LETTERS OF SISTER NIVEDITA

VOLUME ONE

Collected and Edited by

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To

SRIMAT ANIRVAN

(In Memoriam)

Who inspired this work.

&

To

MRS LIZELLE REYMOND

Whose collection of letters and material for Sister Nivedita's biography made this work possible.

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Page 325 : Sketch of a book cover. Letter 4 April, 1900.

Page 403 : Sketch of "curves", re. Dr J. C. Bose's scientiffic and philosophical ideas. Letter 29 Nov., 1900.

Page 404 : Sketch of a triangle. Letter 29 Nov., 1900.

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(Now in possession of the Editor) :

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578, 581, 584-85, 591, 596, 600, 604, 607, 617, 626, 630, 632, 635, 643, 645-47, 653, 658, 661, 664, 666, 672, 677, 679, 699, 707, 717, 721, 783. (9), (34), (84).

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230, 232, 263-64, 282, 285. 310-11, 328, 339, 343, 368-70, 372, 381, 383, 398, 432, 440, 443, 446, 454, 461, 466, 469; 778. (55-56), (58), (60), (63), (88).

[All the above letters were incorporated in an article in the Centenary Souvenir by Mr V. V. Pendse, "Sister Nivedita and Shree Gopal Krishna Gokhale". We have compared these letters with the xerox copies preserved in the Nivedita Girls' School, and made necessary corrections.]

FRANCES LEGGETT COLLECTION

(Received through Swami Chetanananda)

Typed copies: Nos. 84, 98-100, 112, 114-15, 136, 194, 286, 384-86, 388-90, 394, 397, 411, 505, 512, 528, 542, 603; 642.

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Xerox copies: 401, 404, 785, 789-92.
Typed copies: 786, 793, 801-02.
Culled from her book, *Swami Vivekananda: His Second Visit to the West: New Discoveries* (1973): 67, 784, 786.

PRABUDDHA BHARATA

134 (Nov. 1935), 140 (Dec. 1935), 249 (Oct. 1925), 377 (Oct. 1926), 395 (Oct. 1928), 725 (March, 1954: Facsimile of the letter), (2) (Aug. 1899), (3) (Sept. 1899).

Nos. 314, 355-56, 359-60, 362, 367, 763. (All these letters were incorporated in an article by Swami Vidyatma-

nanda in the *Prabuddha Bharata,* January, February, March, 1973, numbers.)

Swami Balaramananda (Typed copies) : 788, (77-78), (83), (86).

Mr Chinmohan Sehanabis (xerox copies) : 467, 484.

Mr Somendranath Basu (Tagore Research Institute, Calcutta) (Xerox copies) : 574, 657, 667. (90).

Mr Goutam Haldar (Photo copy) : 492.

Mr Taranath Sinha (Compared with the original) : 548.

Chithipatra (Vol. 6) by Rabindranath Tagore : 49, 237.

Mohit Chandra Sen Birth Centenary Publication, 1969, (Received through Mr Satikumar Chatterjee) : 366, 391.

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Mysore and the Ramakrishna-Vivekananda Movement, Bangalore (1936) : 639.

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Pravasi : 794 (Kartik, 1311 B.S.)

Benu : 796 (Puja number, 1386 B.S.)

Reminiscences of Swami Vivekananda (1961) 130.

The Life of the Swami Vivekananda by His Eastern and Western Disciples, Vol. 4. (1918) : (26).

Vivekananda in Indian Newspapers, 1893-1902, (Edited by Sankari Prasad Basu and Sunil Behari Ghosh) : (28-29).

This preface, in lieu of a proper Introduction, must begin with an explanation.

We had originally planned to publish in three volumes the Letters of Sister Nivedita with a general introduction. The three volumes were to be published simultaneously. The first volume would contain the General Introduction.

The plan was upset by a happy chance. As the work on the third volume was progressing we came to possess, by sheer luck, nearly a hundred more letters of the Sister and a few by Dr J. C. Bose and some others. These letters were remarkable in so far as they throw much new light on the life and struggles of the great scientist and also provide much useful information about the political and cultural scene in Bengal and India at the time. These letters had to be included. As a result the work on the third volume as well as the General Introduction had to be revised and re-arranged. But the printing of the main body of the letters could not be held up any longer. Therefore we had to decide to put the General Introduction in the third volume, after the text of the letters.

This General Introduction—*Nivedita And Her Times*—will contain a commentary on the historical background of these letters along with short biographical information about the persons mentioned. This will comprise several hundred pages, and will, we hope, provide the link between the letters to enable the reader to follow the complex unfolding of history that is to be found in them.

Yet, these two first volumes need a short introduction. The reader ought to be helped to see or recollect the importance of Nivedita and the value of these letters.

Swami Vivekananda once said to Nivedita : "You have the making in you of a world-mover." (June 7, 1896). When we think of this world-moving character, and her extraordinary role in the awakening of Bengal and India at a crucial junc-

ture of history, the importance of her letters becomes self-evident. Add to this the greatness of character and the literary talent that she brought to the task—and the letters become documents of great importance. As our General Introduction will show, Sister Nivedita turned her world-moving power to moving the dormant life of Bengal and India. She had made this hapless country her own and gave her life-blood. These letters show the extent and nature of that selfless giving.

The first two volumes here present 892 letters. Of these 802 are from Sister Nivedita (including a few Open Letters and related documents). The remaining 90 are letters written by other persons, which are very relevant.

Nivedita's life, quite obviously, had three distinct phases. The first phase, beginning with her birth in 1867, ended when she met Vivekananda in 1895. The second phase ended with the demise of Vivekananda in 1902. The third phase continued till her own death in 1911.

The collection here begin with one dated January 31, 1898, written after she had reached India on her first visit. We have no letters from the first phase ; and from the period 1895-97 nothing has survived except one solitary letter of 1897.

As would be obviously appropriate, the first volume here ends in 1902, the year of Swami Vivekananda's death. Swamiji was not Nivedita's guru in a general way, he was the mighty flood that carried Nivedita from a far distant land to the shores of India. It was he who for all time made Nivedita *The Dedicated* [*Nivedita* means 'dedicated']. Thus in this first volume we find flashes from the beacon light that was Vivekananda. It was inevitable, as Nivedita truly said, "When he [Vivekananda] was the player" "each mighty drama [was] lived in a marvellous actuality." "His whole heart and soul was a burning epic of the country, touched to an overflow of mystic passion by her very name." One can find here close-ups of persons connected with the Ramakrishna Movement, particularly of the Holy Mother Sarada Devi, consort of Sri Ramakrishna. It will be no exaggeration if we say that the pen-picture of Sarada Devi that we find in these letters is still the best portrayal of Holy Mother's ethereal presence.

The account of Nivedita's inner life and spiritual yearnings, inflamed by Swamiji's spiritual fire, predominate in this first volume. Nevertheless, this volume does give accounts of the beginning of her educational efforts among the Hindu girls of Calcutta, her selfless nursing of the plague-afflicted in the slums of Bagh Bazaar, (in Calcutta), her efforts to raise money in the West for the education of Indian women, and her clashes with anti-Indian forces there, the gradual change of her attitude towards the British rule, (ultimately she became terribly anti-British), the beginning of her revolutionary activities with the help of Kakaju Okakura (this episode is described extensively in the third volume and the reasons behind Swamiji's disapproval of Nivedita's involvement are explained) her active help to Dr J. C. Bose in his scientific researches, particularly in assisting him to write scientific papers and books. Also to be found interesting and unknown facts about Swami Vivekananda's attitude towards the Tagore family and vice versa.

The Second volume covers the period of Nivedita's independent working for India, what and how much she did for India, after being 'Nivedita of Ramakrishna-Vivekananda'. Here Nivedita's role is primarily historical, though in every page of her letters the light of the inner soul is always evident. This volume brings out Nivedita as *Lokamata,* the 'Mother of the People' (the epithet was coined by Rabindranath) who practically nurtured all the cultural and political movements of the time. A detailed historical background and an account of her activities are given in the third volume.

The hitherto unpublished letters will bring out so much and so many startling information that doubts and misgivings may arise in many minds. To dissipate possible doubts we have given facsimile prints of many pages though at considerable cost.

Readers should be reminded that letters written at a given time often express the writer's feelings and ideas of the moment. A change of attitude may come in no time. Thus what is said in a particular letter in a given context can not be taken as the writer's final say. More it can be said, at times it becomes difficult to understand exactly what the writer wants to convey because letters are usually written to persons who

know the writer and may refer to matters which are known only to them. Persons who do not intimately know them, find it difficult to understand all the implications, especially at a distance of time. The case becomes really difficult with Nivedita's letters, because she, involved in extremist politics, often wrote in an obscure language. She herself admitted this. She said that she had no desire "to produce literature for the sole enjoyment of detectives." If we add to this the difficulties in Nivedita's usual compact style of writing, the obscurities may defeat all attempts at deciphering. We have worked on her letters for years ; we have collected through research much contemporary information ; we hope that we have been able to unravel many knots ; but even then we cannot claim a hundred per cent success in this respect.

It was really hard work to decipher her letters, which number nearly a thousand. To print them is another stupendous task. No doubt it was streneous labour. But the hard labour was rewarded beyond measure by the thrill we felt in being so close to the living presence of a great soul. Nivedita's letters made us realise, at least to a degree, how great one can be.

II

How these letters of Nivedita came to me is an interesting story and constitutes a valuable personal experience for me. I started working on Swami Vivekananda at the beginning of 1960. It was increasingly felt that I should also work on the activities of Sister Nivedita as it was her mission to carry the banner of Vivekananda to every corner of India. Nivedita became the Prophet's messenger to the cultural and political life of India. She did much, but much of what she did was not known. No doubt we could gather something about her from the biographies of Swamiji, also from Saralabala Sarkar's short but engrossing account of her life. Girijashankar Raichaudhuri, a well-known biographer, started writing about Sri Aurobindo's political life in *Udbodhan,* a Bengali monthly organ of Ramakrishna Mission beginning from the middle of 1940, and presented some facts of Nivedita's political life in the process.

But really startling was Narayani Devi's Bengali translation of Nivedita's French biography by Lizelle Reymond, which was serialised in Monthly *Basumati* beginning from the latter part of 1962. This Bengali version of Nivedita's life created a sensation. It was captivating for wealth of material and deep perception. Here for the first time we could get accounts of Nivedita's inner life on the one hand, and on the other an extensive account of her role in stimulating the cultural and political movements of Bengal and India. It was published as a book in 1955.

It was announced in the book that the translation of Nivedita's letters were in press. Our enthusiasm for Nivedita's life was then so much aroused, especially about her letters, on which Lizelle Reymond heavily depended for depicting the great Sister, that we felt restive when after a considerable time the letters were not published as announced. I wrote to Narayani Devi for information. She wrote back informing me that the letters were not coming as stated, but if I were interested I could approach Srimat Anirvan at a house at Keyatala Road, Calcutta.

That Sunday afternoon (the exact date I cannot now remember) was a great day in my life. At three in the afternoon I reached the house at Keyatala. A handsome Gujrati gentleman (whose name I came to know to be Mr Goutam Dharmapal) greeted me in chaste Bengali, and led me to a small inside room where an aged sadhu was sitting in an arm chair. He was lean, calm and serene, not wearing gerrua but white cloth, bearded, partly black partly grey. His eyes were deep and dark, and the voice was melodious. In answer to my query Srimat Anirvan said, yes, he had with him Nivedita's letters. I asked anxiously whether I would be allowed to consult the letters if that was necessary for my work on her. He said, 'all right, take the letters when you go.' I couldn't understand what he really meant, because what he said was unthinkable. I asked, 'how many letters you have with you?' 'More or less five hundred,' he answered. I was amazed. 'If you please give me the chance to look into those letters I will be grateful,' I said, and added, 'I will call again and go through them.' In the same smooth and affectionate voice he said, 'I

have said already, take the letters with you.' This time I could not believe my own ears. After gaining composure I asked, 'but what are the conditions? So many precious things you are giving me—'

I shall never forget the sweet smile I saw on his face. He said, 'Yes, there is a condition, one and only. You are to work on Nivedita with these.'

I collected my wits, and pointedly asked, 'how do you know that I will do the work?' He said, 'I feel that you will do.'

After some more talk, Srimat Anirvan asked Mr Goutam Dharmapal to bring the case of letters. A box full of letters, full of throbbing history! Seeing them I felt nervous again. I raised questions about my competence and merit. This time he said a bit sharply, 'I am guarding these things for ten years. Lizelle [Reymond] has left all these with me for the use of research workers. I have asked many a one to work on these. No one responded. You have come by yourself. I am familiar with some of your writings. I feel that you will do the work. I expect that you will do. From my boyhood I am devoted to Nivedita. I know something of what she did for us. Alas! My countrymen could forget her...' His voice was choked with emotion.

It was almost evening when I came out of the house with a card-board box full of Nivedita's letters. My heart was then full of as much delight as apprehension. The last feeling prevailed. It was near panic. A sannyasin, who did not know me in the least, trusted me in such a manner! Would I be worthy of this trust!

After this I met him occasionally. From various sources I came to know that not only was he a worthy poet and an erudite scholar with considerable knowledge of several Indian and European languages, (a Vedic pundit and promoter of a new trend in philosophy), he was a great yogi at the same time. But he would not talk about these matters. Sister Nivedita was our only topic of discussion. Some time later he brought for me from Lizelle Reymond 70 more letters of Nivedita written to S. K. Ratcliffe, which are politically very important. Besides these, I got from him many relevant

papers left by Mrs Reymond in his custody. These I have named *Raymond Collection.*

I met Narayani Devi at Anirvanji's residence and I also met Mrs Reymond several times when she came to Calcutta to see him. (Mrs Reymond was at that time working on Anirvanji's philosophical ideas.)

When the first 16 pages of the letters were printed, I went to Anirvanji. He was then staying with the same Gautam Babu at a house near Gol Park, Calcutta and was bed-ridden. He blessed me abundantly and conveyed his best wishes in a language which overwhelmed me. He gave me full rights to keep or to hand over the letters to any institution I like, but repeatedly reminded me that I must not give the originals to anyone before publishing them. Srimat Anirvan is no more. How sad I feel that he could not live to see that the work is done. The letters are published as he wished.

III

As this is a book of letters, collected from various sources, I am indebted to many persons and institutions. I wish to express my deep sense of gratitude to them all, though it is not possible to mention every one of them. Persons or institutions mentioned under 'Acknowledgements' do not exhaust the list. Some of them, like Mr Chinmohan Sehanabis, Mr Somendranath Basu, Mr Goutam Haldar, voluntarily offered me letters or facsimilies of letters which were in their possession, as soon as they came to learn of my work. I was much impressed by such generosity.

As already said, the bulk of letters included in this book came from the Reymond Collection. The next most important source is the Nivedita Girls' School Collection. I should record my gratitude to the authorities of this noble institution, founded by Nivedita, for allowing me to go through the material kept there and use them. I thank Pravrajika Muktiprana and Pravrajika Atmaprana, two notable biographers of Nivedita (Pravrajika Atmaprana also edited 'The Complete Works

of Sister Nivedita') for encouragement and co-operation. I particularly wish to offer my respects to Pravrajika Shraddhaprana, who with her open mind, broad culture, affectionate heart, and above all her deep love for Nivedita, extended support to this editor.

I am indebted to Marie Louise Burke (now Sister Gargi), the famous biographer of Swami Vivekananda, for sending me copies of a number of letters.

My gratitude is also due to Swami Chetanananda, now head of the Vedanta Society of St. Louis, Missouri, U.S.A. for sending me a number of letters collected from different sources. To him I owe much for my research on Vivekananda. My grateful thanks are also due to Swami Balaramananda. He supplied me with some valuable, relevant material for my use.

I would like to offer my respectful *pranams* to the Swamis of the Ramakrishna Order for their constant encouragement and blessings. I especially wish to mention Swamis Gambhirananda, Nityaswarupananda, Hiranmayananda, Niramayananda, Prabhananda, Tattwasthananda. To Swami Lokeswarananda, the secretary of the Ramakrishna Mission Institute of Culture, Gol Park, Calcutta, I am indebted for unfailing courteous assistance.

I pay obeisance to the revered Swami Abhayananda, widely known and respected as Bharat Maharaj of Belur Math. Whenever I meet him, his only anxious question is : 'What about the letters?' So far as I know, he is the only man living who knew Nivedita personally. How inspiring it is to hear directly from him what Nivedita was like and what she thought. His blessing is strength to me.

I am fortunate in having a number of friends who work ungrudgingly for me out of love. I would like to mention especially Mr Manisankar Mukherjee, better known as 'Sankar', a writer of wide reputation whose criticism I respect, suggestion I accept and deep love for me I feel and reverence. I should also like to mention my friends Mr Sunil Behari Ghosh, Mr Lakshmi Kanta Boral, Dr Sunil Kumar Mitra, Mr Sunil Mondal, Mr Nityananda Bhagat, Mr Rabidhan Dutta, and Mr Ganesh Basu.

It is really difficult to express fully my gratitude to Mr Jyoti Bhusan Bhattacharya, Head of the English Department, University of Calcutta, for helping me at times to decipher letters and for offering valuable suggestions. A man of literature, he is also deeply versed in political and social history and it was a pleasurable experience to discuss with him the period on which I was working.

I pay my respect to my beloved teacher, Mr Krishna Pada Banerjee. He takes up every opportunity to help and encourage me in my literary ventures. I heartily thank Dr Nemai Sadhan Bose, the noted historian, for constantly encouraging me.

I think it is not necessary to say that Mr Bimal Kumar Ghosh who assisted me in this work laboured ceaselessly and tirelessly. I must thank heartily my publisher Mr Ranjit Saha who had undertaken the publication of this voluminous book at a great financial risk. A disciple of the illustrious Swami Abhedananda, he has taken this courageous venture in a spirit of religious devotion.

My wife Mrs Maya Basu did not only patiently suffer all the unreasonable demands made on her during the preparation of the book, but also rendered actual assistance by way of preparing the manuscripts.

A word of apology to the readers. A number of errors, mostly typographical, have crept in despite our best efforts.

SANKARI PRASAD BASU

SISTER NIVEDITA

A CHRONOLOGY : 1867-1911

1867 *October 28* : Born at Dunganon, County Tyrone, Ireland—eldest daughter of Samuel Noble, a Congregational minister and Irish nationalist, and Mary Isabel Hamilton. [Younger sister May (Mrs Wilson), and younger brother Richmond (Rev. Richmond Noble) born between 1870-74.]

1877 Father dies of tuberculosis.

1884 Passes her final examination from Halifax College.—Joins as teacher at a school at Keswick.

1886 Joins a school at Rugby.

1886-89 Joins a school at Wrexham.—Falls in love with a young engineer from Wales. [He died before the engagement could be announced.]—Busy in social, philanthropic and literary works.—Welfare work in slum areas.—Writes articles in journals under different pen names.

1889-91 Teacher at a school at Chester.

1891-94 At Madame De Leeuw's school at Wimbledon, London.—Founds Wimbledon Literary Society.

1894 Opens her own Kindergarten school at Wimbledon, follows there Froebel and Pestalozzi methods.—Moves away from orthodox Christianity, deep in scientific ideas and politics, becomes a 'London journalist.'—One of the founders of the Sesame Club, a cultural body comprising both sexes. Lectures here on educational theories, reads papers like 'Teaching the three R's on Modern Principles', meets G. B. Shaw, T. H. Huxley, W. B. Yeats.—Recognised as a 'woman...well established in a brilliant career as journalist, educationist, lecturer and fighter for every kind of emancipation.'

1895 *November.* Meets Swami Vivekananda at Lady Isabella Margesson's residence at West End, London. —Vivekananda brings to her 'news from a far land', full of 'gentleness and loftiness'. He 'lives much in meditation', bears 'that look..that Raphael has painted on the brow of the Sistine Child'.

1896 *April—December.* Listens to Vivekananda's lectures and talks, accepts Vedanta as her own philosophy and Vivekananda as her Master.

1897 Organizes Vedanta Movement in London in absence of Vivekananda with the help of E. T. Sturdy and others.—Raises money for famine relief work in India, started by the newly founded Ramakrishna Mission.— Sends reports of London Vedanta activities to *Bramhavadin* of Madras.—Wants to come to India to take up Indian work.—Vivekananda at first reluctant, then agrees : 'I am now convinced that you have a great future in the work for India.'

1898 *January.* Leaves England for India.— *January 20.* Reaches Madras.— *January 28.* Reaches Calcutta.— Vivekananda receives her at the docks.—She stays for some time at a mansion at Chowringhee.—Visits places, attends lectures, takes lessons in Bengali, cultivates acquaintances with Dr J. C. Bose, the scientist, Rabindranath Tagore, the poet, and other prominent men of Calcutta.

February 27. First visit to Dakshineswar.— Meets Aghormani Devi, known as 'Gopaler Ma' (Gopal's Mother) who found in Ramakrishna the Child Gopala, i.e. Child Krishna.

March 11. First public speech in India, at the Star Theatre, Calcutta : 'Influence of the Spiritual Thoughts of India in England.'— *March 17.* First meeting with 'Holy Mother' Sarada Devi, consort of Sri Ramakrishna, in company with Miss J. MacLeod and Mrs Ole Bull, writes in her diary, 'a day of days.'— March 25. Initiated by Vivekananda on the day of the Christian Feast of the Annunciation, as

a novice of the Order of Ramakrishna, given the name 'Nivedita' (The Dedicated).—Stays in an old cottage at Belur (newly bought for the Math), with Miss MacLeod and Mrs Ole Bull.

April 7. Holy Mother first visits the Math ground. —Shows her round the ground with Miss MacLeod and Mrs Bull.

May. Plague in Calcutta. Panic and plague riot in protest against Govt. measures.—Writes plague pamphlet at Swamiji's instance.— *May 11.* Starts with Swamiji and his party on upper India tour. Swamiji wishes to show his Western disciples what is real India.—'Clash and conflict' with Swamiji over British rule in India and other issues. Swamiji attacks her blind worship of British flag. At the end he blesses her. ['It was assuredly a moment of wonderful sweetness and reconciliation.'].—Furious at the information that the police are shadowing Swamiji through spies.

July 26. Starts from Srinagar in Kashmir for pilgrimage to the Cave of Amarnath with Swamiji, who wants that 'his daughter...be dedicated to Siva.'

August 2. Reaches the Amarnath Cave. Swamiji gets vision of Siva. He says to her : 'You have made the pilgrimage and it will go on working.'

August-September. Makes utmost to undo the mischievous act of the British Resident of Kashmir who vetoed thrice Maharaja's proposal to handover a plot of land to Swamiji for a Women's Math, but fails.

September 30. Swamiji starts alone for pilgrimage to Kshir Bhabani to worship Divine Shakti. He returns to Srinagar (October 6).—She sees him 'transfigured and inspired...His soul and voice are those of a God.'

November 1. Returns to Calcutta after visiting Lahore, Delhi, Agra etc. in company with Miss MacLeod and Mrs Bull.—Stays for sometime at Sarada Devi's residence at 10/2, Bose Para Lane,

Baghbazar.—Shifts to 16 Bose Para Lane.—*November 12.* Present at a meeting of the devotees of Ramakrishna at Balarama Bose's house at Baghbazar, convened to consider the opening of her Girls' school. —*November 13.* Sarada Devi inaugurates the School at 16 Bose Para Lane, and blesses it. Swamiji and some fellow-monks present.— *November 14.* The School begins.

1899 *January 9.* Starts translating Girish Chandra Ghose's famous religious *drama Bilwamangal.—January 27.* Tea-Party at her residence organised by her in pursuance of her effort to bring the Brahmos and Ramakrishna Mission closer for Indian work. Vivekananda, Rabindranath Tagore, Mohini Mohan Chatterjee among those present.

February 13. Lectures on 'Kali and Her Worship' at the Albert Hall; creates sensation.—*February 20.* At the Jorasanko Tagore family residence with Swami Vivekananda to meet Maharsi Devendranath Tagore. —*February 26.* Lectures on 'Young India Movement' at the Minerva Theatre.

March 15. Writes to Mrs Bull about J. C. Bose, seeking help from her for Bose's scientific work. [Bose eventually became Mrs Bull's 'son', received huge financial aid, also other helps from her].— *March 19.* Lectures at the Ramakrishna birthday celebration at Belur Math.— *March 21.* Violent plague at Calcutta; risks her life nursing plague victims. Vivekananda objects against this unnecessary exhibition of courage, says, sanitation work more beneficial to the people.— *March 22.* At Dakshineswar with Sarala Ghosal and Surendranath Tagore of the Tagore family.— *March 26.* Vivekananda makes her "Naisthic" Brahmacharini of the Order.— *March 28. Indian Mirror* publishes her appeal for plague relief: 'The Plague in Calcutta.'— *March 31.* Ramakrishna Mission starts Plague Relief Work in Calcutta slums under her supervision.

April 6. Statesman and *Englishman* publish her appeal for Plague Relief Fund : 'The Cleansing of Calcutta.'— *April 9.* Government Plague Officer inspects sanitation work of the Mission, deeply impressed.— *April 22.* Lectures on Plague at the Classic Theatre with Vivekananda in the chair, appeals to the youth to come forward and sacrifice.—Publishes in *Prabuddha Bharata* report of interview with Vivekananda on the 'Bounds of Hinduism.'

May 28. Lectures on 'Kali Worship' at Kalighat Temple.

June 20. Leaves for England and the West with Vivekananda and Turiyananda for collecting funds for School.—On board discusses with Vivekananda various matters, listens to his inspired utterances, feels it to be the 'greatest occasion' of her life.

July 31. In London. Vivekananda meets her family for the first time.—She sees with great delight, the whole family kneels 'at feet of the Master.'

August 16. Vivekananda with Turiyananda leaves for America.—She stays for sometime in England to join marriage function of her sister.

September 20. Reaches Ridgely Manor, Mr Leggett's country house near New York, a big party staying there including Vivekananda, Turiyananda, Abhedananda, Mrs Bull, Leggetts and others.

October 18. Sees Vivekananda in a great prophetic mood, speaking about forthcoming Sudra Revolution.

October-November. Completes her book *Kali the Mother.*

November 5. Vivekananda blesses her and Mrs Bull, gives them 'power' and obligation to work for the 'Mother'. Feels it to be the 'great turning point' of her life.

November-December (also *January-June, 1900*). Lectures at different places of America, on topics like : 'The Conditions of Indian Women', 'Religious life in India', 'Ancient Arts of India', 'Our obligation

to the Orient', 'Ideals of Hindu Women', 'Mother Worship'. Highly appreciated as well as attacked scathingly, particularly from the supporters of Pandita Ramabai, a Christian convert, who maligns India in America. Fights against this onslaught.—Writes to her 'beloved Father' Vivekananda, 'I want to do things only because they are my Father's will'.

1900 *January 28.* 'A public school man' in USA requests her to write "Indian stories" [Later to take the form of *Cradle Tales of Hinduism*] for publication.

February. Forms 'Ramakrishna Guild of Help in America', with Mrs Leggett as President and Mrs Bull as Secretary, publishes a booklet 'The Project of the Ramakrishna School for Girls'.

March. Meets Prof. Patric Geddes of Scotland, 'the first sociologist since Spencer to produce a new and living theory of society.'

June 28. Sails for Paris, to act there as Secretary to Patric Geddes, organizer of the various sessions of the International Association at the Paris Exhibition of 1900.—Fails 'absolutely' in this work as she finds it impossible to go on cataloguing, indexing and reporting of lectures. [But 'Some Notes of Lectures Heard in Paris at the International School of Science, 1900' were published in *Hindusthan Review,* June, 1907, under the title 'The relation between Famine and Population.'].

July. First publication of her book *Kali the Mother,* by Swan Sonnenschein & Co., London. Dedicates it to Vireswar, Lord of the Heroes, meaning Vivekananda.

August. Meets the Boses at Paris. Bose comes to take part at the International Congress of Physicists. Vivekananda rejoices at Bose's success at the Conference ; they become great friends.—She stays with Mrs Bull at the village Perros-Guirec in Brittany.—Deeply hurt at Vivekananda's mood of unconcern about her, complains, receives from him a poem of

'Benediction', and great blessing : 'Go forth into the world, and there, if I made you, be destroyed ! If Mother made you, live.'—Writes enthusiastically about Kropotkin's social and political ideas.

November. In London. Takes leading part in discussions with Govt. officials about Tata Research Institute Scheme. Issues circular letters to some prominent sympathetic Europeans seeking support for the Tata Scheme, to counteract Government of India's opposition to it.—Translates some of Rabindranath Tagore's short stories including *Cabuliwallah.*—Starts helping Bose in writing scientific papers and books.

December. Helps Bose when ill and operated upon.—Keeps the Boses in her family residence and attends on Bose during his convalescence.

1901 *February-March.* Lectures extensively in England and Scotland on Indian topics.

April. Writes about Mr Ole Bull, famous Norwegain violinist and national leader, on the occasion of 'the unveiling of his statue' in Norway.—Starts writing 'Lambs among Wolves', in reply to Missionary attacks against Indian culture, and publishes it in *West Minister Review.* [Published as a book in 1903].

May. In Norway as guest of Mrs Bull—The Boses and Romesh Chandra Dutt also there. Dutt becomes her God-father, inspires her to write *Web of Indian Life.*—She writes some chapters of the book here.

July. Expresses final disillusionment about British rule in India.

