

“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.*

THE LIGHT OF THE EAST.

VOL I.]

JULY, 1893.

[No. 11.

Keynotes.

TWO great paths lead to Nirvana, viz., the *Gnan marga* and the *Bhukti marga*. The adherents of the above two paths do not hesitate to criticize each other whenever an opportunity presents itself. The criticisms are for the most part injudicious and short-sighted. If *Gnan* and *Bhukti* be altogether different paths, how is it possible for the *Gnani* to understand the state mind of the *Bhukta* and *vice versa* ? If these two paths, be diametrically opposite, how is it possible for Buddha and Chaitanya to understand each other ? And there can be no criticism unless there is a mutual understanding.

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The object of *Gnan* as well as of *Bhukti* is the *layam* or absorption of the mind. The result of absorption must be equal in both cases. The end of both the paths being the same it is useless to make any difference. There are some natures who can bring about the *laya* state of the mind by *Gnan* ; there are others who can bring about the same by *Bhukti*. Generally speaking women and nervous persons are prone to *Bhukti* ; strong natures naturally love *Gnan*. To say that the one is superior to the other is simply a thoughtless remark.

Each of these systems has its drawbacks as well as its merits. It is very rare to meet with a true *Bhukta* or a true *Gnani*. The characteristics of a true *Bhukta* are mentioned in Slokas 13 to 20 of the 12th Chapter of the Gita. By comparing them with the characteristics of the *Gnani* as mentioned in Slokas 55 to 59 of the 2nd Chapter, the reader will detect very little difference between *Gnan* and *Bhukti*. In Sloka 46 of the sixth Chapter *Dhyan yoga* is held to be superior to everything else in unmistakable terms. That the *Yoga* referred to in the above Sloka is *Dhyan* is not only evident from Sankara's commentary but also from the fact that the 6th Chapter bears the name,—*Dhyan yoga*.

The traditional threescore and ten years, the term of life allotted to man, dwindles into a very short period on strict examination. About thirty-five years of this period is passed in an unconscious state, viz., sleep; the last ten years of dotage and the first ten years of childhood are useless. The remaining fifteen years are characterised by hard struggle for bread as well as by the death of dear and near relatives and other misfortunes. The above is the lot of only those who live up to a good old age. How many are cut off early! Is it not better for a wise man to work for deliverance from this hell during the short period he is allowed to live? Surely we come to this earth to enjoy only the pleasure of breathing.

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Sages name variously that which is but One. *Rig Veda*.

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The man of science is lost in wonder by contemplating the glorious beauty of the garden called the universe, decorated with many-colored flowers in the shape of planets and illumined by a million suns; how much more will the *Yogi* be enraptured who is face to face with the Author of this universal garden!

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We hear much of *avatars* now-a-days especially in Bengal. Only the other day a public lecture was delivered in the Star Theatre in which an attempt was made to prove that the late Ramkrishna Paramhansa was an *avatar* of Vishnu. This is a startling proposition and contrary to the spirit of the Hindu Shastras. We can never allow this proposition to go uncontradicted.

If Ramkrishna Paramhansa be an *avatar*, then every Rishi of ancient India should be regarded as such. There is no special reason which can lift Paramhansa Deva above the host of *Jivanmukta* Rishis. Byas Deb came to teach mankind and wrote out almost all the Shastras of the Kali yuga. Even he, the mouthpiece of Krishna, is not regarded as an *avatar*. For an ordinary man the assertion that he can distinguish an *avatar* from a saint is the height of presumption. We admit that it is the duty of a *chela* to regard his Guru as an *avatar*; but it does not at all follow that the same should be held up as an *avatar* before the public.

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An *avatar* is he who descends from the highest plane of consciousness in order to teach mankind; like the *Jivanmukta* he has not behind him a series of births and rebirths. Even the great Buddha, to whom more than a third of mankind owe their spiritual allegiance, had a long series of births before him? Who will believe that Ramkrishna Paramhansa displayed higher spiritual qualities than even Buddha himself? The assumption is ridiculous.

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In all mystical statements we can take nothing for granted whether on one side or the other. "The more incredible a phenomenon appears to be the more exacting must we be that the facts shall be so well evidenced that no one can have any reason for doubting the record. We recognise that we are on the border land, and that in front of us stretches a vast expanse which is to the phenomena we have already chronicled as the Atlantic ocean is to the pools left on the shore by the receding tide. What we want to do is to push forward a little the out-posts which mankind has been able to thrust into the great and illimitable expanse of the invisible world."

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Mr. Stead, the editor of the Review of Reviews is about to start a quarterly magazine dealing with the scientific study of mystical subjects, the first essential of which will be to establish a mode of communication between investigators all of kinds although it may be by vastly different methods. He says, "I can not describe it better than by saying that "Borderland" will be a quarterly "Review of Reviews" dealing with subjects which are supposed to lie beyond the pale of human knowledge. It will differ from "The Review of Reviews" in that it will not only notice the monthly magazines, but also the weekly papers which are devoted to

these studies. It will attempt to do in a popular and catholic form that which is done in a more or less doctrinaire and exclusive way by the Brahmins of Psychological Research." We are requested to inform our readers of the forthcoming publication of "Borderland" and to intimate that its editor cordially invites their co-operation and support. We fully sympathise with Mr. Stead for his attempt to give a scientific shape to the scattered and isolated experiences of various occult students in different parts of the world. Address: Mowbray House, Norfolk Street, Strand, London, W. C.

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One of the most recent achievements of Modern Science is the liquefaction of air by Professor Dewar.

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Geological evidence about the existence of a great Antarctic continent in past ages basking in a tropical sun at a time when Europe, Asia, and North America were locked up in the icy fetters of the glacial period is steadily accumulating. A *Maya* manuscript describes the destruction of this lost continent in the following terms:—"In the year 6 Kan, on the 11th Muluc, in the month zac, there occurred terrible earthquakes, which continued without interruption, until the 6th Chuen. The country of the hills of mud, the land of Mu was sacrificed; being twice unheaped, it suddenly disappeared during the night, the basin being continually shaken by volcanic forces. Being confined, these caused the land to sink and rise several times in various places. At last the surface gave way and countries were torn asunder and scattered. Unable to withstand the force of seismic convulsions, they sank with their 64,000,000 of inhabitants 8060 years before the writing of this book."

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Says the Sphinx, "Arjuna's conversation with Krishna (in the Gita) was a vision seen by him in a higher state of consciousness, and may quite well have been an actual event which took place on the battlefield occupying only a few moments of time, his state being unobserved by all those around him." Yes, the above is also the Hindu idea of the event.

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Work out your salvation with diligence.—*Buddha*.

The Lucifer for June last after noticing our article, "The Problem of the Infinite," says that the epithet *Sachchidananda* does not apply to Parambramh but only to Iswara (Logos). As this remark comes from one who holds the responsible position of the expounder of the "Hindu Shastras" to the Western World, we think it our duty to correct any misstatement of our religion and philosophy. Parambramh is, according to our Rishis, *Sachchidananda Swarupa*. *Sachchidananda* is not the attribute of *Parambramh*, it is the very essence of Parambramh. The system expounded by Subha Row in the Bhagabat Gita lectures is the *Bishitadwita* system of Ramanujacharja. In the latter system there is, (1) *Chit* or Ishwara (Logos), (2) *Achit* (matter), (3) *Chiduchit relative knowledge*, the link between Chit and Achit. In the above system Achit (matter) has real existence.

According to Sankaracharja, Yoga-Bashista, and Mahaurvana Tantra, *Chit* is equivalent to the self-luminous consciousness *per se*. *Achit* (matter) has no real existence whatever. The only thing that exists is Sachchidananda Parambramh. The Bhagabat also takes the same view: Cp: Skundha 3, Chapter V, Slokas 23 to 28. The word *Sat* means 'existence'; and as there can not be two 'existences' Parambramh can not but be *Sat*. The Logos (Ishwara) can not be identified with *Sat* (real existence) in as much as it vanishes in *Mahapralya*. The Logos (Ishwara) is a phenomenal manifestation of the Absolute; for this reason it is childish to identify it with *Sat*. The Logos with its surroundings is called *Aparam Bramh*.

