



THE **COMPLETE WORKS** OF SWAMI **VIVEKANANDA** • VOLUME IX

THE **COMPLETE WORKS** OF **SWAMI**
VIVEKANANDA

VOLUME IX

Discovery Publisher

2019, Discovery Publisher

No part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means including information storage and retrieval systems, without permission in writing from the publisher.

Author : Swami Vivekananda



616 Corporate Way, Suite 2-4933
Valley Cottage, New York, 10989
www.discoverypublisher.com
edition@discoverypublisher.com
facebook.com/discoverypublisher
twitter.com/discoverypb

New York • Paris • Dublin • Tokyo • Hong Kong

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Epistles — Fifth Series			3
I — SIR	4	XXVII — MOTHER	16
II — SIR	4	XXVIII — MOTHER	17
III — SIR	4	XXIX — MOTHER	17
IV — BALARAM BABU	5	XXX — MOTHER	19
V — TULSIRAM	5	XXXI — MOTHER	20
VI — SHARAT	5	XXXII — MOTHER	20
VII — MOTHER	6	XXXIII — MOTHER	20
VIII — MOTHER	6	XXXIV — MOTHER	20
IX — MOTHER	7	XXXV — MOTHER	21
X — MOTHER	7	XXXVI — MOTHER	22
XI — MOTHER	8	XXXVII — MOTHER	22
XII — MOTHER	8	XXXVIII — MOTHER	22
XIII — MOTHER	8	XXXIX — MOTHER	23
XIV — MOTHER	9	XL — MRS. BULL	23
XV — MOTHER	9	XLI — MISS THURSBY	24
XVI — MOTHER	10	XLII — MOTHER	24
XVII — MOTHER	11	XLIII — MOTHER	24
XVIII — MOTHER	11	XXXIV — MOTHER	24
XIX — MOTHER	12	XLV — MOTHER	25
XX — MOTHER	12	XLVI — MOTHER	25
XXI — MOTHER	13	XLVII — MISS THURSBY	26
XXII — MOTHER	13	XLVIII — ADHYAPAKJI	27
XXIII — MOTHER	13	XLIX — MOTHER	27
XXIV — MOTHER	14	L — MOTHER	28
XXV — MOTHER	15	LI — MOTHER	28
XXVI — MOTHER	15	LII — MOTHER	28

LIII – MOTHER	29	LXXXVI – MISS THURSBY	40
LIV – MOTHER	29	LXXXVII – FRIEND	40
LV – FRIEND	29	LXXXVIII – CHRISTINA	41
LVI – MOTHER	30	LXXXIX – MRS. FUNKEY	41
LVII – MOTHER	30	XC – CHRISTINA	41
LVIII – SIR	30	XCI – CHRISTINA	42
LIX – MOTHER	31	XCII – MRS. BULL	42
LX – DOCTOR	31	XCIII – SIR	42
LXI – MOTHER	31	XCIV – MRS. BULL	43
LXII – MOTHER	32	XCV – MOTHER	43
LXIV – MOTHER	32	XCVI – SIR	43
LXV – MOTHER	32	XCVII – MRS. BULL	44
LXVI – MOTHER	33	XCVIII – BLESSED	
LXVII – FRIEND	33	AND BELOVED	44
LXVIII – MRS. G. W. HALE	34	XCIX – CHRISTINA	45
LXIX – CHRISTINA	34	C – NOBLE	45
LXX – MOTHER	34	CI – MISS NOBLE	45
LXXI – SISTER CHRISTINE	35	CII – CHRISTINA	45
LXXII – ISABELLE MCKINDLEY	35	CIII – MADRAS COMITTEE	45
LXXIII – CHRISTINA	36	CIV – GENTLEMEN	46
LXXIV – CHRISTINA	36	CV – CHRISTINA	46
LXXV – CHRISTINA	37	CVI – MRS. BULL	46
LXXVI – YOUR HIGHNESS	37	CVII – RAM RAM	47
LXXVII – SIR	37	CVIII – MISS NOBLE	47
LXXVIII – CHRISTINA	37	CIX – LALAJEE	47
LXXIX – MRS. OLE BULL	38	CX – BADRI SAH	48
LXXX – SIR	38	CXI – MOTHER	48
LXXXI – MRS. BULL	38	CXII – MRS. BULL	48
LXXXII – MRS. FUNKEY	38	CXIII – FRIEND	48
LXXXIII – MRS. BULL	39	CXIV – SHIVANANDA	49
LXXXIV – CHRISTINA	39	CXV – CHRISTINA	49
LXXXV – MRS. BULL	39	CXVI – SISTER CHRISTINE	50

CXVII — MISS NOBLE	50	CXLVIII — CHRISTINA	61
CXVIII — CHRISTINA	50	CXLIX — CHRISTINA	61
CXIX — MARGARET	51	CL — CHRISTINA	61
CXX — DHIRA MATA	51	CLI — CHRISTINA	62
CXXI — JAGMOHAN	52	CLII — CHRISTINA	62
CXXII — MISS MACLEOD	52	CLIII — MRS. BULL	62
CXXIII — SIR	52	CLIV — CHRISTINA	63
CXXIV — MISS MACLEOD / MRS. BULL	52	CLV — DHIRA MATA	63
CXXV — MR. J. J. GOODWIN'S MOTHER	53	CLVI — MOTHER	63
CXXVI — YOUR HIGHNESS	53	CLVII — MARGOT	64
CXXVII — CHRISTINA	53	CLVIII — MOTHER	64
CXXVIII — YOUR HIGHNESS	54	CLIX — CHRISTINA	64
CXXIX — YOUR HIGHNESS	54	CLX — BRAHMANANDA	65
CXXX — MARGOT	55	CLXI — CHRISTINA	65
CXXXI — NIVEDITA	55	CLXII — MARGO	66
CXXXII — CHRISTINA	55	CLXIII — JOE	66
CXXXIII — RAJA	56	CLXIV — CHRISTINA	67
CXXXIV — S	56	CLXV — SISTER CHRISTINE	67
CXXXV — MARGOT	56	CLXVI — MARGOT	67
CXXXVI — SIR	57	CLXVII — MARGOT	68
CXXXVII — MARGOT	57	CLXVIII — MOTHER	68
CXXXVIII — CHRISTINA	57	CLXIX — CHRISTINA	68
CXXXIX — MISS MACLEOD	57	CLXX — ABHEDANANDA	69
CXL — CHRISTINA	57	CLXXI — CHRISTINA	69
CXLI — CHRISTINA	58	CLXXII — CHRISTINA	70
CXLII — SISTER CHRISTINE	58	CLXXIII — CHRISTINA	70
CXLIII — MOTHER	59	CLXXIV — CHRISTINA	70
CXLIV — ISABEL	59	CLXXV — MRS. HANSBROUGH	71
CXLV — CHRISTINA	59	CLXXVI — SISTER CHRISTINE	71
CXLVI — MOTHER CHURCH	60	CLXXVII — MRS. HANSBROUGH	71
CXLVII — MOTHER	60	CLXXVIII — ABHEDANANDA	72
		CLXXIX — CHRISTINA	72

CLXXX – MRS. LEGGETT	72	CXCIX – FRIEND	78
CLXXXI – CHRISTINE	72	CC – CHRISTINA	79
CLXXXII – NIVEDITA	73	CCI – CHRISTINE	79
CLXXXIII – CHRISTINE	73	CCII – CHRISTINE	80
CLXXXIV – CHRISTINA	73	CCIII – CHRISTINE	80
CLXXXV – MOTHER	74	CCIV – CHRISTINE	81
CLXXXVI – ALBERTA	74	CCV – CHRISTINA	82
CLXXXVII – CHRISTINA	74	CCVI – CHRISTINA	82
CLXXXVIII – MARGO	74	CCVII – MARGO	83
CLXXXIX – SISTER CHRISTINE	75	CCVIII – CHRISTINA	83
CXC – YOUR HIGHNESS	75	CCIX – CHRISTINE	84
CXCI – MOTHER	75	CCX – CHRISTINE	85
CXCII – SIR	76	CCXI – CHRISTINE	85
CXCIII – MARGOT	76	CCXII – CHRISTINE	86
CXCIV – CHRISTINE	77	CCXIII – SISTER CHRISTINE	87
CXCV – INTRODUCTION	77	CCXXIV – CHRISTINE	87
CXCVI – CHRISTINE	77	CCXXV – CHRISTINE	88
CXCVII – MOTHER	78	CCXXVI – CHRISTINE	88
CXCVIII – MRS. HANSBROUGH	78	CCXXVII – CHRISTINE	89

