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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः

*Let noble thoughts come to us from every side*

—*Rigveda*, 1-89-1

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**BHAVAN'S BOOK UNIVERSITY**

*General Editors*

K. M. MUNSHI

R. R. DIWAKAR

SWAMI SHRADDHANAND

EDITED BY

M. R. JAMBUNATHAN

## **BHAVAN'S BOOK UNIVERSITY**

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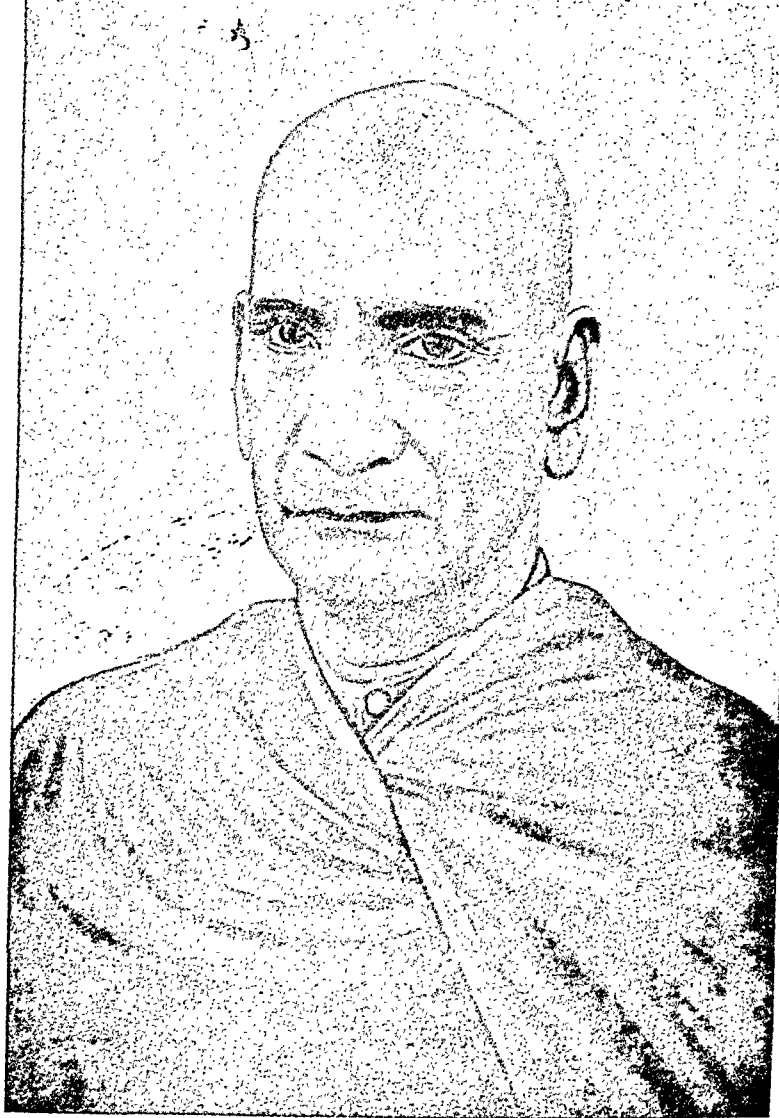
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SWAMI SHRADDHANAND

BHAVAN'S BOOK UNIVERSITY

SWAMI  
SHRADDHANAND

EDITED BY  
M. R. JAMBUNATHAN



1961

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN  
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## GENERAL EDITOR'S PREFACE

THE Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan — that Institute of Indian Culture in Bombay — needed a Book University, a series of books which, if read, would serve the purpose of providing higher education. Particular emphasis, however, was to be put on such literature as revealed the deeper impulses of India. As a first step, it was decided to bring out in English 100 books 50 of which were to be taken in hand almost at once. Each book was to contain from 200 to 250 pages and was to be priced at Rs. 2/-

It is our intention to publish the books we select, not only in English, but also in the following Indian languages: Hindi, Bengali, Gujarati, Marathi, Tamil, Telugu, Kannada and Malayalam.

This scheme, involving the publication of 900 volumes, requires ample funds and an all-India organisation. The Bhavan is exerting itself to the utmost to supply them.

The objectives for which the Bhavan stands are the reintegration of Indian culture in the light of modern knowledge and to suit our present-day needs and the resuscitation of its fundamental values in their pristine vigour.

Let me make our goal more explicit :

We seek the dignity of man, which necessarily implies the creation of social conditions that allow him freedom to evolve along the lines of his own temperament and capacities; we seek the harmony of individual efforts and social relations, not in any makeshift way, but within the frame-work of the Moral Order; we seek the creative art of life, by the alchemy of which human limitations are progressively transmuted, so that man may become the instrument of God, and is able to see Him in all and all in Him.

The world, we feel, is too much with us. Nothing would uplift or inspire us so much as the beauty and aspirations which such books can teach.

In this series, therefore, the literature of India, ancient and modern, will be published in a form easily accessible to all. Books

from other literatures of the world, if they illustrate the principles we stand for, will also be included.

This common pool of literature, it is hoped, will enable the reader, eastern or western, to understand and appreciate currents of world thought, besides the movements of the Indian mind, which, though they flow through different linguistic channels, have a common urge and aspiration.

Fittingly, the Book University's first venture is the *Mahabharata*, summarised by one of the greatest living Indians, C. Rajagopalachari; the second work is on a section of it, the *Gita*, by H. V. Divatia, an eminent jurist and a student of philosophy. Centuries ago, it was proclaimed of the *Mahabharata*: "What is not in it, is nowhere." After twenty-five centuries, we can use the same words about it. He who does not know it does not know the heights and depths of the soul; he misses the trials and tragedy and the beauty and grandeur of life.

The *Mahabharata* is not a mere epic; it is a romance, telling the tale of heroic men and women and of some who were divine; it is a whole literature in itself, containing a code of life, a philosophy of social and ethical relations, and speculative thought on human problems that is hard to rival; but, above all, it has for its core the *Gita*, which is, as the world is beginning to find out, the noblest of scriptures and the grandest of sagas the climax of which is reached in the wondrous Apocalypse in the Eleventh Canto.

Through such books alone, the harmonies underlying true culture, I am convinced, will one day reconcile the disorders of modern life.

I thank all those who have helped to make this new branch of the Bhavan's activity successful.

QUEEN VICTORIA ROAD,  
NEW DELHI:  
October 3, 1951.

K. M. MUNSHI



## INTRODUCTION

AMONG the few who were eminent in building our nation, Mahatma Munshi Ram, known as Swami Shraddhanand, stood unique, in the latter part of the nineteenth century and the early years of the twentieth.

As a youth he led a life of ease and pleasure. Like all young men of his period, he felt that India had no heritage and that her books were nothing but the songs of primitive priests. The singers of the Veda were worshippers of Nature and believers of numerous gods. They were uncivilised. So he thought that he had no other way but to disown them and seek refuge in an alien culture.

He came in contact with Swami Dayanand Saraswati. He learnt from him that India had a glorious past, and her ancient books contained the best thoughts and wisdom of the world. The seers of the Veda, were the great poets of nature and the unity of God was proclaimed by them. India was a centre of civilisation and the religions of the world were first inspired by the Veda.

Like Swami Dayanand he at once "accepted the Vedas as his rock of firm foundation, and he took it for his guiding view of life, his rule of inner existence, and his inspiration for external work ; he regarded it as even more, the word of eternal Truth on which man's knowledge of God and his relations with the Divine Being and with his fellows, can be rightly and securely founded" (Sri Aurobindo).

Shraddhanand fell in line with the Veda. He felt that there was something higher than mere living. He saw a vision of the new life. He dedicated himself to serve his religion, his country and mankind.

He founded the Kangri Gurukul and other institutions, to train the future citizens of India and to instil in them the noble ideals of the ancient Rishis.

He guided the Hindus to elevate the untouchables, help the poor and the distressed men. He infused the spirit of fearlessness into the people and roused them to stand erect and defy terror and tyranny.

He called on them to worship one God, to consider every one as their brother, to follow one book the Veda, to strive and die for Truth.

He wrote his autobiography in Hindi. A free English version which first appeared as a serial, nearly three decades ago, in the *Swarajya* of Madras, is edited and published in this book with a narration of the later events of his life.

BOMBAY-52

M. R. JAMBUNATHAN

# CONTENTS

CHAP.		PAGE
	GENERAL EDITOR'S PREFACE ...	v
	INTRODUCTION ...	vii
	PROLOGUE ...	1
I	I MEET DAYANAND ...	27
II	A DEPUTY TAHSILDAR ...	32
III	A VILLAGE SOWCAR ...	37
IV	LIFE AT LAHORE ...	39
V	DAYANAND'S SAMADHI ...	41
VI	A NEW LIFE ...	44
VII	SATYARTHA PRAKASH ...	47
VIII	A FAITHFUL SAMAJIST ...	51
IX	NIRJALA EKADASI ...	55
X	THE STRUGGLE ...	60
XI	A MUKTHAR ...	62
XII	STUDY OF THE VEDAS ...	67
XIII	FATHER ...	73
XIV	PROPAGANDA ...	78
XV	KACHUKATI SADHUS ...	82
XVI	LAW AND RELIGION ...	85
XVII	COW-PROTECTION LEAGUE ...	90
XVIII	A POLITICAL BODY ...	93
XIX	A SAMAJ BEGGAR ...	98
XX	DAILY ROUTINE ...	106
XXI	SUDDHI ...	110
XXII	SADDHARMA PRACHARAK ...	113
XXIII	GURU DUTT ...	116
XXIV	LALA LAJPAT RAI ...	120
XXV	SUKETH ...	129
XXVI	SHIVA DEVI ...	133
	EDITOR'S NOTE ...	137
	EPILOGUE ...	138
	APPENDIX ...	165
	INDEX ...	173

## PROLOGUE

*Birth.*—Munshi Ram was born in 1857 at Talwan, a small village on the banks of the Sutlej, which runs east of Jullunder, a city in Punjab. Jullunder, Rakshasa King, who was living here, met with his death at the hands of his foe Murari. His wife was so chaste, that every drop of blood shed by her husband gave birth to a Jullunder. After Murari's triumph, it came to be ruled by the Hindu rajas, then by Adima Beg and others. Under the British it was constituted into a district.

*His Grandfather.*—Munshi Ram was the youngest of the family. He had two sisters and three brothers. By birth and character he was a Kshatriya. His grandfather was a religious man. At his devotional readings in the early mornings after bath, his voice rose to its highest pitch and it disturbed very often his royal patron with whom he was staying. Once, he was rebuked by him — can you not think of God in your mind? But the dependent was undaunted — God ever dwells in my heart of hearts, and I am singing aloud His glory in order that those who sleep their time of life, till daybreak, may wake up.

*His Father.*—His father was born in this fearless family. Learning Siva worship from his grandfather he used to get up every day at day-break and worship Him. He started Siva worship in his fifteenth year and continued till his 59th year, when he died. Inheriting the frankness of the grandfather, Munshi Ram's father could not stick up to any local job. He started his career early, and finally came to Lahore without a single pie in his pocket. By his faithful service to some officers of the East India Company, he secured a minor executive post in the police force. Munshi Ram as a child, moved with his parents to several places in U.P. wherever his father was transferred.

*Mother's Love.*—Though it is not possible to give expression to the unfathomable love of a mother, he distinctly remembered how it manifested itself in action. It was one evening, when his uncle was returning home on horseback after witnessing the Holi festival, that he saw his haggard looks. He was employed in the police. At the time his turban was so loose that it was covering his face, and his whole

body was bending under its own weight. He was led to his father's courtyard by two servants. His embroidered cloth and muslin shirt were torn, and his turban cloth was laden with dust. The red colours poured on his body on the Holi festival, gave his whole frame a strange appearance. He was kicking his hands and legs against the colt. His beard was wet with the overflowing juice of pan from his mouth and his body was emitting a bad smell. His mother, who was all along helping her brother to regain consciousness, by sprinkling cold water on his face, saw the child Munshi Ram standing near by, and she was at once taken aback. Immediately, she took him in her lap, and rebuked the servants for having allowed him to be there. One servant at once took him to a separate apartment in the bungalow, and there tried all means to change his thoughts. Munshi Ram did not recollect all the questions that he had put to the servant, but remembered how well his mother was able to divert his thoughts.

*Demon of Untouchability.*—It was at Banaras, Munshi Ram used to say, that he had the biting touch of the Demon of Untouchability. His mother had kept a lady tenant free of rent to help her, as his father had to be on tour very often, to inspect the mofussil stations. His mother had learned some lessons of untouchability from her tenant. At the time of answering the calls of nature, the child had to fully undress himself, even during the cold months. Only after getting himself cleaned with a bath, he could dress again. Even the very touch of drains cost him a bath. If, in his wanderings, he came to touch any water, he had to take a bath and wash himself. Once, when in the course of a game, he chanced to touch an earthenware lamp kept in the corner of the kitchen, the lady tenant raised a hue and cry, "Polluted! Polluted! Bathe! Bathe!" The alarm raised was so great that his mother came out running. At her bidding, he had a biting cold water bath and the tenant was asked to vacate. But the demon of untouchability, had already printed its claw in his mind.

*Father's Rigidity.*—Father had taught him 'military salute' to greet friends and guests. He reprimanded him whenever he was found taking much liberty. He once scolded him for having disturbed his studies. The boy felt very much. A long thick rope was hanging up above the staircase, to help those who climbed on it. By tying his neck with that rope he threatened to commit suicide. His father unloosened his neck from the knot of the rope and dragged him aside with a kick.

That was the first kick he received. He cried. Mother came to his rescue. But he never forgot the lesson it taught. Father taught him to commit to memory some devotional verses and saw that the child obeyed him.

*Upanayanam.*—Munshi Ram recollected always the ceremony of investing him with the sacred thread. "It is a farce" he says, "still it is observed and the vedic rites are gone through. Brahmacharis clad in loin-cloth and towels pretend to go to Kashi for study. When they express their wish to proceed to the holy city, the sisters would obstruct them by saying, 'Now you shall have your studies here alone'. In response to that, the Brahmacharis would return and the convocation ceremony would have been observed on the very same day".

"As my sister was absent, a substitute sister was created. I was supposed to go to Kashmir as I was already in Kashi, but in my case, *samavartan* ceremony was not done on that day."

One thing which happened before his father's departure from Banaras to Banda, had so well and deeply impressed him that he could not help recording it. It was about the patriot dacoit Sangram Singh.

Sangram Singh was a simple rustic of Banaras and was leading an ordinary life. During his absence from home, one day the police went there and attempted to molest his beloved wife's modesty. The Rajput, hearing this news on his return home, ran at once to the higher police officials to complain. Contrary to his expectations, he came to understand that the mischief started from them. At once his blood began to boil and, to revenge the wrong done to his wife, he took to the jungle with his sword.

*The Sahib's Discomfiture.*—Sangram Singh was an adept at sword play. He came in contact with one Hath Singh, who had never missed mark. General Sangram Singh and Captain Hath Singh gathered some followers. Sangram Singh became the Commander. His watchword was to rob the rich and clothe the poor. Nautch parties by professional public women were held at his command in his own jungle. His sphere of activities extended to Banaras, Jonpur and Ajamgad Districts. The Police Superintendent, with a force of 150 Sepoys, used to camp

in places where he got scent of Sangram Singh's presence. The Superintendent himself would be moving about on horseback attended by two orderlies. Suddenly two men attacked the two orderlies and a third, throwing the Sahib down from the horse, pointed a pistol against him. The Sahib grew pale and nervous and appeased the party with his gold chain, money purse and other cash. With pistol, Sangram saluted the Sahib saying, "Do not come so carelessly to catch Sangram." The Sahib ran post-haste on horseback to his residence, where the breathed a heavy sign of relief.

*Sangram's Challenge.*—Now the dacoit's long arm was soon at Banaras. The Kotwal of the place, a Rajput by name Alam Singh, boastfully said that he would catch the dacoit Sangram within a month and surrender him to the Magistrate. Sangram, even though aware of the dangers ahead of him, moved freely. To a proclamation in the Kotwal's notice board calling for Sangram's head, the patriot dacoit wrote underneath thus: "My camp is in Banaras City. I will come to bathe in the river on the lunar eclipse day. I am willing to meet those who are Kshatriyas by blood."

On the said eclipse day, Sangram Singh, followed by two attendants, marched along the road leading to Manikarnika Ghat with his mother. As soon as his mother had finished her bath he sent her away with the two attendants and presented himself before Alam Singh, the Kotwal, on the spot where he was sitting with his reserve police. Alam Singh was so careless in his watch that Sangram Singh, after bath, uncovering his cloak, drew his attention with the exclamation. "Look, Sangram is going for his bath." Alam, alarmed by this signal, was about to raise a cry, when Sangram's sword flashed over his head with lightning speed. Sangram escaped in the crowd.

*Point of Vantage.*—The cry arose, "Escaped! Escaped! Arrest! Arrest!" But it was of no use, as the falcon had taken its flight. All the police force assembled there from the three districts surrounded the locality and the thoroughfares were closed. Munshi Ram's father was at the roadside with a contingent of police. Sangram Singh, after spending 5 days in the hideout, came out with 5 or 6 men to buy provisions. One of his followers chanced to fall into my father's hands and, on the information supplied by him, the police attempted to arrest Sangram Singh. Meanwhile, the patriot dacoit had entered a cobbler's

house. It was set fire to and in a moment it was ablaze. The Rajput hero came out. His gunpowder was wet and so he could not fire. The gun emitted only some smoke. The sheath of his sword was sticky and he could not draw it out.

*Sangram's Dying Words.*—Now was the time for the police to fire bullets. Five or seven were fired. Sangram Singh answered them with his gun which for the moment he used as a lathi. In a moment he separated three sepoy<sup>s</sup> and gave such a heavy blow to Munshi Ram's father's horse that it fell back. His father had desisted from firing at an unarmed individual, but at last, for a moment his Kshatriya character deserted him, and he rushed forth. Sangram received 20 to 25 bullet wounds and fell down. On being questioned by the doctor at the hospital where he was taken, Sangram Singh declared: "It is no chivalry to arrest me thus. Give me a sword and let 20 men encounter me. I will see who catches me". Sangram Singh was sure to be hanged and even the police officer felt for him.

The sight of Sangram Singh, lying in his cot in a pool of blood, was in Munshi Ram's memory for a long time. The name of Sangram Singh had become so famous that on his second visit to Banaras he still found his name popular.

*A Rama Bhakta.*—Munshi Ram was admitted in a middle school at Banda. After school he was always with Tulsidas Ramayana. His father came in contact with a great Bhakta in the person of Bhakta Buddhu. Buddhu was a bania. In early days, he was a cheat and a thief. He had fought some twenty law battles and had fabricated hundreds of false evidences. But after hearing Uttara Kanda, he became penitent. Goswami Tulsidas's songs entered into his heart and turned him into a devotee. He lived on the profits of a cowrie bazar which he had opened. He knew something of medicine and was treating patients freely and would spend the nights in reading the Ramayana. His figure was always in Munshi Ram's mind. A light thin body, of a black complexion, with a white muslin turban, was surely not an attractive figure. But why care about his personality? There was fire in his very eyes, and the smile on his lips was enough to disarm the most determined and fierce antagonist. At the time of reading the Ramayana he used to sit on a raised platform. His hearers, be they Brahmins or Panchamas or Kshatriyas, Police Inspectors or a Brahmin Deputy Collector,



all alike had to sit down on a mat. After prayer, verses would be sung to the accompaniment of music, and then they would be explained with appropriate and authoritative references in other Ramayanas. His expressions were so realistic that the audience would be kept spellbound with the narrative.

*Turns A Devotee.*—Bhakta Buddhu's influence had so changed his father that, after arresting persons, and preparing diaries, in the course of duties, during the day, he would sit on the same mat, along with the convicts, complainants, servants and others, to hear Ramayana in the night. This had its profound effect in lessening litigation. The impression left on Munshi Ram by Buddhu was indelible. Every Sunday, without standing before Hanuman and reading at least one hundred lines of Tulsi, Munshi Ram would not take any meals. This love remained with him for ever. He always quoted verses from Ramayana till his last days. A memorable subsequent incident deepened his faith in the epic.

*Faith in Ramayana.*—His father had not only drunk deep the nectar of Tulsidas but was offering it to those who deserved it. His father's exposition of the verses, every night, drew all people alike. Police officials and non-officials, lawyers and others flocked to his house to hear him. One day, his father was explaining, with apt quotations, the exemplary patience of Sri Rama. He said repentance was the highest form of penance. In fact, his father made it clear that Sri Rama never forsook those who sought refuge in him. Suddenly an arrested man from among the audience prostrated at the feet of his father. His father, lifted him up on his arms, and rebuked him for prostrating before a mortal. The man immediately replied, "Ramdas, beloved of Rama, was more blessed than Rama himself. I am your refugee, listen to my story."

Then he made a clean confession that he was a murderer. A statement of confession was at once prepared to that effect and, on his signing it, a ray of light passed over his face. The event had left on him a permanent mark. It so delighted him that Munshi Ram used to mention it whenever an occasion arose in his life.

*Mirzapur Bhaiya.*—Munshi Ram's school education was interrupted as his father was now transferred to Mirzapur.

At Mirzapur the grand Chaitra Navaratri festival of Vindhya Vasini was being celebrated. The boy went with his father to witness even though he was aware of the fact that it would be detrimental to his studies. But he was satisfied with the compensation of experience. Here, he had the privilege to witness the actions of a Brahmin Bhaiya who was on orderly of his father. He also knew the rustic's conception of virtue.

Out of the sheep slaughtered in order to propitiate the Goddess, seven heads went to the Bhaiya. Besides these seven heads, cooking pots, salt and turmeric were given to him as gifts. He had only to buy a quarter of seer of flour. The Bhaiya's girth was in proportion to his height. Having cooked these, he swallowed all, without leaving a morsel. For fear that any particle might escape his mouth, he gargled his mouth thoroughly with water. Then, leisurely, with the palm of his hand on his stomach, he came out.

This Bhaiya, on seeing his father's servant using tongs to bring red-hot coal for the hookah, burst into laughter and exclaimed: "Ah Sarkar, I have never forsaken our Dharma. I have told lies, gambled, taken opium, drunk toddy, accepted bribes, cheated and played humbug: I have done all this, but Sarkar, I have never forsaken our Dharma." The Sarkar remained indifferent to it. But Munshi Ram could not help laughing and laughed outright. He said that even his throat got hoarse.

After a brief period of stay he had to leave Mirzapur and returned to Banaras, with his father, now a Kotwal of the holy city. Who can ever forget his first impressions of Banaras!

*Banaras.*—I shall not here describe the temples, streets, ghats, wrestlers, orphans and the low class people which are such a special feature to Banaras. Everybody knows the adage, "Wherever there is stone there is Sankara". This, in a nutshell, gives the clue perhaps to the reason for the existence of so many temples in Banaras. At the Dharmasala there were two Siva idols named after the Rameswara and Madhureswara rulers. The description of Banaras cannot be better expressed than in the language of the poet, which, when translated into imperfect prose, would read: "Public women, wandering bulls, steep steps and multi-coloured Sanyasis; escape these things and you get into Banaras town".

Hindus yearn to come here in the evening of their lives because the belief is current that to die in this Punya Bhumi is a sure way to Salvation. Kings forsook their kingdoms and went there as the "Durbar of Vishvanath should not be left unseen". Public women also made Kasi their home. Debauchees from different parts of the country poured here as to a safe retreat. Kasi afforded them salvation giving them, as it did, unrestricted opportunities for social intercourse. Nevertheless these people dreaded Kasi on account of its being a hotbed of vice, where one could meet with worse characters more notorious than oneself. If one was a member of a Bhajana party that was sure to transform his character.

*Ownerless Bulls.*—The bulls which had unrestricted freedom in the streets were a great source of anxiety and nuisance. It was considered a meritorious act to liberate them from the control of their owners, as it was believed they were sacred creatures, being the 'Vahan' of the Lord of the Universe, or Visvanath. These ownerless bulls were a source of terror and we had to be very wary against their horn-thrust. Sometimes it happened that people walked carelessly in public thoroughfares and became victims to their deadly attacks.

There is no end to steep steps in Banaras. Negligent walking was sure to result in a fall down these steps and consequent injury. For every ten feet distance one was sure to meet with these ubiquitous steps. The trident, the symbol of Mahadeva, met one's eyes everywhere. Eyes could not have a straight look at the street and route of the city, as they were both narrow and winding. If one was not careful it was certain to cost him the loss of a Ganges bath and Visvanath darshan. If these escape his attention, he is certain to encounter Sanyasis who are legion, and a source of hindrance in Kasi. Without expatiating further, let me quote the popular saying, "The Jagat Guru (World Teacher) is the Brahmin, His teacher the Sanyasi and the Sanyasi's teacher is the chaprasi (master's orderly)". One can imagine to what extent menials can influence the Sanyasis, and how in their turn the Sanyasis can effectively break up the morals of a Bhajana party when it is composed of both the sexes.

*The Kotwal.*—Again, for a brief period, Munshi Ram's studies were disturbed. Kasi's Kotwal—his father—was considered a Nabob. Tahsildars, Collectors and Commissioners might come and go. Nothing was known of them except to those who were immediately concerned with

them. But the arrival and departure of a Kotwal struck terror in the minds of the people, because it affected all alike, rich and poor, rogue and ruffian, Mahatma and sinner. Law-abiding Kotwals earned warm praises. But when unscrupulous men, who deviated from the path of right conduct, came to occupy the Gadi even ladies had to join in chorus and sing his glory. Phaetons and victorias belonging to the elite of the town would be placed at the disposal of the Kotwal, awaiting his commands.

Munshi Ram would spend his days in sight-seeing, attending festivals at Devi temples called 'Monkey Temples', witnessing the march of bridal processions, etc. On all Shradha days he had heavy meals and delicious sweets. Like other parts of the country, Banaras had also its Ram Leela celebrations. Of the various celebrations in the town, the one near the Maharaja Ramnagar's palace on the banks of the river, and the other at the eightieth ghat under the auspices of the Vizianagaram Maharaja, were the best. The latter from Madras was then present. Richly caprisoned elephants were at the Kotwal's service, and as was foretold from a reading of Munshi Ram's horoscope he had an elephant ride on this occasion.

*Tutor.*—Lala Bhaiya (a Munshi and Kayastha by caste) was engaged to give Munshi Ram tuition in Persian. He was a slave to opium. He had no other means of earning a living and this tutorship gave him a subsistence. In order to be secure in his job, he was very careful not to displease anyone. Whenever Munshi Ram felt uninterested in his lessons Lala would entertain him by narrating a story of adventure. How could Lala then induce him to read his lessons? Impossible, Munshi Ram never thought it his duty to take lessons from his teacher. He enjoyed perfect freedom with Lala. His father examined him one day in reading and writing. That was sufficient to prove the teacher's worth. In an hour his services were dispensed with and in his place the headmaster of a local school, by name Babu Devakinand, was appointed. It was Holi festival then and the boys had their play with colours. Sports were organised to the edification of the police officers. Once Munshi Ram passed four full days and nights in a boat during the fair. There was no end to his wanderings during this period.

*An Incident.*—Just about this time a Mahomedan Vakil, a relative of Sir Syed Ahmed of the College fame, had lost his daughter and somebody suspecting foul play informed the police of it. The Deputy

Kotwal was obliged to detain the dead body for post-mortem examination. The Vakil proceeded against the Deputy Kotwal, Harilal, Munshi Ram's father and the informer. It fell to Munshi Ram's lot to write the English documents. When the case opened in the Sessions Court, dengue fever was raging virulently in the town. Apprehending that there was every chance of prejudicing the local judge on account of the plaintiff's close relationship to Sir Syed, who was influential, the Inspector General of Police petitioned and succeeded in getting the case transferred to Allahabad. The result was that Munshi Ram's father and others were found 'not guilty' and the Government paid their costs.

*Daily Routine.*—Munshi Ram had now become a regular student at Banaras. But he was more interested in building his body and limbs, than cramming and passing his examinations.

He would rise at day break, bathe in the river, have Viswanath Darshan and take physical exercise. Before every ghat there was an open gymnasium which was in charge of a wrestler who was to train newcomers. With the money he had saved up from the amounts advanced to him, now and then, for buying things, at the fair and at the festival days, he purchased a vessel called jari. He brought also a small basket, with a handle just big enough to hold sandal, rice, vilva and flowers. With basket and jari in each hand, and with a cloth towel, held between his arms and sides, he would start out every morning. He would go to the gymnasium, take dandals sitting, and the master wrestler after instructing him would leave him with his equals. After exercise was over, he would indulge in a plunge, in the deep waters of the river. Then he would go to the temple, where he would perform 'Abhishekam' with the Ganges water fetched in the jari, and do puja to the God Viswanath, Saneswara, Mahavira, Annapurna and Ganesa, by offering rice, flowers, food, incense and other things. This daily programme would be interrupted occasionally. During Dassera, leaving his books in the niche of a wall, he used to go for sight-seeing. The illuminated and decorated city would present a pleasing spectacle. He frequented the ghats very often whenever he had leisure and learnt the rowing of boats, from the skilled boatmen of the city. This knowledge saved him and his friends once from getting drowned.

*Boat Rowing.*—Once he was on a journey to go to Ballia. He had to cross a river. There were three on the shore, but no boatman was there willing to take him to the other side. Munshi Ram felt helpless

and was preparing to pass the night on the sands, when a jingling noise announced the arrival of a mail runner. He was the owner of a small boat lying there. The runner was not willing to take them. The boat was a small one, too small to accommodate him and the two zamindars accompanying him. One of them agreed to manage the boat with all the travellers. He handled the oars while the student sat on the top of the plank. The other fellow was asked to sit below. On still waters they were all merry and happy. In the whirling current the boat began to toss up and down in the waves. The companions lost their nerves. Munshi Ram had to take the oars and brought the boat under control. Exercises in boat rowing practised at the Ganges gave him the necessary skill to save himself and his friends from getting drowned.

*A Sportsman.*—The student was conscious that he was a Kshatriya. He saw his father always performing puja with great devotion to all hunting implements during Dassera season. He also felt pleasure in not only venerating the weapon but took every opportunity to become a sportsman himself. He used to ride on horses daily, during the vacation, and went on hunting trips. As he once shuddered to make use of the revolver given to him by his father, when he was faced with a dacoit, he felt it was most essential to practise fearlessness by hunting wild animals in jungles and forests. He delighted in deceitfully killing innocent animals and his desire was to gather mementoes of his success.

*Self-defence.*—In Banaras, dressing himself like a local bully, he used to go to his uncle's shop in Diamond Bazar every Sunday. Once on the way, a number of goondas sang vociferously, to which he never gave his ears. A member of that fraternity followed him and passed his hand over his face. He at once replied that fellow with a slap on his face. The goonda felt giddy and when he attempted to return the blow, Munshi Ram kicked him down on the pavement. The goondas of the fraternity laughed over that incident, though he expected an attack from them. No one ever wished to see him even when he passed along that road subsequently.

Another incident confirmed his view of the need of a strong body to protect oneself.

*A Lesson.*—Munshi Ram was nearly seventeen years old. He was living at a distance of a mile or two from his school. The class hours were between 10 and 4. Members of the staff used to go in phaetons

or palanquins and the students on foot. So the students were awfully perspiring as they entered the school, and sleepy in the class rooms. In summer Munshi Ram went in an ekka. One day he saw a number of rowdies following a boy. He was helpless before that gang. So Munshi Ram took him to and from the school in his ekka. The disappointed goondas were casting amazing looks at him. In course of time he taught the boy some exercises and the boy turned out to possess a good physique which helped him very much in his life.

*Nature.*—As a student he used to go very often in a boat on the Ganges to see and admire the green plants and trees on the shore especially after a drizzle. In all his journey, to his father's place and friends' villages, he never missed a chance to look carefully at the plants and trees along the two sides of the roads. At Ballia the one object which held his attention and excited wonder was an age-long Banian tree, with its offshoots of fifty branches. A hundred riders, with their horses, could take shelter under the protective branches, and yet they could not have occupied more than a fraction of the space covered by the spread-out branches. While enjoying the beauty and majesty of the tree by walking round about it, he would sometimes fall so fast asleep that his companions had to wake him up by beating their tins. He loved and studied nature in all her original grandeur in virgin forests, hills and valleys.

*The Tin Gods.*—By moving with people, he understood that the petty officers of the Government considered themselves as leaders and great men of society. At Ballia he found that society consisted of the Tahsildar, the Munsiff, the Police Officer and other non-entities. Even non-official millionaires were not considered fit to be included in this group. All the others, though they happened to be scholars, were not admitted in that society. The Kshatriya Tahsildar and his Deputy, the Muslim Munsiff, and his Kanouj Sheristhadar, the Rajput Inspector, and his Sikh Head Clerk were the elite of the locality. They were all men of loose morals and they looted the people.

*Griffith.*—Munshi Ram had always recollected very often his days of Queen's College at Banaras. It was the best in the United Provinces. He particularly remembered the room in the college which gave protection to the scholar Principal Griffith in 1857 and also the marble table and bench, in his quarters. The translator of the four Vedas

used to write his verses from that bench which had places for keeping pencil and paper. Who will not be enamoured of Munshi Ram's pen pictures of some of the scholars of the Institution! Griffith, the translator of the Valmiki Ramayana and the Vedas, was the Principal. He was a little over five feet in height and was a very healthy man from nail to hāir. He had a servant as short as himself. Griffith was lame by one leg. As he was practising walking on sticks he happened to be caught in the barbed-wire fencing while trying to cross it and was then crippled. To cover that, he was having high-heeled boots and used to walk so slowly that his lameness could seldom be detected. He was so fashionable that the moment any of his dresses were unclean or unsuitable he would throw them aside at the verandah. And the servant who happened to be there then by chance would be a lucky fellow. His garden was famous as a beauty spot. There might be scarcely a student who had not tipped the servant in the Principal's absence and enjoyed his cushions and sofas. The poet was a bachelor. He had a paramour at a rented place nearby. He was having a delicate air of superiority that he did not allow others to come near him as he could not bear their foul smell. He was a very slow speaker and one could not hear him unless one went near him. But in classes he was clearly heard in his resonant voice. Perhaps he was speaking so slowly to conserve his health. During the absence of the English Professor he took English for some weeks and Munshi Ram could not forget that.

*Clean-shaven European.*—Gough was the Assistant Professor of Sanskrit. When he was made Principal in Griffith's place, Dr. Theba came fresh from Germany to take his place. He was very hardworking and it was no surprise to see him at work at 11 in the night in summer. When questioned once he replied he could not allow things to grow cold and so he was solving then a problem in Mathematics. Studying with the aid and help of Bal Krishna Sastri's "Dharshan Sastras" he was able to speak Sanskrit within six months and became an examiner in Sanskrit. No one failed his examinations. He was the first European Munshi Ram saw clean-shaven. It was well known then that he had removed the moustaches as per the injunction of the Shastras so that no leavings of food may be left in them.

Rogers, Professor of Mathematics, was very clever in his subject. He was assisted by one of his own students Laxmi Narayan Misra who, in his turn, became a professor of Mathematics and Science.



*Professor Kibal.*—Kibal, the Professor of English, was a dwarf. With Munshi Ram's entrance he left the college. In his place one Charles Dodd, a military man, was appointed. He rose from the position of a school master. He concentrated all his attention on teaching students to pronounce well and correctly.

The History Professor came from England. He had no degree. He was shoved into the college and was constantly troubled by the students. His knowledge of history was ridiculed both by his colleagues as well as by his students who made him betray his ignorance.

Bal Krishna Bhatt, a man of virtuous character, and Oomacharan Mukherji, both M.A.'s, were his two Indian Assistants in the English Department. In addition to college work they were teaching the entrance classes too. Second languages had their own professors. English was of course given the place of importance in English schools and Sanskrit and Arabic came in next. Ramjan was the Sanskrit Pandit. He helped Griffith in his translations and so had some influence over him. Soon after taking the M.A. degree his eldest son Lakshmi Shankar was made a Professor. After failure in the M.A. Degree examination his second son Ooma Shankar was made a tutor to a Raja. Rama Shankar Misra, his third son, after taking his M.A. Degree was appointed as the Mathematics Lecturer. Subsequently he joined the newly founded Aligarh College.

*The Moulvie Saheb.*—There was a Mohammedan Pandit. He was popular among students as the Moulvie Saheb. Students were addressed by him as Chiranjeevi (Eternal) without which he never called a student. Even in his presence the classes would be noisy. If he went for a while out of the class there would be no end to noise and confusion. Moulvie Saheb with a round-about-turn would cry 'hush! hush!' Then the students would occupy their seats. But still there would be one or two making noise and at once his order would be, "Kantha Prasad stand up". Smiling with indifference, Kantha Prasad with one leg on the bench and one on the ground would shout, "Moulvie Saheb, faults for youth and patience for elders". The loving and kind-hearted Moulvie would nod his head and say, "Chiranjeevi, sit down". Once he rebuked a haughty boy who had done some mischief by the retort, "Sweets cannot be had always". The boy immediately replied that frequent punishments had tamed him. Then the Moulvie with tears in his eyes asked the boy to sit down by means of sighs.

*Hindu-Muslim Discord.*—At the approach of important passages the Moulvie Saheb would say, "Chiranjeevi, this portion is important", and dead silence would be the fitting answer. Even the falling pin's sound could be heard then. As soon as that portion was over, confusion would again have its sway. The Moulvie Saheb's love for elders was abundant and he felt very much for the Hindu-Muslim tension. Born of the same earth, nourished of the same soil and food, cooled by the same Ganges without any difference, it is pathetic to see these people fighting to the disgrace of the same mother.

What Louis Jacloit, the Chief Justice of Chandranagore, wrote, came to Munshi Ram's memory. "In spite of the Hindus and Mussalmans bathing without any difference in the Ganges the followers of Mohammed are ever fighting idolaters with sword in their hands. But before the rule of Aurangazeb they were honouring the pious Ganges of the vanquished enemies". Munshi Ram was seeing before him in Kashi the result of sowing the seed of Hindu-Muslim discord by men like Sir Syed Ahmed. Mussalmans of the type of his revered friend, the Moulvie Saheb, were much pained to see these alien activities.

*The Amusing Headmaster.*—The staff of the school department was better when compared with the other schools. Without a sentence about the Headmaster of the school, this narrative would not be complete. Like the Principal, the Headmaster also was an extraordinary man.

Mathura Prasad Misra could sign his name only as M. P. M. He knew all about the Banaras College. Popular as Mathura Master his physical features were amusing. Taller than six feet, head slanting, complexion dark yellow, a pandit's turban used to adorn his head. His country shoes and long white dhoties reminded one of the Mandhata days of old. The very gait of the student of Dr. Ballantyne was seen in the Headmaster of the Collegiate school.

A good scholar in English and Sanskrit, when one saw him one would be reminded of the floodgates of knowledge that poured down from his mouth when opened. Knowledge of every subject stood before him offering reverential homage. His influence was so universal that not only High School classes but also College classes became silent at his approach. The Mathura Master was neither an M.A. nor a B.A. and yet every Englishman was amazed at his diction and pronunciation.

His trilingual dictionary was in use in all schools for a long time. Munshi Ram read one year under Mathura Prasad. It was only on account of him that Banaras College students were noted for right pronounciation of English.

In this society of Vidwans Munshi Ram spent three and a half years. Except the learning of some dry lessons, he found there nothing to reform himself.

*Sensual Language.*—In his school days he found that Sanskrit Pandits and Scholars were not men of character. He found that, taking advantage of their better knowledge, they exploited the sensualism of the people. As Pandits always played with words he considered Sanskrit as a sensual language. So he had formed an aversion to its study. He neglected also his study of Urdu as he found that Urdu songs and a poet's friendship had already tainted his mind. A beautiful girl was passing before them. On seeing her his friend Bharatendu burst forth in his song, describing in detail her dress and limbs. Before she came in front of them his song was complete. The poet's ideal literary exercises like this, polluted the purity of his mind and features. He then concluded that it was a language of sensualism.

*Shame.*—Some of his friends once had a singing party. Of course there was no dancing. The heroine of the party—a public woman—was singing from the centre. Munshi Ram was cordially invited to the function. He refused to go in on the ground that it would not meet with his father's approval, as he used to hold himself away from such functions. Eventually he yielded to his friend's entreaties and attended the function under cover of a saffron cloth, after his father went to sleep. On his return he felt ashamed. It was his first attempt to hide his action and act faithlessly to his father.

*Religion.*—One day in his nineteenth year, his evening walk carried him far away and he was late to come home. It was 7-30 P.M. then. After a little while, he went at eight to have Viswanath's darshan. Two policemen, who were keeping watch on both sides of the door leading to Viswanath, prevented him from proceeding further, as the Queen of Rewah was inside worshipping the deity. He felt humiliated and one of the policemen there, who was an orderly to his father, gave him a seat. He began thinking. The rude treatment confused him and he returned home. The policemen's entreaties had

no effect in retreating his steps. He refused even to take his supper. That night he was sleepless. His mind was worried.

Is it a fact that the world is under the sway of an Almighty Ruler? Does such a ruler prevent, and prohibit a devotee from offering worship, in preference to the Queen? Is it the idol of Viswanath? Is it God that allows such an injustice? Had he not seen the sculptor chiselling stones to make idols? These and other thoughts began to harass his mind. He was walking up and down the room. "Partiality is the kingdom of man". But why should it prevail in God's shrine? Has the contagion of human injustice infected Providence also with its poison!

He prayed for light. Still he found no way out. At long last, his thoughts ran to idolatry in ancient Rome and Greece. His reading of Christian literature had made him a rebel. He went to sleep with the conclusion that he would seek the help of a missionary next morning and get his doubts cleared.