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There is more faith in honest doubt, believe me, than in half the creeds.—*Tennyson*.

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This being about the close of our year, the subscribers of "Light" are requested to send their subscriptions in advance for the coming year.

The Vedānta System.

III.

(The sacred triad.)

LIKE man, the universe is a living, moving, acting, willing, and thinking Being. The suns, moons, stars, and planets are the several organs of this stupendous All-in-All. As there is the physical (*Sthūla*), the mental (*Sūkṣma*), and the intellectual (*Kāraṇa*) man, so there is the physical, the mental, and the intellectual universe. The entire universe is the God of the Vedānta Philosophy. God, like man, has the physical universe (*Bīrat*) for His body, the mental universe (*Hiranyagarva*) for His mind, and the intellectual universe (*Sūtratma*) for his intellect. To interpret the above in popular phraseology: *The Divine intellect is called Vishnu; the Divine mind is called Brahma; and the Divine body is called Shiva.* The above three are also known by the terms *Swatic Ahankar*, *Rajasic Ahankar*, and *Tamasic Ahankar* respectively. The intellect of man is called *Buddhi*, but the intellect of God is called *Vishnu*; the mind of man is called *Mana*, but the mind of God is called *Brahma*; the body of man is called *Sharīra*, but the body of God is called *Shiva*. I have hitherto intentionally used the term God (*Ishwara*) instead of *Brahm* in order to explain *Brahm* from the stand-point of *Ishwara* (Logos). We have seen before that *Vishnu*, *Brahma* and *Shiva*, i. e., the intellect, the mind and the body of *Ishwara* (Logos) are *within* space and time; but there is something in *Ishwara* which is formless *Gnan*, consciousness *per se*; it is *without* the conditions of space and time. It is the unchangeable, eternal essence of *Ishwara* (Logos). It is called *Parambrahm* in the Vedānta Philosophy. It is the spiritual light and the support of the entire universe. Neither thought, nor speech nor mind can fathom the self-luminous super-personal timeless, spaceless, *spiritual Light*!

From the above it is clear that the term universe includes not only the visible but also the invisible planes of existence; the universe is also held synonymous to God (*Ishwara*), and the deepest plane of *Ishwara* is termed *Parambrahm*.

Let us view the above problem from the stand-point of *Parambrahm*. *Vishnu* is the intellect of *Parambrahm*; *Brahma* is His mind; and *Shiva* His body. All the *gunams* (attributes) of the universe are, therefore, the attributes of *Parambrahm*. Therefore, *Parambrahm* is *Saguna*, i. e., endowed with attributes. On the other hand, *Parambrahm* is *Nirguna*

inasmuch as He is the All-in-All and without the sense of duality. From the above it follows that *Bramh* is both personal and impersonal, both *Saguna* and *Nirguna*. It is as incorrect to call Him personal as to call Him impersonal. On the one hand, *Bramh* is not impersonal like the sleeping man. On the other hand, He is infinitely superior to person. He, may therefore, be called *superpersonal*. The *superpersonal Bramh* is only cognizable by perfect *layam* or absorption of the mind.

When we retire into the deeper plains of our consciousness all diversity tends to become unity. In the waking and dreaming states we retain distinct characteristics; but, in the *sound-sleeping* state there is no difference in the consciousness of various finite beings. All merge into a unity, a unity characterised by ignorance. If our consciousness attains a state deeper than even the sound-sleeping state this unity will be characterised not by ignorance but by spiritual wakefulness. In our central self, *i. e.*, God we are one. To realise this immortal unity should be the aim of our existence. If we can go deeper into the very centre of our self by means of *Samadhi*, we will attain the *Turyia* or the fourth state of consciousness which resembles deep sleep in so far as it is timeless and spaceless but which differs from it in so far as it is characterised by self-luminosity which is the very opposite of ignorance.

The body of the self-luminous *Mahachaitanya* of the universe is called *Prakriti*. *Prakriti* may roughly be divided into three stages:— (1) *Swatic Ahankar*, Vishnu, (2) *Rajasic Ahankar*, *Bramha*, (3) *Tamasic Ahankar*, Shiva. These are the three-fold bodies of *Parambramh*. The physical body of man is derived from the *Tamasic*, his mind from the *Rajasic* and his *Buddhi* from the *Swatic Ahankar*. Shiva is the *Sthula Sharira*, *Bramha* the *Suksma Sharira*, and Vishnu the *Karana Sarira* of *Parambramh*. As the sun is clothed with its garment of dazzling light, so the *Mahachaitanya* is clothed with the garment of universal *Ahankar*. The triple *Ahankar* mentioned above are merely the *Forms* of *Mahachaitanya*, just as the wave, the ripple, and the foam are merely the *Forms* of water. The substance of the triple *Ahankar* is *Parambramh*. From the preceding remarks, we come to the following conclusion:—

(1) The material universe is the modification of the universal mind or *Ishwara*, just as the world of dream is the modification of the human mind.

(2) The physical world may be regarded as the body of *Ishwara* (*Logos*); the mind of *Ishwara* is called *Bramha* and His intellect is called *Vishnu*.

(3) Parambrahm may be called the highest spiritual principle in *Ishwara*, His *Atma*. The *Atma* of *Ishwara* is beyond the limitations of time and space.

(4) As the rays of the sun are to the sun itself, so are the *Jivas* to *Ishwara*. The higher principle of *Jiva* is called *Ishwara*, and the highest principle of the latter Parambrahm.

(5) If by means of *Samadhi* we suppress our physical consciousness, we will reach our higher Ego called *Ishwara*, and finally our highest principle called Parambrahm.

(6) This goal can only be attained by destroying the sense of duality.

7. There is only one Being identical with the universe whose highest principle is called *Parambrahm* and whose intermediate principles are known as *Ishwara* and *Jiva*. The last principle of this Being is called *Jagat*, matter.

The physical body of *Ishwara* (Logos) is divided into five grades of matter, viz., earth, water, fire, air, and ether. Each of the latter is again sub-divided into seven grades, viz., seven earths (*Sapta-bhumi*), seven waters (*Sapta-samudra*), seven airs (*Sapta-vayu*), seven fires (*Sapta-agni*), and seven ethers (*Sapta-vyoma*). All the above divisions are included in the *Ashtamukti* of Shiva which every Brahmin is required to repeat every day.

The mind of *Ishwara* called Bramha is also sevenfold; it is metaphorically described as the *Sapta Rishis*.

The intellect of *Ishwara* called Vishnu is also seven-fold, represented by the *spiritual counterpart* of the seven rays of the sun.

Beyond all these principles is the Eternal, Immutable, Undefinable, timeless and spaceless *Parambrahm*, the *Atma* of *Ishwara*.

It should be clearly borne in mind that the term *Ishwara* is here applied to the aggregate of those principles of *Parambrahm* which are within the limitations of time and space, viz., from Vishnu to the grossest principle, earth. The highest and the central spiritual principle of *Ishwara* (Logos) is termed *Parambrahm*.

The apparent difference between the Vaishnava and Shaiva sects vanishes here. To say that *Vishnu* is superior to *Shiva* or *vice versa* is simply childish. In the *Katika Purana* a scene is described in which Bramh, Vishnu, and Shiva are made to merge into one another and finally into Parabramh. As the present, the past, and the future are merely the imaginery aspects of Time, so Bramh, Vishnu and Shiva are the threefold aspects of Parabramh. The same sun is called Bramha when rising, Shiva when setting and Vishnu when in the mid-heaven.

As the past, the present, and the future are merely the imaginary divisions of infinite Time and exist in name only, so Bramha, Vishnu and Shiva are the different names of Parambramh. Infinite time can not have any part, for the part being a fraction of the whole, the *whole* must be finite also. But Time is infinite and therefore its division into days, hours, minutes, &c, are not real but imaginary; they exist in name only. Similarly the division of the infinite Bramh into Bramha, Vishnu, and Shiva is not real but imaginary; they exist in name only. As the whole period of creation, the succession of *Yugas*, the divine and the human years,—the days, hours and minutes &c., are in reality nothing but infinite Time, so Bramha, Vishnu, Shiva, the Rishis, Devas, Asuras, and animals are nothing but the infinite Parambramh. Ignorance is the cause of this seeming plurality. This ignorance is termed *Mahamaya*.

