself for centuries only on the mental plane has grown a worse sickman than any Western country. India has shut herself from the spiritual, and has only left half a plank of her door open for the spiritual life, and her ruin has been complete on the mental plane also. *Vedanta is the whole Truth, it kills if the whole of it is not lived.* Either the whole of Truth, or death, there is no golden mean to be struck in living Truth.

“Rama does not say that India has not the hunger for Truth, but it is the false appetite of a man suffering from chronic indigestion, and in India, as Rama told you, it is more or less philosophic indigestion. All the traditions, conventions, customs, castes, superstitions, and religious make-beliefs of India have become only dead symptoms of spiritual ailments due to the cramping of self into one set of living on the mental plane, which, however beautiful to start with, has already degenerated into a system of fraudulent ignorance and hypocritical assertions.

“Countries *per se* cannot be divided into good or bad,

spiritually or mentally,' he continued; 'there are some men and women in the country whose lives alone count; the others do not. It is a matter mostly of chance whether it is more of the former class or of the latter that you yourself come in personal contact with in each country. An estimate based on such acquaintance must forever remain personal. Hell and Heaven live under the same roof, nay under the same skin, and so it is everywhere in all countries, in all climes, in all persons, and it is the particular manifestation of either seen by you that determines your own attitude to that country. So if you choose to come in personal contact with the most noble and the most beautiful portion of a country and its men and women, all countries are equally spiritual, equally noble, equally beautiful, equally divine.'

*Aids to Realisation:* (Lecture, March 8, 1903)

(a) *Pranayama:*

Today Rama will discourse on certain matters which will be of great help to those who have listened to his previous lectures. We will take up *Pranayama* first.

*Pranayama* literally means 'control of breath.' The Hindu books on *Yoga* give eight principal methods of controlling the breath. But Rama will lay before you only one method, . . . and very important method . . . You will put the question, what is the use of controlling the breath? In answer to that Rama simply says, 'Learn this method of controlling the breath and put it into practice, and your practice will show that it is extremely useful, highly beneficial.'

Whenever you feel dizzy, whenever you feel in dumps, in blues, dejected, crestfallen, whenever you feel put out, practise *Pranayama*, which Rama is going to lay before you, and you will see that immediately you are rested . . . Again when you begin to write on any subject, when you begin to think on any subject, and you find that you cannot control your thoughts, practise this *Pranayama*, and immediately you

will marvel at the powers you will attain. Everything is in order. Everything is put in the most desirable state. These are the benefits of *Pranayama*.

It will cure you of many physical diseases. . . . We will now see what is that.

In this country people are trying to control the breath this way or that, but Rama lays before you a method which has stood the test of time, which was practised in India in the most ancient days, and which is practised there even today, and all those who have practised it there, from the most ancient times to the present time, have found it highly beneficial.

Well, in order to practise *Pranayama* you must sit in a most comfortable, easy position, . . . . You may sit in an easy chair. Keep your body straight, back-bone stiff, head up, chest out, eyes front. . . . [Simple detailed instructions follow.]

Thus you mark that in this *Pranayama* as laid before you so far, there are four processes, both physical and mental. The first process was inhaling. The inhaling part was the physical process, and the idea, the way of feeling and thinking and applying your mind and exerting your energy to realise that Divinity, that Divinity am I, Divinity is Me; this idea was the mental process connected with it.

Again, while you kept the breath in your lungs, and the mental process of feeling that you were the whole Universe; and in the third process you exhaled. . . and threw off all weakness; firm determination to keep yourself rooted, established, seated in the Divinity, never to allow any weakness or any demon of temptation to approach you; and then there was the fourth process of keeping the breath outside. Thus the first half of *Pranayama* is done up to so far in this fourth process [through the left nostril]. One half is finished. After going through this fourth process, you may take a little rest.

Then allow the breath to fill your nostrils, as it may. Inhale and exhale just as you inhale and exhale rapidly after taking a long walk. This natural inhalation and exhalation which will go on very rapidly is *Pranayama* by itself. That is the natural *Pranayama*....

Now begin with the right hand nostril. Mental process the same as before. Only the nostrils are changed....