Lectures and Discourses **92**

THE WOMEN OF INDIA	94
THE FIRST STEP TOWARDS JNANA	103
BHAKTI-YOGA	110
THE MUNDAKA UPANISHAD	116
HISTORY OF THE ARYAN RACE	123

Notes of Lectures and Classes **132**

THE RELIGION OF INDIA	134
CHRIST'S MESSAGE TO THE WORLD	136
MOHAMMED'S MESSAGE TO THE WORLD	136

MOHAMMED	136
CLASS LESSONS IN MEDITATION BY SWAMI VIVEKANANDA	137
THE GITA	137
THE GITA — I	138
THE GITA — III	139
GITA CLASS	141
REMARKS FROM VARIOUS LECTURES	141

Writings: Prose and Poems **144**

THE ETHER	146
NOTES	148
LECTURE NOTES	148
MACROCOSM AND MICROCOSM	149
SWAMI VIVEKANANDA'S FOOTNOTES TO THE IMITATION OF CHRIST	149
BOOK I	149
Chapter 1	149
Chapter 3	151
Chapter 5	151
Chapter 6	151
THE PLAGUE MANIFESTO	152
ONE CIRCLE MORE	153
FACSIMILE	153
AN UNTITLED POEM ON SHRI RAMAKRISHNA	153
AN UNFINISHED POEM	153
BHARTRIHARI'S VERSES ON RENUNCIATION	154
BHARTRIHARI'S VERSES ON RENUNCIATION	154

Conversations and Interviews **160**

FIRST MEETING WITH MADAME EMMA CALVE	162
FIRST MEETING WITH JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER	162

A DUSKY PHILOSOPHER FROM INDIA	163
“WE ARE HYPNOTIZED INTO WEAKNESS BY OUR SURROUNDINGS”	165
MARRIAGE	165
LINE OF DEMARCATION	166
GOD IS!	166
RENUNCIATION	166
SHRI RAMAKRISHNA’S DISCIPLE	166
THE MASTER’S DIVINE INCARNATION	166
A PRIVATE ADMISSION	167
A GREETING	167
“THIS WORLD IS A CIRCUS RING”	167
ON KALI	167
TRAINING UNDER SHRI RAMAKRISHNA	167
<u>Excerpts from Sister Nivedita’s Book</u>	170
NOTES OF SOME WANDERINGS WITH SWAMI VIVEKANANDA	172
FOREWORD	172
CHAPTER I — THE HOUSE ON THE GANGES	173
CHAPTER II — AT NAINI TAL AND ALMORA	175
CHAPTER III — MORNING TALKS AT ALMORA	176
CHAPTER IV — ON THE WAY TO KATHGODAM	182
CHAPTER V — ON THE WAY TO BARAMULLA	183
CHAPTER VI — THE VALE OF KASHMIR	185
CHAPTER VII — LIFE AT SRINAGAR	187
CHAPTER VIII — THE TEMPLE OF PANDRENTAN	189
CHAPTER IX — WALKS AND TALKS BESIDE THE JHELUM	192
CHAPTER IX — THE SHRINE OF AMARNATH	195
CHAPTER IX — AT SRINAGAR ON THE RETURN JOURNEY	197
CHAPTER IX — THE CAMP UNDER THE CHENNAARS	198

CONCLUDING WORDS OF THE EDITOR	200
<u>Sayings and Utterances</u>	202
LIST OF ABBREVIATIONS	204
<u>Newspaper Reports</u>	218
PART I: AMERICAN NEWSPAPER REPORTS	220
RESPONSE TO WELCOME	220
PARLOR TALK	221
RELIGION NOT THE CRYING NEED OF INDIA	221
THE CHICAGO LETTER	222
RELIGIONS OF INDIA	223
ALL RELIGIONS ARE TRUE SUCH IS THE MESSAGE BROUGHT FROM INDIA	223
A MESSAGE FROM INDIA	224
REINCARNATION	225
AN INTELLECTUAL FEAST	225
A PRAYER MEETING	225
ON AMERICAN WOMEN	225
ON THE BRAHMO SAMAJ	226
A WITTY HINDU	226
THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF INDIA	226
HINDU PHILOSOPHY	227
TWO REMARKABLE THINGS IN THIS COUNTRY	227
HIS CRITICISM OF MISSIONARIES	228
A GOD EVERY DAY	228
VIVE KANANDA LEAVES	228
CULTURE AT HOME	229
KANANDA, THE PAGAN	229
What India Is	230

Antagonize Native Interests	230
Most Missionaries Incompetent	231
Filled the World with Bloodshed	231
AS THE WAVE FOLLOWS WAVE	232
WAYSIDE STORIES	233
A HINDOO MONK	233
KANANDA ARRIVES	233
THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF INDIA	233
A LECTURE ON “INDIA AND HINDUISM”	234
AT SMITH COLLEGE, NORTHAMPTON, MASSACHUSETTS	235
A LECTURE ON INDIA AND REINCARNATION	235
LECTURE BY HINDOO MONK	235
THE BRAHMAN MONK	237
His Iterations	237
SWAMI VIVEKANANDA	238
NIRVANASHATKAM	238
THE NONSENSE OF NATIONS	239
A HIGH PRIEST OF INDIA	239
PRIEST SWAMI IN TOWN	239
His Idea of Humor	240
Views on Topics of the Day	240
Likes the Elevator	240
A WISE MAN AMONG US	240
LOVE RELIGION’S ESSENCE	241
The Student Not Satisfied	241
Love Abideth	242
THE HINDOO OPTIMISTIC	243
VIVEKANANDA’S LECTURE	243
LET INDIA ALONE	243
ABOU BEN ADHEM’S IDEAL	244

THE DOCTRINE OF THE SWAMI	244
“UNIVERSAL RELIGION”	245
VIVEKANANDA’S PHILOSOPHY	246
HEARD SWAMI TALK	247
PHILOSOPHY OF FREEDOM	247
OUT OF THE EAST	248
SAID A UNIVERSAL RELIGION IS IMPOSSIBLE	249
FOR UNIVERSAL RELIGION	249
SWAMI VIVEKANANDA	251
HINDU PHILOSOPHY	253
Conception Of The Universe In Distant India	253
CONCEPTION OF THE UNIVERSE	253
TOLD ABOUT INDIA	254
THE RELIGIOUS LEGENDS OF INDIA	255
THE SCIENCE OF YOGA	255
SWAMI VIVEKANANDA AT THE LOS ANGELES HOME	255
HINDOO MONK LECTURES	256
VEDANTISM, AND WHAT IT IS	
AND WHAT IT IS NOT	256
TRUE RELIGION	257
PART II: EUROPEAN NEWSPAPER REPORTS	258
SWAMI VIVEKANANDA ON LOVE	258
AN INDIAN ASCETIC	259
NATIVE INDIAN LECTURER AT PRINCES’ HALL	259
THE CHRISTIAN COMMONWEALTH	260
AN UNIVERSAL RELIGION	260
EDUCATION	261
SPIRITUALISM AND THE VEDANTA PHILOSOPHY	261
AN OCTOBER CLASS REVIEW	262

PART III: INDIAN NEWSPAPER REPORTS	262
A BENGALI SADHU	262
The Vedic Religion	262
The Hindu Ideal of Life	263
The Shradh [Shrâddha] Ceremony	263
Education of Women	263
Emancipation of the Hindus	264
THE PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS	264
PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS IN CHICAGO	264
ON CHRISTIAN CONVERSION	265
THE CENTRAL IDEA OF THE VEDAS	265
SWAMI VIVEKANANDA ON THE SEA VOYAGE MOVEMENT	265
A SUMMARY OF “BUDDHISM, THE FULFILMENT OF HINDUISM”	266
INDIAN PHILOSOPHY AND WESTERN SOCIETY	267
SWAMI VIVEKANANDA IN AMERICA	267
ON EDUCATION	268
THE SWAMI VIVEKANANDA IN ENGLAND	268
ON THE SWISS ALPS	269
“THE IDEAL OF UNIVERSAL RELIGION”	270
THE BANQUET FOR RANJIT SINJHI	271
THE MAJLIS IN CAMBRIDGE	271
VIVEKANANDA IN THE WEST	271
BHAKTI	272
OUR MISSION IN AMERICA	272
SWAMI VIVEKANANDA AT BELUR [ON EDUCATION]	273
HINDU WIDOWS	273
<u>Unpublished</u>	<u>276</u>
YOUR HIGHNESS — I	278
YOUR HIGHNESS — II	279

THE **COMPLETE WORKS** OF
SWAMI VIVEKANANDA

VOLUME IX

EPISTLES — FIFTH SERIES

I — SIR

Translated from Bengali

To Balaram Bose:

Glory to Ramakrishna!