The local missionary was immensely pleased at his calling and the Christian prayed for his conversion. He got confused after three days questionings and left Munshi Ram as a hopeless case.

He questioned a qualified Sanskrit pandit to get a satisfactory reply. But the quibbling of the pandit never convinced him.

Then he came across a Roman Catholic priest. He found him more humble, tolerant and self-contained than the Protestant. The Catholic said that the key to know its tenets lay in attending the church service. The student started doing that. The church with its method of worship, appealed to him. The father's manners also moved his mind. He was willing and ready to be converted. Only one among his friends came to know that, but he never objected to it. Munshi Ram was nearly 19 now. He went one day to the father to fix up a time for his conversion. The priest was away then and he chanced to look behind the screen into his study. The father was not there but he saw another father with a nun, in an indecent manner. He at once retraced his steps and never dreamt of going there again.

*Atheism.*—He was indifferent to Islam, as the conduct and character of Muslims at the time of his father's law suits were not good. He got disgusted with the beads and rosary. Many of Kabir's verses, which condemn these outward signs of religion, were always on his tongue. Faith in religion and tradition had fled from him. He found religion to be a cloak for the shrewd to spread their snares upon the blind and the ignorant. He felt himself to be a thorough atheist. His faith in worship and puja also had disappeared.

*Sorrow.*—One day he received a wire that his mother had passed away. He at once lost all sense of expression and feeling. His eyes turned dim and his head heavy. His friends took him for a bath in the Ganges and took his signature to a fortnight's leave application. He was taken to the railway station and shoved into the train. He knew nothing. But he had no sleep during the night in the train. Some one woke him up in the morning. He was taken to his parents' home unconscious with hunger and thirst. His father was sitting where his mother had breathed her last.

He fell at his father's feet in the room where he also sat mourning with his brothers and friends. Tears rolled down his cheeks like a stream and it took him two hours to regain his consciousness. His mother's last death-bed message consoled him: "My one unfulfilled desire is to do my Munshi Ram's marriage. Evince the same interest in it as I would. I was longing to see him well off in this life with his wife and children, as a Vakil. Providence shall be done".

*Victory at last.*—Munshi Ram was up to this time irregular in attending the class. Going round the school ground twice or thrice, teasing the teachers, then exploring the woods nearby was his routine during the working hours. His absence was welcomed by the teachers as it meant to them absence of disturbance and troubles in classes. When he was fined for absence, he never paid it, and he was once dismissed. He failed in almost every annual examination. He changed from one school to another but he never cared to study school books. He read Scott's novels and Dicken's books. His study of the environment gave him very little time to read his text books. But the last words of his mother and her expectation that he should be a Vakil prompted him to attend the school regularly. After a number of unsuccessful attempts he passed, after all, his entrance examination.

*A Wanderer.*—Munshi Ram continued his studies further and had his college education in Banaras and Prayag. As his father was now a first class police officer, always touring and living separately, he had to make his own arrangements for his boarding and lodging. There were no hostels attached to the colleges as we have at present. The young man had no one there to guide or control him. After his college hours, he was free to do anything. The adventurer moved from place to place and appeared to be on the right path. He missed his way, seeking ease and pleasure. He passed on from one evil to another, and soon found himself groping in the dark world of vice and misery. But soon he saw the light of Dayanand and found the way out.

*Triveni.*—During one of the week-ends, the collegian visited Triveni. Though he had become an atheist on reading some modern English authors, he had belief in the wonders of yoga. He heard that a Mahatma was living in the forests of Triveni where a lion was his companion. The ascetic was to be seen only in the nights and not during the day. With a friend, Munshi Ram started one evening to see him. After a short while, he reached his hermitage at about dusk. The Mahatma was nude and was meditating. Till 3 in the morning he did not open his eyes. The seeker without closing his eyes watched him. Just at 3 a.m. the roaring of a lion was heard. It approached the hermit and licked his legs. The hermit opened his eyes and passing his hands lovingly over the lion, said, "Child, you can go now". The lion again kissed his feet and ran away to the jungle. Munshi Ram at once fell at his feet, and expressed to him their admiration and astonishment.

His memorable words were: "Child, it is no miracle. The lion had a wound on its legs, caused by a gunshot. I heard it crying one night and it was thirsty. I gave it water, dressed and bandaged its wounds with herbs. It used to raise its legs in order that medicine may be applied. The wounds got healed and it comes daily at the end of my worship. Hear child, precept and practice of ahimsa do not go in vain".

The aspirant bowed to him and, getting his advice to practise Raja Yoga, returned to his studies.

*Muttra.*—The influence of the hermit was soon erased from his mind when his father got him married to a young girl. The worship of priests and the honour of them by a dinner given by his father at Muttra to get their blessings, and a *gosayee's* mischief, always lingered in his memory. Invitations were extended to Brahmins with tooth twigs and two ounces of *bhanga*. It was made into small pills for easy consumption. At 8 a.m. four men, merry with *leela* songs, reached the host's tents. Seats were reverently offered to them, after touching their feet. Then they issued the order to send them all luxuries. Of course *bhanga* was an item in the menu. Milk diluted with sufficient water and mixed with powdered almonds and cardamom was added to the *bhanga*. The first cup was offered to the 'Guardian Angels of Heaven'. A small quantity was left for the benefit of others. The remnant was drunk by the hosts and their friends. The young man had his share.

*Brahma Bhojan.*—At 11 A.M. food was ready. Dinner bell rang. "Please Brahmins; food is ready". With dim eyes the guests said, "Master, to our seats". Their feet were duly cleaned after which they were led to their respective seats. Their eyes opened when each one of them had eaten about half a seer of milk cream. Further commands were issued then for two seers of *peda*, *puries*, *halwa* and to cover all, milk cream, were given to them. After food again the Brahmins' feet were washed and a rupee each as a gift was offered. They were not so quick to depart, a little *bhanga* was again asked for, two more ounces were offered and then they showed visible signs of movement.

"The seeming truth, which cunning time puts on

To entrap the wisest".

*A Gosayee's Mischief.*—A South Indian Deputy Collector had come with his six or seven year old boy and a 14 or 15 year old daughter, and his wife, on a tour of pilgrimage. The girl had studied English too. As they travelled with the youth to Muttra after a Kasi bath, the college student was acquainted with them. One evening at 5 p.m. when he was at Gopal Temple, they too were there. He was followed by a respectable policeman. *Gosayee* feared him as he knew

their secrets. On entering, Munshi Ram was prevented by a watchman saying "A special disciple in inside, you should wait". But who could be stopped by the orders of monks, gurus and peons. They went inside. As it was dark, with many ways and rooms inside, one was sure to be lost.

Within ten minutes of Munshi Ram's getting inside, a screaming voice was heard. He opened the adjoining door and went inside. A *gosayee* was seen trying hard to drag in a girl. She wanted to be out of his clutches. There was a middle-aged woman too. The *gosayee*, leaving the girl, was speaking in a divine mood. "She was afraid of the presence of God and I was pacifying her". Then the girl cried out, "Do not believe him Sir, he caught hold of me while I was touching his feet". Leaving the *jamadar* to do his best, he took the girl to her father the Deputy Collector who was in search of her. The middle-aged woman who was found standing out, had asked the poor girl to worship Krishna, as she herself had worshipped, by touching the *gosayee's* feet.

*Hookah.*—The collegian had learnt the use of hookah from a friend of his father at Ballia when he had been there during a holiday. In a fortnight's time he liked hookah very much. On returning to Banaras he arranged for each one of his class friends a hookah made of mud. Every hookah had its own distinguishing mark, so his place had almost become a store-house of hookas, and every evening he held grand durbars.

*Encounter.*—It was about 10 in the night once, when he was returning from a dinner in a friend's house. In spite of his brisk walking he was late by a quarter of an hour. At that time of the night, a goonda armed with a poniard, was standing in a dark lane, and mistaking for somebody else, pounced upon him. He at once pulled out the dagger out of his waist belt, and when he was slowly thrusting the poniard at his neck, Munshi Ram pierced him with his dagger on his chest. The goonda at once made a clean show of his heels. The wandering student was bleeding. When he reached home, one of his friends applied the ashes of his silk cloth and with a cup of milk he went to sleep.



*Society.*—Munshi Ram had become a leader of the students for they knew his adventurous habits. He started a society and members had their own code language. Coin some particular meaningless words, and insert them regularly in your usual sentences, then you will have their code. In their group Munshi Ram was a novel writer and he considered Scott as his Guru. Members had their durbar in his room. They were smoking hookas and many a time played chess. A little walk was taken to while away the time. During the holidays Munshi Ram went to his parents at Ballia, read novels and avoided reading text books. The first thing that attracted him was wrestling and wrestlers. He spent the evenings on long strolls.

*In the guise of Goondas.*—His fraternity at Banaras celebrated the Holi festival with great pomp. On the evening of the colour dashing day they were eager to stroll about in the guise of goondas. They were four. They drove in pairs in ekkas. Their dresses as goondas were knee-long dhoti, shawls on shoulders, dagger on waist, tied-up hair and sticks in hand. Their horses were very merry. On their way, they chanced to meet a procession. When they were looking at it, the horses dashed against some goondas who were murmuring against them. In the fraternity there were two expert *lathi* players and in their play they routed all the goondas in no time and made good their escape to the ekkas. In a moment they were in their classes.

*Tuesday Merriment.*—The Tuesday following the Holi festival was known as Old Tuesday. Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday saw special canoe sailings with nautches and singing parties, buffoons, and public women were there to joke and dance. His fraternity hired a special canoe and it was equipped with everything. Poles were inserted in the four corners of the canoe and they were connected with bamboos. Multi-coloured flags, festoons, flowers and lamps adorned it. The flags flying on the canoe bore the inspiration "Knowledge is Power" and the name of the fraternity. They had a royal path on the Ganges and they enjoyed it. On the termination of the Old Tuesday merriment their fraternity had become accustomed to drink *bhāng*.

*Bareilly.*—Munshi Ram, on going to his father's place at Bareilly, had almost become a victim to its atmosphere. A few words about

men and things which affected his life, a phaeton drawn by two horses, a public woman at home, were all that was required to makè one a nobleman. If one had raised a debt of ten thousand rupees, one would be called a *sowcar* or a *seth* or a Zamindar but not a *Rai* — nobleman. His first friend Rai Chandulal Sahib had four or five phaetons, two elephants and two public women. With the contaminated thoughts of Bareilly, Munshi Ram returned to Banaras.

*Sanyasi.*—One day after college hours he went along the ghats to pass away his time. He came near a ghat. It was disturbed by the waves of the Ganges and a cave was formed underneath the same. There was a nude ascetic. He was famous for his one meal a day. It was usual with him to accept the first, who brought food, and to refuse all other that followed. So hundreds of men and women vied with one another in preparing and presenting him their delicious food at the earliest opportunity.

*A Horrid Sight.*—Yes. Munshi Ram heard a screaming noise, when he went near the cave. He saw the head of a lady sticking to the ground and the two palms of the hand buried on the two sides of the entrance. Some one was drawing her from inside. She was struggling hard to escape from that grip.

*Rescued.*—He rushed forward and, fixing his legs firmly on the rock, catching her two hands, tried his best to pull her out. But the devil inside was strong and appeared to be a passionate one. The poor meek miserable woman was suffocating. He called his friend who happened to be on that side. He came and helped Munshi Ram. The college youth separated the miserable young woman who was not more than sixteen. He saw a middle-aged woman there who, in her anxiety that her relative girl should have a child, had induced the girl to come. Munshi Ram took her home.

*Gambling.*—Tempted by one of his friends he had now started gambling. He gained sometime but subsequently lost heavy sums. Somehow as he had not sufficient money he did not become much addicted to it.

*Life at Prayag.*—As he did not fare well in the University examinations at Banaras, he went to Prayag to continue his studies. He

studied hard for the examination. To keep awake during the nights, he sought the asylum of drinks. He had learned to take liquor, from his uncle. In the nights, with 'John Exshaw No. 1' on his table, he used to read Lock's *Human Understanding* and Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*, and other essays. Hand in hand, while thinking of principles, he was emptying glasses and glasses of brandy. After a week's study he found that he had emptied a full bottle. Again holiday took him back to Bareilly.

*A Friend's Dinner.*—At Bareilly he was invited by a friend of his father, now a superior executive in Police service, to a dinner in connection with a marriage. The feast was in tune with his habits. He was greeted with a glass of wine in common with others. He drank. The bridegroom of ten years was sitting on the bride's father's lap, and on the bridegroom's father's lap was seated the nine year old bride. They were also made to drink.

*A Den of Vice.*—There was a dance downstairs. Wine cups were passing round the group of women gathered upstairs. Even ill-famed singing women were offered drinks. They just received the cups and emptied them on the ground. Just then an old man got up and, getting hold of one, began to dance. Music and clapping of hands accompanied this. Seeing Munshi Ram sitting aloof, a wretch caught hold of him and hinted to him to join merriment. He started and escaped from her hands. Forcibly he made his way out after bolting the outer door.

*A Sudden Change.*—Subsequently, after a short time, he found himself that he had fallen low again. He not only fell a prey to passion but also got accustomed to drink heavily. In one of his unconscious conditions the memory of his past deeds passed before his eyes in all their vividness. When he regained his senses after six hours, he was conscious of a revolution in his heart. It was still dark when he rose and went out. In his walk after that, he found a lonely place to repent for his actions. That day he returned to his home straight from his retreat.

There was again a change on the next day. Attendance at nautch parties, merry functions and festivals was discontinued, and the study of philosophy at nights was resumed in all earnestness. Bottles and glasses were away from him for some time to come.

*Master's Feet.*—During his stay at Bareilly, Swami Dayanand Saraswati came there on his religious mission. As soon as Swamiji reached there, an order was issued by Munshi Ram's father to keep peace in all his meetings. His father attended his meetings himself and was so much influenced by his lectures, that he believed that Munshi Ram's doubts would be cleared, and he would be cured of atheism by Swamiji's good company and counsels. On coming home in the night he said, "Munshi Ram, a Dandi Swami has come. He is a mighty scholar and a Raja Yogi. Your doubts will be cleared on hearing him speak. Follow me tomorrow". Munshi Ram nodded his head in assent.

Munshi Ram attended his lecture and the seeker found in him a ray of light to guide his life. The thirsty youth tasted the nectar of his wisdom and felt subsequently that the seer had entered into him to become the inner spirit of his life.

Munshi Ram was reborn and found gradually that there was something higher than mere living. He knew that he had now discovered his lost soul and was on the royal track of the ancients, who were the pioneers of the world civilisation. Lighted by the vision of his master, he marched like a pilgrim from event to event till he found himself an inmate of Mianwali jail, suffering solitary confinement for offering Satyagraha with the Sikhs who sought control of their gurudwaras in 1922. There he found time to write his autobiography in Hindi.

Where is the need for an autobiography ?

Shraddhanandji's answer may be read with interest :

"It is not fully fifty years now since India's youths thought that their duty lay in eating, drinking and being merry in spending their all upon them. Born in slavishness, they took it to be an indispensable condition. They lived in it as worms in dirt. They did not realise that they were the pioneers of civilisation. They said that Indian civilisation was semibarbarous, with no historical background, that if it wanted to rise it should take refuge in the asylum of European civilisation. The author's ideas can be glanced in these pages. Rishi Dayanand has by his illustrations and citations, given us not only the glorious pages of India's mighty past, but also perplexed Western minds by exposing the hollowness of their pretensions. Hindu youths were observing their

distinctive rules of conduct and life and were taking as gospel truths the bad evil practices of life and conduct of Europeans. I was also brought up in that soil which made a Hindu youth an enemy of his own ideals.

By reading the history of the period immediately preceding the last fifty years, modern India would know the trend of events that shaped the Nation. The history of my short-comings may give a rude shock to the hearts of many who have come to love me. I firmly believe that it will serve as a beacon light to save many helpless lives!"

His life, beginning with the first *Darshan* of Dayanand Saraswati will be found in his autobiography.

## CHAPTER I

### I MEET DAYANAND

I was born anew when I first saw Swami Dayanand Saraswati. I found some faith arose in me. His lustre and brilliance amazed me and arrested attention. They overwhelmed me when I saw Rev. T. J. Scott and other Europeans sitting there with great interest. Swamiji had spoken scarcely for 10 minutes when I began to think, "It is surprising to see a Sanskrit pandit speaking so much of sense that astonishes even an educated man." The subject was 'OM'. The memories of that day are ever green in my heart. It was the effect of the Rishi's influence that made even an atheist like me feel the pleasure in my soul's happiness.

*Rishi's Durbar.*—It was announced that the following day's lecture would be held in the Town Hall. Swamiji said in a clear tone that he would be ready at the appointed time if a conveyance would be made available to him.

My father was all attentive as long as the lectures were on conventional subjects like Namaste, Pope, Jainee, Keerani, Korani (Salutation, Jainism, Christianity, Mohamadanism). When he began to speak in strong terms against idolatry and the *Avataras* my interest increased and my father's interest waned. He discontinued attending Swamiji's lectures and in his place deputed a policeman to do *bandobast* duty. It had become a daily duty with me till the 24th August to go to Begum Park every evening after food. From two to three in the evening there was the Rishi's Durbar and mine was invariably the first Namaskar to be offered to him. Questions and answers followed, and I used to enjoy them. After the assembly had dispersed the Acharya would leave the Park. I would at once go straight to the Town Hall in my wagonette. Till after Swami Dayanandji had disappeared from my sight I would not return home. I was so immersed in his figure in happiness.

*Discussions with Scott.*—Then discussions took place on the 26th, 27th and 29th August with the Rev. T. J. Scott on Re-birth, Incarna-

tion and Forgiveness for sins without reaping their results. The first two days' discussions were in writing. On the third day I had pneumonia and was prevented from attending. Afterwards I could not see Swamiji. I was so impressed with one of his acts that it still passes before my eyesight.

*Spying the Swamiji's Activities.*—I found Swamiji leaving always his abode after answering the calls of nature with a Langoti at about three in the morning and returning only after sun-rise. I was anxious to find out his activities and was determined to follow him at once. An editor of a newspaper also accompanied me in my attempt. Punctually at three in the morning the Acharya left his abode and we followed him from behind. After having slowly walked a quarter of a mile he began to walk so swiftly that even a swift-paced young man like myself found it difficult to follow him. Near a junction of three roads we missed him. So our first attempt was unsuccessful. On the next night we were awake from 2-30. We wanted to run away at the sight of that Rudramurti (fire-figure). He was walking swiftly and we were running behind him. The Bania editor was gasping and running after me. After covering a distance of half a mile that Rudramurti halted at a wide open place and walked slowly towards a pipal tree. On reaching it he sat underneath for an hour and a half in Samadhi. I was not able to see whether he was doing Pranayam or not. But as soon as he sat down it was Samadhi. After rising he shook his body twice and then made his way to the temporary Ashram.

*An Incident.*—At a Saturday's meeting it was announced that the following day's lecture would begin an hour earlier. The Acharya made it perfectly clear that if the conveyance was to be sent to him an hour earlier he would reach the place of lecture in time. On Sunday afternoon people began to gather two hours earlier. The hall was full but the Acharya was not to be seen. Half an hour had passed after the appointed time and still the noise of the carriage was not to be heard. After three quarters of an hour the majestic figure of Dayanand was seen. Before prayer he said, "I was ready at the time but the conveyance did not come. Waiting for long. I started walking. Gentlemen, it is not my fault. It is the fault of the children's children not keeping to their promises." Perhaps this referred to his host.

Swami Dayanandji was then staying as the guest of Seth Lakshmi Narayan. He was the Treasurer to the Government and was then considered at Bareilly to be a millionaire.

*Denunciation.*—Swamiji was condemning all the absurdities and the impossibilities of the Puranas. Among those present there, were the Rev. T. J. Scott, Edward the Commissioner, Reid the Collector, about fifty other Europeans and many others. His speech on the Pancha Pandava's marriage, Draupadi's polyandry, Tara and Mandodari touched the Dharmic element in the audience to the quick. They were never tired, as the lecturer was rich in wit and humour. The Europeans who attended were revelling in joy and merriment.

The Acharya said: "So much for Purana *leelas*. Now let us go to the Kirani *leela* — Christian *leela*. By saying how the Virgin's conception took place, they are polluting the spotless eternal Paramatman. With such sins they are not ashamed themselves. The face of the collector and the commissioner turned at once red and the Acharya continued examining Christianity with the same vigour till the end.

The following day the Commissioner sent for Mr. Lakshminarayan and said, "Make the Swami understand that he should not so play with fire. We Christians are civilised and do not get infuriated at the heat of discussion, but if orthodox Hindus and Muslims get heated your Swami's lecture shall be stopped." Having promised to convey this message to Swamiji the Treasurer returned. But he wanted this to be conveyed to Swamiji by some one else, himself not being bold enough to do that.

*The Avatar.*—When I found none stood up, I volunteered and informed Swamiji that the cashier was anxious to speak to Swamiji something about a matter for which the Commissioner had sent for him. Poor man! the cashier was helpless. He was either scratching his head or hanging down his head. After five minutes of surprise, Swamiji said, "You are not accustomed to do work at the appointed time. You do not realise the value of time. My time is precious. Speak out your mind." Then the cashier, in stammering tones, said with great difficulty, "Maharajah, what if you are not so violent in your language? It is no good displeasing the Englishmen. It is better ---" so on and so forth. Swamiji at once joined him, "Why are you so nervous? You have wasted even this time. Perhaps the Saheb would have given you to understand that I am harsh and my lectures would be stopped. Either may happen. Why bother? I am not a man-eater to kill you. Why not you tell me plainly what he said? Why did you



waste so much time?" At this a faithful Puranic Hindu onlooker said, "Look at the Avatar! He reads others' minds."

*Dayanandji's Answer.*—How can that day's lecture be forgotten? I have heard the best of speeches, but the one which fell from Acharya's mouth in simple words so thrilled the audience that I can find no equal to it. That day's lecture was on Atma Swarooma, and all Europeans of the place except Rev. T. J. Scott were present. Having prefaced his day's discourse on the might of truth, Swamiji proceeded: "People ask us not to speak the truth lest the Collector would get angry, the Commissioner would get displeased and the Governor's wrath would descend upon us. Even kings and rulers may get displeased. Why should we desist from truth?" Then he explained the unique feature of an Atma after quoting a *sloka* which means this: "Weapons cannot pierce him, fires cannot burn him, waters cannot drench him and winds cannot move him."

Then he continued in a roaring voice, "Body is ephemeral and it is waste to do Adharma in protecting it. Whoever wishes to do contrary to this puts an end to his soul." Casting a glance all around Swamiji exclaimed in a stentorian voice, "Show me the hero who can destroy my soul. So long as you are not able to get one such hero in this world I am not even inclined to think whether I can dodge truth." The whole audience was calmed into silence and the falling of a pin could be heard then.

*Dayanandji Meets Mr. Scott.*—After the lecture, Rishi Dayanand enquired about the Rev. T. J. Scott and said, "Sincere Scott is not to be seen today". The missionary was so regular in attendance and was so kind towards Swamiji that he liked him. Some one informed the Rishi that there was a lecture of the reverend gentleman in a chapel close by. On getting down the steps, the Rishi said, "Proceed, let us see the sincere Scott's church." Followed by three to four hundred men, Swamiji went towards the church. The lecture was just then over and the congregation had not even dispersed. The Rev. Mr. Scott, seeing Swamiji, received him at the gate, took him to the pulpit and requested him to speak. Swamiji spoke in harsh terms about human worship for about twenty minutes.

*The Cashier Redeemed.*—Now about Swamiji's other activities. Having known that the cashier had connections with an ill-famed

woman, Swamiji asked him his caste. The cashier replied, "What am I to tell you, who judges one's caste from his character, conduct and disposition?" Swamiji said that as there was Varna, he could tell his caste by birth. He said he was a Kathri. Then the Swamiji asked as to what caste a son of a Kathri by a public woman would belong to. The cashier hung down his head in shame. Swamiji said, "I am not criticising any particular individual, I am speaking the truth". Afterwards the cashier separated from her and sent her away. One small incident and I shall close this.

*Discussion on God's Existence.*—Apart from his being a great Vedic scholar, Rishi Dayanand was an erudite logician. As I was a confirmed atheist I spoke to Rishi Dayanand against the necessity of God's existence. Within five minutes' talk I was silenced. Then I said, "Swamiji, your logic is irresistible and you have no doubt silenced me but you have not shown me the necessity for the existence of God." My second attempt to question him shared the same fate. After great preparation I again approached him a third time. Even then my arguments were completely shattered. Then I said, "You are famous for your analytical powers and you have silenced me but you have not shown me the necessity for the existence of God." Laughing at this the Rishi said, "Your questions and my answers are pure and simple mental feats. When can I promise to give you faith in the existence of God? You will have faith when the Almighty is pleased to make you faithful". I remember his having quoted this: "Not by speech, not by knowledge, not by hearing can He be seen. He manifests to those to whom He is pleased to manifest Himself."

## CHAPTER II

### A DEPUTY TAHSILDAR

*Dayanand's Influence.*—Although my father was unaware of the causes which led me to hate for a time fun and frolic, drink, dance, etc., he noticed the change in me. Even though he thought it to be an act of sin even to hear a Sanyasi speaking ill of Hari and Hara, yet he was grateful to him for effecting a change in the life of his son. So an order was issued to go and bring my wife from her house. On reaching home I met all my relations at Jullunder and brought my wife without even having a look at her face. It was at Talwan that I spoke with my better half for the first time. Inasmuch as a weak creature had sought my protection I thought I should teach and train her. My mind was then filled with kindness and love.

At Bareilly, Shiva Devi, my wife, caught the habit of taking food only after I had finished mine. Whenever I was late at night she would keep our meals separate after my father had taken his, and on my arrival she would serve me and then take hers. One night when I was returning home after leaving my carriage at the door of Tailor's Chowk, Munshi Triveni Shahai, son of Munshi, the local *rais*, stopped me on the way and offered a bottle and a glass of wine. When I refused he said, "This is twice distilled and is specially brought for you. This is the finest of the fine ever bought". I considered Triveni to be my elder brother and all his brothers were my friends. Without understanding what either "twice distilled" or "finest" meant, I drank a glass. Then I sat to chat with him for a while. It was intoxicating and I found its effect on trying to get up. One amongst the two friends who were by my side, said, "Go on, let us dance."

*This Picture and That.*—The drink had taken possession of me so much that my legs refused to stand erect. With a bottle in hand we entered a brothel. Up till now I had neither entered one nor had any conversation with its inmates. Seeing me, the son of a Kotwal, they all stood up and saluted me. The girl servant had a person by her side, ready with many presents. Then the old lady of the house ordered the dance to begin. There was a little delay on the part of the young

lady to begin that. I do not know what escaped my mouth. The whole house became nervous and the girl servant with confusion came running and saluted me. Various thoughts entered into my mind. She outstretched her hands to beg my apologies. I came out saying, "Asudh ! Asudh !" On reaching my house I went and fell on the floor. Getting up with difficulty I wanted to go upstairs but could not do so. With the help of my old servant I went upstairs and shut myself up in my room. When I was vomiting near the doorway, a soft hand was holding my head. I was a child in Shiva Devi's arms. After cleaning my mouth she washed the dirt on my face, removed my coat and had me laid upon a cot inside. Then covering my head with a blanket she sat by my side massaging my head and body. I could not forget the radiant face which met my eyes then. Even now I see myself lying under the shadow of that figure. I became tired. I closed my eyes and began to sleep in comfort.

*A Sati's Magic Touch.*—At about one o'clock in the night I woke up and even then the young girl of 14 or 15 years sat pressing my legs. When I asked her for water she wanted to help me in getting up, but I managed to get up myself. She gave me a cup of boiled milk. On emptying the contents I regained consciousness. Then I thought of English novels and Tulsi Das's couplets. I got up and said, "You have observed a complete vigil, dear, and have you now taken your meals?" Her reply made me anxious but, even in that anxiety, there was the lustre of love. "How can I eat when you have not yet taken your meals?" The moments that followed this answer are beyond description. I told her how I got myself degraded twice and begged her pardon. It was then she played the part of an adviser, "You are my master. Why are you adding to my sins by these things? My duty is to serve you always". Both of us took no food that night. From the following day there was a complete change in my life.

*Glory of Aryavarta.*—Even though our country has fallen from the path of Vedic faith, yet on account of the hymns and sacrifices made by Aryan women, it has not yet reached the level of 'Rasatāla' and still there are the forces of regeneration. That is my experience. Not only Bharat Mata but the whole mankind and civilization would be ennobled and illuminated with the revival of ancient Aryavarta when Indian women come to occupy their high and honoured place in society.

With another incident I shall proceed with my life journey. The Cantonment Parsee's bill was increasing and he sent me a bill for

Rs. 300 for payment. To evade payment I requested the bill collector to come after three days. I grew anxious. On seeing that, Shiva Devi asked the cause of my anxiety, at the time of our meals. I could not help telling her plainly the whole story. The consummation of the marriage had taken place only the previous night as per Vedic injunctions. She, even without taking her meals, removed one of her gold bangles and offered it to me as soon as I washed my hands after meals. I was wonder-struck and said, "Beloved, how is this possible? Instead of adorning you I am appropriating your jewels." It was now that I understood the deep insight of the Sanskrit saying, "An ideal wife resembles a master in protection, sister in difficulties and a wife in pleasure."

She offered another bangle also to me and said, "One pair was given by my father and the other by my mother-in-law. As my personal belongings are yours, why should you feel so much compunction in accepting this? Do not think it too much". Out of the amounts realised by the sale of the bangles I paid the Parsee's bill. The balance was left in my wife's box that I may be saved from further licentiousness. I determined then that the first demand on my earnings should be to make those bangles.

*As a Deputy Tahsildar.*—My father understood me to be unfit for further study and he knew that I detested Police life. Commissioner Edward was his old and obliging friend. He asked me whether I would be willing to sit for the Tahsildar's examination and take up service in the same division. I accepted that. The eldest of our brothers was looking after the land and doing *sowcar* business at Talwan. The second and the third were Police Sub-Inspectors in Mirzapur and Hamirpur Districts. As I was the youngest of his sons my father thought this to be his duty. He took me to Commissioner Edward. The Commissioner was very glad to see me conversing in English and sent me to a Tahsildar for training. I was made to act in the permanent vacancy of a Deputy Tahsildar for three months at Bareilly. My friends congratulated me when I accepted the offer. The Tahsildar Muniruddin was very grateful to my father as his father was the Deputy Manager at Bareilly, and both my father and himself were thick friends. He taught me also the work. As the Tahsil and Kotwal of Bareilly were very near I never felt the changed atmosphere. I spent a month like this. For 15 days the Tahsildar was absent on leave and I acted in his

place. My father was very glad that I would rise very high in public life; but he did not know the changes that were taking place in my mind.

*The Ruling Race.*—In the attitude of the Collector and the Joint Magistrate, I found an air of superiority. It was rankling in my heart when Shaik Muniruddin came, and I expressed to him my feelings. His answer unnerved me. He said, "Brother, Englishmen form the ruling race. There is no use of worrying ourselves." Then the Tahsildar took care of me and I passed a month more. There were 15 more days for the Naib Tahsildar to come back. A troop of soldiers had to pass their night in my Tahsil. That place was 8 to 10 miles distant from Bareilly. I reached there with Chapras and a Jamaidar to arrange for the supply of provisions. They were all white soldiers. Without paying the price to the owners, they began to appropriate eggs from the sellers. I complained to the Colonel and said that the poor men were not paid for the eggs; I told him I would be forced to send them away if they were not paid. The Colonel grew furious and said, "You will do it at your peril. What do you mean by being impertinent?" When he called me impertinent and threatened me, I was unable to contain myself. I told him, "I am taking away my men. I cannot brook that insult. You may do your worst." And I came away. The Colonel came forward. He was unarmed. I had a whip in my hand which I held firmly. The Colonel stopped for a while. Getting upon my horse I galloped away and asked my men also to disperse. Shop-keepers also began to run away when their shops were looted. Immediately on my return I told the whole story to the Tahsildar, on hearing which he grew angry with me.

*Fed up with Service.*—I prepared a full report of the happenings during the night and made the Tahsildar understand in Urdu the whole story. Then I went to the Collector's bungalow with the English report. I was called in. The Colonel was seen there sitting and complaining. At my sight the Collector flew in anger and said, "Why did you behave so disrespectfully to the Colonel? You will have to be punished for not discharging your duty." Handing over the report to the Collector I said, "Please read this and do justice." He did not even offer me a seat. On reading my report he retired into the room with the Colonel and both returned after about ten minutes. The Collector told me that if I could offer any apology to the Colonel he would not proceed

against me. I was wonder-struck. So I salaamed the Sahib and, turning my back to him, came out. The Commissioner's horseman came after me and asked me to come. The Collector was anxious to confirm me in a vacant Tahsil's post in the mofussil. I told the Collector, "I am fed up with Government service. Kindly excuse me." I wanted to leave the job that day itself, but the kind Commissioner Edward made me stay for 15 days more and cancelled the Collector's dismissal order. I could not stay, and handing over charge to the deputy on his return, I made myself free from English service.

## CHAPTER III

### A VILLAGE SOWCAR

My father was appointed as Police Sub-Divisional Officer at Kurju in the Jullunder district. I also accompanied him with my wife. I was able to save Rs. 200 with great economy, from my pay and allowances. Handing over that amount to my father I related to him the entire story. Pleased with my upright character, my father asked me, "How can you be called an atheist? Atheists are not true". It encouraged me. My father was now 54 years of age and in a year he was to retire from service and draw his pension. His old well-wisher, C. P. Carmichael, came to Bulandshahr. He was the gentleman who saved my father from the suits of Benares Rahmatulla, when he was the Inspector General of Police. He congratulated my father on his honourable acquittal.

*Carmichael's Offer.*—My father met Carmichael who was now a senior Member of the Board of Revenue at Sikaram where he was on an inspection tour. I accompanied my father then.

The then Collector was for a long time at Mathura. He was the translator of Tulasidas *Ramayanam*. My father, introducing me to him, went to see Carmichael in the other room. The Collector was speaking in high terms about Tulasidas and I, though an atheist, joined him in speaking highly of Tulasidas's Bhakti. In the meantime I was called in by Carmichael. On seeing me he said, "I have got you here through your father. I will employ you in the grade of Rs. 150 to Rs. 300 and within four years you will blossom into a Deputy Collector. Follow me". I took two months' time to consider. Carmichael was very kind towards those whom he liked and he was a stranger to racial differences. Perhaps Lord Carmichael, the Governor of Bengal, belonged to this family.

*A Murderer's Confession.*—As usual when he was telling the *Ramayan* story, my father was able to get the confession of a certain accused person in a murder case into which he was enquiring. The Sessions Court at Meerut in which the case was tried was crowded. My father was also there. The accused thought that if he was punished



in his present life he would be safe in the next life. Sending my father out of the court, the judge tried his best but the accused was firm in his statement that he did not want to tell a lie and suffer its consequences in the next life. In the end he was sentenced to only five years imprisonment.

*The Next Turn.*—My father's Meerut trip greatly affected my future life. He met there the Jullunder vakil, Dungarmal, and talked to him about me. My father determined that he should retire and I should be a practising lawyer. Himself afraid of service, he had no faith in British justice. I was thinking of a way to escape from the promise given to Carmichael. On his return from Meerut my father put his proposal before me and I accepted it with pleasure. He sent me away to Talwan making me understand that I should be prepared and ready to go to Lahore as early as possible, to begin my law studies.

*As a Village Sowcar.*—Within 5 or 6 months of my stay there I grew into a village *sowcar*. Everything was perfect with me except flesh and drink. Having bidden farewell to reading and writing, I spent the greater portion of the day in playing chess.

I was a strange atheist in the sense that I got my house decorated with due reverence during Krishna Janmashtami that it became a centre of attraction to women and children of the locality. At the same time I was condemning in forceful language the blind belief of the people. The truth was that I did all these things as my father's representative and acted as per his instructions.

## CHAPTER IV

### LIFE AT LAHORE

Reaching Lahore in the second week of January, I spent about 15 days in search of a house. Before qualifying themselves to sit for examinations, Law students were required to attend 85 per cent of the term days. Generally Law students absented themselves without previous intimation. Joining the class a few days before it was opened in January, I studied my books for three or four days. Then I purchased many English novels and other books of English literature to pass away my time. Then began my idle walks in the ruins and old palaces of Lahore.

*Contact with Bakshis Singh.*—As there was some work at Talwan I went there for the holidays and over-stayed the leave period, which caused me a loss of five or six lectures. I now came in contact with one Bakshis Singh, a profligate, who used always to speak to me about amateur dramatic associations and persuaded me to attend their rehearsals. He persuaded me to believe that if a provision store was opened in Lahore, its income would not only be sufficient to supplement and meet the cost of our extra necessities like drink, etc., but also would enable us to save something. I also wished that I should not be a burden upon my father.

*Opened a Store.*—So on the strength of his advice I got Rs. 500 from Talwan on my return. As I was the treasurer of my house I was able to get this amount. I hoped to replace it from the profits to be earned. The shop was at Anarkali. Bakshis Singh was made the manager of the store and its expenses went on increasing so much that there were no visible signs of earning profit. On my complaint, the manager said that if I managed to get a licence to deal in English beer we could sell it and earn good profits. When I was on my way to the Deputy Collector with the request, a sense of doubt and shame took hold of me and I at once tore the petition to pieces.

*Mystery Revealed.*—On the same evening when I met the owner of the premises he said with surprise, "I was under the idea that Bakshis Singh was the owner and that you were his friend often fre-

quencing the shop. I came to know only today that you are the owner. Bakshis Singh is a spend-thrift. He is disliked and disowned by his father. So be careful." Hearing this I went to the shop where I saw Bakshis Singh lounging in a chair and a man packing things.

*Not a Bad Bargain.*—I ordered the detention of the articles. The buyer then demanded his Rs. 8 and odd from Bakshis Singh. He had Rs. 35 in his pocket. Managing to get hold of all the remaining things, I drove that fellow out. All the goods were sold away at 25% less than the cost price. The furniture was auctioned. I paid the full rent for the month even though we occupied the shop for 15 days. On the whole I was able to realise Rs. 250, and that in itself was not a bad bargain.

*My Studies.*—I informed my father the full details of my loss of Rs. 250 in the business. He excused me for the loss and never informed even my brother. I was detained in Talwan for some time as I had to arrange my niece's marriage. It meant the loss of many term days. Again I went to Lahore to continue my studies in Law. Instead of 75% attendance, I had only 70% term days. Another obstacle was added to this — our professor was absent for a month and no one was appointed to act in his place. So there were no lectures on the subject. Disappointed, I returned home.

## CHAPTER V

### DAYANAND'S SAMADHI

In January, 1882, I again joined the Law classes. After attending 80 per cent of the term days I came to Talwan with the idea of studying at home. There were no educated companions there with whom I could have passed my time. So I remained for some time at Jullunder at my mother-in-law's house and my intimacy with my eldest brother-in-law, Balakram, grew in strength. People of my mother-in-law's household were flesh-eaters and drunkards. These two things then constituted the sure signs of nobility. When I drank wine for no purpose how could any one but the best self-controlled men escape it ?

I was spending the holidays by wandering from place to place and from friend to friend. My father also retired from service and came there. Going to Khurja I packed all goods and took them to Talwan. At Jullunder when I started reading books I invariably read novels and told their purport to Lala Balakram. English literature had made my life restless and I felt so much of worry that in my later life I insisted upon my Brahmacharies to save themselves from reading them. Those who honoured me by carrying out these instructions would at least feel how far they were the better for it.

*Back to Lahore.*—Finding it impossible to study at Jullunder in my people's house I again came to Lahore and rented a house facing the river. Close by there was an association called "Sarva Hita Karini Sabha". I took part in its deliberations and in doing so came in contact with learned men like Jwara Singh and Bahi Ditta Singh, who were connected with Lahore Arya Samaj as Secretary and Treasurer respectively. My drinking habit was dying away slowly. I took interest in the Arya Samaj and attended lectures at Brahma Samaj also but was unable to evince much interest in them as I was busy with my preparations for the examination.

*Failure in Examination.*—My examination had come. On the second day itself I felt I would not pass. But taking courage into my hands I answered all the papers and came back to Jullunder. My father also had come to Jullunder to pass the first six months of his retirement.

The results were published then, and I failed. At my dejected demeanour my father\* consoled me much and took me to Talwan. My wife also accompanied me carrying our three or four months old daughter. Three months were passed in sweet home. The daughter was named Vedakumari. She gave us heavenly happiness.

*My Father's Anxiety.*—But the world consists of two extremes. Happiness succeeds sorrow; sorrow succeeds happiness.

My brother Atmaram, having been relieved from service, came home with his family. So my father had to support two families. I was anxious for Shiva Devi. But her extraordinary patience pacified even me. I was anxious to start life. To relieve myself from such sorrows and anxieties I became an unrestricted drunkard. It caused me not only intoxication but also a little unconsciousness. As its effect was not very great upon me I did not fully detest the corruption. Even after a full bottle my head would not reel, and I would be speaking temperately.

*A Virtual Drunkard.*—I was certified for this act at the marriage of my brother-in-law, Raizada Hansraj. Festivities were in full swing. When the bridal procession was ready all got drunk and appeared intoxicated. When I had emptied half a bottle, Rai Saligram sent for me and said, "Be careful, when the procession arrives let there be no disturbance. If you find even myself unfit you can stop me." This touched me and made me think, what better certificate could one have earned? An inner voice was telling me then that if I were to be free from this corruption I would be able to do great things for the benefit of the world. I was glad an opportunity occurred to me to make amends for the same.

