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THE SOUL
:: OF ::
SWEETNESS



J. MANGIAH, B. A., L. T.



BOOKS FOR EVERYONE

THE SOUL OF SWEETNESS

BY

J. MANGIAH. B.A.. L.T..

AUTHOR Oh

"Gleanings of a Rambler," " Indian National Odes,
with Apology of Poesy,' " To Gurukul,'
" The Missing Link of Religion,"
" India's Greatest Need,"
" The Ancient Savages of India,"
" Essays on Popular Subjects,"
" Simple Essays," " Beauty," ' The Path of life,"
" Practical Yoga," etc., etc.

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102.1.

OPINIONS

ON PREVIOUS WORKS OF J. MANGIAH.

On Gleanings of A Rambler.

MR. W. M. ROSSETTI.

I.....found a great deal of high-minded sentiment and honourable tone of feeling...

MR. ALFRED AUSTIN,
Poet Laureate of King Edward VII.

.....His knowledge and use of the English tongue, in which he has already made marked and most creditable progress.....*

MR. HANSRAJ,
Principal D. A. V: College, Lahore.

.....,They are a very pleasant reading and show your mastery of the English language.

M. T. RAM KRISHNA, B.A., F.M.U.,
*Author of " Padmini," " Life in an Indian
 Village;"¹ " Tales of Ind" etc.*

.....The book is very interesting.....I
 must honestly admit that there is a cadence and
 music in your lines that are very noteworthy.

MR. K- VERMA,
Ex-President, Arya Samaj, Calcutta.

I can safely certify without the least fear of
 contradiction that you have done a real boon to
 the enlightened and reading world. Some of the
 poems consist of very deep and high flights of
 thought, while others are natural, simple and
 charming. Elegance characterizes the style of the
 book throughout.

K. RAMANUJACHARIAR, M.A., B.L.F.M.U.,
Principal, Maharaja's College, Vizianagram.

Some of the poems are very pretty and show
 that the Rambler has a true poetic vein and is no
 mean artist.....

III

P. T. SRINIVASA IYENGAR AVERGAL M.A., L.T., F.M.U.
Principal, Mrs. A. V. N. College, Vizagapatam
5th February, 1906

It displays great poetic talent.

SRI M. N. RAY CHOWDHURY BAHADUR,
Rajah of San tosh,
Author of "Chendrekhar," etc.
35/2, BEADON STREET,
October 21, 1905.

Your work, however, shows that you have, with the flight of your imagination, not only rambled on the mountain tops, or on the beautiful dales, which intercept the hills with their ever-green mantles, but have soared higher above the world and drawn sustenance for your poetic nature also from things celestial and unearthly. You seem to have drawn inspiration to a greater extent, from the wonderful objects of an Utopian land which you must have discovered in some unknown region, higher above this world of ours.

"What sweetest dreams in realities,

^w And realities in dreams;

The author of these lines must appear to be a poet of no mean parts to all.

Indain National Odes. With Apology of Poesy.

V. VENKATARAYA SASTRIAR, B.A.,
Professor of Philosophy and Mental Science ,
Maharaja's College, Vizianagram

Your powers of versification in English are really extraordinary. The language and the sentiment harmonize with each other so well ,

W. M. ROSETTI.

LONDON, 3 ST. EDMUNTD'S TERRACE. REGENT'S
PART, N, W.,

10th July, 1907.

I find the purpose and spirit of it highly interesting, and there are many energetic telling turns of expression.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS
OF WALES,

DEAR SIR,

I am desired by Her Royal Highness The Princess of Wales to write and thank you for your

Indian National Odes, which you have sent for the acceptance of the Princess, together with a letter, the contents of which I have also to thank you for. Expressing to you the appreciation of Her Royal Highness for the kind words accompanying the gift.

I am, dear Sir, faithfully yours,
 (Signed). A, NELSON HOOD,
*Private Secretary to H. R. H. the Princess
 of Wales.*

HIS EXCELLENCY LORD MINTO,
The Viceroy and Governor-General of India,
 VICEREGAL LODGE, SIMLA,
 14th September, 1906.

DEAR SIR,

I am directed by the Viceroy to convey His Excellency's thanks for your kindness in sending him a copy of your "Indian National Odes."

I am, truly yours,
 (Signed). J. R. DUNLOP SMITH.

SIR WILLIAM WEDDERBURN,
 DEAR SIR,

I thank you for kindly sending me your "Indian National Odes," which prove your **devo-**

tion to mother India, and at the same time show friendly sympathy with all branches of the human race.

Please also accept my thanks for your appreciation of the work I have tried to do for India. The present times are critical, hut full of hope, and we must all strive our best for the welfare of the people through peaceful progress.

Yours sincerely,
(Signed). W. WEDDERBURN.

J. Mangiah Esq., *Chodavaram*.

DADABBHAI NAOROJI.

25, KENNINGTON ROAD, LONDON, S. E.

DEAR SIR,

4th October, 1906.

I have received your kind letter of 9th ultimo and also a copy of your " Indian National Odes, with apology of poesy."

I thank you for sending a copy to me. It is interesting to see the Indian mind working in every condition of intellectual life.

The Hon'ble Gokhale has returned to India.
I have returned the letter and packet to him.

With kind regards,

Yours truly,

(Signed). DADABHBI NAORAJI.

J. Mangiah, Esq.,

Chodavaram,

via Anakafialli, Vizagapatam, India.

SWAMIJI YOGI BALANAND,

Tapobun, Deogher-Baidyanath,

E. I. Ry. 5—10—06.

MY DEAR MANGIAH,

I acknowledge with much pleasure the receipt of a book entitled " Indian National Odes." The writing of the book is very elaborate. It contains Social, Philosophical, and Religious Subjects. It is most interesting, no doubt. I think such a kind of work has never been published before; a new one in modern times. I feel much pleasure in seeing your progress and prosperity. May God grant you a long and happy life.

Our Social community will expect great advantages from you, because you have a good view to do good to others.

Ever your well-wisher,

(Signed) BALANAND BRAHMACHARI.

VIII

On "To Guriikul' And
"A Plea For Education"

MR. T. RAMAKRISHNA, B.A., F.M.U.,
Author of " Padmini" Etc.

I have read your poem " To Gurukul." and allow me to congratulate you on your achievment. The metre is faultless. I hope you will persevere in your work and go on perfecting your literary taste. Wishing you all success in your work as educator of young minds.....

" THE INDIAN PATRIOT "

A mind that feels, a pen that writes,
A head that thinks out high and pure,
These produced " To Gurukul" sure,
It opes, indeed, to human sights,
A picture ancient, cimple, strong,

It speaks of Man, it speaks of God,
 It speaks of love and faith and peace
 And work and simple life and ease,
 All India rise, observe, applaud.

MR. A. HYDARI, B. A., *Secretary*
 for Educational, Judicial, Police and
 Miscellaneous Departments.

H. E. H. THE NIZAM'S GOVERNMENT,
 No. 37/P. HYDERABAD (DECCAN).

DEAR SIR, 21st February 1912.

Many thanks for your "Plea for Education." So far as I have been able to find time to read it it contains excellent sentiments and I am glad that we have in our Educational Department a gentleman who is spending his leisure in literary pursuits.

Yours truly,
 (Signed). A. HYDARI,

EDITOR, RAJPUT.

In reply to your Letter Dated 10—1—12, allow me to congratulate you on the production of the poem, called "To Gurukul".....

MAHASHAY MUNSHIRAM,
Governor, Gurukula.

DEAR SIR,

I acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt of five copies of your beautiful poem on the Gurukula, which has been read by me and the Gurukula students with much interest.

I remain,
Yours sincerely,
MUNSHIRAM.

SIR S. SUBRAMANY IYER.

His regards the pamphlet (" To Gurukul ") the praise which it has received from those high authorities whose opinions you have obtained, renders it scarcely necessary for me to add mine.

*my Mother
of Grace.*

PREFATORY NOTE.

In this book, which strikes a course its own, are brought out some of the salient features of action, enjoyment and restraint. Enjoyment props up life, while restraint corrects it. Both together, in proper proportions, lead to success. There is ample field provided for thought, between these opposites.

How, while both, in their distinctive natures, are the expression of self, different forms of each are necessitated by various condition, how the different forms of combination promote the maintenance and development of the dominating soul of sweetness or harmony in the universe, and how the soul of harmony culminates in the highest self that pervades the universe, have been traced with a succinctness that the scope of the treatise allows.