GHAZIPUR,
February 6, 1890

RESPECTED SIR,

I have talked with Pavhari Baba. He is a wonderful saint — the embodiment of humility, devotion, and Yoga. Although he is an orthodox Vaishnava, he is not prejudiced against others of different beliefs. He has tremendous love for Mahâprabhu Chaitanya, and he [Pavhari Baba] speaks of Shri Ramakrishna as “an incarnation of God”. He loves me very much, and I am going to stay here for some days at his request.

Pavhari Baba can live in Samâdhi for from two to six months at a stretch. He can read Bengali and has kept a photograph of Shri Ramakrishna in his room. I have not yet seen him face to face, since he speaks from behind a door, but I have never heard such a sweet voice. I have many things to say about him but not just at present.

Please try to get a copy of Chaitanya-Bhâgavata for him and send it immediately to the following address: Gagan Chandra Roy, Opium Department, Ghazipur. Please don't forget.

Pavhari Baba is an ideal Vaishnava and a great scholar; but he is reluctant to reveal his learning. His elder brother acts as his attendant, but even he is not allowed to enter his room.

Please send him a copy of Chaitanya-Mangala also, if it is still in print. And remember that if Pavhari Baba accepts your presents, that will be your great fortune. Ordinarily, he does not accept anything from anybody. Nobody knows what he eats or even what he does.

Please don't let it be known that I am here and don't send news of anyone to me. I am busy with an important work.

Your servant,
Narendra

II — SIR

Translated from Bengali

To Balaram Bose:

Glory to Ramakrishna!

GHAZIPUR,
February 11, 1890

RESPECTED SIR,

I have received your book. In Hrishikesh, Kali [Swami Abhedananda] has had a relapse and is again suffering from what seems to be malaria. Once it comes, the fever does not easily leave those who have never had it before. I too suffered the same way when I first had the attack of fever. Kali has never had the fever before. I have not received any letter from Hrishikesh. Where is ...?

I am suffering terribly from a backache which began in Allahabad. I had recovered from it some time back, but it has recurred. So I will have to stay here awhile longer because of my back and also because Babaji [Pavhari Baba] has requested it.

What you have written about uncooked bread is true. But a monk dies that way, not like the breaking of a cup and saucer. This time I am not going to be overcome by weakness in any way. And if I die, that will be good for me. It is better to depart from this world very soon.

Your servant,
Narendra

III — SIR

Translated from Bengali

To Balaram Bose:

Salutation to Bhagavan Shri Ramakrishna!

GHAZIPUR,
February 1890

RESPECTED SIR,

I have received an anonymous letter which I have been unable to trace back to the gigantic soul who wrote it. Indeed, one should pay homage to such a man. He who considers a great soul like Pavhari Baba to be no more than water in a hoof print, he who has nothing to learn in this world and who feels it a disgrace to be taught by any other man — truly, such a new incarnation must be visited. I hope that if the government should discover the identity of this person, he will be handled with special care and be placed in the Alipore garden [zoo]. If you happen to know this man, please ask him to bless me, so that even a dog or a jackal may be my Guru — not to speak of a great soul like Pavhari Baba.

I have many things to learn. My master used to say: “As long as I live, so long do I learn”. Also please tell this fellow that unfortunately I do not have the time to “cross the seven seas and thirteen rivers” or to go to Sri Lanka in order to sleep after having put oil in the nostrils.

Your servant,
Narendra

P.S. Please have the rose-water brought from Ishan Babu’s [Ishan Chandra Mukherjee’s] residence if there is delay [in their sending it to the Baranagore Math]. The roses are still not in bloom. The rose-water has just been sent to the residence of Ishan Babu.

IV — BALARAM BABU

Translated from Bengali

To Balam Bose:

GHAZIPUR,
March 12, 1890

BALARAM BABU,

As soon as you get the railway receipt, please send someone to the railway warehouse at Fairlie Place (Calcutta) to pick up the roses and send them on

to Shashi. See that there is no delay in bringing or sending them.

Baburam is going to Allahabad soon. I am going elsewhere.

Narendra

PS. Know it for certain that everything will be spoiled if delayed.

V — TULSIRAM

To Tulsiram Ghosh:

GHAZIPUR,
10 May 1890

DEAR TULSIRAM,

A basket of roses will be sent to you in a few days at Chitpur. Do you please send them up immediately to Shashi [Swami Ramakrishnananda, at the Baranagore Math]. They would not be sent to the care of Balam Basu, for there would be such nice delays and that would be death to the flowers. I think if sent to Chitpur, to your depot, it would reach you there at the very place; if not, write sharp. Baburam [Swami Premananda] is here, going up in a day or two to Allahabad. I too am going off from this place very soon. I go perhaps to Bareilly and up. What is Balam Babu [Balam Bose] doing?

My Pranâms etc. to you all.

Yours affectionately,
Narendra

VI — SHARAT

To Swami Saradananda:

Salutation to Bhagavan Ramakrishna!

CALCUTTA,
32 ASHADHA,
July 15, 1890

MY DEAR SHARAT,

I am sorry to learn that [Vaikunthanath] Sanyal's habits are as yet not Pucca [firm]; and what about Brahmacharya? I don't understand you. If so, the best thing for you both is to come down and live here. The widow of Mohindra Mukherjee is trying head and heart to erect a Math for you, and Surendranath Mitra has left another thousand so that you are very likely soon to get a beautiful place on the river. As for all the hardships up there, I reserve my own opinions.

It was not at all my intention to come down, only the death of Balaram Bose had made me have a peep here and go back. If the mountains be so bad, there is more than enough place for me; only I leave Bengal. If one does not suit, another will. So that is my determination. Everyone here will be so glad at your return here, and from your letter I see it would be downright injurious to you if you didn't come down. So come down at your earliest opportunity. I will leave this place before this letter reaches you; only I won't go to Almora. I have my own plans for the future and they shall be a secret.

As for Sanyal, I do not see how I can benefit him. Of course, you are at liberty to hold your own opinion about the Sanga [holy company] here. That I can find places Sudrishya [having scenic beauty] and Subhiksha [where alms are available] is enough. Sanga is not much, or, I think, not at all necessary for me.

Yours, etc.,
Narendra

VII — MOTHER

To Mrs. G. W. Hale:

MINNEAPOLIS,
21 November 1893

DEAR MOTHER,

I reached Madison safely, went to a hotel, and sent a message to Mr. Updike. He came to see me. He is a Congregational and so, of course, was not very friendly at first; but in the course of an hour or so became very kind to me, and took me over the whole place and the University. I had a fine audi-

ence and \$100. Immediately after the lecture I took the night train to Minneapolis.

I tried to get the clergymen's ticket, but they could not give me any, not being the headquarters. The thing to be done is to get a permit from every head office of every line in Chicago. Perhaps it is possible for Mr. Hale to get the permits for me. If it is so, I hope he will take the trouble to send them over to me to Minneapolis if they can reach me by the 25th, or to Des Moines if by the 29th. Else I would do it the next time in Chicago. I have taken the money in a draft on the bank, which cost me 40¢.

May you be blessed for ever, my kind friend; you and your whole family have made such a heavenly impression on me as I would carry all my life.

Yours sincerely,
Vivekananda

VIII — MOTHER

To Mrs. G. W. Hale:

MINNEAPOLIS,
24 November 1893.