*My Studies.*—I was tossed about in my thoughts of how to begin life. These thoughts prevented my preparations for the examination. I felt that if I had obeyed the inner call there would have been no necessity for these thoughts. Once in every two or three days I was writing applications for appointments and then tore them to pieces. Then I thought of preparing for the examinations.

*My Sati's Words.*—I had finished more than half the portion of the studies. For about 20 days I was only sleeping 3 hours in the night and the rest were spent in study only. My eyes had almost become dim. After Dassera I went with my wife to Jullunder getting myself disgusted with studies. There, after narrating to her my thoughts, I

said that I was in search of an appointment and sought her permission for the same. "Do what you consider best. I am unfit to give you advice. My Dharma consists in carrying out your orders." That was her only reply.

*Trip in Rajputana.*—I thought it was the worst of all professions to serve an Englishman. To animate the drooping spirit I was thinking of a pleasure tour to the Rajputana States. I wished that my father-in-law's household people did not know these things. My brother-in-law Balakram was ready at the station to see me off. With a ticket I got into the train. Again on the journey I flew on the wings of thought. "You go in search of that which you consider slavish." Then I made up my mind once for all to go to Lahore and sit for the examination. There I met a friend of mine, who was also studying for Law. He had a cook with him. I shared his expenses and began to prepare for the examination. Merriment and sports made me forget all anxious thoughts. After midday meals I took the cantonment roads in search of solitary places where I sat reading till sun-set. At night again my lamp burned and I was awake. Sometimes I read Scott's novels till midnight and law books from 2 to 6 a.m. After my examination I went to my father because I thought I would get a pass.

*Called to the Bar.*—Bhai Balakram wired from Phillaur the news of my success. Father's joy knew no bounds. He worshipped the Gods and entertained Brahmins. At the suggestion of a relative my father had arranged for a nautch party also. At the suggestion of a friend I got enrolled immediately as Mukthar to practise in the Jullunder District.

*Dayanand's Samadhi.*—One important incident needs mention here. On the Deepavali evening of that year — 1883 — Rishi Dayanand after throwing the burden of his task upon the Arya Samaj, had attained Samadhi. All papers in the country expressed admiration for his work. When the news was published I was at Jullunder and on my suggestion a condolence meeting was held in the rooms of Pundit Shivanarayan Lall, Vakil. Lecturers were sent for from Lahore. Pundit Guru Dutt and Lala Hansraj came. All of us were at the station to receive them. Lala Hansraj spoke in English and Pundit Guru Dutt spoke in Urdu. The lectures were so brilliant that none was able enough from among the vakils present at the meeting to propose the distinguished lecturers a vote of thanks. Finally, seeing the occasion, Pundit Devi Chandra spoke a few words.

## CHAPTER VI

### A NEW LIFE

*My Practice.*—I had now entered my name in Jullunder Court and started practice. I was taking my food in my father-in-law's house and passed my time in happy mood. Moulabux, my tout, had brought the first case and received a sum of Rs. 25 as fees to plead for a client before a Thasildar at Phillaur. That Thasildar was a friend of mine. I purposely arranged with the Thasildar to adjourn the case as often as possible and also got a promise to post the case always at Phillaur. In the meantime I got a horse and a carriage from my father. My purse would be full for some days and for a long time it would be empty but in course of time my practice had increased.

*My Accounts.*—I had now settled in Phillaur. The deep love of my father was still in my mind. The Munsiff was a Sunni orthodox Mahomedan. He would not take even water from a Hindu. But my father was an exception. There was no other Mukhtar friend to tempt me in the old ways of drinking. During the middle of March I went to Talwan. Showing all my accounts to my father, I had put a sum of Rs. 75 at my father's feet. My father was very glad. I had made up my mind to send him account every month. A month later I earned Rs. 200 when I was able to send him a sum of Rs. 125, spending only Rs. 75 for my expenses. My father made me to understand that I had now become a Grihastha and I should keep myself any amount which could be spared. I was very glad.

*Moulabux, my Tout.*—I had now come with my family to Phillaur. During this time I had a number of engagements. On my coming to Phillaur I found Moulabux had run away taking loans from the local English Bar tavern in my name. Moreover, I came to know that he was frequenting very often the local ill-famed houses during nights pretending all the time to sleep in my residence downstairs, and squandering all the money. His pay was Rs. 10. He was knocking out not less than Rs. 30 to Rs. 40 from my clients and in addition to this he was anyhow making a sum of Rs. 40 to Rs. 50 for his expenses. I had now to pay up all the people the loan which he took in my name.

*My Brother.*—Thus Moulabux left me. Now I heard a news that my brother was suspended from his Police post. So sending all my articles to Talwan, I went to Bhagalpore to help my brother in reinstating him again in his job by appealing to higher authorities. When he was again taken into Police service, he was made to resign his job by my father to keep up his respect which he did and went to our native place to look after our family works and activities. The vacation again made me go to Talwan.

*Again Drink.*—I returned to Jullunder and my income was increasing. I again fell to the drinking habit. So long as I submitted my account regularly to my father, there was a check in me to escape vices. Now my father had given me freedom and it had led me to licentiousness. If my wife and daughter had been with me I would have been saved. My income was rising every day and the bottles also were in abundance in my room. I had all the enjoyments of this life. But these joys brought me pain and sorrow. These corruptions were never visible externally in my acts and activities. I had now so accustomed to drink that any number of bottles would neither shiver me nor shake my tongue. But it had affected my brain and I could not read anything for more than half an hour nor concentrate even a few minutes. These were signs of some internal changes.

*The Dark Final Night.*—I knew in December 1884 that no one could appear for Vakalat Examination an year hence unless he was a B.A. Wishing to take opportunity of this concession, as Muktharship would not be sufficient for my wide practice, I got myself prepared to go to Lahore even before my long vacation to attend lectures there. But there was a feast every day given by some of our friends. Flesh and wine had become our daily routine. Egg, wine and chicken, we had plenty every day. I was preparing for examinations during mornings and my memory would dive deep in wine every evening.

There was a feast in one of my friends' house on a certain evening. Flesh and bottles were freely used. We dispersed after a grand feast. But I found a Mukthar friend of mine whirling and whizzing. So I took upon myself the task of taking him to his home safely. When I was taking him in a carriage, he suddenly got down at a place and entered a house. When I accompanied him, to my dismay I found a base woman sitting there. Dragging him back again I put him in the carriage and took him safely to his house. When I returned it was 8



in the night. My friend was waiting for me with a half-finished bottle. We drank together. Another bottle! With a further peg my friend had become senseless. I requested him to stop drinking. Opening the side door, he went inside, and I was thinking to empty the remaining bottle. In the meantime a screaming noise was heard coming from inside. Knocking the door back I rushed in to see a young girl struggling to free herself from my devil friend. Had I been a minute late, she might have been outraged. I kicked him and she, freeing herself from his clutches, escaped in fear. Forcibly dragging my friend to his bed, I sat in great amazement bewildered. My mind was wandering and there was a great determination to avoid drink. Like my previous vows, I thought to abandon it on emptying the existing bottle. The glass was filled up. Suddenly a mental screen appeared to be dropping in front of me. A gigantic figure in loin-cloth, shining in ashes, with a long stick in his hand, stood before me — SWAMI DAYANAND SARASWATI. "Have you not still faith in God?" Thus he roared. My eyes were dim. There was no more of that figure. But my heart was beating. I threw the filled wine glass against the wall. The bottle was also thrown and smashed to pieces.

*A New Life.*—I washed my face and hands. I sat for a while thinking. God's mercy is great. Who can fathom Him? I slept and getting up early in the morning, after bath I went to the Railway Station. The train was to start at ten. But it was only eight. The train came and I departed to Lahore. On reaching Lahore, I got down at one of my friends' house in the evening. After bath and food I had a sound sleep. This sleep laid the foundation to my new life and from the next day onwards there was a great change in my life.

## CHAPTER VII

### “SATYARTHA PRAKASH”

*New Life.*—On waking up after my first night's sleep at Lahore I felt I was in a new world altogether. After bath and prayers I felt very fresh. Then I went out for a walk. After walking about two miles on the Golbagh Road I sat in a garden, which gave me some mental peace. After half an hour's rest I returned to my place.

The same evening I got my name entered in the registers of the Law Class and commenced my studies in right earnest. On the following Sunday morning I enjoyed Harikirtan at the Arya Samaj. Two Mohamedan boys sang there and the lecture was very interesting. Puranicism, Christianity, Regeneration of the Country, Widow Remarriage, Necessity of Havan, were some of the subjects chosen by the speakers.

*The Brahma Faith.*—The evenings I invariably spent in going to the Brahma Samaj, where the same Mohamedan boys used to sing. One evening after songs, Pundit Shivnath Sastri came to the pulpit and spoke on the value of Bhakti. His peaceful face, vehement pronouncement, kind and loving words, all impressed me very much. I purchased all the books of the Brahma Samaj that very night. I read those books in the course of a week. Lala Kashiram was the chief of the 'New Dispensation'. I could not understand the Brahma Samaj literature, their conception of Jeevatma and its eternal progress.

*Kashiram's Advice.*—I went to Kashiram's residence, where he presented me with a copy of his book, which I read over again and noted all my doubts. Then again I went to Kashiram's house, but he was not to be found there. After waiting for half an hour I left word with his younger brother Madhav Ram, a *pucca* Arya Samajist, that I would go over to him the next morning and that his brother should be asked to wait for me. As promised I met him the next morning. On hearing my doubts he advised me to read the lectures of Keshub Chunder Sen and Pratab Chandra Muzumdar. As I had already read those books, he had to reply me and I was not satisfied. I believed in Karma and re-birth and it was then that the thought of Dayanand's

discussion with the Rev. T. J. Scott came to my mind. Immediately, with the idea of buying a copy of the *Satyartha Prakash* I hastened to the Arya Samaj. It was closed and I was informed that the book would be available with Lala Keshav Dev. I got his house address and with great difficulty, after two hours' wandering, I reached there.

*The Satyartha Prakash.*—Keshav was then in the Chief Telegraph Office where he was a signaller. I went to his office during recess time. Again I went to his house. Then also he was not there. On enquiry I learnt that he would return at 1-30 p.m. from office. So an hour and a half was spent in loitering about. When I saw somebody entering his house I said, "Sir, I want to purchase a copy of the *Satyartha Prakash*." He said, "After easing myself and taking food I shall come with you to the Samaj Mandir and give you the copy." From the Samaj Mandir he gave me a copy of the book and I discovered in it a priceless treasure. I was so engaged in reading it that my friends often missed me very much at the breakfast table. When I reached home my supper had grown cold. As I was very hungry the food was delicious. I abandoned my walk that evening and in the night, after completing the introduction, I read the first chapter.

*Contact with Sundara Das.*—Once when I was sitting at Anarkali at 6 a.m. the English chapter of the *Satyartha Prakash* was lying open before me. Resting my head upon my hands I was engaged in meditation. Immediately the door was opened and my friend Sundara Das entered. The noise of his steps woke me up from my thought sleep. Sundara Das was the brother of Amolak Ram, who was connected with the Political agitation of Rawalpindi. Amolak Ram was a faithful Arya Samajist. Sundara Das was under the impression that my leanings were towards the Brahmo Samaj as I had become a Theist.

*Enters the Arya Samaj.*—He enquired of me, "What are your thoughts? Let me have your decision". I told him that my doubts upon rebirth had been cleared and I was thinking of becoming a member of the Arya Samaj. On hearing this reply a glow of light flashed upon Sundara Das's face that I still remember it vividly. During these 42 years of my life as an Arya Samajist I felt the same amount of pleasure as and when I was privileged to rescue doubtful souls from the sea of confusion to the shore of faith. Sundara Das was very popular. He was known as 'Bhai Sundara Das'. He was much more

than a brother in his love of service for his friends who had gathered there.

Passing through the Shah Alum gate, Sundara Das and I went to the Arya Samaj. Though the present buildings of the Arya Samaj are thoroughly changed, yet I remember the old one vividly. On the verandah there was a table and in the hall there was a platform. There was also a library. The very same boys were singing select verses from Kabir Das and other great devotees. I used to sit close to the pulpit.

*Lala Sain Das.*—Brother Sundara Das was telling something to Lala Sain Das, who was the life and blood of the Lahore Arya Samaj. Perhaps he was telling him that I was there to pay my homage to Swami Dayanand, whose majestice figure could never be forgotten. At a time when the whole country was spurning ancient Aryan civilization and Indians were encouraging foreign civilization, if there had been any man who accepted and practised Rishi Dayanand's teachings on Swadeshism the place of honour should go to Lala Sain Das. His cap, his shirts, were of Indian manufacture. He was always wearing Punjabi shoes. Lala Sain Das was a Translator of the Punjab Chief Court and in his office, instead of a rough dhoti he used to wear Swadeshi trousers. People were asked to sit at the time of worship. Sain Das's eyes were always upon me.

*My Maiden Speech.*—Lalaji called me to his side. He blessed me and asked me to sit by his side. Brother Ditta Singh, who was a most enthusiastic member of the Arya Samaj in those days, was a regular preacher. At the conclusion of his speech he spoke about my admission into the Samaj in 1885 and said that my knowledge of the Samaj was due to the former Secretary, Hir Singh. Hir Singh was the man who turned out to be a bitter enemy of the Arya Samaj later when he identified himself with the construction of the Amritsar Shiva Temple. He was such a devoted servant of the Samaj to start with that, when trusted disciples like Lala Sain Das and Rai Moolraj and others were corresponding with the Rishi in Urdu and English, Hir Singh always corresponded only in the Arya Bhasha. He then began to speak and concluded by calling upon me to speak. I was thunder-struck. Though I had spoken at literary gatherings and at Court I had not up till then delivered any lecture to an audience and I was not even prepared for the speech. I was confused. Still I expressed my thoughts, which I do not exactly remember now. In short I said that there should be

unity of thought and action. Mere preaching of Vedic doctrines alone would not do. One should practise those doctrines and one should not pretend to be a preacher. Self-sacrificing men were required for the propagation of the truth.

*Master Heera Singh.*—Master Heera Singh of Amritsar, who was then at Lahore to get himself trained in the teaching profession, was also present at that meeting. On hearing my lecture he said that a new spirit had come into Arya Samaj and it remained to be seen if it would either save or sink it. The Arya Samaj then had no Upadeshak except one paid preacher. Save for the singing of the Mohamedan boys there was no worship and preaching. It was left to the readers without the aid of any embellishment to judge the contributions made by the new spirit that was introduced into the Samaj by Lala Sain Das.

## CHAPTER VIII

### A FAITHFUL SAMAJIST

We who were of one thought took two houses which were close by and six of us were living in them. Excluding me, two were studying for the Vakalat Examination. There was one Raizada Bhagatram, a prominent Barrister of Jullunder. Mukundu Ram, who later went to England with Bhagatram, to qualify himself for the bar, met with accidental death during a sea bath. Mukundu Ram was a clear speaker. He performed his Sandhyas regularly and was a staunch Arya Samajist. The late Ramachander, prominent Samajist of Hoshiarpur, was a relative of the famous Adam Dithamaljee who afterwards became the President of the Prati Nidhi Sabha. The following narrative will explain what part each of them played in moulding my life.

*Messengers of Vedic Dharma.*—Friends of the Arya Samaj went out for a picnic once. We had a very enjoyable time then. My friends were infected with my talks. During dinner time Sundaradas, Ramachander, Mukundu Ram and myself made up our minds to carry the message of Vedic Dharma at least once a week to the masses, even without their asking for it. That resolution was enthusiastically and cheerfully carried out during the year.

*Devarajee's Offer.*—At camp after food I studied my law books. Then I received some letters, among which was one from Devarajee, Principal of the Kanya Maha Vidyalaya at Jullunder. The gist of Devarajee's letter to me was that I should act as the President of the Jullunder Samaj and that he would act as the Secretary. I showed this letter to Bhagatram and, as I was leaving him I exclaimed, "Bhai Devarajee is a very simple man. Having merely known that I have turned atheist how did it strike him that I would be a Samajist without making himself certain about that and without even ascertaining the real facts? It is astonishing that he should ask me to be the President". Bhai Bhagatram said that I should not throw overboard the offer and disappoint the Jullunder Aryas.

*Bhagatramjee's Advice.*—After supper I went for a walk with brother Bhagatram. We sat in an open field and thought over this

matter carefully. I felt I was an humble individual and asked myself if I could fill the high office of a President. Besides I was only a novice in the Aryan Faith. When I said that the President's duties were much more onerous than that of a king, Bhagatramjee had a hearty laugh. "Munshiramjee", he said, "four kids only, are the members. It is almost a child's play." On hearing this I too had a good laugh. I agreed to give him a reply after further consideration. Then we returned to our camp.

With many, a change of religion is the result of a tempting bite but with me it is a question of life and death. Even to this day it has become my nature to consider ordinary questions of thought as matters of life and death. This has been a source of great help to me in understanding many naughty problems of life. Foreseeing things in this light will give us power to understand the opponent's position and love him. I thought why I should make enemies of these people who would have helped me and co-operated with me in carrying aloft the banner of Vedic Dharma and the Arya Nation.

*President of Jullunder Samaj.*—When I was engaged in these thoughts, brother Bhagatram reminded me of the offer from Jullunder and asked me to accept unhesitatingly the Presidentship of the Samaj after becoming a member. When I was made to understand that, in all reality, I would be made the President, I made up my mind to read daily at least for two hours the *Satyartha Prakash* and understand it: The ninth chapter not only cleared my numerous doubts about freedom from bondage but also opened before me the secrets of an ideal life. The tenth chapter worked such a wonder in my flesh eating and drinking habits that I could not help recording it in detail.

*An Incident.*—In the evenings after supper at Lahore I used to discuss law subjects with my classmates and then take a walk. One evening prior to Holi, at about 5 I remember I walked to Anarkali. The fresh breeze was so soothing that I fell in love with nature's beauty. Just then the sight of a flesh carrier, running hurriedly to escape the burden of the weight on his head, caught my sight. In the basket which he was carrying was to be found slaughtered sheep's heads and the skin-stripped legs. That sight touched my heart to the quick and my innermost mercy was aroused immediately. I was a flesh eater in my early days and it was my father's opinion and belief that it was necessary for a Kshatriya. Such being the case I could not account for this sudden burst of human feeling. I was looking at the

basket till it disappeared from my sight. Slowly but surely sinking in thought, I made my way to the tent.

*Wisdom Dawns.*—After my morning bath and the usual ablutions I used to take in hand the *Satyartha Prakash*. It invariably reminded me of my duties. Once in a week in one of the spacious rooms of the camp we were holding a meeting under the auspices of the Union Club and discussed various subjects. On a particular day I was the lecturer but I was not prepared for a speech. I never even thought over the subject that morning. Till late in the day I was reading my law books and then the *Satyartha Prakash*. That day I had to read the tenth chapter which speaks of prohibited and unprohibited diets. It was then that the truth about animal food was made clear to me.

*Hatred of Flesh.*—When I was thus engaged in reading the tenth chapter of the *Satyartha Prakash* the servant announced that supper was ready. I rose with deep thought and getting my hands and legs cleaned, I went into the dining room for supper. To my sorrow I found there was flesh curry. I hated it so much that I took the bowl containing flesh and threw it against the wall. It broke to pieces. My friends got excited. "What, any flies in the curry? What is this? Why did you throw it? What is the matter?" were the various queries. Silencing all of them I said, "Don't you speak without thinking. It is one of the great sins for Aryans to eat flesh. I could not bear the sight of it at my table." All my brothers were startled. They kept quiet at the moment but some time afterwards asked me why, instead of handing it over to others, I broke the bowl into pieces. I did not reply them and perhaps it was due to my timidity. How can the fetters forged by custom and tradition of the world be silently broken? I could only eat a little that day.

*Company of Vegetarians.*—From next day onwards more and more vegetarians dined with us. There were already Messrs. Ramchander and Mukundu Ram, who were vegetarians. My desire for non-vegetarian food left me once for all that day. I had grown so disgusted with it that I could not sit even by the side of flesh eaters for the reason that my heart would be perturbed.

Bhai Devarajee had asked me to go to him for the Holi holidays. My friends too were anxious to see me after I became an Arya Samajist. So, I went to Jullunder a day earlier than the Holi week.

*My Speech at Jullunder.*—Though Devarajee was much junior to me in years, yet in the service of the Samaj he was my senior. His



Samaj was considered to be a boys' association. A little farther away from Kapurthala Raja's palace there was the famous Morary Malpur Dharmasala. The Sunday gatherings of the Samaj were held there. One Sunday I was booked to speak on the "Evils of early marriage and the benefits of Brahmacharya." Devarajee's desire stood fulfilled. Among those who were present were Babu Madangopal, Babu Salam Mathrai, some vakils and others. The hall was full and with some pride I can say my lecture was also successful. On reaching the junction of the four roads, vakils congratulated me. Brother Madangopal, pleader, said, "Mahasayaji, your lecture has impressed me very much."

*A Child Marriage Averted.*—Devarajee's father, Lala Saligram, was seriously engaged in settling his one year old grandson's marriage with the 16 months old daughter of one of his relations. The bridegroom was Devarajee's son Gandharvaraj and the bride was the daughter of Lala Bhavanidas. I was engaged in carrying on propaganda against early marriage. Once we were talking over these things when Devarajee, feeling ashamed, went home. What else could he do? Finally, the marriage was averted. When the son and the girl were 14 or 15 years of age Devarajee's relations insisted upon their celebrating their marriage, but Devarajee had resolved not to celebrate it so early. I also told him my determination that I would not get my son married before he was twenty-five. He felt very much encouraged then. Thereupon his relations deserted him. Chiranjeevi Gandharvajee's marriage was celebrated on his attaining his full age.

After that again I went to Lahore to prepare for the Vakalat Examination.

*A Faithful Samajist.*—In those days, Shiv Narayan Agnihotri (the present President of Dev Samaj) was famous at Lahore for his Urdu learning. Ala Ram was a devout worshipper at the altar of the Samaj in those days and was delivering his lectures with the aid of written couplets, sonnets, etc. We were very much entertained by his two lectures in our tent. Mahasaya Ramachander was such a devoted Samajist that he was praising Ala Ram to the skies and was speaking ill of Agnihotri as he had gone out of his faith. Simply to tease Mahasaya Ramchander, Rai Bhagatram used to speak in praise of Agnihotri and decry Ala Ram in such strong language that in the course of time the name of Ramchander in these discussions brought in its train the name of Ala Ram also.

## CHAPTER IX

### NIRJALA EKADASI

Abandonment of flesh re-sharpened my intellect and so helped me in my study of law. There was no separate Law College then. In one of the rooms of the Government College, E. W. Parker, District Judge, was giving lectures to the Vakalat candidates. Lala Lal Chander was taking Mukthar classes. Some students had nicknamed Parker as the 'Bursting Boss'. Parker was so fond of exhibiting his proficiency in the subject that he would at the highest pitch of his voice lecture as if in a fright or terror. Lala Lal Chand, M.A., (later Rai Bahadur) was very good-natured and gentle in his habits. He never lectured looking at the boys. He was always looking down.

*Lala Sundara Lal.*—Lala Sundara Lal, a Government clerk, was by the kindness of Lightner made a Reader of the Mukthar class on Rs. 50 per mensem. His is an interesting story. The Tahsildar gave him a promotion and he was awarded the Sanad. But all alone he was sitting by the table, driving his pen. Once he was sent out as a clerk of the Divisional Judge's Court and his chances of becoming a Munsiff were very great then. But the thought of the College table and the peon was so strong in him that he came back within 15 days after informing the Munsiff duly. He was ignorant of law and so went on reading his book. Ever nervous, he found it difficult to answer and clear the students' doubts. Finally, experience showed him a way out of his difficulty. He was able to defeat the students by saying, "Look here, I am not a lecturer to answer questions. I am only a Reader and as such be content with hearing my reading." Holland's Jurisprudence was one of the subjects, which we felt to be difficult. Parker's replies to our doubts confounded us.

*President of Debating Society.*—One day, to a question put by a student, I answered with permission. Parker asked me to substantiate my answer, which I did with the authority of Bentham and Austin. This brought the students round about me with requests to explain Holland. Parker had opened a debating society for our benefit, of which I was made the President. Not content with reading class books alone I was well acquainted with a knowledge of the laws of Ancient Rome.

I had gained acquaintance with Babu Das Bundhi Rai of Lahore through his brother Babu Dev Singh, a prominent lawyer friend of mine, practising at Jullunder. Babu Das Bundhi Rai was in possession of a fine law library. I was reading law reports and so was well conversant with both Case and Statute Law.

When there are prescribed text books one may ask why I was going for other books. The only answer was that the thought of one day becoming a Judge of the Chief Court had taken possession of my mind. And in order to equip myself I was going in for all books. That idea was in my mind till 1885. How I got freed from that is in itself an interesting story.

*Happy Days.*—The long vacation used to begin in July. Until then I was very regular in attending the weekly meetings of both the Arya Samaj and the Brahmo Samaj. I also attended invariably all the important lectures delivered under their auspices. The rest of my time was devoted to the reading of all the law and other allied books. My friends were greatly impressed with the strength of my memory. In my evening walks I would tell in simple language the substance of my reading, to hear which 10 to 15 students would gather round about me. The debating society also was very useful. It was completely managed and run by students themselves. Parker greatly honoured the regulations made by students. He would sit on the bench with the students as one among themselves even when I was presiding over its meetings. Those were happy days.

*Sain Das.*—Lala Sain Das was considered to be the protector of the Lahore Samaj. He was neither a public speaker nor a contributor to newspapers. His activities did not extend beyond the Lahore Samaj. All the mofussil Samajists drew their strength from the Lahore Samaj, and as such naturally Lala Sain Das was the centre of gravity. He was not eloquent. In the society of a single individual he would be a great orator. But he embodied in himself a knowledge of the history of all religions like Christianity, Mohamedanism and Sikhism. He wrote a pamphlet entitled "An Arya" as a review of the criticisms levelled against Dayanand by a Calcutta pundit. One great characteristic of Lala Sain Das was that he never missed even one criticism.

*Jivan Das.*—There was a request from a young applicant to become an Arya. Somebody in the Samaj got up and asked, "Is he 18

years of age?" Lala Sain Das, blushing and palpitating, asked him to sit down, by a show of his hand.

At once Jivan Das rose and protested in a loud tone that he had a right to get the information and as such he would not sit. It was then that the Secretary read the application form in which the applicant's age was found to be 19. Jivan Das was a translator in the Financial Commissioner's Office and I have seen hundreds of circulars translated by him. They were nice.

*A. O. Hume's Letter.*—It was said that the great A. O. Hume had come to Lahore in connection with the Indian National Congress. I came to understand subsequently that people in whom he had high hopes had not come up to his expectations. He was himself unaware of the causes which led to that. But in Rai Moolraj he found a perfect example of the Indian spirit. The impression then was that Hume would be an emissary of the Government sent to trouble Indians. None but God knows whether Moolraj had anything to do with the rumour and there was no sufficient evidence. Hume wrote afterwards an ever memorable letter to Lala Sain Das. Hume mentioned in that letter how Moolraj could be an atheist and still be the president of the society founded by his honoured friend Swami Dayanand Saraswati.

We were then very anxious in spreading Dharmic truth. Bhai Sundara Das, Mahasaya Ramchander Magundhi, Lala and myself used to preach and carry the message of the Vedic mission to the masses from street corners daily for a month. It was extremely regrettable that after the vacation we were not so eager about this noble task. By Ala Ram's and Naval Singh's lectures the down-trodden and the middle-class people were made to take interest in the Samaj.

*My Father's Illness.*—I came from Lahore to Jullunder and had hardly begun those lectures, when news came from the village that my father was unwell. On receipt of the news I hastened to Talwan and found father in a very unsatisfactory state of health. One half of his body was affected by paralysis and he was living separate from the family. My presence and the doctor's medicines had some effect in bettering his condition but his eyesight was failing. Valetudinarianism, the cause of his disease, had brought death upon many of our pensioners. For thirty continuous years he was very active in his daily life, with horse-riding, running, etc. Retirement left him without any work. I told him many times to make himself active by moving in the paddy fields. But he found no necessity to do that as he got all the

information he wanted by cross-examining the ryots. This taught me a lesson as I hope it will teach many of my readers.

*Nirjala Ekadasi Day.*—Even though my father was a little better I stayed in Talwan to serve him. On Nirjala Ekadasi day my father came home from his place. Every member of the family had to do Sankalpa to a water-laden vessel with a melon fruit, sweets and money laid upon it. One laughs at the sight of Hindus drinking large quantities of water on the Nirjala Ekadasi day, to the chanting of mantras. We observed it by fasting without drinking even a drop of water for the whole day and night. The following day we broke the fast taking a little water and melon. Occasionally diarrhoea used to follow this. Surprising indeed are the activities of our people.

Nirjala Ekadasi was the first occasion that put to the test my faith in religion. My father loved me better than all his children. Himself a sincere worshipper, he devoted his time in changing the Punjab Hindus from tomb-stone worship. In Talwan there were many who were turned from tomb-stone worshippers to temple worshippers.

*The Ordeal.*—My father sent for me to perform Sankalpa, and it was an examination day. With books kept wide open before me I could escape the day by shutting my eyes. But the messenger from my father was too strong for me. So I had to go. I cannot forget that day. Our house had a long verandah on two sides. I saw my father sitting there on an elevated seat. In front of him there were a row of vessels. My brothers and their sons were there. My father had finished his Sankalpa. A seat before a vessel was left vacant for me. I stood before my father and the following conversation took place: "Dear Munshi Ram, where were you? Greatly expecting you I read the Sankalpa to others. You shall have to perform your Sankalpa when I read it, and thus allow me to be relieved of my sins."

As I was shuddering to speak plainly to my father I stammered, "Father, Sankalpa is an act which is related to the mind. If it is your Sankalpa (determination) to offer some charity to those whom you wish, then do it. That is the reason why I did not come."

*Sea of Sorrow.*—News of my having become an Arya had reached my father. He was glad, because it had changed me from atheism. When my father came to know that Devarajee and myself were criticising the Gods and Goddesses he wrote at once to Devarajee's father, Lala Saligram, that he should try and put an end to our activities.

Sickness made him forget these things but now he recollected them and said, "Is not my wealth yours? Then don't you have power over them to give them in charity? Is it a sin to translate internal Sankalpa into action? Your reasons are not convincing. Have you no faith in Ekadasi and Brahmana Bhojan? What do you think?"

I was in a fix. I continued, "I have full faith in Brahmins but those to whom you want to offer *pooja* are not Brahmins. I have no faith in Ekadasi too." No sooner had I said these words than my father, getting wild, scanned me from head to foot. I was looking down. After a minute's hard breathing he said: "With great hopes I took you from service and put you for the law. I had great hopes about you. Are these my fruits? Well, go". I descended silently and was immersed in a sea of sorrow for the whole day.

I was very nervous even to approach my father during the next two or three days and hid myself from his sight whenever he called me. Once he himself called me to dictate a letter to an English friend of his. Gradually the thoughts of the Ekadasi day happenings faded from my memory.

*Kashi Ram's Friendship.*—I had spent the entire vacation in nursing my father. It was only then that I had finished reading completely the *Satyartha Prakash*, *Five Great Duties of Aryas*, etc. I had also practically finished reading Swami Dayanand's introduction to the Vedas when I started for Lahore. The reading of this book got me some worthy disciples. Sanskrit was then unknown in the Punjab and not even a fragment of it was known in the villages. Kashi Ram was a Second Assistant in the Talwan School on a salary of Rs. 8 per mensem. He knew Sanskrit and so he was able to speak on religious subjects. He joined me in studies. In my absence from Talwan he created in my father a faith in me by getting him acquainted with my ideas of religion. At times I memorised law books. It was difficult to study the *Satyartha Prakash* every day. After joining the Samaj I hated reading English novels. There were no educated men at Talwan to keep company with. So I fell again a prey to my former vices. At Kashi, as readers would remember, I had learnt to play chess with even champion players. That meant so much engagement. With joining the Samaj I had bidden good-bye to flesh, novels and chess, but I could not escape the temptation now of becoming again a chess player. Nearly 5 or 6 hours daily were spent at the game. After food I was learning Sitar with Pari Buksh.

## CHAPTER X

### THE STRUGGLE

The time of my departure to Lahore had come. A bullock cart was got ready for me. Intending to take leave of my father I went in and saw him lounging on a pillow in his room upstairs. His faithful servant Bhima was by his side. I went and prostrated at his feet. He blessed me with both his hands. I rose to go, but I was ordered to sit down. At my father's command the servant brought a plate containing some sweets and an eight anna coin.

"Go on, my child!" said my father, "offer worship to God first and then go. Let the mighty Hanuman protect you."

*Departure to Lahore.*—I was silenced at hearing this. No reply suggested itself to me. My father misconstrued my silence and thought that I wanted more money. When other people were offering only two anna pieces to their sons what was the shame in offering an eight anna piece? My father was a calculating man and he was very systematic in all the household expenses. He thought it was too low a sum to be offered to a Brahmin and asked Bhima to replace it by a Rupee. The servant did as he was asked to do. Then my father said, "Dear boy, it is already late now. Time is up. After worshipping the Gods you can go." I was forced to answer but I was wondering how to express it in terms that would not hurt my father's feelings. "It is not so", I said, "How is it possible to act against my conscience? I am at your service to carry out your earthly commands", and I kept quiet. He was greatly agitated and replied in angry tones, "Do you think that our God is nothing but a stone and metal?" I do not remember how I answered him.

*The Struggle.*—"Father, I revere you next to God. Would you like your son to be an imposter?" This I said very coolly. My father asked me in a stammering voice, "Who could wish to see his son an imposter?" It was a tense moment and the occasion was one of life and death with me. So I said, "To me idols are no better. If I bow my head in front of them it will be but a fraud." I said only this and when I heard the penetrating answer of my father there was no strength

left in me. He said, "I do not think there would be any one to please me with water after my death. God! It is Thy will." I sank in the place where I was and became senseless for about ten minutes. My father too was silent till then. Then he said calmly, "You can go as otherwise it will be late." I made my *namaskarams* to him and came down. My mind was wavering still. When I could not share my father's Dharmic duties, when I could not help him in the attainment of Swarga or Moksha by performing Sraddha, Tarpan and other ceremonies, what right had I over his properties? Thoughts like these were agitating my mind.

*My Father's Message.*—I put the Rs. 50 which my father gave me for pocket expenses in a paper and handed it over to a relative with instructions to deliver it to my father the next morning. I also gave him a letter. I said in that letter that "inasmuch as I am acting contrary to your faith I have no right over your wealth in common with your other sons, for the remaining period of my life. I fall at your feet." After giving these two things I started on my journey. My carriage had not gone even a mile when I sighted a relation galloping on horseback post-haste towards me. I stopped the carriage and he, giving me a packet, said, "You had promised not to disobey your father's earthly commands. Receive this amount and after it is spent write to him your needs." The messenger from my father greatly helped in consoling my troubled soul. This is how it came about. Instead of handing over my packet with the letter as requested on the following day it was given to my father as soon as I departed. The result was a servant was sent after me.

*Stay at Jullunder.*—I reached Jullunder the same evening. There I understood from Devarajee that in my absence Agnihotri had come, stayed with Balak Ram and delivered a lecture there at Vikramsingh's place. Balak Ram was aware of Agnihotri's weakness and said that inasmuch as he stayed in the Arya Samaj he dare not say anything against it but later on some day or other he would lead the road against the Samaj and Dayanand with his idea of "Gurudam". Balak Ram was a fine judge of men and character. I also came to understand that Atma Ram Sanyasi also had delivered a lecture which was attended by Sirdar Vikram Singh, C.S.I., and others. After enjoying the Arya Samaj Sunday worship in Murali Mal's premises I reached Lahore.



## CHAPTER XI

### A MUKTHAR

*Arya Samaj Meeting.*—I reached Lahore by the end of September, 1885. As Parker, Professor of Law, had been transferred, Carr Stevenson was acting in his place. He was good-natured and loved his students. I started well again with my law studies. My friends had not returned from the holidays. Malaria was raging then. I had high fever and temperature rose up to 104 degrees. That evening a grand meeting was to be held at the Samaj. Many were there to congratulate a Sardar who had endowed a considerable amount to start an Aryan school. I was very eager to join the celebration. So a medical friend of mine then studying at the College gave me 40 grains of quinine and within 4 hours fever subsided, but weakness increased. It was then that I could not distinctly hear the lecture, but my heart was pleased.

*Hakimjee's Advice.*—Violent administration of extreme doses of medicines cost me much. The next day fever was again very high but it subsided in its intensity. Brother Sunderdass took me to a Unani doctor, Hakim Mahomed Sujauddin, the sight of whose very face infused me with the thought that I would be cured. He gave me some powder and a mixture; the powder was to be taken in with honey. With the mixture the fever subsided. As per Hakimjee's instructions I myself walked the distance to his dispensary. He repeated the same mixture and powder. On the third day, when he wrote a fresh prescription and advised me about the diet, I told him, "Hakimjee, please listen. I consider it a sin to eat flesh." Hakimjee at once began to laugh heartily and said, "Jana Babu Saheb, even if you are habituated to flesh eating, I should ask you not to take it as it would nullify the effect of my medicines."

As his medicines were so sweet and delicious I took all the 15 days medicines by one dose. So, I call that medicine Amrit Ban (Nectar Arrow).

*D.A.V. College Opened.*—College examinations were held in the middle of December, 1885. In the same year the Dayanand Anglo Vedic College was opened and Sriman Hansrajee dedicated his life to the

services of that College. Lala Jolasingh, a resident of Mianwali, gave a donation of Rs. 8,000 with which amount it was possible to open the College. November of the same year saw also the Arya Samaj anniversary celebrations. Though fever had left me I was very weak and my body was groaning under the weight of examinations, yet my heart never allowed me to miss any of the Samaj functions. It was then that I heard the appeal of Pandit Gurudutt for funds for the College. His lectures so captivated me that by my contact with him I felt there was at least one soul with which I could have communion. On the next day I found him also thinking like myself.

*Strange Animal.*—My examination was fast approaching. A class mate of mine took me to be a strange animal. My preparations for the examination were over before two days to the examination, but that fellow continued preparing till the very last minute of the examination day. Feeling for that fellow I asked him to cease to be a parrot and become a human being. The reward of my love was abuse and nothing else.

*My Examination.*—One thing that made my friends look at me with surprise was this. My examination paper was of three hours' duration. I answered it in two hours and revised it in an hour. The Political Science paper was a long one and it took me two and a half hours to answer it. It took others three hours. I passed in the written test, but in the oral examination I was not successful. I failed in Police Law and this is how it happened. All the students were asked to assemble in a hall and were allowed one by one into the examination hall. We saw the students coming down the steps after answering the papers. They talked about the things that happened in the room. When I went in I saw the examiner, Jogendranath Basu. On his first question alone we entered into a discussion. After that he did not allow me more than a minute to think and answer each question. One question was out of our text books and contrary opinions were expressed by the High Courts upon it. Having quoted Calcutta and Bombay decisions I answered with the Madras view. He gave me a cypher and so for two questions I got nil and my total marks were 23 out of a maximum of 50. I asked him to what question he awarded me a zero. He said, "I refuse to argue on this point." It was evident that I failed and so I came out unruffled and unconcerned. My friends concluded from my appearance that I had passed. When I informed

them of my failure in some of the subjects, they decided not to worry me. The secret of all this shall be explained later.

*Our Foreign Examiners.*—Before proceeding further with the examiner, let me be allowed to say a few words about our foreign examiners. Barrister Higgins was our oral examiner. After having failed in a subject I was unwilling to answer the other subjects, but upon my friends' insistence, I went into the examination hall. The pleasing countenance of the examiner encouraged me to answer. For four questions I secured 50 marks. As I found the last question difficult I pleaded ignorance. Higgins allowed me five minutes more to think and answer. Then again I was helpless. The good Higgins allowed me further two minutes and said, "Remember and answer, I will give you 50 per cent. Do not disappoint me." I just then gave out the answer and so was able to secure 5 more marks. I came out and saw many students terror-stricken. Lala Lajpat Rai also appeared that year.

*Leader of Students.*—Students sure of failure assembled in my tent and we all proceeded to Carr Stevenson's house and I presented a petition on their behalf. The Saheb took me aside and said, "You have received more marks than others in Police Law, so if you apply personally I shall recommend you. I cannot do that for others." I returned silently, thinking it a disgraceful task to ask for personal favours. My own calculations indicated a failure to me and it turned out to be so. Some of my friends passed and blossomed into Vakils within five or six days. I knew that I did not answer well.

*Kali Babu.*—Without a mention of my new acquaintances the situation cannot be understood. I heard at Lahore that a young Medical College friend of mine had left his home and turned into a Sadhu and was delivering lectures at Amritsar. I sent two or three of my men after him and they returned with him in the night. When I went to see the new guest he was smoking a hooka. In Amritsar, from the top of the tree before the Durbar Saheb, he made himself heard by others by Rama stories. C.I.D. men were behind him as he was an English-speaking Sadhu. Someone had given the Sadhujee one white shirt and a white coat which he was wearing. I found him to be none else than Babu Kali Prasanna Chatterjee who by his laughter had enlivened one of his lectures at the Anarkali Arya Samaj of Lahore. He could make the audience weep with him. His humour was so great that even in his most patient appeals people roared with laughter. Through me Kali Babu was loved by the residents of Jullunder.

*My Father's Visit.*—After some time I went to Jullunder. My father had written to me beforehand that on my return to Jullunder he would retire, join me there and take me with him to Talwan. I had arranged for my father's stay at Pandit Kanyalal's new palace. Till evening my father did not come. So, keeping a watch on the road for him, I joined the function. After worship and Upadesh I was leaving the sacrificial altar to sit for a while, when my servant came announcing my father's arrival.

I ran at once and met him near the railway station.