The soul of invention is closely allied to the soul of study. Study can be thorough only when actuated and sustained by the force of love. How love is at the root of all enjoyment, and how the perfection of love is the reaching of the highest stage thereof, viz, identification, are phases in continuation of the present treatment, which should crown all human endeavour, in becoming and being the highest.

That, through everything we do, we should advance to the realization of the highest condition of self, as manifested in the various forms and activities of the universe, is the legitimate burden of the song of every constituted action. That, through all such links scattered in every field in the universe, we should be enabled to get at the chain of the unity of the spirit or soul of all things is the inspiring hope running through these attempts.

If beauty, having its origin in physical forms, lends its aid to the formulation of the highest forms of symmetry, soul of pleasure and love in the universe ; sweetness, having its origin in harmony and the charm of the senses of taste, hearing, understanding and reaching, soars higher in shaping our ideals of the unity of the spirit. That the one is but the beginning and the other the completion of the story of the spiritual unity of action in the universe is a natural consummation that has to be sought in all human endeavour.

That these attempts at the establishment of unity in the spirit should bring us nearer the goal of right thinking and endeavour, inspiring us, the while, with stronger and stronger hope, that thereby all human action and endeavour should tend only in right directions, is the earnest prayer of

J, MANGIAH.

THE SOUL OF SWEETNESS.

The bee knows not the value of its store of honey, the poet of his works, the singer of his song, nor the miser of his hoard of money. These are not enjoyers.

Goodness is the blessing of adversity, narrow is the path to heaven, virtue is not a bed of roses, a fruit-laden tree is pelted at most, and greatness carries a glare with it. Would it were otherwise !

I Sweet is pleasure after pain, the sun after rain, the flight's repose after day's hard toil, hard-earned bread, and well-earned reputation. These are "hard to get. Expectation heightens sweetness, and lends a tone thereto. The little enjoyed is but an earnest of the endless stores in reserve. They are sweet in our imagination.

For the night's repose, the idle, the rich and the poor alike cannot get it. Want of occupation and care are in the way of even nature's pleasures.

Some' things are naturally sweet, such as woman's love, a water colour, the streaks of day,

a veiled beauty, the lispings of a child, and a coy maiden. These are faintly visible, our imagination lends all the sweetness.

Things hard to get are very sweet. The sweetness here is of the difficulty of getting, in effect.

To swine mud is sweet, to an elephant dirt after bath, ambrosia to gods, grass to cows, and thorns to goats. Sweetness is a peculiarity of the condition of each.

Thirst makes water sweet, tiresomeness repose, and hunger food. To certain conditions even ordinary things are sweeter.

Light is sweet to the moth, song to the antelope and danger to one in search of adventure. They are ensnared and even killed thereby. Here is the fancy of love.

Love is sweet, because it is sweet in itself. Self is sweetest to a man. Love is in the nature of self. Love is the sweetness of self, and self of Jove as its object.

To some morgosa leaves are sweet, to the vermin aconite and arsenic. The sweetness is in their constitution.

3

Sweet to a mariner is a gale, to a soldier reputation in a cannon's mouth, thought to a thinker, speech to an orator, and love to a lover. They seek and live for them.

To a blood-sucker blood is sweet, to a man-eater human flesh and blood, and to a kite and vulture carrion. Their life makes these sweet.

Though food is sweet to hunger, yet food is poison to one suffering from indigestion, as the precious lore stored in books to an ignorant man, and a young wife of attractions to a decrepit old man. These cannot turn them to good account. Even their thought oppresses them.

The weed and the pipe are sweet to a smoker, wine is sweet to one addicted to drink, and even fetters grow sweet to one accustomed to prison-life. This is by habit.

Thorns are sweet on account of the rose, jealousy and care on account of love. Not only are these sweet, but even things associated with them. Sweetness is the welcome contagion of association here.

Association is the product of habit, and habit becomes second nature. We love the seat we are

accustomed to sit on, and the old pial is dear to the teacher and his boys. Our habits and associations are also sweet on account of ourselves.

Wantonness is sweet to a wanton, frivolity to one of licence, good and virtue to the good, and evil to the vicious. The force of habit is here thrown in the line of predilection, to render sweetness doubly so.

Lessons in things are sweet to a moralist, wisdom to a philosopher, study to a student, penance to an aspirant, and laborious days to a lover of work. Love of pursuit is sweet here. These hold their lessons dear. They are dear as dear. Dearly bought, they are loved. Difficulty of attainment is sweet.

Bath is sweet to a person whose body is full of dirt, money to one in want, and medicine to one sick. Necessity is sweet here.

Fidelity is sweet in the subject, servant and wife, gratitude and honesty in every man. The former enhance the value of and secure fixity in the latter. The value of the former lies in their being hard to get. As useful conditions they are to be dearly bought, and dearly preserved. This double dearness enhances their sweetness. This

enhanced sweetness lies in rarity and difficulty of attainment at root.

Sweets are however known to generate disease and worms. Then bitters are the remedy. Bitters are the counterparts of sweets in creation. Bitters render sweets both harmless and agreeable. That bitters are necessary in creation to the completion of the work of sweetness is the sweetness of sweetness itself. What great power of sweetness that renders bitter itself sweet!

Native land is sweet to every one, dear as one's mother, dear as relations and all sweet associations.

Bitter is care. Every sweetness has an appropriate bitter of care, the care of earning and the care of preservation. Toil is also bitter. But these bitters are rendered sweet by association. Love of a thing renders all associations of the thing sweet. Toil and care also are thus sweet to the lover of an object. Herein is the power of sweetness. It renders bitterness itself sweet.

Honey is sweet, sugar is sweet, and many an other thing is sweet. There is sweetness in sweetness. While we love sweetness, we are

creatures only of the highest sweetness. This subdues us altogether. We must ask our natures for the inmost secret. There are gradations in sweetness.

A flirt is angry if you do not look at her, while a virtuous woman if you do. Here anger is the sweetness of their respective temperaments. How sweet the anger is, the young men and the husband respectively know. The angers bear no comparison, being of different departments.

The soul of sweetness is deep in the human heart. It sums up in itself so many things that meet in the heart. It is deeper far than can be estimated by the perceptible features of things. Its high purpose in the universe is borne out by one of its potent forms in music. The high purpose of sweetness is in leading to the highest thing, of which it is an attribute.

The innured do not feel. The rich do not realize the pleasures of riches, nor the poor the benefits of want. They are lost in their condition, blinded by the present circumstances of elation and despair. If they do not live by report, but realize the responsibilities of their condition as serious men living a life full of potentialities, they would act as others in their position should.

Occasional disturbances of peace are sweet on account of the monotony of peace, and peace on account of the disturbances. The causeless anger and guileless abuse of a child are exceptionally sweet on this account.

Judgment gives sweetness to their condition and actions. Sweetness is the soul of good in things. The more in quantity and the more permanent in nature the good, the more the sweetness.

Yet, why are the momentary quarrels between husband and wife sweet? Are they little tormenting? They are sweet in the measure of the happiness they usher. What sweet disturbances of peace! These shake to strengthen the happy union.

The odour of the jessamine, the Champaka and the rose, and the aroma of scented substances are sweet to the smell. But their sweetness has no bearing on the advancement of man, as it is short-lived and insufficient in its nature to leave a lasting impression on and to convey a higher import to the mind of man. Not so the melody of music. The utility of odour may extend to the hair and the body, but not so to the soul tangibly.

Sweetness is the object of our enjoyment, and thence also the process of enjoyment. Some sweetness brings pleasure after pain, some pain after pleasure, some pure pain, and some pure pleasure and some the highest happiness. The criterion of sweetness, though it is directly or at first sight pleasure, pain enters thereinto, and assumes great importance. The absence of pain is an indisputable test of the kind or quality of sweetness. The wise are led by the indirect test also, and the unwise by the direct alone.

Sugar is sweet to the taste. Our indebtedness to sugar is great, for the term sweet. Music is the sugar of the ear, and its concord of the soul.

Perfume is said to be the food of the soul, as it gives a certain freshness and an awakening to a higher sense of sweetness. But new life, higher direction and energy are wanting therein. Music and poetry have these.

There is sweetness in everything, if we can reach the soul thereof. To reach the soul of sweetness in everything and to enjoy it is real sweetness. There is nothing in the world that has no sweetness, if we can see and enjoy sweetness. The bitterest thing has sweetness, and sweetness is the gist or the soul of things. Are not the man

that goes about his work unmindful of other things, and the person that loves us with all our weaknesses dear to us beyond all measure ?

In the practical extension of nature to work that nature is sweet which adopts the manner of sweetness for the achievement of its purpose. Kindness and persuasion are the sweetness of action. The manner of sweetness is sweet not only in its consideration for the other party, but also in the surety of success.