(To be continued.)

Gleanings from my Note-Book.

MORALITY presupposes Freedom.

FREEDOM exists wherever the will of the agent meets no obstacles and he is able to deliberate intelligently. Freedom is destroyed by constraint.

REASON has two aspects:—

On the one hand, Reason must be obeyed by the lower functions, the passions; on the other hand, Reason must *rightly* develop its own activities.

On this double requirement is founded the distinction of the two kinds of virtues:

1. The practical or ethical virtues.
2. The dianoetic or intellectual virtues.

ETHICS is originally the natural bent of man, his mind, disposition, temperament; hence, it signifies *moral character*.

The Ethical Virtues are, Courage, Temperance, Liberality and Magnificence, High-mindedness and love of Honor, Mildness, Truthfulness, Urbanity, Friendship and Justice.

COURAGE is a mean between fearing and daring. In the strict sense he only is courageous who is not afraid of an honourable death, and who

is ready to face danger for the sake of the morally beautiful. Genuine courage does not flow from passionateness, but from giving to the befitting the preference over life. The extremes, between which courage is the mean, are represented by the foolhardy man and the coward.

TEMPERANCE guards the proper mean in respect of pleasures and pains; in respect of the enjoyment which arises wholly through the sense of touch, in meats, drinks or in what are termed venereal pleasures. The extremes are intemperance and insensibility.

LIBERALITY is the proper mean in giving and receiving. The right mean is *magnificence* or princeliness. The extremes are profligality and stinginess, or meanness and vulgarity (bad taste).

HIGHMINDEDNESS is the proper mean in matters of honor and dishonor. He who incorrectly thinks himself deserving of high honor is vain; while he who underrates his own work is mean-spirited.

MILDNESS is the proper mean in seeking for revenge. Excess in regard to anger is irascibility.

TRUTHFULNESS (sincerity), facility in social intercourse, and friendliness are means in the management of one's words and actions in society. The obsequious man praises and yields, in order not to render himself disagreeable to his companions, and the flatterer does the same from motives of self-interest. The fretful and cross men care not, whether their conduct is offensive to others. The *right mean* of conduct in this respect has no particular name. It most resembles *Friendship*, but it is to be followed not merely among friends whom we love, but also in our intercourse with *all* whom we may meet. The candid man holds the mean between the braggart and the dissembler, in that he gives himself out for *just what he is*, and neither boasts nor belittles himself.

Shame is the fear of ill-repute, and is rather a passive emotion than a developed virtue. The extremes are represented by the timid and the shameless.

NEMESIS, or *just and righteous* indignation, is a mean whose extremes are envy and spitefulness.

JUSTICE, in the most general sense, is the practice of all virtue towards others. It is a perfect virtue, yet not absolutely, but with reference to others. It is the most perfect virtue, because it is the perfect exercise of all perfect virtues, and because he who possesses it is able to practise virtue as well in regard to others as in regard to himself. But *Justice*, viewed as a single virtue among others, respects the equal and the unequal.

DIANOETIC OR INTELLECTUAL VIRTUES.

They are divided into two classes, and correspond with the two intellectual functions.

The one intellectual function, exercised by the scientific faculty, is the consideration of the necessary.

The other intellectual function, exercised by the faculty of deliberation or *practical reason*, is the consideration of that which can be changed by our action.

The one function includes the best or the praiseworthy virtues of the scientific faculty; the other function includes those of the deliberating faculty or *practical reason*.

The work of the scientific faculty is to search for the truth *as such*.

The work of the deliberating faculty or *practical reason*, which subserves the interests of practical action or artistic creation, is to discover that truth which corresponds with correct execution.

The best virtues of each faculty (scientific and deliberating) are those, through which we approach nearest to the truth. These are :—

(a) Art and Practical Wisdom.

Art, as a virtue, is creative ability under *true* intellectual direction. Practical Wisdom is practical ability, under *rational* direction, in the choice of things good, and in the avoidance of things evil.

(b) Science and Reason.

Science is directed to that which is demonstrable from principles. Reason is directed to principles. Science is demonstrative; Reason apprehends the principles of Science.

Prudence and understanding belong to Practical Wisdom.

Prudence finds out the *right* means for the *right* end fixed upon.

Understanding is exercised in passing *correct* judgments on that respecting which Practical Wisdom gives *practical* precepts.

Where *moral strength* or self-control is wanting, there discrepancy arises between *insight* and *action*. This discrepancy would not arise if *knowledge* possessed an absolute power over the *will*. The occasion for self-control arises in connection with whatever is pleasurable or painful; in the latter case, it is *endurance*.

FRIENDSHIP is of three kinds: the agreeable, the useful, and the good. The good is the noblest and most enduring. The love of Truth should have precedence before love to the persons of our friends.

The true end of life and the way which conducts to it is *Love*.

LOVE, taken in the strictly philosophical sense, is the *united* striving of souls to reach the goal of philosophy, *i. e.*, the knowledge of ideas, and to attain to that *practical* conduct of life which corresponds with such knowledge.

The *Sensible* may partake in the *Ideal*; the *Ideal* may shine through the *Sensible* and lend it proportion and beauty. But the ultimate and supreme duty of man is to escape from the *Sensible* to the *Ideal* (the *Absolute*, above Time and Space).

It is difficult to know one's self; it is easy to advise another.

Hold the *Beautiful*, the *Good*, and the *True* more sacred than an oath.

Learn to command by first learning to obey.

Right and wrong are not *natural* distinctions, but depend upon *human* institution.

Definite individual existence *as such*, is represented by *Injustice*, which must be atoned (*i. e.*, at-oned) for by extinction (*i. e.*, liberation or salvation).

Not he who abstains, but he who enjoys without being carried away, is master of his pleasures.

If thou doest good painfully, thy pain is transient, but the good will endure. If thou doest evil with pleasure, thy pleasure is transient, but the evil will endure.

"Growth in knowledge" is the first requirement.

Knowledge means *right* knowledge.

Right knowledge removes all fancying, false imagining, false faith, all seeing through images and comparisons, all dogmas and authorities. Arguments addressed to the understanding are no longer necessary.

The right knowledge of the Truth is called *Faith*.

This *Faith* is popularly called "Divine Ignorance."

"Ignorance is bliss" is only true when man is in full possession of the *right* knowledge of the Truth.

This Divine Ignorance is synonymous with unlimited capacity of receiving. This is also called *Resignation*.

Virtuous action, in its strict sense, is *purposeless* action. *Purposeless* means *free*.

The Righteous man must be free (*i. e.*, purposeless) from all finite ends or objects. Even the Kingdom of Heaven, Salvation, and Eternal Life are not the legitimate objects for him.

MORALITY consists not in *doing*, but in *being*.

Works do not sanctify us; we are to sanctify works.

The moral man is not like a pupil who learns by practice.

The moral man is like the ready writer who, without attention, unconsciously exercises, perfectly and without labour, the *art* which has become to him a *second nature*.

All virtues are one virtue.

He who practises one virtue more than another is *not moral*, in the true sense of the word.

LOVE is the principle of all virtues.

Humility comes next to Love.

Humility consists in ascribing all good, not to one's self, but to God. *Salvation* does not depend on external works, such as fastings, vigils, and mortifications. They are rather a hindrance than a help to salvation.

All works which arise from an external motive are dead in themselves.

No one but thyself can hinder thee.

The true working is a *purely interior* working.

Even works of compassion have external aims and cares. Such works make the soul, not a free daughter, but a serving-maid.

The *inner* work is infinite, and above Space and Time. No esoteric pledges and promises are necessary there.

This inner action of the *righteous* is not legality, but a life of faith.

The *true inner* work is an independent rising of the Reason to God.

True prayer is the knowledge of the Absolute.

True prayer is voiceless.

Right prayer asks for nothing but God alone.

