

dreaming. Things and humans are thoughts. more introspective, he realizes it better. I
 This world outside is also a creation of hope you too will do it one day. Wish you
 your mind and thoughts. As man grows Godspeed once again.

VIVEKANANDA IN AMERICA

DR. M. RAMA MURTHY

The Light of Asia, clad in ochre robes,
 A warrior monk, majestic, pure,
 Arose to speak his words divine,
 Words that were destined to endure.

“You are children of immortal bliss.
 I have found that Sage, the Ancient Sun—
 Knowing Him, we shall be free
 For we are heirs of that Holy One.”

The assembled hall, its seated throng
 Arose to give a frenzied cheer.
 This was the message they longed to hear,
 The music of the celestial song.

No longer an unknown sanyasin,
 The doors of mansions were open to him.
 The wealthy, the learned, all flocked to his feet,
 To hear his words of the Atman within.

“O Mother Divine, what have you done ?
 While my countrymen have no place to rest,
 This servile world with laurels adorns
 Me, are not laurels, but a crown of thorns.”

His lotus eyes were full of tender tears
 As he gazed out into the twilit space.
 “Who will raise the people there
 Sunk in poverty, from their hungry days.

O Mother Divine, show the way
 For the sleeping race to become awake.”
 He cried all night, there on the floor.
 He would give his life for India's sake.

Whirling then from coast to coast,
 He gave all the knowledge he had to give.
 He spoke of fire within the heart,
 And the Fire that makes the knowledge live.

“History is the story of a few
Giants who had that faith within.
They became one with the Infinite,
Dropping all sense of guilt and sin.”

And thus he gave his perennial message.
He now was eager, at last to come home.
But what is home for a child of the Divine,
For the whole universe is his to roam.

And yet, he thought within himself:
“How I long to stand alone, once more
To hear the evening’s silent sounds,
The music of waves against the shore,

The cries of herdsmen wending home,
At dusk along the village way,
The evensong of temple bells,
Laughter of children at their play.

Fading voices in the twilight air,
The rhythm of rain and the rolling sea,
The solitude of the forest trees,
Mighty Ganga roaring free.

How I long to be unknown
Hidden from the cheering crowd,
For I know who and what I am,
For I have touched the feet of God.”

“SATYAKAMA-SATYA-SAMPRADEYA”

SWAMI SASTRANANDA

(Continued from the previous issue)

Samasrava: Very recently she once approached the Acharya, and expressing appreciation of you and your virtues told him, “Holy Sir, with what dedication and dexterity has this Brahmacharin Upakosala been attending to the holy fires! And that for years! Yet, even after all these years, since he has not received your benediction and graduation, he has become very much grieved. This is not right. You must give

him the benediction. Else, the sacred fires themselves, whom the boy has tended so carefully and so long, may blame you!”

So you see, that is how things stand.

Upakosala: (With a grateful countenance, yet only half-satisfied) Yes, that is true. Blessed is that lady. She looks after me even more than my own mother. As a consequence of my agitated mind, when I sit for meals, I don’t feel like eating at all.