Courtesy is the sweetness of manner, love of our attitude, music of fine arts, amity of relations, and union of states. Dependence is sweet in the pity and love *it* calls for.

The cane is the remedy for the wantonness in the child, occasional harshness tempers mercy, and misery is a right corrective for our evil purposes and motives. Harshness as a necessary evil acquires sweetness in its effects. The sweetness lies buried in a hard and uninviting shell, which time will break. While until then the sweetness of our action is confined to our motive, and of our manner to our purpose, time will make the sweetness general by exposing the kernel, when the cane, harshness and misery will unfold their sweetness.

Persistence is the soul of perseverance, perseverance of patience, patience of power, and power of success. The soul is sweet to one earnest about his work, for it attracts, sustains, entertains, pleases and rewards him.

In the soul, which is indifferent in its nature, things of opposite natures unite. Is not the soul, which is the height of sweetness in a thing, alas! most indifferent to our joys? Our highest joy is centered in a joyless thing. This is the real sweetness of the highest human pursuit and endeavour.

The Spring is the sweetness of our seasons, God of the universe, and death of life. The Spring, God and death mark the transition between the outgoing and in-coming year, the actual and the ideal, and the old and new lives respectively. In the soul, things pass into those of opposite natures. Thus while things of opposite natures are united in the soul, in it is also to be found the parting of roads.

The soul is the Divine twilight of enjoyment, yielding new phases for our edification and development. This place of rest, this *Sandhya*, requires close examination, as our purpose is the

sweetness of our action, and the prospective of our actual condition.

How valuable rest is, people can hardly realize, as they value persons by work and not by rest, and as they do not realize, the while, that rest is for work. The potentiality is the real sweetness of conditions here. People that rest are prospective workers, while those at work are actual.

The supreme sweetness of Sandhya or rest is to be gleaned from the fact of its being the condition of greatest fruition. In it are imbedded the various seeds of success. All developments are imbedded in the soul, in Sandhya, which is the condition of the soul, is contained the glee of all prospective conditions. It is the sweetness of the glee of different prospective conditions that expresses itself as the indifferent condition of Sandhya. The glee of enjoyment and that of abstinence, the glee of darkness as well as that of light are summed up in the indifferent twilight of the soul. In it can be enjoyed both the opposites. Wise men ever stay in the supreme Sandhya, that they may avoid going into conditions and experiences of conditions. While they avoid going they have the experiences

Whenever they choose to traverse any fields* they can do so cautiously and return to their permanent condition of indifference. This condition is the only one favourable to the cultivation of a tendency to inaction through action, and it is in its very nature one in which effective action is rendered possible through inaction. Latent germs and tendencies of action come out and liberate themselves best in a period of inaction. The outstanding virtue of the period of Sandhya is that it furnishes abstinence to moments of enjoyment and enjoyment to those of abstinence. Thus, while the spirit of both enjoyment and abstinence and all the opposites is finished by sandhya, the gate is left open for cautiously gaining any experience necessary to render the condition of Sandhya most potent in securing the attainment of the highest goal of human action. Thus, the silent tongue of Sandhya lectures rare truths in all completeness, and Sandhya embodies in itself all the powers of action, including creation, preservation and destruction. It is thus, while indifferent, it is most powerful; while it is itself full of calm, contains the germs of most effective and ruffled action ; and to crown all, while disinclining, it is most inclining and while most inclining, it is most disinclining. The process of Sandhya is restraint and

highest light. While indifferent, it is the most practical guide to the highest goal. Can we think of anything more expressive of the silent yet most potently manifested spirit of the highest self? We shall now sum up the long story of the virtues of things by observing that the highest sweetness of the most potent manifestations of power is silence and indifference.

The weeping and the laughing philosophers meet after a full meal. When you have finished a meal, what must you expect, want or satisfaction? The weeping philosopher weeps that it is finished, as all must be; and the laughing philosopher says that when he has finished eating its satisfaction must be his prospective lot.

•• Want we have not," he says "as we have had all we want, and more we do not want". Want for the future, a time for which you do not want now, is beside the question. If you want to weep because you have not, even when you do not want, you are an idle weeper.

Some do not want really to finish enjoyments, as they love enjoyments so much that even the thought of finishing them they do not like. They want to die and prefer death amid plenty, though it would not be their lot to enjoy in the future

They are slaves of the contentment of having. They regret enjoyment is over. It should not have been over with them. That they may not require, or that they may have enough before they want, cannot console them, though they know nothing of the future.

Finishing is a spiritual pleasure, while a material hardship. A material person prefers to be doing to finishing. Whether he wants or not, there should be no want for him, even in implication. This is the idle satisfaction of having. Since having is a mania with him, even having is distasteful to him if it indicates finishing. He cannot have to a finish, while in fact he is, the while, concentrating his mind on the misery of finishing. This is the sweetness of having.

Yet, the material tendency of the ass between two heaps of hay is really the regrettable tendency here. The material man does not want to finish. He wants to eat and eat, even when he has no capacity to eat. He is here sure of his having, never mind the breaking of the stomach. He argues that the future cannot deceive the present. Yet, with him the future is uncertain, while the present is certain. Therefore, he ensures in the present. The future may deceive

the present, as the dream to be vexed by a break the spiritualist may sometimes find, but with him never. This is the sweetness of having, in its further bearings.

The spiritualist argues that he also ensures in the present, but adds that satisfaction is a better insurance than the breaking of the stomach. He pities the materialist that weeps that he has not, because his eating is finished. The spiritualist prefers finishing, for he is a liberated man in the act. He is such in the act of finishing all action, its fruit and the tendency to action. He is like the burnt cloth or the fried seed. Even the mould of the body he would finish. Finishing in short is the word with him. He is a Sanyasin and a Fakir.

The materialist weeps at the idea of finishing, The spiritualist laughs. In every condition the materialist weeps, and the spiritualist laughs. Even at laughing the weeper weeps, and even at weeping the laughter laughs. The weeper is a philosopher of the joy of possessing the body, and the laughter the philosopher of the joy of the condition of liberation, or of the freest soul, or of the soul as soul, or THE SOUL.

The one is fond of the body, because he fears he may require it for enjoyment. The other

wishes to be done with it, as, having it, he may be compelled to prolong the story of joy or living. He wants finishing, while the other plenty, whether enjoying or not. " A body and a plenty! are these not the ass and the hay-stack ?" he ask?.

' Siva is the god of finishing, and Vishnu the god of plenty and enjoyment. Rudra the god of destruction and Vishnu of protection. Siva is the power for liberation, while Vishnu keeps all in bondage, the bondage of body, eating and plenty. The triad of body, eating and plenty, Vishnu bore on his forehead as ends, while Siva bore them on his staff as means to the end of liberation, or instruments.

As the deity of protection, Vishnu requires them, for, if he should do away with them, with what is he to protect ? Siva does away with them, for liberation is finished as soon as they are finished. Finished is his word. So Siva stands for death, and Vishnu for life. Siva and Vishnu are the deities of the laughing and weeping philosophers. As a Viragin or dispassionate one, the laughing philosopher laughs. He laughs because all is pain or sorrow. When all is pain, why weep any more? It is unwise to weep. The other weeps, as all things are so full of the sweets

of enjoyment that the more one enjoys the more one has still to enjoy. He has matter to enjoy, and the tendency to enjoy. He has to be enjoying. He weeps because he has to enjoy. He weeps by the way also because he cannot give up enjoyment, even if he wishes to give up as a being satiated with enjoyment. He can no more eat the sweets, but is compelled to eat. What can he do but weep? He must weep, as his feeling of misery is so intense, and we also with him for his sake. Amid plenty and prosperity there is misery. Amid want and nothing, on the other side, there is happiness, the happiness of liberation or being free. Finished is the word. Which would you have?

The founders of religious sects in India have ever asked this question, and still await the answer. Unfortunately for the sects, the *gurus* do not mean what the sects have understood. The spirit of facts, while it can never deceive, is higher than can be communicated by words. Experience and self-realization can be the only clue to the truths of the universe. "Meditate, meditate!" they have, therefore, said. The sects should leave wrangling, in favour of the earnest work of understanding and acting up to the spirit of facts. When the spirit of things is allied, nay one, that individuals should

separate it is only their short-coming. Different aspects of the same thing do not make it different things. This is the sweetness of the mission of truth or the spirit of things that all the religious sects have to bear close to their hearts.