DEAR MOTHER,

I am still in Minneapolis. I am to lecture this afternoon, and the day after tomorrow go to Des Moines.

The day I came here they had their first snow, and it snowed all through the day and night, and I had great use for the arctics. (A waterproof overshoe.) I went to see the frozen Minnehaha Falls. They are very beautiful. The temperature today is 21° below zero, but I had been out sleighing and enjoyed it immensely. I am not the least afraid of losing the tips of my ears or nose.

The snow scenery here has pleased me more than any other sight in this country.

I saw people skating on a frozen lake yesterday.

I am doing well. Hoping this will find you all the same, I remain yours obediently,

Vivekananda

IX — MOTHER

To Mrs. G. W. Hale:

DETROIT,
14 February 1894.

DEAR MOTHER,

Arrived safely night before last at 1 o'clock a.m. The train was seven hours late, being blocked by snowdrifts on the way. However, I enjoyed the novelty of the sight: several men cutting and clearing the snow and two engines tugging and pulling was a new sight to me.

Here I met Mr. Bagley, the youngest [Paul F. Bagley], waiting for me at the station; and, it being very late in the night, Mrs. Bagley had retired, but the daughters sat up for me.

They are very rich, kind and hospitable. Mrs. Bagley is especially interested in India. The daughters are very good, educated and good-looking. The eldest gave me a luncheon at a club where I met some of the finest ladies and gentlemen of the city. Last evening there was a reception given here in the house. Today I am going to speak for the first time. Mrs. Bagley is a very nice and kind lady. I hope the lectures will please her. With my love and regards for you all, I remain,

Yours sincerely,
Vivekananda

PS — I have received a letter from Slayton in reply to that in which I wrote to him that I cannot stay. He gives me hope. What is your advice? I enclose the letter [from Narasimhacharya] in another envelope.

X — MOTHER

To Mrs. G. W. Hale:

DETROIT,
20 February 1894.

DEAR MOTHER,

My lectures here are over. I have made some very good friends here, amongst them Mr. Palmer, President of the late World's Fair. I am thoroughly disgusted with this Slayton business and am trying hard to break loose. I have lost at least \$5,000 by joining this man. Hope you are all well. Mrs. Bagley and her daughters are very kind to me. I hope to do some private lecturing here and then go to Ada and then back to Chicago. It is snowing here this morning. They are very nice people here, and the different clubs took a good deal of interest in me.

It is rather wearisome, these constant receptions and dinners; and their horrible dinners — a hundred dinners concentrated into one — and when in a man's club, why, smoking on between the courses and then beginning afresh. I thought the Chinese alone make a dinner run through half a day with intervals of smoking!!

However, they are very gentlemanly men and, strange to say, an Episcopal clergyman and a Jewish rabbi take great interest in me and eulogize me. Now the man who got up the lectures here got at least a thousand dollars. So in every place. And this is Slayton's duty to do for me. Instead, he, the liar, had told me often that he has agents everywhere and would advertise and do all that for me. And this is what he is doing. His will be done. I am going home. Seeing the liking the American people have for me, I could have, by this time, got a pretty large sum. But Jimmy Mills and Slayton were sent by the Lord to stand in the way. His ways are inscrutable.

However, this is a secret. President Palmer has gone to Chicago to try to get me loose from this liar of a Slayton. Pray that he may succeed. Several judges here have seen my contract, and they say it is a shameful fraud and can be broken any moment; but I am a monk — no self-defence. Therefore, I had better throw up the whole thing and go to India.

My love to Harriets, Mary, Isabelle, Mother Temple, Mr. Matthews, Father Pope and you all.

Yours obediently,
Vivekananda

XI — MOTHER

To Mrs. G. W. Hale:

DETROIT,
February 22, 1894

DEAR MOTHER,

I have got the \$200 for the engagements, \$175 and \$117 by private lectures and \$100 as a present from a lady.

This sum will be sent to you tomorrow in cheques by Mrs. Bagley. Today, the banks being closed, we could not do it.

I am going tomorrow to lecture at Ada, Ohio. I do not know whether I will go to Chicago from Ada or not. However, kindly let not Slayton know anything about the rest of the money, as I am going to separate myself from him.

Yours obediently,
Vivekananda

XII — MOTHER

To Mrs. G. W. Hale:

DETROIT,
10 March 1894.

DEAR MOTHER,

Reached Detroit safely yesterday evening. The two younger daughters were waiting for me with a carriage. So everything was all right. I hope the lecture will be a success, as one of the girls said the tickets are selling like hot cakes. Here I found a letter from Mr. Palmer awaiting me with a request that I should come over to his house and be his guest.

Could not go last night. He will come in the course of the day to take me over. As I am going over to Mr. Palmer's, I have not opened the awfully-packed bag. The very idea of repacking seems to me to be hopeless. So I could not shave this morning. However, I hope to shave during the course of the day. I am thinking of going over to Boston and

New York just now, as the Michigan cities I can come and take over in summer; but the fashionables of New York and Boston will fly off. Lord will show the way.

Mrs. Bagley and all the family are heartily glad at my return and people are again coming in to see me.

The photographer here has sent me some of the pictures he made. They are positively villainous — Mrs. Bagley does not like them at all. The real fact is that between the two photos my face has become so fat and heavy — what can the poor photographers do?

Kindly send over four copies of photographs. Not yet made any arrangement with Holden. (A lecture agent at Detroit.) Everything promises to be very nice. "Ssenator Ppalmer" is a very nice gentleman and very kind to me. He has got a French chef — Lord bless his stomach! I am trying to starve and the whole world is against me!! He used to give the best dinners in all Washington! Hopeless! I am resigned!

I will write more from Mr. Palmer's house.

If the Himalayas become the inkpot, the ocean ink, if the heavenly eternal Devadaroo becomes the pen, and if the sky itself becomes paper, still I would not be able to write a drop of the debt of gratitude I owe to you and yours. Kindly convey my love to the four full notes and the four half notes of the Hale gamut.

May the blessings of the Lord be upon you and yours ever and ever.

Ever yours in grateful affection,
Vivekananda

XIII — MOTHER

To Mrs. G. W. Hale:

DETROIT,
16 March 1894

DEAR MOTHER,

Since my last, there has been nothing of interest

here. Except that Mr. Palmer is a very hearty, jolly, good old man and very rich. He has been uniformly kind to me. Tomorrow I go back to Mrs. Bagley's because I am afraid she is rather uneasy at my long stay here. I am shrewd enough to know that in every country in general, and America in particular, "she" is the real operator at the nose string.

I am going to lecture here on Monday and in two places near the town on Tuesday and Wednesday. I do not remember the lady you refer me to, and she is in Lynn; what is Lynn, where on the globe its position is — I do not know. I want to go to Boston. What good would it do me by stopping at Lynn? Kindly give me a more particular idea. Nor could I read the name of the lady at whose house you say I met the lady. However, I am in no way very anxious. I am taking life very easy in my natural way. I have no particular wish to go anywhere, Boston or no Boston. I am just in a nice come-what-may mood. Something should turn up, bad or good. I have enough now to pay my passage back and a little sight-seeing to boot. As to my plans of work, I am fully convinced that at the rate it is progressing I will have to come back four or five times to put it in any shape.

As to informing others and doing good that way, I have failed to persuade myself that I have really anything to convey to the world. So I am very happy just now and quite at my ease. With almost nobody in this vast house and a cigar between my lips, I am dreaming just now and philosophising upon that work fever which was upon me. It is all nonsense. I am nothing, the world is nothing, the Lord alone is the only worker. We are simply tools in His hands etc., etc., etc. Have you got the Alaska information? If so, kindly send it to me c/o Mrs. Bagley.

Are you coming to the East this summer? With eternal gratitude and love,

Yours son,
Vivekananda

XIV — MOTHER

To Mrs. G. W. Hale:

DETROIT,
Tuesday, 27 March 1894

DEAR MOTHER,

Herewith I send two cheques of \$114 and \$75 to be put in the banks for me. I have endorsed them to your care.

I am going to Boston in a day or two. I have got \$57 with me. They will go a long way. Something will turn up, as it always does. I do not know where I go from Boston. I have written to Mrs. [Francis W.] Breed but as yet heard nothing from her. His will be done. Not I but Thou — that is always the motto of my life.