*A Pleasant Surprise.*—I made my *namaskarams* to him and touched his feet. "What", said my father, "is the Arya Samaj function over?" I answered that Bhajan and Arati were barely over. On hearing of his arrival I had come running. My father said in sweet words, "Why in such haste? You should have come after the function is over." It was a surprise to me. What a great difference between his anger and rage when at Talwan and his present calmness and love? I could not account for this till the events of the following day made it clear to me.

*Hand of Providence.*—Kashiram was a poor Brahmin school master of Talwan. He was making both ends meet with Rs. 9 per mensem. He knew Sanskrit but who cared for it? A large family was depending upon him. He had ten children and while their number was increasing every year, his pay was not increasing. So, poor Kashiram had to look out for extra income from other sources. My father was helping him to a great extent as he was a good help to father during the days of his failing eye-sight. Kashiram was reading to him all the religious books that I had left at Talwan. The *Satyartha Prakash* and *Five Great Duties of the Aryas* were in my father's room. As I was then reading the *Introduction to the Vedas* there was no necessity for these books. Seeing these books, my father asked the Panditjee to have them read to him.

His order was, "You first understand them and then read to me. Because I do not like the abuses of an atheist." Kashiram, who was a very shrewd man, began with reading "Brahma Yagna" with its meaning from the *Five Great Duties of Aryas*. It increased my father's faith. Then when he read the first five chapters of the *Satyartha Prakash*, my father exclaimed, "We continue to live in ignorance. How can I attain salvation? We are observing meaningless rituals. Now I

will begin with the performance of Vedic Sandhya". Well, what else remained to be done? My father began memorising Vedic Mantras with the performance of Vedic Sandhya. Hand in hand with Sandhya, idol worship was also continued. This was how I found my father at Jullunder. Thenceforward he was very kind and loving towards me.

*A Corrupt Englishman.*—I was anxious to spend some time in peace with him, but after a week an old gentleman called me to Jullunder on reaching which place I understood that Larpant, the Registrar of the University of Punjab had commenced receiving bribes. I heard that two students much lower than myself in rank had succeeded in getting their names in the list of successful candidates on account of each paying Rs. 500 to Larpant. Larpant was searching for me and offered to get me a pass if I paid him at least Rs. 200. I stoutly refused to be a party to that and at once wrote a letter to Larpant that if such passes were made and I failed, I would expose the whole story in the press. A Eurasian by name Branden, the Chief Clerk with long moustaches, also joined me and threatened Larpant. The result was that both of us passed in the examination but that does not mean that the bribers failed.

*Tale of Corruption.*—Lala Bhaktaram, the Vice-President of the Jullunder Arya Samaj was the Headmaster of the local Mission School. He also sat for the Mukthar's examination. He too was asked to bribe the Registrar and one of his relations had arranged for him Rs. 250 but Bhaktaram considered it a sin to offer bribes. Another Samajist was willing then to take this Rs. 250 and offer it with another Rs. 250 at the feet of Larpant. He got his LL.B. certificate and started practice. In those days LL.B. which meant "Licentiate in Law" was considered by the people to mean a 'Larpantan Lawyer'.

*As a Mukthar.*—I engaged a house in the Money Lenders' Bazaar and began my practice in right earnest. In addition to that I evinced much interest in Arya Samaj activities. As the head of the Samaj I had to work against the abuses of Hindu social customs. I resided in the house of Vasantraj Kohali. He was a Puranic (Sanatani) and the Secretary of the Sanatana Dharma Sabha. His shop was just below my office. These details will help in understanding the future incidents.

## CHAPTER XII

### STUDY OF THE VEDAS

*Munshi.*—I did not have enough money to equip myself with all the necessary articles. My father gave me a Bareilly cart with a fine horse, on his retirement. He had still left with him a small cart, two horses and two bullocks. My savings of the first year were sent to my father and he was pleased to give me some furniture. I purchased some law books. My library consisted of books on literature, history, science, etc. I had also the fortune to possess a copy of Swami Dayanand's *Veda Bhashya Bhumika*. Any one seeing my library in my absence would at once take it to be the office of a leading legal practitioner. It was so full and complete that with the exception of one or two lawyers none other had such a library in the locality.

Whatever may be the superior qualifications of a lawyer, he cannot get on without his Munshi. The legal cart had to be directed by the Munshi coachman. This is still true. Senior Vakils can bear testimony to the statement from their own lives at least as apprentices. The Munshi would be speaking into the ears of the lawyers, when they were on their legs before the Court. Whenever a reference to the law in question was necessary, the Munshi had to answer. Munshi in short meant the life and soul of a lawyer. In many instances Munshijee is known more than even the counsel.

*My Munshi.*—After so much of introduction, I would introduce my Munshi to my readers. His name was Amir Khan. He was a Pathan and was understood to be of good parentage. I do not know if any one is born great. Amir Khan was well-built and strong. All Munshis need not answer the same qualifications. Apart from Government education, it requires skill to be a Munshi, and Amir Khan was a clever fellow. An instance occurred in 1885. When I went to Lahore early that year for higher legal studies, a party came to see me. As I was absent, the Munshi was persuading the party to engage me alone. Of course he would have received his amount from the party. But describing it as an old case, he would get it for me. Else how is it possible to get new cases in my absence? If the parties had known the ways

of Munshijee they would have been on guard. To one client Munshi said, "If you have an idea of engaging a Vakil, then you should engage him (me) only." "When Babujee is not here, who would go through the case?" was the client's doubt. Amir Khan at once said, "Oh simpleton! all these Vakils come from the same school. One who is proficient in law taught those people throughout the Punjab. He has just gone on a year's furlough and the Sircar has not found one yet save our Vakil to fill up his place. He is now there teaching the Vakils. If the case is defeated he would come and file an appeal." Though many did not fall into the snare, there were undoubtedly some to fall into it.

*Amir Khan's Assistants.*—Although Munshijee disowned this statement on my return, it was substantiated by some Vakils. Poor Amir Khan is no more. It should be said to his credit that he never spoke lies to me at any time. If he had spoken any lie or did any objectionable act, it was to my own good as per his understanding. He was not inclined towards drinking and had never even been near a public woman's house. He was fair in all other matters. If he had told lies it would have been told unconsciously. In common with other lawyers I had two Munshis, one the Head Munshi and the other the Deputy Munshi. Just as a coach requires a coachman and an assistant to him so I had these two Munshis. Working up cases, instructing witnesses, drafting applications, statements, appeals, etc., were the duties of the Head Munshi. Carefully carrying despatches, reminding one of the dates of hearings, calling clients, etc., were the work of the Deputy Munshi. In addition to them there were a number of other Munshis. I do not remember them all.

*A Tiptop Vakil.*—I was the master of a two-storeyed building. I had an up-to-date carriage. I would go to court only in tiptop English fashion. The Head and Deputy Munshis were regular in attendance. I had begun my Mukthar work. I was also evincing full interest in the activities of the Samaj. On the ground floor Lala Vasantraï Kohali was put up. A Bania had also a portion on the ground floor. The Bania's younger brother, Saligram, is now the famous store-keeper at Gurukula.

*My New Surroundings.*—There were with me Munshi Amir Khan and some drunkard friends. I sent Munshiji to Lahore to get me a signboard. He accordingly got one in which, instead of a Mukthar,

there was the word "Legal Practitioner." I had myself ridiculed some Mukthars styling themselves as such. When I expressed my displeasure at it, Munshiji said that it was for my own benefit. I made him clearly understand that I would dispense with his services if he continued like that. Munshiji, the skilled coachman as he was, wanted to convince me of his innocence. I was not to be so easily convinced. When he saw that the horse was very stubborn, he drew back the reins on its back, fearing that it might kick the coachman down. I had escaped this but there was another awkward situation. I was a teetotaller from the 24th January, 1889. Once again when I was thrown into my old surroundings, there was none to prevent me from vice save the Almighty. One morning the local Executive Engineer invited me to a feast. Among those present were the two Deputy Collectors, one District Munsiff and three Vakils. The Engineer was talking to all the guests and I never for a moment dreamt that men like himself would drink. My excitement increased after reaching there and seeing all joining together in welcoming me. He mocked at my faith and said "Look! He has come. How could he be left free? Let us see how he escapes." So saying, my hands and legs were caught hold of and a glass of wine was got ready for me. I remonstrated and said that it would be impossible to pour wine into my mouth. Two friends opened my mouth and poured a little wine. As I smelt the wine I began to vomit. The clothes of the man who was catching me were spoiled by my vomiting. I escaped from their clutches and came out into the garden and, getting myself cleaned, I went to my house. Never afterwards did I join any drinking assembly.

*The Quack Sadhu.*—Again my father had an attack of paralysis and so I had to go to Talwan. A Sanyasi whom I had seen once at Hardwar was treating him. Some gold powder and other medicines formed the Sadhu's prescription. He was talking a slang dialect and was invoking the aid of Mantras in curing my father. People believed in his powers and said that even fire would not burn him. I went straight to the Sadhu, had some live coals brought and asked the Sadhu to place his feet on them. He grew pale and said that he could not do it. Then I asked him to demonstrate his powers after his own methods. He so managed to place the fire that a vacant space was left in the middle. How then could his feet be burnt? When people came to know of the trick, they admired me and took me to be a greater Sadhu. Thenceforward, I stopped the Sadhu's treatment. Showing me some gold



powder he said that the Mantras alone would not be sufficient to effect any cure and he relied on the powder which had to be given with butter. The Sadhu was showing an exhibit of his medicines but we dispensed with his assistance after paying him fully. Then my father allowed me to bring an Assistant Surgeon to treat him.

*My Father's Will.*—After dismissing the Sadhu I was called in by my father to his private quarters. The faithful servant Bhima was still serving him. He got a sealed bundle of papers as per my father's orders and kept them before him. At my father's bidding I tore open the bundle and found a parchment paper and a written will. The will declared that all my three brothers should get the land and house and I should get all the remaining wealth (cash, jewels, etc.). I was also nominated a trustee for some charitable trusts. I became dejected at reading the will and felt that a great disaster had overtaken me. I informed him with due respect that I would not take a grain more than what others got. My father made me understand in a very kind tone that he was more pleased with me now than when I entered the Samaj. He said that I alone could fulfil and carry out his Dharmic desires. After a long talk I proposed as follows: "I am not agreeable to this will. If you permit me to destroy this one, I promise to lay down my humble life in the discharge of the four Dharmic duties which would please your sacred determination." Then my father said, "This parchment paper and the written will are your property. You can do whatever you please with them."

*My Father's Legacy.*—As he was saying this I destroyed the written will and, prostrating myself at his feet, received his blessings and returned to Jullunder. Now I had delivered a Dharmic lecture at my village. The elite of Talwan were present and my father was very much pleased at hearing reports of that meeting. If I was able to do any good in my life it was all the result of the memorable incidents of this period. The very thought of this occasion had saved me from many perils and disasters. I have overcome many provocative periods of pain and anger by the mere thought of the very pleasant face of my father. He never allowed me to suffer the want of a mother's love. I do not at all feel ashamed to confess here that, if I had shown a mother's love towards all my children, it was more due to my father than my mother.

*Our Difficulties.*—Men who were connected with the Arya Samaj in its beginnings will not forget that, if there had been any discussions in the Samaj in 1886, it was always led by Brahmins. Lala Sain Dass replied in Hindi to the objections that were raised by the Calcutta Arya Sanmarg Dharsani Sabha. Pundit Moolraj and others were kept in reserve for Sanskrit discussion. Except the Lahore Arya Samaj no one had any authority in those days to interest themselves in discussions. It was not always found possible for any *grihastha* or Sadhu to leave Lahore for the mofussil and take part in those discussions. Such being the case in cities, what could be said of difficulties in villages ?

*Jullunder Samaj's Example.*—It was reserved to the Jullunder Arya Samaj to change these things. The story of the change is very interesting. After my father became bed-ridden, I used to go to my father every week to Talwan. On a three days' leave during April, I went to Talwan and on returning I saw some members of the Samaj. They said that Shyam Das of Amritsar was making great noise and he never allowed anyone to oppose him. He was out for a discussion and was abusing in vulgar language the Niyoga among the masses. Having pacified the Samajists, I at once wrote a letter accepting the challenge. They were well pleased and dispersed. After some correspondence, Pundit Shyam Das was willing to have one on "Image Worship and Incarnation." I wrote a letter requesting the President of the Lahore Samaj to send a pundit to our help.

*Hostile Criticisms.*—The Provincial Arya Pratinidhi Sabha of the Punjab had not yet been established. In the Punjab Arya Samaj, Rai Mulraj, Lala Jeevan Das, Lal Chand and others were considered to be very important figures. But people in the know of affairs were aware that it was Lala Sain Das who was the life of the Samaj. We were not only frustrated in our attempts but had also to receive heavy onslaughts of criticism. "Young Samajists should not initiate any discussion without our approval", said some of our brothers. "If you are incapable, why beat the drum of discussions?" said a young man. Kashi Ram, a member of the Samaj, could find no reason to stay at Lahore. So he went to the President of the Samaj, Pandit Dharmachanderji. He deputed a Brahmin student by name Lajapat to help Kashi Ram. The discussion was to be held in the night and Lajapat joined us in the second half of the night. I found him to be poor in his powers of conversation. So I asked him to get acquainted with Swamiji's *Veda*

*Bhashya Bhumika.* Lajapat spoke in Sanskrit. Pandit Shyam Das spoke in Hindi to impress the audience. I started replying in Hindi, finding its favourable reception. Punditji insisted on Lajapat to reply in Sanskrit. But when once I saw that the tradition of discussing in Sanskrit was broken, I got encouraged. The net result of the whole happening was that it did not create a favourable impression of the Samaj in the minds of the masses.

*Study of the Vedas.*—But the net result of the discussion was it taught us to be self-reliant. It encouraged me in the study of Vedic literature. My diary shows that I had then started revising my knowledge of the Vedas. I used to study the Mantras regularly. Later on I found time to read Vedic commentaries too. Even without sufficient knowledge of Sanskrit grammar I was understanding the hidden meanings of some words from experience. Pandits whom I approached for explanations were also astonished at my method of interpretation. They were also of the opinion that mental cleanliness was necessary to understand Vedic texts. I continued to do this till 1891, but in the battlefield of Samaj there was no time for self-introspection. Attacks on the Arya Samaj increased and, just as a red hot iron is lengthened by constant hammering, the base of the Arya Samaj was broadened by these constant attacks. From next day onwards Pundit Shyam Lal began to condemn the Arya Samaj in strong terms. His lectures attracted crowded houses and our membership rose up to 30 or 35.

## CHAPTER XIII

### FATHER

*A Panchayat of Pandits.*—Seeing the Samaj advancing in progress and popularity, some Puranic Brahmins were distressed and they appealed to the chiefs of the Kathri caste to out-caste us. A Panchayat was called into existence in response to them and the pandits of Jullunder offered their hearty co-operation to the Panchayat. The City Brotherhood also met them, to find an opportunity to get themselves released from the trouble. Just then Lala Devarajji's Dharmic enthusiasm was much on the increase. He took me to a great logician who had invested him previously with the sacred thread. The country was then aware of the logician's illegal intimacy with a woman of ill repute. Another erudite scholar was found to be immoral. A third pandit was found to be a gambler. And these formed the Panchayat. Devarajji, after introducing me for a little while, said, "Panditji, you are my guest and you constitute the Panchayat." My first request was that if any pandit was found to be immoral he should be mounted on an ass and taken in procession. Then alone I said I would try and answer his questions. Devarajji's supporters were criticising him then and his Samajic relations were troubling the Brahmins who were ignorant of the meaning of Gayatri. At the appointed time a Panchayatdar, a great Brahmin scholar, left the station in the morning under cover of business. Another member, a famous logician, with a *lota* in his hand and the sacred thread on his ears, repaired into the wilderness at 10 a.m. and did not return till evening. So at the appointed time none turned up. An hour later, at 4 p.m. the organisers dispersed. Just then Pandit Shyam Lal also departed under excuse of going for worship. He was again seen only at Amritsar.

*Shyam Lal's Mischief.*—When I again saw Shyam Lal at Jullunder, he was misreading the *Satyartha Prakash* to the people. I listened to his lectures. He misread Dayanand from the *Satyartha Prakash*, declaring that Dayanand had said that an ass was better than a cow. I at once interrupted him and demanded of him to read the portion in its entirety. Shyam Lal was helpless and he could not rule me out. At his second attempt I went to the platform, stood by his side, took the

book from his hands and read the whole quotation. The audience approved of my action. Then I proclaimed in a loud voice, "In the question of determining truth and untruth Panditji's opinion is irrelevant. Just as the Arya Samajists quietly and patiently listened to Panditji, we hope that he himself would come to our mandir from tomorrow."

*The Second Scene.*—As he was drunk with the Dharmic spirit, Panditji readily accepted my offer saying, "I will certainly come." The next day, at our meeting, impartial legal men of both communities, Hindus and Mohamedans, had come an hour earlier before the appointed time. The Pandit was evading to come. People tried their best and succeeded in bringing him. We were only 250 strong and Panditji had with him 1,500 to 2,000 followers. It took some twenty minutes to define clearly the position of the Samaj. Panditji was all along hearing us, when we were condemning his own views upon the authority of the Puranas. He stood up crying "Radhakrishnaki Jai". Nearly 200 people stood up with him. Others were sitting. The lecture went on for an hour and a half. Thus ended the second scene of the drama.

My father was getting weaker day by day. As there was no effect in the doctor's treatment, a Unani Hakim was sent for, who prescribed medicines manufactured out of pearls, etc., to the value of Rs. 150. In Hakimji's treatment some improvement was noticed for a day or two, but subsequently the disease took a serious turn. So I went to Talwan and saw him in his bed. I made my *namaskarams* to him and he blessed me.

*My Father's Confidence in me.*—My eldest brother was standing near him with a glass tumbler full of something for my father to drink. "If Munshi Ram tells me that this contains no flesh", said my father, "then I would drink it. For I know he will not tell me a lie even to please me." It surprised me. Taking my brother aside I enquired the truth and he said that chicken broth was being prescribed by Hakimji as diet for this medicine. After preparing chicken broth my brother offered it to my father saying it to be barley water. He did not tell the truth. With the first sip alone my father vomitted and for the next eighteen hours he was not willing to take even his ordinary food. My father grew suspicious. As I found that the contents of the glass under question had no mixture of flesh I asked my father to drink it. He drank it immediately. I saw the sighs of his last moments. The skill of Hakimji also had failed. The night passed and in the morning a

new doctor was sent for. He too tried his best but found it difficult to stop the hiccups.

*His Last Moments.*—In the afternoon I was asked to sit by his side and read the Upanishads. I had scarcely finished Isha Upanishad when my father asked me to place my ears near his mouth. The wretched cough did not allow him to speak. With great difficulty I made out from the sounds that he wanted me to perform "Vedic Havan". I at once sent my Munshi on his steed to Jullunder to bring all the materials. In the afternoon father had some rest but his mind was greatly agitated. He blessed all the members of the family, who had collected there. My brother then began to talk something about the family matters. He dismissed all of them and again closed his eyes, though that night he had no food and water. When Pandit Kashi Ram came and sat by his side he was asked to sing some Bhajan songs. He sang Krishna's devotional songs. Then my father said, "When one has not liberated himself, how can one liberate others?" Munshiji read some verses of renunciation from Sutras. Then he sang some verses from Kabir, on hearing which my father's eyes were lit with joy. Then he consoled us and asked us to sleep. I was then sitting with my eyes closed for a while as I had no sleep. The heavy breathings of my father were clearly heard. I pressed his body to relieve his sufferings and he got a little sleep. He continued to sleep while I was massaging his head. Next day he appeared to be better. My Munshi had not yet returned from Jullunder and in the meanwhile my father had asked me thrice, "When will you have the Vedic Havan? Perform it quickly." Evening found him still worse. After examining his pulse at 8 p.m., I began reading Vedic Mantras and my paternal uncle was reading the *Gita*. At 9 the pulse stopped beating and my father was dead.

*Destitute of Parents.*—All the women of the house at once fell down crying and beating their breasts. I kept quiet for a while and even tried to pacify them. More than 300 persons had assembled in my house that night. They all kept awake the whole night round about the dead body. I was bewildered and became destitute of both parents. I could neither myself cry nor understand what others were doing.

In the morning there was a tumult between the conservatives and the reformers. Although I felt that I should then stand against the performance of funeral obsequies on Puranic lines, I did not think it fit either to say or do anything before my relations. My eldest brother

had ordered sandalwood and ghee to be brought and performed the last rites on Puranic lines.

*Vedic Havan Performed.*—At the cremation ground, at my request, Vedic Havan was performed and sandalwood sticks were stacked in it. Munshi Kashi Ram and myself were reading Mantras. There was none to perform Ahuti even though my brother was present there. It was then that my Arya Samaj friend, Munshiji, joined me with the necessary Havan materials. Having kept some for use at the funeral obsequies the remaining were sent for a similar Havan to be performed at the place where father breathed his last. When shawls were presented to Brahmins at the time of burning the dead body there was a great fight among themselves on the ground that one was backed by the authority of his superior merit and the other on the right to receive a share. When all our relations were immersed in sorrow I thought it most inopportune that these people should be fighting one against the other and so, to put an end to that, I had all the shawls burnt with the dead body.

*My Daughter's Surprise.*—One touching incident is worth recording here. I had then only one daughter called Yedakumari, aged 5 years. My father so liked her that he never missed taking his meals with her. All the members of the family used to call my father Lalaji and so the child, in the morning at the time of carrying the corpse, asked where Lalaji was. Her mother answered her that he was dead. The poor girl had no idea of what death meant. So she went on saying that Lalaji was dead. After returning from the burning ghat I went into my father's room, bolted the doors inside and wanted to sleep. As usual the little girl came that day also with fruits, etc., to the room and, finding it closed, knocked at the door and cried loudly, "Lalaji, open the door. Would you not open the door?" I then got up and opened it. The poor child came running and fell down. In that act she caught hold of the cot. It was then that she understood that Lalaji was no more, and we had returned after burning his last mortal remains. The agonising cries of the child drew tears in my eyes and women and other children followed suit. There were cries and beating of breasts. If it were not for the child's cries I would have been as hard as stone and it would have made me sick. So my tears saved me from sickness. My eldest brother was arranging to read *Garudapuranam* and I the *Upanishads*. All our relations had come, and more than 150

people were sleeping in the house. Some tried to go against me but were not successful.

*In my Father's Footsteps.*—My father's death brought a change in my life. His expression of faith in my veracity made me not to swerve from the right path. I then solemnly determined to follow in the happy trails of my father as per his wishes.

The keys of my house were presented to me on the 12th day. I spent a month in calculating the outstandings at Kurja, Bareilly and Banaras. In Banaras and Bareilly I had a number of old acquaintances who showed towards me the same old love. My two brothers got more cash for their shares than myself. For my share I got all the liabilities, the horses and the carriage. The reason for this was that I was earning more. Leaving all my things at Jullunder, I went to Talwan. There I changed my residence.

*Back to Lahore.*—My people were living in our ancestral house. My practice had dwindled down due to my absence from Jullunder on account of the examinations and my father's death. So I went and stayed with the family. I would have gone to Lahore had it not been for the idea of selling my horse and mare during the Dassera. So I had to prolong my stay. My horses could find no purchasers, in spite of their having received prizes at the Municipal show. So I had to go to Lahore, burdened of course with their protection.



## CHAPTER XIV

### PROPAGANDA

*Dassera at Jullunder.*—Dassera at Jullunder was a grand success. Perhaps for the first time Arya Samaj propaganda was carried on side by side with the Christian propaganda there. Near the Ram Leela Tank (the present Gandhi Mandap) we had pitched our tents. It was strange to see Bhakta Ram, Headmaster of the local Mission High School, who was then the Vice-President of the Arya Samaj, driving one of the pegs of the tent into the ground and holding in his hand an "OM" flag. Intense propaganda was carried on there on behalf of the Arya Samaj. I too spoke there once. But Devarajji's speech proved to be the best and most effective. Even the sons of Zamindars and Sowcars who were wasting their lives in vice were moved by our lectures. The two or three Hindu boys who were attending Christian lectures also came of their own accord to our camp. That year's Christian propaganda was a distinct failure.

The Jullunder Samaj's lectures were marked by the absence of any adverse expression against the other faiths. They were trying to convert even their opponents, by argument and persuasion. After the Dassera fair was over, we began our propaganda for Upasana. Every Tuesday we used to gather at one of our friends' houses where the local gentry would join us. We held several devotional meetings. At times we had even sermons.

*The Flour Fund.*—The Lahore Arya Samaj was very enthusiastically carrying on propaganda for the "Flour Fund". Other Samajs also learned from Lahore to collect such funds. In the matter of gathering support for Dharmic work the "Flour Fund" became an indispensable item. In the summer months, at one of the weekly gatherings of the Lahore Arya Samaj, a simple and weak Sadhu made his appearance. At the end of the discourse on *Satyartha Prakash* he delivered an inspiring lecture which suggested that other Samajs also should go begging every Sunday for a handful of flour from each house to be used for the Samaj work. Accordingly, in every house a "Dharma Pot" was kept, in which ladies of the household used daily to put a handful of flour. This had become so popular and useful that it contributed its mighty share towards the founding of the Dayanand Anglo-Vedic College.

After the function was over we were allowed to interview the Sadhu. On my behalf Lala Sain Das enquired and learned the Sadhu's name to be Ramata Ram. The Sadhu had spent some time with Shri Sirdar Vikram Singh, C.S.I., at Jullunder. Devaraj and myself were very much religiously indebted to the Sadhu. After staying for some time at Lahore, he disappeared — nobody knew to which place. His English and Sanskrit letters were very fine and he used to write Veda mantras very often like Swami Yogendra Pal. He had not spoken at any of the ordinary lectures at Jullunder. His presence electrified Lahore. No doubt he was burning with enthusiasm and sincerity. Ramata Ram appeared and disappeared as a comet. No one knows how many of such comets had made their appearances and disappeared without being seen and perceived by the Arya Samajists. We all pray to the Paramatma to endow the Samaj with such Sadhus that the Samajists may be able to learn their sacred lessons from such souls.

*Pot of Dharma.*—The system of keeping a 'Pot of Dharma' was first started in Lahore by Ramata Ram. The real inventor of this system was Devaraj who, as the Secretary of the Arya Samaj, had passed a resolution that a 'Pot of Dharma' should be kept in every house to receive handfuls of flour, which the ladies would offer. This was popularly known as the 'Charri System' (Charri meaning a pot in the Punjabi language). Devaraj's fertile brain did not end there. He also started a fund by name "Rag Fund". It was meant that the Samaj servants should collect all the torn clothings from the houses and the proceeds realised out of their sales should be added to the Samaj Fund. I knew that that amount was sufficient to found and maintain the Arya Samaj Library and Reading Room.

The Jullunder Arya Samaj was very strong then and carried on this programme with great enthusiasm. Tuesdays were generally set apart for Upasana and Wednesdays were devoted to discussions. All members took part in discussions. A week after Vijaya Dasami, I went to Lahore to sit for my Law examination. That was the last one when non-graduates could appear.

*A Worldly Sanyasin.*—I stayed near the Arya Samaj with one of my former friends. On the first floor of the house where I was staying, Shivanarayan Agnihotri (the present Head of the Deva Samaj) lived with his men. Up till then he was connected with the Brahmo Samaj. In the spring of that year, he resigned his job in the local Government School. The same year he left the Brahmo Samaj and got himself initiated into

Sanyasa by the late Babu Navin Chandar Rai and assumed the name of Satyanand instead of Shivanarayan. A man who, before and after his Sanyasa was dreading even the shade of an Agnihotri, had now himself turned into an Agnihotri. Readers may naturally think how a recluse can continue having worldly relations. But Agnihotri belonged to a wonderful order. Agnihotri's first wife died leaving him two or three sons. Then he married a Bengalee widow. She also died after a time. Then, leaving his appointment of Rs. 150 per mensem, he gave a pompous lecture and took to Kashaya. Still he continued to have his family relationship as before. That is why I count Agnihotri's order to be a wonderful one.

*"I am a Sinner".*—In those days Agnihotri was a minister of the Brahma Samaj, and was preparing to leave it. The first sign of that preparation was seen in his two disciples getting their heads cleanly shaved. At the time I speak of, his two disciples were clean-shaven. One was Junda Singh and the other was Chini Lal. Junda Singh, after joining the Samaj, was turned into Amar Singh. As a senior disciple he was entitled to the Gadi of Agnihotri. But Agnihotri's son's claim to it was too strong. So Amar Singh was deceived. Brahma Das was turned into Isa Das. After living like this for some time, he bade good-bye to his post. These two disciples were well trained in the art of confessions. Agnihotri used to go out early morning. These two disciples were crying so often that I had to shout at the top of my voice to stop them. At the time of my morning Sandhya, the daily cry from the upstairs would be heard. "I am a great sinner; I am cursed; Guruji, save me". I had been to see the Jehangir Mosque on the banks of the Ravi. On returning I saw a crowd collected at the junction of four roads in the village Sahdara. We went into the crowd and saw people rolling on the ground. At first we thought they were quarrelling, but on closer examination we found Chini Lal and Junda Singh trying to catch at each other's feet, one crying, "Brother, I am a sinner" and the other in his turn, "No brother, I am a greater sinner". I was sure they did not want to deceive the public. Their idea was to wash off the sins and do Prayaschitta (purification) by means of such public acts.

*From Sanyasi to Grihastha.*—It was in those days that Agnihotri was thundering against the caste system. I was much impressed with one of his lectures. Then I found out the secrets of orators. The lecture was nothing but a repetition of what he wrote for his paper

*Dharmajeevan.* I then understood that great speakers wrote down their lectures and committed them to memory and delivered them to the audiences. I was surprised when I heard of Agnihotri's third attempt to become a Grihastha. He married one Kumari Devi. Lakshman Prasad in one of his lectures denounced marriage in violent terms at the Brahma Samaj. I did not go to the lecture. The marriage was celebrated in the night when I was engaged in my studies. I heard the footsteps of many people. Just then I sighted the bridegroom ascending the staircase. Agnihotri's son, Harnarayan, was holding a lantern in his hand to light their path.

*Truth Trampled.*—Harnarayan, with hands in his trouser pockets, was heard saying, "I am glad to see these things." Then he read loudly the contents of a poster thus: "Truth trampled — pity!" Agnihotri went upstairs. Somebody had pasted this notice on the wall of his house. Seeing this, Agnihotri said loudly, "Remove that and I will remember this." It was all commotion next morning. The same poster "Truth Trampled — Pity — Pity — where is 40 — Pity — Pity — where is 16? Pity — Pity." "A strict Yogi turned into a ripe Bhogi", was seen everywhere, at shop windows and street corners. I was very much distressed at this act and was pained much to hear from the people that the Arya Samaj people had done that. Though I never worshipped at the same religious temple, with Agnihotri, yet I was firm in my belief that the Arya Samaj would not stoop to do such unworthy acts.

*Agnihotri's Revenge.*—So to remove this popular misimpression I went to Lala Sain Das and requested him to call for a meeting to condemn this act. Lala Sain Das said that when Rai Mulraj got himself married a second time after his first wife's death, Agnihotri in his fortnightly journal *Biradre Hiv* criticised it and jeered at it with couplets which began with "Maba — pity — pity". The only sin of Mulraj was that he married an eleven-year-old girl with the idea of giving her a good training. Mulraj's friends had alone done this in retaliation. Though I was not convinced of this, yet I had to keep quiet and come away. Perhaps this was the first cause which burned the fire of Agnihotri's hatred against the Arya Samaj. The other two occasions were when he got defeated by Swami Dayanand. Once Agnihotri failed to find the passage which he said was to be found in the Samaveda and the other was when he failed to answer Ditta Singh's questions. So, Pandit Agnihotri carried on his campaign of calumny against the Arya Samaj in the premises of the Brahma Samaj. His hatred was very deep.

## CHAPTER XV

### KACHUKATI SADHUS

After the Law examination at Lahore I returned to Jullunder. There I was fully engaged in making arrangements for the celebration of the first anniversary of the Arya Samaj. The Samaj office had by that time been removed from Murali Mull Dharmasala to a more spacious house opposite to a Kapurthala Vakil's place, which then belonged to Sirdar Amar Singh. In the courtyard of the new house a big *shamiana* was erected. Our anniversary synchronised with the birth of the Puranic Dharma Sabha. After two years of trials and difficulties the Arya Samaj decided to celebrate the first anniversary. But our Puranic friends having started their Sabha only 15 or 20 days before our anniversary celebrations, were arranging to celebrate their anniversary on the 15th day of its birth. One witty friend remarked, "The year expanded and contracted according to the whims and fancies of the Dharma Sabhawallas. Even in the Polar regions 20 days would not make a year!"

Our first anniversary celebrations created a very good impression upon the people of Jullunder. It was memorable for more reasons than one. The very sight of the officers and other members of the Samaj parading the streets and bazaars of the city singing Aryan songs created a stir in the city. The presence of rich and noble gentlemen from the mofussil and the city mingling with their poorer brethren in making the function a success added glory to the celebrations. All the mofussil members were lodged in my house as I had then sent my family to my father-in-law's house. I was myself at the Samaj Mandir. Some others were lodged in the local Government High School buildings. Our audience swelled in numbers. Our lectures were so simple that even the man in the street could understand them. It was indeed a splendid success.

*My New Residence.*—After the celebrations were over I shifted over to a new building in Ahaluwaliya Bazaar. I lived there for nearly three and a half years. The house was on the road leading to Adowalat from the Kotwal. We had a spacious garden where about three hundred people could sit conveniently. I had also my two horses and the carriages.

My old Munshi, Amir Khan, was now dead. I had a desire to help his little son. As he was only a boy he was of no use to me. I made Kashiramjee my Munshi. He was an Arya Samajist. He was also diligent and hardworking.

Several new actors appeared on the scene at this period of my life's journey. Rajkumar Mian Janamajaya, relative of that wicked Nikhandansen, was one of them. Rajput inhabitants of the Kangadi hills called themselves as Mians. They acquired these titles from the days of the Moghuls. Even now pandits of Madras and Bombay take delight in adding the prefix "Mister" before their names and so how could one blame the Rajputs who were the slaves of the Moghuls for priding themselves as Mians? Raja Nikhandan was a very wicked fellow. Having deported his relative Mian Shivasingh, he looted his treasure and appropriated a vast amount of his fortune. The whole thing is a story of cheatings and betrayals.

Mian Shivasingh, Jwala Singh, his younger brother, and Janamajaya, his brother's son, came to Rai Saligram at Jullunder. Our friendship made Mian Janamajaya a member of the Arya Samaj.

It was then that I gained the acquaintance of a Brahmachari. Brahmananda, Kayastha of Bihar, who left his home in his twenty-fifth year, was wandering from place to place with Nischaldas's book. He came and stopped in the Jullunder caves after witnessing the Deevali at Amritsar. Mahatma Shankar of Puri was then living in one of those caves. All the people had great faith in him. After his death he was interred there and, near the place where his mortal remains were buried, a rest-house was built. Though the place was mainly meant for Yogis, it was in fact enjoyed by Bhogis. At present it is the meeting place of scoundrels. Ainpuri, the leader of the gang of scoundrels, was a flesh-eater and a drunkard. After hearing that a young Sanyasi had gone there, I went there and found a youth of about 25 years of age reading *Vicharasagar*. In the course of our conversation we understood each other and became friends ever since.

*Kachukati Sadhus*.—A word about Kachukati Sadhus, who were living in these caves, is essential. They might have been atheists. They had no interest or faith in God, the Vedas or the Vedanta. Dressed in spotless white clothes, they would begin their day with smoking hookas. Their daily life was interesting. Two of these Sudamans came

to Devaraj's house one night. They were treated as guests. After taking their food they asked for two cots. When they could not get first class ones they showed signs of dissatisfaction, but finding no other go, they contented themselves with ordinary cots. They stretched themselves on cots and said, "Let all your Vedas and Vedanta go to hell. Tell us something interesting." Poor Devaraj! I pitied him. Then the two fellows slept.

They would wake up early in the morning. Their first duty would be to clean their mud hookas and smoke at least once. After answering the calls of nature they would polish their shoes. It was their dharma to apply oil to their shoes at least twice a week. Then they would clean their clothes. Whenever they had no soap they would go to a Bania's shop and create an uproar there shouting, "Oh! Lalajec, give us a piece of soap." Lalajec would not have the strength to refuse these people. When Hindus consider Tarpan and Shraddha to be holy, why should not people take advantage of their weakness and be benefitted thereby? Hindu ladies — symbols of innocence — used to revere these people even when they were led by the police to the lock-up for having committed theft, rape, etc. Even while washing their clothes they would be smoking the hooka. Then they would take their bath. By that time worshippers would have come with varieties of dishes. If by chance no worshipper turned up, they would get into the first house they would come across, with a demand for food, "You are destined to benefit us. The hungry men have come", they would shout. The inmates of the house would be forced to feed them. After a little chat they would again smoke the hooka. Then they would sleep under the shade of a tree and rise up only in the morning. This was their daily routine.

*Pandit Gurudutt.*—My life underwent a change under the influence of Pandit Gurudutt. My self-examination commenced after the anniversary of the Jullunder Arya Samaj. I gained much from my reading of Swami Dayanand Saraswati's teachings. The Jullunder Samaj was then full of life and began to work vigorously. It acquired an open ground on which the present building stands. We then built a room and a courtyard with kutchra bricks. So we had our own habitation, free from Puranic enmity.

## CHAPTER XVI

### LAW AND RELIGION

My practice increased. Beechi Sahib was then a famous criminal lawyer and was earning much. He was in need of an assistant to help him. He was much addicted to drink. The local Jats were under the impression that only those who were given to worldly pleasures would make good criminal lawyers. So I, who was not given to drinking and flesh-eating, was not liked by them. By chance one faithful Jat Sirdar engaged me in a case. Beechi, who saw me arguing in the case liked me and subsequently engaged me to assist him often. My name became popular and I got state briefs also at times.

*An Incident.*—Then there came a change in my unstable life. A Munshi brought me a case and wanted to file an ordinary suit for the recovery of Rs. 1,000. As the suit was based on an unstamped promissory note I said, "We cannot proceed with the case with the help of witnesses alone." I showed him the only way out. But the Sowcar then went away with an apparent satisfaction and returned after a few days with the promissory note stamped and signed. On the advice of my Munshi my signature was affixed to it to get the case filed. It is interesting to know how my signature was secured. If it had been in the mornings, I would have tried to go through the papers. But it was in an evening, when I was just getting into a carriage, that the Munshi brought the Vakalatnama for my signature. Even then I said I should see the papers, to which Munshi Sahib replied, "Sir, this is an ordinary suit for Rs. 1,000. He pays Rs. 50. It is only a case of one hearing." If in a case one is paid Rs. 50 instead of Rs. 20, what else would happen except that of giving an opportunity for greater quarrel and consequential litigation in higher courts?

*Munshi's Mischief.*—The expected happened. When I came to the Munsiff's Court after finishing my work at the Sub-Court, Munsiff Acharu Ram gave me the defendant's statements so that I might get acquainted with the facts to be argued. I had my own doubts on reading the written statement and then looked at my client once. It was clear that the Munshi was at the bottom of this mischief. I told the Munsiff that as I doubted the signature in the document to be a forged one, I could not proceed with the case and asked the Munshi



to return the amount of Rs. 25 to the client. The Munsiff persuaded me in English and said that it would affect my prospects, but it did not enter into my ears. So I returned home. I felt the result of this senseless action even on the very next day. Clients, who were getting ready to brief me, were told by the other lawyers, "What will you gain by going to a vakil who would give us his case and even cut his own client's throat?" The Munshi, who had cheated me, was dismissed the very next day.

Now the Arya Samajist Kashi Ram was with me. There was no necessity for another Munshi, as my practice had fallen. Kashi Ram also was wanting to leave my services. I was paying him Rs. 10 per mensem. With a rupee or two to every case he would earn Rs. 35 to 40 per mensem. On my increasing his pay to Rs. 15 he felt a little glad.

*Corrupt Registrar.*—I sat for the December examination (1886). The results were long delayed and it was largely due to Lar pant, the Registrar of this University, who had begun this year to loot with both his hands. The previous year he was a new man and so some escaped him. I am not sure about the persons who fell into his snare. But that year he had almost determined to leave no one free. Rs. 1,500 was the amount that was demanded for a pass in the Law examination. Ganda Singh acted as his agent and he appropriated Rs. 200 as his commission. So the remaining Rs. 1,300 went to satisfy the English Devata. Those who could not pass in the examination were determined to come out successful in the first and second ranks by paying the stipulated amounts of Rs. 3,500 and Rs. 2,500 respectively. People uncertain of a pass of course had to pay. Even those who passed were approached by the Sahib's emissaries and their pockets were emptied. This practice had assumed such dimensions that a friend called on me from Lahore to inform me that Ganda Singh was in search of me. The friend informed me that there was little chance of my name being included in the final list of successful candidates, even though I was entitled to it, if I did not pay Rs. 1,000.

*Larpant Caught.*—On hearing this, I made up my mind once for all to put an end to this corruption, and went to Lahore. Even before my arrival, Lala Chudamani, a prominent vakil of Hissar, had on the full information supplied to him by Ganda Singh written to the Vice-Chancellor, Sir William Rattigan, asking him to do justice to the students. That very evening the Vice-Chancellor had sent for all the con-

nected files. Lala Chudamani was fortunate in getting justice done through him. The Senate, after giving the Lalaji a pass, left others again as unsuccessful candidates. My case resembled that of an innocent boy shot dead in the midst of a riotous mob. An enquiry was made into Larpant's conduct and strange witnesses appeared to give evidence. When people came to know of this they all went to Larpant's house and threatened him. They got back packets of Rs. 1,300 each. The major portion of the ill-gotten wealth which was amassed by Larpant for comfortably helping him in his last days, had to be spent on litigation.