Try to lengthen every one of these processes as long as and as much as you can. Here is harmonious motion; just as a pendulum has got double oscillation, so here you have to make a pendulum of your breath, harmonious motion. You will see by your own experience that you gain immense strength. Most of your diseases leave you....

Well, Rama finds that when people *begin* to practise *Pranayama*, most of them fall sick. The reason is that they do not adopt the natural course. They begin to inhale and exhale for such a long interval that will make them sick. Be natural in every part of this breathing. Make efforts, do your best to lengthen every process, but *do not fatigue yourself*.... *when you feel tired, stop; stop, you are under no obligation.*

The next day be more considerate,... try to keep your energies reserved, so that you may be able to continue the remaining processes; be judicious....

This is a kind of physical exercise.... Those who think that this *Pranayama* has got something mystical, some divine meaning in it, are mistaken. Those who think that the highest realisation culminates in it, and there is nothing higher than it, are mistaken.... *Pranayama* or this control of breath has *nothing supernatural in it*. It is an ordinary exercise. Just as you go out and take physical exercise, so is this a kind of exercise of the lungs. There is no real significance in it, nothing mystic about it.

One thing more ought to be said in connection with *Pranayama*. When you begin to inhale or exhale, keep your

(you will pardon if Rama uses that word) abdomen, the lower part of the body, drawn in. That will be of great use to you.

Again when you inhale and exhale, let the breath reach and fill all your belly. Let not the breath simply go up to the heart and no farther. Let the breath go deeper down. Let every cavity of your body, all the upper half of your body be filled.

Well, this will do for *Pranayama*, and those who want to concentrate their minds on Vedantic lines, will find it a wonderful aid... before they begin to chant OM, before they begin to concentrate their mind on any method they have read in the Vedantic literature.

(b) *Concentration*:

Now will Rama lay before you one method of concentrating the mind. This paper [copies circulated] you need not begin to read just now. Rama will let you know how to read it....

*This is a form of prayer.* It is not a prayer in the sense that it begs, asks, or seeks anything from God. It is a prayer in the sense that it enables you to realise your Divinity....

This paper (entitled *SOHAM*) you can keep in your pockets all the time; and whenever you feel... the burden of cares, worries, anxieties of your everyday life weighing you down, take up this paper, sit in solitude, and begin to read it in the way Rama will illustrate tonight.

Sit at your ease. Sit in the same way as you were asked to sit when practising *Pranayama*. You may close your eyes, begin in a prayerful mood, or keep your eyes half closed, just as you wish.

• *'There is but one Reality, OM! OM!! OM!!!'* Read that and lay aside the paper, let it rest there: 'There is but one Reality.'.... Say that in the language of feeling, say that with your whole heart; *melt in the idea*: 'There is but

one Reality, OM, OM, OM!'.... Your whole soul should feel the idea.... It means that all this phenomenal universe which dampens our spirit or mars our joy.... all the circumstances are no reality. *This is the meaning...*.... You have hypnotised yourself into a rigidity with regard to the outside phenomena, and thus it is that you involve yourself in all sorts of sickness and trouble.... See that this one statement—'There is but one Reality'—is a higher statement than all the so-called truths insinuated in you through the books. All the so-called facts which you believed to be *facts*, are simply an illusion, a delusion, hypnotised into you by the senses. *Be not dupes of the senses.*

Somebody comes and finds fault with you, and criticises you; another comes and abuses you; another comes and puffs you up and flatters you; all these are not facts, all these are not reality. The reality, the stern fact, you should feel.

When chanting this—OM, OM, OM!—bar out all else, dispel and expel all the belief that you have put into the outside phenomenal circumstances. Put forth all your energies and strength on the *fact*: 'There is but one Reality': 'There is but one Reality, OM, OM, OM!'....

Well, often times, you will see that reading out for the first time, the idea will make you cheerful and happy, will keep you above all pain and difficulty; but if you feel inclined to read further, you may; otherwise it is enough if you can put into practice only one sentence of that in your pocket....