September-December. Continues helping Bose to write *The Living and Non-Living.*—Vigorously goes on with 'Bose war' to protect Bose's interest against conspiracy by Anglo-Indian officials and interested scientific circle.—Meets and discusses with Kropotkin. —Starts corresponding with Kakaju Okakura, an exponent of Japanese Art, at Miss MacLeod's instance. —Decides to take up political course of activities for India's emancipation.

1902 *January 9.* Starts for India from Marseilles with R. C. Dutt and Mrs Bull.

February 3. Reaches Madras.—February 4. Given public reception at Madras Mahajana Sabha. Speaks at length on great Indians and their achievements, particularly on Bose's scientific achievements.— Returns to Calcutta.—*February 28.* Meets for the first time E. B. Havell, Principal Govt. School of Arts and Crafts, Calcutta, says, 'passion for India' can bring 'tide of art.' [Beginning of a friendship with far-reaching influence on Indian Art Movement.]

March. Meets Okakura, (who comes to take Vivekananda to Japan), introduces him to important persons of Calcutta, joins him to form a revolutionary group.—Starts re-writing Okakura's book, *Ideals of the East.*— Vivekananda disapproves hasty political actions without preparing the people.

March 23. Lectures at Classic Theatre on 'Hindu Mind in Modern Science.'

April. Christine arrives from America and joins her at School work.

May. At Mayavati with Okakura and others.

June 26. Returns to Calcutta.— *June 28.* Vivekananda comes to visit her at her residence at 17 Bose Para Lane.—*June 29.* Goes to Math to discuss urgent matters.

July 2. Goes to Math. Vivekananda, 'all blessing,' insists on serving her meals ; at the end pours water on her hands and dries them with a towel, as Jesus did to his disciples 'at the last time'.—*July 4.* Swamiji passes away at 9 P.M.— *July 5.* Receives news in early morning, comes to the Math immediately, fans the body till 2 P.M., feels Swamiji's presence even after death.— *July 10.* Goes to the Math, long talks with Brahmananda and Saradananda on her political affiliations, decides to sever formal connections with the Math in conformity with the Rules and Regulations of the Math framed by Swamiji, "One belonging to the Order can have no 'connec-

tion with politics.' "— *July 19.* Publishes a note in the newspapers stating that 'her work shall henceforth be regarded as free and entirely independent of their [Mission's] sanction or authority.' Signs as 'Nivedita of Ramakrishna', [Later as 'Nivedita of Ramakrishna-Vivekananda'.]— *July 27.* Writes an inspiring and illuminating article for *Hindu,* 'The National Significance of the Swami Vivekananda's Life and Work.'

August. Writes Introduction to Okakura's *Ideals of the East.*

September 22. Leaves for Bombay with Swami Sadananda, on lecture tour, for preaching nationalism and Vivekananda's national ideas.— *September 26.* Speaks on Vivekananda at the Gaiety Theatre, Bombay, creating tremendous enthusiasm.—More lectures in the following days on 'The Unity of Asia', 'Hindu Mind in Modern Science,' 'Indian Womanhood', 'Indian Woman as she strikes an English Woman', 'How and Why I adopted the Hindu Religion'.

October 7-18. Lectures at Nagpur, Wardha, Amraoti.— *October 20.* Reaches Baroda and lectures for three successive days, meets Gaekwar of Baroda, also Aurobindo Ghose, then in service at Baroda. [This meeting produces far-reaching results in the Indian political struggle]— *October 26-29.* Lectures at Ahmedabad.—Reviews Bose's book, *The Response in the Living and Non-Living,* in the *Review of Reviews* of England.

November 3. Visits Caves of Ellora.— *November 7.* Returns to Calcutta.— *November 19.* Becomes suspicious about Okakura's real intention behind his revolutionary activities in India. [Ultimately thought that Okakura was a Japanese agent].—S. K. Ratcliffe, editor *Statesman,* now comes regularly to her house and becomes 'an integral part of the. . .little group. He supports India's national cause in *Statesman,* and urges her to write regularly for *Statesman.*

December 8. Leaves for South Indian lecture tour. —*December 13.* Spends night on Khandagiri hill, near Bhubaneswar, observes Christmas Eve, feeling within 'Resurrection' of Swamiji.— *December 19.* Reaches Madras, stays there under guiding care of Swami Ramakrishnananda.— *December 20-28.* Lectures and meetings with the students.— *December 30-31.* Lectures and discourses at Conjeevaram.

1903 *January.* One of the five members of a Central Committee of Revolutionary Groups, formed under the leadership of Aurobindo.

March. Nivedita's letters being intercepted by police.— *March 20.* Writes to G. K. Gokhale inspiring words of nationalism. (Already in friendship with him.).

April. Sends boys of her 'Vivekananda Home' on mission of adventure to Pindary Glacier under Sadananda.—Corresponds with William Stead, editor of *Review of Reviews,* regarding starting of an Indian review.

May. Lectures at Midnapore; establishes contacts with the revolutionaries there.

July. At Darjeeling with the Boses. Works on her own book, also on Bose's papers.

September 7. Finishes *Web of Indian Life,* dedicates it to her Guru, Vivekananda. Feels Vivekananda has written the book through her.

December 10. Gopaler Ma, comes to stay with her at the ripe old age of ninety. [She stayed in the house for two and half years. Nivedita felt her house had been sanctified by her presence].

January-December : Goes on writing vigorously on nationalism and kindred subjects from this year onwards in almost all the important journals of India.

1904 *January 22-24.* Three lectures at Patna.—Visits Rajgir, Nalanda, Bodh Gaya, Benares.— *January 30.* Reaches Lucknow. Delivers four lectures.

February 26. Lectures on 'Dynamic Religion' at

Town Hall, full of fiery nationalism. [Bepin Chandra Pal called it 'Dynamite'].

March 20. Lectures on 'Islam in Asia,' at Corinthian Theatre, under the auspices of Calcutta Madrassa.—Delivers 3 lectures at Benares.

April 1. Lectures on 'Bodh Gaya' at Calcutta. [Lectures on the same topic several times in different parts of India, to counteract Anagarika Dharmapala's communal Bodh Gaya Movement].

May-June. At Mayavati, with Sister Chiristine and the Boses. Here Bose begins his second book *Plant Response.* [First published in 1906].—Helps him in writing.

June. Her second book *The Web of Indian Life,* published by William Heinemann. [Gets tremendous ovation as well as bitter criticism. Many call it epoch-making. *Englishman* calls it, 'political pamphlet in disguise'. Missionaries publish 'a counterblast' —*Things As They Are,* by Miss Anny Wilson Carmichael. Rudyard Kipling and F. A. Steel appreciate].

September. Starts 'Vivekananda Boarding House' for students.

October 8-15. At Bodh Gaya with a party which includes the Boses, Rabindranath Tagore, Prof. Jadunath Sarkar. Intends to show these prominent men the 'place of Bodh Gaya in Hinduism.'

December 1. Recommends 'Thunderbolt' as India's 'National Emblem.'

July-December. Lectures continuously throughout this period, trying to create an awareness of culture, tradition, and progressive nationalism.—Lord Curzon passes 'University Act' to curb higher education, especially science education. Raises her voice against it through pen and platform.—Made contacts and recruits through after-speech talks and organizations like Dawn Society, Anusilan Samity, Vivekananda Society, Young Men's Hindu Union Committee.—Donates a few hundred books on economics, political science, history of political movements and revo-

lutions etc., to the revolutionary group, led by Barindra Kumar Ghose. [These books might have been *given earlier].*

1905 *February 8.* Designs India's national flag.— *February 11.* Lord Curzon, the Viceroy, in his Convocation Address at the Calcutta University, makes aspersons against the truthfulness of the people of the East.— *February 13.* Contributes an unsigned note in *Amrita Bazar Patrika,* exposing Curzon himself to be untruthful. The note gets wide publicity.— *February 14.* Again writes on the same topic in the *Statesman,* 'The Highest Ideal of Truth.'

March 11. A mammoth protest meeting at Town Hall.—She thinks Curzon 'an incarnation of insolence and evil.'—Finishes *Aggressive Hinduism.* [Publication as book, later in the year, by G. A. Natesan & Co., Madras]. *March 13.* Seriously ill, meningitis.

April 4. Sarada Devi comes to see her. ["I never saw a face so full of love."].

May-June. At Darjeeling with the Boses.

July 20. Announcement of Partition of Bengal, on plea of better administration.—Protest meetings all over the land.

August 7. Huge protest meeting at the Town Hall. —She warmly and actively supports 'Federation Hall' proposal.—Swadeshi Movement sweeps the country.— *August.* First publication of her *An Indian Study of Love and Death,* by Swan Sonnenschein & Co., London, a book of poems, mostly free translations of Sanskrit prayers, hymns and litanies.

September. Gokhale goes to England.—She introduces Gokhale with a letter to William Stead.—*September 20.* Writes to Gokhale in England about the tremendous power of Bengal's Swadeshi Movement.

October 16. Govt. implements Partition. Two provinces come into being : 'Bengal' and 'Eastern

Bengal and Assam'.—A day of mourning for the Bengalees and Indians.

December 25-31. Annual session of the Indian National Congress at Benares ; President Gokhale.—She joins, makes a speech, instrumental in persuading Gokhale the moderate, to support Boycott proposal for Bengal, successful for a time in her efforts at averting parting of the Moderates and the Extremists.

1906 *January.* Visits Sanchi, Ujjain, Chitor, Ajmir, Amber etc.

April. Government's severe repressive measures ; agitation takes revolutionary turn.—She begins publishing *Master as I Saw Him* serially in *Prabuddha Bharata,* and *Notes of Some Wanderings with the Swami Vivekananda,* in *Brahmavadin.*

May 30. Apprehends imprisonment.

June 2. Swami Swarupananda, editor *Prabuddha Bharata,* her much respected brother-disciple, dies.

July 8. Gopaler Ma dies.—*July.* Arranges for reproduction of pictures by great masters in *Prabasi,* edited by Ramananda Chatterjee.

September-October. Goes to famine and flood-affected East Bengal, stays there for two months, immersed in relief work.—Seriously ill after return, brain fever.—Goes to Mussoric for convalescence.

November-December. Writes 'Occasional Notes' for *Prabuddha Bharata* [These notes came out as a book in 1915, 'Religion and Dharma'].—Revises English translation of Mahabharata.—Helps Bose in writing his book "Comparative Electro Physiology."—Exhibits the national flag [designed by her in 1905] at the 1906 Congress Session. [Writes an article on the subject in *Modern Review,* November 1909, 'The Vajra as a National Flag'.]

1907 *January.* Publishes in *Modern Review,* "Function of Art in Shaping Nationality'. (first instalment). [Thus begins her long and fruitful connection with *Modern Review,* in which she wrote hundreds of articles and

notes, signed and unsigned. She wrote not only on politics, nationalism, history or sociology, but also on art. Her encouraging and illuminating writings on the paintings of Abanindranath Tagore, Nandalal Bose and others, stimulated the Art Movement to a great degree].

March. *Modern Review* starts publishing her 'Glimpses of Famine and Flood in East Bengal—1906.' [Published as a book the same year].

May 19. S. K. Ratcliffe writes to inform her about his resignation from the *Statesman*.— *May-June.* At Mayavati with Sister Christine and the Boses.

June 9. Possibility of imprisonment.— *June 24.* Writes the Introduction to the Complete Works of Swami Vivekananda, 'Our Master and His Message.'

July. Thanks Gokhale for securing offer of service for Ratcliffe in an Indian Newspaper.—Bhupendranath Dutta arrested for his assumed editorship of *Jugantar*, a revolutionary paper.—She offers bail for him ; *Englishman* calls her 'a traitor to her race.'—Political situation being critical and the Government more and more aggressive in curbing personal freedom, decides to travel to the West.

August 12. Leaves Calcutta.

September 6. Reaches England, stays for some time in the happy family circle.

November-December. Meets Prof. T.K. Cheyne of Oxford, noted authority on Christian theology.—Leaves for Europe.—Meets the Boses in Germany, and Miss MacLeod in Paris (their first meeting after Swamiji's demise).—Returns to England and works with Bose.—Reviews Kropotkin's *Mutual Aid* in *Prabuddha Bharata*.—First publication of her widely appreciated book, *Cradle Tales of Hinduism,* by Longmans, Green & Co., London.

1908 *January.* Article, 'Civic Ideal' in *Modern Review,* first of a series. [Included in her posthumous book, 'Civic and National Ideals'].

February. Publishes in *Modern Review* her inter-

view with Kropotkin, 'A Chat with a Russian about Russia.'—Lectures extensively in England on Indian topics.—Discusses with and seeks supports from sympathetic Europeans for Indian cause, organises pro-Indian lobby.—Hears about break-up of Surat Congress.—Writes in *Modern Review*, February 1908, 'The Recent Congress.'—Stresses the need of unity at this critical time.—Hears of the Muraripukur Bomb Case, attempt on the life of the Lt. Governor of Bengal, murder of the approver Naren Gossain, arrest of Aurobindo, Bepin Ch. Pal, deportation of Aswini Kumar Dutta and eight other prominent nationalists.

September-December. In U.S.A., visits places and institutions, meets friends and acquaintances, including fugitive Indian revolutionaries, arranges for Bose's scientific lectures and demonstrations.—Lectures extensively.—Collects letters of Vivekananda, also material about his life.

1909 *January.* Starts for England after receiving news of her mother's serious illness due to cancer.—Reaches in time.— *January 26.* Mrs Noble dies 'an Indian death,' and cremated by her wish.

February 23. Writes bitterly against Shyamji Krishnavarma's irresponsible utterances and vain claims.

May. Aurobindo now free, starts two weeklies, *Karma Yogin* in English, *Dharma* in Bengali.

June 26. Wants to publish a volume on Aurobindo's Trial.

July 1. Wants to review Kropotkin's 'French Revolution.'

July 18. Returns to Calcutta in disguise.—Sees Nationalists coming to 'Holy Mother' to make pranams. Feels present awakening caused by the spirit of Ramakrishna and Vivekananda.—Starts correcting Dinesh Chandra Sen's *History of the Bengali Language and Literature*.—Hears about possible deportation of Aurobindo.

August 7.— Reviews Ananda Coomaraswami's 'Mediaeval Sinhalese Art' in *Modern Review.*

September 19. Writes consoling Mrs Leggett on her husband's death. [Mr Leggett, a great friend of Vivekananda, and benefactor].— *September 29.* Writes about the scheme of Bose's laboratory.

October. Reviews E.B. Havell's 'Indian Sculpture and Painting' in *Modern Review.*

November. Writes, "Havell on Hindu Sculpture" in *Modern Review.*— *November 25.* Ramsay MacDonald, leader of the British Labour Party, comes to meet her at her residence. [They met for more than once].—Writes about the terrible repression and cruelty by the Government.— *November 30.* Romesh Chandra Dutta dies.

December. Writes, "Havell on Indian Painting" in *Modern Review.*—At Ajanta with Lady Herringham.

1910 *January 9.* Release of Aswini Kumar Dutta and other deportees.—She celebrates the occasion by decorating her school.—First instalment of *The Ancient Abbey of Ajanta* in *Modern Review,* [Later included in her posthumous book, *Footfalls of Indian History.*]

February 1. First publication of her *The Master As I Saw Him* by Udbodhan, Calcutta, on Swamiji's birthday.—She Takes a volume to Belur Math and places it in Swamiji's room.—Again cautions Aurobindo about his possible arrest.—Aurobindo secretly goes to Chandernagore, then to Pondicherry.—At Aurobindo's request takes charge of his paper *Karma Yogin,* and carries on the work for a few months.

March 2. Visit of Lady Minto, the Vicereine, to her 17 Bose Para Lane residence.—Takes the Vicereine to Dakshineswar.—Goes to the Government House for tea at Lady Minto's request.—Goes to see the Commissioner of Police for the same reason.— *March.* First instalment of 'Papers on National Education' in *Karma Yogin.* [Later included in her posthumous book, *Hints on National Education*].

April. Government attack on *Karma Yogin* and *Dharma.*—Chief of the Detective Department says that she was behind the dacoities.

May-June. Pilgrimage to Kedarnath and Bodrinarayan with the Boses.

July. Apprehends Ramananda Chatterjee's arrest, on false charges of dacoity.

August. Secretly trying to get financial assistance for Bose's laboratory from the Gaekwar of Baroda.

September. Reviews Ananda Coomaraswamy's *Essays in National Idealism* in *Modern Review.*—First instalment of her *Northern Tirtha : A Pilgrim's Diary,* in *Modern Review.* [Posthumously published in book form].—Writes one-third of her proposed book, *Myths of the Hindus and Buddhists.*—Apprehends arrest.—Grieves at the death of P. Mitra, pioneer leader of the revolutionaries.

October. At Darjeeling with the Boses.—Receives information re Mrs Bull's serious illness. [Mrs Bull her 'mother' and provider; gave abundant financial help for her educational endeavours, and Bose's science.]—Rushes to America.—Travels incognito as 'Mrs Theta Margot.'

November. Reaches Cambridge in Boston, by Mrs Bull's side, nurses and comforts her.

December. Sends paper, 'The Present Position of Women' to the 'Universal Races Congress' at London.—Writes to 'Holy Mother' praying for Mrs Bull's physical and mental recovery.—Plans with Mrs Bull for taking asylum in French Chandernagore.

1911 *January.* Mrs Bull dies.—Immediately leaves America, as Olea, Mrs Bull's mentally deranged daughter, attacks her maliciously and viciously, because Mrs Bull leaves money for her School and Bose's Laboratory.—Prof. Cheyne reviews her book *The Master as I Saw Him,* considers it to be a religious classic.

April. Returns to India in secular dress and assumed name.—Starts corresponding with Miss Mac-

Leod and Mrs Leggett re bas-relief of Swamiji at the 'Grave-Chapel' at Belur Math.

May-June. At Mayavati with the Boses, helps him to write 12 chapters of his book *Irritability of Plants.* —Christine informs her that she will no more be available for school work.—Returns to Calcutta.—Wirtes *In Memoriam* : *Sara Chapman Bull* in *Modern Review.*—Busy finishing her *Footfalls of Indian History* and *Studies from an Eastern Home.*

July. Bhubaneswari Devi, mother of Vivekananda, dies.—By her side at the time of death and attends the funeral.

August. Swami Ramakrishnananda, the 'roof-tree' of the Order in early years, dies.

September. Sudhira Devi, another of her colleagues, leaves her School.

October. Goes to Girish Chandra Ghose, dramatist and 'Father of Bengali stage', and a great devotee of Ramakrishna, before starting for Darjeeling.—Goes to the Holy Mother's House, meets Saradananda, Golup-Ma, Jogin-Ma. [Holy Mother then in her village home]—At Darjeeling stays at Roy Villa with the Boses.—Attack of blood dysentry.—Prepares her Will, leaving everything for the education of Indian women.

October 13. At 2-30 in the night says, 'The frail boat is sinking, but I shall yet see the sunrise.'—Dies in the morning. ["The sun had just risen over the snows when a shaft of light came streaming in, and the great striving soul went forth to wake up in another dawn."]

[Ganendranath of the Ramakrishna Mission, performed the last funeral rites. There on the spot a memorial has been erected which bears these words : "Here Reposes Sister Nivedita, Who Gave Her All To India."]*

*The expressions within quote marks are borrowed from the letters and biographies and reminiscences.

LETTERS

1. To Mrs. Eric Hammond

C/o. Miss Babonan
49, Park Street, Calcutta
January 31st., 1898

My dear dear Mrs. Hammond,

Your beautiful letter is far beyond my power to write, so you must be content with a very humble little note bespeaking my sincere love—and constant thought. I cannot find the exact word you see, but before you get this, the whole W. L. S. will have been in hot pursuit of that same word. So you will be able to pardon my failure ! Be sure to make Mr. Apperson send me the paper to read after ! I shall never forgive him, if he tries to do me out of it finally.

Nim* and Honoria will tell you all about my landing. So I will not repeat it, but tell you instead that since I wrote their letters Miss Muller has telegraphed and written, to say she is coming. So she will probably be here on Thursday evening—and right glad shall I be to see her. The Swami thought it was temper—but her letter makes me think it was rather a desire to leave me perfectly free, and to do what she thought would meet my deepest wishes.

The last 4 weeks of the voyage were full of joy—the middle 3 emphatically and increasingly so. Now I feel a little bit of England still there, as long as the Mombassa is in port. Indeed they are going to invite me down to dinner before they leave Calcutta. I want you two people to make Mr. Beathy one of your special friends—I have always felt that he was "a little out of it" with you !—and I do want you to see the fine side of him. Read Mazzini and take him as a commentary. In that way you will see how good he really is—and how tender and sympathetic to all the weak and oppressed, and his burning passion for Humanity.

One of the Master's [Swami Vivekananda's] first pieces of news was that he had had a beautiful letter from you two. He was delighted to hear that you had promised to see that his fortnightly letter was still kept up. Mr. Goodwin told me too that the Swami's delight at Mr. Hammond's last poem was

* Sister Nivedita's youngest sister ; afterwards Mrs. Wilson.

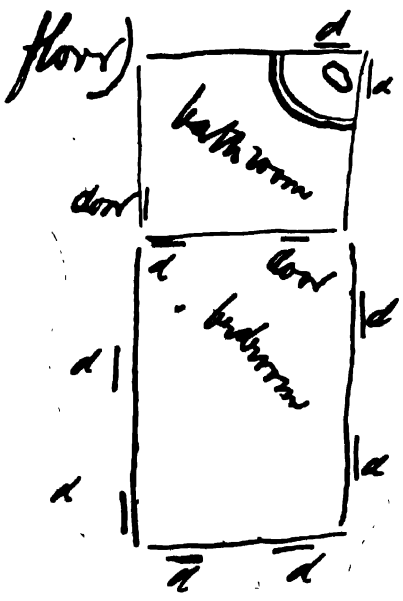
tremendous. He—the Swami—does hope he will treat more of the Sayings in the same way.*

The gentleman who was sent to teach me Bengali yesterday began by laying down two little books—"containing our Lord's Sayings in Bengali—which you shall translate as soon as you *are able." I think it says world for the unsectarian character of the Swami that my reply was—"Our Lord ?—But which ?—* Krishna ?" Fortunately he misunderstood my difficulty and said "Yes, Our Lord, Sri Ramakrishna"—and then I knew.

Indeed you are quite right to think I should be horrified at the idea of having to "*learn* to love" anyone ! However, I hope by this time you have been to school in that subject to him.

It is so funny to get to a country in the time of roses and green peas, and to value a rose just as one would do at home. The weather is perfect—not a bit too hot—as one sits writing in a darkened room. Outside, the sun is indeed too bright.

The postman delivers his letters at my bedroom door, and my servant (I have a man of my own, my Dear !) leaves my visitors standing on the doorstep, till I go to them.



My bedroom has 8 doors though it is quite a small room, and my bathroom, still smaller, has 4,—2 of which open into the bath itself. [(the bath =a Kerb stone of concrete on a concrete floor) —here in the wall, there is a tap, and on the floor stands a zinc footbath—beside which you take your stand on a piece of wood and pour water all over yourself with a tin can or sponge.]

So you may imagine that one feels as if one were bathing on the

* For the footnote see next page.

highway of the nations where 4 roads meet. I wish I had a camera to send home photographs of everything. A row of native shops is the funniest thing you can imagine. But I feel very much at home at present, and will try to put all my small surprise into my geography letter.

Your have all been so good to us all. I don't know how we can ever thank you—I knew you would take care of them and look after them, but you have done it so abundantly. Honoria said XII Night promised success. I wish I could hear The Exact Word and Father Brett.

Mr. Goodwin talked of the latter, but Madras also will go into the geog.' This is such a poor expression of love Dear—but I am sure you will forgive. Congratulations to A M on his new poem. Love to Miss Hill and Mr. and Mrs. Forde. Hope Mrs. Jonson's last talk was good. "Tiffin" (lunch) calls—Bye bye. Much much love—

Margaret

2. To Mr. and Mrs. Eric Hammond

Kindly redirect
Private
49, Park Street, Calcutta
Thursday, Feb. 10th. [*1898*]
(Quest of the Exact Word)

My dear "Nell" and Mr. Hammond,

The Rev. Mother arrived early on Monday morning last. On Tuesday we saw the Swami. Yesterday we picniced as his guests on a lovely bit of the river bank that Miss Muller is buying for him to build a monastery on. (It was just like a bit of Wimbledon Common—until you looked at the plants in detail. Then you found yourself under not silver birches and nuts and oaks, but under acacias and mangoes in full blossom with here and there

* Mr. Eric Hammond wrote a poem in The Brahmavadin of October 1, 1897, *Woulds't Thou See God,* based on a Saying of Sri Ramakrishna. Nivedita perhaps refers to this poem. For the poem see *Vivekananda in Indian Newspapers,* page 520.

a palm in front of you—and magnificent blossoming creepers and cable-like stems instead of bracken and blue bells, underneath).

So you see there has been little time for talks so far.

Today, however, we have been out house-hunting, and for the first time we have come to a clear consideration of plans and activities, outside the merely personal range. I am anxious to write to you and Mrs. Ashton Jonson by this mail and tell you all I know, but I am beginning with you, because to you I shall be absolutely frank, and what I say to her may require more consideration (only in view of her irritability you know—she writes such terrible letters, sometimes as you *know* wrote one "very stiff" thing to the Master I believe, just before Miss M's 2nd telegram. I know, and you know, that she behaved like an angel afterwards, so she is probably entirely unaware of her literary severity, but I do want to avoid epistles of that nature. At this distance they would cause such pain).

To begin with that bogey of ours—sectarianism. You have always said—in full agreement with Mrs. Jonson—"do let us avoid making a new sect"—and so I have felt—I hate being labelled or labellable. But I have now had time to consider the case quietly alone and I have come to the conclusion that a sect is a group of people carefully enclosed and guarded from contact with other equal groups. It is the *antagonism* to others that constitutes a sect—not union. Therefore if members of various sects without abandoning their own existing associations choose to form a group for the special study of a certain subject or the special support of a given creed or movement it is surely no more a new religious sect than the Folk Lore Society, or the Society for the Protection of Hospital Patients or the N S P C C.

At the same time the clear definition of such a group enables it to conserve the co-operative powers of the members instead of dissipating it, gives them area for appeal, and so on. Don't you agree ?

Now that I have got the bearings of the thing like this, the word "*sect*" seems to me a mere bogey—and our terror of a new one just as great a weakness as any other fear, say of Russians or scarlet fever.

Now as to the work here. The Swami's great care now is the establishment of a monastic college for the training of young

men for the work of education—not only in India but *also in the West.* This is the point that I think we have always missed. I am sure you agree with me as to the value of the light that Vedanta throws on all religious life : what one does not realise is that this light has been in the conscious possession of one caste here for at least 3000 years—and that instead of giving and spreading it, they have jealously excluded not only the gentiles but even the low castes of their own race ! *This* is the reform the Swami is preaching—and this is why we in England must form a source of material supplies.

With the educational definition of the aim you are sufficiently familiar. *You* also know well enough that the spread of the Devotion to Sri Rk. [Ramakrishna] is another way of defining the object which would better appeal to certain minds.

There is another side again.

This Movement is no less than the consolidation of the Empire along spiritual lines.

Mrs. Boole declares that the Theosophical Society is the stalking horse of the Russian Government. It is certain that members of the Theosophical Society have in the recent crisis been inciting the people to sedition and mutiny against us.

On the contrary not only has the New Hindusim found its first firm foothold in the USA and in London, but every one who has joined it actively is passionately loyal to England.

When the Swami is in India at least as regards the Hindu Section of the Community there will be no sedition or the shadow of it. I do think—don't you ?—that the thing is broad enough to appeal to other sections in England outside the Missionary-senders, and when we begin the women's side, all women-leaders ought to be in sympathy.

Next week I shall write again and then only not now—shall I post to Mrs. Jonson. This is merely news and my opinions—what is not personal—if you concur—make known. The work promises infinite joy. Yours with love—always.

Margaret

3. To Swami Akhandananda

49, Park Street, Calcutta
Easter Sunday Morning
[1898]

My Dear Swami Akhandananda,

It was so good of you to write and let me know about the journey. So far I have had no other letters from Darjeeling, only a couple of telegrams.

I was so much relieved to know that the Rev. Mother and Mrs. Bull had borne the journey well. How lovely that the King [Swami Vivekananda] had gone off to see the snow. Of course I am sorry for you, for I am sure you were looking forward to meeting him, but he loves the snow so much !

Why do you say, you take undue advantage of my kindness ? I have never done anything but accept things from you, and cannot think what you mean. I mean to accept more things, too—for I am sure that you will do more of the practical work of our Educational Schemes than anyone else, and you shall be very very hard worked Swamiji ! I think I am *so* stupid about Bengali, I ought to be talking it by now !

Now I am going to tell you what I have been doing. I took your advice and went straight to Sarada on Thursday morning. It was so lovely. Gopal's mother was there and Swami Brahmananda and Swami Saradananda and some others. It was warm and beautiful and like home.

Then on Good Friday I went to Belur—for the whole day and night. We heard Swami Saradananda at Rishra Hall, and then came down the river and landed at Dakshineswar and the two Swami, Miss MacLeod and I went wandering about the garden. Presently we sat down under the Tree and Swami Saradananda chanted wonderful Sanskrit prayers and the Great Night was all round us and it was beautiful. And our thoughts were full of another Eastern Garden and another Good Friday long ago, when the Disciples' hearts were heavy with the sense of failure ; but it was all peaceful and happy at the foot of the Tree. I do hope, you will enjoy Darjeeling and come back strong and well for fresh quarrels !