I was thankful to God that this failure turned my attention from Law to Dharma. My telling the truth in a Law suit lessened my income from Rs. 500 to Rs. 150 and for all these difficulties I got this thunderbolt. It was in this sullen mood that my desire was roused by Pandit Dinadayal, championing the cause of the Puranics. My desire for Dharmic activities afforded me an opportunity to fulfil that.

*Pandit Dinadayal.*—I was at Talwan when Pandit Dinadayal, on behalf of the Jullunder Dharma Sabha, was condemning the Arya Samaj in Navhari's temple. A letter was sent to me informing of the difficulties of the Arya Samajists there. Dinadayal was very clever in the art of misrepresenting and ridiculing the opponent's cause. I hastened at once to Jullunder on receipt of the letter and understood the whole thing from Kashi Ram. It was now that I saw Lala Telumal. He had made a complete note of what all Pandit Dinadayal spoke and informed me that the local members had sought the help of the rich unsuccessfully. Even before taking my food I sent a letter of challenge through Munshi Kashi Ram to Pandit Dinadayal inviting him for a discussion. Panditji tried his level best to evade the same but Kashi Ram was too much for him. In the meantime the news spread throughout the city. Nothing untoward happened. But still people began to see life in the Arya Samaj. Within four hours hundreds of notices were issued announcing my lecture. At 5-30 I entered the lecture hall with the Samajists who were up till now keeping silent. When all had taken their seats, Panditji began to explain something holding a paper in his hand. That paper was nothing else than the notice which I had sent to him. Leaving the portions which referred to him, Pandit Dinadayal laughed at the other portions and thundered his arguments. I asked him to read the portion left unread by him. This caused some commotion in the audience. Just then the president of

the Dharma Sabha, Lala Harbhaj Rai, rose up and muttered something in Panditji's ears. Panditji turned a little more attentive and in my presence he spoke on nothing except renunciations. When he had finished his lecture an Arya Samajist said in a loud voice that the answers to Dinadayal's lecture would be given at the Arya Samaj Mandir. He also said that inasmuch as our president was present, their president also should not miss attending our meeting. Then some Brahmins shouted out, "Why talk in our Sabha? Speak at your own place." Our reply was, "If you are unwilling to hear, you need not come", and the gathering dispersed. The whole town was informed that the Arya Samajists were aggressive and they would enter the enemy's camp to gather information. People were asking as to what had happened and what would happen.

*Fortune's Wheel.*—On the second day thousands of people were waiting at the Arya Samaj Mandir. Some went to Pandit Dinadayal's house to bring him to the lecture but he had left the station earlier. I announced at the end of my lecture that if Panditji were to come the next day there would be a discussion with him or if he were to be absent there would be a wonderful lecture on "Sweet, Sweet Jam". To hear this astonishing lecture so many had gathered at the Arya Samaj premises. As Panditji had not specified the subject I advertised this as a pretext to reply him. Some one took it to Pandit Dinadayal but he did not come. The Arya Samaj gained some 30 new members. I derived the greatest benefit. People were pleased with my lecture on "Sweet, Sweet Jam". The very next day one Sirdar briefed me in a case, settled my fees at Rs. 1,000 and paid an advance of Rs. 500. I was surprised at my selection by the innocent in preference to the other two famous vakils. I was satisfied on hearing Munshi's explanation. There was yet another surprise for me in store. Sirdar Sahib wanted to be personally satisfied with his vakil. So he went to the Court and heard the arguments of all. He was still not certain, but when he came to the Arya Samaj to hear my lecture he was satisfied. He was so much impressed by it that on the very next day he approached and briefed me.

*Law and Religion.*—There is no relationship between law and religion. It is a known fact that people who please the masses do not invariably come out successful from a law court. The Sirdar was not as simple as he looked to be. Strange things always occur in the world's history.

With the increase in my income, Pandit Guru Dutt's influence began to wane with me in intensity. I thought much of cleaning social dirt. My wife knew a little to read and write. So I began to teach her the evils of Purdah. At this time my eldest daughter Vedakumari and her sister Amrutakali — called also Hemantakumari — were 6 and 4 years old.

## CHAPTER XVII

### COW-PROTECTION LEAGUE

My wife began to read religious books and was helping me in my activities. She herself began to teach her eldest daughter the elements of Dharma. Having cast off her veil she was following me in open walks with children. Just then her brother Raizada Baktharam was about to start for England. Raizada was then a prominent Vakil. His name had spread throughout the Punjab courts. I deemed it an honour to count him as one of my disciples. The numerous apprentices of Master "Matramal" were rising as deputies, Vakils and Judges but the Master himself was not rising even by an inch. Still he continued to be the Master. With constant acquaintance our love grew in intensity. There was no friend whom I loved better than Baktharam. It may be surprising to the model Samajist to hear that Rai Baktharam was at the forefront of the Jullunder Arya Samaj ranks. Our faith in the Vedas was so intense and sincere that on the eve of his departure to England, at one of the meetings of the Jullunder Arya Samaj, after causing the free distribution of tracts on the *Five Duties of Aryas*, he spoke so passionately that it drew tears from the eyes of those that were present.

*First Trip to Bombay.*—His elder brother, Balakram, and myself went to Bombay to see him off to England. The son of the late Dewan Mathuradas, by name Dowlatram, and two sons of my friends, by name Mukundlal and Jagmohanlal, were also starting for England. They joined us at Delhi. I could never forget the sight of Jullunder Station that evening. Dewan Ramdas *alias* Rai Saligram, and numerous other citizens came to bid us good-bye at the railway station. Dewan, while asking his grandson Dowlatram to keep up his conduct and character, said, "Have positively some quantity of earth in the steamer." I told him I would put into his steamer a donkey load of mud. We reserved a second class compartment and reached Delhi in the morning, where we purchased different kinds of sweets and fruits. We enjoyed the journey well by playing chess and holding conversations. The third day we reached Bombay. Everything was strange there. The very atmosphere and even the outlook of the city was strange.

*Patriot Kurshedji.*—We stayed at Kursetji's (Kurshedji, Retired Judge) house near Dewan Mathuradasji's house. Kurshedji had travelled throughout the world eight times and was a patriot and social worker. He was not dejected even though he was 75 years old and his eyesight was failing him. Ever smiling, he possessed a broad forehead. His loving and auspicious morning and evening songs captivated me. There was no limit to his self-sacrifice. With the entire savings of his life he built a house and realised one lakh of rupees by its sale. Having donated that whole amount to a school, he continued to live as a tenant under the new owner of his house. Miss Manik, his daughter, had vowed a life of celibacy and had dedicated it to the service of the institution. She was 50 years when we met her. Judge Kurshedji created in me a desire for oriental music. For the first time now, I had Darshan of Mahasaya Chabildoss Lalloobhai, the unsullied devotee of Swami Dayanand. He honoured so much the word of Swami Dayanand that he gave his brother-in-law's daughter in marriage to Shyamji Krishna Varma, who was then a penniless man. I saw that blessed lady in Lalloobhai's own palatial house over-looking the sea. I saw also the old Secretary of the Bombay Arya Samaj, who was no other than Mahasaya Shevklal Krishnadoss, also one of the beloved of Swami Dayanand. Arya Samaj had then only a raised platform in an open maidan from where I had always spoken. The absence of Purdah and the presence of ladies with clean countenances and the Parsis' peculiar mode of dress impressed us so much that Bala-kram and myself purchased sarees for our families from Bombay. We went to the steamer in a steam-boat. Baktharam was visibly moved and was shedding tears. On our reaching the shore, the ship began to move. So long as Baktharam waved his handkerchief we attentively kept on looking at the ship till it disappeared in the horizon and then we returned home in a sad mood.

*A Parsi Dinner.*—A Parsi gentleman gave a joint dinner to meet our out-going friend. The host's young son Banjo began to play on the harmonium and his wife began to sing an English song after the dinner. I asked her if she could sing an Indian song. She began with a Gujarati song when I interjected her and asked if she could not sing in the language of the Parsis. My host smilingly replied, "The country is our own, which afforded us protection. I am a Hindu and my mother tongue is Gujarati." This incident would show that patriots were not then unknown, as was to be seen in the persons of Dadabhai Naoroji and others at a later period. As a result of the dinner I gained many a

Parsi's acquaintance. On reaching his room Balakram burst into tears. I tried to console him. Just then a Parsi came hurriedly towards us. To him Balakram's crying was a funny sight. We all flew into laughter. Balakram stopped crying and wiped off his tears and even tried to put on a smiling face. Children enjoyed the fun very much. They would often say, "Look here, he cries like ladies." But for the lads' fun Balakram would have lost all his senses. After Baktharam's departure we stayed for three days in Bombay, during which time the Victoria of the old Judge Kurshedji was left at our entire disposal. He gave us also a guide. A man-of-war was then lying at the harbour. Old Kurshedji himself took us to see the steamer. The captain was his friend.

*Lecture at Bombay.*—On the eve of my departure from Bombay I delivered a lecture at the local Arya Samaj. The subject was "Worship of God." A member of the Arya Samaj, when I came out after the lecture, said, "Look here, do you know who is the God of the Bombay people? Silver is the idol." Others told me after his departure that, though he seemed to be opposed towards idolatry, he had himself a throne for his family God.

*An Incident.*—I remember an incident that happened at the railway station. When I went there to take train homewards a Parsi gentleman standing at the platform came forward and garlanded me with great love and presented me with some fruits. When I smilingly acknowledged it he said, "Why do you laugh, Sir? Though I am not a follower of Dayanandji, I am a member of his Gorakshana Sabha (Cow Protection League). I was a worshipper at that temple even though the Arya Samaj had lost sight of it." Then he gave me his tract on "Cow protection." He asked me to appeal to the Government to stop cow slaughter. As I do not possess the copy of the tract now I am not sure whether he is the now famous Sriman Jasswalla. On returning to Jullunder I began to work with redoubled vigour.

## CHAPTER XVIII A POLITICAL BODY

*Colonel Harcourt.*—Generally at Jullunder I took the Cantonment roads for my evening walks. In one of such walks the Deputy Commissioner, Col. Harcourt met me. Our acquaintance grew with our talks on religion. The Colonel was a free thinker. From my talks one day he made me out to be an Arya Samajist and at once said, "You are a most pious person, you cannot be an Arya Samajist." I replied him that I was not only a member of the Samaj but also an office-bearer of the local Samaj. Then Col. Harcourt said, "Whatever might be the case of Jullunder, I consider the Lahore Arya Samaj to be a political body." I explained to the Colonel the aims and objects of the Arya Samaj and said that we intended to make Aryas pure. I also told him that men of inferior ability would not possibly be able to rule over them. On hearing this the Colonel most generously said, "Then there will be no justification for us to stay here. If any one turned superior to us then we shall have to leave India with a canvas of gold." It is clear from this that our White detractors had already begun to look upon us with suspicious eyes.

*A Political Body.*—The impression that the Arya Samaj is a political body is the result of Missionary activities. Improper writings of these people can be seen in the pages of the English monthly called *Arya* published from Lahore. Even today Missionaries in general burst into flames of hatred at the very sight of an Arya Samajist. Men who were accustomed to see Hindus resigning calmly could not brook the Arya Samajist turn and pay them in their own coin. Missionaries grew so mean as to impress upon the authorities that it is more the Government than the Missionaries themselves who shall have to dread the Arya Samaj. The activities of the early leaders of the Arya Samaj in its infant days also gave room to the suspicion engendered by Christian Missionaries. I remember to have had a discussion on the subject with a prominent member of the Jullunder Arya Samaj. The Lahore leaders, to consider even ordinary matters, had appointed private committees and this naturally gave room for doubt and suspicion. Another reason was probably this. Brother Jawaharsingh, who was the General Secretary of the Khalsa College Committee was for some time the Secretary of the Lahore Arya Samaj.



*Guru Dutt's Lectures.*—I had to sit for my Vakalat examination in 1887. The Arya Samaj anniversary also was approaching. With preparation I went to Lahore. 26th and 27th November were the Anniversary days. My son Harischandra was born on 27th November at 10 a.m. I was then hearing the wonderful lecture of Pandit Guru Dutt. Three thousand people were present. Even the drop of a pin could be heard. Lean body but a lunar face, roaring voice but a rhyming tongue, were Guru Dutt's attractions. He was explaining a Rik of the first Veda. He was now giving tributes to Swami Dayanand Saraswati for showing the way to an unique method of interpretation. When Dayanand's name was uttered, there were tears rolling in every one's face. I was doubting whether I was on earth. In a minute I heard the jingling sound of silver. One stout fellow was now calling for donations to our funds. Nihal Singh, a notorious Samaj beggar, had just received a telegram. He was running towards me. When I opened the telegram I found the news of the birth of my son. Nihal Singh asked for some money to the Samaj in commemoration of the happy news. I at once gave him a hundred rupee note from my pocket. He was crying with joy stating that there should be a son born every day to our Master for then we would have daily donations.

On the conclusion of the anniversary, I stayed only two days. Three times I had prepared for the examination and this was the fourth time. I now felt that I had wasted my time in gup and gossip. I had nothing in my mind and was feeling how I would become successful. But when I went to the examination my hand wrote the dictation of my mind from where the answers came like gramophone records automatically. It was only then that I found that unless a man improves in his character there would be no hope for his elevation, and was seriously reflecting myself, devising ways to improve myself. Returning to Jullunder I identified myself thoroughly with the Samaj to celebrate the second anniversary. The Arya Samaj had now its own land and a kutchra building. We had requested for a lecturer from Lahore, but disappointment again taught us to be self-reliant in future. We had divided our work mutually. Devaraj delivered two lectures. Kali Babu and Baktharam also addressed the meetings, and we had street processions and preaching.

How Kashiram became an Arya Samajist is an interesting story. When I went to Lahore and requested Kashiram to read the *Satyarth Prakash* he revealed his interesting conversion thus: "How can you tell me to do that? Brother Tarunsingh, Baghasingh and Gula Singh

made me a Samajist by telling me stories. If you wish you also tell me some stories and make me a real Samajist." But on my insistence he began to read the *Satyartha Prakash*. When I went to Lahore at a later period I got down on my way to attend the Samaj anniversary at Gurudaspur. To my great sorrow, I found the Samaj members strongly addicted to drink; not only that, they had taken that vice to the Phillaur Samaj also.

*Drunkard Friend.*—One of my Vakil friends of Gurudaspur not only made the Secretary of the Samaj a drunkard but also used to drink in the very premises of the Samaj at Phillaur. In spite of protests he had the audacity to bring women of ill-repute into the premises and thereby put to shame the office-bearers of the Samaj. When I went to Phillaur on professional business, my friend Syed Ahmed Hussain got me acquainted with all the facts. A woman of ill-fame had petitioned to the Police that a Vakil had left her without paying her the dues. The Vakil was one of the chief office-bearers of the Samaj. Syed Hussain, to save the honour of the office-bearers, tore away the petition after giving her some money. I thanked Syed Hussain profusely and said that he had committed a sin by such an act. He was unprepared for that answer.

By tom-tom I made the city know that I would deliver a lecture. I spoke about the glory of Vedic Dharma. This was my first attempt to make a name while serving the Arya Samaj. The Secretary and President of the Samaj repented their action very much. But the Gurudaspur Vakil turned my enemy. The Samaj in embryo could not have him. He then became the leader of the Puranics.

*Amritsar Samaj Anniversary.*—I went to attend the anniversary of the Amritsar Arya Samaj in January, 1888 and met there Sjt. Devaraj. After the lecture at Amritsar I went to Lahore to sit for the examination which commenced on 4th February. I was successful in this examination. After this I delivered my first lecture at the Lahore Arya Samaj, which was appreciated by the audience. I was induced to give another lecture. Special notices were delivered, the subject being "Marriage, its religious, moral and social aspects." This is what my diary reads: "The lecture was not to my satisfaction. Only 200 were present." Agnihotri's Deva Samaj anniversary celebrations also began this week. I attended two of his lectures. I was then unknown and Agnihotri was at the height of his fame.

*Back to Jullunder.*—I returned to Jullunder on the 18th February and was anxious to have a building for my dwelling in the piece of land I had inherited from my father. I wanted also to plan a garden there. So I engaged a poor fellow, on a small salary, to look after this work.

I was of course busy with my usual round of work. I opened a Debating Society with the help of some vakils and educated men and acted as its secretary. I was a short-lived one. In the same month Rai Sahib Master Pyare Lal of Delhi came to Jullunder as Inspector of Schools and I became deeply attached to him.

*An Incident.*—Just then an incident happened in the Arya Samaj which gave me an active but illiterate man to co-operate with me in my work. Chiranjeevi Lal, famous as a wrestler, was at Ludhiana. He was a flop under the guise of an Arya Samajist. He was condemning planet worship and was deceiving others. Once a Brahmin offered him the trash which he had received as charity from others and said, "If you have a mind, take this." Bahadur Chiranjeevi at once snatched away the bundled rice and other things and went away. The dumb-stricken Brahmin demanded his things back. Chiranjeevi kicked him and proceeded on his way. The Brahmin went to Pandit Laxmi Sahai, Magistrate, and complained. He was also a Brahmin. Chiranjeevi was punished. So he came running to me. Appeals from Ludhiana were carried to Jullunder in those days. I filed an appeal and the result was that Chiranjeevi was acquitted and released.

*My Son's Namakarana.*—My brother induced me to perform the *namakarana* ceremony of my son. He was anxious that I should do it at our home in the village. So I went to Talwan on the 27th April, followed by two Aryas from Jullunder. Chiranjeevi Lal also was present at the place. It was our caste custom not to clothe the child before the Chudakaran ceremony, which was usually celebrated in the 3rd year. Our elder uncle, a very orthodox *Sanatani* was then still living. My brothers were feeling that he would come and mar the proceedings. But I myself specially invited him. People assembled there were surprised to see the old man himself clothing the child and naming it Harischandra.

I have found from practical experience that disinterested service, faithfully rendered, without any injury to anybody, earns even the love of enemies.

Talwan resounded with Chiranjeevi Lal's performance. On our return we converted ourselves into a peripatetic party. Chiranjeevi Lal

was more vociferous than any one of us. He would ask me to sit at a place and then go near the market place, stand upon a stool, and then he would start asking the people at the height of his voice, to listen to a very instructive lecture. After succeeding in gathering there 50 or more people he would proceed a little further and gather there another 50 or more people. He would go on repeating this, till there had assembled a vast crowd. He would then ask me to lecture, saying, "Now hear the discourse of the learned man and enjoy the perennial and undisturbed flow of nectar." This is how we gathered people and lectured.

*My Daily Routine.*—I began to work regularly on reaching Jullunder and devoted my time in purifying my life. My daily programme of life was: morning ablutions, walk, at times even running which took an hour, then bath, prayer and *havan*. After drinking milk I looked to correspondence. Till all the worthless letters were removed from the tray I never thought of replying letters. The same practice continues even to this day. I was never at rest before the whole day's work was gone through. At 8 I read papers and then attended to my clients. My whole work would have been finished by 9-45. Even for preparing for 10 or 12 cases it never took me a longer time. Then after finishing the court work, I would come home. Unlike other vakils, it was not my practice to sit in the bar room hunting after clients. Generally I used to return home even by 2 or 2-30 p.m. From then till 6 in the evening I used to play chess which together with hooka, had not yet left me. Chess play was an aid to the peaceful enjoyment of hooka. My hooka drugs were not in any way inferior to the local famous ones. Once I left chess play for some time but at the sight of some prominent Samajists of Lahore playing the game I began to spend hours upon it. I hated these two habits. This is what my diary says: "I wish to liberate myself from the bad habit of chess. This wastes too much of my time." A little further it reads thus: "I am again playing chess. To play chess is bad." Within a period of four months of this note I had completely left chess and hooka. It was the result of my self-examination.

Hooka continued for a year and a half more but chess left me for ever. Tennis or a drive in carriages was my evening pleasure. After supper, friends used to come to me and sometimes, the evenings were spent in devotion. They would disperse after some discussion on some religious subjects. I would engage myself in reading till 11 p.m.

## CHAPTER XIX

### A SAMAJ BEGGAR

*Congress.*—My connection with the Indian National Congress had commenced from the year 1888. I was an old reader of the *Pioneer* and *Tribune*. It was in this year there was a proposal to start District Congress Committees throughout the Punjab. My friend Kali Babu had come with a political idea to start a District Committee at Jullunder. He expected me to help him as he alone aided me when there was nobody to deliver lectures and when there was a need for it at Jullunder Arya Samaj. I have written in my diary as follows: "1888, May 18 — Kali has come with a political idea to start a District Committee at Jullunder. He has brought with him some pamphlets. Kali is a strange man — thinking himself as a fit one for political work. I know he cannot do religious work." Myself, Balakram and Kali were devising ways to start work. One man suddenly took Kali to Hoshiarpur to start a Committee. Kali again arrived at Jullunder on 20th May and delivered a lecture at Arya Samaj. It was only then that I and Balakram had begun to think seriously to help Kali Babu. On 24th May there was a big meeting attended by men of various professions, castes and creeds, which made it a most successful one. I sent a report to the *Tribune* which published it prominently. On the day when the Congress meeting was held there were bottles used freely inside the premises. I felt sorry that the Congress had come under this bad omen. So I thought a religious inspiration would be essential if the Congress was to become popular.

When my report was published in the *Tribune*, there was a stir among the local vakils. Sir Syed Ahmed had written a long letter against the Congress. Some Mohamedans joined him and there was a crusade against us at Jullunder. But I should not forget to mention here that the local Mohamedans, in spite of their political views, were still my friends.

*Humes.*—That year's Congress was to be held at Prayag. Sir Auckland was against it. But the General Secretary Humes replied him vigorously. To put an end to that feeling Alimahomed Bhimji was called for from Bombay to deliver some lectures. His first lecture was held

in open maidan when I was absent. I was told that the Aligarh people gave trouble. At the second lecture there were more than seven hundred people present. But when the lecturer began to lecture in English, almost all the people began to disperse. They were made to understand by tom-tom that some pandits would lecture on Religion. But when they heard in English they were disappointed.

*My Diary.*—My diary, May 1888, reads: "I have started to write a tract on Varnavyavastha in Urdu." 3rd June is a day to be remembered. The house which I had given as charity to Arya Prathinidhi Sabha, Punjab, was sold and a sum of Rs. 20,000 was put to Gurukul. The allocation of this amount was an embryo of the Gurukul University. In Jullunder you can see many Sanyasis of India. I used to discuss with them during evenings and as such I had become acquainted with their notions and ideas. During this year I met a Sadhu who could be compared to Satan as described by Milton. On the 30th June, 1888 at the request of my friend I went to Kapurthala. Chiranjeevi Lal attracted crowds by his harangues and I delivered lectures when the crowd had collected. Then the diary reads: "Brother Devraj came at six drenching himself in the rain. I discussed idolatry with Master Polhomal." Then I returned to Jullunder. After Isopasana there was a story-telling on *Satyartha Prakash*. A disciple of Agnihotri had now come to our congregation and was seen abusing Samajists. I knew these abuses as the results of the provoking lectures of Agnihotri.

*An Orthodox Accountant General.*—At Kapurthala, General Misra Achrumal, the Accountant General of the State, was a very orthodox man. He was an enemy of Arya Samaj. When anyone went to paste Samaj notices on the prominent walls of his house, he would assault them and clean the wall if he had pasted already. He was against the Samaj preachers. Once an Arya Samajist had lost his mother. There was a big gathering. The people were doubting whether he would create disturbance with the help of the Diwan. I was invited and attended the same. Nothing untoward happened, because he excused himself that it was a funeral, at the same time warning what he would do if the Arya Samaj persisted and gathered in future. Thus he explained his silence. Taking this as a challenge I went to Kapurthala again but he did nothing of the kind. Here I would like to describe an incident which occurred, concerning my brother.

*My Work.*—My brother was involved in a case in July. When he was building a stable, a Mussalman neighbour filed a suit for attempted

encroachment upon religious property. He demanded a sum of Rs. 300. I advised my brother not to be discouraged but to stand for truth and justice at any cost. The result of the advice was he got himself engaged in a litigation for over three months. The Sanatani Magistrate, in spite of my best advocacy, fined my brother Rs. 30. Evidently he did not like to incur the displeasure of the Mussalmans, but on an appeal to the Divisional Court, the lower Court's judgment was reversed. My brother got the lands but I had no peace of mind. I was restless till the 20th July.

My diary reads thus : "Saw Pandit Gurudutt. Had a long discussion about salvation. Found both of us agreed on all subjects. I joined in the weekly meeting of the Lahore Arya Samaj the next Sunday. More than 300 members were present then. Pandit Gurudutt and myself went to Lala Sain Das and had a talk with him about the Arya Samaj. With the acquaintance of Gurudutt my faith (religion) grew in strength." I spent November 1886 in Talwan.

I had a Girls' School opened but it had to be closed for want of qualified teachers. I tried to eradicate many domestic corruptions and was successful in educating many household members who would not spend a single pie upon any charitable work, and they began to spend as much as possible for the good of society. I returned to Talwan where I was made to identify myself with an institution which influenced my later life and work. That was the Kanya Maha Vidyalaya.

*Kanya Maha Vidyalaya.*—The story of the establishment of the Kanya Maha Vidyalaya is simple but interesting. At this time there was a woman at Jullunder, popularly known as "my lady." The little Hindi knowledge which our Hindu ladies had then was due to the old woman. My wife also was indebted to her in this respect. Missionaries moved by selfish motives had appointed her in their educational institution. She was able to induce the girls of the locality to attend the Christian school, by gentle persuasion, and my daughter was no exception to this rule.

The diary entry of the 18th October reads thus : "On my return home from Court, Vedakumari came running with this newly learnt message, 'Christ is the Prophet. No price is required to mention his name. Christ is my anchor. He is my Krishna, etc., etc.'" I was startled to hear this and, on enquiry, I learnt that they were taught even to

detest our holy Sastras. I realised then that an Aryan Girls' School was an absolute necessity.

As usual, on the next Sunday we went to the Arya Samaj Mandir. Rai Bahadur Bakshi Sohanlal, Pleader, was also present. We had interesting talk there, after which we all went to my house. I opened the topic of having a Girls' School of our own. Bakshiji was all willing and agreed to do his best for the school. That very night I drafted an appeal for subscriptions. I was quite successful in my venture. My diary tells me that I continued collecting subscriptions till the end of October. On the death anniversary day of Swami Dayanand (November 3rd) I performed a magnificent *Havan* in my house in the presence of more than 40 respectable people. I appealed for funds. I delivered a lecture on the life of Swami Dayanand the very same evening at the Arya Samaj Mandir. The public were anxious to do something for us. When the desire to help Dharma was awakened in men, means to effect the fulfilment of that desire was within reach. I was greatly distressed and worried in those days as I had not even a penny to pay the servants' wages. The following evening got me Rs. 130. My diary says, "Never lose hope, trust in God."

*To Reach the Masses.*—I was worried as to how best the message of the Rishi could reach the masses. The next day, after the celebrations of the death anniversary of Rishi Dayanand, the thought flashed in my mind and I started the Urdu weekly *Saddharma Pracharak*. On the very next day 16 men paid each Rs. 25 per share.

*Interview with Sir Atchison.*—In those days, Sir Charles Atchison, after finishing his labours as President of the Education Commission, came to Jullunder to join his relation Macworth Young (afterwards Sir, who subsequently became the Lt. Governor of the Punjab), and the local *rais* took me to interview him. My diary entry is: "The leading residents of the locality wanted to end interviews with talks of praise. I spoke about the increment in college and school fees." Sir Charles, in order to silence me, said, "I am for increasing the fees. I see no reason for the Government arranging to educate the people, when the Government does not arrange for their provisions." I rejoined Sir Charles, "By nature man is inclined to gather the materials for his provisions, but like children, he is ignorant about the benefits of education. So like a merciful mother the Government should encourage people in learning." My diary entry informs me that Sir Charles ended the discussion with formal enquiries about the city.



*Hari Kirtans.*—I was very much improved in purity. In addition to the weekly Samaj meetings, I was often reading the *Satyartha Prakash* in some of the houses of the local gentry. I was also writing in the Arya papers about the Girls' School. Before going to sleep the Arya brothers used to come to my house for Hari Kirtan.

*Lahore Samaj Anniversary.*—Lahore Arya Samaj was then considered to be a thing of the past. Whatever may be said of the other Samaj institutions, as far as my experience goes, the sincerity of the Jullunder Aryas was genuine and was daily growing in intensity. It is a self-evident truth that, after a night's rest, the senses of a man are fresh in the morning, when they can be made use of for either good or bad purposes. With this as their guide, some Aryas of Jullunder rose at 4 in the morning, joined together and went about the city singing songs of renunciation, faith, and worship of God. We used to go to every nook and corner of the place singing songs with the aid of musical instruments. I remember how for a period of 5 years we followed the practice for a month and a half preceding every anniversary. During this time my diary of 26th November, 1888 reads: "Pandit Gurudutt as lecturer, next to Dayanand."

*The Samaj Beggar.*—Lala Kashi Ram, a prominent member of the Lahore Brahmo Samaj, and Babu Avanash Chunder Mazumdar, used to join us at times. Strange experiences we had at these times. Some others used to say, "Poor miserable fakirs, only they go on singing, without asking for anything." Then the doors would be opened and the voice would go forth, "Brothers, take some offerings." I would then spread my cloth and, seeing the faces of the inmates, exclaim, "I am the Samaj beggar and we are wandering to invite men and women to gather at the Samaj to drink the nectar of Vedic Dharma." Some ladies would take us to be real beggars and offer us picce, two-anna pieces, four-anna pieces, pieces of cloth, etc. I remember how one such begging got me a sum of Rs. 10 which I duly gave to the funds of the Arya Samaj. That was indeed a blessed day. The very thought of that blessedness elevates and ennobles my soul, and I do feel that if people were to take to such silent work they need not grope in the dark. Morning Bhajan parties were continued for many years and our opponents used to describe us in abusive terms.

The early stages of the Arya Samaj at Lahore were not marked by any firm faith in its activities. It is good since it has become a place

of pilgrimage. With due reverence we travelled to join its anniversary celebration. During 1894 there was a Nagar Kirtan (City Bhajan), after which we left our homes to the railway station. The train was due at two o'clock. We were 10 or 12 and went into the third class waiting room, where, after prayer, Brother Devaraj closed his eyes and begged God for strength and wisdom. When we opened our eyes after prayer we saw a good assembly of men before us. I lectured to them for about an hour. We took the two o'clock train and people had gathered at all the intermediate stations to hear our Bhajan. We reached Lahore at 7 o'clock. As there were horse-trams in those days, we engaged one of them and went all along the way singing Bhajan songs.

*Master Durga Prasad.*—On hearing the lecture on the 16 Samskaras, my respect for Master Durga Prasad increased. Pandit Gurudutt's lecture was the most important of all and this is what my diary reads: "His lecture is incomparable. It approaches Swami Dayanand's discourses." This lecture is memorable, as the first thing I did after hearing it was to leave off the habit of smoking the hooka. My diary entry for 26th November of that year reads: "Immensely rejoiced and benefitted at leaving tobacco. I find now that I am completely free from laziness." I came to Talwan, where the desire to amass wealth grew strong in me, but the greater desire was to lead a life of purity. A room for prayer and a room for library were set apart. I had also set on foot the work of laying out a garden in a secluded spot far away from the reach of the bustle of people. After three days of *prachar* work at my village, I returned to Jullunder. That year's anniversary of the Arya Samaj was a very successful function.

*Nagar Kirtans.*—This anniversary is important to me in more ways than one. For it was then that I realised the might of Nagar Kirtan. It was now that Swami Atmanand turned an Arya Samajist and Swami Achutanand, influenced by the learning and Dharmic habits of Pandit Gurudutt, left his position as Mahant of an orthodox organisation and sought refuge in Vedic Dharma. Pandit Gurudutt, the late Lala Sain Dass and Mahatma Hansraj, with a retinue of Swamis and 40 Aryas, arrived at 12 on the 25th December 1888. Lalaji, Mahatmaji and Panditji went to Ajmere in connection with the Paropakarini Sabha and *prachar* work respectively. Though frequent requests were made to me I did not go to Ajmere as I was busy preparing to celebrate the Jullunder Samaj's anniversary. Nagar Kirtan was intended to carry the message of love and peace to the town folk. It was usually led to the

accompaniment of music by a local *rais*, carrying an "Om" flag, followed by Pandit Gurudutt and a number of sanyasis chanting Veda Mantras. They were followed by *grihasthas* singing the praises of Hari. It was such an impressive sight that the kingdom of peace seemed to have descended into the bazaar and other places. After the performance of Sandhya, the Havan was lead. It was followed by Swami Swatmanand's lectures on the benefits of Sandhya. Then late in the nights Sadhus and Swamijis used to have discourses with Pandit Gurudutt. My doubts at the sight of Sanyasis and Sadhus regarding the performance of *Havan* were aroused and when I expressed it to Pandit Gurudutt he said, "Mahatmajis and Yogis freed from the trammels of the worldly life need not attend to these things", but those Sanyasis who were at the service of *grihasthas* day and night and who were addicted to worldly tastes would do better to perform Sandhya and Agnihotra. He supported these conclusions from the *Swetaswataropanishad*. The beneficial effects of Pandit Gurudutt's company was such that even Sanyasis and Mahatmajis thought it best to perform Sandhya and Havan. Ordinarily they would have considered it a matter of shame to perform it with men lower in rank than themselves.

*An Incident.*—Swami Achutanand delivered a Sanskrit lecture on the 26th December, to which invitations and letters of request to orthodox pandits were sent in my own handwriting. After condemning neo-vedantism when Swamiji was speaking about the Vedic Dharma, some Puranika rose from among the audience and showing a book, which was a commentary on an Upanishad, written by a Swamiji, said, "Look here, what is written here and what rubbish are you speaking now?" Swamiji silenced him by answering, "Yes, this is my book. After my eyes were opened, I had since then revised the book." The Puranic Pandit was dumbstruck.

*Vedanti Mouniji.*—At the time of questions and answers the famous Vedanti Mouniji was brought near the Vedi for a debate. Pandit Gurudutt was at that time in the pulpit of the Arya Samaj. Questions about Mouniji arose but he continued to be a *mouni* (silent). He was asked to leave the chair but he was unmoved. In the meantime some one had questioned about Niyoga and Widow Remarriage. Swami Swatmanandji answered it in a most convincing manner. Pandit Gurudutt had so well and cleverly established the case against early marriage that a Sowcar of Kastar in the Jullunder District made up his

mind then to get his widowed daughter re-married. Lala Saligram, the father of Devarajji, also became a supporter of widow remarriages.

*Pandit Gurudutt's Lectures.*—The evening lectures of Pandit Gurudutt had caused a great commotion in the city. Beechi, Spencer and others came to hear Panditji, who was always in the habit of making very long introductions. As in the case of Sir Walter Scott's novels those fortunate gentlemen, who had the patience to listen to the introduction for the first half of an hour would be amply repaid by the enjoyment of paradise by the latter three quarters of an hour. On the day in question, Panditji was requested to finish his lecture in 5 minutes to allow an appeal for funds. When Panditji finished in 5 minutes his lecture which had a long introduction, there was surprise among the people.

## CHAPTER XX

### DAILY ROUTINE

*Pandit Gurudutt.*—Europeans and others who were present on the occasion were amazed to hear Pandit Gurudutt's beautiful brief conclusion. On 28th December, after this lecture, Pandit Gurudutt came to me with Lala Balakram. After taking milk we went around the city and made our way to Lala Devaraja. Balakram started questioning Panditji, "What is your opinion on the Indian National Congress?" Panditji, suddenly stopping his walking, exclaimed thus: "Well, when I think that the method of achieving the object of the Congress is by constitutional agitation, my mind goes to a person kindling a bundle of sticks on a low ground and at the same time allowing the flow of water from all sides which are in a higher elevation." The reply almost stunned and made us silent.

After a few days, there was a lecture by a Sanatanist in our place on the importance of idolatry. Panditji and all of us had been to that lecture. But when the lecture was over some Arya Samajists who were present there insisted on Panditji to lecture at the very place on the Arya Samaj view on idolatry. When the Pandit spoke on the true worship of idols, the Sanatanists present there were so carried away by his cogent reasoning, that many of them became determined to abandon idol worship once for all in future.

I slept on 20th December at Devarajji's house. When I went early morning to see Pandit Gurudutt, I was told that the Panditji had already risen at a very early hour in the morning and, shutting the doors inside, was practising Yoga. A little later, when I met Panditji I suggested to him that when he had any public engagements he should not go back to secluded study. He said, "I have not still left the study. When persons come and surround me with questions, I feel it difficult to answer till I go back to myself and study at my leisure. Had it not been for my study, it will be very difficult for me to answer." Then I began to feel that the people did not realize that some of their questions made the Panditji to study till 2 or 3 in the night. By such questions, the people never knew that they were driving him nearer and nearer to the burning ghat.

*Two Incidents.*—Two incidents happened on the 29th December. One was this. In a well-ventilated drawing room of Devaraj, a number of Sanyasis were sitting on a platform and Pandit Gurudutt was lying on a cot in the adjoining verandah. Choudhary Rambhoj Dutt was sitting by his side and they were talking when I was suddenly called in. I went in, when Panditji said, "Look here! Even your own example says that conscientious men have no place in legal profession. Why don't you leave the Mukthar profession? Learn yourself and become a teacher for by that you can make hundreds of youths to be men of good and righteous character." Rambhoj Dutt thought it a sacred duty to carry out his Guru's wishes. Who knows, if Panditji had not met with an early death, whether Rambhoj Dutt would not have attained to high positions, without falling a prey to worldly temptations.

*Hans Raj, A Mahatma.*—The second thing was this. Lala Thakurdas, a Rais belonging to the village of Mahatma Hans Raj, joined our religious assembly to have the *darshan* of Swamis. Devaraj asked him, "Look here! Lalaji, you call the Goddess the mother of the world and yet sacrifice sheep and buffaloes to her. Is this Sanatana Dharma?" Lala Thakurdas, who was an aged and experienced man, kept quiet for a little while and said, "Our Chiranjeevi Hansraj is highly honoured by you all." Devaraj at once started singing, "Hansraj is a Mahatma. He is our chief. Tell me of one in the Sanatana Dharma, who has made great sacrifices." Thakurdas at once jumped with the remark, "Chiranjeevi Hansraj eats flesh. How can he be a chief or Mahatma?" There was complete lull for the following four or five minutes, Swami Achutanand requested Pandit Gurudutt to rebuke Lalaji. Panditji answered that he saw him eating flesh five days back and was not sure if he had left it now. This revealed Panditji's inflexibility which got him many enemies. The result was his name was removed from the list of the founders of the Dayanand Anglo-Vedic College although he did not lag behind others in his services to the institution.

*Thakurdas's Stories.*—Lala Thakurdas's stories about his native village amused me much. I was still not clear in my mind whether, after becoming a member of the Arya Samaj, one could continue to eat flesh. I sang and revered Mahatmajis but their love for flesh had lessened my respect towards the Lahore Arya Samaj leaders. The same evening Pandit Gurudutt went to a religious gathering. Dewan Ramjan of Kapurthala was also present. He took us inside. Dewanji in a long

speech asked Panditji whether a union of the two Sabhas was not possible and asked them to listen to his lecture and allow him some time to explain his position. Dewanji promised to do so. When Dewanji's carriage neared the Arya Samaj, Achrumalji fell at his feet and said: "If you go to hear the lecture of these Aryas you will incur the sin of Brahmin murder." Dewanji could not resist it and so went away. Pandit Gurudutt delivered his lecture as usual.

I gained much by coming in contact with men like Pandit Gurudutt. New friends encouraged me in my Dharmaprachar and Pandit Gurudutt cleared my mind of all doubts. I do not know who made Panditji think that among Jullunder residents I was known as a Brahmo. It is true that I had left the Brahmos but they took part in our Sankirtans and joined our functions. At the time of the Jullunder Arya Samaj anniversary I had once for all bade good-bye to the reading of novels. I had been trying to leave the same a year before but was not successful. This was also wasting much of my time like chess. By the grace of Almighty God I had left these two for ever.

*Pandit Chajjuram's Resignation.*—Many joined the Arya Samaj now and Pandit Chajjuram, a Vakil, was one of them. Though he left the Samaj four or five months after joining it, he showed very high respect for it. Pandit Chajjuram, though willing to subscribe to the creed of the Arya Samaj, could not accept the Vedas as the revealed word of God. His resignation letter published in the *Saddharma Pracharak* reads thus: "Please remove my name from the register of the Arya Samaj as I do not completely believe in the principles of the Samaj. So long as I do not fully subscribe to a creed, it would be sheer pretence to show that I follow it. It would not conduce to the welfare of the Samaj. I am now with you as regards other things." What fine words! How happy it would be if a kingdom is to be established on such righteousness! Unfortunately there are now many in the Samaj who, while pretending to follow it, are a burden to it.

*Conversion of my Brothers.*—Just then my two brothers and other relations joined the Arya Samaj, which helped me to sail smoothly in the sea of Vedic Dharma. The last effect of this Anniversary was that Poojya Muni Rik, Jain Sadhu, joined the Arya Samaj. He was living at Nakodar. On hearing my two lectures his love for the Samaj increased and after frequent discussions he joined us on the 28th December afternoon. He is now famous as the Brahmachari Rishi.