If you think you require some more strength, read the next sentence: '*That Reality is Myself.*' Now it comes nearer home. Oh my neighbour is not different from me, I am present there also.... [And so on, gradually, step by step, through the whole gamut of affirmations suggested in the paper.] All Joy I am. All Knowledge I am. All Truth I am. All Light I am. Fearless, fearless I am. No attachment or repulsion. I am the fulfilment of all desires. I am

the over-soul. I hear in all ears. I see in all eyes. In all minds I think. Sages aspire to know the Truth which is Myself. The life and light that shineth through the sun and stars am I—the Omnipresent, the Omnipotent, the Omniscient am I—OM! OM!! OM!!!

(c) *The Sacred Syllable OM:*

OM (or A-U-M). What does that signify? That signifies that when you have filled your heart, saturated your mind with the idea 'there is but one Reality', instead of reading out all these words—over and over again—say only one word OM, as this one word represents the whole idea\* for you. Just as in Algebra, we represent big quantities by  $x$  or  $y$ ,  $a$  or  $b$ , or some other letter, so when you have read out this thought 'There is but one Reality', this name OM, which is the Holy of holies, this name OM possessing the highest powers of Divinity or God, should be chanted; and while chanting it, feel the idea that 'There is but one Reality'....

It has been shown how out of A-U-M, these three *Matras*, the Hindus, especially the Vedas give you a clue to the underlying Reality that you are. OM means the underlying Reality behind the sciences, the eternal Truth, the indestructible Self that you are.

Thus when you sing this sacred *mantram* OM, you will have to throw your intellect and your body into your true Self,

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\* 'All the Vedanta, nay all the philosophy of the Hindus, is simply an exposition of this syllable OM. OM has a charm about it, an efficiency, a virtue in it which directly brings the mind of one who chants it under control, which directly brings all feelings and all thought into a state of harmony, brings peace and rest to the soul and puts the mind in a state where it is one with God... Science may not be able to explain this, but *this is a fact which can be verified by experiment*. Woe unto Science if it goes against the truth connected with the efficiency of the sacred syllable OM.'—Rama.

Cf. अभिधानं नेदिष्ठम् (Sankara). 'The nearest symbol of the Absolute—the vibrations embodied in it are the very first materialised expressions of the purely spiritual and ideal experience.'—N. K. Brahma, *Philosophy of Hindu Sadhana*, p. 272.

make these *melt* into the real *Atman*, realise it and sing in the language of feeling, sing it with your acts, sing it through every pore of your body. Let it course through your veins, let it pulsate in your bosom, let every hair on your body and every drop of your blood, tingle with the Truth that you are the Light of lights, the Sun of suns, the Ruler of the Universe, the Lord of lords, the true Self. The Sun and stars are your handiwork, and the heavens and earth your workmanship. Everything declares your glory, and all Nature pays you homage.

OM! OM!! OM!!!

OM! OM!

OM!

### POST-SCRIPT

The *Bhagavad-Gita* was Swami Rama's favourite, as was also the *Yoga-Vasishtha*, all through his life. His interest in both is seen in the following notes in his journals:—

### CONCLUSIONS OF YOGA VASISHTHA

Now addressing the assembly, Vasishtha said:

'In order that all persons in this hall may without exception understand the drift of what we say, we shall now, with our hands raised on high, proclaim to all:—

✓ 'It is only *Sankalpa* destroyed beyond resurrection that constitutes the immaculate Brahmic State.'

\*

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\*

From the *Bhagavad-Gita* he has, in particular, noted the verses:—

यस्य सर्वे समारम्भाः कामसंकल्प वर्जिताः ।

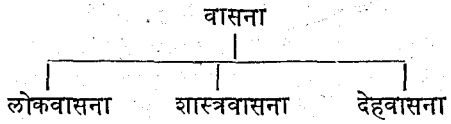
ज्ञानाग्निदग्धकर्माणं तमाहुः पण्डितं बुधाः ॥

त्यक्त्वा कर्मफलासङ्गं नित्यतृप्तो निराश्रयः ।

कर्मण्यभिप्रवृत्तोऽपि नैव किञ्चित्करोति सः ॥

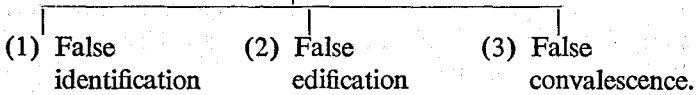
His comments are:

For *Sadhus*:—



*Vasana* of the form of hypocrisy, vanity and the like, is the sure way to perdition.