Nivedita

P. S. What India wants is good householders, I am sure of it ! *N.*

4. To Mrs. Eric Hammond

The Old New House, Almora,
N. W. P. India
Sunday, May 22nd [1898]

My dearest Nell,

There are so many things I ought to have told you long ago, for I want my letters to make you feel as if you were here in India all the time. And now you see I have reached Almora, the place in the Himalayas where Mr. Sturdy lived and meditated long ago, and the place from where Miss Muller sent me her summons last year. I am so surprised to find how near the world it is. It took us 2 nights and a day in the train to Kathgodam, the railway terminus, across the Plains. Then we posted on by carriages and dandies to Naini Tal, a gay little watering-place by the side of a lake. Then we came here, 32 miles further on, in 2 days' journey. It really is not so near the world perhaps, but as we have done all our travellings in huge caravans, we have never once been away—and I cannot realise the distance and solitude of this little mountain-fortress. I am now with Mrs. Ole Bull and Miss MacLeod, two of the American disciples. I was staying with them at Bellur, the Rev. Mother having taken a house at Darjeeling for the summer, to which I was to go. The Swami was visiting in Darjeeling too and he went over and told her that I had an invitation to join this tour—if she would fall in with the plan—and so the idea now is that I am to go to her either before or after beginning work in the winter for visits. Voyez-vous ? So much for that.

I have often thought that I ought to tell you about the lady who was the Wife of Sri Ramakrishna, Sarada as her name is. To begin with, she is dressed in a white cotton cloth like any other Hindu widow under 50. This cloth goes round the waist and forms a skirt, then it passes round the body and over the head like a nun's veil. When a man speaks to her, he stands behind her, and she pulls this white veil very far forward over her face. Nor does she answer him directly. She speaks to another and older woman in almost a whisper, and this woman repeats her words to the man. In this way it comes about that the Master [Vivekananda] has never seen the face of Sarada ! Added to this, you must try to imagine her always seated on the floor, on a small piece of bamboo matting. All this does not sound very sensible

perhaps, yet this woman, when you know her well, is said to be the very soul of practicality and common-sense, as she certainly gives every token of being, to those who know her slightly. Sri Ramakrishna always consulted her before undertaking anything and her advice is always acted upon by his disciples. She is the very soul of sweetness—*so* gentle and loving and as merry as a girl. You should have heard her laugh the other day when I insisted that the Swami must come up and see us at once, or we would go home. The monk who had brought the message that the Master would delay seeing us was quite alarmed at my moving towards my shoes, and departed post haste to bring him up, and then you should have heard Sarada's laughter ! It just pealed out. And she is so tender—"my daughter" she calls me. She has always been terribly orthodox, but all this melted away the instant she saw the first two Westerns—Mrs. Bull and Miss MacLeod, and she tasted food with them ! Fruit is always presented to us immediately, and this was naturally offered to her, and she to the surprise of everyone accepted. This gave us all a dignity and made my future work possible in a way nothing else could possibly have done. Isn't it funny ? The best proof I can give you of her real greatness is that she is always attended when in Calcutta by 14 or 15 high caste ladies, who would be rebellious and quarrelsome and give infinite trouble to everyone if she by her wonderful tact and winsomeness did not keep perpetual peace. There is no foundation for this statement in the character of these ladies. It is only my inference about women in general.

Then you should see the chivalrous feeling that the monks have for her. They always call her "Mother" and speak of her as "The Holy Mother"—and she is literally their first thought in every emergency. There are always one or two in attendance on her, and whatever her wish is, it is their command. It is a wonderful relationship to watch. I should love to give her a message from you, if you care to send her one. A monk read the Magnificat in Bengali to her one day for me, and you should have seen how she enjoyed it. She really is, under the simplest, most unassuming guise, one of the strongest and greatest of women.

Oh I wish you were here now—how you would love it ! The Master and three monks who accompanied us are staying in the

bungalow of Captain and Mrs. Sevier close by, and he comes over every day. He has just been. Tomorrow, however, he goes off alone for a fortnight amongst the mountains. I cannot tell you how real this idea of meditation has grown to me now. One can't talk about it I suppose, but one can see it and feel it here—and the very air of these mountains especially in the starlight is heavy with a mystery of peace that I cannot describe to you.

There is a kind of pine, called deodar (pro. dhe-odhar) very like a larch and very like a cedar, huge, magnificent, and fragrant with the blackberry-odour of English autumns. Up here the dheodhar grows all round us—and adds like everything else to this unutterable depth—so do the snows—the great white range like a Presence that cannot be set aside—towers over there above the lower purple mountains in front and we sit in a rose-bowered verandah and look. The caves would be the right place.

One of the monks has had a warning this morning that the police are watching the Swami, thro' spies—of course we know this—in a general way—but this brings it pretty close, and I cannot help attaching some importance to it, tho' the Swami laughs. The Government must be mad—or at least will prove so if he is interfered with. That would be the torch to carry fire through the country—and I the most loyal Englishwoman that ever breathed in this country (I could not have suspected the depth of my own loyalty till I got here), will be the first to light up. You could not imagine what race-hatred means, living in England Manliness seems a barrier to nothing—3 white women travelling with the Swami and other "natives"—lay themselves and their friends open to horrid insults—mais nous changerous tout cela—

Yours Dear & all my friends as lovingly as ever

Margaret E. Noble

5. To Mrs. Eric Hammond

C/o. Mrs. Ole Bull
The Old Mess, Almora
Sunday, June 5th. [1898]

My dearest Mrs. Hammond,

Your letters are always beautiful. I do wish I could worm more out of you !—and your "confessions" are the most beautiful part. I never had a lovelier letter than yours of Friday last, about the London work and the contemplated Retreat and the rest. It seems to be an answer to one of mine written about the end of March—for my new birthday was March 25th and it refers a good deal to that. But I think I have written to you since then and no doubt by this time you have received the letter.

Yesterday was made very very sad for us here by a telegram towards noon announcing the death of Mr. Goodwin. Mrs. Ole Bull and Miss MacLeod knew him better than I, but I was the last who had seen him, he was so good to me that day at Madras, and his goodness was so utterly characterstic of him ! The grief of the Hindus who knew him here was evident and real. One young man who attends us night and day almost, sat here for 3 or 4 hours and scarcely spoke—another, a monk, sat the whole afternoon and told us tender loving stories about him. One man, Badri Shah, the richest man about here, had come to this monk early in the morning saying that he felt sure that his brother Govinda Lall, was dead. When the telegram came, Swami Saddhanda [Sadananda ?] wanted to suppress it, as the King was away, and it was to him, but he could not prevent "some tears rolling down," and this man insisted on knowing the truth. "Well" he said, when he heard, "Govinda Lall or Goodwin, it is almost the same to me." So much the boy was loved. The King is still away and will be home this morning—the blow will be terrible—but one comfort is that he died at Ootacamund, one of the most beautiful spots on earth—and *not* at that terrible Madras. But he died a martyr to work and climate as surely as if it had been plague instead of typhoid fever that killed him. There seems to have been no lack or defect in his service and devotion. It was full measure, pressed down, and running over —and the first place among the saints of the new Indian era will be held by an Englishman. Incense and flowers and beautiful music are the only offerings bright enough for such a life completed.

And the Western disciples now in India are 6 instead of 7.

Now about other things—if you go into retreat on July 20th we also shall keep it here with the Master, they want me to tell you. How the work seems to be going ! Dear Mrs. Jonson, and dear you ! Now that Mr. Sturdy is back, do you get any expression of interest from him ?

I am learning a great deal. To begin with I have begun to acknowledge that English women are probably more spiritual than English men, but Hindu *men* are far and away beyond them—that there is a certain definite quality which may be called spirituality ; that it is worth having ; that the soul may long for GOD as the heart for human love ; that nothing that I have ever called nobility or unselfishness was anything but the feeblest and most sordid of qualities compared to the fierce white light of real selflessness. It is strange that it has taken so long to make me see these elementary truths clearly—isn't it ? And at present I see no more. I cannot yet throw any of my past experience of human life and human relationships overboard. Yet I can see that the saints fight hard to do so—can they be altogether wrong ? At present it is of course just groping in the dark—asking an opinion here and there, and sifting evidence. Some day I hope to have first hand knowledge and to give it to others with full security of truth. One thing seems very clear—that psychic and spiritual are two utterly different things. I feel—I may be a self-deluded and vain goose—as if the whole realm of the psychic were at one's entire command any time—and utterly undesirable. Mrs. Ole Bull tells me that she has seen terrible results—mind-cure people getting others where they could not extricate them—and so on. On the other hand, it seems possible to do all these things from the higher stand-point safely and happily, if he who has realised GOD finds any reason to will one condition of things rather than another. And I think the London Christian Science in Mrs. Jonson's hands has been entirely subservient to the higher consciousness—don't you ? I know I can have no doubt that it made a bridge for me to the Vedanta as I cannot imagine anything else doing.

Of course you have heard that the Plague has broken out in Calcutta. Probably at this moment you get more up to date accounts than we, for newspapers are rare up here. It is not expected to be bad during the hot season—and the Math is going

to have its own hospital if there is an epidemic in the winter. I don't in the least know, in that case whether my work will lie in starting a school as planned or in working on the other lines.

Thank you for all you say about my new position. It came upon me with a sense of amused surprise that there could be any doubt as to the wisdom of my proceeding in any one else's mind. There is none in mine. It is too real for that. To begin with, to take a determined stand for yourself and deliberately shut doors that lead otherwhere gives a certain freedom and light heartedness to life which has been the greatest possible boon to me. And besides this purely personal advantage it has drawn me so near the Hindus. They trust me in such a different way. Before that, we were all "Mother" to them—now, I am "Sister", and funny as that sounds, the latter title indicates a more genuine and individual relationship than the former. There can be no question so far as I can see as to the desirability of the step for the work's sake. Now I want every one I know to get me every Anglo-Indian introduction that they find possible. So please be on the look out. I see great possibilities before anyone here who has a large and influential English acquaintance, in the way of so utterly changing public opinion and illuminating public ignorance that you can scarcely imagine it. It is the dream of my life to make England and India love each other. To do England justice, I think India is in many ways well and faithfully served by her sons, but not in such a manner as to produce the true *emotional* response. On the other hand of course every nation demands freedom—Italy from Austria, Greece from Turkey, India from England, naturally—and in the course of centuries the Hindu may be equal to the peaceful government of himself and the Moslem. At present the only possible chance of that political peace which is essential to India's social development, lies in the presence of the strong third power, coming from a sufficient distance to be without local prejudice. To my mind it is not unlikely that Russia might rule more beningly from day to day. She would be certain to require of her governors and judges a familiarity with the language of their provinces which to our eternal disgrace we do not demand (ignorant criminals are condemned to death here in the unknown language ! Surely a refinement of cruelty), but on the other hand, Russia's own political imagination is so entirely Asiatic, oscillating between

despotism and anarchy, and knowing no third possibility that she cannot surely give the Indian, who are essentially a European people, the range of political development that their history and capacities demand. But I must be boring you to death with all this speculation, so I'll keep the rest of my paper till I have seen the King [Swamiji]—and have something to tell you of him.

Monday morning. He came late last evening, with his spirits evidently lowered by the news of the death of the old saint who, you remember, called the cobra-bite "a messenger from the Beloved." So he was told nothing of Mr. Goodwin's death till this morning when he came here and Miss MacLeod told him. He took it very quietly and has been sitting here chatting and chatting and reading the paper ever since. He listened with great delight to your letter, and looks forward to the poem. Oh Nell, Nell, India is indeed the Holy Land.

We all shared your letter, and the love you sent is warmly reciprocated by these dear loving and noble friends. You never knew anything so "blessed" (to quote Miss MacLeod's favourite word) as this little home amongst the mountains with its utter love and generosity and simplicity. Mrs. Bull is the incarnation of loving—no, love-full sanctity—and Miss MacLeod of fire and courage—and our other guest Mrs. Patterson is a true lover of the Master—which is I know a royal road to your heart. We have been indulging in fun this morning, in the midst of the subdued memory of Mr. Goodwin—and if only the Thompsons had been here to know why Mr. Stead dislike the Swami they would have screamed with laughter. When he is in England, you must *insist* on his telling you the story of Mrs. Williams, the New York medium, and once started he is sure to tell you all the rest.

I suppose I had better make up my mind at once about the W L S paper for next winter—I think it had better be. "The Mutual Relations of India and England—A Criticism and a Prospect"—or half of that unwieldy title if you please. Do you ever buy "Great Thoughts ?" When you do, will you try to remember to pass it on to me—if you have no better claimant ? I want to be of some little use to the Brahmavadin, and I think that would be a great help. I should be more than grateful for any one's old "Weekly Suns" in the same way. It does not matter how *old*. Do you know, in my childhood I never could lower my

pride to ask even my own mother for food without the most terrible effort—and nowadays I don't mind in the least asking for things like this ? Isn't it funny ?

Thank you very very much for all the news. My poor Nim, I know she must be terribly worried—and it is my fault too. But I feel so so so sure that her burden will not be allowed to grow too heavy and that I shall yet be allowed to do my right and due share in the matter. Meanwhile I am more than grateful to those who are such loving friends to her. It is just your dear kind hearts that I have been thanking you for all this time.

I *wish* I could see your dear little home in Park Road this minute Nell dear—with the sphynx over the mantlepiece and the skull and crossbones in the corner—what fun we have had there. I do hope you will be there still when I am next in England. The dear walls ring with good fun and good fellowship, and I shall join in it many a time again I quite believe—if you'll have me ! I am *so* happy—no words can tell you. The King's and all our love. Goodbye.

Nivedita

I suppose if you get it by the middle of Oct. it will do. I have *always* had the 28th of Oct. or so for my papers !

6. To Mrs. Eric Hammond

Between Islamabad and Srinagar
On the Jhelum, Kashmir
Sunday morning, August 7, [1898]

My dearest Nell,

Your last lovely letter, close on the heels of its predecessor, was written on a Sunday morning. Much has happened since then, and it is Sunday morning again. We are on our way down to Srinagar, and I have a boat to myself—for the Consul's wife has just left us to join her husband. Over there is Swami's boat, and just behind Mrs. Bull and Miss MacLeod's where we have been lunching (our first meal we have about 6—lunch about 12—and our last at 5 or 6). The river is like glass, and a slight breeze meets us in our leisurely progress. It is just like heaven. A few weeks hence all this will be over, and my consolation will be that I gave thanks for every moment of it while it lasted.

Your letter was a delight, and most unexpected, for I have a notion that you hate producing letters. Your other just came in time to keep us perfectly with you through your week of retreat. Oxford was a lovely choice surely—and how delightful the £5 must have been. May it be the precursor of many such. "Great Thoughts" was such a boon and even Swami read "MAP" through ! How nice it is ! I didn't think a Society paper could be kept so sweet and clean. I shall be grateful to you at any time for a paper like Great Thoughts if you have it by you. It serves better than anything else to show Swarupananda the element that we both think should get into the Prabuddha Bharata.

At Almora he was just my Bengali master, and helper with the Gita. Here, and now, especially with the interest and responsibility of the new paper resting on him over there, I count him one of the best and finest friends I ever had. He is one of 3 Bengali men—besides Swami—whom I am just proud of knowing. I gave your message—"Love and Devotion"—to the Master—he had already brightened up at your photograph (how good it is ! and how lovely and homely to get it ! Oh for a peep into your nest at this moment !) and he said at once : "And mine to them." He thinks the world of you two you know. One day he was building castles in the air, about a sort of farm-colony he plans to have in a scantily populated district of Behar (in some words he thinks it will be centuries hence, nevertheless listen to this) and he ended up by saying—"Oh yes, I'll get Mr. and Mrs. Hammond and heaps of other English workers out here, and *they'll* do that for me !"

I saved that up for you, and always neglected to tell you, Mrs. Jonson and Mr. Sturdy have both written such warm thanks to you that his heart is just full, and I think that Purity Meeting where he spoke for you has linked him to you in a very special way. I have heard Mrs. Bull tell him two or three times that she thinks it the finest thing he ever did.

She has such a lovely fancy about him. I love to connect and watch people's attitude. To you he is the Master, to me the King, to *her* the Sistine Child. Isn't that a beautiful idea ? And I think one can't help catching the resemblance too, the minute it is mentioned.

And now I must tell you something that will startle you—I

have been away up in the Himalayas for a week—18,000 feet high—I went with Swami to see the glaciers—so much anyone may know. The rest you may *not* tell. It was a pilgrimage really to the Caves of Amarnath, where he was anxious to dedicate me to Siva.

For him it was a wonderfully solemn moment. He was utterly absorbed though he was only there two minutes, and then he fled lest emotion should get the upper hand. He was utterly exhausted too—for we had had a long and dangerous climb on foot—and his heart is week. But I wish you could see his faith and courage and joy ever since. He says Siva gave him Amar (immortality) and now he cannot die till he himself wishes it. I am so so glad to have been there with him. That must be a memory for ever, must n't it ?—and he *did* dedicate me to Siva too—though it's not the Hindu way to let one share in the dedication—and since he told me so I have grown Hindu in taste with alarming rapidity.

I am so deeply and intensely glad of this revelation that he has had. But oh Nell dear—it is such terrible pain to come face to face with something which is all *inwardness* to some one you worship, and for yourself to be able to get little further than externals. Swami could have made it live—but he was lost.

Even now I can scarcely look back on those hours without dropping once more into their abyss of anguish and disappointment, but I know that I am wrong—for I see that I am utterly forgiven by the King and that in some strange way I am nearer to him and to GOD for the pilgrimage. But oh for the bitterness of a lost chance—that can never never come again. For I was angry with him and would not listen to him when he was going to talk.

I have a feeling dear Nell that you will have some strong quiet piece of comfort in your brave heart—but if only I had not been a discordant note in it all for him ! If I had made myself *part* of it, by a little patience and sympathy ! And that can never be undone. The only comfort is that it was my own loss—but *such* a loss !

You see I told him that if he would not put more reality into the word Master he would have to remember that we were nothing more to each other than an ordinary man and woman, and so I snubbed him and shut myself up in a hard shell.

He was so exquisite about it. Not a bit angry—only caring for little comforts for me. I suppose he thought I was tired —only he *couldn't* tell me about himself any more ! And the next morning as we came home he said "Margot, I haven't the power to do these things for you—*I* am not Ramakrishna Paramahamsa." The most perfect because the most unconscious humility you ever saw.

But you know part of it is the inevitable suffering that comes of the different national habits. My Irish nature expresses everything, the Hindu never dreams of expression, and Swami is so utterly shy of priestliness, whereas I am always craving for it— and so on. Now that's enough selfishness—only remember I shall tell plenty of people I have been up there—but I shall tell no one what I've told you and you're not to be betrayed into any knowledge of the pilgrimage as anything but a sight.

Your beautiful story of your vision and your most lovely word "*reciprocating* our highest consciousness" are a perfect treasure. I don't know if you ever got so far as to sit in the Buddha-attitude for meditation. I never took that seriously in England, but here in India one does it quite naturally and simply. And it is quite worthwhile. Swami Swarupananda helped me more than anyone else ever did. Meditation simply means concentration—absolute concentration of the mind on the given point, but there is some subtle magnetic condition which makes it easier—and so external conditions are worthwhile. For instance a skin rug to sit on is quite seriously a help. It isolates one and increases the magnetic power in some way. Swami on the other hand could not bear that—because the physical something would become so overwhelmingly strong.

Swarup[ananda] says "and the minute you succeed in concentrating *all* your powers for a second, you have done it,— the rest will speak for itself." But long before that—great things come to one—and if it is only the perfect stillness, it is something wonderful, don't you think so ? What Maeterlinck calls the "Great Active Silence".

I have never had this experience of going to sleep, though I have tried once or twice. But I have heard of it.

Then an old Sannyasin lately told me that you should only have two subjects of meditation at first—and of these you should be always in the presence of some picture or symbol, so as to

saturate your whole mind with the idea. One should be your Guru—and apart from him one concrete subject besides. After the concrete, one is able to meditate on the abstract.

Do you care for these scraps of information ? I value them because personally they have been difficult to come by—but it is possible that you have long known them. There is something else I meant to tell you but I can't think at this moment, oh yes, about breathing. I was quite out of breath one night, and could not anyhow get quieted down, so I just went on with the mental effort, and presently I noticed that quite unconsciously I was "breathing inwardly" as they call it—and was perfectly in control. It is so curious how the instant a gleam comes to one, one understands suddenly the necessity of solitude and so many things that were only hearsay before.

And now I must stop. There is no secret from Mr. Hammond in my letter, it is to you both. I wish it were beautiful and unselfish like yours.

Your own loving,

Nivedita

P. S.—I hope you have had a *lovely* time.

7. To Mrs. Eric Hammond

PRIVATE
SRINAGAR, KASHMIR
REPLIES,
BELLUR MATH, HOWRAH, CALCUTTA
Sept., 2nd. 1898

My darling Nell,

It has been on my mind for weeks that I ought to write you all the scraps I had picked up about Meditation. I have an idea that when you go to sleep, it is because the body is so ready to pass into quiescence—I am dreadfully jealous ! I should fancy that all you had to do was to keep perception awake, while the body slept, gradually getting the continuity of conscionsness that we want.

I told you about the *Concentration* that I was told to try for. I found out such a funny thing the other day. I had been trying to see with my eyes. They were shut, but you know what I

mean—and really in meditation one does not see with one's eyes, but perceives directly (as it seems) with that part of the brain that lies between them and behind the forehead.

I wonder if you know all this—it comes to me by such snatches that I fancy you want it as badly as I do.

We are going off early tomorrow morning 50 miles up the river, then a Camp in a forest, with the King, for Meditation. In a fortnight's time we shall leave Kashmir, go to Peshawar, Lahore, Delhi and Agra. Then I say good-bye to the others, who are going to hear the King lectures for the Rajah of Baroda, and on to Calcutta to open my school. So this lovely dream will soon be over.

We are camping here on a piece of ground that the Maharajah wants to give Swami for a Sanskrit school. Well, the Missionaries have been stirring up such attacks on the King that it is very very doubtful that the Resident will consent to the disposal of the land —and it is just possible if this happens that I may go for a private interview with the Resident—without Swami's knowledge. I have at least as much right to speak for the Master to the representative of our Government as any missionary *against* him. As a worker I think it would be good for the movement to be opposed officially, but as an Englishwoman how could one bear England to do the mean thing ?

If the others succeed however I think "Truth" would publish the facts—don't you ?

Swami has one warm friend, a fine little man, Lieutenant Governor of the State. He came last night when I happened to be alone, and he was delighted with my plan, and has promised to think it over carefully. I burn for the honour of England which suffers a moral betrayal on all sides.

This afternoon I have sent my WLS paper off to Nim. If Mr. Hammond thinks it good enough to read anywhere I shall be so grateful for I want it aired in all directions. When I met Mrs. Besant in Almorah, she told me that she had no hope of influencing the English now in India. All her hope lay in enlightening public opinion in England itself—so as to modify the attitude of people coming out. Swami says he held my opinion even two years ago, as to the hopefulness of the matter, but now he despairs. That is after the insults of 2 years you see

—but I hope I shall not lose hope about his nation as quickly as he about mine.

He has been away again on one of his lonely journeys. He always comes back from them so gentle and kind and yet witty, and so glad to be with us all again ! It is most delightful. You see this summer has meant 3 months of perfect peace and friendship, and he will always remember it, so I hope.

They are to start for America via China and Japan in a few months. There is a faint chance of the other way—with Egypt Jerusalem Athens and London—but only faint. However, if it happened Miss MacLeod carries your Mr. Apperson's [...] and I think the Thomson's [...] addresses. She declares she must see you all, and will come to you or be at home to you in London to Mrs. Bull as it happens. I think she is really dying to run round and see you all, but I fear lack of time, and for Mrs. Bull it would be nice if you all called.

Anyway, it is Y-Y's [Yum Yum's, i.e., Miss MacLeod's] determination to see you all some day if not now, and Mrs. Bull's too. Mrs. Bull plays plays Grieg exquisitely, and talks about him divinely.

Now about meditation again. I am sure that there is something about breathing—but I think Swami might perhaps have broken up the subject a little more—a few deep breaths for instance, or breathing only through the left nostril perhaps—would do a great deal to quiet the nerves before meditating—only before this kind of thing you are warned that you should be in a safe place in case you fall.

Two nights ago it was the full moon. Already autumn is in the air, and the mountain, mist and clouds shining in the moon are marvellously lovely, all white and glistening. I have never seen that peculiar *shining* whiteness of great masses against blue mountains before.

Next Wednesday will be your at home again. I wish I could come in and drink your tea, without breaking the charm of this wonderful present and future. Perhaps I shall—who knows ?

When I reach Calcutta I am to stay with Sarada—till I find a house. The latter must be modest—for I have just 800 rupees to carry the school through the first year (£ 53.6.8—my dower we say). I want to take the children at 1 rupee a month—but at that rate I should want 100—I see to renew the income—and that

would not support the larger home which 100 pupils would require. So at the end of the first six months I shall probably be in a position to write a report for publication by Mr. Sturdy to be circulated in England and India and through that I shall hope to put the thing on the basis of subscription.

Some of the money that has been going to missionaries may just come to us, don't you think so ?

And now I have a host of other letters to write. Was it you who sent me Great Thoughts twice ? Thank you so much.

Give my love to everyone—and yours to my precious Sister.

Ever your loving friend,

Nivedita

How could I be so mean ? I told you nothing of the lovely visit the King paid us yesterday, and heard my paper—and talked about the history of India—and brought us scraps of things he had been writing, for our inspection and approval. Like a child.

Here is a translation of a Bengali poem by Ram Prasad.—

What use is there in going to Benares ?
My Mother's lotus feet
Are millions and millions
Of holy places.

[Pages missing]

8. To Mr. Ebenzer Cooke

Kashmir
18 September, 1898

My dear Mr. Cooke,

I only hope you have been able to go off with the boy for long rambles in the wood and by the river. I should like to think that your holidays had not passed without your once catching sight of the bright eyes of a field mouse, or hearing the rattle of a snake ! —and I do hope you took some pictures ! I want them so much to have seen Persephone and Spring and those Greek-looking pencil drawings. I was *so* delighted about Mr. A. And the more pleased because your long silence made the blow more effective. Fighting about trifles is worth so little. The great far-reaching forces of one's activity bear their slow-coming fruit

in the distant future, regardless of one's personal attitude to A. or B.

In about 7 or 8 days I go off "All by my lone" to Calcutta—examining on the way Lahore, Delhi, Agra and Benares. Once in Calcutta I hope soon to be at work—and *won't* I work !

When you are teaching hard you can think of me doing the same. I'm not an atom disappointed in India so far. You will be amused to hear what my school fees are to be—*4d.* a month per child ! ! ! ! That, it seems, is the missionary fee. India is a grand harvest of illustrations for the Socialist. It is far easier to get charity here than one's honest due, and consequently all kinds of labour, but especially mental and professional work, are underpaid.

As for the attitude of the English to the native —oh, you would blush as I do if you could see it all.

My impression is that the Oriental mind does not conceive of bribery and letter-opening and things of that sort as quite such abysmal crimes as they seem to me. It is difficult to me to believe that our highest officials would take bribes quite so easily as one hears them accused of doing. On the other hand, I have so often seen that a man proved guilty of sins one could not imagine his committing, when first stated, that I ask myself—"What do I after all know of these things ?"

9. To [?]

Thursday, Oct. 13th., 1898

But I really sat down to tell you more about Swami, and I don't know how to begin. He left us yesterday, and we may see him again at Lahore, or not till we reach Calcutta.

A fortnight ago he went away alone, and it is about 8 days since he came back, like one transfigured and inspired.

I cannot tell you about it. It is too great for words. My pen would have to learn to whisper.

He simply talks, like a child, of "the Mother"—but his soul and his voice are those of a God. The mingled solemnity and exhilaration of his presence have made me retire to the farthest corner, and just worship in silence all the time. "We have seen the birth of stars, we have learnt one of the meanings."

It has just been the nearness of one who had seen GOD, and whose eyes even now are full of the vision.

To him at this moment "doing good" seems horrible. "Only the Mother" does anything. "Patriotism is a mistake. Everything is a mistake"—he said when he came home. "It is all Mother - - - - *All* men are good. Only we cannot *reach* all - - - - *I* am never going to teach any more. Who am I, that I shd. teach anyone ?"

Silence and austerity and withdrawal are the keynotes of life to him just now and the withdrawal is too holy for us to touch. It is as if every moment not spent with "the Mother" consciously were so much lost.

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As I look back on this wonderful summer I wonder how I have come to heights so rare. We have been living and breathing in the sunshine of the great religious ideals all these months, and GOD has been more real to us than common men. And in those last hours yesterday morning, we held our breath and did not dare to stir, while he sang to the Mother and talked to us.

He is *all* love now. There is not an impatient word, even for the wrongdoer or the oppressor, it is all peace and self-sacrifice and rapture. "Swamiji is dead and gone" were the last words I heard him say.

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Nivedita

[13. 10. 98]

10. To [?]

[Pages missing]

Ever since the day he wrote "Kali the Mother", he has been growing more and more absorbed, and at last he went off quietly without any one knowing, from the place where he was living to a Sacred Spring called Kir Bhowanie. There he stayed eight days, which seem almost too holy to write about. He must have had *awful* experiences spiritually and physically, for he came back one afternoon, with his face all radiant—talking of the Mother and saying he was going to Calcutta at once.

