

from 2 to 4 p. m., a social gathering from 4 to 6 p. m. and a meeting in the Hall at 7 p. m.

AT KUALA LUMPUR

The 50th. birthday anniversary of Swamiji was celebrated by the members, friends and admirers at the Vivekananda Reading Hall, Kuala Lumpur, Federated Malay States, on 14th. Jan., with great success. There were a garden party from 3-30 to 5 p. m., music 5-30 to 7 p. m., and subsequently, a lecture on Swamiji's Life and Teachings (in Tamil). A pamphlet containing the sayings of Swami Vivekananda and a letter on "Hinduism in America" by the President of the Scientific Section of the Parliament of Religions, Chicago, was freely distributed on the occasion.

AT OTHER CENTRES OF THE R. K. MISSION

The 50th. birthday anniversary was also observed with religious fervour and devotion at the Ramakrishna Orphanage, Murshidabad; at the Math, Allahabad; at the Advaita Ashrama, Mayavati; at Habiganj; at the Vivekananda Society, Colombo; and at various other centres, associations, Vivekananda Societies and Vedanta Societies of the Ramakrishna Mission in India and abroad.

SWAMI VIVEKANANDA

What the people of Bangalore or for the matter of that the whole of India, so lustily celebrated last Sunday, was an inspiration, an inspiration that the great soul of Swami Vivekananda instils in the hearts of one and all of his countrymen. Though the period of his existence in this earthly tabernacle was very short, he is a mine of knowledge for the exploitations of generations to come. Man is born to progress and also to achieve something. The best service one could do for himself is by serving others. The imprint of God is as much in the meanest person in the street, as in the highest and the mightiest. All these humanitarian ideas were physically embodied in the Swami. Added to those was his unbounded faith in the destiny of India. India was the possessor of the greatest of religions,—the Hindu religion, and was the most cultured, and advanced. His heart bled at the degradation of his country and countrymen and how he put himself to physical

torture to show up his aliveness to the miseries of his countrymen is current history. Steeped in all the rationalistic ideas of the day, fully imbibing the selflessness preached in the Gita, and renouncing his whole life at the altar of service for the country, Swami Vivekananda stands out as a valiant patriot championing India and her religion, and proclaiming to the whole world the possibility of a universal brotherhood through the catholic and all-embracing Hindu religion. The bewitching personality, the commanding eloquence, and the sturdy optimism of the great Swamiji stand out in conspicuous relief. The charm of his name has focussed unto him not merely the whole of India, but the universe too. To what extent one great soul can be the saviour and exalter of one's country is more than illustrated in him. He was a reformer as much social as religious and economical; social tyranny or the tyranny of the rich over the poor, came equally under his lash. The constant bringing into memory of such a great man, is indeed very healthy, and the unification of all in so doing augurs a bright future. But in honouring such a great man there is one great danger to which the less endowed are subjected. In the attraction by the powerful magnet, the lesser beings might completely lose their individualities. Mere slavish approbation, producing nothing but frothy eloquence, and evanescent enthusiasm after all prove to be the residuum. In order rightly to commemorate the life of such a great man we must enter into his spirit fully, and elevate ourselves from our own poor standard. Into our lives we must try and breathe his sentiments of love and patriotism. When the great Swamiji said, 'Arise, awake, and stop not till the goal is reached,' he inspires his brother Indians to the great task before them and the greater future to be realised. A Chinese savant says, 'A sage is the instructor of a hundred ages. When the manners of Loo (to our purposes Swami Vivekananda) were heard of, the stupid became intelligent, and the wavering determined.' The exemplification of our being imbued with such an inspiration in our practical everyday life is the best method of consecrating and glorifying the great Swami, and the annual function is only an external visible manifestation of that undying fire that is burning within.

—The Mysore Times, Jan. 20, 1912.

SRIMAD-VIVEKANANDA-PANCHAKAM

अनित्यदृश्येषु विविच्य नित्यम्
तस्मिन् समाधत्त इह स्म लीलया ।
विवेकवैराग्यविशुद्धचित्तम्
योऽसौ विवेकी तमहं नमामि ॥१॥

1. To him who sifting out the Eternal from the transitory phenomena of this world, made it his sport to concentrate thereon his mind, purified by discrimination and renunciation,—to that discriminating soul I salute.