देह वासना



(1) यस्यात्मबुद्धिः कुणपे त्रिधातुके  
स्वधीः कलत्रादिषु भौमइज्यधीः ।  
यस्तीर्थबुद्धिः सलिले कर्हिचित्  
जनेष्वभिज्ञेषु स एव गोखरः ॥

(2) अत्यन्त मलिनो देहो देहीचात्यन्त निर्मलः ।  
उभयोरन्तरं ज्ञात्वा कस्य शौचं विधीयते ॥

(3) Care not a straw for the existence or preservation of this body.

आत्मानं यदि निन्दन्ति स्वात्मानं स्वयमेव हि ।  
शरीरं यदि निन्दन्ति सहायास्ते जना मम ॥

These are followed, in the note-book, by a variety of observations from which we shall cull only a few:—

### JIVAN MUKTI

*Gyana* is the principal requisite.... If a man devout enough to realise the presence of God in all those who come in contact with him (i.e. to say, one who has passed through the stages of मनोनाश and वासना क्षय ) is initiated into तत्त्वज्ञान (Knowledge of Self); he from the very moment of hearing the महा वाक्य enjoys *Jivan-mukti* and is entitled to *Videha-mukti*.

## FICHTE ON MAYA

Beyond this truth no philosophy can go, and all true philosophy depends upon the recognition of it. Any metaphysical theorem which assumes an origin or cause for consciousness transcending this first primitive assertion of Ego by itself, is convicted of incompleteness and absurdity.

### H. SPENSER

By the Persistence of Force, we really mean the persistence of some cause which transcends our knowledge and conception. In asserting it, we assert an Unconditioned Reality without beginning or end.

Such starting point, by its very nature, cannot be a demonstrable fact, nor can it be comprehended in strict logical fashion, i.e., brought under a notion.

\* \* \*

Consciousness works through reflection, and reflection is only through limitation. So soon as we reflect upon the activity of the Ego, the Ego is finite.

Were the question raised: Is the Ego Infinite? The Ego, by the very question is finite.

So much reality as the Ego posits in itself, so much does it negate in the non-Ego; so much reality as it posits in the non-Ego, so much does it negate in itself.

The Ego, as positing, is the sum of all reality, and therefore of activity. But, *as positing*, it posits a definite portion of this total sphere of reality, and every definition is equivalent as respects the whole.

The Ego, therefore, is *passive* through its own *activity*.\* As sum of reality and activity the Ego is substance.

### CONCLUSION

Such were some of the roots from which Rama drew the

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\* Cf. 'Sat is the paradox of Rest and Motion in one.'—C. F. Andrews.

sap of his mystical philosophy of 'Balanced Recklessness.' His poetical genius fused it into a spiritual experience of Reality as revealed (fitfully) in the foregoing pages.