Since then we have hardly seen him. He has been alone and living like a child "on the lap of the Mother"—it was his own expression. How am I to tell you of things that [•••] But I want you to know it as if you had been here. I know you won't treat it as news or as anything but sacred to yourself.

My own feeling (mind that is all) is that the ascetic impulse has come upon him overwhelmingly and that he may never visit the West or even teach again. Nothing would surprise one less than his taking the vow of silence and withdrawing forever. But perhaps the truth is, that in his case this would not be strength, but self indulgence and I can imagine that he will rise even above this mood and become a great spring of healing and knowledge to the world. Only all the carelessness and combativeness and pleasure-seeking have gone out of life and he speaks and replies to a question with the greatness and gentleness of a soul as large as the universe, all bruised and anguished, yet all Love. To say anything to him seems sacrilege and curiously enough the only *language* that does not seen unworthy of his Presence is a joke or a witty story—at which we all laugh. For the rest—one's very breath is hushed at the holiness of every moment.

Can I tell you more ? The last words I heard him say were "Swamiji is dead and gone" and again, "there is bliss in torture." He has no harsh word for anyone. In such vastness of mood Christ was crucified.

Again he said, he had had to go through every word of his poem of "Kali the Mother" in his experience,—and yesterday he made me repeat bits of it to him.

He talked, and because he talked of the Mother, the words seemed large enough. Before he had gone away he left one filled with the Presence of the Mother. Yesterday, he made me catch my breath and call *him* "God."

We are one part of a rhythm, you and I, *that is larger* than we know of—God make us worthy of our place. "Mother is flying kites", he sang, "in the market place of the world, in a hundred thousand. She cuts the strings of one or two."

"We are children playing in the dust, blinded by the glitter of dust in our eyes."

He turned to us Sunday and said,

"These images of the Gods are more than can be explained by solar myths and nature myths. They are visions seen by true Bhakti. They are real."

Kashmir. Oct. 13, 1898

11. To Miss J. MacLeod

16, Bose Para Lane,
Bagh Bazar, Calcutta
Dec. 7, [1898]

My Dearest Yum,

Do you expect me on Saturday or not ? I am really writing to say that Miss M [Muller] came yesterday—Wednesday—and stayed 4 hours—on purpose to see Swami as she afterwards acknowledged. It was very interesting and kind, but when she had gone, one felt heartsick.

She has thrown *everything* overboard, Shri R. K.—Swami—Meditation—University of Religions—everything. She does not hesitate to say that Hinduism is Eroticism to the core, and that its truths have been "kept from her." By whom ? "Oh names are useless"—she answers. All, meditation included, is "dirty."

She is now a Bible Christian of a virulent type, and tending towards millennialism.

My only relief came when I found that "Betsy and me are the one true church, and Betsy's a little peculiar." She does *not* agree with "these stupid missionaries." Thank heaven—and hope that springs eternal dances over *my* approaching conversion—and future career in keeping a *Xtn* school here—(my peculiar notions of honour would prevent my using Swami's basis of money and influence here in such a way—but this never occurred to her) and touring through India preaching Xtnty.

I spoke of Swami—"Oh you won't love him long !" she answered gaily—Divine Master ! - - - - - - - - - - - -

So I was sympathetic and talked Xtnty and the Bible—occasionally reminding her that at present I was not serious being devoted to Swami. If you want to know more come and hear.

Love to our Grannie and yourself Dear,

Margot

Appendix—1898

(1)

Calcutta Notes*

BY AN ENGLISH LADY

May 4th., 1898

Day after day last week, from the terrace of our little villa on the Ganges, we watched crowds of tiny boats come up from Calcutta and speed past us to the West. They were laden with the families and household effects of Hindus and Mussulmans flying in terror from a city in which—not the plague was likely to find foothold, but where—the Segregation Act might presently be in full sway. Fear and disaffection were in the air and even we in our green retreat up here, with the palms waving overhead, and lizards playing about our feet, could see the general restlessness, in the attitude of our own servants.

On Saturday matters rushed a crisis in the city. It was known that the plague had been declared, but that the Government had not yet determined on its plan of action, and amidst the exodus of the richer inhabitants it was rumoured that they had colluded with the authorities, signed their approval of the Acts, and fled, leaving the People to their fate.

The latter were nearly frantic with anxiety. Not a thought was given to the disease itself, but every nerve strained to breaking-point lest measure should be put in force affecting the privacy of their homes and the honour, according to their standards, of their wives and mothers.

A few great Hindu families, notably the Tagores, stood firm, in the hope of allaying the agitation, but noting availed till at noon on Saturday the Government issued a proclamation announcing that optional inoculation was to make segregation unnecessary, and that the feelings of the people would be respected as far as possible even in case of an epidemic.

The relief was almost as great as the suspense had been. It was understood that Sir John Woodburn had obtained this concession at his own risk, and he rose in popularity accordingly. The stampede ceased, the silver tide of fortune turned for cabmen, boatmen, and railway porters, and things appeared to be normal once more.

Alas, it seems to have occurred to no one that the peace of the Town was dependent on the filtration of this sentiment to the illiterate,—for the all-important clause was wooded with legal indirectness, and no effort was made to promulgate Hindostanee or Bengali translations amongst the unread !

However, measures were at once in operation. The crisis was past, and all was felt to be going well. It was true. We had heard that whole neighbourhoods were deserted, that the water-carriers and scavengers had fled the town, and that refuse lay uncollected on the pavements, but these were incidental difficulties, matters were resuming their usual course.

*This note, found amongst the papers of Sister Nivedita, was obviously written for some English newspaper or journal. It contains a vivid picture of Calcutta in the plague days of 1898.

Oh that it had been remembered that Monday and Tuesday were the Mohammedan Festival of the Sacrifice of Isaac and that inoculation had better have begun when the people no longer had leisure to board over dangers, or villians the opportunity to spread false rumours !

What really happened sounds like a huge practical joke. It is always to the interest of some classes here to provoke a riot and on Monday various parties of these ruffians went about the Native Quarter, *dressed as police-parties escorting a doctor*, and seizing innocent people compelled them to submit to *pseudo*-inoculation of such a kind that the victims died within six hours in great pain.

The populace here are as ignorant as children and as sensitive as racehorses. Can it be wondered at that they were beside themselves with terror, and rose on the authorities ?

Yesterday—Tuesday—morning, an American lady and myself landed on the south side of the Native Quarter, enroute, for the railway-station to meet a friend.

We could find no cab near the quays, and turned into the network of lanes and alleys, intending to make for the Chitpore Road, and there, if necessary, take a tram. We noticed as we went that most houses were shut and padlocked, and we realised that we were in the deserted plague-quarter. Very few persons were in the streets, but presently the few there were began to gesticulate and follow us. As they were all Hindus however we took no notice—had they been Moslems we might have felt some alarm. The Hindu whatever he may say, loves the Englishman. The Mohammedan never can forget that we robbed him of empire.

Soon it became impossible to ignore the attention we were attracting, for one of our following came up and assured us we could go no further. On the road beyond, a riot was going on, between the Moslems and the Government, lives were being taken, and we—two "European" ladies—were likely to find ourselves in peril.

It was not in human nature to turn back at such a point, and to the amazement of our numerous friends we hastened on with renewed zest to see the fighting for ourselves. As we walked they questioned us and poured out their grievances. Inoculation (consisting of four cuts on the throat, arms and ankles, apparently !) was being forced on the people. We replied that we ourselves intended to be inoculated, and would go now and submit to it if they would shew us the way. They replied that different matter would be used for us and them. Sixty members of the Brahmo Samaj had been inoculated the day before, but that was no guarantee for the treatment of poor men. For a moment indeed their faith in us wavered, and they suspected us of being practitioners ourselves, but so incredulous was the voice in which they questioned us that we could but be touched at their instinctive confidence.

At this moment we detouched with our retinue upon the Chitpore Road. The kerbstones were lined with a waiting crowd who swept down and closed round us with shouts as soon as we appeared. Treating with them as individuals we received much kindness, and did something as we trust to establish the good intentions of the Government in their eyes. But they would not tolerate our desire to proceed further, either towards our destination, or

towards the area of disturbance. The empty trams standing at the terminus, and the absence of vehicles from the street made their statement obvious that traffic had been stopped by the police. Till now we had seen no fighting, nor so much as heard a shout. But there was a note of uncertainty about the temper of the crowd that had to be considered. A man rushing down the street in great excitement yelling to us to be gone clinched the matter. He screamed even when quite close to us and took our arms with a great show of violence. His touch was really as light as down but his decision was none the less imperative for that—and we intimated that we would withdraw.

It was a curious situation—a half-naked man with some rag on his head, of an excited emotional type utterly unknown to us, standing there beside two white women, the very incarnation of gentleness and chivalry !

As we turned, the crowd gave a yell, at which we faced round with promptitude, but it seemed that they were cheering us, and we graciously forgave them.

To our great amusement, about a hundred men surrounded us to escort us to our boat, and one preceded us playing a drum !

Presently the crowd stopped. We had arrived at someone's home. The door was thrown open, and we were entreated to take refuge for the day !

Later on, a group of Hindu gentlemen standing at a corner begged us not to go down the lane in front. We were determined to reach a certain house in another part of the town and could not turn back. They warned us that we were going at our own risk, and when we cheerfully accepted the fact, I am bound to say that most of our protectors left us. Not so, however, our excited friend. He, with the tag-rag and bobtail of the procession, accompanied us to the river-side, handed us into our own boat, and only turned home when he had seen us safely off the shore.

Arriving near our destination, we knocked at the closed door of a strange house. It was cautiously opened, and a head put out, but at the fearsome sight of two white women, the head was as hastily withdrawn, and the door bolted on the inside.

Some hours later, when we had regained our river-side home, came the news that the mob had been dispersed by troops, and the city was quiet again. To us it sounded like a myth. That the people were sick with terror of the Government we had seen with our own eyes, that they had rebelled against it may, for all we saw, be, as pure an invention as that forced inoculation had been proclaimed.

For months past however, the European here have been ill at ease. The Moslem population is as an ever-smoulding fire. Five weeks ago every revolver in the city was bought up, and it is known that about that time a conspiracy was nipped in the bud by the police.

At this moment, ignorance, superstition and prejudice combine to endanger peace. Even the loyal do not hestiate to whisper that the British Government is tottering to its fall—a brown tinge about the moon is supposed to indicate civil commotion. If indeed the storm has broken which the English have foreseen so long, there is one man of the kindest heart, of the noblest intentions, for whom we may all pray—

"God help the Lieutenant Governor of Bengal !"

12. To Miss J. MacLeod

16 Bose Para Lane,
Bagh Bazar, Calcutta
Monday Evening [1. 1. 1899 ?]

Beloved Joy,

Your letter entered in a blaze of glory as I returned from an hour with the King—who came [...] last night and sent for me at 8 [...] morning. He was divine—looking splendid—though he told me that he stood 3 nights battling for breath, but *full of Plans.* I never saw him in such a mood before—Saradananda and I are to carry on a Crusade and enthuse Calcutta with lectures in threatres. "Make inroads into the Brahmos." Was this just a passing spirit ? The result of all my Brahmo encounters, which interested him greatly ? I cannot tell.

Anyway he told me to get up a tea party and invite all my Brahmo friends and he would come and talk ! ! ! You can guess whether I'm doing it or not. I'm going to ask the Boses —Roys—(the other Roys also, because they are in *the set,* though it was that little man who was so horribly familiar the other evening) Mr. Mukherji—Mr. Mohini—Mr. Tagore and Sarola Ghosal and her mother. I feel quite excited at being a hostess once more—with such a very big lion on show.

He quite fired up when I told him of criticism on Sri R. K. [Sri Ramakrishna] and said I was quite right to lose my temper. At this point he was very good to see.

But imagine the energy ! He said he had never had one of these attacks in Calcutta. Is it possible, Yum darling, that the time has at last come for him to do something here in his native town ?

He told me—I don't know what I was going to say—I've just been to see Him. I was driven away finally by loads of visitors—and a man's conversation about his illness. He says it is a case of change of place again. Only yesterday he began solid food again. However—all seems solid. Sw. Br'da. [Swami Brahmananda] has received instructions about theatres and we may be launched on a course before I know where I am.

On Wednesday I saw Miss Muller off. On Saturday I lunched with the Salzers. One or two nasty touches about Swami. About money I replied with the definite statement that first sum

bought Math land (it is well to have tangible things to show), and 2nd was refused—and so on. When the word "deceived" was used of S. [Swami] in quotation from Miss M. [Muller], I simply gave a sharp warning not to repeat it, and so on. But just at this moment I am thankful that he chooses to come on evidence. I'd like him *how* to twist Calcutta round his little finger. Oh that would be lovely ! And he is in a grand fighting mood.

About London friends, I do hope if Miss Muller says things against him in a vague general way, they'll pin her down, and worry her meaning plain. But what an atmosphere of work and energy he has brought with him !

If he were not here I should want to tell you about my expedition to the Math and the dear little tea table in Swami's room at which I drink tea after my lessons. My lessons are

Wednesday	3. Botany	Friday	3. Physio.
	4. Drawing		4. Sewing
	5. Tea and home.		5. Tea and home.

'Home' today meant Swami—but on Friday will mean those dear Boses, whom I just love. Well I wish you could see [No.] II [Swami Saradananda] drinking tea with me and exchanging all your letters. He reads his aloud and I yours. I was with the King last night when yours came. He read a word or two.

Now I'm going to tell you about Sadananda. You won't let him know that I told—will you ?—but you'll make it right. I had at last captured him and made him listen to your letter to me. During the reading he would occasionally shake his head and ejaculate, "How beautiful letters my mother writes !" and so on. Then he said shyly—"She wrote *me* one—to myself—and addressed it to 57—. But I was away you know. - - - and one opened it—Don't you tell anyone !—he thought it was not private, and besides it was as his own—and he read it—and now it cannot be found - - - Yes they are all very sorry. And they told contents to me. But no—it is great difference between direct word and others' telling."

At this point there was a tear which was not allowed to fall. Isn't he funny ? An angel of meekness you see about a real

outrage. I don't know yet who it was—probably Brahmananda, to whom he would forgive anything, as he does nothing by halves.

Today a new Brahmacharin applied for admission to the Order and was sent on to Belur with a warning about severe discipline.

Did I tell you that I have a class of Christian Missionaries ? There is a Christian mission (American mission) school in Dhurumtollah Street under a Miss Stahl, on whom Miss Muller asked me to call—because Mrs. Wright's little daughter is there. I loved Miss Stahl—because she has that lovely American something about her, and she asked me to help them a little in history-teaching on Thursday evenings. So I went last night and talked for an hour instead of ½ an hour, and she said it was not at all too long. This gratifies my sense of humour as it will do yours and Lady Sara's I know.

For the tea party I mean to ask—but I told you—and of course the tea set will be transferred here on Friday. I must have tea outside in the yard, or if the pigeons would keep away on the school-verandah—and hurry and get the cushions made. As I sit writing this you are probably in or near Genoa—I wonder if this will reach you in London and how I wonder if it tells just what you both want to hear. I hope your journey has ended as it began—and I trust London will be a happy experience. It is too late now to do anything more, so I am content to leave that.

Ever you dear tall tower of strength.

Yours own,
Margot

I look magnificent in your gown and white sun hat.

Wednesday evening, pretty late

My own beloved Yum,

The King is a Great Fact—I spend my free time in inventing reasons or compassing invitations to go to 57. He is looking splendid, but is not strong enough yet to come and see me. He has a mattress on the floor. You can imagine that he has been pretty ill. The Albert Hall is taken for me for Saturday, Feb. 4. —Subject—Kali and Kali Worship. I am going to write out what I have to say—and take it to the King—who will then help me with the solid parts. All I dare pray is that I shall not fail completely —to put K. [Kali] Worship sympathetically before Educated

Calcutta. He is always asking about the tea party—which I hope will happen next Monday. He is to stay here till April, the doctors say, and then follow you. My own beloved Joy—how glad I am for this Spring that the memory of things is proving to you. Again you are ahead—in sight—as always. I sent your letter straight back to the King to read. Those things that you are seeing seem just too holy to speak of—yet I hope you'll find a minute to talk quietly of them to Mrs. Hammond.

Whatever you have got from India, I am very sure that you have given as much. GOD'S debt has been paid—that's all. Even to know that you exist is comfort and courage to me, and to others.

I am sure that I have many things to tell you but I must stop now and hie me to bed. Your own,

Childe, *Margot*

13. To Mrs. Eric Hammond

16 Bose Para Lane,
Bagh Bazar, Calcutta
Jan. 4, 99

My darling "Nell",

Your sweet X'mas note was too lovely. As for the poem—I have no words in which to express it, It is head and shoulders over other years—and I do hope you won't forget to send me the card. Swami has not yet started for Europe—but Mrs. Bull and Miss MacLeod have. They will be in London early in February till the 21st and you *must* call. They know you both well already. I hope you will also meet them at Brantwood. I am just on tenterhooks to feel that they have had a glorious reception from my friends, for they have been angels of love and goodness to me.

Swami is at a health-resort up the river. Health said to be much the same. Miss Muller has severed all connections with the Movement, and calls this "giving up Hinduism and returning with joy to X'tianity." It was news to me that any of us had yet left X'tianity. The monks have given a delightful proof of character. I have not heard an unkind word from one of them about her—and she has done all she could to give publicity to her new attitude. I think I told you already that my work was

receiving no financial support from her anyway. So there is no consequence in this, for me—I mean in that way.

When I sit down to write to you I want *hours* to write in, but for many weeks now I have been sacrificing everything to the story of our summer which I have been writing for Mrs. Bull and Miss MacLeod. I feel sure they will let you see it when it is ready—if I can get it to London in time—and I know that will be better than letters. They will bring photographs also of Sri Ramakrishna's widow—who looks upon all of us as her "Children" and sends her blessings, but this photograph is not for general distribution. So don't refer to it first ! It is her birthday today.

I never was able to answer your political warning. I was broken-hearted about Mr. Beatty's attitude. I thought he cared for *justice* first and last. Anyway, some of you must help me to get this matter noticed, and for the rest dear Nell, I am not going to take any violent steps. My work is here for the present, as you all say, and of course I never thought of throwing it up suddenly. Perhaps I said outrageous things—perhaps I was wrong to talk of "politics" at all, but somehow or other I feel sure it will be given to me to utter the deep, heart-felt feeling and meaning of our English nation and sooner or later my work will be recognised as real "politics."

I don't mean my 'dame's school' as Miss Muller calls it, but my work is going down into the heart and meaning of the people and interpreting it as must be the result. This all sounds just as absurd to me as to you, but it won't prove so.

If not the action, then the reaction, will be political. I agree that I have no ability for the *game* of politics, but the real movers of forces are not gamblers, they are sincere and earnest to the core.

Meantime, we MUST get this action of Sir A. Talbot noticed —with whatever result. Please help me.

About my paper. Thank you so much for all your kind encouragement. Mr. Sturdy said I should find myself receiving so many impressions of England in India shortly that I would be sorry to give publicity to my first. I am of course receiving new impressions, but not with this result so far. I think perhaps as a *general* impression those observations were fairly correct. As time goes on, I shall differentiate between *classes* of English in

India—making special studies of Army, Civilian and Mercantile Groups, So far, my best impressions come from the last.

How egoistical all this sounds, and perhaps it is really only breathless.

I am so pleased to hear of your seeing so much of the Beattys.

Max Muller's Life of Sri R. K. is just out. They say it will sell like wild fire in India.

I am finding great riches in Bengali. If Mr. Hammond would learn it he would make his fortune by traslations. I have undertaken a play. I cannot understand why we have never heard of these things. From all accounts this play would stand comparison with Ibsen's "Brand." Is it that the only English who learn Bengali are officials and Missionaries, and has not a single member of these classes ever had the wit to interest himself in the literature of the people ? I cannot believe this !

Have you read Havelock Ellis' 'Affirmations ?' It looks glorious. A Hindu friend showed me a copy the other evening. Oh what a country this is ! Talk about strong character ! Some day I will write you a letter giving you characterisations of people I have met. Against the monotonous, collective—coloured background of these community-houses and unlettered women, you get every now and then a horridly-painted individuality which is like a romance—and always always always the expression is in religion. So far I have not been able to find anything that I could satisfy myself was honest fetish-worship at heart, but as Brahmo Somaj people all assure me that India is "idolatrous" I will e'en wait a little longer to be sure.

So glad you are going to know Mrs. Bull. Happy New Year.

Lovingly yours,

Nivedita

14. To Mrs. Ole Bull And Miss J. MacLeod

16 Bose Para Lane,
Bagh Bazar Calcutta
Thursday Jan. 5, 1899

My darling Joy and Saint Sara,

Today you are leaving Bombay. I fear you are sad, but long before you get this you will be feeling better.

The Mother tells me that Swami has his mother, sister and

cousin with him at Baidyanath. She is quite sure that he will go West afterwards. He has much much more to do She says. It was her birthday yesterday, as you I hope gathered from our telegram.

She suddenly without warning said last night that if I went to Allahabad She would go too. She intends to be with me always ! I didn't know She knew about Allahabad. She does n't like it anyway. I wondered if Mrs. Bull were at all behind this remark. You will know. It was nice.

By next week's post I send to London 10 photographs to *her*. The two negatives are to be 40 rupees and expenses 3.4—total 43.4 and *my proof* and *negative* cost nothing. So unless you write to the contrary we shall keep the 3 negatives here.

Mr. Ghose has been sending me fruit and roses this week. Miss Muller's bankers sent me 15 rupees. I wrote and thanked her saying it would just buy something I wanted.

That something is a tiny copy of the big statue for the Mother. It is really perfect now. I think, the little one—Lovely.

I wish Joy could see her son.

He faithfully eats a banana a day—alas. I am beginning to think there may be something in the malaria-germ theory, and he reads Emerson here after tea. We spoke disparagingly to each other of dry books like Boehme. "Let me" he cried suddenly "always read of Love and Life and Beautiful !"

But it is 4, and I must stop. The Brahmo Somaj Minister came to see the school, and comes again tomorrow with Mrs. Roy and others. This *may* be the beginning of training of teachers.

Your own loving Child
Margot

Saradananda spent 2 hours here yesterday. He called me "My Western friend" and talked of you.

15. To Mrs. Ole Bull And Miss J. MacLeod

16 Bose Para Lane,
Bagh Bazar, Calcutta
Jan. 5, 1899

My darling Joy and Saint Sara,

There is only a chance of catching you at Alexandria, and I cannot bear you to be letterless, but my important feelings I am

writing to Paris and for the two I have only ½ hour. So expect nothing. I have written Miss Franks Friederichs etc. *Did* I give you the Hammond's address—30 Park Road, Wimbledon.

And did I tell you to seek out Miss Glyn if she is in Boedighera instead of Wimbledon ?

I saw Lord and Lady Curzon's entry. She wore a black velvet hat with several white ostrich feathers—truly regal. "But it's my opinion as she was in a hurry to get 'one [•••]' tea."

She was beautiful indeed and gracious to the point of empressement.

Last night it rained in the middle of the night as at Belur.

Goodbye Darlings. If you are in remote historic Egypt, as your ship steams out of port, give my love to the desert-glow.

Yours own loving

Margot

16. To Miss J. MacLeod

16 Bose Para Lane,
Bagh Bazar, Calcutta
9. 1. 99

My darling Yum,

You say, "long letters to Paris", but I am not sure whether I shall address this there or to London. How lovely of you to send a pilot-letter. By this time I hope you are deep in "fun." I also hope you will get my few lines at Alexandria. It certainly *sounds* jolly. I sent 11 letters to my London friends (and you) in my last mail—so forgive me if the Paris letter is short.

As to your *future*—what if he should be Lipton? It would be a just reaping in for me of bad Karma. This awful thought grew out of the prayer I was about to frame. Unless the millions are so many as to be an overwhelming consideration, *insist* on a lith. Short of that, an English military position. I should like to see you doing honours [?] over here—and in a position to snub the snubber. *Mrs. Patterson* was here this morning. What an atmosphere of sick-at heart wounded vanity that little woman brings with her ! But Sir Adelbert Talbot has been behaving like a cad—setting people against her—and I am ashamed once more to the depths—not of Sir A. who behaves doubtless after his kind but of other people. However, she is to be prevented on

Thursday afternoon next by Lady Woodburn—who probably offered before the advent of Sir A. T.

One charming trifle was that a few days ago Miss Muller found a matter of business on which to consult Gen. Patterson ! She, 'with someone else,' saw him in his office. My name, it appears was mentioned, and Gen. P. said—"Oh when the novelty wears off Miss Noble, too, will drop her yellow robes." Oh Yum, send me some petrifying fluid it you think it likely ! But here you see is this dreadful trick of taking liberties with other people's acquaintances.

Meanwhile—I have definitely refused the 15/- rupees. I had a letter explaining that 15/- would be sent to me monthly—and I was kindly to expend it on personal expenses, clothing etc., and *not* on teaching "of which I cannot approve"—and I thought—fortunately Swami II [Swami Saradananda] and the Mother agreeing—that the sum was almost an insult anyway—and certainly it was not worth while, for anything so inadequate to anything like dignity, to give her the power to say or feel that she provides for me. So I have written a little letter—saying that the bond between us will be etc., etc., if no money enters into it.

That this sum was inadequate anyway for my wants,—should they include travelling.

[Pages missing]

Mrs. P. K. Roy is an angel—and rather a rebellious sheep in Mr. Shastri's fold I find.

But the loveliest thing of all is my Friday Evening Engagement. Every F. E. I am to go to the Bose's at 8—and we all read English together over a cup of tea—and delightful talk. Prof. Bose is comically methodical—and he insists on "solid work" —which results in the most inspiring thing of course. Last time I had the floor and we did Morte d' Arthur and the Lady of Shallott. *He* will do the Light of Asia.

Good old Mr. Ghose has read Brand and is in raptures. He says its conformity with Indian Thought astonishes him—and he throws great light on the unsolved problem of the book.

Dear old Yum—we have had a glorious year—and I am too busy to spend time grieving over your loss, but life is strangely different without you ! - - - -

I am letting things take their course acting as witness—but Miss Muller leaves India in 4 weeks via Ceylon and Bombay ("we" equals who ?)—Miss Bell leaves soon—and Swami writes a nice letter to-day—saying he is well and asking after everyone and in honour of the letter Brahmananda gives a feast. What fun if all met in one ship ! But Miss M. is behaving horridly. I must say I agree with Mr. Padshan that her loss is important to those who did not know her—but I think English-people care anyway. So it is only Hindus who will.

How lovely of you to inspire Mr. P. with a wish to come and see us. I scarcely hope he will find time—but it certainly would be lovely. From the extract you send—he seems to be on right lines. Mrs. Bull is a goddess of wise kindness.

I have begun to translate Mr. Ghose's "Mad Woman." Here is a little poem. I wish Swami were here to translate it.

Rising and sinking on the great billows,
Life is carried on in the current of love.
Where it is drifted to, who can tell ?
Here it is sucked into a roaring whirl pool.
Struggling and gasping the swimmer emerges—
He sees an Empty World !
But swiftly flows the river—already he is floated on—
Into what current does that current fall ?

Wednesday

Beloved Y. it is now a few minutes to 2. At 3 I am due at the Math for Botany and drawing. Friday same time Physiology and *Sewing* !

Miss M. leaves India next Wednesday evening. I had n't the heart to send my letter—so tore it up when I heard that and mean to let my fortune accumulate. I go to her Saturday morning next—till Sunday evening.

Yesterday I took tea and dined with the Roys and was *disgracefully* short tempered under criticism of Sri R. K. [Sri Ramakrishna] and his movement. I am so sorry—for as Swami says fighting does no good—but I pity the man who has much to do with the genuine Brahmo. Mrs. Roy acted your sweet part—sitting by and encouraging me at every turn.

Swami Brahamananda called this morning to tell me Swamiji's plan—Europe in 2 months—here again in one - - - Pretty well in health. Miss Manning comes again, tomorrow morning for a couple of hours.

I have had another letter from Mr. Brulty confirming his first. I gather that it would harm our friend more than it would help him to have the question brought up at all. I suppose I must write to him and say so.

Mrs. Roy said so many pretty things about you dear Yum. She is a dear little woman—and so delightfully broad !

Did I tell you that I went to the Statesman Office yesterday and got permission to review M. M's. [Max Muller's] Life of S. R. K. [Sri Rama Krishna] for them. Of course they are not bound to publish—but I have first refusal. I am afraid the Sesame must be content with my old history-paper which is in Nim's keeping. I probably shall be quite unable to write another.

Swami Joginanda is "still the same"—even "Sw. II" [Swami Saradananda] is beginning to cheer up. An English doctor was called in and said he had not a drop of vitality—but he appears to have a sound reserve somewhere low down !

Poor Mr. Mukherji—that nice boy of the Roy's is watching his father die of consumption. I told a little about the Christian Science theory last night—and he went off radiant—determined evidently to keep the mental atmosphere controlled and calm.

The Mother is as usual. She often talks of you. Hasn't M. M. [Max Muller] made a lovely use of S. Sara's letter ?

Mrs. Leggett sent me Cookie's letter back—with a kind little note from herself. It was quite formal or I would have sent it. For a minute it made me feel so far away from my very very most Reverend that I gasped.

I rashly accepted an invitation to dinner next Monday at the Roys—but I am going to withdraw—for I see now it tires one to combine School and Society. I shall only go out now on Saturdays and Sundays.