With my eternal gratitude, love, and admiration for Mother Church and all the dignitaries,

I remain your son,
Vivekananda

XV — MOTHER

To Mrs. G. W. Hale:

C/O DR. GUERNSEY,
528 FIFTH AVENUE,
NEW YORK,
2 April 1894

DEAR MOTHER,

I am in New York. The gentleman [Dr. Guernsey] whose guest I am is a very nice and learned and well-to-do man. He had an only son whom he lost last July. Has only a daughter now. The old couple have received a great shock, but they are pure and God-loving people and bear it manfully. The lady of the house is very, very kind and good. They are trying to help me as much as they can and they will do a good deal, I have no doubt.

Awaiting further developments. This Thursday

[April 5] they will invite a number of the brainy people of the Union League Club and other places of which the Doctor is a member, and see what comes out of it. Parlour lectures are a great feature in this city, and more can be made by each such lecture than even platform talks in other cities.

It is a very clean city. None of that black smoke tarring everyone in five minutes; and the street in which the Doctor lives is a nice, quiet one.

Hope the sisters are doing well and enjoying their music, both in the opera and the parlour. I am sure I would have appreciated the music at the opera about which Miss Mary wrote to me. I am sure the opera musicians do not show the interior anatomy of their throats and lungs.

Kindly give brother Sam my deep love. I am sure he is bewareing of the vidders. Some of the Baby Bagleys are going to Chicago. They will go to see you, and I am sure you would like them very much.

Nothing more to write. With all respect, love and obedience,

Your son,
Vivekananda.

PS — I have not to ask now for addresses. Mrs. Sherman (Mrs. Bagley's married daughter.) has given me a little book with A., B., C., etc., marks and has written under them all the addresses I need; and I hope to write all the future addresses in the same manner. What an example of self-help I am!!

XVI — MOTHER

To Mrs. G. W. Hale:

[C/O DR. EGBERT GUERNSEY,
528 FIFTH AVENUE],
NEW YORK,
10 April 1894

DEAR MOTHER,

I just now received your letter. I have the greatest regard for the Salvationists; in fact, they and the Oxford Mission gentlemen are the only Christian

missionaries for whom I have any regard at all. They live with the people, as the people, and for the people of India. Lord bless them. But I would be very, very sorry of any trick being played by them. I never have heard of any Lord in India, much less in Ceylon. (Now Sri Lanka.) The people of Ceylon and northern India differ more than Americans and Hindus. Nor is there any connection between the Buddhist priest and the Hindu. Our dress, manners, religion, food, language differ entirely from southern India, much less to speak of Ceylon. You know already that I could not speak a word of Narasimha's language!! Although that was only Madras. Well, you have Hindu princesses; why not a Lord, which is not a higher title.

There was a certain Mrs. Smith in Chicago. I met her at Mrs. Stockham's. She has introduced me to the Guernseys. Dr. Guernsey is one of the chief physicians of this city and is a very good old gentleman. They are very fond of me and are very nice people. Next Friday I am going to Boston. I have not been lecturing in New York at all. I will come back and do some lecturing here.

For the last few days I was the guest of Miss Helen Gould — daughter of the rich Gould — at her palatial country residence, an hour's ride from the city. She has one of the most beautiful and large green-houses in the world, full of all sorts of curious plants and flowers. They are Presbyterians, and she is a very religious lady. I had a very nice time there.

I met my friend Mr. Flagg (William Joseph Flagg.) several times. He is flying merrily. There is another Mrs. Smith here who is very rich and pious. She has invited me to dine today.

As for lecturing, I have given up raising money. I cannot degenerate myself any more. When a certain purpose was in view, I could work; with that gone I cannot earn for myself. I have sufficient for going back. I have not tried to earn a penny here, and have refused some presents which friends here wanted to make to me. Especially Flagg — I have refused his money. I had in Detroit tried to refund the money back to the donors, and told them that, there being almost no chance of my succeeding in my enterprise, I had no right to keep their money; but they

refused and told me to throw that into the waters if I liked. But I cannot take any more conscientiously. I am very well off, Mother. Everywhere the Lord sends me kind persons and homes; so there is no use of my going into beastly worldliness at all.

The New York people, though not so intellectual as the Bostonians, are, I think, more sincere. The Bostonians know well how to take advantage of everybody. And I am afraid even water cannot slip through their closed fingers!!! Lord bless them!!! I have promised to go and I must go; but, Lord, make me live with the sincere, ignorant and the poor, and not cross the shadow of the hypocrites and tall talkers who, as my Master used to say, are like vultures who soar high and high in their talks, but the heart is really on a piece of carrion on the ground.

I would be the guest of Mrs. Breed for a few days and, after seeing a little of Boston, I would come back to New York.

Hope the sisters are all right and enjoying their concerts immensely. There is not much of music in this city. That is a blessing (?) Went to see Barnum's circus the other day. It is no doubt a grand thing. I have not been as yet downtown. This street is very nice and quiet.

I heard a beautiful piece of music the other day at Barnum's — they call it a Spanish Serenada. Whatever it be, I liked it so much. Unfortunately, Miss Guernsey is not given to much thumping, although she has a good assortment of all the noisy stuffs in the world — and so she could not play it, which I regret ever so much.

Yours obediently,
Vivekananda.

PS — Most probably I will go to Annisquam as Mrs. Bagley's guest. She has got a nice house there this summer. Before that, I will go back to Chicago once more if I can.

XVII — MOTHER

To Mrs. G. W. Hale:

C/O MISS FLORENCE GUERNSEY,
528 FIFTH AVENUE,
NEW YORK,
4 May 1894

DEAR MOTHER,

Herewith I send over \$125 in a cheque upon the 5th Avenue Bank to be deposited at your leisure.

I am going to Boston on Sunday, day after tomorrow, and write to you from Boston. With my love to all the family.

I remain yours truly,
Vivekananda.

XVIII — MOTHER

To Mrs. John J. Bagley:

HOTEL BELLEVUE,
EUROPEAN PLAN,
BOSTON,
May 8, 1894

DEAR MOTHER,

I have arrived in Boston again. Last afternoon [I] spoke at Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's club — of course for nothing, but it gives me a prestige. I saw there Mrs. [Ednah Dean] Cheney. Would you not write a letter to her for me? Although I told her I had a card from you, I think a letter is better.

Yours truly,
Vivekananda.

XIX — MOTHER

To Mrs. G. W. Hale:

HOTEL BELLEVUE, EUROPEAN PLAN,
BEACON STREET, BOSTON,
11 May, 1894

DEAR MOTHER,

I have been since the 7th, lecturing here every afternoon or evening. At Mrs. Fairchild's I met the niece of Mrs. Howe. She was here today to invite me to dinner with her today. I have not seen Mr. Volkinen as yet. Of course, the pay for lecture is here the poorest, and everybody has an axe to grind. I got a long letter full of the prattles of the babies. Your city, i.e. New York, pays far better than Boston, so I am trying to go back there. But here one can get work almost every day.

I think I want some rest. I feel as if I am very much tired, and these constant journeyings to and fro have shaken my nerves a little, but hope to recoup soon. Last few days I have been suffering from cold and slight fever and lecturing for all that; hope to get rid of it in a day or two.

I have got a very nice gown at \$30. The colour is not exactly that of the old one, but cardinal, with more of yellow — could not get the exact old colour even in New York.

I have not much to write, for it is the repetition of the old story: talking, talking, talking. I long to fly to Chicago and shut up my mouth and give a long rest to mouth and lungs and mind. If I am not called for in New York, I am coming soon to Chicago.

Yours obediently,
Vivekananda.

XX — MOTHER

To Mrs. G. W. Hale:

HOTEL BELLEVUE EUROPEAN PLAN,
BEACON STREET, BOSTON,
14 May, 1894

DEAR MOTHER,

Your letter was so, so pleasing instead of being long; I enjoyed every bit of it.