He who prays for anything besides God prays for an idol. Hence complete resignation to God's will belongs to Prayer. God is not moved by our prayers.

There are no degrees in virtue.

Those who are increasing in virtue are as yet not moral at all in the true sense of the word.

Complete sanctification or *Jivanmukti* is attainable on earth, for man can surpass all the saints in heaven and even the angels.

Even in his present body, man can arrive at the state (of *Jivanmukti*) in which it is impossible for him to sin (sink).

God is not a destroyer of Nature; He completes Nature, and enters with His grace where Nature achieves her highest works.

It is *not* true that works cease when sanctification is attained.

It is not until after one's sanctification that *right* activity, love to all creatures, and most of all to one's enemies, and peace with all begin.

We should destroy no smaller good in us in order to secure a greater one; nor should we give up any mode of activity that is of limited goodness for the sake of a greater good. But we should comprehend (grasp) every good *in its highest sense*, for no good conflicts with another.

Principle is important; the *right* principle. From the *right* principle flow *right* actions as a matter of course.

Power with love, or knowledge without wisdom is like a headstrong horse that throws away the rider. A wise rider can alone manage the beast.

Do that to which thou feelest thyself most impelled by God,

That which is one man's life is often another man's death. Hence all men are by no means required by God to follow the same way.

Man's salvation is not made dependent on a particular form of activity.

Torment not thyself; if sufferings come, bear them. If honor and fortune come, bear them with no less readiness. (*From Ueberweg's History of Philosophy*).

BOMBAY, June 1893.

M. M. SHROFF.

Sankara's advice to the Mumukshu.

1. I humbly salute the abode of Goodness and Beauty—the pure consciousness, which is the cause of the creation, support, and destruction of this infinite cosmos, whose power baffles our understanding at every step, who is the Lord God of the universe, whose omniscience grasps every detail of the infinite creation, to whose variety of forms there is no end, who is free from the bonds of matter and who is the bottomless ocean of Bliss.

2. I always bow my head down to the lotus-feet of that Constant Nature through whose favor I have come to realize that I am *Vishnu* and everything is existent in me.

3. Being sorely troubled with three, (1) Material, (2) Mental, and (3) Supernatural afflictions a person having duly qualified himself (by the practice of self-control and other necessary virtues) went to and asked a Sat Guru (a practical master of the highest knowledge).

4. Bhagaban! kindly tell me in short the way of deliverance by following which I shall be easily able to snap the chords of matter.

5. The Guru said—You have asked a worthy question ; I will give a clear answer to you. Hear attentively.

6. The sense of identity and sameness which arises after the clear understanding of the grand word Tatwamasi (that art thou) about Jiva and Paramatma is the root of Mukti (final emancipation from the bonds of matter).

7. The Shishya asked,—Who is that Jiva and who the Paramatma, what is that sense of sameness and how is the word Tatwamasi proved ?

8. The Guru replied,—I am solving your doubts presently. Jiva is no other than yourself and you are asking who is Paramatma, in reply I say, you are undoubtedly that Paramatma yourself.

9. The Shisha said,—Bhagaban ! Even now I am completely ignorant of the real nature of the commonest object. Tell me how can I grasp the meaning of the word "I am Brahmh."

10. Yes, replied the Guru. You are right. Acquaintance with the nature of the object alone is the cause of perception of the significance of the word.

11. But being the witness of the mind and its actions, Consciousness, Bliss and Existence themselves, why are you unable to perceive yourself ?

It is, in the words of Emerson (Essay on Experience), "that in us which changes not and which ranks all sensations and states of mind. The consciousness in each man is a sliding scale which identifies him now with the first cause and now with the flesh of his body" * * * It is the Drusta (perceiver of the nature of a disinterested witness) of Physical Name and Form, Mental Name and Form and Space or blankness where time is not. It is the observer of the state of deep sleep where Time and Space vanish, strictly speaking. It then becomes one with Space. Therefore it is formless, and it is unchangeable. Now it is evident that if it identifies itself with *any* Driya (image) *that must be wrong and owing to ignorance*. That it is Bliss cannot be proved by words ; Yoga only can give a taste of it. All that can be said is, that the sleeper on awaking from an undisturbed sleep says, 'I was happily sleeping, there was sheer nothingness.' A sense of supreme ease which is but the faintest shadow of the Bliss attends when the meddlesome monkey, mind, draws its limbs together and lies shrunken and drowsy.

12. Consider yourself to be Self-existence and Bliss, the witness of the intellect and mind. Always think yourself independent, single, without connection with any form or body.

13. The body alone has forms and shapes but Atma is shapeless. So it is not perceivable by the senses like other objects. Besides, other objects are but the changeful aspects of the five elements. Atma is changeless.

14. If for the reasons stated above, forms and bodies are different from Atma, then perceive Atma directly as you would the nut in your hand.

15. As the perceiver of the Ghut (earthen pot) is different from the Ghut itself and in no way connected with it, so the perceiver of the body is not the body itself. Therefore conclude "I am not body."

16. Thus you are not the senses because you are their perceiver and regulator. So conclude "I am not the senses, the mind, the intellect and the vital principle."

17. It is also evident that I am not their combination. I only reap the fruits that are sown with their instrumentality.

18. The body and the senses originate and perish. Know that I am that Atma whose presence in the body keeps it alive.

19. What is Changeless and like the loadstone, and sets the intellect and others agoing, know for certain that I am that Atma.

20. Know "I am that Atma" whose presence makes the dead material body and senses, &c. look like living and conscious.

21. Know that I am that Atma who feels that its mind was restless a little before, now it is quiet. The perceiver of the above feeling is termed "I."

22. Know for certain that "I am that Atma" who is conscious of the three states waking, dream and sleep. Who marks the changes of the intellect, who is changeless and witness of everything.

23. As the *theep* (burning lamp) which lights up the *Ghut* is perceived as separate from the *Ghut*, so I am that consciousness which illumines this body.

24. Know "I am that Atma" for whom the Bhabuns (modes), sons and riches etc. are dear, and who is the universal observer and whom the whole world loveth most.

25. Know "I am that Atma" whom all love best naturally without any consideration and interest, for whom is the ever present sense of "Ego," and for whom is the knowledge consequent on sense-impressions.

(To be continued.)

Gravitation.

THE following is an extract from an article, "On the use of the Sidhantas in the work of Native Education" by Lancet Wilkinson Esq., Bombay, Asst. Rest. at Bhopal published in page 504 of the Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal of the year 1834.

MR. WILKINSON SAYS :—

"May I request that you will be so kind as to give insertion in your Journal to the accompanying few verses extracted from the Goladhaya or treatise on the globes by Bhaskara Acharya, a Hindu astronomer who flourished about 800 years ago.

"In order to make the tenor of the arguments here used by Bhaskara Acharya intelligible to readers generally, it may be proper in the first place, briefly to notice the popular belief and tenets entertained with regard to the Earth and the system of the world (for to these subject my remarks will be confined) by the two grand classes of Hindus here, so boldly and ably exposed by this celebrated Astronomer. * * *

"In the 24th and 25th verses our Author (Bhaskara Acharya) shews that he had got a glimpse of the true nature of attraction and gravity.

VERSE 24TH—

*Yathosnatarkanaloyoscha
Shitata bidhou druti kay katinatroa usmani
Marut chalo bhurachala swavabata
Yato bichitra buta bustusuktaya.*

"As heat is the inherent property of the sun and of fire ; as cold of the moon, fluidity of water, and hardness of stones ; as the air is volatile, and the earth is immovable, and as other wonderful (oh how wonderful!) properties belong to other things.

VERSE 25TH—

*Akrishka suktischa mahitaya yat
Khastkum guru swabhimukhum sasuktya
Akrishata tut putut eve bhati
Skumay samuntwat kuk patutwium khay.*

"In like manner, the power of attraction is inherent in this globe of earth. By this inherent power, any thing heavy projected into the air is attracted down to it. The thing so projected appears to be falling of itself, but in fact, it is in a state of being drawn downwards by the earth."