Sarola came in Yesterday—and was lovely—so gentle and thoughtful and really loving ! Mrs. Roy met Miss M. in a shop —and could not understand it that the latter seemed reluctant to speak.

How curiously Christianity can be conceived of !

I have given you plenty of news—but no soul. I am "so sorry." But this is serious—I would give anything to hear your "Ho Ho !"

Ever. With love to you both.

Your own,

Margot

Thursday

My beloved Yum,

Swami S. is gazing at your photopraph and saying "My Mother ! ! How strange ! When she was hear I did not think so much about her !"

Sarola Ghosal has just gone—after 2 hours visit. Miss Manning came this morning—all went off right I think—but she is a very nervous lady. Swami Jogin grows steadily worse. Profuse bleeding from the gums is his last and worst symptom. Yet they say there is still a chance. It will be a terrible blow for Swami on his return.

I dine on board with Miss M. on Tuesday evening—and think of interceding for Miss Bell on Sunday—wish she'd ask *her* ! Sarola tells me that Mrs. Wright has gossiped about Miss M. in a very disloyal way at Derjeeling—so evidently the little woman is a schemer—and my poor Rev. Mother is once more preparing a catastrophe for herself and others—4 Oct.—and not yet written home.

Your loving *Margot*

A parcel has just come from Harringtons. Beautifully packed for transmission. I think I had better retain till next post. Consult Sw. Saradananda about sending negatives if inside—as once open we cannot repack—and must take to the city. The Mother wants 2 photographs herself—and I am sure you would like her to have them.

Will write more about Miss Manning for next post.

Margot

17. To Miss J. MacLeod

16 Bose Para Lane,
Bagh Bazar, Calcutta
Jan. 30th 1899—Tuesday

My own darling Yum,

Where will this letter reach you ? In New York I trust—a day or two after you arrive. Loads to tell and of course I am *dying* to hear about your London visit.

Yesterday your and Saint Sara's dear letters from Port Said came. No doubt you however are in Paris. That is so irresistible about letters. One pictures the panorama unfolding *now* as the last letter depicted it—but it is also so different really.

Today one from Mrs. Jonson expressing her pleasure that Swami has at last started for Europe. And I feel so mean—for here he is. Only sweet Saint Sara is right—for he is at peace—radiantly so and these days now are the best I ever had. I am having my turn. He is just divine. Almost every day I take a meal with him, and yesterday he came to the party. On Saturday also I had a sort of unarranged party. Mrs. P. K. Roy and young Mr. Mukherji, Mr. Mohini and the Poet—and presently Swami with Dr. Sirkar. It was quite a brilliant little gathering, for Mr. Tagore sang 3 of his own compositions in a lovely tenor—and Swami was lovely. Only there was some cloud—I could not tell what. Then he sent for me to dine with him—and I heard.... Oh Yum—when is one to be all right in choosing ! I love this woman ! Well, he [Swamiji] spoke beautifully about it, and said he was only making a suggestion on behalf of the school. As far as I was concerned I was safe anywhere. He hadn't a fear. But he could not bear anything unholy to come near my home. Of course I said *Monday* should end it, but for Monday both were my invited guests....

It has just seemed ever since as if the King could not do enough to show how he trusted me. But I would give the world to help them out of it all. Of course I know the suspicious eyes that watch and the sharp tongues that wag in India—over a society where men and women of the country mix—but all said and done I fear I fear I fear—

Well, to a brighter subject.

You will be amused to hear that at this moment I am engaged in a side-industry—the preparation of calf's foot jelly for Swami.

me to think I was very necessary to GOD anyway? But I have said nothing to Swami lest I might seem uncertain—when it will be like tearing the heart out of my body to have to go back. I shall always know that you understand, anyway. But I wish I had finished the whole thing off last year. Yet I don't know. One seems to have been guided. I simply won't think about it.

You'll know all about London by this time—and my time of responsibility is over. I trust you are having a good time. I *know* how everyone will love you both.

Shall you be shocked to hear that I haven't touched the journal yet ? On Sunday perhaps my Kali lecture. I hope the time has come, as it comes for everything, for Mrs. Bull to love that Meditation before the Blessed Sacrament—I mean to use it in my Kali talk—

"My child you need not know much in order to please Me. Only love me dearly. Talk to me as you would talk to your mother if she had taken you on her knee."

Fancy! Between my devotion to the jelly and to this letter I haven't been to Swami tonight, and now it is after 9, the hour at which I always leave.

He was talking about something on Saturday and he said "Oh yes, Jo knew all about it." "Well" I said "she was very discreet, for she never once mentioned it, Swami !" "Yes" he said "Jo's an uncommonly clever woman."

He's just as anxious to come to Europe now as anyone—and Mrs. Jonson's letter of this morning will not decrease the anxiety. So you'll soon have him again, darling Yum. Oh dear ! *What* will happen about Nim ! Unfortunately such is our family-pride that you will not have seen a trace of all this. I'm just going to act as if nothing had happened—but I shall write and tell her that I'll come. You see I created the burden and must not leave her to bear it. Must I stop talking ? Have I told you half ? Someday I must tell you of Joginanda's marriage.

Your own ever loving child,

Margot

I. Shiva ! Shiva !

II. It's funny to think that Mr. Sturdy stood in much my shoes once, and to know how it felt.

III. The jelly *seems* right.

IV. Let me say for your consolation that no sensation on the part of the 'other maiden lady' will have a chance against yours.

18. To Miss J. MacLeod

16 Bose Para Lane,
Bagh Bazar, Calcutta
Tuesday Mg. Feb. 7

Beloved Joy—

An hour out of School. I wonder how much talk I shall get into the time ! To begin at the end.

Letters last night from Abhayananda and Mr. Sturdy. I was dining with the King. We nearly died. Mr. St. [Sturdy] greatly upset and alarmed about Miss M. but thank heaven you are there —and all will be well. Swami equally chagrined. I could see, that his "eldest daughter" was en route. As the exchaquer at present is simply bare, she *must* come to me—all your kind endeavour to prevent, notwithstanding, There is no alternative. *He* told me that she might turn on him at any moment, as S. Sara had said.

Mr. and Miss Padshan simply angles. I never fell more in love with people in my life, and Swami with the girl. Wants to make a disciple out of her. You were angelic to bring us such friends. But the funniest thing happened. They were here last Thursday to tea, sitting at Swami's feet—listening to a discourse on Idolatry. He—my Durga picture in hand—was on the high-road to Kali, when in walked 2 missionaries to thank me for my History lecture and ask for more. I had determined that these ladies should not hear of Kali or any other point of difference. But it was taken out of my hands—and with my combative instincts I made it impossible for Swami to leave the house or change the subject. He had to finish but he did it quickly—and then I added some extravagant expression of love and praise of Kali. I think I must be a good Educationist, for after all this, they were as eager as before that I should continue my work ! ! ! However they were Americans and angels too. They behaved beautifully to Swami and he was presently confiding to them that his "best friends" were Americans, and then he turned to me to speak of "*your* best friends too Margot." Do you like it, Dearest !

After that we had a serious conversation at dinner, of which I shall tell you presently.

The Brahmos pay me great attention—I wish they would n't, for I feel that I am a fish out of water. I go in simple white amongst their gorgeous silks and finery—and it is absurd. At Mrs. P. L. Roy's on Sunday a large party was invited to tea "to meet Miss N." It felt so silly to me. A Mahommedan prince was there, with his bride, a beautiful almost English girl—one of the handsomest women I have ever seen—but as she had the magnificent brown eyes of India I suppose she was Eurasian. Such a gown ! Exquisite in fit and style and delicate colour. Had turned Mahommedan to marry but professed almost complete indifference. It was well that she did, for she could not have sustained another role. I should like to know both better, in order to watch the experiment.

I told you of my tea party I think and how they all came in magnificent raiment and drank tea in the Courtyard, and we had to wait for the milk—and there would never have been any tea if Mrs. P. K. Roy had not taken Gee and the tea pot too, in hand, and dismissed me to talk. And how afterwards we all came in here and Swami talked magnificently by candlelight.

Today, Saradananda and Turiananda depart for Guzerat to preach and if possible get funds. Kalikrishna and another have already gone to Dacca, East.

Joginanda is a little better.

Today 3 Brahmo ladies are to come and see the school.

Saradananda will turn up presently for your hand. How pleased I am that you received my note at Alexandria. I am sure he will be too manly to accept a hand without a heart—even though it be full of sweet I am—

Now for the King's talk.

He told me that I must return to England. There was no money here—and no hope of any—and my work would be wasted unless I could now proceed to take in 10 or 20 girls as boarders. If I did this at all I must have vested security—so that if I died or turned etc., they might not be thrown back on their families' hands. There must be permanent security. As far as girls went he could give me 100 any day from amongst his own disciples —some widows, some Brahmos. (Sadananda also tells me this. Only a word is needed.) He had failed—failed in everything

for years past—and no one stuck to the man who failed etc., etc., —hence he could do nothing for me—Miss M. [Muller] gone because of failure—work spoilt here there and everywhere. It was now only a question of when I should go. I told him that if he wished of course I would go—and then I told him about Nim. He said, "Then you have no alternative. Start this month. The emergency is sufficient reason, and you leave in the height of your power—which is always good." He nearly arranged my ship. Then food and a monk came and we could say no more. Afterwards I asked if *I* had failed in any way. He said, "No—you have done very well. *We* have failed." Then I said "May I use what money remains ?" "But there is none," he said. *I* "Why I have 620 rupees untouched." *He* "What ? After all these months ?" *I*—"And I think we are strong enough to work and fail if need be. Your idea of leaving in power is mere show after all. We need not think of show." *He* "That's true." *I*—"This anxiety has had the good effect of making you consult me about the plan—but it doesn't seem terrible in itself to me. Don't think further about providing for me. Let me go on till September on what I have—and work as if there were no chance of being called home. Then let us face the situation again."

To this he agreed. And if Mr. Mohini will give me the 15/- he promised monthly, I am going to take Santoshini in at once. I have written to ask Mr. M. I feel sure somehow that this is right—and I think Swami is really relieved of responsibility—to work, I mean, as if I were building for Eternity. In a week or two at latest I hope to send Mr. Sturdy my report for printing —and in it an appeal for funds. Of course Swami's ideas about vested securities is manlike. There will have to be some risk and some faith on both sides, but we find that with an income of 150 rupees a month—i. e. £ 150 a year or less—I could board and train 5 girls ! Isn't it wonderful ? For that sum 5 lives gained ! I cannot believe that every difficulty will not give way—but I am going to work as if nothing else existed, and I cannot forget really that Swami has other anxieties in abundance.

I know you like to hear all as if you were on the spot—dut you and S. Sara will keep this strictly private of course anb show my letter to no one—for he kept saying "This talk will never go beyond ourselves."

You are in London now. I cannot write more—though this is a fraction of what I feel and want to say.

Your ever loving child
Margot

Why the very Thing I wanted to tell you I have forgotten—

I—If *you* could fail, Swami, do you feel that R. K. [Rama Krishna] could fail ?

S.—"I never look up to Him in that way - - - My feeling about Him is rather peculiar - - - *I always think of Him as my Child* - - - You know He always depended on me, as the strongest of the whole lot, and at the very end—when He was nearly at the last, He put His arms about my shoulders and said 'This is a *hero* !' "

Wasn't that a beautiful bit ?

Wednesday. I see more clearly that I am really a burden to Swami. His one idea in saying what he did was to get rid of the responsibility of my work somehow. This is the real secret of Allahabad and so on. On the other hand the moment seemed to me the first in which I had had a real chance.

If you said a word in your next to back him up I think I should start at once—so much do I feel his worry—but I don't think you will take any view but mine. To fly at the first difficulty—unless I am called home, and that is made clearly my duty—would be absurd.

Sw. S. left last night for Guzerat. I did not see him before he went.

Your loving child
M

How can I write like this and never a word about your coming home ! Happy as you were in India Dearest I fancy you will surprise yourself with the joy of that home coming. Do write as soon as you have time. Swami said in his despair that he would be tethered in Calcutta all his days—Dr. Sirkar says Asthma—but he is very rigidly dieted and is growing stronger. They say he danced last night when they found how much stronger Joginanda was. How he loves them all ! Sadananda says he hates the old gospel of the disciples' love and he is going to preach

a new one on "My Guru's love for me." And the King is growing stronger and they say more anxious for the West. He might meet your brother and sister perhaps. He tells me that he dreads a sea voyage if he should have an attack—and I promised if that were so to go with him if he felt that it would be a comfort so that he should not be stranded I would simply land at the nearest port with money or without—and telegraph. He says he battled 7 days and nights for breath at Baidy Nath, and he comes in very short of breath sometimes. I tell you exactly how things are that you may not worry but may know as much as I do. Love to S. Sara.

Your own child,
M

Sadananda has just come in to say the King was determined to leave for Madras, with him, next Tuesday, and if the 4 days' sea trip agrees with him, to go on to England ! ! ! There was some talk of taking me to Madras—but Sadananda objected, and I am to stay behind to do Calcutta work as I think, much the best plan. I'll wire when Madras is left after March 10th.

In meditation tonight the Mother said she saw Sara on her left and Joy in front all the time. Looking *so* well and happy.

Kali lecture next Monday—6.

In that Bengali poetry Swami seems to have compared real love to that of the moth for the light—"Embrace and burn."

Thursday. A cheque for 90/- from Mr. Mohini today. I can have Santoshini for 6 months on that ! ! ! Isn't he just an angel ? Madras plan continues. It occurs to me that you are finding out *contrasts* now between Alb. [Alberta] and me. But I am magnanimous. Give her my love—and *try* to think kindly of your absent childe !

Margot

19. To Miss J. MacLeod

16 Bose Para Lane,
Bagh Bazaar, Calcutta
Wednesday, Feb. 15 [1899]
Day after Sarasvati Puja
2 days' holiday

My own beloved Yum,

A lecture on Education tomorrow night—Brahmo Somaj—and I have no business to be writing anything else—for that I have not touched. But if I don't write this and a letter home now, I shall never do it.

How funny to think that Miss M. [Muller] landed yesterday ! Yours from Bordigh reached this week—with Lady Sara's and Miss Paston's. So I have great hopes that you found the latter. Your letter Dearest is lovely. *Don't* worry about Paris ! If only I can hope to be in India then ! ! !

Well—my lecture on Kali came off on Monday. The Albert Hall crammed. Dear old Dr. [Mahendra Lal] Sirkar spoke against Kali and me—with tears—and was very touching—when unfortunately a mad devotee of Sri R. K. got up and amidst tremendous excitement called him—with other things—"an old devil." I am sorry to tell you that I laugh whenever I think about it all. Swami was greatly pleased about the lecture—and I trust there is some reason—for I have several times since been inclined to think that I had done nothing but harm. You see the Brahmos declare that *that* was not Kali Worship—and that only what appealed to their lowest feelings was understood by the mob. Sarola and Mr. Mohini have just left and perhaps that is why I am feeling a wee bit depressed.

Anyway, the Kalighat people have asked me to speak on Kali Worship there at the Kalighat and Swami is much pleased at that. It may not come to anything. He thinks that would be the greatest blow that could be struck against exclusiveness.

One lovely gift my lecture has brought me. The heart friendship and enthusiasm of a young Tagore boy full of noble impulses and freshness. Mr. Padshah had begged for an hour or two "alone" yesterday—but this boy's enthusiasm so touched him that he brought him to talk about Kali instead—and sitting in the dusk I told them all about Baramulla. *These* things

must do good in the end. To have a chance of sowing that seed seems enough.

Of course I read Swami's poem—and did not tell him till I got home—when I saw that he was pleased and touched.

I have found out the culminating point of Sacrifice and wonder if it could be written. It seems that the sacrifice of animals only goes on till the devotee is strong enough to offer himself instead —and then, like the pelican, he draws his own blood and buries the feet of the Mother in flowers dipped in it. This is how Swami worships now—and to me it explains and justifies the whole. I don't know how you will feel about it. Every one seemed to know about that, when Swami explained it to me. So I suppose it is recognised.

Oh I feel *so* useless and imperfect. Darling Yum If you were here I should want to confess—exactly what I don't know— except miserable unsatisfactoriness.

Yesterday morning I went early to be blessed by the old Devendra Nath Tagore—Miss Padshah and I together. Swami sent word round early that he was particularly pleased—and I told the old man this and said I felt that I was making Swami's pranams as well as my own - - - He was quite touched. Said he had met Swami once when wandering round in a boat and would greatly like him to come to him once more.

I told Swami last night—and he was wonderfully moved. "Did he really say that ?" he said, "Of course I will go—and you can go with me—and fix a day as soon as you please !" It seems that as a boy he clambered up into Mr. T's [Tagore's] boat and put anxious questions about Adwaitism—and the old man paused and said gently at last "The Lord has only shown me Dualism"—and then he had patted him—and said he had the Yogi's eyes—and loved him much. But Swami little thought that he remembered. I have asked for early next Sunday morning—and if it happens I think I shall write an account of the interview to Lady Sara. I know it will please her Catholic soul beyond everything.

Last Sunday midday I was eating some bread and butter in desparate hunger when a knock sounded—Gee as I thought back from the Ganges—and bread and butter in hand, I opened the door. There stood an Englishman—or Scotchman perhaps —come to sit at my feet about Swami's teaching. Isn't that funny ? He stayed an hour and a half and went away with

Bhakti Yoga and Boehme. I hope next Sunday he will see Swami.

I never told you about the morning three or four weeks ago—that a ghariwalla came howling into the yard—and I went out—white surplice and bare feet—with 2 or 3 children round me to find in a ghari—your French friend. What a gentleman he is ! He gave a gasp of surprise and amusement and then jumped out and was perfect. My French was hopeless but my Bengali was sufficient to put his ghariwalla on the real track and of course I never heard of him again.

And I never told you that the day after I wrote to you Sw. changed his plan. He said it was useless to interrupt a cure a 2nd time. He would not go to Madras—but stay here another month—and then if possible start West.

Mr. Sturdy's letter was almost a copy of one to me—which I sent on to Mr. Hammond. How I *hope* you have made him hold the meeting for Miss Muller to address. That was excellent.

Your remark about postage has frightened me. They would not LET me at the post office put 2½ on, and I fear now that that has been wrong. The Empress people have asked me for articles on my life here. I hope to be paid—and if they come out will probably send on to you.

I sent one on my house and they all turned up to my Kali lecture and looked sweet. So I hope it will do.

I wonder if you have gathered that my martial thirst was appeased by almost having a free fight on Monday night.

The Chairman was useless and whenever a crisis rose I simply had to take my own chair and obtain order for myself. It was grand fun.

But next time—The Young India Movement—there is to be no Chairman.

Throughout the past week I have been receiving constant hospitality from the Tagores. Now I have made a vow to go no more out to dinner. I wish food did not exist. But last Thursday was sweetly funny. I received a note asking me to tea at the Tagore house up here, on Wednesday, "to meet several friends." I surmised that the note was written by a man but being unengaged went. For the first time in India I saw a drawing room that might have been the royal nest of European taste and

intellect of the first water. Magnificent carved book cases surrounded the room ¾ of the way up. An irregular line of shelf held pictures busts statues and objects a art. So were precious things scattered about the room. The decorations were severe Japanese—magnificent. But 2 huge silver mounted pipes standing near a chair betrayed man not woman as ruler. Out on the verandah we had tea—I along with 5 or 6 of these men. It seems some Maharajah—the head of orthodox Hindus here had wanted to meet me—and they in all innocence had asked me. Of course I just quietly enjoyed myself and was taken to see the ladies of the house—who in that branch are orthodox Vaishnavas —not Brahmos—and when I met the wife of one of my hosts after, I laughingly asked her why she had not been there, and said I hoped she would be next time. That was enough. Wasn't it fun ?

That evening I was asking Swami if he would come and talk to them if they came to see me. Of course they always argue these things with me—and he always wants to know what is said and how I answer. And he said—"If the Mother wills—if Mother wishes—She will do this. I need not think about it—and if all this is not Hers but my personal ambition, the sooner it is broken up and comes to nothing the better. All I want—*all* I want—is to be released and be at peace. I do not *want* to work —I never wanted—a frenzy has been upon me. But all mine She brings to me. I need not stir to meet them. If they are mine they will come—as they have done all over the world. They will come—She will bring them."

And I feel that some of the elements here that have been aloof from all this, in stretching out their hands and offering me friendship are indeed, whether they know it or not, laying hold of the garments of the Man of GOD, and are being brought to the Feet of the Mother.

That Englishman—Mr. Soutter—turning up like that the other day was a lesson and I care little whether I said what was right or not. I said what I could and it seems of no importance. He will go away and decide one way or another. I have no anxiety. Seed will germinate in its own way and its own time.

Only I wish I could find a quiet grave somewhere and go to sleep for a long long time.

Santoshini comes tomorrow. She is to share my bedroom and go home to meals at 9 to 11 A. M. and 4-30 to 6 P. M.

Saturday afternoon and Sunday she is to be free.

Oh dearest Yum I wish I had you

Your loving loving
Margot

Why Dear ! I never meant to write as if I were ill. I'm not—only I think a lecture like Monday's takes a great deal out of one. One need not wonder at Swami's loss of strength.

My love to Saint Sara. I shan't get in a letter to her.

Swami talked about Krishna too, and his impersonal way of doing work.

20. To Miss J. MacLeod

16 Bose Para Lane
Bagh Bazaar, Calcutta
Monday Feb. 21, 2-30 [1899]

My own Joy,

Your letter from Paris has just come today—and I *must* sit down and write to you. I have had 2 late nights anyway and couldn't possibly write anything worthwhile. So it's not really very wicked—besides it's the beginning of the week and one is free to strike a keynote !

I laughed quietly all through the first part of your letter with its sweet plans about Paris in 1900—which seems to be about as much concern of mine as the other side of the moon—though I must say you give it a wonderfully life like tone and air—and when I read that "we bought you a pair of gloves yesterday" I astonished myself by breaking down and crying Heaven only knows why. But I'd give the world to see you. My letters represent very little of what I would say to you. I just go round turning everything into 'your next letter'—but very very little of all this gets written—and then everyone else gets neglected. I have just had a heart rending note from my big brother at Almora —"This is terrible. You have been silent a whole month." And I did not know.

Anyway I'll do all I can both to stir India and to make myself an authority. I ought really now to be working at one of my lectures. This week is—Tuesday—History to the X'tian missionaries, Wednesday—Training in the Concrete, B. [Brahmo] Somaj, Sunday—"The Young India Movement"—Minerva Theatre.

Yesterday, Sunday morning, I went to the Tagore with the King. He was fidgetting much at not having heard from you. Presently he said—"What a pity I couldn't go with them. It would have been real fun. But perhaps after all it's better so—for Miss Muller's attacks might get on my nerves a little—and now it will be all over by May or June." So I assured him that I agreed and that I knew you also thought it was sure to be all for the best. About the interview itself I have pleasure to write to dear Saint Sara, who will look upon the occasion as historic. I do indeed hope that with the help of my precious boy (he is 26 but so boy like) a new period may prove to have opened in the matter of our relations to the Brahmo Somaj. Swami said the longed-for word about Ram Mohun Roy, in the presence of the whole Tagore family.

Yum Darling, you say "We'll love one or two Hindus enough for their whole race." But what marvellous men they do produce ! I have a group of 3 demigods now, Swarupananda, Mr. Padshah and Dr. Bose.

Which of these is the most beautiful I scarcely know. I worship each in turn. And Mrs. Bose completes her husband as Mrs. Apperson does hers. Only as a *soul* he seems so exquisite. I have only seen *hints* of this special quality, ½ in Mrs. Apperson —½ in a Mr. Olive whom I am afraid you will not meet. The other evening I was talking foolishly and flippantly about joining a shooting party, though I knew it hurt him fearfully to think I could. Half-consciously I was bent on determining my own position—and he was my victim. Suddenly he turned on me, his face white with wrath and all working with intensity—"*Why* are you so cruel ?" he cried—"What's the use of reading all these beautiful things if you don't read them with your *heart* ?" and then he went out to the verandah to smoke. It was as if scales fell from my eyes ; I saw that it was true—*and I was glad I had been cruel*, to have had this flush of the man's full nobility. And that feeling has never left me. Words are so poor. I am

sure I have given you no idea of the moment, but you will understand. My first feeling afterwards was—"This is for Yum."

While I am at this point I must tell you to get "Fellow Travellers" by Graham Travels, published by Blackwood, Edinbro'. It is a collection of short stories that Dr. Bose insisted on my carrying off—because they "had helped" him so much. And you will love them too. And now my brain seems to be a blank again though I had so much to say.

The King talked coming home yesterday about Sri Ramakrishna. My Kali lecture had been a good foundation for bringing him to an issue with the Tagores, and so the talk had been all of Symbolism. Mr. Mohini had come in. "Poor Mohini" he said, "he has never studied the history of Symbolism. That is why he does not understand that the natural symbols are no good. You see I had a curious education. I went to Sri Ramakrishna and I loved the man but I hated all his ideas. And so for 6 years it was hard fighting the whole time. I would say 'I don't care in the least for this thing that you want me to do,—and He would say 'never mind, just do it, and you will see that certain results follow'—and all that time He gave me *such* love ! No one has ever given me such love—not my father or mother or anyone. And there was so much reverence with it ! He had a kind of veneration for me. He used to think 'this boy will be so and so' I suppose. And he would never let me do any menial service for Him. He kept that up to the very moment of his death, too. He wouldn't let me fan Him—and there were many other things. He wouldn't let me do. But Mohini hasn't had all that."

I know you love these scraps Darling Joy. On Saturday night there was a most pathetic death of a young girl in the mud hut just opposite. I was there and saw her die. Afterwards I stayed to try and comfort the women and save Swami Joginanda if possible from the fearful noise of the mourning. At first I could do nothing, but after a while exhaustion helped and the girl's mother turned to *her* mother with the words "O mother, where is my child now ?" Full of this kind of piercing poetry she was all the time. And Oh Yum how I realised the terrible position of the X'tn. missionary at such a moment ! The poor mother's head was resting against my knee. "Hush" I said,

"Your child is with the Great Mother. She is with Kali." And she gave a long shuddering sigh of relief—and then I was able to talk to them a little in my broken way you know—and it was full of comfort. I know what a comfort it was to *me* to feel just one with them at such a moment, no bar and no difference in ideals or faith or anywhere. They wanted just the same assurances that we all want about such things—that the girl was at peace in the love of the Mother—all gladness and all rest and so on—and then I sang the names of Kali and Sri Ramakrishna softly for an hour or more. I noticed that *his* name was even closer than Kali's. Of course we had spells of crying, but I know it was worthwhile. I just told a little of my feeling to Swami next morning,—and my gratitude that I could 'talk their language,' and of the *proof* it had been to me of the truth of what I had been preaching. And he said "That was wh. Ramakrishna Paramhansa came into the world to teach—and He was the only man who ever did—that we were to talk to everybody in his own language." How could one be further away from our beautiful Xt. for this ?

My review of Max Muller's book came out in the Statesman on Saturday—2 columns—leader page. I think that fine and the Empress people, 35, Chattawalla Lane, Bow Bazar St. have commissioned a number of articles on Life in the Native Quarter. I wrote a decent one about my home, but it seems to have been lost in the post and so yesterday I had to rewrite, which I did very badly. I hadn't the same feeling of *you* as a reader that time !

By the time you get this you will be long in America. Why you are starting tomorrow ? I DO hope London has been pleasant, and that you will enjoy your voyage.

Will you try to tell me anything pleasant that you can think of about my family ? I am too sensitive I suppose, but I tremble to see a letter in their writing and long to burn it unread. Indeed I have got so stupidly nervous in all that concerns them that I found myself telling someone the other night who asked me if I were not homesick that I should never be happy until some catastrophe swept them all unawares into another world. This is absurd I know but it is useless to reason about it. I just keep the ghost at arm's length and try to forget that they exist. My worst crime, in these moods, is that I love my life here. So if you

can minister to a mind deseased—for once Dearest Joy let that mind be mine and help me a little to rise into some truer attitude towards all this. It isn't as if the world *really* depended on my attention for its diurnal revolution, though I seem to have got to think so. And now my Darling Darling Darling Goodbye for the present, for I *must* work—"Whedder or no."

Margot

It seems absurd to put yours and Mrs. Bull's together but I have only one envelope and it may have its uses. There were hundreds of things to tell you. Sadananda's reference today to "my sweet Mother, Miss MacLeod" went very deep. Oh I remember—it was "the tolerance that we find in you and my Sweet m. m. MacLeod and our Granny." And I wish you had been with me over that dead girl the other day when I heard the ring of Niranjanananda's voice. "A soldier and a gentleman"—that was what it felt like. "I heard that Sister Nivedita was here" he said, "and of course I came at once." And there he mounted guard, and it was just lovely....The ring of strength and that exquisite chivalry. It was too lovely. There seemed to be oceans of things to tell you.

Ever yours own Child,

Margot

Lovely letter from Mrs. Coulston to-day.
Answer next week.
Money *only* difficulty.
On the other hand, if I have to go—could she take my place ?

21. To Miss J. MacLeod

[22. 2. 99 (?)]

[Pages missing]

And oh how I wished you were here yesterday ! A man came to me for sympathy and help and I was so cruel to him ! I could have killed myself for it. He was a stranger and a poor

weak thing at best, and I was right in all I said, but he went away crying ! *Dear* Sadananda—such a saint in moments of stress and full of sympathy helped me to write him a letter and find out facts and all the rest. And I said to him—"If only it had been Miss McLeod ! She would have raised him too, and never hurt him." "Ah" he said, in *such* a tone ! "My sweet mother ! If only such thing what she has would come to *you*, with the brain ! - - - but it *comes* not to people !"