I have received a letter from Mrs. Potter Palmer (Social queen of Chicago who made Swami Vivekananda's acquaintance at the Parliament of Religions, in which she had been active. Vide Complete Works, VI.) asking me to write to some of my countrywomen about their society etc. I will see her personally when I come to Chicago; in the meanwhile I will write her all I know. Perhaps you have received \$125 sent over from New York. Tomorrow I will send another \$100 from here. The Bostonians want to grind their own axes!!

Oh, they are so, so dry — even girls talk dry metaphysics. Here is like our Benares where all is dry, dry metaphysics!! Nobody here understands "my Beloved". Religion to these people is reason, and horribly stony at that. I do not care for anybody who cannot love my "Beloved". Do not tell it to Miss Howe — she may be offended.

The pamphlet I did not send over because I do not like the quotations from the Indian newspapers — especially, they give a haul over coal to somebody. Our people so much dislike the Brāhmo Samāj that they only want an opportunity to show it to them. I dislike it. Any amount of enmity to certain persons cannot efface the good works of a life. And then they were only children in Religion. They never were much of religious men — i.e. they only wanted to talk and reason, and did not struggle to see the Beloved; and until one does that I do not say that he has any religion. He may have books, forms, doctrines, words, reasons, etc., etc., but not religion; for that begins when the soul feels the necessity, the want, the yearning after the "Beloved", and never before. And therefore our society has no right to expect from them anything more than from an ordinary "house-holder".

I hope to come to Chicago before the end of this month. Oh, I am so tired.

Yours affectionately,
Vivekananda.

XXI — MOTHER

To Mrs. G. W. Hale:

541 DEARBORN AVENUE,
CHICAGO,
9 June 1894

DEAR MOTHER,

We are all doing very well here. Last night the sisters (The daughters of Mrs. Hale: Mary and Harriet.) invited me and Mrs. Norton and Miss Howe and Mr. Frank Howe. We had a grand dinner and softshell crab and many other things, and a very nice time. Miss Howe left this morning.

The sisters and Mother Temple (Mrs. James Matthews, Mr. Hale's sister.) are taking very good care of me. Just now I am going to see my "oh-my-dear" Gandhi. Narasimha was here yesterday; he wanted to go to Cincinnati where he says he has more chances of success than anywhere else in the world. I gave him the passage, and so I hope I have got the white elephant out of my hands for the time being. How is Father Pope doing now? Hope he has been much benefited by the mudfish business.

I had a very beautiful letter from Miss Guernsey of New York, giving you her regards. I am going downtown to buy a new pair of shoes as well as to get some money, my purse having been made empty by Narasimha.

Nothing more to write. Yes, we went to see the "Charley's Aunt". I nearly killed myself with laughing. Father Pope will enjoy it extremely. I had never seen anything so funny.

Yours affectionately,
Vivekananda.

XXII — MOTHER

To Mrs. G. W. Hale:

NEW YORK,
28 June 1894

DEAR MOTHER,

Arrived safely two hours ago. Landsberg was waiting at the station. Came to Dr. Guernsey's house. Nobody was there except a servant. I took a bath and strolled with Landsberg to some restaurant where I had a good meal. Then, I have just now returned to Landsberg's rooms in the Theosophical Society and am writing you this letter.

I haven't been to see my other friends yet. After a good and long rest through the night I hope to see most of them tomorrow. My Love to you all. By the by, somebody stepped on my umbrella on board the train and broke its nose off.

Your affectionate son,
Vivekananda.

PS — I have not settled myself. So as to direct letters to me, they can be directed c/o Leon Landsberg, 144 Madison Ave., New York.

XXIII — MOTHER

To Mrs. G. W. Hale:

C/O LEON LANDSBERG,
144 MADISON AVENUE,
NEW YORK,
1 July 1894

DEAR MOTHER,

Hope you are settled down in peace by this time. The babies are doing well in Mudville (Kenosha, Wisconsin) — in their nunnery, I am sure. It is very hot here, but now and then a breeze comes up which cools it down. I am now with Miss [Mary A.] Phillips. Will move off from here on Tuesday to another place.

Here I find a quotation from a speech by Sir Monier Williams, professor of Sanskrit in the Oxford University. It is very strange as coming from one who every day expects to see the whole of India converted to Christianity. "And yet it is a remarkable characteristic of Hinduism that it neither requires nor attempts to make converts. Nor is it at present

XXIV — MOTHER

by any means decreasing in numbers, nor is it being driven out of the field by two such proselytizing religions as Mahomedanism [sic] and Christianity. On the contrary, it is at present rapidly increasing. And far more remarkable than this is that, it is all-receptive, all-embracing and all-comprehensive. It claims to be the one religion of humanity, of human nature, of the entire world. It cares not to oppose the progress of Christianity nor of any other religion. For it has no difficulty in including all other religions within its all-embracing arms and ever-widening fold. And in real fact Hinduism has something to offer which is suited to all minds. Its very strength lies in its infinite adaptability to the infinite diversity of human characters and human tendencies. It has its highly spiritual and abstract side suited to the philosophical higher classes. Its practical and concrete side suited to the man of affairs and the man of the world. Its aesthetic and ceremonial side suited to the man of poetic feeling and imagination. Its quiescent and contemplative side suited to the man of peace and lover of seclusion.

“Indeed, the Hindus were Spinozists 2,000 years before the birth of Spinoza, Darwinians centuries before the birth of Darwin, and evolutionists centuries before the doctrine of evolution had been accepted by the Huxleys of our time, and before any word like evolution existed in any language of the world.”

This, as coming from one of the staunchest defenders of Christianity, is wonderful indeed. But he seems to have got the idea quite correct.

Now I am going to send up the orange coat today; as for the books that came to me from Philadelphia, I do not think they are worthy of being sent at all. I do not know what I am going to do next. Patiently wait and resign myself unto His guidance — that is my motto. My love to you all.

Your affectionate son,
Vivekananda.

To Mrs. G. W. Hale:

C/O DR. E. GUERNSEY,
CEDAR LAWN,
FISHKILL ON THE HUDSON,
19 July 1894

DEAR MOTHER,

Your kind note reached me here yesterday evening. I am so glad to hear the babies are enjoying. I got the Interior and am very glad to see my friend Mazoomdar's (Pratap Chandra Mazumdar.) book spoken of so highly. Mazoomdar is a great and a good man and has done much for his fellow beings.

It is a lovely summer place, this Cedar Lawn of the Guernseys. Miss Guernsey has gone on a visit to Swampscott. I had also an invitation there, but I thought [it] better to stay here in the calm and silent place full of trees and with the beautiful Hudson flowing by and mountain in the background.

I am very thankful for Miss Howe's suggestion, and I am also thinking of it. Most probably I will go to England very soon. But between you and me, I am a sort of mystic and cannot move without orders, and that has not come yet. Mr. [Charles M.] Higgins, a rich young lawyer and inventor of Brooklyn, is arranging some lectures for me. I have not settled whether I will stop for them or not.

My eternal thanks to you for your kindness. My whole life cannot repay my debt to you. (Original letter: your debt.) You may see from the letter from Madras that there is not a word about Narasimha. What can I do more? I did not get the cheque cashed yet, for there was no necessity. Miss Phillips was very kind to me. She is an old lady, about 50 or more. You need not feel any worry about my being taken care of. The Lord always takes care of His servants; and so long as I am really His servant and not the world's, I am very confident of getting everything that would be good for me. The Guernseys love me very much, and there are many families in New York and Brooklyn who would take the best care of me.

I had a beautiful letter from Mr. Snell, saying that a sudden change for the better has taken place in his fortunes and offering me thrice the money I lent him as a contribution to my work. And he also has beautiful letters from Dharmapala and others from India. But, of course, I politely refused his repayment.

So far so good. I have seen Mr. [Walter Hines] Page, the editor of the Forum here. He was so sorry not to get the article on missionaries. But I have promised to write on other interesting subjects. Hope I will have patience to do so.

I had a letter yesterday from Miss Harriet, (Mrs. Hale's daughter.) from which I learn that they are enjoying Kenosha (A port in southwest Wisconsin, on Lake Michigan.) very much. Lord bless you and yours, Mother Church, for ever and ever. I cannot even express my gratitude to you.

As for me, you need not be troubled in the least. My whole life is that of a vagabond — homeless, roving tramp; any fare, good or bad, in any country, is good enough for me.

Yours ever in love and obedience,
Swami Vivekananda.