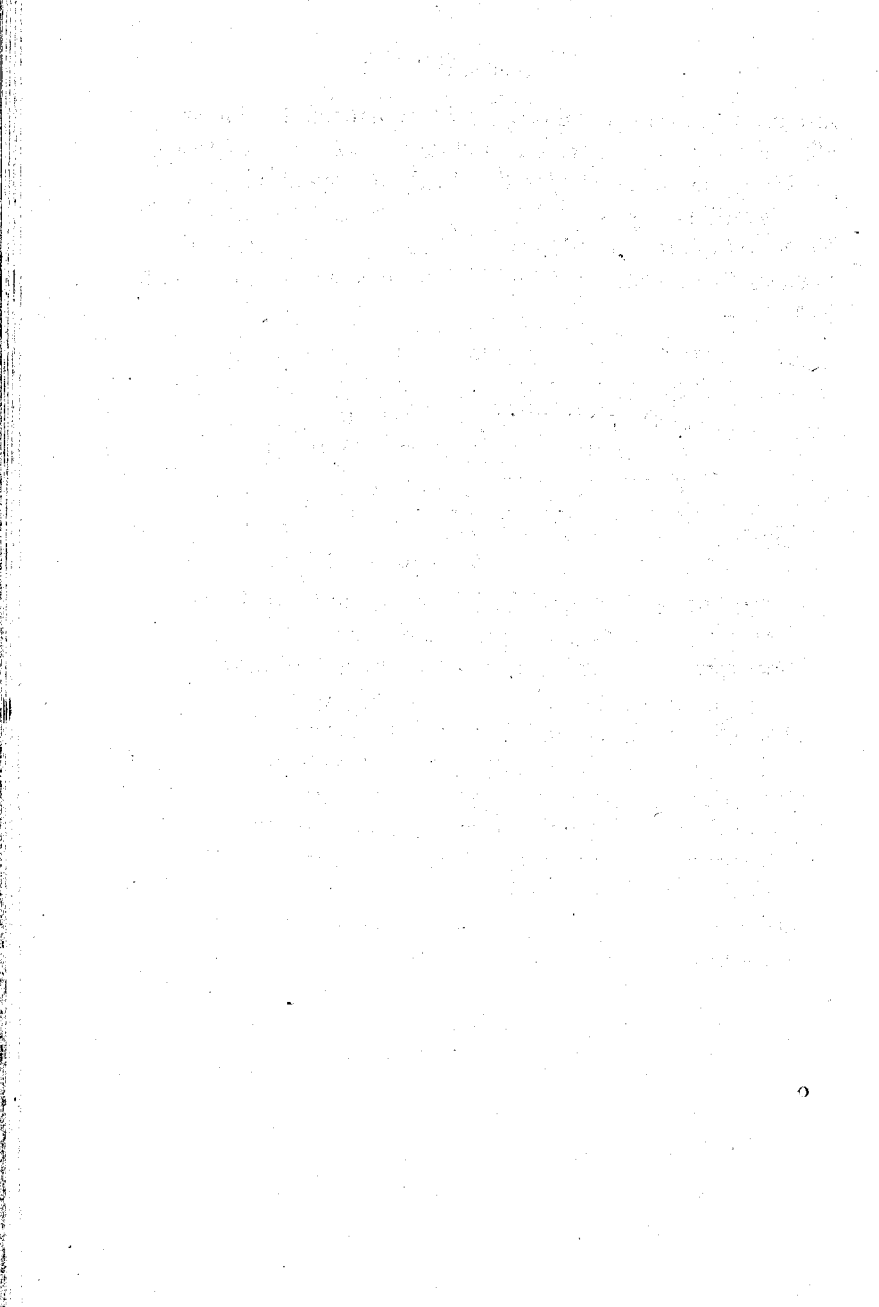
Swami Narayana's elaborate Hindi commentary on the *Bhagavad-Gita* concludes with a few Urdu poems of the Master, from which we cite the following lines and write *FINIS*:—

जो सच पूछो सैरो-तमाशा भी कब था ।  
 नथी दूसरी शय न देखी-दिखाई ॥१ ॥  
 थी दौलत की दुनिया में जिसकी दुहाई ।  
 जो खोला गिरह को तो पाई न पाई ॥२ ॥  
 किये हर सेह हालत के गरचे नजारे ।  
 वले 'राम' तनहा या मुतलक इकाई ॥३ ॥

\* \* \*

कहाँ जाऊँ ? किसे छोडूँ ? किसे लेलूँ ? कलूँ क्या मैं ? ।  
 मैं इक तूफ़ाँ कयामत का हूँ, पूर-हैरत तमाशा मैं ॥४ ॥  
 मैं बासन, मैं अयाँ, जेरो-जबर, चप-रास्त, पेशो-पस ।  
 जहाँ मैं, हर मकाँ मैं हूँ, इधर मैं हूँ, उधर मैं हूँ ॥५ ॥  
 मैं चाहूँ क्या ? किसे ढुंढूँ ? सभी में ताना-बाना मैं ।  
 वह बहरे-हुस्नो-खूबी हूँ हुबाब हैं साफ और कैलाश ॥६ ॥  
 उड़ा इक मौज से कतरा, बनातब मिहर आसा मैं ।  
 ज़रो नेमत मेरो किरणों में धोका था सुराब ऐसा ॥७ ॥  
 तजल्ला नूर है मेरा कि 'राम', अहमद हूँ, ईसा मैं ॥८ ॥

॥ ॐ ॥



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The Complete Works of Swami Rama Tirtha were first published in Delhi (1909-10) in four volumes by Amir Chand, under the General Caption: 'In Woods God-realisation.'