I wish you had been here on Monday to hear the King with Sarola. It was all Sanskrit and Bengali, but I seemed to understand, the tones of the voice brought back the greatest moments we have ever known. I hope Sarola, Surendra and I shall be able to make a day of it next Sunday, lunching at the Math and seeing Dukineswar. Swami wanted me to give her lunch and I would not, so he proposed this as an alternative ! ! !

Wednesday evening. My last chance of a word. How strange to think that your next letter will tell me of home and Cookie. Fancy having had so much of Mr. Sturdy already, when you wrote last. I think that must be making even you feel warm at the heart ! And how did you like the Appersons ? And my little mother, Nim and Rich ? I can't help thinking that Feb. 13, 14 and 15 were well starred for our little group. So I was glad you had your reception that day. Who came ? What did you think of everything ? How did Lady Sara like Mrs. Boole, who was eager to know her.

I suppose our almond tree was not in bloom. Were there any snowdrops or crocuses out ? Your open window in Dover St. —the fire—and the anemones narcissus and tulips sound lovely.

How did you like Mr. and Mrs. Macintosh ? But I won't bother you any more. It was just like you, Dearest, to try to find out what Mrs. Jonson really meant, but she is not right about being the only person who feels like that. Plenty do.

This afternoon I have seen Lady Curzon giving the prizes at Bethune College, sat beside and talked to a glorious girl—Miss de Selincourt—who has been to Girton [?] and is here as a missionary. This is as it should be. Lady Curzon was beautiful as a dream, but looking very ill. Leaves for Simla on the 6th.

I ought to write to Ldy. Sara but shall not be able to tell her that old Mr. Tagore was not making a charge to Swami but recounting to him one by one the various successes of his career,

with the doctrines he had preached at such point, and saying that he had watched and heard it all, with intense pride and pleasure. The Tagore family were astonished saying that these things had long ago passed out of *their* minds, too completely for them to have refreshed the old man's memory in the smallest particular ! I ought to have known why Swami looked so curiously irresponsive, almost disagreeable. It was his shyness !

You know that Plague has once more been declared. Somewhere about here. Next door to the Bose's. Numbers of rats have died. But segregation is given up. The Government is tremendously popular. Ld. Curzon is felt to be *strong*, and humane—and strength makes everyone draw a breath of relief. He decided that a trifling pension be continued to the bereaved father of a murdered postman the other day and the people are ready to worship him. Other officials had refused to consider the case as paltry—but the Viceroy intervened. Unique in history, they say.

It will be exceedingly interesting to watch the movement of parties under this regime. Will India prove happiest under a despotism strong enough to be benevolent ? Will the party of reaction presently gather strength and fret against it, as would be the case in a country made for freedom ! Will there by any flaw— and if so, where ? And Sir John Woodburn's quiet plague measures make him as popular as the Viceroy.

So things look bright for the Government. England's star once more in the ascendant here, and Russia's action in China bringing the day nearer when Slav and Teuton will represent the great opposing interests of the world. I'd like to be alive then, and have everyone whom I cared for in the private way dead.

In that sense, race-feeling will grow and grow and grow Beloved Joy, for centuries, I fancy, till the kings of the Earth take counsel together against the Lord and against His Anointed, and then the whole thing will smash up, and a new Unity will reveal itself—the great "Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World," as Beet Harte puts it.

Then perhaps, at last the lion will lie down with the lamb and a little child shall lead them, but you and I shall be glad to have lived our lives and played our parts in the dear old days of stress and turmoil, when most things had their hard side—and no reward could be satisfying, having been able to meet it all with

that calm large faith in the ultimate triumph of Good that is at bottom the other name for Faith in GOD.

It does not give me much satisfaction to be a foundation stone ! I wish a better man had been here. I wish it had been in my Karma to possess a little more money and influence just now. I should have been much more useful.

What is that one wants ? My heart goes out to Dante and Savonarola and all the sorrowful saints of time. One longs to take refuge in great work somehow and one would so gladly bid the highest price ! I suppose one is indeed feeling out after Reality—and nothing else satisfies.

I had a letter from Saradananda—address C/o. The Post Office, Lindi, Kattiawar. Be sure to write to him. You are the lady of his adoration. Your letters will mark time for him. And he is far away and must be lonely.

Swarupananda sends you "a heartful of love." And as for Sadananda—can I say more than that he regards you always as the Coronation of the Blessed Virgin ? Would you like the companion picture, just to show you how tremendous this estimate of his is ? He says that I stand beneath the Crucifix but the highest throne in heaven—and in all humility—is his mother's place !

My sweet Yum, something like this we all feel, though we have not his ground to say it. Does Lady Sara get a peep at my letters to you ? Because there is so much that I want her to know yet cannot rewrite.

Swami was greatly amused at her statement that in future a religious service would only have to be formal enough in order to be valued for my sake. It was sweet—like herself—to say it.

And now goodby Dear. Don't fascinate me any longer—

Your own *Margot*

I hope Mrs. Coulston will show you my letter.

22. To Mrs. Ole Bull

16 Bose Para Lane
Bagh Bazaar, Calcutta
Feb. 23, [1899]

My dearest Lady Sara,

20 past 10—but there will be *no* time tomorrow—mail day—and I promised you the account of Swami's visit to Devendra Nath Tagore.

It was last Sunday morning. The carriage came very early, and we got there before 8. Old Mr. T. [Tagore] no longer lives in Park St. He has withdrawn into the family-home up here, feeling that it is right to die where he was born. Here he occupies a lovely plain little room on a sunny roof.

We were shown up, one or two of the family accompanying. Swami went forward and *said* "Pranam", and I *made* it, offering a couple of roses. The old man gave me his little blessing first and then he told Swami to sit down, and for about 10 minutes he went on making a kind of charge to him in Bengali. Then he paused and waited—and Swamiji very humbly asked for his blessing. It was given, and with the same salutation as before we came downstairs. Then Swami would have gone at once—but that was not our plan. And he came into the drawing room where Miss Tagore came to see him and the family assembled by degrees—rather the men of it. He refused tea, but suggested its being brought to me. Then he accepted a pipe—and all these little things prolonged the talk till 10 O'clock. Mr. Mohini [Mohun Chatterjee] came at 9.

Of Course Symbolism, especially Kali-Symbolism was the subject.

At the beginning of the talk Swami referred to Ram Mohun Roy, who in his opinion was the greatest man modern India had produced—and his opinion about symbols. Afterwards when Vamacharya was brought up, I thought for a minute he was going to fight—for he quoted R. M. R. [Ram Mohun Roy] in favour of orgies, and everyone looked unable to contradict but very unhappy. Then my faithful ally—Surendra Nath—took the odium on himself and became target—and it all went well. Finally Swami was exceedingly conciliatory and said their position was the true Hindu doctrine, but they ought to add the

other to it, at least as far as acknowledging the relationship of Symbolism to it went—and so on.

The night before I had told him how all the Brahmos were complaining that they had no chance of knowing him. And he had said that he would come here anytime to meet any of them, and then he said "And our visit tomorrow will do something, I think !"

So there is plenty of consciousness on both sides of the real position—and I am delighted to find myself a sort of real living link between Swami and his own people. It certainly would never have done to be Hindu. When we left, the Tagores were planning a party, to visit him at the Math. Tomorrow the head of orthodox Hindus here, the Maharaj of Natore, comes to visit me with Surendra Nath Tagore.

Of course all this is nothing—unless it means *life* and *work*. How I trust it does. But to sweep a fine man of 26 into the circle that is proud of one's friendship always seems to me a promising token.

Your sweet letter from Paris has been so helpful. Swami after all, is going to take me to the P. K. Roys on Saturday to tea ! I want to be allowed to go on loving them—though the woman who is even careless in India today, is doing a terrible disservice to the cause of Woman.

A telegram has reached on to say Abhayananda reaches Bombay tomorrow.

Swami has telegraphed her to go on to Madras first and lecture. As however the Birthday [of Sri Ramakrishna] is fixed for the 19th March, I think she may disobey—and when she reaches this she will come to me. There is no alternative—dear Mrs. Bull.

Sadananda is a perfect angel. Sontoshini is now acting as my assistant—but there is difficulty about getting her here to sleep. He is my great stand-by. He had a wild idea a week ago —of going to Uganda, "as a Railway Veteran"—but postponed it, fortunately, in order to see her planted here. Meanwhile of course Swami sent for him, and Uganda had no further chance. He says sweet bits of flattery to me—but they have an air of quotation from Mr. Ghose, who is now my devoted slave. *If only* I had time and memory to write out some realistic dialogues you would scream. Girish Babu (Mr. Ghose) and I

had a conversation the other day that nearly killed me, and there is another funny man who does the same sort of thing—has an eager way of breaking into a conversation to shout at you and explain emphatically the very thing you were intending to leave unnoticed.

Swami Saradananda and Tur. [Turiananda] are in Guzerat. I hear that they have seen the king of Khetri. I am using the interval to get the pictures framed.

I lecture on Sunday in the Minerva Theatre on the Young India Movement. I hope after the Birthday, Abhayananda will do all or some of the lecturing.

I sent your letter on to Swarupananda. For my part, I cannot try to say thank you—but I *shall* try to follow your sweet instructions to the letter. I do appreciate your dear touches always about my family and the circle. They could not treat you as you deserved—but I hope at least that they tried.

Yours, my dearest Granny always, the child

11.5 P. M. *Margot*

23. To Miss J. MacLeod

16 Bose Para Lane, Bagh Bazaar
Monday morning
[28. 2. 1899 (?)]

My darling Joy

2 classes have dropped out. So I have a little moment for you. The King [Swamiji] has gone to Simla Street. So I cd. not go round just now to share your letter. He came up yesterday afternoon for my lecture. Wasn't that dear of him ?—Was present at it, and has stayed to-day because Sarola Ghosal is coming to me at 3 ! ! ! I was surrounded by a platform full of Tagores and Mr. Mohini last night and with the King's own sanction I made an allusion to R. M. Roy [Ram Mohun Roy] and D. N. Tagore [Debendra Nath Tagore]. This allegiance of the Tagores has been the greatest thing on the horizon for 2 or 3 weeks. My boy—Surendra—came alone on Thursday (without the Maharaj of Natore) and we had 3 hours to ourselves. He is just a hero and

devoted to us. National to the finger tips. You will know *all* that that implies. I have the same feeling for him as for my beloved Montague, with rather more admiration. The King noted with great pleasure that my friends came to me in Bengali dress yesterday. He is beginning to love Sarola. We had a letter from the Roys asking us to tea on Saturday and at my earnest request he consented to go and take me—but Mrs. Roy fell ill—and he said "I am a bit of a mystic Margot. When I heard that I just said 'the Lord knows best.' You know I think He saves me from doing things that would not be for the best." I must say that the quiet understanding Mrs. Roy and Mr. Mukherjee have shown of my attitude of pain and shrinking has been a terrible affirmation of all. Oh I WISH it were not. What do you think. Miss Manning sent me packets of mats from Madras the other day. Isn't she good ? Tur. [Turiananda] and Sarad. [Saradananda] are in Guzerat. I have not heard a word directly. But someone said they had seen the Raja of Khetri.

I have tried to put on my little muslin gown to lecture in, dear Joy—but I just *could* not and so as I felt like that about it. I just wore my Brahmachari Kashmiri gown both times. I hope to send you and Saint Sara the Kali lecture. It is said to be out.

I want you or Mr. Leggett to subscribe to the Empress—the only illustrated Calcutta paper that I know of—because they are going to take articles from me and illustrate them—and it would keep you more or less in touch with official life and doings here.

Address—

Office of the Empress, 35, Chattawallah Lane, Bow-Bazar, Calcutta, or through Thacker Spink & Co.

I wish I could tell you all that Surendra told me, of their plans for their tenantry—and of a poor man near Calcutta whose life's ambition is a technical school for India—and so on. India is neither dead nor sleeping—but even apart from us and the Mission—very much alive—and quite rapidly coming up to date.

One more thing—before I talk about England and you.

A missionary asked me to tea, as she had not time to call ! A word in one of Lady Sara's letters decided me to accept. I went. She had rooms and a school in *Dr. MacDonald's* house ! However, she was sweet—once taught in the Wimbledon High

School—ardent educationist—lent me books—accepted hints—asked for help in history—and said—"I would ask you to teach it for me here—*if I only dare* !" A new friend in an unexpected quarter. The Englishman turned up and went over to Belur yesterday. Every Englishman is worth having and he has plenty of strong good points.

Swami said he was dying to sleep and anxious to get here—and the man stayed 2 hours.

When my lecture was over I came round to the porch where Swami was standing with Sarola and other ladies—discussing some point with her. When he saw me he said "You did splendidly Margot !" out loudly—to my great amusement. But wasn't that lovely ? All the criticisms and hints were reserved for the carriage—there I had done "splendidly."

Then the crowds gathered to see him pass and I waited for him to go down the steps first—but he said "No, after you—I want to show them how it should be done"—and of course such a whisper was enough.

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And now my darling Yum. Your first letter from London. I kissed the postage-stamp Dearest. Dover St. ! How magnificent ! But alack and alas, I could see that you were far from well, worn out. Still, that was a little way you had of giving out after great expenditure. It seems to me that you were never so well as in our little camp under the Chenars at S inagar. That was *my* feast of you Dearest. How I hope that once at home you will find yourself thoroughly well once more.

And do think you had seen Mrs. Jonson. And my next will have news of Wimbledon. I am quite at ease now about London for I see that you will have to discriminate amongst all that is offered. I don't think I know Mrs. Cimliffe—do I ? Is she the wife of "the American girl ?"

It is getting terribly hot. My clock is going wrong—and my brain going blank, and this is the only explanation I can give.

I hope to write to Mrs. Coulston this week. If I had to leave India she night be here to take my place.

Swami Abhayananda is in Bombay and lectures there today—then to Madras to lecture—and last here—in time for the Birthday —March 19. No doubt she will return to Madras on her way home in the autumn. Meanwhile—Calcutta is near

Darjeeling. She is to stay with me here, and I mean to relieve Swami of worry by having *no* altercation of any sort. I stood Miss M—now we'll see if I can do this. I think in my own house the times are changed if I cannot.

But I think of a little writing table in my bed room. She shall have your bed—and the puja-room. I can see that he really *is* anxious. He says she can't go to the Seviers nor anyone else. I hope she has taken a return ticket. He is worried about money for railway fares.

Wednesday mg.—How atrocious this paper is if one writes on 2 sides—but I think you can make out the writing if you put white paper under.

A Miss Tagore is being married this week. I went Sunday to the maiden's feast, last night to the wedding—and Thursday night to the reception—or flower bed as they call it. I won't describe it to you—because I'll write it up for the Empress instead. I posted Kali lectures to you and Lady Sara yesterday and my review of M. M. [Max Muller's *Ramakrishna*] to you.

How long I shall go on writing these long letters I don't know. One correspondent always fills my life, and poor Swarup's protest I told you about. Well, I wrote him a little note of course....

And now Darling Joy, Goodbye till another day. I am sure it is school time, or very nearly.

Yours own *Margot*

24. To Mrs. Coulston

16, Bose Para Lane
Bagh Bazaar, Calcutta
March 1, 1899

Dear Mrs. Coulston,

Another week must not go by without my replying to your letter, though you will probably see Mrs. Bull and Miss MacLeod in the course of a very few days now, and receive their warm encouragement. There is endless work. Only to live here is in itself work. I want help in the school more than I can tell you, but still more do I want to extend the work. I ought now to be able to take in boarders, with whom I should go into zenana

and live constantly. The girls are here and willing enough, but one must be able to make provision for them. Two of us could do a thousand times more than one, with a thousand times less wear and tear ; but money is wanted, and this is the whole burden and difficulty. If only you could come I should bless you, but I dare not say so, because any day I may myself be left where I cannot do another stroke. There are writings, visiting, lecturing, social intercourse with all, classes, teaching, criticism and a hundred other things. If we were rolling in money, a little cottage in the Hills at Darjeeling would be highly desirable, whence editing and writing could emanate. And I need not tell you what a comfort and strength it would be to me selfishly to have the companionship and support of a married lady of my own race in meeting both English people and Hindus. Many sneers and attacks would necessarily be groundless then. Indeed this is something of which I ought to tell you, but that you will hear it from Miss MacLeod. You are not only cut off from European society and European comforts here, but you are hated and maligned by that society. The Hindus are ready to love you endlessly, however.

As to money : Absurdly little goes absurdly far. Here in Calcutta, living as I do £ 50 a year would make one quite rich. I am told that rent is high about Darjeeling and I think one should include a holiday there amongst necessary expenses ; but I don't see how it can be very bad. Still, I have never been. On this point I might consult a missionary friend. But think of it—if I had £ 150 (Rs. 750) a year for the school I could keep and educate five girls !—and myself included.

As to the spiritual side of your desire dear Mrs. Coulston, I am in utter sympathy. I have a strong feeling that you are destined to come, and that world-causes, as well as our personal drift, are behind us all in our work here. England *ought* to be doing more than America, but the race difficulty is terrible, and America is so sympathetic. So I trust these things will all be set right. I am sure if it is the right thing for you to come difficulties will vanish at once. But don't come just to die. That would be terrible. Calcutta is again slightly plague-stricken. This is near the infected area. Do be sure of your health. Nursing is again one of the directions in which something could be done. Not that we could do so much by actually working as by teaching

the girls here the value of certain simple habits and a little care during illness. Clue goes on over and over again bandaging or anointing or what not, and the minute it is time for the customary cold-water bath or what not, your bandage is torn off, without a thought, your ointment washed away, and all your labor and strength wasted. You see the only process that can get behind a difficulty of this nature is a real true education of deeds and things when a girl is young.

You can do a great deal here with English only. Of course if one could speak Bengali one could do vastly more with all classes. This is not easy. I speak on very limited topics yet, after all these months. But this is a difficulty which you will not count as such.

Swami Abhayananda is now in India, and has probably left Bombay for Madras. She is to be here by the 19th of March, and will no doubt share my little home for the summer, or as long as she can stand the heat, which will soon be pretty bad. Of course this is scarcely so startling to you as to me, but you will feel the want of intense cold even more.

For all the rest I am greedy for enough workers to satisfy me could never come. There would always be more left to do—in setting the people to their own task. So come, come, come as far as that goes. Only if you come at all be prepared to face the very worst in the way of the want of money.

As to spiritual realization—you will get it abundantly. This is indeed a holy land. I could not have believed it. "The half was not told unto me."

Yours ever dear Mrs. Coulston
Nivedita

If you read and talk this letter over with Miss MacLeod I shall be specially glad.

25. To Mrs. Ole Bull

16 Bose Para Lane
Bagh Bazaar, Calcutta
[5th March, 1899]
Wednesday evening

Dearest Granny,

A few minutes ago, no an hour ago, I felt so hopeless about India and the world, that I lay down to read "The Master Builder" and wait for tea. Now I am like a giant refreshed with wine, and sit down in the strength of 4 or 5 slices of thick bread and butter to write to you.

For Swami is at home—and once more I have a father—the thing I lost before I was 10. He is indeed at peace— such peace—such sweetness—such strength !

Yesterday I hear that he talked ½ to himself about the Xtianisation of India. Is it true that missionary enterprise is forming joint stock companies—buying up industries—and *forcing* employees to receive Baptism ? Can it be true ? Oh how sick with shame it makes one feel. "*Christ* ! What things are done in Thy Name !"—Mdme. Roland should have said.

"*What*" he was asking, "is the need that we have to meet, in order to save the masses from this ? They must have bread ! How can we give it ?"—and so on, and so on. I have not seen him since I heard all this—but how radiantly I feel it that this Gospel of the Master—'*All* are true is the one thing to save the Indian masses from degradation in the acceptance of any religious idea. *Let* them become Xtns, if they throw nothing away and gain bread—and fellowship. But in truth I don't think this is necessary. *Surely* we can fire enough young men to give up everything but the service of the World and Humanity to spread equality effectually.

Since Swami told me I should lecture soon I have felt close to the hand that moves the world. I begin to have some respect for oratory now. You reach numbers that way.

*

Later

A little while ago I saw him. He came up with, "I am in my working mood again." Swami Saradananda is to go to Bombay to collect funds. Swami himself will work the Math for a while. Everyone is being scattered, and a number of the boys are to be

turned out to beg, because they cannot be supported there. Swami feels himself in a terrible struggle I see. Joginanda's illness and his own have been great additional burdens. Yoginanda 10 rupees per day. He says he cannot see his disciples go through his experiences. Man-making is his work, but he thinks he could do it better giving them bread to eat and with necessities available than without. Too much struggle, especially for the immature, drowns everyone. Oh how true it all is! How terribly, terribly true.

My lessons at the Math are to be one instead of two weekly, if any, because of expenses, and so on.

And then with all this he was arguing the question for India and the Indian masses, his mind working all the while so rapidly that I could scarcely follow.

What fresh means of making bread for them ? How to make colonies, and grow corn for Man-making ? How to find a market in Europe and America for old industries ? How to find money to buy trade-secrets ?—and make them available on a large scale ?

And so on. How am I to obey your sweet commands and feel anxious neither about him nor anyone ?

I begin to feel that my being here is a burden. Yum will tell you the awful possibility that is before me. That it would be cowardly and mean to shirk. I mentioned it today to Swami Saradananda, and he said in reply—"Well—Swamiji was talking of making you return to Europe the other day !" I felt as if the ground had opened at my feet—for I thought so much work was coming to me—but goodness knows—I don't know about anything. And then across it all come those words that I was quoting to Yum—those words that belong always to the Mother.

"My child, you need not know much in order to please me. Only love me dearly."

It is'nt that money is wanted in itself—but money to buy freedom !

If all the world agreed together to be quit of possessions what a strange and sudden change would take place in the moral atmosphere !

While Swami was talking to me, a woman's loud wailing went on incessantly. She was in a mud hut across the street. I went in to see her, and put my arms round her. She had been

disturbing Swami greatly and I told her that my Guru was ill, and she was making him worse. She came to rest at once—this elderly woman—with "O mother ! mother !" She was crying for a son who died years ago. Poor thing ! Motherhood was all she had, and her son had died ! How one longs to give other resources to these people.

Well, I must do what I can—while I am here—if I am to go—it is all the more reason for effort in the time that remains, and beyond that—who knows ?

I had my first educational victory today. A child came to school a violent young fiend the other day : today after 3 struggles she arrived radiant and good. Oh how glad I was ! I had begun to think my heart had lost its cunning.

I will not call this a selfish letter—dear Saint Sara—for I know you want to know just how things are working here. Swami will soon be off West I fancy. Things are exactly as you left them. One is cautious of all changes when the future is uncertain, but the problem clears itself daily. I cannot but think that all that is necessary will be granted. It has been a blow about Mrs. Coulston. Things would be much easier with two. For her own sake however I hope she will soon be well.

You see if after all Abhayananda turns up there may be field enough here in Calcutta for her lectures. Swami rather dreads her appearance. I can see because he doubts her co-operating stability and fears a political outburst—but if she comes there will be scope.

Yet we seem to be on the threshold of great activities—a real attempt to work Calcutta. Are n't you glad ?

I want to thank you for your sweet and lovely letter. I feel that I owe you such a long debt of gratitude and love that I never even began to pay off when I had you, dear Saint Sara ! And now it is too late for *me* to do my part—but never too late to say that I have always known and appreciated yours ! Even when I seemed a bad "child," I was ashamed in my heart.

It is the least of all I owe you—that you have written so beautifully—yet if you could know how much I appreciated that, you would begin to know how much I mean.

As to Delhi—and my nation—I am so glad they have won their place with you after all. It is true, is n't it ?—that Nicholson's life was given to the Indian people and their future far more

really than to the British supremacy ? As I sat that evening beside his grave I felt as if I understood that great tide on which his life was borne, perhaps unconsciously to him, and as if in the illumination of Death he approved my thought. But Swami Saradananda tells me that the owner of 57 R B L [Ramkanto Bose Lane] has already bought the book, and Genl. Patterson lent me a copy, so we are not going to buy it—because that will not be necessary.

Mr. Ghose is so delighted with Ibsen. He loved Brand, and then brought me the Master Builder from somewhere. Sadananda never comes to me now. He has revived an old affection for Mr. Ghose and has been worshipping at that shrine ever since you went. At present I have so much on hand that this is well. He will come back in time.

And now dearest Granny, with loving thanks over and over again, I am your loving child,

Margot

26. To Mrs. Eric Hammond

16 Bose Para Lane
Bagh Bazaar, Calcutta
March 9 [1899]

My own dear Nell,

If I don't answer your wonderful letter now at once the zest of it will disappear—and so here goes—though I *ought* to be doing a hundred other things.

You do write the most wonderful letters. Please [say] where could *I* learn how to do it ? Would a little journalism teach me ? But no—for it's the thoughts that are still more lovely than the style.

Well, I took it in to the Holy Mother [Sarada Devi] and translated it straight through to her and her ladies one hot evening. And every now and then they would say "Ah !" and turn and kiss their right shoulders in token of their delight. I can't tell you how deep all this touches them. Now how much you do in simply writing a letter like that. Nor was that all. I had two young scions of one of the most aristocratic families here when it came. We were all going up to lunch at the Math with Swami.

Hitherto this family has held off from everything, but quite lately they have become ours, and they were *so* touched by one or two bits I read them ! You see they had felt race-separation more than these zenana ladies—one was a girl, and one a man—cousin —and so they appreciated it more.

Then I asked the Holy Mother for a message—and she sent you her love and blessings—she regards you indeed as a daughter. But having got that you must not expect more. For in *thought*, outside the range of practicality and experience, these ladies have no range ; it is in **feeling** that they are so strong. You see, they have never had the education that would enable to frame a thought that would appeal to a stranger.

But in feeling she is perfect. You know that photograph meant the first time she had ever looked straight at a grown-up man outside her own family, or been seen by one. Yet what self-consciousness was there ? Not a grain ! Neither Swami nor Sri Ram Krishna Himself ever saw her unveiled—after her marriage, that is, when she was a little girl of 5 ! Men come up to the zenana door and sometimes inside, to worship her—but her long white veil is immediately dropped over her face, though sometimes she closes it with a long point so that she can look down it with one eye. I have teased her so much about it that now she shakes with laughter the whole time if the man remains outside. But that is very interesting—a servant or a monk comes to the head of the stairs and in a loud voice announces that so and so is coming to prostrate before the Mother. And then a sort of tense air comes over the whole room. All chattering stops. Even fanning ceases, veils are quietly dropped, saris drawn up to cover the whole person—a back is turned to the door, if the lady sits in the middle of the floor—and all this so quietly ! The man comes, remains outside, and touches the threshold with his forehead, or comes in and touches the Mother's feet, and tells her what he is going to do. He has just come to Calcutta—and brings presents or he is just going and begs her blessings etc.. Then she whispers kind inquiries to the lady who sits next to her, and these are repeated in a louder tone to the man, and presently he prostrates for the last time, and she clasps her hands and is understood to bless him, and he goes. Then the tension relaxes. Old attitudes are resumed—chatter begins again and fans move —veils drop—and the rest.

But fancy worshipping a man as she worshipped her Husband, and never giving Him even a glimpse of your face to make sure that He sometimes thought of you again ! There is a deep self-abnegation about it all that fills me with amazement.

You know Nell, I feel so unkind to my own family. But we seem to be drifting so far apart. How can I talk about these things to them ? Nor dare I mention those religious interests in which my whole heart is set. And as they write to me only of family and social matters, and here I have no such, I feel my letters getting thinner and poorer everytime. What can I do ?

I should like to send you my Kali lecture if there is a copy left, but you must treat it as a deadly confidence. For in orthodox Wimbledon if my attitude on these questions were understood, I fear Nim would suffer. It will come in time, but I hope to goodness some way of escape will be found for her first.

Of course I am being attacked—what people seem to lose sight of is that no one is making speculation—investments in the worship of Kali now in order to get Sri RK's [Sri Ramakrishna's] realisation later on. That, we can believe, is millenniums distant. But we worship Her for what She *is*—i. e. She is GOD—one of those conceptions which are as Names of GOD—and as you respond when your name is uttered—in tones of need or of love—so He when this name of Kali—as much as when we say "Our Father Who art in Heaven." As to Sacrifice, I must say that the details of Sacrifice are revolting to the unaccustomed eyes. But that only shows that that stage of Sacrifice we have got beyond. And certainly no one has any right to protest against them in the name of Xtianity, for Judaism and the Crucifixion are just the same. But the fact that the great multitude worship in this way does not imply that it is the only ritual laid down, for when a man gets far enough to worship by certain asceticisms instead, it is rated as higher than goat-killing —and last of all—no sacrifice is offered at all.

The fact is—in India you do in the name of religion just what you choose, only all possible desires and deeds are scientifically classified, so that you can find out where you are spiritually by your own desires.

How I hope you will come one day to make a farm-colony ! You are the very people ! Oh how I wish it ! I am convinced

that the missionary of the future is to be in sympathy with the religion of the people, and to be simply an educator in one way or another—coming as much for what he gets as for what he gives. It is *England's* work, not the individuals and she will acknowledge it proudly and gladly someday, though we shall be dead, and either burnt or buried, long before that. But India and England *shall* be one—I know it—I know it—I know it.