## DAILY ROUTINE

*My Daily Work.*—I was much elated with the success of the third anniversary. As Western influence was still strong in me I continued to write my diary in English and this is what it contains: "Om, 1889, New Year begins. I did nothing till the 25th January. Absolutely nothing. Almighty God was very much pleased with the Arya Samaj this year. He had completely covered me with his mercy. It is indeed surprising to see the Samaj started by us growing in strength. At the thought of God that surprise vanishes away. Protect me, oh Lord, from all kinds of sinful acts. Lead me along the path of truth and make me wise in the life of Ancient Rishis."

A little further the diary continues thus: "Friday, 25th January. Rising early I read the *Pioneer* and wrote letters after *sandhya*. Went to Court at 10. Finished my work and returned home at 1. Then to the Arya Samaj. I received a letter there requesting me to go to Alavalpur for a lecture. Replied accepting that request. The Samaj construction was going on. Did an hour's Samaj work. Then Deváráj came and took me to his place. There Wazir Karmá Singh who had left idol worship, gave me good tea. Then went to Company Bagh with Pratap Singh. Played tennis with Rajkumar Janamejaya. Returned home at 6 and after Sandhya resolved myself once for all to say good-bye to laziness. After supper I was reading till 9 in the night."



## CHAPTER XXI

### SUDDHI

*At Alavalpur.*—At 3 o'clock on 25th January I reached Alavalpur with the other members of the Jullunder Arya Samaj. The people there were expecting us from the morning. We began our lectures at 3-30. After my lecture on the objects of the Arya Samaj, time was given for questions and answers. It was 6-30 when we came back to Jullunder. My diary for the 28th January reads thus: "Gourishankar came today and I learned from his talks that there is a great field open for Arya Samaj work at Kasada. Many in that village were in agreement with the Samaj principles. But *grihasthas* were harassing us. Otherwise it would have been possible to do greater work there."

*Puranika's Mischief.*—I was engaged in thinking for days and nights of the best means to spread Samaj principles. The whole of the 28th was raining. The time I had after my court work I gave to the Mouni Rishi. He promised to remain a strict celibate till his marriage. Muniji had given away all his books concerning Jainism to the Jullunder Samaj library. At the time of registering the Arya Pratinidhi Sabha and the opening of the Vedic Book Shop, he gave it all the manuscripts he had. I do not know the present condition of the books. After talking to Brahmacharis I engaged myself in explaining the principle and benefits of Sandhya to the ordinary masses. On the 30th a letter was received from Ajmer stating that the Puranikas had set afloat a false rumour concerning the Jullunder anniversary. I wrote an article promptly, repudiating the baseless charges and never found rest till I finished and posted it, in time to catch the evening mail, to the *Arya Patrika* at Lahore.

*Swami Mahanandji.*—A baseless rumour was set afloat on the 1st February 1889 to the effect that the Sanatana Dharma Mahamandal had gained a victory at Lahore and the Arya Samaj lectures were prohibited. I never trusted the news when I first heard of it. On the next day a rustic Brahmin of Jullunder said that the Commissioner had arranged for a discussion between the Sanatanists and the Samajists and had decided against the latter. I laughed at this and at once started for Lahore. This is my diary entry for the 3rd February: "At

7-30 I entered the Arya Samaj Mandir. Chiranjivi also was there. The rumour and its publication in the *Kohinoor* found to be false. Babu Munalal and Swami Swatmanandji delivered lectures in reply to the Sanatana Dharma Mahamandal. It was then that a learned Sanyasi, by name Swami Mahanandji, came forward to dedicate himself to the work of the Samaj. Swamiji had many Sadhus as his disciples, and even Pandit Gurudutt valued Swamiji's learning. Some 20 people then desired to join the Arya Samaj. I came to know that already 35 had joined. Waves of enthusiasm were passing at the moment." The gathering broke up at 11 in the night.

*An Extreme Radical.*—I went to Lala Sain Das's house after supper and found there Hansraj, Mulkraj, Chiranjivi and some Swamis. After transacting some formal business I moved a resolution to the effect that marriages among Arya Samajists should be done according to Guna, Karma and Swabhava (character, conduct and nature) and not according to the rites of the vicious caste system. Lala Sain Das called me an "extreme radical." From there I went to Pandit Gurudutt who took me to a Pandits' gathering where Pandit Deenadayal was supporting idol worship in a surprising mood. We returned to Jullunder at 6-30. Aryan Brethren understood me to be an opponent to compromise in matters religious. The following is from my diary: "February 5th, 1889, Tuesday. After morning prayer I went to the Samaj Mandir with the other members. Congregational Havan followed Bhajan. Enchantment of Vedic Mantras was really inspiring and illuminating. There was a Preeti Bhojan (Social Gathering) at 11-30 where we all messed together.

*Reconversion of Ramgopal.*—It was now 2 o'clock and at 4 a meeting of the Antaranga Sabha (Executive Committee) was held. The main business was the consideration of the reconversion of Ramgopal who was for some time a Mussalman. The Sabha proved nervous and, instead of taking the lead, sent him away to Amritsar.

It would be necessary to tell here that the Amritsar Arya Samaj was under the influence of a Pandit by name Nathuram. Having extracted Dakshinas (offerings of cash) from fallen men, he used to direct them to Hardwar where, after bath, they would get themselves purified by taking water made holy with cow dung by paying Rs. 5-4-0. Then this gentleman would issue a certificate of Suddhi. Times are changed today and even born Christians and Mohamedans are admitted into the Hindu fold.

*Devaraj's Ordeal.*—Devaraj delivered a very instructive and interesting lecture on "Truth." It was unusually important. This is my diary entry for Sunday the 26th January: "It was perhaps a forerunner of greater things to happen. Devaraj's father had made him to understand that if he had any intention of doing any *prachar* work on behalf of the Arya Samaj it would be better for him to go to Burma and other places instead of giving room for his personal friends to complain. As Devaraj was in charge of the treasury of his friends, having settled those accounts, he started for Burma, via Calcutta, with little money. Then his father came to his senses and sent a person to get Devaraj back.

I used to do *prachar* work in those days among villagers. Rai Saligram felt now that the Samaj *prachar* work would not suffer by the absence or presence of any single individual. This rare courage of Devaraj cleared his obstacles and he became honourable in the eyes of his father. From then he began to work fearlessly.

*Agitation for Suddhi.*—I was keeping on the agitation for Suddhi in the Antaranga Sabha and many members supported me. With the return of Devaraj it became clear. Had he not come then it would have disappeared. As I was anxious that the impression of the work suffering during Devaraj's absence should not gain in strength, I was devoting a greater portion of my time in city *prachar* work. With the idea of opening a press and running a journal, my correspondence grew in volume. In spite of these engagements I had finished writing a booklet on "Bhajan." I was also reading then Spencer's works and Swamiji's *Introduction to the Vedas*. In addition to these I had sent some plants to be planted in a garden two miles from Talwan, where I was anxious to build a bungalow free from the bustle of the town. I had also not forgotten the Girls' School about which I talked to Rai Bahadur Master Pyari Lal, Inspector of Schools, on the 21st February.

## CHAPTER XXII

### SADDHARMA PRACHARAK

*Propaganda.*—After the Samaj's anniversary we decided to start a press and issue a journal, to meet the growing work of the Arya Samaj. As the Jullunder and Hoshiarpur Samajs were on friendly terms, Mahasaya Ramachandra fell in with my views and promised me to buy some shares on behalf of the Arya Samaj as and when the journal was published. The value of each share was fixed at Rs. 25. I myself took two shares. Sri Lala Ramakrishna, the present President of the Punjab Arya Pratinidhi Sabha, who had come to practise, was made the president of the local Samaj. He also took some shares. Lala Devaraj, Saligram, Vyshin, famous as the Kangri Gurukul Storekeeper, Lala Saranamull of Kapurthala, all took some shares. On the 14th February 1889 a meeting of the share-holders was held. Lala Govind was sent for from Kapurthala and his help was sought in buying and equipping a printing press.

*Saddharma Pracharak.*—That very evening Lala Govind succeeded in bargaining for a press, for which he was given Rs. 50 as commission. It was resolved to name the paper as *Saddharma Pracharak*, and publish it as an Urdu weekly. Lala Devaraj and myself were appointed Joint Editors. I was also the Manager as I had to declare myself in the Court as the Publisher. A great deal of discussion took place on the policy to be pursued and in the end it was resolved that the editors should be given a free voice in the matter. So, on the 16th February I wrote an article enunciating the principles and policies of the paper. That continued to guide us in the future. I searched for that article everywhere, but now I am unable to find a copy of it. It is clear that Devaraj wrote the first leader. It is possible that in the first issues we would have used very strong expressions as will be evident from this incident. When I went to Ferozepore early in April, Lala Sain Das called me an "Extreme Radical" on reading the paper.

*A Voracious Reader.*—When the press became an accomplished fact, I began to study much and used to read during nights books like Draper's *Conflict between Religion and Science*, Bain's *Education as a Science*, Guizot's *History of Civilization*, Lyall's *Asiatic Studies*. With-

in a period of six months I had finished reading more than 20 books. Early mornings were devoted to a study of the *Satyartha Prakash*, and Swamiji's *Veda Bhashya Bhumika*. I began also to revise *Laghu Koumudi*. This was the reason why Lala Lajpat Rai, when he first heard my lecture at a Samaj Assembly in 1885 enquired of me as to when I attained so much proficiency in Sanskrit.

As the press worked at a loss for the first two years, Rs. 15 more was called in from each share-holder. In spite of handing over the management to Ramakrishna, there were no signs of improvement. Having returned all dues to the respective share-holders, I became master of the press, and do not remember any share-holder to have helped me in my loss. How did the *Pracharak* influence the Samaj world? What service did it render to the cause of Vedic Dharma? How did it purify public morality? These are questions that can only be answered by those who have read it from the date of its first publication. With the birth of the *Pracharak*, my laziness fled away. I was clearing men's doubts and answering their questions. Not a meeting of the Arya Samaj took place without my presence. Mornings and evenings were set apart for study.

*A. Widow Re-marriage.*—In the interests of furthering our cause, I was anxious to arrange for a widow re-marriage. This is my diary entry: "Leaving Court I went to Devaraj, where I cleared his doubts concerning some difficult portions in Swamiji's *Introduction to the Rig and other Vedas*. On return I stopped for an hour at the Samaj Mandir, where I spoke to the two brothers about the nature and difference of Jeewatma and Paramatma. After asking Brahmachari Mounirishi to read for half an hour, I joined the religious Assembly. In the course of the discourse they were speaking on the value of the Vedas. The impartiality of the Jullunder Samaj had impressed even the Puranikas. From the Dharma Sabha I went to my house and Pandit Noor Mahal, a Sowcar, joined me when I was performing Sandhya. He was so much influenced that he took part in the performance of the Havan. At the time of his departure he handed over to me Rs. 50 earmarked for the Girls School. After reading the *Satyartha Prakash* when I was ready to go to bed at 9-30 Rullaram called upon me and expressed his willingness to get his widowed daughter married to Vaishakram, a Sowcar. It was accordingly arranged.

During the Holi holidays, after Havan, etc., there was a common dinner at the Samaj. Lala Dhannamal of Kapurthala also was present.

Feeling very badly for the want of preachers it was then resolved to open a training class. As I was teaching Brahmacharis Brahmanand and Mounirishi, I volunteered to teach the classes freely. These classes worked for a few days before they were closed.

*Justice Incomplete.*—From the second issue of the *Saddharma Pracharak* I wrote a series of articles under the caption 'Justice Incomplete' in which I said that "education is as much a necessity to women as it is to men". Vedas have enjoined that, as boys should be under the care and guidance of their parents and Gurus in their early and later periods of life respectively, so women also ought to be given that benefit. As I considered that the D.A.V. College would serve as a Gurukul, I also thought of helping the Ferozepore Girls School in making it answer to my ideas.

*A Reform Marriage.*—Lala Dhanpat Rai on reading my articles had published notices to the effect that his daughter Bhagwan Devi would select her own husband after the manner of ancient Swayamvar practice. He had also expressed a desire to have an Ashram attached to the Ferozepore Girls School. Agitation on these two topics grew in volume. It came to a head when Sow. Bhagwan Devi was given in marriage to a rich widower who had got a son by his first wife. The absence of a Gurukul made the idea of an Ashram impossible.

*Satyartha Prakash Katha.*—My constant tour in the villages on propaganda work created in my mind a strong desire to bring into practice the ancient custom of performing Kathas or having open classes. So, I began with the *Satyartha Prakash Katha* on the 24th April 1889. When I began my Katha sitting on a platform, the audience was only 20 or 25 strong. Shopkeepers in the surrounding markets were pleasing themselves with their hookas. I read the Vedic Mantras and interpreted them in clear Punjabi language. That drew many Lalas to my lecture. After 4 or 5 days the audience numbered about 200 to 250. In the course of time these shopkeepers were very attentive and even came at the cost of foregoing the hooka. I continued for more than a month and had to stop then as I had to go out on a certain business. Then a pandit took my place. He had scarcely finished his prayer when rains came and dispersed the audience. With the approach of the rainy season I was helpless and could do nothing.

## CHAPTER XXIII

### GURU DUTT

*An Arya Hero's Trials.*—At the open field where we were having classes, otherwise called Kathas, the Secretary of the Jullunder Dharma Sabha owned a grain shop. It was let out to the brother of Lala Saligram, the Store-keeper of the now famous Kangri Gurukul. The Secretary asked his tenant to warn his brother against mixing freely in the Arya Samaj activities, and threatened to eject him if he did not succeed in doing that. The tenant was very much troubled and he requested his brother to stop from frequenting the Arya Samaj but Bahadur Saligram never lent his ears to it. He even began staying in the Samaj Mandir itself. So, the merciless Dharma Sabha Secretary asked his tenant to vacate his house under the impression that, if he vacated his house, his stocks of grain would not be sold and he would have no means of livelihood. But it generally happens that the hoarder gets richer than the ordinary seller. Grains, which were not sold then, were sold at higher rates some time afterwards, when prices rose high, and Saligram's brother made good profits. From then, his faith in the Samaj and Vedic Dharma grew in strength.

When the Store-keeper was staying at the Arya Samaj Mandir, the desire to study Sanskrit was very strong with him.

*Swami Tikmanand.*—At the time of the first Anniversary celebration of the Jullunder Arya Samaj I noticed a young Sadhu noting carefully the mistakes committed in writing Veda Mantras on the wall. On enquiry I found the name to be Tikmanand. The young Sadhu went to Banaras, where he heard a lecture of Swami Ramanand, an Upadeshak of the Arya Samaj, at the Carmichael Library Hall in May 1889. At once he took to the Arya Samaj. Although there were many Sadhus before in the Arya Samaj, no one evinced so much interest in Vedic Studies as this Sadhu. Swami Ramanand changed his name from Tikmanand to Parmanand but could not arrange to give him Vedic instructions at Kashi as the agitation for starting a preachers' class was then in full swing. So, these two Sadhus came to Jullunder and were present at the 27th May meeting. It was then that Parmanand entered the Arya Samaj. I learned from him later on how he left his home in

Sind during his childhood and wandered in Sanyasi's robes, to gain knowledge.

*Preachers' Class.*—Swami Ramanand, accompanied by Swami Purnanand, came to Jullunder on 2nd May 1889. They were determined to open a Preachers' class. They wanted to have special departments for music and for *prachar* work. Swami Ramanand sought my help in the matter. I expressed my opinion that, Kashi being the orthodox centre it would not prove successful and, as such, Lahore would be a better centre, where we could count upon the help of the D.A.V. College authorities. Swamiji agreed with me and went to Lahore, where Pandit Gurudutt and others also fell in with the idea and appended their signatures to the appeal. Swami Purnanand was anxious to go to Kapurthala where he was told that men of learning were living. This is what the *Pracharak* says: "Swami Ramanand left on the 21st June for Hoshiarpur to collect funds. Further he returned to Lahore on the 25th June. Up to this time only Rs. 30 was promised as donation. God will help us. Swami Purnanand was sent on behalf of the Arya Samaj to get instructions in Darshanas at Kapurthala."

*Swami Purnanand Saraswati.*—Generally people putting on Kashaya styled themselves as Swamis, but Purnanand was only a Sadhu, when he changed his Ashram. When he became fully qualified he was known as Swami Purnanand Saraswati.

The men for whom the Upadesha Classes were to be opened had left us and I had to hear all their quarrels. Pandit Gurudutt was dissatisfied with the Lahore Arya Samaj and his first complaint was about the provision of a separate section in the D.A.V. College boarding house for flesh eaters. Lala Naraindas was very much devoted to Pandit Gurudutt. He was successful in calling a meeting in the house of Bhakta Ishwardas, at which Pandit Guru Dutt in unequivocal language spoke against flesh-eating and pleaded for a preachers' class. A description of the proceedings in the Assembly will be given at its proper place. That will show how Mulraj and others became dissatisfied with Guru Dutt. So the authorities of the D.A.V. College got themselves rid of the proposals to open a preachers' class.

*Unhealthy Quarrels.*—I wrote clearly in the *Pracharak* that, until the D.A.V. management took the responsibility for the Upadeshak class, donations might be sent to Pandit Gurudutt. That served as a cause for Mulraj and others to escape. They blamed Guruduttji with



the ambition of being proclaimed as a Guru, and accused him of deciding to become the Principal of the D.A.V. College. Panditji, as per his nature, was answering in a respectful way to all these allegations. I was compelled to give proper replies. The quarrel went on for three years. If the history of the Arya Samaj comes to be written, the first three years' files of the *Pracharak* would be a source of great help.

*Swami Ramanand.*—Swami Ramanand, after gathering all the necessary things to open the institution, became sick by the end of the month. He grew so bad that the local Civil Surgeon declared him to be hopeless, but my old friend, Rajkumar Janamejaya cured him to the extent that he was able to sit. Swamiji grew a little better and he went away. I have not seen him since then.

*A Pleasing Incident.*—I spent a great portion of my time in the service and company of Pandit Gurudutt. His enemies were hurting him with the flesh diet controversy. It is interesting to recall a pleasing incident in this connection. A great scholar, who was a Premchand Roychand Scholar and a Government Official, came then to Guruduttji and said, "What do you do with Ayurveda? There is an open mandate in Sushruta (to take flesh)." To this Panditji answered, "May be, are you willing to abide by Sushruta?" The man was surprised and asked, "Have you not got faith in flesh eating?" "It does not matter whether I have or not. If it is to be taken", continued Panditji, "it should be of the best quality. Of all flesh, man's is the best. By far the best among human flesh, is the flesh of an M.A. Even among this a Premchand Roychand Scholar's flesh will serve as first class food." The M.A. bade good-bye and stole away silently.

Panditji was a victim to tuberculosis. His foes had already set baseless rumours about him. As I said before, he was accused of being desirous to become the Principal of the D.A.V. College, that he was wearing Kashaya to become a Guru and get all Pracharaks under his control. These things got such currency that even Lala Saindas, who looked upon Panditji as his own son, felt worried.

*Pandit Gurudutt's Explanation.*—I heard all these things at Lahore in Jeshtha 1946 and went straight to Pandit Gurudutt and asked him some questions, which I still remember. They are as follows:

Q: Panditji, people say you are desirous of becoming the Principal of the D.A.V. College. One of the Committee Members informed me

that you did not accept a Professorship as you are desirous of becoming the Principal.

A : How can I receive the pay from a College to which I have not only given my money, but also have begged other people to finance it. Seeing my uselessness, they desired to appoint me as a Professor of Science, but I complained that I would not work for any salary. I promised to take classes two or three hours a week, and instead of Science, I desired to take the Vedas. As they did not agree to my proposal, there was an end of the matter. Just then Durga Prasad came and cleared the issue by stating that it was he who proposed to Lala Lalchand, the Chief of the College Trust, that no one who is not acquainted with the Vedas was to be appointed as Head of the College. (Pandit Gurudutt was not even aware of his proposal.)

Q : Why, Panditji, are you wearing the garb of a Sanyasi ?

A : I have no money. The sun is hot. Why should I waste money upon a washerman ? I have coloured my shirt for home use, and wash it myself every day.

Q : Why is it that the disciples of Sanyasis have their heads clean shaven ?

Panditji became sorrow-struck and said, "Munshiram, all Sanyasis and Mahatmas are my Gurus. I feel sorry to hear such questions."

Leaving Pandit Gurudutt, I went to Lala Sain Das and acquainted him with all these facts and said, "Pandit Gurudutt is your son. People are trying to create ill-will between the father and the son. Why don't you talk to him plainly ?" Lala Sain Das took my advice and accompanied me to Pandit Gurudutt's house. If Panditji had been then at home, the Arya Samaj history would have been different, but he had gone out for a walk. So I came back without seeing him.

When I went to Lahore a second time, I heard that Panditji had gone to the hills as the guest of Umrao Singh.

## HAPTER XXIV

### LĀLA LAJPAT RAI

*Entry of Lala Lajpat Rai.*—As a convalescent at Murree Hills, Panditji attended the anniversary of his beloved Peshawar Arya Samaj in spite of the entreaties of friends. With such Karmaveeras rest has no meaning. He returned from Peshawar to Lahore where I met him at the Samaj Anniversary. It was also the time of the meeting of the College Committee. He was present at those meetings. Study of Aryan literature was given prominence in the College curriculum from these days onwards.

This was the first year when the learned Vedic Scholar Pandit Gurudutt was prevented from taking part in the Arya Samaj celebrations. His place was taken by Lala Lajpat Rai. Gurudutt's sickness became worse and he had to go to Gujranwalla where one of his dear friends, Dr. Fatechand, a Civil Surgeon of repute, began to treat him. He was himself preparing and administering the medicines with his own hands, but the nature of the disease could not be diagnosed. Then a famous doctor of the Lahore Medical College was sent for. Satisfying himself by questions about the qualifications of the Doctor, Panditji allowed him to examine his body. The disease, in his opinion, was not tuberculosis, and the Doctor said that "Panditji was over-active." "I have never seen such an industrious man. If you wish to get him cured, take him to some sanatorium, where fresh air will give his brain the much-needed rest." Panditji was very glad to hear that it was not tuberculosis. The Doctor's advice was not cared for.

*Panditji's Last Days.*—I was prevented from attending any other work, on account of his ill-health. On reaching Lahore, Hakim Shar Ali was called in from Jullunder and his medicines had good effect. When Panditji was ready to start to Jullunder he fell down again as he was not observing strictly the prescribed diet. Pandit Janardan treated him with little success. Then English treatments were tried. All were useless and the incarnation of knowledge and learning died on 19th March 1890. If ever the life of Panditji comes to be written, I may say that the whole lesson of his immaculate life will be made known to the common public. That which is now made known to the public

is not the whole truth as the secrets of that noble life could not have been known except by personal contact.

Panditji loved the Arya Samaj of Peshawar, Quetta and Jullunder for the reason that each one of these paid their best attention to the moral side of life. I wrote in the *Pracharak* of the 15th March 1890 as follows :—

“The Antaranga Sabha of the Quetta Arya Samaj has passed a resolution that no flesh-eater should be admitted as a member of the Arya Samaj, and the flesh-eating members were given notice that they had to take the benefit of this rule within the 1st July. This act is most commendable. Other Arya Samajists would do well to copy and follow this policy.”

So much importance was laid on the personal habits of the members of the Peshawar Arya Samaj that, till one was found to be a firm follower of the Samaj principles, one's name was entered only as a sympathiser. One was never confirmed as a member of the Jullunder Arya Samaj until one had undergone ten months probationary period.

Details of the activities of Panditji will be given here and in other places. One incident would be sufficient to establish his exemplary nature. Till a year before his death he was second to none in collecting funds for the College and he was one of those who contributed to the greatness of the College. Still his name is not to be found in the records of the College. There is none even today to mention his name. He was a Bhishma in true debate, but now nobody knows him. Still there is the work of Panditji from which none would be able to erase his name. It was his three brilliant articles contributed to the *Vedic Magazine* which caused great commotion in France and England. His first article on Jeewatma was studied even by the France and Englishmen of Jullunder several times before they could follow it. It is due to him alone that a high opinion about the Arya Samaj prevails today in Europe and America. None is available to complete the unfinished work of Panditji. The re-born *Vedic Magazine* is but a poor namesake of its predecessor.

My Dharmic trials commenced even before the death of Guruduttji. Lala Devaraj's eldest brother Bala'kram, a lover of the cause of women's education, was my best friend. The cause gained in strength as we both helped each other in our activities. Opponents of Guru-

duttji attacked him with the Upadeshak class as their target and accused me as the instrument at the back. As I had written openly that if either the College Committee or the A. P. Sabha refused to make arrangements for opening the Upadeshak class, monies intended for the said purpose would be sent direct to Pandit Gurudutt, that had given them an opportunity for their vile accusations. The result was that heaven and hell resounded with the noise of a great commotion that an attempt to inculcate the worship of man was made with Gurudutt at the bottom. It was openly declared that, having trampled under foot the five principles of the Samaj, these people were trying to gain their selfish ends.

*Havan.*—The sun was very hot then. I clearly remember three or four nights, when people unable to bear the day's heat used to come to the wells in our houses to draw water for bath. Added to these the Editorship of the *Pracharak* fell upon my shoulders. The other duties of the Samaj, coupled with the necessity of finding funds to construct a building, placed me in a strange situation. As if these were not sufficient, cholera was raging in the city.

Seeing the signs of a water famine, the Jullunder Arya Samaj thought of performing a Havan. On the day when it was performed in an open field, there was a heavy downpour of rain. In order to protect the fire we erected sheds, after which we went about the market for about two hours singing Bhajan. Merchants who were obstructing us from the beginning seeing now our firm faith in the cause of Dharma, began to help and co-operate with us. The whole town rang with the news that the Aryas' Havan had driven away famine. Arrangements were also made for the continued performance of the Havan for a fortnight. Rains had come, but cholera would not leave us.

*A Tapo Bhumi.*—I went to Delhi with my wife, two daughters and my son Harichandra. After staying at Hardwar for some time I went for a day to Rishikesh. It was truly then a Tapo-Bhumi, a place of penance. Now it is a town. Even though I had lived at Gurukul for about 18 years I had not even been once to Rishikesh. All of us went to Hardwar in September 1889 for a day and stayed at Kapurthala Choultry facing the Ganges. Harichandra, who would have been then two years, threw away into the river, in the course of his pranks, a bunch of keys. When all of us were looking for it, he said, "The key has gone there, the key has gone there." We laughed at it. Subsequently we had to break open our locks.

Pandas came and surrounded me at the choultry. One Panda, a very clever man said, "I am here to serve you with or without any reward." He objected to my sleeping on the ground and brought me a cot. He brought me all the necessary things for my house, and afforded me so much comfort that within 5 days he spent about Rs. 20. For the same amount I would not have been able to command so much convenience and comfort. At the time of leaving the place I gave him Rs. 5. He took it so smilingly that I thought he was satisfied, but that was not the case. He had already taken another Rs. 5 from my wife. They got me the visitors' book and, laying open its pages said, "Lord, you are an Arya Samajist, so I would not speak about image worship. Be pleased to write here that I served you here." I wrote as follows: "Came on a visit to Hardwar. If not for Pandas and the monkeys the peace of the place would have been more enchanting and better fitted to live." The Panda thought that he had a clean victory. He would have understood me when he had it read by somebody.

*At Meerut.*—Leaving my family with an aged relation of mine I went to Meerut, where I stayed with my relative, Dr. Ramachandar. Ramachandar Vysia was then living at Lal Kaka Bazaar, Meerut. His name and the bazaar's name are inseparable. The Doctor was a chief disciple of Agnihotri of the Deva Samaj. After a brief conversation he was inclined towards the Arya Samaj. Then he came with his wife and children for a tour in the Punjab. I delivered a lecture at the Meerut Arya Samaj on "The Life Eternal". The platform was a little raised and was lighted from all sides. There were rows of seats each capable of accommodating 100 persons. But there were present only 25. Although better lamps were available the platform was lit by a big dirty lantern, whose chimney was pasted with mud. It was covered with soot. When I asked the cause of that practice, the answer came: "This exists from Rishi Dayanand's time, so it cannot be replaced."

I delivered my lecture. There was no Bhajan. They were in the habit of bringing the proceedings to a close with the chanting of a Veda Mantra by a born Brahmin. Just then an obliging man said, "Chandrabanu, you are a Brahmin, so please chant some mantras."

Students requested me to deliver another lecture but there was a difficulty. The rules of the Antaranga Sabha said that no meeting could be held where benches and chairs were used, without their previous permission. So, it was settled that on my return from the Baha-

dur Ghat where my brother was in the Police Service, I should address them, by which time it was hoped to gain the necessary permission. I lectured at Bahadur Ghat on the 13th and 14th September and at Meerut on the 15th. I desired to have Bhajan and a young man offered himself to play on the harmonium. After a little while he felt ashamed as people laughed at him. Then I myself sang some Bhajan songs when Dr. Ramachandar and others joined me. This practice grew popular in course of time.

*A Challenge.*—Readers will remember that it was Swami Ramanand who got the young Sanyasi Purnanand initiated into the Vedic Dharma. Purnanand had now gone to his old acquaintance Pandit Hari Kishen at Kapurthala to revise the "Six Darsanas", where he got entangled in Puranicism. The State Minister of Finance, Misra Achrumalji, had also threatened Purnanand. So Purnanand by previous notices and intimations had delivered to the followers of Puranas a series of lectures. Samajists and the local people had invited me also to Kapurthala. I was also informed that Achrumalji had thrown a challenge that, if I dared to go to Kapurthala for Vedic *prachar*, he would get me arrested. I informed Achrumalji on the 2nd November morning that I would be arriving there for a lecture on the 3rd November.

*My Lecture at Kapurthala.*—Achrumal, an avowed Sanatanist, was hating the Samajists. An Aryan youth had posted at Misra's own house a notice announcing my lecture. Misra had not only caused the notice to be removed but also had the walls cleaned with 4 or 5 pots of water. In the course of the lecture I was interrupted with questions. The Magistrate was not prepared to issue a warrant against me on the suggestion of Misra. Some budmashes had come to the meeting place and one of them aimed a brickbat at my head. I escaped it by turning away my head. Then it fell upon the table with a violent crash. More than 800 were present at the lecture and one among the audience was able to single out the miscreant and he was sent out of the hall. I had been to Kapurthala many times and Diwan Achrumal's threat remained for ever a mere threat.

In those days Swamis Lakshmanandji and Purnanandji were giving lessons on Pranayam and Sanskrit to the members of the Arya Samaj. Lala Ramakrishna, the President of the Arya Samaj, and other members were studying under them. Chief among them was Rajkumar Janamejaya of Suketh.

Twenty-two days previous to the anniversary celebrations of the Jullunder Arya Samaj, Vijayasenji, Raja of Mandi, expressed a desire to hear our lectures to understand the principles and teachings of the Arya Samaj and Sanatana Dharma. A memorable incident took place then. Raja Saheb, who was a Puranic, was assisted by a well-known Pandit of Patiala in the person of Sri Krishna Shastri, in formulating questions, which were duly answered on our side by Purnanand, Deva-raj and myself. Raja Saheb expressed himself in full agreement with all the points of the Samaj except one and said, "We agree with you on all the points except idol worship, where we could not follow you." The following day saw a discussion on the subject between Pandit Arya Muni and Pandit Sri Krishna Sastri. The subject was whether Vedas did or did not sanction the worship of images. This debate electrified the entire town.

*Propaganda Work.*—At the end of December 1889 my attention was centred round the meetings of the Ludhiana and Jullunder Arya Samajs. Brahmachari Brahmanandji also had begun to take lessons from Purnanandji. The Doab Upadeshak Mandal had also begun to work from this period. Jullunder Samaj and its members attracted the attention of all. It was then that Shikarpuri Pandit Preetam Dev Sharma reached Jullunder. He followed the example of Udasi Keshavnand in showering abuses upon the Arya Samaj and thus showed his stupidity. Though Preetam Dev was in general agreement with the Arya Samaj, he joined the Dharma Sabhawallas in crying, "Victory to Sanatana Dharma." The Jullunder Arya Samaj took upon itself the task of answering these attacks through its members and was preparing for a discussion. But the Dharma Sabhawallas found some excuses to escape. This situation brought us many new members. At the instigation of Pandit Preetam Sharma, a young Arya by name Daulat Ram was turned out of the house by his father. The young Daulat Ram with a strong mind stayed at the Samaj, which gave him education and, when he came of age, was married to an Arya daughter. He was eventually made fit to earn his livelihood and support his family. Not content with sending away Pandit Preetam Dev out of Jullunder, we sent Brahmachari Brahmanand and Swami Purnanand to Hoshiarpur to lecture there. I also joined them and cleared the doubts that arose in the minds of the people regarding *Satyartha Prakash*, by appropriate references to the Puranas.



*Loss of Two Friends.*—When the sorrow of Gurudutt's death had not still left me, the shock of Lala Sain Das's death came on the 13th June 1890. He died in his 51st year. With him disappeared my peculiar attachment to the Lahore Arya Samaj. Leaving the field of Lahore quarrels, I identified myself with some useful work. I had not yet written anything about the Girls School in the columns of the *Pracharak*. But when it was opened it grew into the now famous Kanya Mahavidyalaya. I was then greatly engaged in the task of Dharma Prachar. Brahmachari Brahmanand was with me and we used to lecture for six hours every day by turns.

Men of ordinary knowledge and intelligence in the Punjab could not do Dharma Prachar work because there were women with Divine knowledge. But the common villager was devoid of any knowledge about Godhead. So Brahmachari Brahmanand had the pleasant task of giving these people some good talks. After walking the whole night I reached Ludhiana where I saw a village rustic clad in a piece of cloth barely enough to cover his shame, returning from the fields after cutting grass. Laying aside his bundle of grass, he sat down near the Brahmachari and was anxious to exhibit his knowledge.

Brahmachari was anxious to let him understand the necessity of theism. In the course of the talk he said, "What! Are our Rishis illiterates?" The rustic told him in his own colloquial tongue something irrelevant when one in the crowd cried aloud a name of the Almighty, and others joined him in chorus and cried, 'God, God'. I pitied Brahmachari bringing into use all his knowledge of logic in answering this man. So leaving aside all logic, I answered him in his own dialect. Later on he began to attend my lectures. In the end he proved to be of much help to me.

*Dharma Prachar Work.*—I was then often going to Talwan and returning from there and was engaged in Dharma Prachar in and out of the city. I visited places like Nur Mahal and Nakhoda. It was in these days that a resident of Attock, a native of Amritsar, had published a notice in the *Pracharak* about his daughter's Swayamvar marriage. Objections among Arya Samajists were as varied as they were interesting. It took much of my time to answer these objections. It was also now that the Doab Pratinidhi Sabha was brought into existence and it was under its auspices that Brahmachari Brahmanand was carrying out his work. Jullunder and its surroundings saw good work being

done then. The Aryas were carrying on their work in those days with so much patience, calmness and faith that even the noise of instruments made by their enemies the Puranics could not disturb them. Sripadji had now lent us his own house in the village for Samaj work.

Purnanand was carrying on an intense propoganda in company with Brahmachari Brahmanand without any remuneration or reward under the auspices of the Doab Pratinidhi Sabha. The account of their valuable services till its end, will itself make a volume. Brahmachari Brahmanand after fifteen years of work in the Punjab retired to Banaras with the happy idea of opening a Vedic Dharmopadeshak Mandal (Society for the Propagation of Vedic Dharma). But he was destined to die without seeing it accomplished.

Although I took part in that year's anniversary celebrations of the Lahore Arya Samaj yet I could not move very freely with them. This was the first occasion when the place of Pandit Gurudutt in the Lahore Samaj was taken by Lala Lajpat Rai. Lalaji was very cautious then and was of opinion that "Europe was immersed in materialism. In ancient Aryavarta people knew how to blend the two, viz., materialism and spiritualism, together, as a result of which books like the Upanishads came into existence. Until and unless the people in Aryavarta understand that spiritualism was in tune with materialism, the ideal life could not be realised." He ended his lecture with an appeal for help for the D.A.V. College.

The agitation regarding the advisability or otherwise of eating flesh had assumed alarming proportions. *Pracharak* showed the sins of such eating and championed the cause of higher education of women.

*President of Jullunder Samaj.*—That year's anniversary of the Jullunder Arya Samaj was celebrated according to the rules and regulations of the Doab Pratinidhi Sabha. I was made the President of the Sabha and Sri Ramakrishna, the then President of the Punjab Arya Pratinidhi Sabha, was made the Secretary. Purnanand was made the head of the *prachar* section of the Sabha. Work went on enthusiastically.

The first Kumbha Mela at Hardwar after Swami Dayanand's death, was fast approaching. The day of importance was San'kranti.

Suketh is a small hill state. There was a misunderstanding between its Raja, the wicked Nikandansen, and his subjects. People were charg-

ing him with looting, arson and murder. He was accused of having deported his uncle Miyan Shiv Singh and robbed his wealth. The Miyan had instituted a suit for a lakh of rupees. The Raja had accepted the Commissioner as judge and said he would abide by his decision, whatever it may be. Miyan Shiv Singh was called to Suketh and, on reaching there, he sent a wire for me to come and plead on his and the people's behalf. Before starting for Suketh there was a regular Deva-Asura fight in my mind. The diary entry for the eleventh January 1891 reads thus: "I am not satisfied with my past two years' work. Yet I was serving the Arya Samaj, editing the *Saddharma Pracharak*. I have also written a booklet on "Caste and its Problems", had discussions, and delivered many lectures. But has my soul improved? The knower of our hearts! Thou alone can see what impurities hide in it. Oh Lord of life, give me the strength to walk in the path of Dharma and Truth."

The writings of this period would show that I was engaged in thinking seriously once and for all to leave the lawyer's profession. In the diary entry of the twelfth January 1891 I had written about the vices of Mahants and Sanyasis. I thought a life of penance and self-dedication was an imperative necessity to free the country from these vices.

I had a discussion with my brother lawyers in the Bar Association, on Dharma. I was often questioning myself thus: "Can I continue to be a Vakil and yet dedicate my life to Vedic Dharma? What is the Path? Who will show it to me? I should ask the Lord Almighty to show me the path of prosperity. To continue doubting is no good. The entire body and soul are to be dedicated to the service of the country and Dharma. But the existence of a family is an impediment. I am between the horns of a dilemma and must soon make up my mind. Sri Krishna has declared, 'Doubting souls get lost'. Father, Thou art my path-finder."

## CHAPTER XXV.

### SUKETH

*Journey to Suketh.*—Reaching Hoshiarpur on the morning of the 15th January 1891, I sat in a *doli* next morning to go up the hills. The *doli* carriers were changing every morning and evening. Reaching Hatras on the 18th I met a man attached to the States Stores Department. I had to change my conveyance there, for a palanquin. It was but two bamboos joined by a plank with a chair on it. Though it went under the high-sounding name of a palanquin it was very small to look at. I offered all the sweets I had to the clerk's children there. After bath he offered me meals, the like of which I had tasted only three or four times in my whole life.

After food I sat in the palanquin to proceed on the journey. The clerk had put into it a vessel full of sweets in front of me and two more vessels on both my sides. When I refused to take so much he said his experiences about these parts were richer and as such I should not refuse it. The heights after Hatras were known as Secunder Steps. It was very steep. Leaving all my luggage to be carried by coolies, I ascended and found snow everywhere. It looked very beautiful. It was so very *pleasing and romantic* that I could not brook the sight of human footprints spoiling the carpet of snow. It is true that my own footprints spoiled them but naturally one does not see one's own mistakes. At the height of the Secunder Steps my hunger increased and I emptied the contents of the baskets. With great hunger I reached Suketh.

*My Camp.*—The Commissioner had encamped in an open ground half a mile away from the village. The opposite party too had its camp there. Leaving all behind I went to the other extremity of the place, where Miyam Parajram Singh resided and met there Babu Dasoundhi Ram and Lala Ganesha Das, who were sent before to help Miyam Shiva Singh. I met my friend Miyam Janamejaya Singh also. After meals I was in need of a good place to have a little rest. The glass panes of the window of my room were broken and it was very cold there. Even then I slept for about nine and a half hours and as usual I rose early morning and took bath. The ripples of the adjoining

stream were lulling me to sleep. I bathed in that water and performed Sandhya and Agnihotra in the woods near by. The *homam* spread such a good smell that two newcomers came and sat near me during its performance. Miyan Jwala Singh, a younger brother of Miyan Shiva Singh, prepared food. Then I got ready for the day's work.

*An Incident.*—As I had to walk a distance of 3 miles daily, I made Sirahal the place of my night rest. There now happened an interesting incident which would have scared any one. As I said before, the glass panes of my room windows were broken and in their place paper was pasted to prevent the chill wind from coming inside. On the third day after reaching Suketh, a tiger had pierced the paper by its claws and was resting its legs on the window near my cot. Early morning I found it sleeping. So I coolly threw its legs outside and made some noise by striking a stick against the ground. It heard it and took to its heels with a roaring noise. Then I was made to understand that I should sleep with the room windows and door closed. But it was my habit even in winter to throw open all windows and doors before going to bed.

*My Juniors.*—I stayed at Suketh for seventeen days from the 18th January. The case went on side by side with the propagation of Vedic Dharma. I also gained experience of those interesting places. One of my junior Vakils was a habitual drunkard. During night he was quite sober even when drunk but looked like a dead man in the morning when he was not drunk. Another one was completely ignorant of the English language and it was next to useless to have him in a place where English was essential.

Miyan Shiva Singh's cause of action was that the Raja had looted all his properties. Evidences of this were offered to be given by people who had suffered much at the hands of the Raja and who came to me in numbers and gave clues as to the place where these properties were stored. I requested the Commissioner to issue warrants to search these places. The Commissioner called for Miyan Shiva Singh and informed him that he would be imprisoned if the alleged stolen properties were not found in the suspected places. On this I prayed the Commissioner on my own responsibility to issue the warrants and told about the clues received by me, to satisfy his doubts. Then, even without waiting for the Sheristadar, the Commissioner himself issued the warrants at 10 a.m. and sent some police help with my man.