The contents of these were later redistributed in varying numbers of volumes by the Rama Tirtha Publication League founded by Swami Narayana in 1919 at Lucknow. The League also published Swami Rama's Works in Hindi in 28 volumes; and some in Urdu—particularly his Letters. The Rama Tirtha Publication League has since been reconstituted as the Rama Tirtha Pratisthan, Sarnath, Varanasi.

The first volume of the 7th ed. (1946) announced the publication of the Complete Works in 8 vols., and also—

- (1) Heart of Rama,
- (2) Poems of Rama,
- (3) Note-Books,
- (4) Parables of Rama,
- (5) Life and Legacy of Swami Rama,
- (6) Story of Swami Rama, etc.

But subsequently, in 1951, in Vol. VII of the 7th ed. a modified plan was put out, according to which there were to be 12 volumes distributed as under:

- (1) The Pole Star Within;
- (2) The Fountain of Power;
- (3) Aids to Realisation;
- (4) Cosmic Consciousness and How to Realise it;
- (5) The Spirit of Realisation;
- (6) Sight-seeing from the Hill of Vedanta;
- (7) India, the Motherland;
- (8) Forest Talks;
- (9) Mathematics and Vedanta;
- (10) Snapshots (Appreciations);

- (11) Precious Gems; and  
 (12) Musings of the Poet-Monk.

In view of the above mutations and the difficulties experienced in obtaining some of the publications, I have had to make the best use of such of them as I could get at. There is, besides, no really topical grouping of the lectures in the volumes available—up to the 7th ed. (ten volumes) used by me in the preparation of this book.

I have, therefore, prepared my own Index of Lectures.

Years ago, in 1914-15, the late Bhaskar Vishnu Phadke (Bombay) brought out an excellent Marathi translation of Swami Rama's Complete Works in 12 volumes. But, unfortunately, they are no longer available.

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2. *On Heroes: Hero-Worship and the Heroic in History* by Thomas Carlyle (The World's Classics, O.U.P., London).

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—C. F. Andrews.