The above will shew that the great Physical Law of attraction of gravity was discovered by the Hindus long before the birth of Sir Issac Newton in the West.

SREENATH CHATTERJEE.

NOTE.—The third Chapter of Siddhanta Siromani in which the above two remarkable passages occur also treat among other things of the round shape of the earth and other planets and their existence in space without any material support whatever. The preceding Chapter treats of eclipses and other important things. The sun is called *Sabita* (the producer) by the Hindus as from it alone has come out all the other planets. It is called *Aditya*, because it attracts every member of the solar system. Going as far back as the time of the Rig Veda, we find that in the celebrated *Sam* called *unnaya* it is written that *the sun makes all the planets travel towards the East by the force of attraction*. In the first *sam* of the *Rudra Sanhita* electricity is referred to and the power of the lightning conductor to prevent the destructive power of lightning is clearly mentioned therein. The attraction of gravity was known to the Hindus long before Newton and for the sake of truth Western astronomers should mention the name of Bhaskaracharya as the discoverer of this great physical law.—*Ed. Light*.

The Silver Katchet.

ON the 3rd of December 1861, Dr. Otto von Hopstein, Regius Professor of Comparative Anatomy of the University of Buda-Pesth, and Curator of the Academical Museum, was foully and brutally murdered within a stone-throw of the entrance to the college quadrangle.

Besides the eminent position of the victim and his popularity amongst both students and towns-folk, there were other circumstances which excited public interest very strongly, and drew general attention throughout Austria and Hungary to this murder. *The Pesther Abendblatt* of the following day had an article upon it, which may still be consulted by the curious, and from which I translate a few passages giving a succinct account of the circumstances under which the crime was committed, and the peculiar features in the case which puzzled the Hungarian police.

'It appears,' said that very excellent paper, 'that Professor Von Hopstein left the University about half past four in the afternoon, in order to meet the train which is due from Vienna, at three minutes after five. He was accompanied by his old and dear friend, Herr Wilhelm Schlessinger, Sub-Curator of the Museum and Privat-docent of Chemistry. The object of these two gentlemen in meeting this particular train was to receive the legacy bequeathed by Graf Von Schulling to the University of Buda-Pesth. It is well-known that this unfortunate noble man, whose tragic fate is still fresh in the recollection of the public, left his unique collection of mediæval weapons, as well as several priceless black-letter editions, to enrich the already celebrated museum of his Alma Mater. The worthy Professor was too much of an enthusiast in such matters to entrust the reception or care of this valuable legacy to any subordinate, and, with the assistance of Herr

Schlessinger, he succeeded in removing the whole collection from the train, and stowing it away in a light cart which had been sent by the University authorities. Most of the books and more fragile articles were packed in cases of pine wood, but many of the weapons were simply done round with straw, so that considerable labour was involved in moving them all. The Professor was so nervous, however, lest any of them should be injured that he refused to allow any of the railway employes to assist. Every article was carried across the platform by Herr Schlessinger, and handed to Professor Von Hopstein in the cart, who packed it away. When everything was in, the two gentlemen, still faithful to their charge, drove back to the University, the Professor being in excellent spirits, and not a little proud of the physical exertion which he had shown himself capable of. He made some joking allusion to it to Reinmaul, the janitor, who, with his friend Schiffer, a Bohemian Jew, met the cart on its return, and unloaded the contents, leaving his curiosities safe in the store-room, and locking the door, the Professor handed the key to his sub-curator, and, bidding every one good evening, departed in the direction of his lodgings. Schlessinger took a last look to reassure himself that all was right, and also went off, leaving Reinmaul and his friend Schiffer smoking in the janitor's lodge.

'At eleven o'clock, about an hour and-a-half after Von Hopstein's departure, a soldier of the 14th regiment of Jager, passing the front of the University on his way to the barracks, came upon the lifeless body of the Professor lying a little way from the side of the road. He had fallen upon his face with both arms stretched out. His head was literally split in two halves by a tremendous blow, which it is conjectured, must have been struck from behind, there remaining a peaceful smile upon the old man's face, as if he had been still dwelling upon his new archaeological acquisition when death had overtaken him. There is no other mark of violence upon the body except a bruise over the left patella, caused probably by the fall. The most mysterious part of the affair is that the Professor's purse, containing forty-three gulden, and his valuable watch, have been untouched. Robbery cannot, therefore, have been the incentive to the deed, unless the assassins were disturbed before they could complete their work.

'This idea is negatived by the fact that the body must have lain at least an hour before any one discovered it. The whole affair is wrapped in mystery. Dr. Langemann, the eminent medicojurist, has pronounced that the wound is such as might have been inflicted by a heavy sword bayonet wielded by a powerful arm. The police are extremely reticent upon the subject, and it is suspected that they are in possession of a clue which may lead to important results.'

Thus for the *Pesther Abendblatt*. The researches of the police failed, however, to throw the least glimmer of light upon the matter. There was absolutely no trace of the murderer, nor could any amount of ingenuity invent any reason which could have induced any one to commit the dreadful deed. The deceased Professor was a man so wrapped in his home studies and pursuits that he lived apart from the world, and had certainly never raised the slightest animosity in any human breast. It must have been some fiend, some savage, who loved blood for its own sake, who struck that merciless blow.

Though the officials were unable to come to any conclusions upon the matter, popular suspicion was not long in pitching upon a scapegoat. In the first published accounts of the murder the name of one Schiffer had been mentioned as having remained with the janitor after the

Professor's departure. This man was a Jew, and Jews have never been popular in Hungary. A cry was at once raised for Schiffer's arrest; but as there was not the slightest grain of evidence against him, the authorities very properly refused to consent to so arbitrary a proceeding. Reinmaul, who was an old and most respected citizen, declared solemnly that Schiffer was with him until the startled cry of the soldier had caused them both to run out to the scene of the tragedy. No one ever dreamed of implicating Reinmaul in such a matter; but still, it was rumoured that his ancient and well-known friendship for Schiffer might have induced him to tell a falsehood in order to screen him. Popular feeling ran very high upon the subject, and there seemed a danger of Schiffer's being mobbed in the street, when an incident occurred which threw a very different light upon the matter.

On the morning of the 24th of December, just nine days after the mysterious murder of the Professor, Schiffer, the Bohemian Jew, was found lying in the north-western corner of the Grand Platz stone dead, and so mutilated that he was hardly recognisable. His head was cloven open in very much the same way as that of Von Hopstein, and his body exhibited numerous deep gashes, as if the murderer had been so carried away and transported with fury that he had continued to hack the lifeless body. Snow had fallen heavily the day before, and was lying at least a foot deep all over the square; some had fallen during the night too, as was evidenced by a thin layer lying like a winding sheet over the murdered man. It was hoped at first that this circumstance might assist in giving a clue by enabling the foot-steps of the assassin to be traced; but the crime had been committed, unfortunately, in a place much frequented during the day, and there were innumerable tracks in every direction. Besides, the newly-fallen snow had blurred the foot-steps to such an extent that it would have been impossible to draw trustworthy evidence from them.

In this case there was exactly the same impenetrable mystery and absence of motive which had characterised the murder of Professor Von Hopstein. In the dead man's pocket there was found a note-book containing a considerable sum in gold, and several very valuable bills, but no attempt had been made to rifle him. Supposing that any one to whom he had lent money (and this was the first idea which occurred to the police) had taken this means of evading his debt, it was hardly conceivable that he would have left such a valuable spoil untouched. Schiffer lodged with a widow, named Gruga, at 49 Marie Theresa Strasse, and the evidence of his landlady and her children showed that he had remained shut up in his room the whole of the preceding day in a state of deep

dejection, caused by the suspicion which the populace had fastened upon him. She had heard him go out about eleven o'clock at night for his last and fatal walk, and as he had a latch-key she had gone to bed without waiting for him. His object in choosing such a late hour for a ramble obviously was that he did not consider himself safe if recognised in the streets.