Siva is the sweetness that Vishnu is after, and Vishnu the sweetness Siva is after. Between Siva and Vishnu, the forces of death and life, of liberation and bondage, of restraint and enjoyment, the supreme sweetness is of self-realization. Worldly virtue and vice cease to be tests in the light of becoming. The unspeakable mean is the only test of the correctness of action. This soul of actions and things, while so uninviting is so high. This is the one without the other, reaching which there is no further reaching. Out of it, springs the whole universe; in it, it has its being, culmination and end. Is it a wonder it is the meeting place of all, and the parting of roads for all things and processes? While it is thus the gist of the universe, unrivalled in its sweetness, its sweetness is little recognised and worked for.

Sweet is the rose in the desert air, sweet the joyous shrub smiling with flowers in the desert air, and sweet many an other thing which are not meant for us. There are many more sweet things than we know.

Great men of all religions lived in that same sweetness, and hence agree in the common inexpressible charm common to all things and religions. From far-off lands come echoes of the same sweetness of the soul. Jesus Christ, Buddah, Gourang Chaitanyal Sankaracharya, Vyasa, Mohamed and all the great souls of the world agree in the common sweetness of all their religious life and preachings.

Jesus Christ proclaimed the sweetness of his soul to this purport.

Confirmed in good and oneness of vision am I. Purity is my garb, mode and soul. Connection have I none with impurity; settled in purity, my laws I enforce.

Oh man of baser thoughts! learn thou my fixedness. Though vice in all its forms surrounds me, I still maintain my purest mode of life. I ever bask in the sunshine of Godliness. Godliness is my life.

I am purity of thought, life and action. I am pure as the star that shines on a winter night. I am pure as the dawn ; I am pure as the snow.

I am chaste as the winter night, and ever one as godliness. Oneness of purity is my sole delight.

Goodness and purity surround me, as the light surrounds the sun, and the darkness of evil cannot approach me.

I am kind to you, as a shepherd to his sheep. I will bear you on my shoulder. I live ever one with Him on high, and no trouble is too much for one bent on my work.

I live for you, for purity and goodness. I take you on my shoulder to heavenly bliss. I am all kindness and all devotion to my path. I am discretion so nice. I am devotion, as a lamb to be sacrificed at the altar of love of you.

. I am purity and purity alone. I am humble, true and plain, and by that I reach all. I am near the highest, for I am far from the world.

My life I sacrifice for the love of God and His creation. In true love, I expect no return for my love. I am ever prepared to shed my blood, if it is called for in my love of you,

I am serious in my work, for I know the truth. I am happy in my own groove of purity, for I have turned away from impurity and evil.

I am fixed in my groove of purity, which is so high-walled. God be praised that I am His and

His alone. Be pure, and your life will be far happier and grander than in evil.

Conquer the worldly evil in its hideousness, which to your perverted vision is beauty. Be pure and settled in my godliness.

I am pure as the dawn in all its virgin beauty. My strength is of God, for in Him I live. I am so earnest about the truth of my pursuit and of your error, that my heart is always on the point of bursting in tears.

I am simple, and I am open in the one truth of my life. I lay my life at your service. That you understand me not, and that my naturalness is to you so unnatural that you take me to be what I am not is a proof of your ignorance of the high laws of divinity, [wh](#)ich govern me.

I am in right earnest. Believe me, and I will guide you right, and will save you. In my truth and earnestness, I am satisfied with no power in me except that of saving you. I have cultivated so much power that will save you.

I am fixed in anything I undertake. So **I have** reached this height of joy in God and His ways.

Is there not unbounded sweetness in the preachings of every great man that has realized the essence of divinity and lived and acted for its establishment in the world ?

Ingratitude and other faults are a curse of our natures, though we delight in them. They are sweet to the fool. The fool plays with the serpent that is to kill him, taking it to be a harmless rope. It is the fault of ignorance. Ignorance is the real fool in the fool and the baby.

The fool is always innocent, because he is ignorant of the nature of anything. Yet his fault lies in thinking himself wise. If he would only know his ignorance, he is wise. He is unwise in his wisdom. In the wisdom of his assumption he becomes a fool. Untruth is his sin, in analysis.

While to the unknowing, anger leads to ruin through precipitateness, to the knowing it leads to patience. That is why the wise are instructed by the fool and the baby, while the latter refuse to be instructed by even the wise.

If you are wise you can be instructed by anybody and anything, while if you are unwise you cannot be instructed by even the gods. You rebel against the parents that love you and feed you

You bite the hand that feeds you, and pride in your distemper and malady as in a' grace.

He who can instruct himself will do so with anything. A wise man learns from everything, and a fool from nothing. A wise man always learns, and so he learns easily and in no time. A fool never learns ; so he can never learn. That the fool thinks the wise man a fool, and the wise man learns from a fool is the sweetness of the condition of each.

Awakening is always rude, for nature is no respecter of persons. This is the direct result of the invariability of truth. Yet, awakening is sweet to the wise. Their condition makes it such.

Right action is right calculation and satisfaction of real causes. Matter-of-fact idealists bravely do the needful always. If you do not err, success is certain.

Let no external or incidental circumstances mislead your judgment in action. If you always do the proper thing, as a wise man you must succeed.

Pride is for fops and shame for fools. Bring in neither, when work is your goal. Success in work

is a better recommendation for you than either pride or shame.

If you fear others will slight you ; be sure that slights of right and truth will be accounted light. If you fear you are unworthy of approaching men of consequence, remember that it is your *cause* that is approaching them and not *you*. Ate not men but servants and exponents of causes ?

If your heart entertains misgivings that are without foundation, remember you cannot live a coward in this world, which is a battle-field of right. Unless you can be brave in a right cause, you have no title to be called a man, and do not deserve success. Therefore study patiently and impartially and act bravely.

By way of commending to you the real sweetness of action, I would not have you remember that *you* are acting. Act as another in your position would,

\To live for ideals and to act impersonally is a great and needful training. Obey rules like a slave, and demand success like a lord,

Man and creation are for causes. That causes should be made by us to »depend on the stuff we are made of is the pity of our conditions.

Causes as principles are pure. They are the immutable laws of creation. Man should prove his fitness or greatness by bearing them out. It is man alone that proves his fitness or unfitness to vindicate the laws by his success or failure, as principles are always there immutable. The success of principles in a man or a society proves the fitness or greatness of the man or the society.

Never compromise. Compromise is the step-mother of principle. Principle never admits of any. Success is the birthright of right humanity, while weaklings count failure. Do not waive your birthright, for once you miss the right course there is no end to your misery.

Your faults and defects are your enemies. If you give them up you will be strong, courageous and successful. The struggle in man is always between advantage and ease. Ease leads to immediate comfort and eventual poverty. Advantage demands vigilance or sacrifice of comfort. The higher man is he who finds comfort in vigilance, or rest in work, or ease in advantage.

The soul of slumber and the soul of vigilance are neighbours. The vigilant is powerful, true and full of light. The slumbering is heavy, dark and enveloping. The latter forgets itself easily.

If you can ask in sincerity and earnestness, God will give. Sincerity and earnestness are the vigilance and power of your soul. They are themselves conditions of success.

Ease leads to violation, violation to weakness, weakness to error, error to failure, failure to regret and misery, misery to sin, and sin to further bondage, misery and death. Vigilance leads to waking, light and truth. Truth to power, power to success, and success to further light and further power. These lead to liberation, and liberation is the joy of joys.

Therefore love not ease lest thou come to poverty. Industry is a field of plenty. Love of ease and comfort is a thief of virtue. Virtue is power. Sin is weakness. Fear must drive you away from sin. Here is one merit or sweetness of fear.

Money is the sweetness of our profession, bread of our living for the low-minded, living of our bread for the high-minded, becoming of our living, being of becoming, as the goal is of the race. We work for them.

The cowherd gathers nuts under each tree and
 eaves the m there only, the miser hoards treasure

amid starvation and great personal suffering, to leave it behind to a prodigal son, and the worldly man does not even lay a store by his experience. These miss the soul of their actions miserably, and therefore are none the better for all their trouble. Nor can the sweetness of labour be said to attract them, when even lower ideals fail. They are creatures of impulse. Their uncorrelated activities are devoid of the soul. There is no sweetness in their labour, in as much as they do, as it were, in spite of themselves. As they are servants of impulse, their actions lack the dignity of a correlated purpose. Their actions are empty. It is however very amusing that the emptiness of their actions never occurs to them. Here we should say that they are dead to the soul or sweetness of their actions.

When we witness every day the endless battalion of actors without the soul, the conclusion is forced upon us that real sweetness of action and things is a thing of the past. Our so called sweetness is that of the whole flock following a sheep, sheep after sheep. From the point of view of their intelligence, it is that of blind man following the lead of a blind man. Thus worthy are the sycophants that crawl on their bellies, for a something they know not. "What next" has never occurred

to them, nor can it occur. This is the sweetness of the action of worldly men.