विवेकजानन्दनिमग्नचित्तम्
विवेकदानैकविनोदशीलम् ।
विवेकभासा कमनीयकान्तिम्
विवेकिनं तं सततं नमामि ॥२॥

ऋतञ्च विज्ञानमधिभ्रयत् यत्
निरन्तरं च्युदिमध्यान्तहीनम् ।
सुखं सुरुषं प्रकरोति यस्य
आनन्दमूर्त्तिं तमहं नमामि ॥३॥

सूर्यो यथान्धं हि तमो निहन्ति
विष्णुर्यथा दुष्टजनान् छिनत्ति ।
तथैव यस्याखिलनेत्रलोभम्
रूपं त्रितापं विमुखीकरोति ॥४॥

तं देशिकेन्द्रं परमं पवित्रम्
विश्वस्य पालं मधुरं यतीन्द्रम् ।
हिताय नृणां नरमूर्त्तिमन्तम्
“विवेक-आनन्द” महं नमामि ॥५॥

नमः श्रीयतिराजाय विवेकानन्दसूरये ।
सच्चित्सुखस्वरूपाय स्वामिने तापहारिणे ॥*

* This Stotram was composed by Swami Ramakrishna-
nanda on Jan. 28, 1911, to be chanted before Swami
Vivekananda during his birthday ceremony the next day.

2. To him whose mind was immersed in the bliss that comes of discrimination, whose nature delighted solely in kindling discrimination (in others), and whose grace was made winsome by the glow of discrimination,—to that discriminating soul my salutations ever go.

3. To him whose graceful form truth and knowledge made their abode, and which imparts a joy incessant, without beginning or end,—to that embodiment of bliss I salute.

4. Verily as the sun dispels the blinding darkness, as the Lord Vishnu destroys the wicked ones,—in exactly a like manner, whose handsome appearance, the cynosure of all eyes, drives away the threefold misery of life,—

5. To that teacher of teachers, supremely pure, the guardian of the world, the lovable, the prince of Yogins, who took up the human form for the good of mankind—to that Vivekananda I prostrate myself.

Salutation to that king of renouncers and controllers of passions, the sage, Vivekananda, who was of the essence of *Sachchidananda*, the spiritual preceptor, the remover of distress !

GIRISH CHANDRA GHOSE : IN MEMORIAM

THE Angel of Death has been with us again. This time it is Girish Chandra Ghose, the famous Bengali dramatist and the founder of the Bengali Stage and one of the foremost members of the Ramakrishna Mission who has been called away. The event took place, after a protracted illness of asthma, on Friday, February the ninth, in the early hours of the morning. No words can tell what loss this means both to the province and to the peoples of Bengal and, particularly, to the Brotherhood of monks and householders who, together with him, have sat at the Feet of Sri Ramakrishna.

The great consolation, however, is that the Lord has taken him after a life of greatest service to his fellow-men, and that he had already given to the world in one life-time more than can be expected of a genius of his high order. He is known best as the composer of some eighty or more dramas and as the unique member among the disciples of the Master. For Girish Babu was a man of fashion and a man of the world when he met Sri Ramakrishna. He was known and counted among

the “great men” of Calcutta and, withal, he was a man of a romantic and free temperament whose very life was characteristically a fine human drama. He came from a wealthy Kayastha family and spent his youth in that self-education which a joyous familiarity with life in all its phases inevitably brings. He was a man of infinitely varied experience and the character of his experience he has unconsciously immortalised in the personalities and meaning of his wide range of dramas that touch and describe life at all angles. They reveal him, what he was, a marvellous student of human nature and one whose insight into human life from its lowest to its most exalted phases was nothing short of “miraculous.” For this reason Bengal has called him, and most deservedly so, “The Shakespeare of Bengali literature.” He was also known, and rightly so, as “The Garrick of the Bengali stage.”

He could with a sameness of subtlety paint the realisation of Buddha and the wickedness of the abandoned profligate. By far the most wonder-