The occurrence of this second murder, so shortly after the first, threw not only the town of Buda-Pesth, but the whole of Hungary into a terrible state of excitement, and even of terror. Vague dangers seemed to hang over the head of every man. The only parallel to this intense feeling was to be found in our own country at the time of the Williams' murder described by De Quincy. There were so many resemblances between the cases of Von Hopstein and of Schiffer that no one could doubt that there existed a connection between the two. The absence of object and of robbery, the utter want of any clue to the assassin, and, lastly, the ghastly nature of the wounds, evidently inflicted by the same or a similar weapon, all pointed in one direction. Things were in this state when the incidents, which I am now about to relate, occurred; and in order to make them intelligible I must lead up to them from a fresh point of departure.

Otto Von Schlegel was a younger son of the old Silesian family of that name. His father had originally destined him for the army, but at the advice of his teachers, who saw the surprising talent of the youth, had sent him to the University of Buda-Pesth to be educated in medicine. Here young Schlegel carried everything before him, and promised to be one of the most brilliant graduates turned out for many a year. Though a hard reader, he was no bookworm, but an active powerful young fellow, full of animal spirits and vivacity, and extremely popular among his fellow-students.

The New Year examinations were at hand, and Schlegel was working hard—so hard that even the strange murders in the town, and the general excitement in men's minds, failed to turn his thoughts from his studies. Upon Christmas Eve, when every house was illuminated, and the roar of drinking songs came from the Bierkeller in the Student-quartier, he refused the many invitations to roystering suppers which were showered upon him, and went off with his books under his arm to the rooms of Leopold Strauss to work with him into the small hours of the morning.

Strauss and Schlegel were bosom friends. They were both Silesians, and had known each other from boyhood. Their affection had become proverbial in the University. Strauss was almost as distinguished a student as Schlegel, and there had been many a tough struggle for aca-

demic honours between the two fellow-country men, which had only served to strengthen their friendship by a bond of mutual respect. Schlegel admired the dogged pluck and never-failing good temper of his old playmate; while the latter considered Schlegel, with his many talents and brilliant versatility, the most accomplished of mortals.

The friends were still working together, the one reading from a volume on anatomy, the other holding a skull and marking off the various parts mentioned in the text, when the deep-toned bell of St. Gregory's church struck the hour of midnight.

'Hark to that!' said Schlegel, snapping up the book and stretching out his long legs towards the cheery fire. 'Why, it's Christmas morning, old friend!'

'And what is the news amongst the students?' asked Strauss.

'They talk, I believe, of nothing but the murders. But I have worked hard of late, as you know, and hear little of the gossip.'

'Have you had time,' inquired Strauss, 'to look over the books and the weapons which our dear old Professor was so concerned about the very day he met his death? They say they are well worth a visit.'

'I saw them to-day,' said Schlegel, lighting his pipe. 'Reinmaul, the Janitor, showed me over the store-room, and I helped to label many of them from the original catalogue of Graf Schullings's museum. As far as we can see, there is but one article missing of all the collection.'

'One missing?' exclaimed Strauss. 'That would grieve old Von Hostein's ghost. Is it anything of value?'

'Is it described as an antique hatchet, with a head of steel and a handle of chased silver. We have applied to the railway company, and no doubt it will be found.'

'I trust so,' echoed Strauss; and the conversation drifted off into other channels. The fire was burning low and the bottle of Rhenish was empty before the two friends rose from their chairs, and Von Schlegel prepared to depart.

'Ugh! It's a bitter night!' he said, standing on the doorstep and folding his cloak round him. 'Why, Leopold, you have your cap on. You are not going out, are you?'

'Yes, I am coming with you,' said Strauss, shutting the door behind him. 'I feel heavy,' he continued, taking his friend's arm, and walking down the street with him. 'I think a walk as far as your lodgings, in the crisp frosty air, is just the thing to set me right.'

The two students went down ~~Stephen Strasse~~ together and across Julien Platz, talking on a variety of topics. As they passed the

corner of the Grand Platz, however, where Schiffer had been found dead, the conversation turned naturally upon the murder.

'That's where they found him,' remarked Von Schlegel, pointing to the fatal spot.

'Perhaps the murderer is near us now,' said Strauss. Let us hasten on.'

They both turned to go, when Von Schlegel gave a sudden cry of pain and stooped down.

'Something has cut through my boot!' he cried; and feeling about with his hand in the snow, he pulled out a small glistening battle-axe, made apparently entirely of metal. It had been lying with the blade turned slightly upwards, so as to cut the foot of the student when he trod upon it.

'The weapon of the murderer!' he ejaculated.

'The silver hatchet from the museum!' cried Strauss in the same breath.

There could be no doubt that it was both the one and the other. There could not be two such curious weapons, and the character of the wound was just such as would be inflicted by a similar instrument. The murderer had evidently thrown it aside after committing the dreadful deed, and it had lain concealed in the snow some twenty metres from the spot ever since. It was extraordinary that of all the people who had passed and repassed none had discovered it; but the snow was deep, and it was a little off the beaten track.

'What are we to do with it?' said Von Schlegel, holding it in his hand. He shuddered as he noticed by the light of the moon that the head of it was all dabbled with dark-brown stains.

'Take it to the Commissary of Police,' suggested Strauss.

'He'll be in bed now. Still, I think you are right. But it is nearly four o'clock. I will wait until morning, and take it round before breakfast. Meanwhile I must carry it with me to my lodgings.'

'That is the best plan,' said his friend; and the two walked on together talking of the remarkable find which they had made. When they came to Schlegel's door, Strauss said good-bye, refusing an invitation to go in, and walked briskly down the street in the direction of his own lodgings.

Schlegel was stooping down putting the key into the lock, when a strange change came over him. He trembled violently and dropped the key from his quivering fingers. His right hand closed convulsively round the handle of the silver hatchet, and his eye followed the retreating figure of his friend with a vindictive glare. In spite of the coldness of the night the perspiration streamed down his face. For a moment he seemed

to struggle with himself, holding his hand up to his throat as if he were suffocating. Then, with crouching body and rapid noiseless steps, he crept after his late companion.

Strauss was plodding sturdily along through the snow humming snatches of a student song and little dreaming of the dark figure which pursued him. At the Grand Platz it was forty yards behind him; at the Julien Platz it was but twenty; in Stephen Strasse it was ten, and gaining on him with panther-like rapidity. Already it was almost within arm's length of the unsuspecting man, and the hatchet glittered coldly in the moonlight, when some slight noise must have reached Strauss' ears, for he faced suddenly round upon his pursuer. He started and uttered an exclamation, as his eye met the white set face, with flashing eyes and clenched teeth, which seemed to be suspended in the air behind him.

'What, Otto!' he exclaimed, recognising his friend.

'Art thou ill? You look pale. Come with me to my—Ah! hold you madman, hold! Drop that axe! Drop it, I say, or by heaven I'll choke you!'

Von Schlegel had thrown himself upon him with a wild cry and uplifted weapon, but the student was stout-hearted and resolute. He rushed inside the sweep of the hatchet and caught his assailant round the waist, narrowly escaping a blow which would have cloven his head. The two staggered for a moment in a deadly wrestle, Schlegel endeavouring to shorten his weapon; but Strauss with a desperate wrench managed to bring him to the ground, and they rolled together in the snow, Strauss clinging to the other's right arm and shouting frantically for assistance. It was as well that he did so, for Schlegel would certainly have succeeded in freeing his arm had it not been for the arrival of two stalwart gendarmes attracted by the uproar. Even then the three of them found it difficult to overcome the maniacal strength of Schlegel, and they were utterly unable to wrench the silver hatchet from his grasp. One of the gendarmes, however, had a coil of rope round his waist, with which he rapidly secured the student's arms to his sides. In this way, half pushed, half dragged, he was conveyed, in spite of furious cries and frenzied struggles, to the central police-station.

Strauss assisted in coercing his former friend, and accompanied the police to the station, protesting loudly at the same time against any unnecessary violence, and giving it as his opinion that a lunatic asylum would be a more fitting place for the prisoner...

...He followed mechanically to the police-station, lost in grief and amazement.