XXV — MOTHER

To Mrs. G. W. Hale:

SWAMPSCOTT, MASSACHUSETTS,
23 July 1894

DEAR MOTHER,

I think I have all your questions answered and you are in good humour again.

I am enjoying this place very much; going to Greenacre today or tomorrow and on our way back I intend to go to Annisquam, to Mrs. Bagley's — I have written to her. Mrs. Breed (Mrs. Francis W. Breed of Lynn, Massachusetts.) says, "You are very sensitive".

Now, I fortunately did not cash your check in New York. I wanted to cash it here, when lo! you

have not signed your name to it. The Hindu is a dreamer no doubt, but when the Christian dreams he dreams with a vengeance.

Do not be distressed. Somebody gave me plenty of money to move about. I would be taken care of right along. I send herewith the cheque back to you. I had a very beautiful letter from Miss Mary. My love to them.

What is Father Pope doing? Is it very hot in Chicago? I do not care for the heat of this country. It is nothing compared to our India heat. I am doing splendidly. The other day I had the summer cholera; and cramp, etc. came to pay their calls to me. We had several hours nice talk and groans and then they departed.

I am on the whole doing very well. Has the meer-schaum pipe reached Chicago? I had nice yachting, nice sea bathing, and am enjoying myself like a duck. Miss Guernsey went home just now. I do not know what more to write.

Lord bless you all.

Affectionately,
Vivekananda.

XXVI — MOTHER

To Mrs. G. W. Hale:

GREENACRE INN,
ELIOT, MAINE,
5 August 1894

DEAR MOTHER,

I have received your letter and am very much ashamed at my bad memory. I unfortunately forgot all about the cheque. Perhaps you have come to know by this time of my being in Greenacre. I had a very nice time here and am enjoying it immensely. In the fall I am going to lecture in Brooklyn, New York. Yesterday I got news that they have completed all the advertising there. I have an invitation today from a friend in New York to go with him to some mountains north of this state of Maine. I do not

know whether I will go or not. I am doing pretty well. Between lecturing, teaching, picnicking and other excitements the time is flying rapidly. I hope you are doing very well and that Father Pope is in good trim. It is a very beautiful spot — this Greenacre — and [I] have very nice company from Boston: Dr. Everett Hale, you know, of Boston, and Mrs. Ole Bull, of Cambridge. I do not know whether I will accept the invitation of my friend of New York or not.

So far only this is sure, that I will go to lecture in New York this coming fall. And Boston, of course, is a good field. The people here are mostly from Boston and they all like me very much. Are you having a good time, and Father Pope? Has your house-painting been finished? The Babies, I am sure, are enjoying their Mudville.

I am in no difficulty for money. I have plenty to eat and drink.

With my best love and gratitude to you and Father Pope and the Babies.

Yours affectionately,
Vivekananda.

Excuse this hasty scrawl. The pen is very bad.

The Harrison people sent me two “nasty standing” photos — that is all I have out of them, when they ought to give me 40 minus the 10 or 15 I have got already!!!

XXVII — MOTHER

To Mrs. G. W. Hale:

GREENACRE INN,
ELIOT, MAINE,
8 August 1894

DEAR MOTHER,

I have received the letter you sent over to me coming from India.

I am going to leave this place on Monday next for Plymouth [Massachusetts], where the Free Re-

ligious Association is holding its session. They will defray my expenses, of course.

I am all right, enjoying nice health, and the people here are very kind and nice to me. Up to date I had no occasion to cash any cheque as everything is going on smoothly. I have not heard anything from the Babies. Hope they are doing well. You also had nothing to write; however, I feel that you are doing well.

I would have gone over to another place, but Mr. Higginson's invitation ought to be attended to. And Plymouth is the place where the fathers of your country first landed. I want, therefore, to see it.

I am all right. It is useless reiterating my love and gratitude to you and yours — you know it all. May the Lord shower His choicest blessings on you and yours.

This meeting is composed of the best professors of your country and other people, so I must attend it; and then they would pay me. I have not yet determined all my plans, only I am going to lecture in New York this coming fall; every arrangement is complete for that. They have printed advertisements at their own expense for that and made everything ready.

Give my best love to the Babies, to Father Pope, and believe me ever in gratitude and love,

Your Son,
Vivekananda.

P.S. I am very much obliged to the sisters for asking me to tell them if I want anything. I have no want anyway — I have everything I require and more to spare.

“He never gives up His servants.”

My thanks and gratitude eternal to the sisters for their kindness in asking about my wants.

XXVIII — MOTHER

To Mrs. G. W. Hale:

C/O MRS. J. J. BAGLEY, ANNISQUAM,
20 August 1894

DEAR MOTHER,

Your letters just now reached me. I had some beautiful letters from India. The letter from Ajit Singh (The Raja of Khetri, a very devoted disciple of the Swami.) shows that the phonograph has not reached yet, and it was dated 8th June. So I do not think it is time yet to get an answer. I am not astonished at my friends' asking Cook & Sons to hunt for me; I have not written for a long time.

I have a letter from Madras which says they will soon send money to Narasimha (Narasimhacharya. Vide the letter dated February 14, 1894.) — in fact, as soon as they get a reply to their letter written to Narasimha. So kindly let Narasimha know it. The photographs have not reached me — except two of Fishkill when I was there last. Landsberg (Leon Landsberg. Vide the letter dated June 28, 1894.) has kindly sent over the letters. From here I will probably go over to Fishkill. The meerschaum was not sent over by me direct, but I left it to the Guernseys. And they are a lazy family in that respect.

I have beautiful letters from the sisters.

By the by, your missionaries try to make me a malcontent before the English government in India, and the Lieutenant Governor of Bengal in a recent speech hinted that the recent revival of Hinduism was against the government. Lord bless the missionary. Everything is fair in love and (religion?).

The word Shri means “of good fortune”, “blessed”, etc. Paramahansa is a title for a Sannyâsi who has reached the goal, i.e. realized God. Neither am I blessed nor have I reached the goal; but they are courteous, that is all. I will soon write to my brothers in India. I am so lazy, and I cannot send over the newspaper nonsense day after day.

I want a little quiet, but it is not the will of the Lord, it seems. At Greenacre I had to talk on an average 7 to 8 hours a day — that was rest, if it ever

was. But it was of the Lord, and that brings vigour along with it.

I have not much to write, and I do not remember anything of what I said or did all these places over. So I hope to be excused.

I will be here a few days more at least, and therefore I think it would be better to send over my mail here.

I have now almost become dizzy through the perusal of a heavy and big mail, so excuse my hasty scrawl.

Ever affectionately yours,
Swami Vivekananda.

XXIX — MOTHER

To Mrs. G. W. Hale:

ANNISQUAM,
23 August 1894

DEAR MOTHER,

The photographs reached safely yesterday. I cannot tell exactly whether Harrison ought to give me more or not. They had sent only two to me at Fishkill — not the pose I ordered, though.

Narasimha has perhaps got his passage by this time. He will get it soon, whether his family gives him the money or not. I have written to my friends in Madras to look to it, and they write me they will.

I would be very glad if he becomes a Christian or Mohammedan or any religion that suits him; but I am afraid for some time to come none will suit our friend. Only if he becomes a Christian he will have a chance to marry again, even in India — the Christians there permitting it. I am so sorry to learn that it is the “bondage of heathen India” that, after all, was the cause of all this mischief. We learn as we live. So we were all this time ignorantly and blindly blaming our much suffering, persecuted, saintly friend Narasimha, while all the fault was really owing to the “bondage of heathen India”!!!!