They grind their teeth, clench their fists, look fire in the vacant space before them, look down upon themselves, realize the impotence of their wrath and their littleness, and sit down saying " We will see ", never to rise again. This is the sweetness of their just wrath

To deceive the wrath and other passions of a man, and to wean them from their purpose, music is useful as a most potent means. Various passions rise, grow tempestuous, exhaust the vigour of their wings in hardest fight in the airy fields above, cool down to moralize, flow in the stream of mellifluous feelings of love, of justice, of humanity and of right. Music is a natural moralizer amid the force of passions, and a director of humanity heavenward. It is the sweet persuader of humanity to right and justice through sweetness. It carries you by the force of the washing stream of its mellifluous feeling, in spite of yourself. You dance and weep for joy. It works tempestuous feelings in you, and looks on you ? as an unconcerned moralizer of human affairs. It stirs you *to* wrath, and shews the enormity of wrath in action. It cools you with its greatest charm and leads you after it, in a

masterly manner. There is no gainsaying its power with those that have come under its influence. Music, as the soul of sweetness, which is a real power of the universe, must speak for itself. We shall not interpose between the gentle reader, and its potent soul, which craves for expression.

Music is the flow of the soul. It is a beauty of the soul. The sweetness of its melody is its all-subduing charm. Its spontaneity is the natural formulation of the tenor of the soul,

There is music in every soul. The soul of nature is silent in its equipoise, which is happiness natural to its being.

When the soul is awakened by contact with melody, it responds in enjoyment of its self, in the measure of its tenour for enjoyment. The divineness of the charm of melody is seen in its power to subdue every heart. The most ruffled feelings of the heart, the natural ferocity of the wild beast, the guileless innocence of the child, and the wisdom of the serpent are all tamed and absorbed by the heart-easing and inexpressible charm of melody. The gods themselves are charmed to delight, out of their purpose, by the sympathy roused in their soul by the power of music. Orpheus played on

his living lyre to win back his wife from the king of death.

When no action in the world is lost, not even a random thought, the effect of the melody of sound cannot be. The melody of music is but an expression of the inner sweetness of the soul. Can it be lost ?

The delicate touches of melody move the soul of Nature. Nature responds. Trees and rocks dance in joy, wrought to ecstasy. Was it not so, when Orpheus played ? Solid rocks, and even the instrument in his hand melted, when Thansen played.

The power of this melody is of concord. It effects identity with its soul. It subdues the heart of the hearer, and carries him away in spite of himself. When the mergence of souls is effected, there is the joy of oneness. When Emperor Akbar doubted its power, Thansen proved it on him by sending him into a trance for a week.

As an aid to meditation, and to effect mergence of thought and soul with divinity, seekers of God embrace it. Their souls melt and flow in the direction of divinity to unknown fields of greatness. They realize and become, and become to realize.

From the music of sounds, they travel to the inner music of thoughts. The music of the thought-regions is higher and far more powerful than the music of sound-regions.

Sound as the expression of thought, is the external garb of the latter. Music of thought is the music of life and of creation, in closer quarters. When the external music of sound-melody is so potent as to alter the phenomena of nature, the power and range of the inner music of thought-melody can be seen to be far more powerful. Narada and Thumbur are the musicians of the thought-region. Wrought to oneness with the universal soul, they travel in the regions of principle. Plow each principle of creation springs, works and culminates is their perpetual music of life. The inner music, as more powerful, leaves a lasting impression on their souls, changing and effecting unity with the Divine or Universal Soul.

The content of each strain of the inner music includes many a class of strains of the external. It is as comprehensive as a principle pervading many a feeling and thought. Each strain is a nucleus for a class of the external music of sound-melody. Through absorption in the thought-music, the devotees reach the wave of vibration in the Universal Entity, which is the origin of thought-music.

That original wave of vibration is the nucleus of the manifested worlds of thought and action.

The effect of melody may be likened to satisfaction or happiness which is the result of witnessing an exquisite piece of workmanship of art. It may be likened to the pleasant effect left on our mind by symmetry, and the beauty of contours. In fact, each tune represents life of a particular kind, each part thereof an action, and the arrangement of sounds the principle governing life. Thus the music of life lies in the concord of actions, If any actions jar, the result is as discordant as the jarring of sounds in the course of a piece of music.

Music embodies the soul of poetry. Music is finer in texture, and in so far more powerful than poetry. As the beauty of colours and form appeals to the eye, the beauty of the melody of music appeals to the ear. Both appeal to the mind through the eye and the ear. The inner music of the spheres, which is thought-music, appeals to the mind directly. It is too fine for the senses. The soul of melody thereof may be likened to the melody of sound-music or the effect thereof on the soul.

The soul is in the body and the body is for the soul. This is the gist of cause and effect. The

beauty is of the soul. The form but flows in obedience to the soul.

As between music and poetry, music is wider in range of significance. The soul of music pleases everyone, though he can hardly say why he is pleased or what pleases him. The interpretation of each hearer is different from another's. Poetry gains in interpretation and clearness of idea* what it loses in width or range. As expression limits the application of poetry, it gains in clearness. The strains of music, unrestricted by word, convey but the soul of feeling and pleasure. Though the how or the wherefore thereof is not clear, there is no question as to the effect being far more powerful in the form of that inexpressible pleasantness. In so far as poetry gains in clearness, it loses in power. That it borrows the melody of poetry places it above prose. The rhythm and melody of poetry are more powerful than the charm of balance of prose. Prose may be poetry, or poetry prose, according to convention, but neither can approach music, which stands above them, somewhat in the light that pure sciences stand above applied ones, and more strictly in the sense that the scientific sense stands above knowledge of particular sciences. Though every soldier forgets himself when inspired by the strains

martial music, not one can say how the spirit has been infused into him. When a martial lyric is sung, word brings thought and to thought spirit. Here, word, in accompaniment to music accounts for the spirit. Word, while it helps clearness of understanding, takes from the many-sidedness of the application of the strains of music.

Poetry is at best an imitation of the power of music. Measure, end rhymes, caesura, variation of metre, catalectics and other devices pale into insignificance compared with the hoards of powerful devices at the disposal of music. When, without the clearness of idea by means of word, the d'stinction itself is lost between poetry and music, poetry has certainly claims for existence with the aid of rhetoric. Nothing prevents prose from being all that poetry can be. Devices of punctuation can very well serve the purpose of division into lines. When we recognise besides that rhythm and the melody of word and thought are the real essentials of musicalness, prose also can very well be musical. Poetry has claims for existence, as an adaptation and exponent of music.

Music is the handmaid of Love. Though she cannot work all the wonders culminating in the effecting of identity, which Love can, she can minister to the purposes of Love.

The developments of Indian music are a marvellous and standing tribute to the Indian genius. The Indian musical science claims its descent from Sama Veda, Sama Veda is in songs, The way to read it is only to sing, as originally heard. Ved *shruthi*, as what was heard by the great seer that one whole Veda is in songs argues the high development of ancient Indians made in music, hundreds of years before the Christian era. The science and art of music were developed to perfect thousands of years before the Christian era the directions in which Indian music was developed its excellence can be known only by those who have studied it.

Music is the highest testimony to the power of sound. Is not the difference between a physical sound and a spiritual power wrought by it? We shall be satisfied when we realize that there is a soul at the back of the physical form, the soul of divinity. None *DU UN*divinity can work to divinity. The soul at the back of the sweetness of melody is divine. If the sweetness is divine, its soul is primarily so.

Concord of sounds is the expression of concord of feelings. Concord of feelings gives rise to harmony of states. This harmony gives rise to

unity of the whole strain. Such strains make music. Each concord is an index of the unity. To say that there is no unity in harmony is to say that there is no light in the sun. He is a physiognomist of unity, who can study its nature in the of concord. Sweetly enough, if it is asked whether the highest concord can be enjoyed and the highest unity divined by an ordinary man, the answer is that the highest man alone can do it. While ever the child and the animal knows the sweetness of music, the highest man is needed for knowing the highest sweetness. Also, the highest man is needed to trace the unity amid the concord of the apparently jarring notes of the various actions of individuals and the processes at work in the universe in general.

The soul of sweetness allied to sound has the farthest-reaching bearing on the mind and conduct of man, so much so that it can influence him in any direction it pleases. It influences through the soul of persuasion. It works those feelings in him that are allied to the spirit to be evoked in him and leads the man to action through rousing him to zeal. It, through the magic of the sound world which stands there, in effect, in evidence of the wonders that sound can achieve, displays all those phases of feeling and action belonging to the

department of the particular feeling, and leaves the man to imbibe the moral and act in the wake of the moral.