Inspector Baumgarten, one of the most energetic and best known of the police officials, was on duty in the absence of the Commissary. He was a wiry little active man, quiet and retiring in his habits, but possessed of great sagacity and a vigilance which never relaxed. Now, though he had a six hours' vigil, he sat as erect as ever, with his pen behind his ear, at his official desk, while his friend, Sub-Inspector, Winkel, snored in a chair at the side of the stove. Even the Inspector's usually immovable features betrayed surprise, however, when the door was flung open and Von Schlegel was dragged in with pale face and disordered clothes, the silver hatchet still grasped firmly in his hand. Still more surprised was he when Strauss and the gendarmes gave their account, which was duly entered in the official register.

'Young man, young man,' said Inspector Baumgarten, laying down his pen, and fixing his eyes sternly upon the prisoner, 'this is pretty work for Christmas morning; why have you done this thing?'

'God knows!' cried Von Schlegel, covering his face with his hand and dropping the hatchet. A change had come over him, his fury and excitement were gone, and he seemed utterly prostrated with grief.

'You have rendered yourself liable to a strong suspicion of having committed the other murders which have disgraced our city.'

'No, no, indeed; ' said Von Schlegel earnestly, 'God forbid!'

'At least, you are guilty of attempting the life of Herr Leopold Strauss.'

'The dearest friend I have in the world,' groaned the student. 'O, how could I! How could I!'

'His being your friend makes your crime ten times more heinous,' said the inspector severely. 'Remove him for the remainder of the night to the—but steady! Who comes here?'

The door was pushed open, and a man came into the room, so haggard and careworn that he looked more like a ghost than a human being. He tottered as he walked, and had to clutch at the backs of the chairs as he approached the Inspector's desk. It was hard to recognise in this miserable looking object the once cheerful and rubicund sub-curator of the museum and private-docent of chemistry, Herr Wilhelm Schlessinger. The practised eye of Baumgarten, however, was not to be baffled by any change.

'Good-morning, mein Herr,' he said; 'you are up early. No doubt the reason is that you have heard that one of your students, Von Schlegel is arrested for attempting the life of Leopold Strauss?'

'No; I have come for myself,' said Schlessinger, speaking huskily, and putting his hand up to his throat. 'I have come to ease my soul of the

weight of a great sin, though, God knows, an unmeditated one. It was I who—but, merciful heavens! there it is—the horrid thing! O that I had never seen it!

He shrank back in a paroxysm of terror, glaring at the silver hatchet where it lay upon the floor, and pointing at it with his emaciated hand.

‘There it lies! he yelled. Look at it! It has come to condemn me. See that brown rust on it! Do you know what that is? That is the blood of my dearest, best friend Professor Von Hopstein. I saw it gush over the very handle as I drove the blade through his brain. Mein Gott, I see it now!’

‘Sub-inspector Winkel,’ said Baumgarten, endeavouring to preserve his official austerity, ‘you will arrest this man, charged on his own-confession with the murder of the late Professor. I also deliver into your hands Von Schlegel here, charged with a murderous assault upon Herr Strauss. You will also keep this hatchet’—here he picked it from the floor—‘which has apparently been used for both crimes.’

Wilhelm Schlessinger had been leaning against the table, with a face of ashy paleness. As the Inspector caused speaking, he looked up excitedly.

‘What did you say?’ he cried. ‘Von Schlegel attacked Strauss! The two dearest friends in the college! I slay my old master! It is magic, I say; it is a charm! There is a spell upon us! It is—ah, I have it! It is that hatchet—that thrice accursed hatchet!’ and he pointed convulsively at the weapon which Inspector Baumgarten still held in his hand.

The Inspector smiled contemptuously.

‘Restrain yourself, mein Herr,’ he said. ‘You do but make your case worse by such wild excuses for the wicked deed you confess to. Magic and charms are not known in the legal vocabulary, as my friend Winkel will assure you.’

‘I know not,’ remarked his Sub-inspector, shrugging his broad shoulders. ‘There are many strange things in the world. Who knows but that—’

‘What! roared Inspector Baumgarten furiously. ‘You would undertake to contradict me! You would set up your opinion! You would be the champion of these accursed murderers! Fool, miserable fool, your hour has come!’ And rushing at the astounded Winkel, he dealt a blow at him with the silver hatchet which would certainly have justified his last assertion had it not been that, in his fury, he overlooked the lowness of the rafters above his head. The blade of the hatchet struck one of

these, and remained there quivering, while the handle was splintered into a thousand pieces.

'What have I done?' gasped Baumgarten, falling back into his chair. 'What have I done?'

'You have proved Herr Schlessinger's words to be correct,' said Von Schlegel, stepping forward, for the astonished police men had let go their grasp of him. 'That is what you have done. Against reason, science, and everything else though it be, there is a charm at work. There must be! Strauss, old boy, you know I would not, in my right senses, hurt one hair of your head. And you, Schlessinger, we both know you loved the old man who is dead. And you, Inspector Baumgarten, you would not willingly have struck your friend the Sub-inspector?'

'Not for the whole world,' groaned the Inspector, covering his face with his hands.

'Then is it not clear? But now, thank Heaven, the accursed thing is broken, and can never do harm again. But, see, what is that?'

Right in the centre of the room was lying a thin brown cylinder of parchment. One glance at the fragments of the handle of the weapon showed that it had been hollow. This roll of paper had apparently been hidden away inside the metal case thus formed, having been introduced through a small hole, which had been afterwards soldered up. Von Schlegel opened the document. The writing upon it was almost illegible from age; but as far as they could make out, it was in mediæval German, which may be roughly translated:—

"This weapon was used by Max Von Erlichingen for the murder of Joanna Bodeck. Therefore do I, Johann Bodeck, accuse it by the power which has been bequeathed to me as one of the Council of the Rosy Cross. May it deal to others the grief which it has dealt to me! May every hand that grasps it be reddened in the blood of a friend!

'Ever evil, never good,
Reddened with a loved one's blood.'

There was a dead silence in the room when Von Schlegel and finished spelling out this strange document. As he put it down, Strauss laid his hand affectionately upon his arm.

'No such proof is needed by me, old friend,' he said. 'At the very moment that you struck at me I forgave you in my heart. I well know that if the poor Professor were in the room he would say as much to Herr Wilhelm Schlessinger.'

'Gentlemen,' remarked the inspector, standing up and resuming his official tones, 'this affair, strange as it is, must be treated according to

rule and precedent. Sub-inspector Winkle, as your superior officer I command you to arrest me upon a charge of murderously assaulting you. You will commit me to prison for the night, together with Herr Von Schlegel and Herr Wilhelm Schlessinger. We shall take our trial at the coming sitting of the judges. In the meantime take care of that piece of evidence—pointing to the piece of parchment—and, while I am away, devote your time and energy to utilising the clue you have obtained in discovering who it was who slew Herr Schiffer, the Bohemian Jew.'

The one missing link in the chain of evidence was soon supplied. On the 28th of December, the wife of Reinmaul, the janitor, coming into the bedroom after a short absence, found her husband hanging lifeless from a hook in the wall. He had tied a long bolster-case round his neck and stood upon a chair in order to commit the fatal deed. On the table was a note in which he confessed to the murder of Schiffer, the Jew, adding that the deceased had been his oldest friend, and that he had slain him without premeditation, in obedience to some uncontrollable impulse. Remorse and grief, he said, had driven him to self-destruction, and he wound up his confession by commending his soul to the mercy of Heaven.

The trial which ensued was one of the strangest which ever occurred in the whole history of jurisprudence. It was in vain that the prosecuting counsel urged the improbability of the explanation offered by the prisoners, and deprecated the introduction of such an element as magic into a nineteenth-century law-court. The chain of facts was too strong, and the prisoners were unanimously acquitted. 'This silver hatchet,' remarked the Judge in his summing up, 'has hung untouched upon the wall in the mansion of Graf Von Schulling for nearly two hundred years. The shocking manner in which he met his death at the hands of his favourite house steward is still fresh in your recollection. It has come out in evidence that a few days before the murder, the steward had overhauled the old weapons and cleaned them. In doing this he must have touched the handle of this hatchet. Immediately afterward, he slew his master, whom he had served faithfully for twenty years. The weapon then came, in conformity with the Count's will, to Buda-Pesth, where, at the station, Herr Wilhelm Schlessinger grasped it, and within two hours, used it against the person of the deceased Professor. The next man whom we find touching it is the Janitor Reinmaul, who helped to remove the weapons from the cart to the store-room. At the first opportunity he buried it in the body of his friend Schiffer. We then have the attempted murder of Strauss by Schlegel, and of Winkler by Inspector Baumgarten, all immediately following the taking of the

hatchet into the hand. Lastly, comes the providential discovery of the extraordinary document which has been read to you by the clerk of the court. I invite your most careful consideration, gentlemen of the jury, to this chain of facts, knowing that you will find a verdict according to your consciences without fear and without favor.'