How glad I am that you love them both. Which better ? But between them they fulfil so many needs, don't they ? Only I am nearly as glad to be Yum's friend as to be Swami's daughter.

Swami is comparatively well and longing to go West. I *hope* he may start in April—I have just written Mr. Sturdy. *He* read your letter—amongst the few that he greedily looks for and absorbs—though indeed he loves people more than they dream, and is always glad to have their letters to *himself.*

And now Dear with love to you both—goodbye for the present. Do write soon.

Nivedita

Do you remember the evening in Graham Road when I told you about "the Indian Yogi"—and how G. said, "Oh I say you know—you do glorify things so when other people can't go !" And now how much of life that Indian Yogi makes for us all !

27. To Miss J. MacLeod

16 Bose Para Lane
Bagh Bazaar, Calcutta
March 12th Sunday morning,
7-20 A.M. [1899]

My dear Yum,

The mail came in an hour ago—with a long letter from Nim—and do you know what it has just told me ? - - - -

Yes, your letter told too—but not in the same way - - - -

I am trying to make myself *not* send you Nim's letter—because it is not perhaps honourable and yet I am afraid I shall give way in the end and send it.

And for my own part what am I to say to you ? Oh I don't know—you are just like GOD and it's no use to say anything.

Only this - - - - you have justified every deepest thing in my life for the last ten years by lifting this weight off my conscience —everything—I was always doubting that I had listened to false voices—and now I feel as if it had just been the matter of the turning of a page—and every step had been guided. Only I hope and pray that I may really be able to labour so well and wisely in *your* cause here that you may never feel that you made a mistake. Not that you have that attitude towards it I know, for you just do great things greatly out of your own nature—but for my part, I hope this, quite independently.

Oh dear I wish I could have one of your sweet kisses. Here I am—crying like a silly child.

Now Dear I wish you would never say a word about Paris. For even you can't be Croesus—and that illimitable pocket of yours shall *not* be drawn upon to furnish pleasures for me. If I am wanted in Paris I'll e'en put pride in my pocket—and either work my passage out, or take Miss Muller's provision—and beg my way back. You have made me free for India—free with a light heart too—and the rest of my life shall be an attempt to prove not utterly unworthy—

I cannot believe that the combination of "Purity and Strength against Evildoers" has really come to an end. I cannot *think* of you two except together. I hope I shall soon hear when you are to rejoin. I must say that when I do think of you two there is always a shadow of someone scribbling—over in India—for the party is really 3 ! Isn't it ? Yes—your suggestion that the world was being saved too quickly is distinctly good.

Darling Yum ! That is the word that keeps coming back to me though I have plenty to say, and had planned to make *this* my first little task—this morning—without knowing that the mail would be here.

I saw Swami last night. A monk called at 4 and when I said I wanted to interview Swami for Awakened India offered to take me back at 6 in the houseboat if I would drive home. Sadananda

came too, in order to bring me home, which made it very nice and we walked home. There had been a letter about Allahabad on Friday also and I wanted to know what to do.

We got there at 8. The King [Swamiji] had been sitting beside the fire under the tree—but I did not get off my rug [?] on the boat's roof—and he came to me there—as I felt that it was a little late for a lady to visit monks.

When I had interviewed him—he said, "I say Margot—I have been thinking for days about that line of least resistance. And it's a bare fallacy !—It's a comparative thing. As for me I'am never going to think of it again. The history of the world is the history of a few earnest men, and when one man is in earnest the world must just come to his feet. I am NOT going to water down my ideals. I am going to dictate terms—"

You can imagine what I said and felt. For he gave me this, as my freedom too—and it's really to be a monastic order and not a series of concessions to the feeble-hearted. He was full of it—but that he meant it to have this special bearing is proved by the fact that he broke out with it appropos of Santoshini and what he had said to me last time about a widow's home being after all the line of least resistance. Then we talked about the Plague which is rife in this neighbourhood, and breaking out all over Bengal. A request for 2 or 3 "boys" to nurse has come to the Math from some plague-striken place. I urged the King to send. He said he would let 2 or 3 who had spontaneously volunteered, go on a tour through Bengal after the Birthday, [of Sri Ramakrishna], inspiring sympathising and reporting accurately. One of them (I cannot help thinking it is that fine dark man) had said "The first man who falls will be a pillar to the cause."

For my part I could see them all die with a smile for the great tradition on which after-lives would be moulded. Tradition is my word—the King's is "Prestige." We want little Dr. Rai. Then Swami told me that 1000 rupees had already come from Gujerat—and that he was sure he would be carried over these things all right, and he pointed up the river in the direction of Dukineswar and said he had begun to take steps towards a permanent home for the Mother and me—a home where I could have my students—and the practising school could be supplied from surrounding villages.

Then he said he was growing better and stronger everyday—and that be attributed it to the hot weather. So he thought he would perhaps stay here till June. The Red sea could not kill a *Hindu*—and when his health was really established—start. He dreaded even the mountains, to initiate the Seviers, and did not think he would go.

He set me free for ever from Allahabad. My work was here—and the Allahabad people's proposals were too vague to mean anything ! ! ! ! !

I could come to the Math in the morning tomorrow—Monday—for Sri RK's [Ramakrishna's] real Birthday worship (the celebration is on Sunday—but the Day itself tomorrow)—but he looked pleased when I said "No"—and I feel that if I can get our dear Mother (Yum darling—*you* have made me able to call Her that—I always had the possible claims of my own little mother at home tugging at my heart before) to make a special worship for the bairns. That will be better than any amount of religious dissipation for myself. Besides, Abhayananda is ahead—no doubt she will be here this week—and I must save [gave ?] up room for boating.

Did I tell you that she had been triumphantly received, with an address in a silver casket, in Bombay ?—and no doubt great things have happened in Madras. But to the King and myself she has maintained a solemn silence—no reply to either wires or letters. Alasinga sent me Swami Saradananda's lectures and a photograph of Mr. Goodwin. If you haven't some too—I'll send them on.

And last of all the King said "yes" at once when I asked him to make me "a member for life" on Saturday the 25th. He said he had done likewise for two novices yesterday morning. I wish there were the least chance of your knowing in time. It will be just a year since the last.

Next about Swarupananda the blessed one. Everything was all right. What a curious thing it is that with all his blundering inexperience he is so marvellously large and gentle in his treatment of one....

I think I must have told you about Sarola and the Countess Carmavan.

If I should be allowed to go off on a walking tour with a tiny tent and *two* brothers, this summer, would it be proper or

improper ? At first my breath deserted me with surprise. Then I thought 2 at a distance perhaps would surely be wiser than alone. Then I wondered whether 2 would be impossible at all. I would be out of the question. I should like Sadananda and [...] having a taste for manhood. After all you know it matters in some ways very little—but the world is small—and one act of thoughtlessness might endanger one's usefulness after.

But I must not use up all my chances before mail day—and it's ¼ to 9.

Your own Childe
Margot

Dear—did I tell you that "lockets" were in again—and I am feasting on rose-berries. I shall send stones to Albert. I just feel as if the world were all love and no need to say "thank you" to a soul.

One thing Swami said last night was "We have not *seen* Humanity yet—and when that era dawns there will be no line of least resistance—for *everyone* will be free to do good."

I wish you could have heard him towards the end. ...He said "as long as you go on mixing with that [Tagore] family Margot I must go on sounding this gong. Remember that that family has poured a flood of erotic venom over Bengal." Then he described some of their poetry. "But a man who left his own *mother* could not be tempted like that—and just you remember —if you long for the flesh pots of Egypt—my mission is not Ramakrishna's nor Vedantas—nor anything but simply to bring MANHOOD to this people." "I'll help you Swami" I said. "I know it" he said—"And so I beat the alarm."

28. To Miss J. MacLeod

[March, 1899]

[*Pages missing*]

And now I want to stop telling you news and just sit quietly with *you*—your sweet self, for awhile.

Tomorrow will be S. Patrick's Day. This time last year—Belur—tomorrow a year since we all saw the Mother, and you took me practically into the family.

Today I'm nearly as glad to know you as to know Swami. And isn't it lovely that we have all had our *special* work ? Dr. Bose simply talks suddenly of S. Sara.

And I am *so* glad that you have been loved by Cookie. There has been so much in each letter to tell. I could wish to hear your *thoughts* about each of my beloveds, but since I know you and them I can very nearly do that too.

Ever ever ever your Child
Margot

That Cookie has "kissed you" was very sweet of you Yum Dear ! You always said "you'd hug him !" Apparently you have fulfilled your threat.

Little Mr. Sukhdayal sends sweet messages from Srinagar to you and our saintly Granny. I fancy you don't want Ackshya's note or Mrs. Lawfond's invitation to lunch.

I shall probably have to take Abhayananda out to tea at one house and dinner at another on Saturday !—unless she is too tired. I must go anyway.

29. To Mrs. Ole Bull

16 Bose Para Lane
Bagh Bazaar, Calcutta
Mar., 15, [1899]
Wednesday evening

My dearest Grannie,

How far this wonderful freedom that has come to me so undeservedly is the doing of one or both of you I do not know—but I am sure that you have had a hand in it—and I want to tell you at once how I feel about it. Thanking would be too superficial.

It's just impossible to find ANY kind of words in which to express the difference between life now knowing that Nim is unharassed, and life as it was a week ago.

It's like "the great stone rolled away from the mouth of the sepulchre," a simile that has been often in my mind this week.

I have had such a shower of letters from England since you arrived there—and today a letter from Mrs. Jonson with 74 rupees for the school. She says that in you she has "gained a friend whose sweetness serenity and strength cannot be over-estimated."

Sadananda with endless sweetness and dignity and a patience that I can but envy, has tonight brought Sontoshini here to sleep. By tomorrow morning I trust my first boarder will thus be fully installed, and the ice really broken. All this last month she has eaten bread and milk with me at midday—and I have been enabled by Mr. Mohini's generosity to pay her mother to provide her two principal meals at home—but sleeping here seemed impossible. It is to be only 3 nights a week to begin with.

Endless concessions have to be made—and if it were not for Sadananda who is the greatest strength in this matter, I should lose all by some sudden fit of inflexibility in the wrong place.

I want to tell you about Dr. J. C. Bose and his desire to write to you. I quite hope that you will soon be writing him a little letter—perhaps with Miss Wilkins' two little books about which I told Yum—for he may prove too shy to write himself. He says he is always talking of you as of one to whom he would like to go in some great sorrow and just stay quietly near. So I told him much about your Norway home and its cloister of light and some of the beautiful memories that cling to it, and I know that it must be falling on his spirit like balm—for he was in a mood of terrible depression—and so I went at once, afterwards, that nothing less holy might break the charm of the thoughts that come with that subject.

Tonight is Wednesday—Friday evening we expect Abhayananda. Sunday is the Birthday Celebration. I feel all the time as if there had been some special touch of Sri Ramakrishna to tell you of and I believe it is simply this matter of my home—all the time.

It grieves me much to find the attitude of men like Dr. Bose —whom I love as I love Mr. Apperson, short time as I have known him,—to the Swami, since I lectured on Kali. *Now* all that you said about the Comparative Study of Religion is beginning to have its real value for me. I understand by the baffled feeling he gives me when we talk on the question how impossible any other line of approach will be for him, to see these things as we see them. And his position, great thinker and

scholar as he is in other lines, seems, compared to Swami's on this branch, a position of ignorance and superstition compared to science and reason.

But how would you advise me to talk when there ? Would you advise me to talk a good deal about Xtianity, letting myself dwell on the Catholic side lovingly and sympathetically ? I think it's practically useless to refer to the question directly at issue.

Sarola and I have a scheme on foot to get up a ladies' reading club amongst Brahmo ladies. This would keep us all in working-touch and be better worth while than afternoon tea—and I have had so much experience in that line that I may be able to throw a little light on the working of the body. It *might* prove that under a humbler name we could do some comparative work.

I do not know how to thank you for all your personal sweetness and hospitality to many friends of mine. They all love you in a way that would be enough of itself to prove how you had loved them.

I feel a personal loss in the fact that you and Yum are separated. Mrs. Patterson writes that she is to spend the summer in England, I understand, and if she gets there before you start for Norway no doubt you will see her.

Saradananda and Turiananda are still in Guzerat. Kali-krishna and Premananda in Dacca—Swami at the Math "getting stronger everyday." I have been accusing Mrs. Jonson of treating him, for he boasts that he is eating lbs. of sugar with no evil consequences, and this throwing-away of crutches is entirely in her spirit. I hope he may start West at the end of March or beginning of April.

It was Sri R. K's [Rama Krishna's] real Birthday on Monday last, and the Mother came and made a special puja before His Image in the prayer room. And then her ladies made the fruits ready, and 30 children and myself sat there and ate the Prasad. I wish you had seen their lovely little prostrations before eating, and heard the chatter ! It was a lovely little Holy Eucharist with something of the Xmas Feast about it too. In the afternoon the Mother, the ladies, the children and I drove in 7 gharis to see the orchids in Chatterji's Nurseries—where it was a zenana day. And you must not think that all this meant wild extravagance. It was

2 treats for 40 persons each time you know, and altogether cost less than 12 rupees ! Isn't it wonderful what one can do here ?

And now I must stop—though it is in my mind that I had much more to say. It was Siva's night last Friday, and I began again at the Journal that day—and hope to finish it now within some reasonable time.

Ever my own dear Grannie,

Your loving "Child",
Margot

Hush, I am only going to tell Yum besides. The Mother says that my fancy about Swami was exactly what Sri R.K. [RamaKrishna] said to her about him—but I must be very silent about it.

30. TO MISS J. MACLEOD

16 BOSE PARA LANE
Thursday morning 6.15
March 16th [1899]

My sweet Yum,

Once more today the fact of a talk with you enters into actuality. Abhayananda comes tomorrow evening.

Mrs. Jonson sent £5 for the school this week. I hope to go ot the Bose's this evening instead of tomorrow.

You don't know what it is to see your writing in the mail, and I think there will be no letter this week. Miss M. [Muller] has written by the last two. How cherry it was to hear of Mr. Beatty's Shillelagh and Mr. Apperson's forlorn hope that he would not be rude ! I have not seen the King since Saturday evening, but I forgot to tell you that he said R. K. [Rama Krishna] always said "Lok na pok" : Men are worms—and when he was in Chicago he had a vision. He was lying on the floor—"half dead" from anxiety and privation apparently and Sri R. K. [Rama Krishna] came into the room and touched him and said "Hut ! get up man ! Lok na pok !" That I think was all that I forgot. Yesterday morning Mr. and Mrs. Parker came to photograph the house and

children for the Empress. They also photographed Sadananda, got up as a typical beggar. Please buy the Empress !

Darling how funny it must be to be at home. Especially if Mr. and Mrs. L. have gone, and you are alone. Oh, the King told me that Mrs. Adams had had a luncheon party at which she had read all your letters, in consequence of which he had a lovely long letter from Mary Hale, after a silence of ages. It seems impossible that there should be as much for you to do when you get home, as there was in India and In England. But no doubt you will be as living as ever.

The school is unmanageably large. I have never mentioned Sarola's name in connection with it since the night coming down from Pahlgam—but now I simply must. Her cousin thinks she would come—and stay here 3 or 4 days of each week—to teach. With her, I could give an *Education*. Without her it is only a few accessories. But who is to cook ? She *may* not bring a Mohammedan servant with her. I wish you were here to "manage", Shiva ! Oh by the way, the Mother says that Sri R. K. [Rama Krishna] told *her* that Swami was even as I have loved to think him, a direct incarnation of the National GOD, and He Himself of Kali—do you see ? The Hindu wife's feeling of tremulousness and veneration for her lord, and so Swami in *some* sense the superior. I told you all the lovely touches didn't I ? But this is something to be very very silent about. Only telling as there is not telling.

Why Yum what you have done for the cause in London cannot possibly be described. It is tremendous. The thing is awake and alive again. I *knew* it wouldn't die.

[*Pages missing*]

bondage. I realised for the first time all that you used to say. But you would have done so differently ! Tell me what you would have said, and how to treat such things. I feel a selfish miserable wretch to think of myself at all.

He must have had this letter yesterday. I *might* have an answer on Friday. But perhaps he won't answer. You see, it got like that, that I did not dare to write.

I enclose a cutting from a paper that has just reached me. It may amuse you to find the Brahmos claiming that K. C. S. [Keshub Chunder Sen] *made* - - - "Our Lord" - - - *made* Sri Ramakrishna—good heavens ! How was it that another disciple so far outshone the spiritual Father of the Master and the Faith, I wonder ? However, I was much amused.

Dear—how could you have said all these things in Wimbledon ? The work I am here to do does not seem really of any great importance at this moment, and I had given Mr. Pedler up, in consequence of a disagreeable incident on the part of a lady with him one day, when Swami sent me word to make a certain application to him on behalf of the Math. So I asked about an educational interview at the same time. He replied offering me a dozen different appointments or "more if necessary"—and shewed me every encouragement, confidentially submitted the new Code to my inspection and listened to my hints—in fact was just magnificent. I offered to drill these obscure little native teachers in out-of-the-way holes and corners to his wishes, and he seemed intensely grateful. So it *may* be, that he will open up *some* work—who knows ? And he lent me important Departmental Reports. So I shall be writing to him again. So your words came true the day before I received your letter, or I should have demurred.

And now dearest Yum, how am I to thank you for picking out strong happy things from the home-news ? That you love Nim—and because she is different from me—is heavenly. This whole week has been delivered from mean fears by you—I told Swami—and he smiled in that wonderfully responsive way and said it was lovely ! As for you and the beloved Granny dear and your "fun"—what can I say ?

Just 'thank you.' How naughtily kind, but HOW kind. It's not the thing—it's the LOVE and the THOUGHT and the real *pleasure* that touches one in *your* gifts.

My own darling darling Yum. I'm sure you'll show this letter to the Granny. So goodby Darling till next week. With oceans of love to you both.

Your own *Margot*

Something I *want*—Miss Wilkins' two little books. Far Away M. [Melody] and Humble R. [Romance] for the

Boses. Would you or *Lady Sara* send them with *your* or her love to 85 Upper Circular Road, Calcutta. Dr. J. C. Bose, F. R. S.—can't get in Calcutta—and if Lady Sara wd. write with them the ice would be broken.

31. To Miss J. MacLeod

16 Bose Para Lane, Bagh Bazaar
Thursday Mar., 23, [1899]

My own Joy,

Today I came downstairs to receive a parcel containing gloves —corsets—and scissors ! ! ! How dear of you ! When I lifted the lid that dear pair of scissors, lying there, told the tale of the sender and of the hand that had closed the box - - - -

But the great news of this week is that plague is raging here.

An old Irishman—our district health officer—says 100 cases a day are probably the truth. Last evening the number of death-fires by the Ganges' side was pitiful.

On Tuesday I nursed a case from 10 O'clock. He died at evening. It was not repulsive in anyway. Only a high fever with occasional delirium—a slight swelling—and a collapse of the heart from which he died most peacefully. Now I see that this girl who died opposite me a few weeks ago died certainly of plague.

I stole some of the love that he meant that last day for his mother. In delirium once he seized my hand and carried his own to his lips. He was a boy of 12 or 14. And often he looked at me and smiled—and at the end—when he begun in a paroxysm of delirium to say "Haribol" I took it up and stood repeating it and he with a look of relief and soothing, lay quietly back and gradually died—so that those words were the last in the poor child's consciousness.

Yesterday—Wednesday — Sarola and Suren Tagore were coming with me to Dukineswar—and Sadananda and I went early to the Math to see Swami about the Plague. He was frankly insulting—with a sort of playful tone in it—but when the others

arrived he agreed to this house being turned into a Women's Hospital—where women should work, etc., etc. After all this battle—I have gone back on the plan today—for it appears that 600 hospitals exist in Calcutta containing an aggregate of 4 patients.

I have agreed to look upon a man once down with Plague as dead—and to turn all available energy into grappling with conditions. Sadananda is grand.

How beautiful Dukineswar was ! Last time I went—it was X'mas night with you and Mr. Mohini. How I wished you were there again ! We sat under the tree—Sarola Suren and I—and as we rose to go—Sarola pointed out the spaces of moonlight on the steps of the seat, all outlined by the leaves and branches it had fallen through. On the other side of the river were the lights of lamps and two great blazing corpse fires, and the great boats were going up the stream with sails full set.

Then we went into the Room [of Ramakrishna]—and the others were taken through into the courtyard to see the Temple. Kali was shut up but these two hopeful young Brahmos returned full of pleasure in the architectural magnificence of the Court.

And the King waited for us all the time on the boat and went back to the Math with us. It is with Sarola that he talks now when we are all together. And she is beginning to love him as we do. HE says "she is a jewel of a girl and will do great things."

You know his changeable way—at lunch he quoted to me—"A Kshatriya O Arjuna does well to fight in such a cause as this. Dying he gains heaven and victorious he enjoys this world." "That wonderful Gita Margot ! Not one note of weakness or discouragement in it !" And this was what Sadananda hung on to—as THE direction.

Abhayananda arrived on Friday evening. A crowd of about 40 persons assisted Brahmananda and myself to receive her at Howrah. And she proceeded to "receive" these on Saturday evening at 57 Ram Kanta Bose's lane. Swami came in here the first thing on Friday morning and reproached me with the fact that the house was not zenana. So only Sadananda enters it now. Hence Abhayananda was unhappy. On Saturday under these circumstances I went out to my usual engagements and

left her behind. Early morning Brahmo class, tea and dinner later.

On Sunday we went to the Birthday. There she told me that she did not feel in the least at home here—and it seems she told Swami that she "could not live with that lady—she was simply crazy."

You can imagine how glad Sadananda and I were that her things had to be removed to Narendra Nath Mitter's house on Sunday evening and we have not seen her since.

Such egotism I have never imagined ! She taught everyone —came to look at my Crucifix closely—that she might tell me whether It really represented XT truly or not—assured us all that she was exactly like Swami.

Told me—with regard to prostrations before the Mother—that they would soon find out what an American was like—and realise that she had not come to teach Ritualism. I ventured to suggest humbly that they knew two Americans pretty well already—snubbed me on some small matter by telling me that *I* did not belong to the Order—was not a Sannyasini—etc.—to this of course I did not reply—and so on and so on.

But I am sorry for her sake that the poor thing did not take her chance of joining our expedition to Dukineswar yesterday. On the other hand, even Swami said like a joyful child—what a good thing she had not come.

He also explained en plein air as we took tea in the verandah —(Sarola brought all the provisions—the Math only supplied cups chairs hot water and milk !) that his reason for not meeting her at the station was that she was in the habit of kissing him and calling him "Mon Papa !" This he professed to have remembered at the last moment. We really had a fit.

Swami returned to the Math early on Saturday. On Sunday he received early—a party of *Tagores* and others ! ! !—we arrived at 11—I left at 5. We saw very little of him all day—and I need not describe the scene. It was like last year. Only that Abhayananda was the centre of attraction—and so much more space.

If Miss Muller could have all her faults worsened—and her virtues and advantages hidden she might be like that.

I wore your old white kid gloves and showed them to Sadananda as proof that you were there. My white cotton frock

and Mala made memorial of our "Grandy." Indeed the whole air was thick with both of you. There were others besides myself who never forgot you all day.

When Abhayananda left the room on Friday night for bed—Sadananda turned and said "not one bit of interest or sweetness Baba. But *we* are all Yum's children."

He said another time that he really could not work for people without love. He worked for you and the Granny as a child—and for me as a brother—but he could not find out any relation at all here—in a puzzled way.

However he fears he says that she will end by cursing us all. She does not appear to love Swami much. She does not try to be with him—and he simply shuts up when she appears. I tried to give her a little minute on Sunday. He had been chattering to me for 5 minutes about the plague—but not another word when she arrived—I think it is surely this colossal vanity. It just shuts one up.

How unamiable all this is ! I shall only write home and to the Rev. Mother besides—for I must draw up a leaflet. I don't fancy the plague will upset Swami's plans. We shall not be deeply involved now. But it is a terrible scourge.

Awful to have people dying on all sides and you can do nothing for *them.*

The Rev. Mother wrote me most sweetly to come and spend the summer in England. My mother wanted me so badly. Anything—to break up my work !—but done so sweetly withal.

Of course the school is closed this week. But even if there had been no plague—I was getting so tired—almost loathing lessons—the effect of the heat—that I should have had to close for a while anyway—as it is I think of reopening at the end of next week perhaps and going on again, probably till the rains begin.

Meanwhile I have had an invitation from the Banerji's to go to Darjiling for the hot weather. But I prefer when I do take a holiday to go to the Tagore's. The Poet has asked me—and in that house there will always be common interests in poetry and music and the chance of carrying an idea...

I just long to have you here again. My own precious Joy—yet am more than glad that you are both safely away.

Your ever loving Child
Margot

The Seviers have removed 50 miles N. E. of Almorah Mayavati, Via. Almorah, Himalayas.

32. To Mrs. Ole Bull

16 Bose Para Lane, Bagh Bazaar
March 26th 1899

Our dear dear Grannie,

Indeed I wish Nivedita could flatter herself that to have her for your friend was of the slightest use—or anything indeed but a most expensive investment ! I am going to send in this a cutting from the Indian Mirror which was I fancy written by Swarupananda, I know you will be proud of him when you read it.

Swami is all right. I saw him yesterday, when, just a year after my first initiation, I was made a Naishtik Brahmacharini—I mean to write Yum a long account of it for you both—but here is a green leaf from the Puja—which I got him to touch with the ashes for *you* specially. Isn't it funny ? Yesterday morning he gave me my long desired lesson in Puja ! We did it there together in the little Chapel—and he chatted away so sweetly all the time—just like the dearest of mothers teaching a young child in a sweet way.

I fancy he made me a Brahmacharini for life partly for the sake of reviving the old order of Naishtik Brahmacharini, and partly because I am not really ready for anything higher in his eyes. And indeed I should like to come fully prepared to the other—if I ever do—I shan't say anything about this—even to the Hammonds—only to you and Yum. You can imagine that I never forgot you for a minute all the time. The hot weather is good for Swami. The Saviers want him to come to their new place and initiate them and as he dreads the mutns. and is anxious to do it, I think perhaps he will go to Lucknow and do it for them. Won't that be lovely for them ? I think he might start for Europe anytime now. Joginanda has received your message, for he is still living, but he has suddenly developed very bad symptoms and may die after all. I seem to have such a discipline in death lately that it does not appeal me in the least. My old lady in the hospital is dead ! I went up to see her on Friday, and found

her room empty ! Heart-breaking letters from her daughter tell me that her end was terrible. She seemed to be in great pain. But I hope those things can happen to the body of one we love—without the mind being really conscious.

And I have seen two plague people die—one just when I had grown to love him. So death doesn't seem at all terrible any more.

The Seviers' address now is Mayavati—Via. Almorah etc.

Mrs. Patterson leaves for Europe April 15th and is to land at Trieste. Swami Abhayananda implores me to crop my hair like hers—and I won't. We have had grand thimes over the Plague !

I wish you knew how I love the Boses. And I do hope you will take Dr. Bose into your heart as a son—for he always talks of you.

I told Yum in my last of how we went to Dukineswar, last Wednesday, Sarola—her cousin Surendra—Sadananda and I.

I wish you'd take in the Empress, of which I send you a specimen for it is going to have articles and photograph of mine in it—and I should so like you to be receiving them in Norway all the summer.

How good of you to think of me in King's Chapel—and at the Exhibitions ! My letters have taught me that English people can indeed appreciate when you and Yum are there. I feel that it has been so lucky for me that I know some of the people you have been meeting lately. They have just been overjoyed.

Ever dear dear Grannie, Your most loving child,

Margot

Joginanda died on Tuesday. Terrible blow for the Mother. I cannot find the cutting from the Indian Mirror.

33. To Miss J. MacLeod

16 Bose Para Lane
Bagh Bazaar, Calcutta
Maundy Thursday 1899
[30. 3. 99]

My darling Yum,

In thought I always meant to give you a long description of my initiation last Saturday. But now it scarcely seems worth while. Yet I must.

I reached the Math at 8, and went to the Chapel. There we sat on the floor and till the flowers came for worship, the King talked to me of Buddha. He said the Jataka Birth-stories meant that after giving up his life for others 500 times a man could become the Buddha of the Blessed Vision.

Wasn't that a beautiful note to strike just then ? Then they brought the things, and *he taught me to make Puja*, at last you see, chatting so sweetly all the time and explaining it all. I have kept for you the little white flower that he gave me to put on my head. Afterwards I got him to touch it with the fire-ashes for **you**, and the little pink spot is sandal-paste. The whiteness is all burnt away I see. Outside I have put a little line about which I read a poem yesterday. It seemed to me such a beautiful type of the Master. "I am Gabriel that stand (now at this moment, as I speak to you) in the presence of God." The Puja ended with the salutation to an Avatar, which unfortunately I cannot quite remember. When I had decorated the shrine with flowers, he said, "And now give some to my Buddha. No one else here likes him, but me."

When the Puja was over we went downstairs to make the Fire-Sacrifice.

Swami Abhayananda came in during this. And we both stayed and breakfasted with the monks. Afterwards we did not get away till about 5. But I had an hour or two of the King in the meantime.

She is very funny. She did not care to listen to all he said—but went off with a book, fetted because she could not get away and so on, and inveighed against eating on the floor and with fingers in his presence.

She does not really love Swami I think, and she says that my love is very foolish and emotional, because I eat meat if he gives

it me, and do things just because he tells me, and sometimes show that I am greatly struck by (the humility of) words that seem to her quite natural from him. *I suppose the fact is that anyone* can see that I worship him—and that's the truth.