What sweetness in rage, in sorrow, in despair, ah ! in very death, it shows in the living colours of sound. Every feeling is roused in man through sweetness, and the spirit and force of persuasion. Through sweetness, music impresses us with the lesson, which can impart the most startling truths and prepare man to abidance. Man, music tells us, is prepared to act in any way, provided only the strain of feeling is roused in him. He is prepared to act in the strain of feeling, when he knows the sweetness of the feeling and the grandeur of the actions underlying the principle of the sweetness. Sweetness, oneness, nobility and self-sacrifice is the theme therefore of music. The miser is wrought to generosity of gift, the coward to daring feats that curdle our blood to think of, and the vicious man to deeds of piety. These are pages in the book of the impossible, of which music is a joint author. The school of persuasion, to the force of which in the orator and the poet, the nodding audiences staid as in a picture testify, has for one of its most potent teachers, music.

Wrought to oneness with the feeling imparted and to ecstasy in its exquisiteness, man follows in

spite of himself, as if he were a log of wood commanded to move in a particular direction by the magic wand of a wizard. This power, this concentration, this oneness, is the asset of the arts of persuasion, among which the sweetest, viz., music, soars to perfection in its execution and attainment.

What a powerful instrument it is in the hand of man, and what a powerful aid it is to feeling, and what a practical aid it is *to* person that wish to know and taste the unseen depths of devotion, while music presents in living colours the scenes on your way to oneness with the highest, and while you are led by the hand, stage after stage, to the highest pinnacle of principle, the lowest man can vie with the highest in hope.

Action is but the next step to admiration. When the cowardice of worldly thought and attachment to lower ideals is left behind, in the fervour of devotion to nobility and oneness with the highest principle, sin, fear, helplessness and hopelessness are all left behind, and the lowest sinner can look forward to be the heir of the highest regions of virtue, and blessedness. Thus is laid the path to perfection in the highest of fields through music, the sweetest manipulator of the

human heart. Whatever wonders of achievement are desired to be witnessed by anybody can be seen in music.

Is this too much of a claim for a science influencing the human heart through sweetness, which music preeminently is ?

What wonder if much was found by the providence, to be the fittest medium for the communication of the highest truths fit to be revealed to man ? What wonder if a whole Veda is set to music by the Divine intelligence ? What wonder if the highest sweetness in the universe translated itself into and found expression in Sama Veda? What should surpass our powers of understanding is rather, if it should not so express itself in a form, befitting its farthest reaching nobility and power.

What wonder if the Lord manifested himself as the soul of melody ? Harmony is the highest power of the universe. Its force or effect is melody. It is to understanding souls a never-ending sweetness, going into which there is no going out of it. God is the highest melody of the universe. Would he gives us all ears to taste it and be one with it! Sweetness is the highest power, as the power of persuasion. Its sway knows no violation

of its most potent laws. In its kingdom, perfect oneness with the highest is held out as a reward of being a subject, to every one. The wonder about the kingdom is that there is no power in man to question the power of the laws, much less to disobey. May man find the endless peace of bliss, in oneness with the spirit of the highest harmony of right action, ever closing his eyes in the happiness of love of Him, the soul of music, the soul of melody, the soul of harmony, and the soul of sweetness.

The highest spiritualists in the world have had to be imbued with the spirit of the highest music. If spirituality is the music of creeds, Indian spirit has to be the music of all world creeds. How far facts bear it out, it is for the world to judge. Statements of cause and effect, when set forth in the spirit of logical sequence, ought not to offend impartial judges.

Indians have reason to be proud of their all-comprehensive spirit. They can bear it out even now, if they can see that it is their birthright. That the Indian genius was supreme in every field thousands of years before the Christian era is a fact that bears no reiteration, though the question how far the present-day Indians deserve to be called the descendants of their illustrious forefathers

does, Bewailing past glory has unfortunately come to be in point here, as even hard truths like the richness of their music and the glory of their past achievements in every field of science and art, towering so high above the whole world are being made to look like impossible falsehoods by their present degradation and degeneration. The position occupied by the Indians in ancient days has been dealt with in some detail in my volume on "Ancient Education in India", entitled "Ancient Savages of India". The reader is referred to that volume if he wishes to know more about music and other branches of knowledge as cultivated in ancient India.

Whoever sings as he likes, and sings well is a born musician. Whoever speaks at will, and speaks effectively is a born speaker. Whoever acts at will, and acts rightly is a favoured or fortunate man. In all these classes of persons, the preparation and fitness are in the composition of their very nature. The cadence of sounds, thoughts and actions settles itself down in them naturally, by a process, of which they are themselves unconscious.

When the cadence, concord and the supreme drift of utility in every one of our circumstances are so striking, the music of the Divine plan in

**things of the world must be said to be
music of creation. God and His plan are the
music of creation. Love as a Divine principle for
the spread of unity in creation, is a potent hand
maid of the spirit of music.**

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proved that He everdelighted in the music of the
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cattle of ignorant seekers of God was what he chose
as his avocation in life. To the
His company, while He was always**

moment they felt over-confident in self, He withdrew himself from them. They had ever to seek Him in all humility. While He was ever with them, He was aloof from the assertion of their lower selves and thus by himself always. They had to secure His presence, ever by humble devotion. Herein we see the music of the universal soul, which ever kept search in the humble equipoise of the soul in the forefront and which is the beauty of the action of the divine soul; which alone is in keeping with the impersonal nature of Lord Sri nature of Lord Sri Krishna. Devotion is the music of religion and becoming.

Feeling or Rasa underlies the melody of music. The sweetness of Rasa is, properly speaking, what expresses itself as the melody of sounds. Feeling tends to expand in love of itself. The transient of: pleasure is pam here. Self-love underlies the love of anything. Feeling tends to forget its balance, in its enjoyment of pleasure. The pleasure is in its expressing itself. The pleasure is high or justifiable as it tends towards self-expression. Self-expression leads to the goal of feeling or life eventually. So it is the object of life. So music has the supreme virtue of leading to self-expression.

Enjoyment of the pleasure of the music of feeling is realization. This realization, when it effects a gradation among pleasures, tends towards espousing the highest pleasure. Self-expression, which *is* realization thus in the process, leads higher and higher. Thus music achieves for man, the high purpose of life, viz. self-expression. The highest self expression is the goal of all life or the universal goal. This is the highest sweetness of music.

But it should be borne in mind that while helping self-expression through enjoyment, the feeling aspect of music tends to spread itself. We have to note that the *rasa* aspect, allying itself to *Shruti* or the dominant note, is the mother of music. As the mother ministers to the nourishment and enjoyment of the child, even so this aspect to the spirit of enjoyment.

The regulating aspect is also necessary that enjoyment may be healthy and limited within the bounds of propriety. Regulation is furnished by the time-aspect. Time-spirit regulates all our affairs. In music also, time is the regulator. Thus the time-aspect is the father of music. *Thala* or *lay a* regulates music.

Time, as the regulator, curbs enjoyment. Children cannot observe time as they are fond of enjoyment and as such are lost in it. As enjoyment of pleasure has a great attraction for children, their observance of the value of time suffers. It is unquestionable, however, that only such children as can know the value of time can render a good account of themselves in the long run. Time is the great regulator of our activities in this world. For a more detailed account of the value of time, the gentle reader is referred to my "Simple Essays" and "Essays on Popular Subjects". Each treatment of the subject has its own value to every one.

Time, as *Laya*, regulates music. It restrains enjoyment, for the time being, as the beginner would say. But it will be found, on experience, that it contributes to real enjoyment, by the healthy restraint that it exercises on the expansion of our feeling. In fact, as pointed out above, it regulates and renders our enjoyment more effective. A healthy restraint has always the effect of increasing our zest for healthy enjoyment. Self-control developed by restraint which is a characteristic of the higher self paves **the** way to higher success and perfection.

Restraint impose a healthy check on licence. The very restraint imposed on licence works towards commending healthy enjoyment, and healthy enjoyment is borne out as one within the limits laid down by rules of propriety.

The working of the -spirit tends towards restriction, justice, rule and abstinence. Time-spirit rules the universe. Time-spirit points to a life beyond death. It works through the restraint of rule. It wars against undue indulgence in licence. That time or *laya* should be given the upper hand in music, argues the supreme regard paid to the farthest-reaching interests of humanity and enjoyment.