We were aware of Shiva Singh's tactlessness and so warned him not to let anybody know that the police were with him as that would help people to hide their things. Miyan Sahib replied that he was not a fool to reveal to anybody all these things. I warned the servants also about these things. Some of the Raja's servants got scent of these and conveyed the news to him. But in the meantime, the police had finished their work and by 6 in the evening all the things were recovered from the Raja's servants, friends and accomplices.

The regular conduct of the suit was not so difficult as the protection of Miyan Shiva Singh.

Space would not permit me to describe in detail all the interesting things that happened at Suketh. Rattigan, the Raja's barrister, completely looted him. He came to the Raja on a payment of Rs. 1,000 per day. When the stolen goods were recovered he showed a cheque purporting to have come from Lahore and took Rs. 1,600 per day of each hearing. Apart from this he was getting Rs. 100 more for food expenses. Yet he was messing with the Raja's old manager Donald. Not only he got his fees increased but also made the Raja a loser by making him pay a sum of Rs. 60,000 to Miyan Shiva Singh.

*Jail Life in Suketh.*—When I was about to start, Miyan Shiva Singh's relations insisted upon my remaining there till the monies were realised, and I experienced not a little difficulty in picking out false coins from the amounts paid by the Raja. That was also over when, at the Raja's request, I went with his own Vakil to see him. On seeing me the Raja Sahib recollected the debate which was arranged at Jullunder between the Arya Samajists and the Sanatanists, at his own request. He talked to me about the Arya Samaj and other subjects. I saw there a very strange thing regarding the jail life of the convicts.

During mornings, all the convicts were let out by opening the jail doors, to go out and bring grass, etc. In the evenings they all returned after doing the day's work. I was naturally very much surprised at this when I was told that these people would not run away as they loved their land of birth so very fondly and passionately.

I was shown a Shiva temple without the idol in it. The reason for the absence of the idol was as follows. The priests had so cleverly constructed the temple that a man could pour milk from a higher

place on the idol without being seen by others. This milk was so much valued that exorbitant prices were paid for it. A Commissioner, becoming aware of this, had caused the Shiva image to be removed from the temple.

*The Return Trip.*—All of us returned from the Raja's office in a *doli* and spent the first night together. At a place where snow was falling we had a little rest. My *doli* was kept at a place higher than that of my drunkard Vakil friends. When it began to rain, the drunkards began to cry out, "Drenched, drenched, remove the *doli* at once!" The carriers laughed heartily and took no notice of their requests. I felt pity upon them and when I stepped out with an umbrella into the rains all the carriers quickly moved forward and the result was the *dolies* were removed out of rains. I descended the hills in the evening and reached the dak bungalow. After taking meals I was anxious to have a little rest and peace. Just then the drunkards were sighted in their *dolies*. At dead of night one was sick on account of the bruises on his back. He gave the carrier such a kick that he slipped the *doli* and fell down. We relieved him by saying that the carriers themselves had fallen down to save his own life. He at once began to curse the poor *doli* bearer and opened some more bottles and drank two more glasses. That made him reel. I pitied him, when his munshi said, "You are a Dharmatma? How dare he to sit near you when he breathes such bad smell?"

*A Drunkard Vakil.*—I wanted to sleep but it was all noisy. The drunkard was kicking against his hands and feet in order that I may go to his help. I got up and sat in my cot and told him that I was not sorry. He would not leave me. So he dragged me near him and exclaimed, "You are a Dharmatma, you may call me a sinner, but help me." This went on for an hour at the end of which I was able to make him go to sleep. On the following day evening I reached Hoshiarpur with these people. I reached Jullunder the third day, when my people were very much pleased.

## CHAPTER XXVI

### SHIVA DEVI

In my absence the *Pracharak* was edited by Devaraji and on my return I resumed charge of it. The Kumbha Mela was fast approaching and I had created a good situation by my propaganda work. When they found that even ordinary men were doing *pracharak* work, the Arya Pratinidhi Sabha woke up. In April 1891 I received a telegram from the Punjab Pratinidhi Sabha saying, "The United Provinces and the Punjab Pratinidhi Sabha have resolved upon doing propaganda at the Kumbha Mela. Appeal for preachers and funds. Expenses may run above Rs. 2,000." Pandit Lekhram had printed separate notices for distribution. Only Rs. 100 was collected and spent.

I reached Hardwar with Rajkumar Janamejaya and his munshi and was in charge of the entire arrangements. But I could not stay for more than 4 or 5 days as at the end of that period I received news of my son's sickness. On my return home he recovered from his sickness.

*Walking Encyclopaedia.*—All the Swamies gathered at my place after the Kumbha Mela. Swamies Atmanand, Vishveswaranand, Poornanand, Brahmacharies Nityanand, Brahmanand and all were present. But how could the same sheath contain two swords? How was it possible for so many Swamies to gather in a place? Swami Poornanand soon left for Banaras to continue his studies, and Swami Atmanand was immersed in his own studies. So the assembly was growing thin. I named Swami Atmanand a "walking encyclopaedia". Was there any friend or village about which Atmanand could not speak? As an example I may give this instance. When Devaraji came once I merely mentioned his name and introduced him to Swamiji. At once Swamiji began by saying, "Welcome Devaraji, Secretary of the Arya Samaj, and warder of Jullunder. How is your father Lala Saligram the Hony. Magistrate? Has the second edition of your prayer book been published?" Another gentleman belonging to the village Kukkerpind came and Swamiji not only traced the genealogy of that village's jailors and Patels but also spoke about the various kinds of Tulsi plants that were to be found in that village. I am only sorry that the fund of informa-



tion and knowledge which Swami Atmanandji had about the Arya Samaj and its founders should have been lost with him.

*D. A. V. College Anniversary.*—About the end of May 1891 the anniversary of the famous D. A. V. College was taking place. A resolution to open Vedic classes was not accepted for various reasons. If it were to be opened the objects of the college had to be cancelled. The author of this ingenious answer has now opened a Vedic class and the Registrar has not cancelled the registration. As I was away from Lahore I could not for some time be in charge of the *Pracharak*. I took charge of it again on the 13th June and began to agitate for Sanyasi Asram and Vedic classes.

It was in this year that quarrels arose between Shyamji Krishna Varma and Raimalji about the Vedic Yantralaya of the Paropakarini Sabha. Raj Mulraj had acknowledged the services rendered by the *Pracharak* in bringing to an end this quarrel and saving the press. I had to keep awake for three nights to see these things done.

I had to be at times away from Shiva Devi. She too had determined not to suffer any more separations from me. She experienced considerable pain and difficulty at the time of her fifth delivery in the middle of August. Help was sought and she gave birth to a still-born child. So she was very weak. It was then that I received an invitation to attend the Dharmasala Arya Samaj anniversary on the 30th August and I had determined to accept the invitation. I was thinking one way and the trend of events took a different course altogether.

*Last Days of Shiva Deviji.*—Shiva Devi had vomitings and was purging. I kept awake the whole night with a doctor by her side. At 3 a.m. vomiting subsided and I thought she was free. The night passed off peacefully. When I was attending the weekly meeting of the Arya Samaj the next morning, information was brought to me that she had purgings again. The trouble began from noon and the doctor was sent for. He came and stayed with us. Shiva Devi's mother was resting her on her lap and her brothers were by her side. Various treatments were tried. Who can go against Time? Her mother left her for a while at 9 in the night. Deviji called in Veda Kumari and asked her to bring a piece of paper. As soon as it was brought she wrote something on it and asked it to be kept safe in the box. When I went in at 10 o'clock in the night to give her medicine she said in a very low voice, "I have failed. Instead of serving, I am being served". Her

mother consoled her. She asked Deviji to whom she would like to hand over the charge of her children, to which she promptly replied, "To you". I went to consult the doctor at 4-30 and, on seeing me, she addressed me twice as "Babuji, Babuji" (for that was the usual term with which she used to address me). I saw her lips quivering but heard her distinctly pronounce "Om". In a moment life became extinct and she was calm on her mother's lap.

*My Children.*—From 6 a.m. the people from all parts of the town gathered, and ladies began to beat their breasts and cry aloud. Deviji's mother and my sister-in-law stopped their wailings and weepings. The last funeral rites were gone through at the cremation grounds and we prayed to the Almighty to grant her soul peace. Deviji left four children.

*Devi's Last Words.*—On the second day I took charge of Devi's things. Just then my daughter brought to me the pen case saying, "Mother has written something on this paper and kept it here". I at once took the paper and found written on it: "Babuji! I am departing. Pardon my blunders. You may get more intelligent and beautiful ones. But do not forget these children. Accept my last Namaskar". This is a translation of what Deviji had written in Devanagari characters.

These words went deep into my soul. After consoling all my children I prayed to God for an hour. Then I vowed that, for the sake of her children, I should fill the mother's place.

There is no doubt in the acknowledgment of the fact that I was saved from temptations by the teachings of Rishi Dayanand, Vedic inspirations and the company of friends and well-wishers. But there is no gainsaying the fact that Devi's last words have so taken hold of me and made me fit to play the role of a mother towards my children. And when I became the Acharya of the Gurukula it was found necessary to be both a father and a mother to the children entrusted to my care.

Taking Harischander I went to Dharmasala Hills and my sister-in-law went to Talwan with my other children. After the Dharmasala Arya Samaj anniversary I went to several places on the Himalayas for doing propoganda work. Returning early, I began practice once again. My elder brother Atma Ram stayed at Jullunder with his wife in order

to look after my children. It was about flesh-eating that discussion began in real earnest in the Lahore and the Hoshiarpur Arya Samaj anniversaries.

*To Dharamsala Hills.*—Early in 1892 I fell sick. I grew worse in May. Doctors and Hakims examined me carefully and were not able to diagnose the disease. The complaint was that, with the rising sun, burning sensation in the system grew intensely and with the evening it decreased. There was no fever, no lung troubles and other marks of sickness. In early June I took to the mountains of Dharamsala. Arya Sanyasis were already fighting there over the question of flesh-eating and Arya preachers were taking part in the discussions. I put an end to the same by arriving at a settlement but it was short-lived, as they again fell out quarrelling at the open field. Raizada Badha Ram was practising there as a Barrister and I spent with him four months. In addition to my spiritual improvement I was able to earn some money by my practice at the bar. I had also a good opportunity of doing Vedic *prachar* work in Kangra and Palanpur districts.

I was forced by Brahmachari Brahmanand to take part in two discussions. It was now that I had opportunities of learning in the school of toleration and occasions arose which put to test my mental strength.

*President of Arya Samaj.*—I returned to Jullunder in October, where a fierce quarrel was raging on over the question of flesh-eating and there were no clearly defined practices supporting their respective conclusions. It was the Samaj anniversary time and people who were privately taking flesh began to take it openly. At the meeting of the Arya Pratinidhi Sabha as representing all the Arya Samajists, I was made the President. From that day my life was at everybody's service. As I was untouched by the Vedic Brahmacharya Ashram my *grihastha* period was an un-Vedic one. Now I began to enter upon the stage of *Vanaprastha*.

The time has not yet come for me to narrate how I entered upon that Ashram and how a period of nine years was spent in it, and where and how I had to fight in the observance of the period of life. So the description of the fourth period of my life is still very far off.

## EDITOR'S NOTE

The Autobiography ends abruptly, as the author's early release from the Mianwali jail hindered him from writing further and bring it up to the time of his writing. From the day he was set free from the prison, he was so much absorbed in public activities that he scarcely found time to think of his life story. As his age and time advanced he planned to complete his narration. But the spirit of courage in him intervened and he shed his blood, depriving posterity of the remaining reminiscences. As one who had the privilege of his friendship, I have considered it as my duty to attempt in the Epilogue at least to recollect the main events that lead him to martyrdom.

## EPILOGUE

*Gurukul.*—The two great events in the interval of nine years that preceded the third stage of Munshi Ram's life were his renunciation of his sixteen years of lucrative legal practice, and the dedication of his life, at the beginning of the Vanaprastha Ashram to start and conduct a Gurukul with the ideals of the Vedic Seers. Announcing the aims and objects of the Gurukul he wrote thus in his first appeal to the public :

“The Gurukul is an educational institution, founded with the avowed aim of reviving the ancient institution of Brahmacharya, of rejuvenating and resuscitating ancient Indian philosophy and literature, conducting researches into the antiquities of India, of building up a Hindu Literature, incorporating into itself all that is best and assimilable in Occidental thought, of producing preachers of the Vedic Religion, and good citizens possessed of a culture, compounded of the loftiest elements of the two civilizations, which made their home in this ancient land of sages and seers, and of retaining, in a permanent form, for the use of humanity, the perennial features of the virile and vitalising civilization of the ancient Aryans, by moulding and shaping its institutions to suit the altered environments of the times. In an age where the values are economic, the standard of respectability is wealth, and the tutelary goddess of worship is worldly success, it is difficult to understand that the moral stamina cannot be strengthened, independence of character cannot be fostered, absolute rectitude, and supreme righteousness cannot be made the dominant springs of action, and righteous incentives to conduct cannot be made operative in an atmosphere of luxury and bodily comfort. One cannot fight manfully the temptations that beset a man of character at every step in his progress towards the goal of life, if he has not learnt to sacrifice mere bodily comfort and luxurious living at the altar of principle. And this, no one can do, who has not had a hardy life, in his juvenile age, and who cannot, at a moment's notice, renounce the pleasures of the flesh without a pang or a sign of regret.”

The Gurukul would be exclusively for boys, in a place at least five miles away from a town or a village. All of them would be treated alike in the matter of food, drink, dress, seats, etc. Be they princes or children of beggars, all would practise asceticism. They would not be allowed to see the parents or have correspondence with them. Freed thus from all worldly cares, they should devote themselves heart and soul to their studies. Their teachers should accompany them in all their recreations, so that they may not fall into any mischief, get indolent or naughty.

*Beginning.*—How the Gurukul was started can be best said in his own words :

“It is all suggested in Dayanand's book *Satyartha Prakash*. The Dayanand Anglo Vedic College of Lahore was started in 1885 to carry out his idea. A difference of opinion arose as to whether English, Science or the Vedas, should be given first place in the school. This was in 1891. Up to that time we had all worked for the College. I was among those who thought that the true spirit of the religious reform, which we had all at heart, could only be carried out with the help of a school primarily devoted to re-establishing the principles and authority of the Vedas in the lives of men. Those who held the view that English and Science were the most important, declared that the rest of us were religious fanatics, and debarred us from the management of the College. Then we turned our energies into the line of preaching the religion. In time we keenly felt the necessity of a school. I wished one for the education of my two sons, and secured the co-operation of thirteen others to establish it. Our object was a school where a strong religious character could be built up on the basis of a pure Vedic instruction. We recognised two great wants of the people — men of character, and religious unity — and we set out to do what we could to supply these wants.

“Our primary aim is simply to give our boys the best moral and ethical training it is possible to give them — to make of them good citizens and religious men, and to teach them to love learning for learning's sake. Our model is the great universities of ancient India, such as that of Taxila, near Rawalpindi, where thousands of students congregated, and which were supported, as were also the students, who attended them, by the munificence of the State and wealthy citizens.

"The managing committee of the Samaj took up my scheme. With my meagre savings, I went out myself to raise the money. I secured Rs. 30,000 in cash in a short time. Then we started it.

"I was not at that time engaged in active business, having retired a short time before from the practice of law, finding it uncongenial, and not having yet taken any other avocation. I therefore had some leisure to give to the Gurukul, and found myself insensibly drawn into its permanent management.

"While I was searching for a suitable spot, we were offered the gift of a large tract of land — 900 acres — chiefly jungle, three miles away from Hardwar. We examined it, and found its location satisfactory and it has proved all that we desired."

Munshi Ram went to live in the jungle, cleared the bushes, made a hut for himself, the boys and the Institution founded in 1902.

*Ideal Education.*—Munshi Ram received further support from the public. Parents came forward to send their children. He treated every boy as his own son and a member of his family. The teacher moved very closely with the boys and adjusted his approach to meet the needs of different temperaments. Qualified men joined with him to teach and train the pupils. With their help, the Governor, as he was then affectionately called, enforced strict discipline and ascetic habits. He trained them to make use of their limbs, to work, to run, to ride, to swim, to be self-reliant and physically strong. The Acharya trained their memory, their will power, their patience and judgement, and infused into them the spirit of courage, the feeling of patriotism and the love of mankind to guide them in future and to serve humanity. The Governor distributed the rich treasures of the past, to enrich the new world of Science. The forest school grew gradually to become a full-fledged University called Gurukul Viswa Vidyalaya.

It gave importance to the study of Sanskrit but the medium was Hindi in lower classes; English was not neglected. Eastern and Western philosophy, Science, History, Mathematics, etc., were included in the curriculum of studies. The Chief made arrangements to see that students learnt some profession, like Ayurveda, etc., as he knew that they were not eligible for Government service.

Gurukul was not then recognised by the Government nor the Governor sought for it. "I do not wish to apply to the Sircar for any grant-in-aid, nor their approval, as I do not intend to follow their rule to have English as the first language of the University. Nor am I prepared to send my pupils to sit for the examinations conducted by the Government or other Universities", said the Governor of Gurukul.

*The Ordeals.*—The Governor of Gurukul had to undergo great ordeals by the propaganda carried on by the foreign missionaries who were hand in glove with Government. They always attacked vehemently the tenets and beliefs of the Hindus. The docile Hindus kept silent, as they feared that the Sircar were at their back. Any retort they considered would be treated as sedition by the rulers. But Aryas were fearless. They stood erect and rebuked them. They did not hesitate to repay them in their own coins. So naturally the missionaries did not waver to spread false and malicious reports against the Gurukul, founded and maintained by the members of Arya Samaj. Minor officials succumbed to the vile propaganda and intensified it by disseminating it to the superior civilians and the public of England.

"The peculiar experiment in education embarked on by Munshi Ram and Aryas would have an immense effect on the society. It should be watched carefully and dealt with by the Government", wrote an English correspondent. Aliens spread rumours that Gurukul was training young men to become rebels and anarchists. Undaunted, Munshi Ram faced the ordeals as he had nothing to hide and to do in secrecy.

*The Most Original.*—Mahatma — the title affectionately bestowed on him by the Aryan public of Punjab — invited the top men of the Government to visit the Gurukul at Kangri, and see for themselves the work that was carried on there.

"The Gurukul", wrote Sir James Meston, "is one of the most original and interesting institutions. Here there are a band of ascetics, devoted to their duty, working in the wilderness."

Sir Ramsay Macdonald, who was then a great Labour leader of England, inspected and wrote with inspiration to the following effect :

"On the banks of the river Ganges, when the sun was setting, the hills, birds and animals were approaching silence, the students ignited



the fire and raised the smoke and smell of ghee, with the intonation of Vedic accents and verses, Mahatma Munshi Ram with his long beard and tall stick, looked to me like the prophet who walked along the shores of Galilee". Myron Philips compared the Gurukul to the garden of Eden and the Ashram of the ancient Rishis.

Enhancing the reputation of Gurukul, with the appreciation of public men and Government Officers, he established the University on a sound financial basis. Having inspired a number of youths to dedicate their services to run it, he retired from the Governorship of the Institute. Renouncing the title of Mahatma, he passed on to Sanyasa Ashrama, in 1917, as Shraddhanand.

*A Peripatetic.*—As a Sanyasi, he went around the country, and guided the people in solving the problems of the day. Swamiji reminded them of their past glory. The ascetic talked, discussed, and addressed meetings. He cleared the doubts and answered the questions raised by the young men. He enlightened them on the ancient ideal of Brahmacharya and the status of women. Explaining the Vedic system of caste and marriage, he pointed out to them the great humility of Sankara in accepting an untouchable as his teacher. He stressed the need to elevate the depressed classes to unify and strengthen Hinduism.

*Our India.*—The ancient nations, contemporaries of India, and many younger than she, are dead, and only their monuments left behind them. Greece and Egypt exist only on the map, and in name, for it is not the soul of Hellas or the deeper national soul that built Memptres which we now find at Athens or at Cairo. Rome imposed a political and a purely cultural unity on the Mediterranean peoples, but their living spiritual and cultural oneness she could not create, and therefore, the east broke away from the west. Africa kept no impetus of the Roman interlude, and even the western nations still called Latin, could offer no living resistance to barbarian invaders, and had to be reborn by the infusion of a foreign vitality to become modern Italy, Spain and France. But India still lives and keeps the continuity of her inner mind and social spirit, with the India of the ages.

Swamiji said, "In early days scholars in thousands made a pilgrimage to India. It is now passing the ordeals of a second birth. The country which was infused with the spirit of the Rishis, is still firmly

fixed on Truth. The lamp lighted up by Brahma, at the beginning of this Kalpa, is still burning. Adore the light and know Brahmacharya."

*Brahmacharya.*—With the strength of Brahmacharya the Rishis conquered death. Bishma with a vow of celibacy gained strength to become a supreme commander of the Army, and a great Yogi. He was able to postpone death, and to die at his will and pleasure. Hanuman, practising life-long celibacy swam the sea connecting India and Ceylon and killed many Asuras of the clan of Ravana to get victory for Rama. Buddha by re-observing celibacy attained enlightenment and established his religion and love. Sri Sankara by practising Brahmacharya, defeating ritualism, established the truth of Vedanta with his mighty intellect and eloquence. Sri Dayanand gained mastery of the Vedas and founded the Arya Samaj which infuses new life into the Hindus. Advocating Brahmacharya even to girls he reminded them of the status of the ancient women.

*Ancient Women.*—"The ancient history of the Hindus, proves that in ancient times, Hindu women were more independent, more assertive, more self-reliant and physically more competent than they are now. They were as free as men, and their children were brave, kind, self-confident and able-bodied." Some of them attained the rank of Rishis while a few gained the knowledge necessary to discover the secrets of nature. They joined with men to defend themselves from the assaults of enemies. They wielded power in their houses and were famous for their scholarship.

Mamati, Sachi, and others were all considered as Rishis for their Vedic knowledge. Some of them were engaged as the priests to guide the performance of *yajnas*. Abalai a lady Rishi revealed to mankind some mantras of the Vedas. A young woman discovered a medicine to cure baldness. Mudgala rode with her husband to recover the stolen cows. Vishala went to the battle-field and did not mind losing one leg. Women were queens in their houses, with powers to control the elders of the family. They had claims in their ancestral property, and many a time they selected their own husbands. They remarried when they lost their husbands and had all the liberties which men enjoyed.

Even during the time of the Upanishads, some of the women were great philosophers who discussed in public. Sankara and Mandana Misra agreed to have a lady scholar as a judge to find out the victor

of the two in their battle of words. Ancients observed no distinction of caste in society.

*Vedic System.*—There is sufficient evidence in history to show that in the Vedic system caste differences were not rigid. Intercourse between castes was fairly common. A *brahmin* was sometimes degraded to the position of a *sudra* and he had an opportunity to become a *brahmin* again. Anyway there is no authority for the Yagnopavita and Gayatri being denied to those who are entitled to the position of Dwijas.

Occupation did not prevent anyone from becoming a Rishi. Character determined the caste.

A Rishi said, "My father was a physician, my mother was a grinder of corn." Viswamitra who was born of the Kshatriya caste became a Brahmin.

The descendents of the great Rishi Bhrigu, were master carpenters. Satyakama, Kavasha, Parasara, Vasishtha, Devapi and other Rishis were not Brahmins by birth.

One became a Brahmin by his knowledge, by the study of the Vedas, by imparting them to others, by practising virtue and by following truth. No one became a Brahmin by birth.

One who showed courage, had strength, protected the weak, practised toleration and unified the people, was considered a Kshatriya.

Trade defined the Vaisya feature, while one who lived by serving others became a Sudra.

Even an untouchable was raised to the position of a guru.

*The Untouchable Guru.*—Sri Sankara was once going to the Ganges for bathing, when a *chandala* with four dogs passed by him. As if defiled by so near an approach of the low-born, he said: "Be off: I am a twice-born: thou a *chandala*."

But the outcaste was not easily shaken off. Facing the Dwija, he rebuked him: "What do you mean by asking me to be off? Matter cannot be separated by matter. There is always a link that binds them. The soul is indivisible and all-pervading. It cannot be isolated from itself. Which do you ask to be off? Body or Soul?"

"You are fit", says the Supreme Krishna to a sage, "to apprehend that you are not distinct from me. That which I am, thou art, and that also is this world, with its gods and heroes and mankind. Men contemplate distinctions because they are stupefied with ignorance." "The words I and mine constitute ignorance. What is the great end of all, you should now learn from me. It is soul — one in all bodies pervading, uniform, perfect, pre-eminent over nature, exempt from birth, growth and decay, omnipresent, made up of true knowledge, independent, unconnected with unrealities, with name, species, and the rest, in time past, present and to come. The knowledge that this spirit, which is essentially one is in one's own, and in all other bodies is the wisdom of one who knows the unity of things. As one diffusive air, passing through the perforations of a flute, is distinguished as the notes of a scale, so the nature of the Great Spirit is single, though its form may be manifold, arising from the consequences of acts. Where the difference of the investing form, as that of God, or the rest, is destroyed, there is no distinction" (Emerson).

Sankara, thinking for himself, was struck with shame. He, unlike many men of today, would not argue though vanquished. With the usual frankness of a truly great seer, he honoured the untouchable as his Guru who revealed him the truth of Advaita.

*The Depressed Classes.*—Quoting further from the ancient texts and instances from puranas, the peripatetic said that the Panchamas had as much right as the high caste Hindus to enjoy all the privileges exercised by them. He taught them Gayatri, invested them with sacred threads, and conferred on them the right to perform homa. The Arya interdined and also helped them to have inter-marriages with the other castes. He founded societies to reclaim them, insisted on Hindus to move freely with them. The Sanyasi called on the Hindus to consider them as their own brothers and sisters, failing which he warned them they would become either Mohamedans or Christians to free themselves from untouchability. There was also a possibility, Shraddhananda added, of the foreign Government's justifying alien rule to do justice to the minority.

Thus the ascetic served the people, touring round the country for two years. He then found that the political situation had deteriorated. Civil liberty was threatened. Gandhiji called on every Indian to do his duty, and Shraddhanand followed him as a Satyagrahi in 1919.

*Faced Fire.*—As desired by Gandhiji, he took a leading part to infuse life into the people, and organised a hartal at Delhi. The foreign Government did not desire to see the awakening of the slumbering millions. Swami, scenting that the Government would provoke people secretly to rouse the passion of the masses, as a justification to impose a reign of terror and tyranny, requested Mahatmaji to go over to Delhi to help him to face the unusual situation in the capital city of India. Gandhiji was arrested on his way and the people in Delhi became excited. They moved along the main streets to meet at a central place to protest against the arrest of the chief. The Police prevented the main crowd at Chandni Chowk from proceeding further. A soldier raised his rifle and threatened to shoot the throng. Swamiji came to the front. The Satyagrahi stood between the Gurkha and the crowd. The ascetic unrobed and laid bare his breast, faced him, and said, "Shoot me."

Swamiji went up to the footpath alone and asked the Gurkhas why they were firing on the innocent people. Two rifles were immediately pointed out at him. They said in very insolent tones, "We will pierce you."

He replied in quiet words: "I am standing, fire."

At once eight or ten more rifles were aimed at his breast.

But they fumbled and their hands failed. There was silence. Then, at the bid of the ascetic, the crowd dispersed peacefully.

*The Pulpit of the Mosque.*—During the period of excitement when the blood of Hindus and Mohammedans mingled and flowed together on the streets of Delhi, the Arya, without any distinction of religion, caste, creed, or colour, served every citizen of Delhi. Muslims considering him as their own elder brother invited him to preach to them from the pulpit of their great Mosque. It was the first time in the history of the world that a non-Mohammedan was allowed to speak to them from their shrine.

*Amritsar Sessions.*—It was a period when the Government declared Martial Law, committed atrocities, shot the youths, outraged the women, hanged the innocents, and spread terror and tyranny of the most cruel despotism. More than the shooting of innocents, their attempts to torture the people to break their steel minds and burn their brave fibres, were resented by every man of self-respect, including the only

Indian Member, Sir C. Sankaran Nair, of the Viceroy's Council. Public life became almost extinct, but still the brave Punjabis were determined to be the hosts of the Congress. "We have invited them to hold their annual sessions at Amritsar, when we never dreamt of the terror and tragedy that overwhelms us. We have lost our wealth, fame, brothers and parents. We are stricken with grief and sorrow. We are prostrated but we will continue to be the hosts and hold the Congress at Amritsar."

The Punjabi's spirit is eternal and indomitable. They searched for a leader to re-ignite the dead feelings, to spread the fire of boldness, to revive the beacon of hope and to organise the political life of Punjab. They found their reflection in the suggestion of a vivid picture depicted by an impartial observer, M. R. J. in the *Hindu* of Madras, 11-10-1919.

*Vivid Picture.*—"Shraddhanand is one who has dedicated his life at the altar of Mother India for the sake of Truth and Truth alone. This is clear from the way in which he unswervingly adopts and follows the principles mentioned in the Vedas, the oldest books in the library of mankind. He has for his beacon light and guiding star, the Vedas that made India once the great gem in the Universe, which days we recall even today with the greatest pleasure. It is also clear from the fact as to how he left his lucrative practice, to give shape to that important all-absorbing affair — education. He saw the truth underlying the great Gurukul System. Having once realised it, he lost no time in practically bringing it to a modern form. Gurukul stands now as the greatest monument of his love for truth, at Kangri, Haridwar. Born and brought up in the land of five rivers, he is not moved by party prejudices and public titles. He has no organised clique at his back and, as one who commands the esteem of the public, we can safely and assuredly rely on him to know the account of the mournful Martial Law regime in that fertile land. By honouring him, the country will be honoured. Our memories are still green with the instance of the unique honour done to the Hindu Sanyasi by the Muslims in taking him to the pulpit of the greatest and the most famous Mosque of India, and requesting him to preach from there to a vast mixed audience of Hindus and Muslims. Never in the annals of our country had we such instances. We had news about his being asked to preach at the funeral obsequies of some Muslims and these were followed by many, from other quarters also, and which have most effectively erased

the black side of the portrait that our opponents are so fond of painting about India. He is not one to go in for cheap political names.

“He is a man of sterling integrity, courage, and independent judgement. He is a right follower of his straight and untainted conscience. He is a constructive worker, and does not do or rest content with platform speeches, political orations, and published opinions. He has given himself up to the relief work which is the most pressing need of the distressed and suppressed Indians. All these will be clear as midday to anyone who has followed his life and his movements during Satyagraha days.”

No wonder then that the Punjabis, with their clear insight, un-animously elected him as the Chairman of the Reception Committee.

The ascetic collected the necessary funds by going around with his begging bowl. He arranged to hold the momentous sessions.

*His Speech.*—“The first need of the nation was the formation of character, which was the solid foundation on which the nations should stand. Self-sacrificing patriots like G. Subramania Iyer, Rabindranath Tagore and C. Sankaran Nair, were handful and their spirit had to be imbibed if the country was to advance.

“The Congress had long been doing political work and it was solely political in character but the time had come for it to accept for its motto ‘Politics is Religion’. The time for a policy of expediency and compromise in principles had gone and it was time they fearlessly and unflinchingly adhered to Truth. His second proposal was that they should resolve to reclaim the untouchables and recognise that they also were their brothers, and resolve then and there that they should allow them to enter their hearths and homes. This formed the second dream of his which he wanted to be fulfilled.

“The speech of Swami Shraddhanand was a model of sobriety and breathed an earnest spirit. It bore the individuality of the author. It had a religious ring about it. He was full of goodwill towards mankind. How can we hate Englishmen if we love Andrews, Wedderburn, Hume, Hardinge and others? We must conquer the English with our love, said Swamiji” (Gandhi in *Young India*, 7-1-1920).

S. Kasturi Ranga Iyengar, Editor of the *Hindu*, Sir C. P. Rama-Swami Aiyar, C. Vijaya Raghavachari, Pandit Motilal Nehru and others

paid glorious tributes to Shradhanand for the excellent arrangements made to conduct the sessions successfully during the tragic period of India's history in 1919.

When the situation in the country turned normal, he retired from politics, feeling that a Sanyasi had nothing to do with Raja Dharma, for that would be encroaching, upon the work of the *grihasthas* — beyond rendering unto Caesar, what is Caesar's due. He soon took up the work of the noble Mission of his Master Dayanand.

*Dayanand.*—"Dayanand was a hero of the Iliad, or of the Gita, with the athletic strength of a Hercules, who thundered against all forms of thought other than his own — the only true one. It was impossible to get the better of him, for he was possessed of unrivalled knowledge of Sanskrit and the Vedas, while the burning vehemence of his words brought his adversaries to nought. Never since Shankar had such a prophet of Vedism appeared. His international Indian theism, in itself steel-forged from the pure metal of the Vedas alone, had nothing in common with the Brahmō Samaj.

"Westernism had been going too far and was not always revealed by its best side. Intellectually it became rather a frivolous attitude of mind which did away with the need for independence of thought and transplanted young intelligence from their proper environments, teaching them to despise the genius of their race. The highest religious spirit of India was so weakened that the religious spirit of Europe threatened to extinguish its feeble flame. Dayanand alone hurled the defiance of India against her invaders. He was a ruthless critic of all who, according to him, had falsified or profaned the true Vedic religion. Dayanand transfused into the languid body of India his own formidable energy, his certainty, his lion's blood. His words rang with heroic power. He set an example of complete clearance of all the encumbering growth of privileges and prejudice by a series of hatchet blows. His social activities and practices were of intrepid boldness and he was the most vigorous force of the immediate and present action in India at the moment of re-birth and re-awakening of the national consciousness" (Romain Rolland).

*Satyārtha Prakash.*—Dayanand toured throughout North India to spread the ancient Vedic religion. His untimely death prevented him from carrying on his mission to the South. Shradhanand felt that it was his duty, as a disciple, to continue his mission, in places where



the darkness of blind faith still reigned supreme. He took up *Satyartha Prakash*, the *Magnum Opus* of Sri Dayanand, as his beacon light and placed his Master's Gospel at the forefront of the Tamils, as a useful solvent at the appropriate time for the variety of communal and doctrinal differences that abound in South India.

The *Satyartha Prakash* will present to the Aryans and Tamils of the South a view of the ancient religion of this land, free on the one hand from the animistic practices of ancient customs that have formed accretions of the Hindu faith in the South, and on the other hand free from the elaborate ritual and ceremonial combined with doctrinal and caste prejudice, that have marred the philosophic and spiritual beauty of the Aryan faith, and that stand in the way of the full natural development of the national and social structure of the land. The way by which Swami Dayanand, the great Vedic scholar and the renowned austere sanyasin, was able to cut through the mass of bigoted faiths and traditions and the array of elaborate sophisms and dreary discussions, is indicated by him in the simple words of his Introduction as follows :—

"I have expounded truth as truth and error as error. The exposition of error in place of truth and of truth in place of error does not constitute the unfolding of truth."

With this beacon light for his guide, Swami Dayanand has examined in the *Satyartha Prakash*, the fundamental principles of Vedic or Aryan religion and of the great religions; and the impartiality and honesty with which he has performed his task is indicated by him in the same Introduction in the following words :—

"We have incorporated in this book whatever is true in all religions and in harmony with their highest teachings, but have refuted whatever is false in them. We have exposed to the view of men, learned or otherwise, all evil practices whether resorted to secretly or openly. This will help our readers to discuss religious questions in a spirit of love and embrace the one true religion. Though we were born in Aryavarta (India) and still live in it, yet, just as we do not defend the evil doctrines and practices of the religions prevailing in our own country but on the other hand expose them properly, in like manner we deal with alien religions. We treat the foreigners in the same way as we treat our own countrymen in recognition of common humanity. It behoves all the rest to act likewise. Had we taken the side of one

of the prevailing religions of India we would have but followed (blindly) the example of sectarians who extol, defend and preach their own religion and decry, refute and check the progress of other creeds. In our opinion, however, such things are beneath the dignity of man.

“Should a man act like an animal which when strong oppresses the weak and even puts them to death, he is more an animal than a man. He alone can fitly be called a man who being strong protects the weak. He that injures others in order to gain his own selfish ends can only be called a big animal”.

*Religion of Vedas.*—“It is unnecessary to say that the Swami believed in the religion of the Vedas, but that has not meant in his case, the denunciation of other faiths. While he has subjected the Vedic religion as developed in the Puranas and Tantras and other like books to a rational and destructive criticism, which bigots might deem merciless if not profane, he has not hesitated to accept truths found imbedded in the Buddhist and Jain religions as well as in the Christian and Mohamedan religions merely because he was not a believer in any of these religions taken as a whole. On such a national basis Swami Dayananda Saraswati examines and lays down the truth of the Aryan faith as he understood it not only in relation to man's spiritual needs but also to his material and moral needs in the world into which he is brought into being. Indeed, the religious books of the Hindus treat all parts of a man's life as well as of cosmogony as inter-related. He therefore deals with the life of a typical Arya or Hindu, as he deduces it from the true and sound maxims of the Vedas and the Smritis wherever they are applicable.

“The ordinary Aryan's life of the four ashrams of Brahmacharya, Grihastha, Vanaprastha and Sanyasa, the basis of Rajadharma or the science of government, the doctrines laid down as to the knowledge of Godhead and the means of attaining thereto, and the steps by which the knowledge that dispels ignorance can be used to attain emancipation from the bondage by which through ignorance and sin we are kept in the toils of Samsara, are all dealt with in some of the chapters with a simplicity and directness and yet without free from the cobwebs of intellectual wrestling and superstitious reverence, that ought to be welcome to many an enquiring mind in South India at the present moment (Late A. Rangaswami Iyer, M.L.A., Editor of the Hindu and Swadesamitran, Madras, 1925).

*Sutras.*—The *Satyartha Prakash* of Swami Dayananda Saraswati is in the nature of Sutras. From time to time our ancients indexed their ideas of religious lore in aphorisms. These pithy sayings are the headlines intended to give cover to disquisitions on religious matters by compartments. The most famous of them is the *Brahma Sutras* of Vyasa. The entire field of Vedic literature was covered by them. In the department of Ceremonialism, we have the *Grihya Sutras* of famous Rishis. Aswalayana, Apastamba and Baudhayana have given their condensations as Sutras.

To the uninitiated, they would convey very little meaning. Our religious literature abounds in voluminous commentaries on them. The *Brahma Sutras*, especially, have been commented on by every exponent of Theology. Sankara, Ramanuja and Madhvaçharya have expatiated on their significance. Each has given an interpretation according to the colour of his philosophy. The *Grihya Sutras* have similarly been expanded. The appropriate Vedic Mantras have been brought under each of them, and their application and meanings have been explained. It has seldom happened that the author of the Sutras has taken up the task of interpreting them.

Swami Dayananda Saraswati has not only expounded his view by giving his followers short excerpts from the Vedas in the form of the Sutras but has, in not a few instances, taken the trouble of strengthening his position by quoting at great length from the Vedas. There can be no doubt that his aim was to impress on his followers the invulnerability of his position that the Vedas alone are and should be the guide to Sanatana Dharma and that they suffice to satisfy the religious cravings of the nation.

*Kural.*—It is a sort of vade-mecum to the ancient lore. His treatise reminds me of the *Kural*. Tiruvalluvar, the Tamil poet, has given us in short, crisp sentences truths relating to all the phases of life — the Brahmacharya, the Grihastha, the Vanaprastha and the Sanyasa. So has Swami Dayananda. In addition — in this also his work bears a striking resemblance to the *Kural*—there are chapters on education, on the duties of kings, on food and on manners and customs. Not content with such a range of thought, he proceeds to examine the basic principles of other religions—the Atheist, the Jaina, the Buddhist, the Christian and the Muslim, all come under his scrutiny.

*Imperishable Monument.*—I am frankly an idol-worshipper, I do not share the Swami's condemnation of it. But this does not preclude

me from paying my homage whole-heartedly to the great work he has done. I rank him in the category of manifestations of the Supreme who have trodden the earth from time to time to cleanse the edifice of Hinduism. Parasurama, who vowed to extirpate the Kshatriyas, is an avatar. Dayananda Saraswati, whose whole aim was to establish the supremacy of the Vedas, is entitled to find a place among supermen who made the God in them to do His appointed function.

There can be no doubt that in and about the time the Swami saw the light of day, many abuses had crept round the Hindu religion. Those who have heard or read about the revelations made in the suit for defamation brought by the spokesmen of the Vallabha sect know how grotesquely Puranic incidents had been utilised to sanction immoral practices: gross superstition was stalking the land. The function of the priest was not to teach or expound but to officiate and earn money. The heads of religious institutions had failed to lead their flock aright. Naturally, the degeneration enabled the professors of other faiths to misrepresent Hinduism, to distort its teachings, to exaggerate its failings and to proclaim its unsuitability to civilised minds. It was at this juncture that Swami Dayananda Saraswati launched his crusade. He had to vindicate the fair fame of the religion of the Rishis. It was necessary for him to point out that the essence of the faith is not to be found in the Epics and the Puranas but in the virile songs of the bards of the Rig Veda. He had to do more. He had to point out how vulnerable the religious conception of those who attacked Hinduism was. He was not sparing in the language he employed. The result was he became the object of attack both from within and from without.

But he was stout-hearted. He had a mission in life. He had a message to give and he never faltered. He went straight ahead. Both the orthodox and the vilifier winced under his fire. Persecution did not quench it. He rose superior to his surroundings and boldly defied all his assailants. He has left behind him an imperishable monument of good work.