Christmas Annual.

Sankaracharya.

II.

LIKE a conquering hero, Sankaracharya began to travel over the whole of India. From the snow-capped Himalayas in the North to the projecting Cape of Comorin in the distant south, from the happy valley of the land of Kashmere in the west to the farthest eastern banks of the Brahmaputra rang the voice of Sankara, proclaiming to the world his grand doctrines of Adwaitism. The mighty torrent of his fiery eloquence carried everything before it, and the terrible shafts of his irresistible logic which like thunderbolt burst upon every important religious belief or cult prevalent at the time, shattered them to pieces, establishing in their place Vedantism founded on the adamant rock of the Adwaita Philosophy. Many there were among the vanquished who afterwards joined the rank of Sankara's disciples. In this period of his conquering expedition, the most renowned of the vanquished, was the great *Mandan Mura*. As Sankara was to the *Sannyasis* of the *Mayabad* school, so was this scholar and his wife to those who followed the *Grishastasram*. In fact, in intellect and erudition, none could equal them except Sankara himself. When Sankara came to Mandan's house and threw down the gauntlet of controversy, it was settled between them that the vanquished should submit himself to be the disciple of the conquerer. One remarkable trait of this famous controversy was that a female, the wife of Mundan, *Ubhay-varati*, was elected arbitrator. Is it not passing strange to witness a woman seated to arbitrate between two persons who would unquestionably occupy the highest position in the rank of the mighty intellects of India—nay of the whole world? Modern India, especially Bengal may wellnigh wink at it as fiction, so shamefully has the cause of female education—I may say education in general—been under special circumstances neglected

in the land. But I am sure that those hearts would feel pride in their land, if, forgetful of the present for a moment they look through the long vista of bygone ages to get glimpses of those glorious days when flourished women like *Gurgi* and *Moitryi*, *Panchati* and *Ubhay-varati* ?

All were eagerly anxious for the issue of this famous controversy between the *Grihee* and the *Dandee*—the thread of which was kept up for a length of period.

The public were dazzled by the display of their genius and erudition in controverting the rival doctrines. Sankara got the better at last, and seeing that her husband was sorely distressed by the torrent of Sankara's arguments, *Ubhay-varati* came in the field to the rescue. Many times did this extraordinary woman make her rival feel the force of her arguments, though, at last she was virtually defeated and with her husband was initiated in the Vedanta Dharma. Mundan was henceforth known as "Sureswar." Proceeding southward, Sankara came to the land of *Maharashtra*, where his life was almost endangered through the machinations of a *Kapalika*. Fortunately *Padmapada*—the favourite disciple of Sankara, had by a happy device discomfited the *Kapalika* and thus saved the life of his Lord. Sankara is said to have given life to a dead boy (or one on the point of death) at the pilgrimage of *Gokarna*. There he learnt through *Joga* that the days of his mother were numbered and returned home. Under the paternal roof did the mother and the son meet again, for the last time. Soon after this event *Padmapada* returned home after making many pilgrimages. On his arrival he came to know that his uncle had destroyed the manuscripts of a commentary (*Vasya*) left behind him which controverted the old man's own doctrines. With dejected heart he went to his *Acharjya* and told him the sad event. Sankara had read the manuscript but once, yet his memory was so powerful that he began to recite *verbatim* what he once saw so many years back! And *Padmatada* got back his commentary through his Lord's mercy. At another time Sankara benefitted an author, by resisting entirely a stolen drama by *Rajshekhara*.

Afterwards Sankara set out with his disciples to spread his doctrines throughout India by discussing with his leading opponents. He directed his steps towards *Swetabundha Ramaswara* and obliged the pundits of *Pandya*, *Chola*, and *Drabira* to accept his doctrines; he established a *Muth* near *Sringapur* and created the sect of *Sunnyasis* known by the appellation *Bharati*. He passed through *Karnata*, *Gokarna* and *Sourashtra*, defeated the *Kapaliks* and other distinguished pundits in discussion. In *Sourashtra* he wrote out his world-renowned *Vedanta Bhasya*.

From Dwaraka he passed to Ujjain where he obliged the celebrated Vaskara Bhutta to accept him as his Guru. Penetrating Bahlika, Mathura, Kuru, and Pauchala he entered Kamrupa where a famous *Saktu* (worshipper of *Sukti*) named Avinaba Gupta became his disciple. He went to Kashmere, and passing through Badarikasrama he reached Kedar Tirtha. Here at the age of thirty-two passed away the greatest spiritual luminary of the age, Bhagavan Sankaracharya.

While travelling throughout India, he established several *Mathas* (religious institutions) in various places the most celebrated of which are the *Saroda Muth* in Dwarka, *Goburdhun Muth* is Khetradham, *Sringagiri Muth* in Sringagiri, and the *Jhosi Muth* of Badarikasrama. The propagation of Adwaitabad is the aim of these Muths. Worship of Shiva, &c., also form a part of these institutions.

Sankara wrote out the Commentary of the Vedanta, the Gita, and of many other important upanishads. Besides the above he is the author of innumerable minor works. He is the last great Indian religious teacher of the age.

B. K. BOSE, M. A.

Parambramh.

(Objective view.)

SPACE according to our religion is not a *vacuity* but a *substance*. It is the support of the universe. To the *Gnan chukshu* of the *yogi* it is infinite spiritual light resembling the lustre of the sun and the full moon combined in one. It is without beginning, without middle, and without end. It is termed *Gnan akas*, *Chit Akas*, and *Mahakas* in our Shastras. It is the infinite field of consciousness. It is formless in as much it has no boundary. It is within you and around you though you can not feel it. It is the deepest part of your nature. It is the spiritual fire of which you are a spark. Say not that it is unconscious and impersonel, for it is *infinite* times more conscious than its passing shadow, *Jiva* or man. All existences may be classed under three heads according to the scale of consciousness:—(I). Super-personel (the Highest.) (II). Personel (the Intermediate). (III). Impersonel. Parambramh is identified with the first; all finite Egos with the second; and the inanimate objects with the third. It is blasphemy to call Param-

brahm impersonel. It is better to remain silent than to preach false doctrines regarding the Fountain of Existence.

Om Amitaya ! measure not with words
 Th' Immeasurable ; nor sink the string of thought
 Into the fathomless. Who asks doth err
 Who answers, errs. Say naught !

(*Subjective view.*)

The mind is always creating *Name* and *Form* in the states of waking and dream. Even in the state of deep sleep it has a latent activity which falls below the threshold of sensation. In *Samadhi* every activity of the mind is stopped for the time being. This is called *laya* (absorption). The suppression of our mind by *laya* reveals our higher consciousness Brahm just as the suppression of the dream-consciousness reveals our waking consciousness. To quote a passage from the "Shastric Notes" in No. X : "If we can go deeper into the very centre of our self by means of *Samadhi* we will attain the *Turyia* or the fourth state of consciousness which resembles deep sleep in so far as it is timeless and spaceless but which differs from it in so far as it is characterised by spiritual *self-luminosity* which is the very opposite of ignorance. The phrase *Ananda* in the epithet Satchidananda is meant to express the profound peace of God which passeth all understanding.

If your Ego (*Drushta*, seer) ceases for the time being to be the *witness* of the states of the mind, it will be transformed into *Gnan akas*.

Parambrahm is *Satchidananda Swarupa*, the infinite ocean of conscious bliss.

THE EDITOR.
