

been brought about by their respective Karma, and each soul will sooner or later shake off its fetters and attain to the goal of super-consciousness.

“When the rose is full-blown, bees come of themselves,” said Sri Ramakrishna in His beautiful parabolic language, and if we do not feel attracted to the unfolded spiritual petals of this divinely chaste life, as the bees to the flower, it shows merely that we have not “the eyes to see and the ears to hear” the most wonderful and all-comprehensive revelation that the world has yet seen. May the Lord help us to attain the same!

In conclusion, if any in this large audience feels drawn to know and understand more of the life and living teaching of this greatest of men, we refer him to the writings of the Swami Vivekananda, the worthy disciple of the Master, who carried the message of Sri Ramakrishna far across the ocean, to the heart of England and America, and whose signal success in the Chicago Parliament of Religions we all thought to be nothing short of a miracle.

EXHORTATIONS

OF

THE SWAMI VIVEKANANDA

(By Mr. Ramchandra B. Panwalkar, B. A.)

Ye children dear of mother Ind,
The offspring of the noblest race,
Why lie ye down in slumber blind.
Awake, arise, thy problems face,

Ye spirits pure with strength divine,
Be free and bold and straight advance;
In glory great and wisdom shine,
Your nation's worth and fame enhance.

To Truth and God, hold true and fast,
The life of virtue seek and lead.
All idle creeds away do cast.
With faith in self and hope proceed.

Go, travel on through distant climes
In search of arts and science vast;
Your faults and weakness know betimes,
And work to gain your grandeur past.

To merit, not to sex and birth
Respect and homage due display.
Sure, noble thoughts and acts bring worth,
And notions narrow cause decay.

Let knowledge spread both far and wide
To high and low, to rich and poor.
Lo! Ignorance does you divide,
And breeds all feuds and vice impure.

Learn, in soul's essence all are 'like,
The goal of each is just the same.
At the root of jealousy strike,
And wipe off clean your present shame.

Your brethren now in distress stand,
In factions torn, in *Tamas* bound;
Come, give your heed and helping hand,
To make them great, and stout, and sound.

To you has come a sacred gift
From sages, saints, your noble sires;
The Light of Vedanta shall uplift
And fill your minds with high desires.

Up! Bathe in floods of wisdom bright;
In love do all distinction drown;
To raise the masses take delight,—
By you the masses long trod-down.

Let fellow-feeling, equal rights,
And freedom be your watchwords e'er.
Your starving neighbours—woeful sights—
Ah! Grant them knowledge, clothes and-fare,

Know wisdom must in deeds appear,
In self-less work is worship pure.
With trust in God, with judgment clear,
The ills of life for ever cure.