Time in music allows us scope to rise above ourselves and previous ideal. It is the ladder, by which to climb higher and higher in ideal or standard of enjoyment. It furnishes us with a wider outlook, and a survey of the very end, in so doing, keeps the goal steadily before us. It arms us with power to do the right at every healthy respite it entails on our activities. It helps concentration on our principle of work and on the continuity of our previous course of work, In replenishing our energies, it quickens our pace towards the goal, through more effective modes of enjoyment.

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The sweetness of the light pleasant breeze to the skin, that of the sweet odour to the smell that of beauty to the eye, that of deliciousness to the taste and that of melodious strains to the ear, are each appreciated as sweet.

In touch which is the lowest of the senses, the same breeze is unpleasant at times. Agreeableness is the highest standard of sweetness. Softness is the sweetness of touch. Touch is a blind sense.

In taste also which is higher than touch, no standard is discoverable higher than agreeableness. Even this agreeableness is arbitrary in individuals. To one, one taste is agreeable, to another another, and so forth.

The odour of the jessamine again is sweetest to some, to others that of the Champaka, and to some others of Dil Bahar. There is no further test than agreeableness. It cannot further be said why we like a certain odour more than any other. All these three lead to an undefined reflection on the power of God. All these senses are therefore* properly, blind.

In beauty to the eye, which has developed into a science, in painting, sculpture and such like, there are criteria to guide our taste. Beauty here

leads to higher reflection, instructs, and leads higher in ideal. It also influences and guides the mind towards appreciation of high moral standards. It also advances towards conveying higher feelings, but lacks the far-reaching influence on the mind, that music has. The richness of variety and extension of feeling, and the pleasant trail of the far-reaching moral effects of music, it lacks.

Beauty is under the influence of convention, even for its appreciation, to begin with. Relief models, sculpture and painting have set ideals. The naturalness of the ideals and conventions is a study in itself, very necessary for the appreciation of excellence in a piece of art. Children and animals cannot appreciate it as they do melody. In so far as a knowledge of conventions is indispensable as a condition for our ability to appreciate models of painting, sculpture and such other forms of beauty lack the naturalness or power, which music has.

Melody is connected directly with the heart. It penetrates the heart and subdues it. It influences it in any direction it seeks to. It can spontaneously work the hearer, an animal or a child, to rage or passion of any kind. This power is wanting in the beauty of art models.

So music is entitled to the place of supremacy in point of sweetness. Sweetness begins with pleasing, and ends in subduing. The sweetness of all the senses does the same, but the subduing power is in proportion to the lastingness and far-reachingness of effects. Music advances most. It subdues all alike, the expert, the child, the antelope, the serpent and the wild beast.

We are indebted to sugar for the beginnings of the conception of sweetness. Sugar but gave birth to the idea, to pass it on to music to be perfected, even as knowledge has its beginning in the school house, and its perfection in the saint and sage.

Sugar is the sweetness of our taste, and odour of our smell, and so forth ; but amidst all these is running the soul of sweetness, to culminate in the melody of music. The sweetness of human conceptions is the sweetness of the creation, running up to God for perfection. God is the supreme sweetness of creation. He is the melody of melody, the eye of our eye, the ear of our ear, the touch of our touch, the taste of our taste, and the mind of our mind.

Though love is sweet in all, that kicking and biting should be the manner of it in some is

strange. The manner of courtship, as of all actions, varies with our natures. While we say kicking and biting are ungainly translations of love in the donkey and the cat, in the Khakhans it takes an extreme form. The bird under the force of Jove makes a pile of twigs, sets fire thereto, and flings its body therein. While everyone seeks, in the manner of his heart, the fruition of his love on this side of death, this bird seeks on the other.

To some, death has charms which must precede the fruition of love. Death has endless charms for the heroic souls, and no love can bear proper fruition before the intervention of the charms of death. For these absolutists, change of body and daring, the conditions of change must precede anything in the nature of real enjoyment. To them, the highest sweetness is reserved to the other side of death.

Death has an inexpressible charm for them. They are in love with it, They must heroically seek the charm of the highest danger to self. In death, they win their reward of the battle of life. While they spend the whole of this life in **the** quest of a happiness, they resolve to seek the happiness itself on the other side of death. The darkness, the horror, the mystery, the void, **the**

fearful change, the proof of their unconquerable mettle, and all that is ghastly and horrible in life and death must establish their title to the happiness of their hearts. If after going through the crucible test, they can continue the same in their ideal and in their method of search, they deem their object worthy of them. They are in no haste for embracing the happiness of their hearts. They can wait till the fitness of their object of search for them and of themselves for the object is established beyond all question. They delight in death as an object of conquest, and make the conquest of death a condition precedent to the embracing of the happiness of their hearts.

Thus, P. B. Shelley is the khakhans of the race of livers and poets, who heroically falls in love with death. His prayers are beyond the grave. He is not a weakling man to compromise his ideal and rest satisfied with any pleasures that do not come up to the level of his transcendental conception of happiness and perfection and love. He keeps on singing his love of death, on his weary march through life's experiences, and deceives the toils of the way and the hardships of the endless battle with the futile conceptions of the world, with, the joys, of the unknown. He seeks unity amidst the university of the universe, and has

his eye fixed on the attainment of that highest unity in his own self. Consistently with the nature of the unity of all different conceptions, he seeks the enjoyment of the highest kind of happiness, unhindered by the fears of death and contradiction. Thus in the pursuit of the ever-fleeting perfection, he flits through all worldly conceptions and the shadowy conceptions of the kingdoms of fairies and otherwise-conditioned beings, which to him are real in the glow of their ideal and of their march to perfection. Conception is to him a never-ending joy, and in the joy of conception he looks the dread of change of condition, death, in the face. As he is a hero, nothing is too daring for him. Reaching is his word, and he is in ceaseless pursuit of the perfection of condition and happiness. The sweetness of death and the sweetness of unity of all things in perfection on the other side of death are his goal.

He is ever chanting the hymns of the sweetness of his ideal. The death according to worldly conceptions is no let or hindrance to his flight after the absolute unity of things in perfection. Worldly conceptions of right and wrong and custom alike are meaningless in his eyes, in the light of the pursuit and realisation of the joy of the highest perfection of the unity of all things.

Convention pales into compromise, and he, in the lordly and heroic fashion of his fiery soul, calls everything in question, even the so-called conception of theism, social conventions like marriage, religious convention, church ritual, tradition and custom.

Every life is a pursuit of sweetness, after the manner of the ideal of the former. Yet the sweetness of high souls like Shelley, Keats, Kalidasa, Bhavabhuti and Hafiz is a mark set on the sands of time for weaker souls to follow.

Each life is grand in itself, in the measure of its earnestness. The earnestness must bear upon truth to the ideal in each case. As the ideal of each life, the life is high. A high life seeks a high kind of happiness or sweetness. The sweetness belongs to the truth of the ideal, the effectiveness of the pursuit of the ideal, as well as, to the height of the ideal itself. For fear of growing abstruse, we may sum up that such is the sweetness of life to the naturalist, who seeks unity of pleasure and process in one, in humanity. Use is sweet as an expression of self.

i When the sweetness of your soul flows, or, when you are in a mood for application, everything is sweet. Your temper discovers sweetness in

ordinary things and conations. i nis makes haters scoff at themselves. Such unfortunately is the fact. Here we arrive at the rule of eligibility for the enjoyment of sweetness. Our temper it is, in effect, that calls the sweetness or bitterness of a thing by that name. When even bitterness is sweet to a temper, the blame for bitterness rests entirely with our natures, rather than with the nature of things. The nature of things is as *you* view it. It is *you* that make a thing sweet or bitter. Here certain aspects of things get emphasized.

Equanimity, it should be observed generally, is the sweetness of condition. It is the justice due to yourself and the nature of things in one. If sweetness lies in the fact that while you see a phase of a thing, you do not see that alone, and that while you do not see a phase of a thing actually you still see it mentally, in obedience to the canons of fairness, the responsibility of your impartiality makes you the messenger of truth, while you are seemingly an interested party in worldly life. When we realise besides that we cannot owe a duty to other?, prior to our owing it to ourselves, equanimity becomes priceless as a condition of self-advancement. This phase makes equanimity sweetness par

excellence to ourselves first, and to the Universe next. Charity must begin at home that it may end elsewhere as a greatest blessing.

Endeavour is the sweetness of our occupation, as it is tasted and leads to the goal. It is the soul of our action, as without it we would be missing the goal. As we try, we are. If our becoming and eventual being depend on our trial, what more need be said of the potency of endeavour than that it is the life of our concentrated efforts. Our concentrated efforts towards reaching a goal are the most important in life. When these are all summed up in endeavour, is not this latter the sweetness of our life itself? Equanimity is sweetness as manner, and endeavour as the soul of life.