But to give the devil his due, this heathen India has been supplying him with money to go on a

spree again and again. And this time too “heathen India” will [take] or already has taken our “enlightened” and persecuted friend from out of his present scrape, and not “Christian America”!! Mrs. Smith’s plan is not bad after all — to turn Narasimha into a missionary of Christ. But unfortunately for the world, many and many a time the flag of Christ has been entrusted to such hands. But I would beg to add that he will then be only a missionary of Smithian American Christianity, not Christ’s. Arrant humbug! That thing to preach Lord Jesus!!! Is He in want of men to uphold His banner? Pooh! the very idea is revolting. Do good to India indeed! Thank your charity and call back your dog — as the tramp said. Keep such good workers for America. The Hindus will have a quarantine against all such [outcasting] to protect their society. I heartily advise Narasimha to become a Christian — I beg your pardon, a convert to Americanism — because I am sure such a jewel is unsaleable in poor India. He is welcome to anything that will fetch a price. I know the gentleman whom you name perfectly well, and you may give him any information about me you like. I do not care for sending scraps and getting a boom for me. And these friends from India bother me enough for newspaper nonsense. They are very devoted, faithful and holy friends. I have not much of these scraps now. After a long search I found a bit in a Boston Transcript. I send it over to you. This public life is such a botheration. I am nearly daft.

Where to fly? In India I have become horribly public — crowds will follow me and take my life out. I got an Indian letter from Landsberg. Every ounce of fame can only be bought at the cost of a pound of peace and holiness. I never thought of that before. I have become entirely disgusted with this blazoning. I am disgusted with myself. Lord will show me the way to peace and purity. Why, Mother, I confess to you: no man can live in an atmosphere of public life, even in religion, without the devil of competition now and then thrusting his head into the serenity of his heart. Those who are trained to preach a doctrine never feel it, for they never knew religion. But those that are after God, and not after the world, feel at once that every bit of name and

fame is at the cost of their purity. It is so much gone from that ideal of perfect unselfishness, perfect disregard of gain or name or fame. Lord help me. Pray for me, Mother. I am very much disgusted with myself. Oh, why the world be so that one cannot do anything without putting himself to the front; why cannot one act hidden and unseen and unnoticed? The world has not gone one step beyond idolatry yet. They cannot act from ideas, they cannot be led by ideas. But they want the person, the man. And any man that wants to do something must pay the penalty — no hope. This nonsense of the world. Shiva, Shiva, Shiva.

By the by, I have got such a beautiful edition of Thomas à Kempis. How I love that old monk. He caught a wonderful glimpse of the “behind the veil” — few ever got such. My, that is religion. No humbug of the world. No shilly-shallying, tall talk, conjecture — I presume, I believe, I think. How I would like to go out of this piece of painted humbug they call the beautiful world with Thomas à Kempis — beyond, beyond, which can only be felt, never expressed.

That is religion. Mother, there is God. There all the saints, prophets and incarnations meet. Beyond the Babel of Bibles and Vedas, creeds and crafts, dupes and doctrines — where is all light, all love, where the miasma of this earth can never reach. Ah! who will take me thither? Do you sympathize with me, Mother? My soul is groaning now under the hundred sorts of bondage I am placing on it. Whose India? Who cares? Everything is His. What are we? Is He dead? Is He sleeping? He, without whose command a leaf does not fall, a heart does not beat, who is nearer to me than my own self. It is bosh and nonsense — to do good or do bad or do fuzz. We do nothing. We are not. The world is not. He is, He is. Only He is. None else is. He is.

Om, the one without a second. He in me, I in Him. I am like a bit of glass in an ocean of light. I am not, I am not. He is, He is, He is.

Om, the one without a second.

Yours ever affectionately,
Vivekananda.

XXX — MOTHER

To Mrs. G. W. Hale:

ANNISQUAM,
[Postmarked: August 28, 1894]

DEAR MOTHER,

I have been for three days at Magnolia. Magnolia is one of the most fashionable and beautiful sea-side resorts of this part. I think the scenery is better than that of Annisquam. The rocks there are very beautiful, and the forests run down to the very edge of the water. There is a very beautiful pine forest. A lady of Chicago and her daughter, Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Sawyer, were the friends that invited me up there. They had also arranged a lecture for me, out of which I got \$43. I met a good many Boston people — Mrs. Smith Junior, who said she knows Harriet, and Mrs. Smith the elder, [who] knows you well.

In Boston the other day I met a Unitarian clergyman who said he lives next to you in Chicago. I have unfortunately forgotten his name. Mrs. Smith is a very nice lady and treated me with all courtesy. Mrs. Bagley is kind as ever, and I will have to remain here a few days more, I am afraid. Prof. Wright and I are having a good time. Prof. Bradley of Evanston has gone home. If you ever meet him at Evanston, give him my best love and regards. He is really a spiritual man.

I do not find anything more to write.

Some unknown friend has sent me from New York a fountain pen. So I am writing with it to test it. It is working very smoothly and nicely as you can judge from the writing. Perhaps Narasimha's difficulties have been settled by this time, and "heathen India" has helped him out yet, I hope.

What is Father Pope doing? What the Babies are doing and where are they? What news of our Sam? Hope he is prospering. Kindly give him my best love. Where is Mother Temple now?

Well, after all, I could fill up two pages. Yes, there was a Miss Barn (?) who said she met me at your house. She is a young lady of Chicago.

Magnolia is a good bathing place and I had two baths in the sea. A large concourse of men and women go to bathe there every day — the most part men. And strange, women do not give up their coat of mail even while bathing. That is how these mailclad she-warriors of America have got the superiority over men.

Our Sanskrit poets lavish all the power of expression they have upon the soft body of women — the Sanskrit word for women is "Komala", the soft body; but the mailclad ones of this country are "armadillas", I think. You cannot imagine how ludicrous it appears to a foreigner who never saw it before. Shiva, Shiva.

Now Narasimha's Mrs. Smith does not torture you anymore with letters, I hope. Did I tell you I met your friend Mrs. H. O. Quarry at Swamp-scott? — she can swamp a house for all that, not to speak of a cott — and that I met there the woman that pulls by the nose Mr. Pullman? And I also heard there the best American singer, (Miss Emma Thursby.) they said — she sang beautifully; she sang "Bye Baby Bye". I am having a very, very good time all the time, Lord be praised.

I have written to India not to bother me with constant letters. Why, when I am travelling in India nobody writes to me. Why should they spend all their superfluous energy in scrawling letters to me in America? My whole life is to be that of a wanderer — here or there or anywhere. I am in no hurry. I had a foolish plan in my head unworthy of a Sannyasin. I have given it up now and mean to take life easy. No indecent hurry. Don't you see, Mother Church? You must always remember, Mother Church, that I cannot settle down even at the North Pole, that wander about I must — that is my vow, my religion. So India or North Pole or South Pole — don't care where. Last two years I have been travelling among races whose language even I cannot speak. "I have neither father nor mother nor brothers nor sisters nor friends nor foes, nor home nor country — a traveller in the way of eternity, asking no other help, seeking no other help but God."

Yours ever affectionately,
Vivekananda.



Thank you for reading this book
preview. We sincerely hope you
have enjoyed it. More at:

<https://www.discoverypublisher.com>



Discovery
Publisher

Discovery Publisher is a multimedia publisher whose mission is to inspire and support personal transformation, spiritual growth and awakening. We strive with every title to preserve the essential wisdom of the author, spiritual teacher, thinker, healer, and visionary artist.

THE **COMPLETE WORKS** OF **SWAMI VIVEKANANDA**



“In the volumes of the works of the Swami Vivekananda we have what is not only a gospel to the world at large, but also to its own children, the Charter of the Hindu Faith. What Hinduism needed, amidst the general disintegration of the modern era, was a rock where she could lie at anchor, an authoritative utterance in which she might recognise her self. And this was given to her, in these words and writings of the Swami Vivekananda.

For the first time in history, as has been said elsewhere, Hinduism itself forms here the subject of generalisation of a Hindu mind of the highest order. For ages to come the Hindu man who would verify, the Hindu mother who would teach her children, what was the faith of their ancestors will turn to the pages of these books for assurance and light. Long after the English language has disappeared from India, the gift that has here been made, through that language, to the world, will remain and bear its fruit in East and West alike. What Hinduism had needed, was the organising and consolidating of its own idea. What the world had needed was a faith that had no fear of truth. Both these are found here. Nor could any greater proof have been given of the eternal vigour of the Sanâtana Dharma, of the fact that India is as great in the present as ever in the past, than this rise of the individual who, at the critical moment, gathers up and voices the communal consciousness.”

— Sister Nivedita



never been before • never seen before

ISBN 978-1-78894-455-7



9 781788 944557

New York • Paris • Dublin • Tokyo • Hong Kong
discoverypublisher.com facebook.com/discoverypublisher