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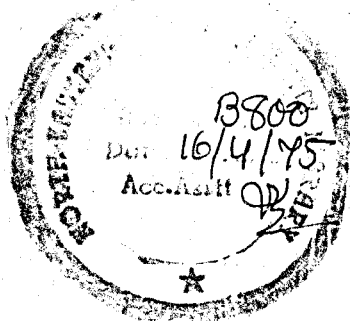
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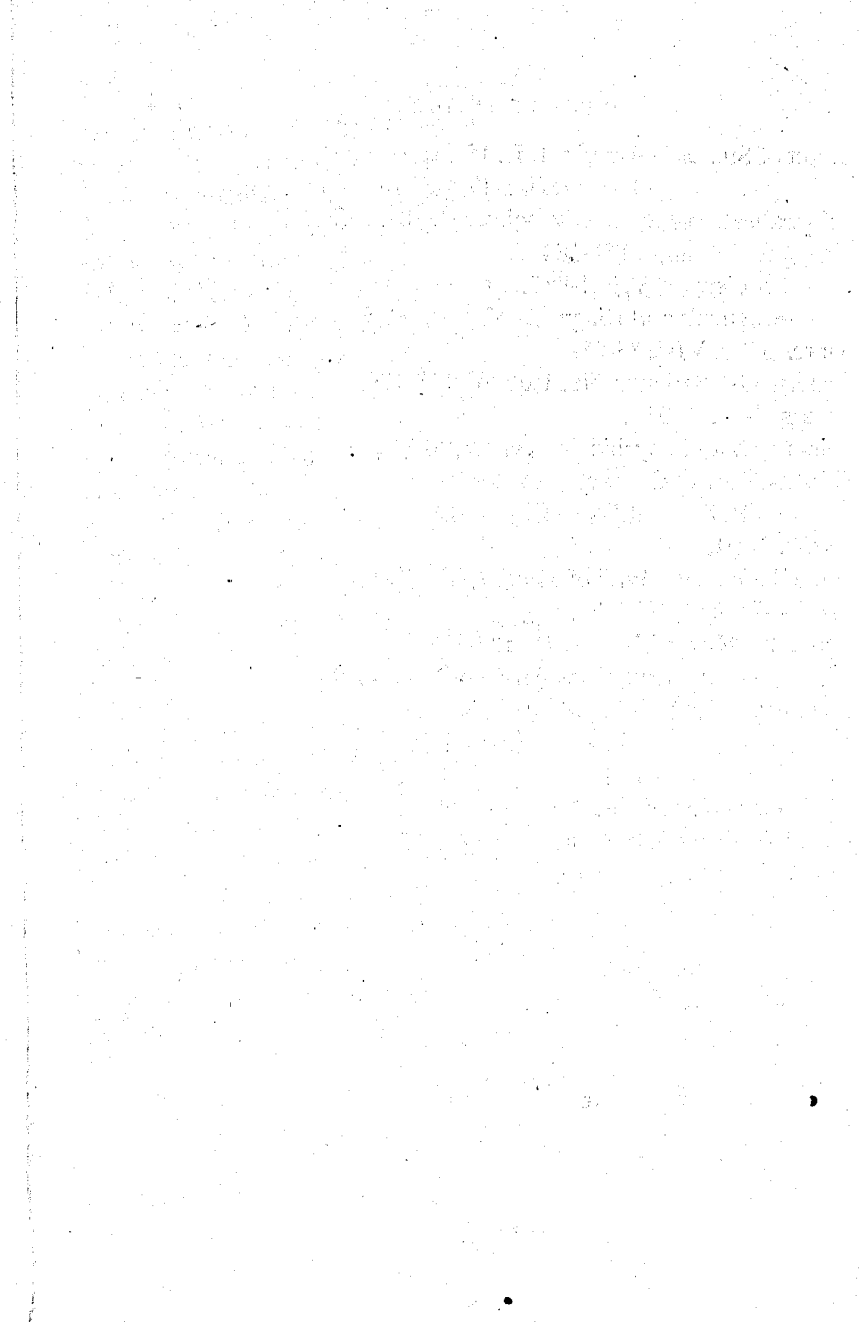
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# Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan

## CONSTITUENT INSTITUTIONS

### 1. MUMBADEVI SANSKRIT MAHAVIDYALAYA:

An Oriental College, teaching Sanskrit and the Shastras by traditional methods.

#### Departments

(a) Mumbadevi Sanskrit Pathashala, for specialized Shastric studies; (b) Devidas Lallubhai Pathashala, for preliminary Shastric and Sanskrit studies; (c) Nagardas Rughnathdas Jyotish Shikshapith for specialized study of Indian Astrology and Astronomy, and (d) Purushottam Thakkar Vedashala for Vedic studies.

#### Examinations Conducted

For the Bhavan's diplomas (recognised by the Government of Bombay) of Shastri, Acharya and Vachaspati in Sahitya, Vyakarana, Vedanta, Jyotish.

#### Facilities

Free tuition to all and free boarding and lodging or scholarships to all deserving students.

### 2. GITA VIDYALAYA:

An Academy for the study of Indian Culture with special reference to the *Bhagavad Gita*. Classes conducted at the Bhavan and 19 centres. Examinations for the Gita Vid and Gita Visharad Diplomas are conducted and scholarships, medals and prizes are given to successful candidates.

### 3. MUNGALAL GOENKA SAMSHODHAN MANDIR:

A Post-graduate & Research Institute recognised by the University of Bombay for research for Ph.D. & M.A.

#### Departments

(a) Sanskrit Shikshapith; (b) Singhi Jain Sahitya Shikshapith; (c) Narmad Gujarati Shikshapith; (d) Bhagavad Dharma Shikshapith.

#### Facilities

Scholarships and free guidance to deserving scholars.