*Great Work.*—The success of a movement is often judged by the number of votaries it has enrolled. No test can be more fallacious. This idea must be guarded against especially regarding faiths which made war from inside against Hinduism. Like some animals of the deep, Hinduism has been swallowing all the offspring it gave birth to. They

were allowed to sport awhile, to flit on and amuse themselves. The moment they looked dangerous, they were fed upon. The shiny stomach obtained a new lustre. This was the fate of many of the offshoots of Hinduism. It may not have been wholesale devouring. But the vital parts were absorbed. That made the new dispensation uninteresting. The orthodox were placated by being told that their groundwork was unchanged. The reformers found that their valued truths were coolly appropriated. This made their work of recruiting well-nigh impossible.

This is no fanciful picture. A careful student of religious progress in India would find that at every stage of a probable split, Hinduism assimilated the new pronouncements and robbed the enthusiast of his spoils—Jainism, Buddhism, and many an other minor faith shared that fate. So has it been with the cult of the Arya Samajists. Their attacks went home: while they have not secured converts in numbers, they have the satisfaction of knowing their principles accepted by and embodied in the old faith. This is certainly true of the North. The difference between the Hinduism of the Gangetic Hindu and of his Cauvery brother shows striking dissimilarities. That is because the preachings of Swami Dayananda Saraswati have permeated life in Upper India. South India has not come under the spell. We want in this temple-ridden province some one to teach us the eternal verities which the Swami so much insisted on. I do not care whether the Samajists gain adherents in large numbers or not but I am sure they would be doing enduring good work by ruthless propaganda against the monstrosities that disfigure temple worship. It is with pleasure therefore I draw attention to the translation of this great work of Dayananda Saraswati.

*The Need.*—It is not in the field of religion alone that the work under discussion deserves study. The Saint is an all-round reformer. On the question of female education and the eligibility to learn the Vedas, etc., he cites Vedic texts to show that the later narrowness was foreign to the conception of the Rishis. He sees no prohibition against non-Brahmins being taught Vedic Mantras.

The pusillanimous view that a girl should be married before her seventh or eighth year is refuted with warmth. Some of the Mantras, recited on these sacred occasions are wholly unsuited to baby marri-

ages. Swami Dayananda has pointed out their incongruity. Post-puberty marriage has Vedic sanction.

The Swami, while not ignoring the Upanishads, seems to give them a second place. Naturally so. The subtle ruminations are in the second chapter of our history. They are helps to understand the Vedas and are not self-contained. He is practically silent about the work of the three great Acharyas of Southern India who established the Advaita, Visishtadvaita and Dvaita doctrines. His leanings are towards the first; he hates hair-splitting. He revels in the majesty of the Vedic songs and brushes aside all themes which proclaim the inherent inutility of mundane existence. Pessimism he hates; and every one knows philosophical disquisitions incline that way. Like a late Madras Chief Justice, he would like to throw into the sea all commentaries on the Vedas and on Upanishads.

"In reading between the lines, it is easy to see he regarded our degeneracy to be the direct result of too close thinking. He wants the nation to go back to the days when the Rishis prayed and fought. This aspect of his life has led to uncharitable aspersions on his loyalty. It has been said he wanted religion to be the handmaid of politics. This is absurd. There is nothing in the *Satyartha Prakash* or in his other writings to lend colour to this accusation. Optimism he wanted and not unctuousness—strength not humiliation. There is no ground for attributing ulterior motives to him. There is a great need for the Light of Truth" (The late Hon'ble Justice T. V. Seshagiri Iyer, Judge, High Court, Madras, *Vedic Magazine*, Lahore, September, 1925).

*The Vedic Church.*—"The Vedas are the origin of Light and the source of Truth. The Vedic Church is undoubtedly a Universal Church. It preaches that the Veda was revealed in the beginning of creation for all races. It contains germs of all sciences—physical, mental and psychical. But it cannot be denied that the glorious period of the supreme achievements of the Vedic Church was the bright period of Indian history. When India was the centre of Vedic propaganda and missionaries were sent from it to different parts of the world, it was also the seat of a world-wide empire, and Indian kings exercised direct sovereignty over Afghanistan, Baluchistan, Tibet, etc., and Indian colonists colonized Egypt, Rome, Greece, Peru and Mexico. When, therefore, the Arya Samaj sings the glory of ancient India—the land of expositors of Revealed Learning, the sacred soil where Vedic institutions flourished and put forth their choicest fruits, the holy country where

Vedic Philosophy and Vedic Metaphysics attain their highest development, the sanctified clime where lived exemplars who embodied in their conduct the loftiest conceptions of Vedic ethical teachings—the health forces of nationalism receive an impetus, and the young nationalist who had persistently dinned into his ear the mournful formula that Indian History recorded the lamentable tale of continuous and uninterrupted humiliation, degradation, foreign subjection, external exploitation, etc., feels that his dormant national pride is aroused and his aspirations stimulated. It is also true that the nationalism which seeks the shelter of the Vedic Church is a great agent of unification of Indian races and is least productive of racial animosity or sectarian bigotry. The Arya Samaj takes us back to a period of Indian History long anterior to the birth of Zoroastrianism, Buddhism, Christianity, and Mahomedanism. Rama and Sita, Krishna and Arjuna, are national heroes and heroines of whose magnificent deeds and righteous activities all Indians—without distinction of caste, creed, or race—might well feel proud. The Upanishads and the Darshanas are in a peculiar manner the common heritage of all Indians in whose veins flows the blood of Kapila, Jaimini, Vyasa and Patanjali, no matter to what religion they belong now. If Sanskrit is wonderfully perfect in its structure and capable of infinite development, the credit is due to the remote ancestors of all Indians who lived and taught ages before religious squabbles, which have now split up the children of India into warring sects, were even dreamt of. So patriotism, which is the handmaid of Vedicism, is lofty, inspiring, vitalizing, unifying, tranquillizing, soothing, bracing and exhilarating. Instead of fomenting discord, it promotes love and fosters harmony. Instead of teaching Indians to hate their foreign rulers, it tends to unite the rulers and the ruled in a fraternal embrace, because it inculcates the valuable historical truth that classical culture directly and modern European culture indirectly were derived from Indian sources, and therefore Europeans, being the descendants of the disciples of our forbears, are our brothers in spirit—their traditions and arts having a common origin with ours. The Vedic Church supports Indian nationalism, not only by inspiring nationalists with pride in the past and hope in the future, but also by creating reverence in the minds of non-Indian Aryas for India—the birth place, nursery, and seat of development of the system of thought which alone has given them solace of mind. If devout Buddhists all over the world regard Kapilavastu with feelings of profound reverence, if the mention of the very

word Palestine touches untapped springs in the Christian heart, India, and especially the peninsula of Gujerat, where Dayananda was born, will become a place of pilgrimage for Aryas all over the world. Though, as we have shown above, Vedicism fosters healthy patriotism, which statemanship like that of Morley and Minto recognizes as a force to be encouraged and enlisted on the side of law, order, evolution, orderly development and evolutionary political progress on democratic lines ..... there is yet another fruitful cause of misunderstanding. The Vedic Dharma, like all great religious movements that have left their mark in the world, is not only a creed, but a complete system of thought, a complete code for the guidance of humanity in all relations of life and all departments of human activity, a polity as well as a science of living — in short, a way of looking at things, a point of view. The Vedas teach us all about the ideals of individual and social conduct, of social governance and political philosophy. But they also teach us that the supreme rule of progress is righteousness. It is righteousness that exalteth nations. Righteous activity is the keystone to the arch of social polity and political authority. No nation can be regarded fit for the exercise of collective responsibility unless the individual units composing it have learnt to be righteous in their conduct and dealings. 'Dharma is the supreme governing authority in the world', the Veda declares in unequivocal terms" (Munshi Ram and Professor Ram Deva of the Gurukula, Kangri, 1910).

*A Missionary.*—Inspired by the Vedas, Swamiji rushed to places wherever truth was assailed and attacked. He offered Satyagraha with the Sikhs and suffered imprisonment, when they sought control of their Gurudwaras. He hastened to the Aryas of Patiala, when they were deprived of their civic rights. The Missionary served the Hindus of Dholpur to gain their religious freedom. The Arya requested Gandhiji to think of the untouchables first before launching Satyagraha. Shradhdhanand opened the gates of Hinduism wider to allow the Malkhana Rajputs and others who sought entry. He consolidated the different sects and creeds into one strong unit. Swami founded weeklies, wrote tracts, raised and answered doubts and questions. He was a missionary of the Vedic Church which he called a Universal Shrine. During the Vedic Age there were Rishis who carried the message of Sruti to all the corners of the world. Indian missionaries, he said, travelled to Egypt, Rome, Greece, Peru and Mexico. He desired every Arya to become a missionary wherever he went. He



sent scholars to different parts of India, to propagate the Vedas. In doing public service he did not hesitate to help every individual who approached him. A leper from Tiruvellore sought his patronage, and he at once helped him through S. Kasturi Ranga Iyengar. When a Tamil writer was threatened with an assassin's dagger, for bringing out the great publication, Swami at once flashed his determination to go over to Madras to continue his work there. Every fallen man or woman who came to him for asylum received shelter and protection. Shraddhanand had planned to write a history of the Arya Samaj movement from its inception, as a guidance to the future generation. But the attempt of the Cocanada Congress calling on Hindus to hand over at least one third of the untouchables of India to non-Hindus had upset his plan. It reminded one of the past Malabar when a Zamorin handed over many untouchable women to the Arab sailors as an inducement for them to settle in the West Coast. He now shuddered at the idea of politicians who desired to hand over the depressed classes to non-Hindus. He strongly protested against it, and started the Hindu Sanghatan Movement to resist the dangerous tendencies and developments. He organised the Hindus and enthused the millions. But the bigots and the fanatics started a crusade against him. Swamiji then lead a gathering of the World Aryas at Muttra.

*The Celebration.*—1924 was an important year in the history of Arya Samaj for it was the first centenary of Dayananda. A few devoted followers of Swami, like Shraddhanand, Mahatma Hansraj, Lala Lajpat Rai and others had infused a new spirit in the Hindu community and within the short time of fifty years they had created a new order of society and their constructive social service was visibly seen during the Centenary celebrations in which all the representatives of Arya Samaj participated. The celebration revealed the existence of several institutions and the gathering of dedicated men and women devoted to do service to mankind. An impartial observer from the South participated in the function and his observation recorded in the *Daily Express*, Madras, *Voice of India*, and *Indian Social Reformer*, Bombay brings before us the substantial contribution made by Swami and others to the new awakening witnessed at Muttra.

*Unique Gathering.*—A huge gathering, most unique in the history of India, was held at Muttra to celebrate the Centenary of Dayanand. When I just got down from the train at Muttra Station I found a crowd of nearly ten thousand people marching to the place of pilgrim-

mage to pay their tribute to India's greatest son of the last century. Thousands of tents specially pitched up for the occasion in regular rows with neat sanitary arrangements which might make a military officer envious, struck my imagination at once. The thousands of sheds made with dry grass roofing to accommodate the visitors were found most simple, economical and well-furnished. Just at the entrance, my attention was attracted by the yellow-robed boys and students of Gurukuls singing most peacefully their famous song :

Dayanand, ka veera syinia banenge .

Dayanand ka kam pura karenge.

They were then marching to the river Jamuna to have their morning bath. They were followed by hundreds of girl students of Jullunder Mahakanya Vidyalaya in their fascinating simple dress of yellow saris. Passing the entrance road, occupied on two sides by book-sellers for a furlong, one found the bazar of hotels, with prominent notices showing the prices of articles with the signature of the organiser of the Conference so that the people might not be cheated with higher rates.

*Description.*—There were different camp managers to look after the conveniences of each province. Punjab was most represented and representatives from Bengal, Maharashtra, Madras, Burma, Mauritius, Natal and Japan were present on the occasion. It was only now that Mahatmaji's word of advice, that Congressmen should copy Swami Shradhdhanand in organisation, came to my mind. There were nearly half a dozen pandals for different conferences. The Yagasalas at the four corners of the main pandal carried away my imagination to the olden days of the Vedic yore. Ladies performing the Havans at a place, reciting the Vedic mantras, reminded me that there are still Gargis and Maitreyis of the Upanishad fame. The main pandal was covered with Khadi cloth, occupying a circular portion of the ground with a small raised platform in the centre with only a chair for the President. From the platform to the edge of the pandal, the ground had been gradually raised near the end to a height of five feet thus causing no difficulty to any member of the audience to witness the function well. Placards prominently put up at different places of the pandal revealed the internal spirit of the Aryas — 'Keep a brave spirit and never despair', 'God is everywhere and is victorious', 'He who tolerates evil is more dangerous than he who does it', 'Society makes a man'.

The second pandal was specially arranged for the Sadhu Conference and it was a revelation to me to see hundreds of Sadhus banded together, determined to do something for the regeneration of the country. Arya Sammelan, Arya Kumara Conference, Shuddhi Conference, Cow Protection Conference, Depressed Classes Conference, Political Assembly, Arya Parishad, Aryan Educational Conference, Religious Council, Social Workers' Council, Ladies Conference, Caste-breaking Conference, Conference of all Religious Bodies, Leaders' Lectures, Sanyasis' Sermons, Bhajanas, Sankeertanas, Debates, etc., were the different activities of the week, deliberated, discussed, guided by some of the greatest social and political workers of India, like Swami Shraddhanand, Mahatma Hansraj, Bhai Paramanand, Raja Rampal Singh, Prof. Balakrishna, Lala Dewan Chand and others, and attended by the people of different provinces, from some of the Maharajas like the Ruler of Shahpur to the Antyaja — the representative of the depressed classes — all having equal facilities.

The greatest achievement of the Conference was the giving of life to Hinduism, by the starting of a Central Publishing House, to disseminate correct Vedic knowledge and the attempts to form a missionary body. The crowning glory of the week's celebration, was the greatest procession of the world Samajists who came round Muttra, passing along the ruins of Virjanand Ashram where Dayanand promised to carry the Rishis' message to the different corners of the world. The hastily-formed procession of one and a half lakhs of people was three miles long, led by hundreds of Sadhus, banded together, marching orderly in their ochre-coloured robes to pay their tributes. It was immediately followed by the students of the different D.A.V. Colleges with their own bands and music, in their scout dresses, silently muttering the Vedic mantras. With fascinating yellow robes, Brahmacharies followed them, bare-footed, bare-headed, silently but sternly uttering, "We shall complete the work of Dyanand by converting the whole world and show what the Aryas are." The band of ladies who were most enthusiastic, adorned the procession in their most joyful mood and appealed to the heart of the people more when they said, "Treasures of Vedic wisdom were opened to us by Rishi Dayanand". Thousands of orphans and hundreds of widows who were there, were the living monuments of the greatest work done by the Arya Samajists in Northern India. When the procession passed along the Virjanand Ashram, my mind leapt at the thought of the lean blind Sanyasi and the thought of Dayanand.

*Impressions.*—A European who happened to pass along that place had nothing but to repeat the word 'splendid' as often as possible. The truth of Lord Meston's statement that "Arya Samaj has a future, for it has a life behind it" came across my mind very often when I was there. It was a record gathering of people from different countries, which can rarely find a parallel in the history of modern India, and perhaps it was only in the pre-historic days of the Buddhistic period that a gathering of such a type was ever recorded. It was something like a model city transported from Heaven, with no liquor shop, nor a tobacco bazar and without a prominent placard "smoking is prohibited", as no one was found smoking. It was somewhat startling to me when I saw a habitual smoker throwing off his cigar automatically when only 'Namaste' was greeted to him by a passing Arya. If such was the moral influence swayed by the body, then surely there was a future.

*Laity and Luminary.*—The greatest thing that still lives in my memory is the following enthusiastic utterance of a not much educated wrestler, with two long, very heavy clubs placed before him: "You young men who cover your skeletons by your 'Potloons' and coats, your blindness by spectacles, you cannot even lift these clubs, and you want the regeneration of this country? My Dayananda was the greatest wrestler with a langhota alone, and see how much he has achieved, and let us be back to him to regenerate ourselves in this land of glory." This appeal arrested my attention. The Conference ended on Mahasivaratri Day. Some of the most striking passages in the congregational prayer were so important, revealing the heart and intention of the Samajists, that I cannot but reproduce them here:—

"To-day is the greatest day on account of the birth of Sri Dayanand. It is by Almighty's grace that his illumination has spread now throughout the country. The pitiable condition of the Aryas, the cry of orphans, the agony of the widows, the vanishing of the Vedic spirit, the disappearance of the sadacharas, the alien predomination—had it not been for all these, there could have been no birth of Dayanand. Almighty God! Let there emanate in this country great brahmins; men with scientific use of arms and their knowledge, men who can eliminate all evil spirits and come forward in our country".

One thing I have forgotten to mention. It is Mrs. Besant's statement in her *India A Nation* that it was Dayananda alone who first proclaimed that India is for Indians.

When I saw the Khadi coat of Sri Dayanand exhibited in the show there, it made me to understand that he was the first advocate of Khadi in those old days. The greatest inspiring message that the gathering proclaimed was :—

“Man, know thyself, be a Man and work out your own salvation”.

Imbibing the spirit of the assembly, the stern monk made up his mind to go in for social contemplation.

*Introspection.*—The World gathering confirmed his impressions that the progress of the movement of the Arya Samaj was not satisfactory. Swami found that external and internal forces impeded its growth. The establishment of the Hindu University, within its ancient ideal and modern studies, lessened the charm of the Gurukula. The Hindi Prachar Sabha, and its activities, attracted greater attention than the pompous platitudes of the Samaj, every week. The youths of the land rose to the rising tide of nationalism, as its appeal was universal. The new awakening in Hindu society to admit non-Hindús into their fold, lessened the scope of its activities. The Samaj's rigid adherence to non-essentials did not encourage men of integrity to become members. Special favours shown by Government to help the depressed classes, prevented them in getting the usual co-operation of the Pan-chamas. The passing of Sharada's Act against child mariages, and the growing services of women's organisations, did not induce the fair sex to seek the Samaj for their welfare. Men with no quality occupied many leading positions, and selfless workers were leaving the Arya Samaj. The members ignored the spirit of the founder and satisfied themselves with rituals and festivals. They lacked spiritual life and raised controversies. They indulged in mutual abuse and slander. They neglected constructive work and prided themselves in never-ending abuse of the Puranas and other books. Swami felt that the time had now come for the Aryas and Hindu intellectuals to think for themselves with introspection.

*Foreign Government.*—But the Sircar did not like to see the rising spirit of the Hindus—the major community of India. They openly associated themselves with the minorities, encouraged and instigated them to rise against the majority.

Many officials of Government instilled the fear into the minds of in India if Independence was given. Their tin gods and agents carried minorities that Hindus would not allow any other religion to remain

on with their newspapers, tracts, and pamphlets, campaigns of slander and calumny. They exhausted the foul vocabulary of their dialects and infused their virus into the unsuspecting and often receptive minds of the readers. The leaders, intoxicated with the exuberance of their language, did not know how to put up a curb upon their tongues or pens. Secret and insidious propaganda was doing its dark and horrible work.

Leaders were openly and secretly threatened that their lives were in danger if they persisted to work for Hindu consolidation.

The descendants of the Hindu leaders of ancient India who gave asylum to the Jewish refugees, the pursued Muslims, and the persecuted Christians, found themselves harassed and hounded by the bigots and fanatics for exercising their own rights and privileges in this land of toleration.

The religious sleuth-hounds were on the heels of the ascetic to commit any crime and offer him as a victim to their god of belief.

It appeared that the dead cult, which held the view that the ready and short way to gain Paradise was to kill some one of a different religion, had become alive again.

The Sircar had eyes, but they did not see. They knew that the Swami received threatening letters, but did not care to protect him. They had arms, but they did not show it to prevent the rising wave of passion and fanaticism. There was no Holagou to break the dagger of violence practised by the enemies of mankind. The foreigners were silent.

#### *The Martyr.—*

“The name of death was never terrible

To him that knew to live”.

During these ominous days a stranger went to the residence of Swami at Delhi, on 23rd December, 1926, at 4 p.m. The zealot sought an interview with him when he was convalescing and lying on his bed. The servant refused permission to see the ailing old Sanyasi. But Swami overheard and bade him to come nearby. The man approached him and said: “I wish to hold a religious discussion on Islam”.

“I regret I am too weak to discuss anything at present. I have not yet fully regained my former health. I request you to come some other day.”

Under pretence of wanting water to quench his thirst, the guest had Swami's faithful servant sent out; in the absence of the servant he pulled out his six-chambered revolver, fired four shots, depositing two wounds in the sick man's breast.

Shraddhanand died a martyr's death.

## APPENDIX

### TRIBUTES AND OPINIONS

*Indian National Congress, Gauhati 1926. Resolution moved by Gandhiji and passed, all standing.*

That this Congress expresses its horror and indignation at the cowardly and treacherous murder of Swami Shraddhanand and places on record the *sense of the irreparable loss the nation has sustained by the tragic death of a noble and brave patriot who had dedicated his life and his great gifts to the service of his country and of his faith and espoused with fearless devotion the cause of the lowly, the fallen and the weak.*

\* \* \* \*

*Mahatma Gandhi.*

Swami was a man of action and not of words. His was a living belief. He had suffered for it. He was bravery personified. He never quailed before danger, he was a warrior and a warrior was to die not on a sick-bed but on the battle-field.

God had willed for him a martyr's death and so, though he was still on the sick-bed, he died at the hands of an assassin who had asked to be admitted to the Swami's presence and, in the absence of the servant, deposited two wounds on the patriot's breast, as he was lying on his bed. We have not the last words of the Swami but if I knew him at all I have no doubt that he prayed to his God to forgive him who knew not that he was doing anything wrong. In the language of Gita, happy is the warrior who achieves such a blessed death.

Death is at any time blessed for a warrior who dies for his cause. Death is no fiend. He is the truest of friends. He delivers from agony. He helps us against ourselves, he ever gives us new chances, new hopes. He is like sleep, a sweet restorer. Yet it is customary to mourn when a friend dies. The custom has no operation when the death is that of a martyr. I cannot therefore mourn for his death. He and his are to be envied for, though Shraddhanand is dead, he is yet dead and living. He is living in a truer sense than when he moved about in our midst in his giant body. The family in which he was born and the nation to which he belonged are to be congratulated on so glorious a death. He lived a hero and died a hero.



*Dr. Rabindranath Tagore.*

The news of the cowardly murder of Swami Shraddhanand has filled my heart with sorrow and shame for the impious bigotry manifested by this act. It is a national calamity which should be mourned for by Hindus and Muslims alike.

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*Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya.*

I have been shocked and distressed to learn that Swami Shraddhanand was shot dead. As the news will spread, a wave of deep sorrow will pass over the millions of Hindu houses throughout the country. The death of such a noble patriot and the respected veteran leader of the Hindu community at the hands of an assassin will give an indestructible life to the cause which was so dear to his heart and which he promoted with perfect fairness and therefore without any touch of fear.

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*Pandit Motilal Nehru.*

The news of the brutal murder of Swami Shraddhanand had come upon me as a terrible shock. My association goes back to my college days when I first made his acquaintance. My personal loss is great but the national loss is greater.

\*                     \*                     \*                     \*

*Lala Lajpat Rai.*

The news is sad and shocking and has upset me. The Hindus owing to the tragic death of the leader should not lose their balance but continue his work with great determination and zeal. I hope that this cold-blooded murder of Swami will unite all the Hindus in the pursuit of the noble mission, undeterred by fears and undismayed by any kind of despair. By Swami's death, the Arya Samaj has lost one of its great leaders and the Hindu community one of its saviours. In the whole history of modern Hinduism, his sincere devotion to the cause of Hindus stands unique. Kshatriya by birth, he died like a Kshatriya. Always practical, brave, self-sacrificing and transparently sincere, he worked day and night for his religion, community and country.

His communalism was of the national type. The nation can never forget his heroic stand in 1919 preceeding the martial law regime. Since that time he was always in the forefront of all national movements. Yet he never forgot for one moment his obligation to his religion and his community. Hindu children will learn with glory of his martyrdom.

He knew he was a marked man for several years, but no amount of threat or intimidation could succeed in making him change his work by one hair's breadth.

It is tragic to remember that he was the only Hindu who was permitted to preach from a Muslim pulpit in the dark days of 1919, and at the Unity Conference of 1924 he was the only leader who exercised his influence in the settlement of the Hindu-Muslim dispute. The Swami always practised what he preached. The greatest tribute to his memory, which one can pay, is to continue his work with greater zeal and determination than before.

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*Maulana Abul Kalam Azad.*

It should be the action of a fanatic Mohammedan.

\* \* \* \*

*Smt. Sarojini Naidu.*

I am terribly shocked and grieved at the tragic death of my beloved old friend. He died as he lived—a gallant soldier of the cause he loved. India has lost in him a patriot of indomitable courage for the uplifting of the fallen and the depressed. No words of condemnation are too strong for the act of treachery on the part of the cowardly assailant, who repaid the hospitality of a sick man with premeditated violence.

I have no doubt that the entire Muslim community of India, especially the leaders among them, will express in unmistakable terms their abhorrence of this distasteful outrage, committed on a great, brave and noble Hindu leader who had the privilege of preaching from the pulpit of the Jumma Masjid in Delhi. The only fitting memorial that this nation can raise to this great martyr whom we mourn is to annihilate mutual strife and to establish Hindu-Muslim Unity on the basis of mutual justice, toleration and trust.

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*Sri C. Rajagopalachari.*

The martyrdom of Swami has made Hinduism dearer to the millions of souls. His great end fits in with his life-work like the climax in a great tragedy. I hope this crime will open the eyes of Muslims and for ever close the chapter of violence and intimidation. The pang to the Hindus is great, but they are bearing it grandly.

*Sri S. Srinivasa Iyengar.*

The news of Shradddhanand's death and the manner has come as a shock to me. It is a national loss and particularly a great loss to the Hindu community. His work in the Arya Samaj both in the direction of the uplift of the untouchables and in the direction of the re-organisation of the Hindus has been unique. I am sure death came to him in the manner in which he must have most loved.

\* \* \* \*

*Sri S. Satyamurthi.*

The disappearance of the heroic figure of Swami Shradddhanand under such tragic circumstances is bound to arouse the feelings of all Indians. No only the Hindu community but the whole of Nationalist India aspiring for freedom has lost a bold champion in him.

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*Maulana Shaukat Ali.*

I am ashamed that this cowardly act has been done by a brother in faith. Swami was a brave fighter for India and a brave defender of his faith.

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*Dr. M. R. Jayakar.*

I request the Hindus not to get excited but to continue fully the work for which Swami Shradddhanand died a martyr's death, and urge them to continue his work in spite of such occurrences.

\* \* \* \*

*Sri N. C. Kelkar.*

Shradddhanand was an apostle of Shuddhi and Sangattan. Shuddhi could not be stopped unless aggressive conversion to Mohammedanism was stopped.

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*Bakshi Tek Chand of Lahore.*

Swami has died the death of a martyr and his memory will be cherished for long by his countrymen. He played a great part in restoring public life in Punjab after Martial Law and the success of the Amritsar Congress in 19 was in a large measure due to him.

*Dr. Gokulchand Narang.*

Shraddhanand dead would be more powerful and valuable than even Shraddhanand alive.

\* \* \* \*

*Sir Purushotamdas Thakurdas.*

Swamiji was an all-India leader. He was first a patriot and then everything else, and India was surely the poorer by his death.

\* \* \* \*

*Sri R. Natarajan.*

One of India's greatest and noblest sons.

\* \* \* \*

*Swami Satyadeo.*

Shraddhanand died as a soldier doing his duty. I envy his death. If the Mohammedans think that, by shooting Shraddhanand they have done service to Islam, they are greatly mistaken. Thousands of Shraddhanands will arise to take the place of Swami in the cause of Shuddhi and Sanghatan.

\* \* \* \*

*Mahasay Krishan.*

Swami's whole life was one of sacrifice and consecration to public service.

\* \* \* \*

*Sri Chidanand Sanyasi.*

Swami's last wish—I heartily desire that relinquishing this body, I may be reborn in this beloved Bharat to serve the nation and the country through Shuddhi.

\* \* \* \*

*Mahatma Hansraj.*

Swami Shraddhanandji's death should not excite Hindus, but should make them all the more determined to carry on the noble mission of the Vedic Church. Such crimes betray a religious intolerance not worthy of the present times.

*Dewan Chamanlal.*

In our national life he was a towering personality and one of those great men who are a living inspiration to the youths of India. This is the greatest crime and the most tragic in our recent times.

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*The Public.*

More than a lakh of the citizens of Delhi followed the bier of his funeral procession. Students of the colleges, girls of the orphanages, depressed classes, Hindus and Mohammedans offered their tributes at the funeral. More than ten thousand people were in a procession at Lahore to express their sorrow. Hartals were observed in several cities of North India and there were public meetings in almost all the towns and cities of India. Indians overseas, in Africa, Zanzibar, F. M. S., England and other countries met together and offered their respects. Streets, fountains, orphanages, rescue homes, etc., were named after him.

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*The Hindu, Madras, 24-12-1926.*

The crime is as black and mean as any act can be, but no citizen of India can think of it without a feeling of deepest horror and sorrow.

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*Times of India, 25-12-1926.*

The manner of the death of Shradhdhanand has caused a shock of horror throughout India. The Swami occupied a position of great distinction in religious and social life.

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*Amrita Bazar Patrika, Calcutta, 25-12-1926.*

It indeed speaks volumes for the toleration of the Hindus that the man who committed this dastardly outrage, was not lynched in spite of all the protection that the public afforded him.

*The Englishman, Calcutta, 25-12-1926.*

No crime, of all the hundred that have been committed in the name of religion, has been so shocking and appealing as that which robbed Hinduism of one of the most profoundly venerated of the teachers and leaders.

\* \* \* \*

*Forward, Calcutta, 25-12-1926.*

The assassin's shot has not only brought about the end of Swami but also has riddled a hole in Indian Nationalism itself that will be hard to mend soon.

\* \* \* \*

*The Bengali, Calcutta, 25-12-1926.*

For the Hindus the vile murder has one and only one lesson. It is a challenge to their faith that they must immediately take. To carry to early fulfilment the task which the Swami had made the mission of his life is now the sacred bequest that his death has left to his co-religionists.

\* \* \* \*

*A Press Correspondent in Bombay Chronicle, 25-12-1926.*

Upstairs in Swami's bedroom it was a most horrible sight. The body of the Swami was laid on the bed, on which he was shot, covered with the shawl, but even then the blood was oozing out of the clothes that carried the still figure. When the clothes were removed to enable the Deputy Commissioner to have a look at the figure, the condition of the Swami's face was heart-rending to a degree if only because it was calm as though he was still living. Even in the hour of his trial Swami should have kept his composure which had made him so famous in India's history. Surely the great man who had laid his breast bare before the military in the days of the Rowlatt Act could not have winced before an ordinary murderer. Hundreds who had the painful privilege of seeing the body of the great man went back crying like children.

## INDEX

- Accounts, My, 44.  
Agnihotri's Revenge, 81.  
Alvalpur, At, 110.  
Amir Khan's Assistants, 68.  
Amritsar Samaj Anniversary, 95.  
Amritsar Sessions, 146-148.  
Amusing Headmaster, 15-16.  
Arya Hero's Trials, 116.  
Arya Samaj, Enters, 48-49.  
Arya Samaj, President of, 136.  
Arya Samaj Meeting, 62.  
Aryavarta, Glory of, 33-34.  
Aitchison (Sir), Interview with, 101.  
Atheism, 18.  
Avatar, 29-30.
- Bakshis Singh, Contact with, 39.  
Banaras, 7-8.  
Bar, Called to the, 43.  
Barcilly, 22-23.  
Bargain, Not a bad, 40.  
Beginning (Gurukul), 139-140.  
Bhagatramjee's Advice, 51-52.  
Birth, 1.  
Bombay, First trip to, 90.  
Bombay, Lecture at, 92.  
Brahma Bhojan, 20.  
Brahmacharya, 143.  
Brahmo Faith, 47.  
Brother, My, 45.  
Brothers, Conversion of my, 108.  
Bulls, Ownerless, 8.
- Camp, My, 129-130.  
Carmichael's Offer, 37.  
Cashier Redeemed, 30-31.  
Celebration, 158.  
Chajjuram's (Pandit) Resignation, 108.  
Challenge, 124.  
Change, A Sudden, 24.  
Child Marriage Averted, 54.  
Children, My, 135.  
Church, Vedic, 155-157.  
Congress, 98.  
Corrupt Englishman, 66.  
Corruption, A Tale of, 66.  
Corrupt Registrar, 86.  
Criticisms, Hostile, 71-72.
- Daily Routine, 97.  
Daily Work, 109.  
Daughter's Surprise, 76-77.  
D.A.V. College Anniversary, 134.  
D.A.V. College Opened, 62-63.  
Dayanand, 149.  
Dayanandji Meets Mr. Scott, 30.  
Dayanandji's Answer, 30.  
Dayanand's Influence, 32.  
Dayanand's Samadhi, 43.  
Debating Society, President of, 55-56.  
Denunciation, 29.  
Depressed Classes, 145.  
Devarajee's Offer, 51.  
Devaraj's Ordeal, 112.  
Devi's Last Words, 135-136.  
Devotee, Turns a, 6.  
Dharamsala Hills, To, 136.  
Dharma Prachar Work, 126-127.  
Diary, 99.  
Difficulties, Our, 71.

- Dinadayal, Pandit, 87-88.  
 Dinner, A Friend's, 24.  
 Discomfiture, The Sahib's, 3-4.  
 Discord, Hindu-Moslem, 15.  
 Drink Again, 45.  
 Drunkard, A Virtual, 42.  
 Drunkard Friend, 95.  
 Durga Prasad, Master, 103.  
 Education, Ideal, 140-141.  
 Encounter, 21.  
 Encyclopaedia, Walking, 133-134.  
 Examination, 63-64.  
 Examination, Failure in, 41-42.  
 Examiners, Our Foreign, 64.  
 Father, 1.  
 Father's Anxiety, 42; Confidence in Me, 74-75; Footsteps, 77; Illness, 57-58; Last Moments, 75; Legacy, 70; Message, 61; Rigidity, 2-3; Visit, 65; Will, 70.  
 Fed up with Service, 35-36.  
 Fire Faced, 146.  
 Flesh, Hatred of, 53.  
 Flour Fund, 78-79.  
 Fortune's Wheel, 88.  
 Friends, Loss of two, 126.  
 Gambling, 23.  
 Gathering, Unique, 158-160.  
 God's existence, Discussion on, 31.  
 Goondas, In the guise of, 22.  
 Gosayee's Mischievous, 20-21.  
 Government, Foreign, 162-164.  
 Grandfather, 1.  
 Griffith, 12-13.  
 Guru, The Untouchable, 144-145.  
 Gurudutt, Pandit, 84, 106.  
 Gurudutt's (Pandit) Explanation, 118-119.  
 Gurudutt's Lectures, 94-95, 105.  
 Gurukul, 138-139.  
 Hakimjee's Advice, 62.  
 Hans Raj, A Mahatma, 107.  
 Happy Days, 56.  
 Harcourt, Colonel, 93.  
 Hari Kirtans, 102.  
 Havan, 122.  
 Heera Singh, Master, 50.  
 Hookah, 21.  
 Humes, 98-99.  
 Hume's (A.O.) Letter, 57.  
 "I am a Sinner", 80.  
 Impressions, 161.  
 Incident, 9, 10, 28, 52, 53, 85, 92, 96, 104, 107, 130.  
 Incident, A Pleasing, 118.  
 India, Our, 142-143.  
 Introspection, 162.  
 Jivan Das, 56-57.  
 Jullunder, Back to, 96.  
 Jullunder, Dassera at, 78.  
 Jullunder, Stay at, 61.  
 Jullunder Samaj, President of, 52, 127-128.  
 Jullunder Samaj's Example, 71.  
 Juniors, My, 130-131.  
 Justice Incomplete, 115.  
 Kachukati Sadhus, 83-84.  
 Kali Babu, 64.  
 Kanya Maha Vidyalaya, 100-101.  
 Kapurthala, My Lecture at, 124-125.  
 Kashiram's Advice, 47-48.  
 Kashiram's Friendship, 59.



- Kibal, Professor, 14.  
 Kotwal, 8-9.  
 Kural, 152.  
 Kurshedji, Patriot, 91.  
 Lahore, Back to, 41, 77.  
 Lahore, Departure to, 60.  
 Lahore Samaj Anniversary, 102.  
 Laity and Luminary, 161-162.  
 Lajpat Rai (Lala), Entry of, 120.  
 Larpant Caught, 86-87.  
 Law and Religion, 88-89.  
 Lesson, 11-12.  
  
 Mahanandji, Swami, 110-111.  
 Martyr, 163.  
 Masses, To reach the, 101.  
 Master's Feet, 25.  
 Meerut, At, 123-124.  
 Mirzapur Bhaiya, 6-7.  
 Missionary, 157-158.  
 Monument, Imperishable, 152-153.  
 Mosque, Pulpit of, 146.  
 Mother's Love, 1-2.  
 Moulabux, My Tout, 44.  
 Moulvie Saheb, 14.  
 Mukthar, As a, 66.  
 Munshi, My, 67-68.  
 Munshi's Mischief, 85-86.  
 Murderer's Confession, 37-38.  
 Muttra, 20.  
 Mystery Revealed, 39-40.  
  
 Nagar Kirtans, 103-104.  
 Nature, 12.  
 Need, 154-155.  
 New Life, 46-47.  
 New Residence, 82-83.  
 Night, The Dark Final, 45-46.  
 Nirjala Ekadasi Day, 58.  
  
 Ordeal, 58, 141.  
 Original, The Most, 141-142.  
 Orthodox Accountant General, 99.  
  
 Panditji's Last Days, 120-122.  
 Pandits, A Panchayat of, 73.  
 Parents, Destitute of, 75-76.  
 Parsi Dinner, 91-92.  
 Peripatetic, A, 142.  
 Political Body, 93.  
 Pot of Dharma, 79.  
 Practice, My, 44.  
 Prayag, Life at, 23-24.  
 Preachers' Class, 117.  
 Propaganda, 113.  
 Propaganda Work, 125-126.  
 Providence, Hand of, 65-66.  
 Puranika's Mischief, 110.  
 Purnanand Saraswati, Swami, 117.  
  
 Quack Sadhu, 69-70.  
  
 Radical, An Extreme, 111.  
 Rajputana, Trip in, 43.  
 Rama Bhakta, A, 5-6.  
 Ramanand, Swami, 118.  
 Ramayana, Faith in, 6.  
 Ramgopal, Reconversion of, 111.  
 Reader, A Voracious, 113-114.  
 Reform Marriage, 115.  
 Religion, 16-17.  
 Rescued, 23.  
 Rishi's Durbar, 27.  
 Routine, Daily, 10.  
 Rowing, Boat, 10-11.  
 Ruling Race, 35.  
  
 Saddharma Pracharak, 113.  
 Sain Das, Lala, 49-56.

- Samaj Beggar, 102-103.  
 Samajist, A Faithful, 54.  
 Sangram's Challenge, 4.  
 Sangram's Dying Words, 5.  
 Sanyasi, 23.  
 Sanyasi to Grihastha, From, 80-81.  
 Sati's Magic Touch, 33.  
 Sati's Words, My, 42-43.  
 Satyarthha Prakash, 48, 149-151.  
 Satyarthha Prakash Katha, 115.  
 Scene, The Second, 74.  
 Scott, Discussions with, 27-28.  
 Self-defence, 11.  
 Sensual Language, 16.  
 Shame, 16.  
 Shiva Deviji, Last Days of, 134-135.  
 Shyam Lal's Mischief, 73-74.  
 Sight, A Horrid, 23.  
 Society, 22.  
 Son's Namakarana, 96.  
 Sorrow, 18.  
 Sorrow, Sea of, 58-59.  
 Speech, My Maiden, 49-50.  
 Speech at Amritsar, 148-149.  
 Speech at Jullunder, 53-54.  
 Sportsman, 11.  
 Spying the Swami's Activities, 28  
 Store, Opened a, 39.  
 Strange Animal, 63.  
 Struggle, The, 60-61.  
 Students, Leader of, 64.  
 Students, My, 40, 42.  
 Suddhi, Agitation for, 112.  
 Suketh, Jail Life in, 131-132.  
 Suketh, Journey to, 129.  
 Sundara Das, Contact with, 48.  
 Sundara Lal, Lala, 55.  
 Surprise, A Pleasant, 65.  
 Surroundings, My New, 68-69.  
 Sutras, 152.  
 Tahsildar, As a Deputy, 34-35.  
 Tapo Bhumi, 122-123.  
 Thakurdas's Stories, 107-108.  
 This Picture and That, 32-33.  
 Tikmanand, Swami, 116-117.  
 Tin Gods, 12.  
 Trip, The Return, 132.  
 Triveni, 19.  
 Truth Trampled, 81.  
 Tuesday Merriment, 22.  
 Turn, The Next, 38.  
 Tutor, 9.  
 Unhealthy Quarrels, 117-118.  
 Untouchability, Demon of, 2.  
 Upanayanam, 3.  
 Vakil, A Drunkard, 132.  
 Vakil, A Tiptop, 68.  
 Vantage, Point of, 4-5.  
 Vedanti Mouniji, 104-105.  
 Vedas, Religion of, 151.  
 Vedas, Study of, 72.  
 Vedic Dharma, Messengers of, 51  
 Vedic Havan Performed, 76.  
 Vedic System, 144.  
 Vegetarians, Company of, 53.  
 Vice, A Den of, 24.  
 Victory at last, 18.  
 Village Sowcar, As a, 38.  
 Wanderer, 19.  
 Widow Re-marriage, 114-115.  
 Wisdom Dawns, 53.  
 Women, Ancient, 143-144.  
 Work, 99-100.  
 Work, Great, 153-154.  
 Worldly Sanyasin, 79-80.