Yet, sweetness itself has a bane, as all things have. It deceives. Ask the child that is after play, and let every man ask himself whether this is not so. But for the sweetness of our pursuits why are we slaves to the latter? Yet are we always right in our pursuits? How we wish we were! That the deity of our hearts should thus deceive us is the most unkind cut of nature, in creation.

Sweetness creates a bias in us for things- This starts a whole train of false-hoods for us in

the world, in the wake of the mistake of our original bias for sweetness of an ill-omened trice, and we are slaves to the deception of the sweetness. The sweetness is of our making or choice. Therefore, in virtue of our personal factor, we aver that we are right in our choice. Yet this leaves room for saying that sweetness misleads.

The remedy for this is the higher sweetness of discretion in choice of sweetness. Experience is sure to lead us higher. Judgment is the sweetness of our choice of pursuits. Here the caution is sounded to us that we should beware of the very sweetness of things. While you make up your mind to enjoy it, judge previously with the sweetness and act with a higher outlook. Do not lose the balance of your equanimity of higher aim, in the choice of your pursuits, and the various apparent and real aspects of things. This is the sweetness of sweetness itself.

If you say there is no sweetness in this, really there is no sweetness in sweetness. The sweetness of sweetness is in you. You are the supreme maker of sweetness, irrespective of what things in themselves are. The soul of sweetness is the sweetness of the soul.

Though our aim is sweet to us, the way to it lies through toil. It is the ether of toil that generates the sweetness of the attainment of the aim. As for toil, though in itself it is bitter, it acquires sweetness from association with and for the aim. Flow bitter gives rise to sweetness is sweet to think on.

Even where no aim is involved, our worldly toil and experience develop in us common sense, which is always sweet. Toils directed to a purpose give rise to sweetness of a qualified nature, while those conducted with no special aim, or as duty, give rise to unqualified and perpetual sweetness. Common sense is such a sweetness developed in our natures amid worldly work and experience.

Vice is the sweetness of virtue, weakness of strength, woman of man, enjoyment of restraint, licence of rule, and darkness of light. Between these two extremities, sweetness is born as darkness, bred as innocence, grew as a rule, and culminated as licence or freedom.

As an antidote it became bitter, as austerity it became virtue, in the striving it became a rule, and in enjoyment it became weakness. In the morning it became freshness, at noonday the

heat of vigour, in the evening weakness, at night repose, and in the day work. All is sweetness. Sweetness is everywhere and in every condition to the enjoyer.

If without the enjoyer there is no sweetness, there is no licence without the rule, nor rule without licence. The opposites are necessary in relativity, while oneness is the truth of absolutists. The former are weak and the latter strong. Yet the irony of fate is that the weak grow, while the strong die. The weak grow strong and the strong grow weak,

Our world is veritably a Mutual Admiration Society. Men have their happiness in themselves, and live outside themselves. They rather roam outside for pleasure, or for expression of their selves.

For sweetness, there must be two, or relativity. It is the result of combination. There is no sweetness without combination and cooperation. Co-operation is sweet in consent. Non-cooperation is the sweetness of the absolutist. If man were altruistic, the weaker would grow in cooperation. The virtuous, the high and the strong attain salvation in non-cooperation. (Disease is the heritage of weakness, while health is the privilege

of strength. Ignorance breeds weakness, and weakness disease. Death is the end of weakness, while immortal life is the culmination of strength. While the aim is sweet to every condition, freedom is the highest sweetness of all conditions.

The world is a moth after the lamp of attraction. Novelty attracts, beauty pleases, but sweetness enraptures the mind. Novelty wears out with use, beauty ceases to please in the face of defects and use, but sweetness leaves a charm even behind satiation. Novelty and beauty are charming for their inner sweetness.

The sweet rill springs in the grove, from under the barren rock, babbles its song down hill and on the verdant plain. It learns new songs, in the course of its travels, and sings love-laden songs through climes, in unison with sister streams. It grows into a mighty river, overswelling its banks, and roars throughout its length. It merges into the sea, and contributes to the ceaseless roar of the ocean. So our enjoyments.

The child that is addicted to play says " I will play on", the man that sings in joy says " I will sing on ", the man that is at his pursuit says " I will go on ", and the sage that is devoted to meditation says " I will meditate". Nobody

knows whither he is marching. Devotion is sweet the while.

Devotion to tier lord is the highest sweetness in a matron fortified in her mastery of exquisite charms. Only she and her lord know the sweetness of that devotion.

Devotion is sweetness that sanctifies and leads higher. In everything in the world there is enjoyment, and enjoyment spreads, for it is sweetness. Restraint, however, gives a higher direction to sweetness. Enjoyment is sweeter in restraint.

Though work engenders monotony, taste for enjoyment is endless. Even the child and the weak pursue enjoyment, drawn on by sweetness. Taste for sweetness is the strength that overcomes the tiresomeness of monotony.

Endless is the soul of sweetness. Indication ought then to be enough. So in the pursuit of the highest pleasures of sweetness in advance, let us leave the remainder for the reader.

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The following letter of Mr. R. Chidambara Kao, B. A. contains an opinion on 'Practical Yoga':-

ADONI,

February 6th 1923.

My dear Maharajjee,

I received the packet yesterday and went through " Practical Yoga " before I went to bed last night. It is quite flattering of you to ask me for an opinion about Yoga, in which you are an unrivalled master and I quite a novice. In the hope that you will indulge in my prattlings with laughter, I shall try to write what I feel. It is so interesting that once I began I could not help finishing it. In these days when Guru appears in the physical body but rarely, your book takes the

place of Guru in black and white for all aspirants to start with. I am sure your *sattwa* is so great that anybody who reads the book may indent upon it and practise with safety. It is true that when one is earnest, Guru appears and takes one up. Your book creates curiosity and supplies enough practices to strengthen earnestness. For those already in the field of practice and under the guidance of Gurus, the paras dealing about *pratyahara* onwards contain beautiful and pithy¹ Sutras | which of course are to be amplified and realised. The beauty about them is that they are very simple and most suggestive. They are not exhaustive, as the writings of Sri Arabinda Ghose (in his synthesis of Yoga) are. It is my opinion that they ought not to be exhaustive. For knowledge and truth discovered and realized is real and that learnt through reading is only hundredth rate and of no value spiritually. When it is so exhaustive, a practitioner is either confused or may mistake hearsays and intellectual understandings for actual realisations. I know it is your all comprehensive-ness and the highest stage that you have reached, that could help you to strike the right note that you have done.

One other very great merit about the book is the proper and correct explanations of Hatha and Mantra Yogas that you have given when people misunderstand and condemn them, especially the former. I have heard followers of the Great Sri Ramkrishna Bhagavan, who underwent *all* Sadhanas even of alien religions to show that all paths lead to the one goal, saying that Hatha Yoga is jugglery and has no place in spirituality. What a great mistake it is ! How well you have explained it ! you have done well to speak of the powers and assign proper values to them.

I wish to add one more point and I hope you will excuse me if I am wrong in the matter. You have begun by saying that "moksha or liberation is the highest goal of man". This is true and should and would appeal to all "Asthikas" and aspirants. To the indifferent man in the world, a word of elucidation would be necessary. They may ask what is liberation and for what purpose is liberation necessary; my answer is this. Man! why does all creation hunt after Ananda? He gets it, but what he gets is less than momentary and is always followed by pain as a natural reaction. Every action has a reaction. And man is capable of attaining the highest Akhanda Ananda if he is not to be fooled by the mind and its habits and

tendencies. Body is only an inert mass helpless in the hands of the mind. To control and dictate to the mind is the aim and purpose of Yoga. And every one of eight Angas of Yoga are practices to control the mind. In fact even the (Purvangas) though they appear to be physical exercises curb the mi-nd at every stage. Practice of Yama and Niyant is more a control of the mind than physical. In addition to the explanations already given, I feel this might have been done with great profit to the lay public i.e., *moksha* is liberation from the thraldom of the mind as the controller of senses, for attaining highest Ananda. I don't know if I have made my point clear but, of course, you can understand me, I have ventured to make a remark and I know you will view it in fatherly affection. All the same, I am anxious to know if I am right. I think the book would be complete if every one of the eight Angas is explained with reference to this idea of liberation. I know it is there but I feel it requires more pointed and special reference. Please let me know what you think about it.

It is a long time since you came this side. I wish you could come here soon. With namaskars,

I am

ever your own,

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