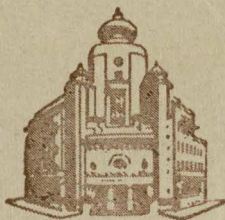
### 4. BHARATIYA ITIHASA VIBHAG: (Dept. of Indian History)

The Bharatiya Itihasa Vibhaga was organised in 1944. The Vibhag's 10-Volume scheme of "History & Culture of the Indian People" is a monumental work designed to give a comprehensive and authentic, balanced and up-to-date account of India's History and Culture through the ages.

### 5. MUNSHI SARASVATI MANDIR: (An Institute of Culture)

#### Departments

(a) Library with about 60,000 printed volumes, including rare Indological volumes and a Children's section; (b) Museum consisting of ancient and valuable manuscripts, paintings, bronzes, etc.; (c) All-India Cultural Essay Competition; (d) Bharatiya Sangli



*Shikshapith*—An Academy of Music for teaching and conducting research in Music—affiliated to the National Academy of Hindustani Music, Lucknow, teaching for Intermediate and Graduate courses.

6. **BHARATIYA KALA KENDRA**—An Academy of Arts and Dramatics, including a School of Dancing.

7. **MUDRAN AUR PRAKASHAN MANDIR** :

As a first step towards establishing an Academy of Printing, Bhavan has acquired Messrs. Associated Advertisers & Printers—one of the biggest presses in Bombay.

(a) This department publishes the results of the research work of the Bhavan, the Gujarati Sahitya Parishad and the Munshi Sahitya (b) *The Book University*—Under this scheme, books—ancient and modern—are published in a uniform size and at a low price with a view to make the best literature and classics of India and the world available to the common man in easily understandable form.

8. **DEPARTMENT OF JOURNALS AND PERIODICALS:**

*Bhavan's Journal* : English fortnightly devoted to life, literature and culture, was started in August, 1954.

*Bharati* : A Hindi monthly is being brought out since August, 1956.

*Bharatiya Vidya* : A research quarterly is also published by this Department.

9. **M. M. COLLEGE OF ARTS & N. M. INSTITUTE OF SCIENCE** :

This College of the Bhavan is affiliated to the University of Bombay for courses leading to B.A., B.Sc., M.A., M.Sc. and Ph.D. The College has a Gita Academy also.

#### **Kendras outside Bombay**

Bhavan has opened four centres in Delhi, Kanpur, Allahabad and Madras.

The Bhavan has also three centres outside India at Stuttgart in Germany, at California and at Brooklyn in New York.

#### **Associated and Affiliated Institutions**

(1) The Gujarati Sahitya Parishad; (2) The Gujarati Sahitya Sansad; (3) The Bombay Astrological Society; (4) The Bharatiya Siri Seva Sangh.





### THE AUTHOR

SHRIPAD RAMA SHARMA (born, August 6, 1879, at Mangalore, Mysore State) is a History Graduate of Madras and M.A. First Class of Bombay. He worked for the Indian National Congress and was its Taluk Secretary for some time. Always interested in Education, he taught in the Tilak Maha Vidyalaya, Mangalore, and was Secretary to the local National Education Board. He edited the English weekly *The Mangalore Mail*. He was the Joint Secretary of the Indian History Congress, 1935, Poona session.

He was Professor of History in the Fergusson College from 1932 to 1954 and retired as a Life Member of the Deccan Education Society.

Shri Sharma's interest in research started with his College days when he wrote his M.A. thesis "Jainism in South India" which was later published under a Bombay Government grant as *Jainism and Karnatak Culture*. As early as in 1921, while an under-graduate, he wrote "Swami Rama Tirtha: The Poet Apostle of Practical Vedanta" with a Foreword by the late revered Swami Shraddhanandji. The present work is the result of his mature thinking and ripe scholarship.

Shri Sharma is the author also of several standard works on History and Culture, like *The Mughal Empire in India*, *The Making of Modern India*, *Maratha History*, *Emperor Akbar the Great, Our Heritage and Its Significance*, *India as I see Her*, *Wisdom beyond Reason*, *Ranade: A Modern Mystic and Focus of our Culture from a Fresh Angle*.