Such greatness, such sweetness, such humility as I see in him towards her, I could not have imagined. "I was a *fool,*" he said to her, about his Samadhi in the New York class—"a teacher has no right to let himself go into trance"—and she calls that the best lesson he ever gave her ! ! ! ! ! She accepts the statement you see.

However, I do not want to go on like this, but to you I must let myself go.

I am only a Brahmacharini—not a Swamy.

I nipped off a week of duty to Abhayananda on Tuesday by taking her to breakfast at the Great Eastern and then driving about Calcutta. Don't you think a few rupees were well wasted that way ?

She is to lecture on Friday in a theatre.

On Monday we were to go to the Parahamsa's Fire-Sacrifice, but on reaching Mr. Mohini's house she turned and went home again—which gave me a lesson. I went on alone, and had a lovely time, and tonight Mr. Mohini is to have "a baby fire-ceremony"—to which Sadananda and I are going—for meditation in the moonlight. I told Swami all about it—and he was quite appreciative, and especially sympathised with my jealousy of the people who stayed up all night to meditate.

On Tuesday afternoon, Joginanda died. They were most of them with him, and asked him—"Brother how do you feel now ? Any pain ?" And he answered—"I am trying all the time for Brahma-Gnan, but my mind will cling to the Personal. Read me the verses from the Gita." They read them and he said "There is no pain now. Everything is melting. Brahma-Gnan is coming." And then saying "Om Ram Krishna !" in a sudden accession of voice and strength, he died.

Wasn't it wonderful ?

Swami came over and dear old Mr. [Girish Ch.] Ghose was afraid he was going to have an attack, and persuaded him to go back to the Math, for which I was most thankful.

I went to the Mother, who was in tears. Jogin Ma who has nursed continually for months lay on the floor without a word or a tear. I was there a long time when we heard "Hari Om !" from 50 or 60 voices downstairs, and the Mother told me hurriedly to go and see.

It was very very awful. The dead man, wearing a great turban of yellow silk and covered with the flowers Swami had thrown on him was held up in the arms of Sadananda and another—while burning camphor was waved before him, and the crowd within and without chanted the Sacred Name.

I wish you had seen the face of Sadananda. At such moments he is a saint.

But a long wail broke out upstairs—and went forth with the sound of the worship from below—for the women knew that it meant that he who had so long been master of the house was about to leave it for ever. Jogin Ma's icy calm was broken now—and I thought she and the Mother would break their hearts. And then he went. The bed was made *so* soft to receive him—and he was covered with flowers—he with white, the bed with yellow.

Down at the burning ghat, they built the pyre—and talked to him all the time, and then before the lighted straw was put beneath it by Brahmananda they all asked his pardon for anything they might have done.

"And his face was just as Siva—in the fire",—says Sadananda.

Yesterday was all reaction of course. The men had suppressed their sorrow to a great extent and merged it in religious exaltation on Tuesday. Yesterday was a day of real mourning. Sadananda could talk of nothing else.

This worship of the Dead is very very impressive.

S. tells me of a boy who was dying, and the Mother ordered them to take him to the Ganges-side.

"What, am I going to die then?" he said, when they told him.

"The Mother orders it," they answered evasively. "Of course," he said at once. "My namaskara to Mother. I must obey. Let us go." Then they carried the bed out, and the Mother stood on her balcony and looked down on him—and all over his body Trigunatita was writing in Ganges-mud the name of Sri R. K. [Rama Krishna] and then of Krishna and other Gods—but he watched the finger moving and

saw the words. "No" he said, "rub them all off but the One—I have lived in *that* Name, and it is enough to die in." And when they had done this, he looked farewell to the Mother and they bore him away. And all the way, going, he chatted pleasantly but when they reached the riverside, he died. It seemed so natural to me that all the time they were at the Ganges ghat on Tuesday a great storm raged and howled. Swami was safe by that time in the Math, and it seemed fitting that the wind should offer its great chariots of music to carry the departing soul.

Since then of course I have not seen the King, and do not know even if he will come tomorrow for Abhayananda's lecture. I have arranged her chairman, the Editor of the Indian Mirror.

Swarupananda tells me that he has promised to go to Mayavati —(Via. Almorah) to initiate Mr. and Mrs. Sevier.

Isn't that lovely for them ? Whenever he undertakes that journey, I *fancy* it will end in the West. He still says the weather is good for him. Good breezes temper the excessive heat.

I have been having a 2 weeks' holiday—half because of Plague and half because I really needed it. I was feeling done for—and hope to begin work next week with great zest after this delightful rest.

The Rev. Mother begs me to go to England for the summer. She will see to my return. Anything, it seems to me to break up my work !

Your own loving Child
Margot

I do hope there will be a letter from you next mail.

Just a word more.

Tomorrow is good Friday.

To night in the moonlight at Bhowanipur we shall remember how we sat with you at Dukineswar last Good Friday.

This death probably means that the Mother will be going back to her village shortly, for 6 months or a year.

I saw the Countess yesterday. She is in great trouble, and talks of treachery and of robbed and cheated.

She says she hasn't a penny. The Mahabodhi Society is like a great house of cards at this moment, and the house has tumbled. Whose fault is it ? I do not know. But I should dread such a woman associating herself in any way with us. She is evidently hysteric as well as unstable, and the combination is terrible. She has one good point. She does not say a word against Dharmapala and I must say that I think she is honestly trying to behave religiously over this mysterious blow. She asked me what I would do if Swami told me to leave my house and go "anywhere." Poor thing. I want to help her, but without involving him.

M

Sadananda is working like a slave over the sanitation question. He says of Abhayananda that he thinks we have seen the best and can hope for no more. "Seviers, Goodwin, my most sweet Rev. M., and our Grandee." He is just dear—and I love him ! Abhyananda has been grumbling that all the monks are *my* slaves ! ! ! ! !

34 To Miss J. MacLeod

16 Bose Para Lane,
Bagh Bazaar, Calcutta
Wednesday, in Easter Week 12.30
[5. 4. 99 ?]

Beloved Joy,

It is midday—I sit in my night dress, writing to you. The hot season has begun again. I teach now from 7 till 11 in the morning and from 4 to 6 in the afternoon. At 11 I bathe—eat—rest—and then write, like a veritable Hindu. In future I mean to dress in this fashion for those hours. Tea will be the true refresher at 3 — after dressing.

Outside, in the early early morning Sadananda like a hero superintends his gang of scavengers. These lanes and bustees are a different place now — thanks to him. Last night the Bengali leaflets about plague came home. Today we have been distributing them and disinfectants. He sat on a threshold

last night for a couple of hours, giving leaflets to all who passed.

I was out trying to start a Sanitation Fund and get letters into English papers. I saw the Pattersons—Rutters—and Salzers.

With the former I ate some dinner. Mrs. Patterson had just had a carriage-accident and twisted her foot. She was suffering dreadfully, and may not be able to leave for Europe next Monday. Swami over at the Math *must* start for the West soon. I saw him last after Joginanda's death. But I send him reports constantly and hear that he is pleased. Also that he considers himself better. General and Mrs. Patterson drove over last Sunday to say goodbye. Mrs. Patterson gave me such an awful account of how ill and thin he looked that I was simply scared. What if he were dying ? The world turned to ashes in a moment. Then she told me also of her anxiety about the General and I, expecting to see a pale feeble old man looked up at that moment to see that dear rubicund jovial-looking person in front of me. Swami went off my mind like a ball, with a bound, at that vision —but I tell you both sides.

Abhayananda is starting for Dacca today. I refused to go when she came, and she does not know that I was asked—not for the world says Margot (to copy your delightful phrase). For 3 days she has been lecturing to large audiences here on Karma and Sacrifice, etc. It is awful—on and on and on it goes till I can't sit still—one night 2 hours and ¼—and all things that one would suppose India knew better than we. However, Sadananda says they like hearing it in English and she has a fine delivery. I did not put in an appearance last night—but if possible I shall be at the station to see her off tonight. She is so rude, raving about the dirtiness and inconvenience of Hindu homes in the presence of her host and hostess, and abusing the monks for their inattention to her, so that it comes round to their ears, that I have no patience. I told the Mother I was ashamed of her for the first and Loki Didi said *she* thought it must be because she was not a buroo sahib (a great lady)—then very touching references were made to you and "Sara mem."

However she is considered to be "very substantial"—and strong in Gnan—and one cannot be too thankful that they are all so sweet as to praise something. Sadananda won't go near her. I think the last straw was her saying that they were all my slaves.

That made him angry and *might* have made him give me up. But she, I think, is now quite happy. And with all her faults has a certain pleasantness of personality.

The poor Countess of Cannavaro has not, according to the Salzers, left for Ceylon yet. They have a strong grievance against Dharmapal. When she was coming to Calcutta he arranged with them to receive her—evidently knowing that while with them she would be discarded by the Mahabodhi Society and be left on their hands. They suspected something and refused the visit. None the less contemptible on his part. Dr. S. has done what he could for her—but what mingles one's sympathy is the large way in which she talked when she arrived. She was to buy a house and a press and so on. Poor lady—I am truly sorry for her—the more so that she does not seem in the the least to realise her position, but talks of joining the begging bhikkus in Rangoon. Imagine one of us joining a troop of sannyasinis along the Chowringhee ! And we have proved a certain capacity to deal with simple conditions, but whenever I have seen her she has been on a bed or a sofa groaning with the heat.

I wish this life did not commend itself so readily to cranks and hysterical subjects.

The plague seems to be stationary—but has arrived in the next street meanwhile. Genl. Patterson says they expect it to be awful next year. Our plan of cleaning on a large scale would be the *only* remedy, but who wd. carry it out. Even in our own Order where is there another Sadananda ? For this, as long as enthusiasm lasts, he has a genius. The gang loves him, the women welcome him, the children carry his opinion, and the men trust him. I just dread the day when he tires, but if he did I believe he would take it up again. Swami showed so much feeling about his life that he was touched to the quick. And you should see his comical way of calling it *my* work. He treats me as his employer—and speaks of his fear of my anger should I find the work neglected. On the other hand he appropriates the school entirely. He was angry with Gee. "I must keep a maidservant" he said to me, "to bring my children to my school, and the rest of the work I shall have done by a boy."

However, his bark is worse than his bite. Gee is still in her old place "doing nothing but bow low with folded

hands," as the King says, adding "and that she does very nicely."

On Saturday two sisters of Miss Bose of Bethune College called—and when tea was over one of them began to question me earnestly as to my theories of religion. She told me that she had begun to doubt the literal truth of the Bible, and though she would not give up Xtianity, she was "not so very sure" about it.

You can imagine the real sympathy with which it was possible for her to view us at this rate. I told her that I should regard her as to be one of the treasurers of the great Xtian ideals for her own people—only not as one of a few saved from eternal damnation and idolatry. One never knows how much of this kind of thing is waste of breath. On the other hand there is a chance—when people are so hungry. I mean to try to get them to meet Swami before he goes—if possible. They would love it.

The event of the week has been my talk with Dr. Bose on Friday night. I love that man. He told me with some bitterness that he meant to school himself into calling me "S. N." [Sister Nivedita] instead of Miss N. [Noble]. Then he would be able to think of me less as a human being. At present my dreadful narrowness hurt him unbearably. (It haunts me like a bad dream that someone whom I loved and trusted thought me "narrow" once before. Cd. it have been you or S. Srara ?). I coaxed him to tell me our differences. Then it came out. The deification of Swami's Guru. "A man cast in a narrow mould—a man who held woman to be something half fiend—so that when He saw one He had a fit" ! ! ! ! ! ! Did you ever ? Between a gasp and a smile I said I could not accept the narrative. I confessed that I too worshipped blindly—but pointed out that we none of us, least of all Swamis wanted him to worship too. That was personal. "An Avatar-doctrine could not supply India's present need of a religion all-embracing, sect-uniting etc." (Curious !—to me it seems the only possible way to meet that need. An Avatar who declares that sects are at an end !) The man who doesn't believe in Incarnation will not call him an Avatar like Swarupananda. "This cd. not prove the new religion."

I said no one wanted it. No one was planning or bothering to do more than this one bit of educational work that the Order had before it in all directions now. Questions of worship

and the religion of the future could do (I almost said "what they darned pleased") what they liked. Then he spoke of the great thrill with which he heard Swami say that his mission was to bring manliness to his people, and with which still in England he read his Calcutta lectures and saw him contemptuously tear his great popularity to tatters for the real good of truth and man. But when he found him proceeding to worship his Guru and other things (my Kali etc.) he had dropped with a groan. The man who had been a hero had become the leader of a new sect.

I tell you all this by way of record. Someday people will say Swami neither did nor taught anything new. So this emotional divergence is quite precious to me.

I could have argued—but I thought the time for that was not yet. Instead, I wrote a letter full of love and worship of them both—insisting that I at least should enjoy *their* patriotism if they wouldn't have ours. Both were so obviously necessary etc. A sweet note came back—and that is all so far.

Did I tell you that I met an Engineer with whom I made friends on my voyage, one night ? He had been spending 6 months in Scotland. There his young minister waited on him to annex him for religion. But he swore all he was worth that he had cast his lot in with "this set"—and sent the minister away with some books of Swami's that I had lent him. He told it in fun—but there may have been more in it. Anyway the books have never come back. What does Yum say ? Dear old Mr. Ghose says that Dr. Bose will soon be one of us—since he is not indifferent.

I am visiting Swami's little cousin in her zenana and teaching her English. Swami says that if I bring her into this work and make her my spiritual and intellectual heir I shall be conferring the greatest benefit that he could ask on him. Just fancy !

I see what has happened—the Tagores are won and perhaps the modern Brahmo Samaj are trembling on the verge but I have not yet sent an arrow into the family and church of K. C. Sen. I wonder if that will happen soon. They *all* ought to recognise Swami. Anyway—when Abh. [Abhayananda] is out of the way and I begin lecturing again—my first lecture shall be something about Sri R. K. [Rama Krishna] and Women.

And now it is late to speak of your letter. Thank you more than I can tell for your frank statement about Nim. I am amazed at her response to you. It is indeed a test of your power. She has never been so frank to me. Poor Nim—it is terrible to think that she too finds this burden so unbearable. Whether she marries or not I am equally sure that she will work for Swami in one place or another. She won't be able to help it. But ever since the wonderful moment in which you lifted *my* Karma off her back I have been leaving her to bear her own burdens and face her own problems, free from my haunting perplexity and thought. Your divine gift gives you to say that and also to tell me that she is the better for the experience. You will find two or three of my letters full of this worry—but I hope you won't trouble to answer them in detail.

As to my going to Europe next year, I fear it will mean disbanding the school and drop my hold on Santoshini for a while—but on the other hand it might mean putting the thing on a sound financial basis—but making a big appeal for funds. No doubt all will turn out well. How lovely it would be if you were here ! Swami talks of that strip of land behind your future part of the Math garden going for a song and wants it for me—but I said I would not have my school on that side of the river for anything. And he smiled and said such were the words of Buddha Trios dear Yum—am Paradise.

Your own own own loving child Margot

Margot

2-30 P. M. now !

I have kept no diary of my meetings with the King save in these letters. So I don't think I shall put them in. Love to Grannie and Beete.

[*Pages missing*]

Thursday, April 6th

My darling Yum, this letter will *have* to be overweight—your only lavish expense was postage-stamps ! Brahmananda told me last night that the King starts within a month with T. [Turiananda]. He did not think Mr. Sturdy had telegraphed but thought you had. But I fancy Mr. S. *will*, and though one dare not count on the King's plans, as you know better than I, I was greatly cheered, in an *unselfish* way, by the news. His

going is *more* likely than it was. Abhayananda left for Dacca last night. I saw her off.

This morning Statesman and Englishman brought out my appeal simultaneously. At 7-30, who do you think came to see the work—Dr. Nield Cooke—the Health Officer for Calcutta, and Mr. Sturdy's friend. I am to go and see his wife on Saturday. He was just dear—Sadananda showed him all his glorious work. An hour later the manager of the Chartered Bank sent me a glowing letter and 50 rupees—so we shall be able to go on for another month anyway. What do you say to your children ? I shall try to enclose the letter which has made us famous. S. Sara will like to keep it, I know.

The object of my visit to Mrs. Cooke seems to be to give the husband my views on the Sanitation of Calcutta (! ! ! ! !). He had not forgotten meeting Swami in England and it was my mention of him that elicited the fact that he was Nield Cooke.

What touches and surprises me however is to find that English people are glad to know me. The Rutters asked heavenly people to meet me. Miss Babonan and my dear Mr. Arbuthnot (of the Bank of Bengal) came to call the other day—and altogether when you come back I *may* have quite a lovely circle of friends ready for you. In one way I rather regret that my house being zenana I can do nothing to receive and connect people with each other. Again, on the other hand, it makes life simpler to be like this—and you will do the other part when *you* come. I enclose our Bengali leaflet. I wrote it in English—Mr. Ghose translated.

Your own loving child and grandchild (dear "Grandy")

Margot

I shall telegraph "Betjoy" when the King starts from India.

You naughty thing—Mrs. Patterson said so much about *my* friends the other night in connection with Mr. and Mrs. Leggett that I nearly screamed. Your little device for glorifying me in her eyes was so transparent and so sweet. I only didn't tell because it would have been so mean.

I am writing to Grindlay to receive my allowance. During this Plague time with hot weather I have had to be wildly extravagant in gharis—but no more. I shall do what you say. "Mother knows best" as the king loves to quote.

35. To Miss J. MacLeod

16 Bose Para Lane
Bagh Bazaar, Calcutta
Monday morning. 6. 30.
[8. 4. 1899]

My sweet Yum

It almost seems as if today will bring no letter from you Dear, and I must learn to be content if not.

I was sorry that I had expressed my fears about the King to Mr. Sturdy and yourself in such a way as to make them contagious perhaps. But Sadananda would not hear a word about it. If I could not speak freely to you, he would like to know, he said, with whom I could ! Swami was quite as ill as I thought—because he had taken a large dose of Homeop. medicine, which quite upset him. Now he is better and has telegraphed to Saradananda to come back, for he must go to England. I got his horoscope recalculated—and it was a real comfort to hear that he has 9 years still to run of the influence of Jupiter—that at present there is a troublesome planet causing loss of health and bereavement, but that the influence of this will expire on *December 6th 1899*, and that then he will enjoy fame and success such as he has never known. I know it is absurd of me to care. (*Later*—at that point your letter arrived and many things happened—).

—For astrology, I was going to say—on the other hand it is very comforting to know that on any method of comparison Swami had any advantages as against his recent fate. As long as Jupiter rules the life, no man can die. By the way did I tell you that *my* horoscope has been done—for love of me—and that I also—your "Child"—have Jupiter in the 11th ! ! ! ! ! ! ! So it is said, but I cannot believe it.

Now I want to tell you much and invoke your angelic aid. I spent yesterday with the Boses—the whole day—it was like going to you at Bally, almost at Bellur. For at last the friend I loved and craved is mine. And how great ! How simple !—and thro' what suffering ! Oh how I despise my own impatience of suffering when I see the bitterness of life's cup to the truly great. It is so poor to be just happy, though as Nim says with such wonderful truth—it is surely a "most Godlike thing to be bright." It would be a breach of confidence to let even the

listening atmosphere hear again that story that he told me last night on the verandah—but when I tell you that he ended by a short reference to the difference that race feeling had brought about in his colleagues' treatment of him since his return from the outburst of glory in Europe—and by saying that this robbed him of all heart to do his work—"for I cannot tell you what a need I have of being loved." You will divinely understand, and though you will never tell even as much as that you will know how to write to those two people, sending them Miss Wilkins' little books ("A Humble Romance" and "A Far Away Melody") or some other trifle, of your love and pride in their friendship. And you may be proud. An Englishman ("strictly confidential") who after a tussle with himself (I'm proud of that Englishman, but ashamed that the struggle should have been necessary) said that the Viceroy would be untying his shoe-strings one day, if he went on as he had begun !

I could not help it—I have just crammed a sheet of notepaper with all the love and courage I could put on to it, and addressed it to Presidency College, that he may get it as he steps into his laboratory tomorrow morning. And I said that my friendship came as the expression of your and S. Sara's and and King's love and pride. And *you* were worth having ! I am sure you, without my seeming to have told you, could write a ringing word of cheer and hope, Dear strong Yum. As for S. Sara herself there's no need for any excuse in her case—for he is just dying to write and be written to by her—and he told me yesterday that I ought never to write to her without mentioning his love and admiration for it was "always going on."

What do you think heppened when I was interrupted ? The arrival of Mr. Bright—Chairman of Plague Com. or something —one of the highest officials—by order of the Government—to see our sanitary work. He regretted not having seen it before we did it—so I told him that we did not know he would care—and *that* was not our business anyway. We wanted to help the people, not make a fuss. Finally he assured Sadananda that ours were "model bustees"—and told me that he had no doubt he could find the money we wanted if we would let him know. I think the King will be much pleased—as this enables us to go on indefinitely as long as the work is needed. Sadananda goes by the name of the "Scavenger Swami." He is in unending

enthusiasm over bad drains—nothing is *bad* enough to please us now ! And we both speak of you every time we go out working or looking. He says *you* would take a broom in hand yourself.

By what strange fate are you *always* making *French* friends ? M. Geillic must be indeed fine—and though I can't assent to his doctrine about advice, I can admire it heartily. I wish, however, that such were my own position. How extra-ordinarily weak-minded I must be in some ways !

Wednesday mg. Yesterday morning, 8 O'clock, I busy with my weans when enter a yellow-robed herald with "Sister Nivedita, Swami is here !" I looked up, incredulous, just in time to welcome the King radiant in health and spirits. We retired and sat down—he on the study-verandah, I on the school steps. Sometimes in his might he rose and paced about the yard.

I told him of my anxiety and his horoscope. Then he burst forth—"Not another word of superstition. We are going to sweep it all away and make places for Advaitism pure and simple —one in the Himalayas and one here if you like." He was like a whirlwind. "We want work—activity—we're going to have a lecture this week—you'll give it and I'll take the chair—all the Calcutta Students—they shall come out and clean the city—all of it—with their own hands—I want them to have 'death fever' —do you know what that is ? I have been talking to my own boys all yesterday and they are just like leashed hounds." Then he ordered the posters—amid tremendous exitement. And my mean heart, much to the Mother's amusement, is so pleased that I am to have this one last charge under him while Abhayananda is away in Dacca. Just once more as King and Father—without a mock duplicate. Then he told me of a letter from Sarola saying that she and Suren regarded these things in the right light —but if he would only sweep away the worship of Ramakrishna all the others would join him too—for they loved their country and would be glad to help us all. From his answer I should say that there MIGHT be further negotiations. He filled his reply with light raillery—

1. If he were convinced that any great good to Humanity would be the result *he* would sweep away that worship without hesitation. To my look and surprise he added—"of course, just as if any good to Humanity would be the result I would

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1. If he were convinced that any great good to Humanity would be the result *he* would sweep away that worship without hesitation. To my look and surprise he added—"of course, just as if any good to Humanity would be the result I would

commit any crime that would take me to the Christian hell, without hesitation."

2. He was astonished however to hear of this burning patriotism being so successfully impeded by this little Ramakrishna worship. Perhaps his idea of patriotism was different. He thought of the mad torrent of the Ganges sweeping over every little hillock and sandbank. They were nothing to it.

3. It was nevertheless true that if the worshippers of Ramakrishna had a right to be considered, no less should Sarola's friends' objections be listened to. And then apparently he ended—I thought it a master stroke.

I think this was all he said—but he was looking grand. He said he had no disease and was going to England. Meanwhile Suren Tagore had written me to take his case to a certain doctor—and let *him* know fees ! Is'nt it lovely of people ?

Next I want to tell you about Sadananda's speech about you. He was soliloquising—about our relationship to the King—really trying to explain to himself that special sonship that he evinces for Mrs. Sevier. En passant he alluded to you and me—"Then you and Miss MacLeod—I do not know—I should say her's was higher. She is *friend*—you are child. 'It is a child !' he says when he is cross. But he and Yo Yo march shoulder to shoulder very well. What trust he has in her ! And when she had nettle rash I marked it. It was 'Oh YoYo ! Oh *my* Yo Yo in every room."

There—did you ever have such a tribute ? Do you wonder that I nearly died of jealousy—and then recovered by reflecting what an eternal misery it would have been if *I* had thought you the greatest woman I had ever seen and the King not recognised it !

To night he said—"Oh if Mrs. Bull and Miss MacLeod wd. just come back and live in India men would be *inspired.* It is that *touch of holiness* (in such a tone !) I know it well— to have that sweet and gracious manner the mind and the soul must be also great !"

I must try to write for Miss Fitts—with whom it is an honour to communicate—so now I shall stop—but I judge from Miss F's note that my letter will be too late to be of use. I am so sorry

you are not strong. I do hope you won't feel that the Indian climate wore you out ! It has been terribly hot today !

Your own Child (I)
Margot

The Mother sends her love her blessings and her wishes for good health to "Sara and Joy."

The Math cow has a lovely white calf—which Swami calls "Our youngest Brahmacharini" and Sadananda calls "Yo Yo's calf."

36. To Miss J. MacLeod

16 Bose Para Lane
Bagh Bazaar, Calcutta
April 9th, [1899]
Monday night.

My own sweet Yum,

Thanks to your lovely letter of this morning. I went to the Math today to worry the King about Europe. He was having such a good sleep that I did not see him till about 2-30 or 3, when his eyes were all red and swollen with sleep and he was feeling grand.

We discussed every possible point of policy, and he agreed to go to Europe in 3 weeks. So he will not be in time to meet your brother and sister in Paris—and he added, with the air of making me a promise, that if he found himself better still at the beginning of May he would spend yet another week here. The best proof of his condition was that as we sat and talked, in some intangible way I felt *my* joy and courage rise, without his saying anything to bear on them. Indeed he told me plenty of worries.

And now Yum, I wonder if I *dare* say something else. I wish to heaven he were gone—if only because I am absolutely sure that there is not one member of his own family that is not on the way to wound his great heart one of these days. He builds such hopes on the little cousin. The day we can be responsible financially she will "leave all and come away." I believed it right enough—but now I see that as in Europe so in Asia no one

can intervene between married persons. I have just been there at a late hour. I am sure that no one can trust the resolution of a woman against her husband. He will always keep the compelling power. And if Swami stays here he will one day feel himself bitterly deceived : if he goes, he may never come into such contact as to know. Your divine sympathy will fathom my meaning. It is time he were gone. Meantime, I shall do my level level level best for her, but will keep him from hurt.

He says he has been trying if he could stay 3 months in one place. May 1st will make it just right. He goes most probably by Messageries Maritime. I am going down tomorrow about berths, but I won't be cocksure about his going. I shall try to get 1st refusals.

And I'll telegraph to you *and* Mr. Sturdy when he leaves—and then, should he change plans and return from Madras or Ceylon I'll telegraph to Mr. S. [Sturdy] only.

I read him bits of your letter today. He laughed over your dictum that "Poverty and Chastity were easy : Non-attachment would be your difficulty."

Oh I ought to tell you that he said in his shy way that you and Mrs. Bull seemed to think the first money was spent. I said I was afraid I had given you reason to think it would be. He said "Well, don't you think I could take it with me ? You don't think I need face it again as I did the first time in America—do you ?" Talk of a child ? I could cry when he speaks in that humble way.

He asked after "the old lady" (=Abhayananda). She is in Dacca—but no news.

He says my great fault is attempting too much—in which he is emphatically right. I am to give up all thought of Plague-nursing and throw my whole heart and soul still deeper into the Sanitation that we have now on hand. Won't I just ? This is an infinitely higher proof of self-sacrifice and obedience on my part as you know well dear Yum than the delightful excitement of risking Plague would be. I say this out of a childish [. . .] because my beloved Dr. Bose I know is grieved that I have not gone on—and I, too proud to give him a chance of overtly saying so, much less of vindicating myself, am still not proud enough to be beyond the doubts of conscience.

I think I had better write to Mr. Sturdy and M. Nobel by this mail about the probabilities of the King's voyage, and then when he receives my telegram Mr. Sturdy and you too, of course, will communicate with M. Nobel definitely. I think you would probably like the latter to have a letter from here at this date—or I wonder if you would rather not.

I had the enclosed letter from my *dear* Mr. McNeill, enclosing an introduction to the Bishop this morning. Swami said it was a 'beautiful letter.' And I think so too. Isn't he worth my love and friendship ? And I was so pleased with his enthusiasm about you—for I *throught* you could not fail to love him—yet you were both a little vague about the McNeills. In Mrs. McNeill's case of course I could understand this for her dear mamma is so icy—though her heart is true gold and I love her.

We have had 235 rupees subscribed for sanitation. It seems a great success—though of course we could do with a great deal more. Swami says he is going to point out to Mr. Soutter that this would be a way of serving *me* ! This is a truly fatherly part, if carried out. When Sadananda (whose greatness you do not guess) went over on Saturday to report he said the King was so touched by the news that they had two hours of everything—from the Upanishads onwards—there could be no religion without that activity—that manhood—and cooperation—here was Nivedita living in a corner and English people helping her—God bless them all—and so on and so on. But to my great amusement when I reported today he just winked and said "Plague, Margot, plague !"

He told me of a letter he wrote Sarola however, in the way you or I might tell each other—in which he said, "Our men might be rough or unpolished, but they were the only *manly* men in Bengal. The mahoood of Europe was kept up by the women, who *hated* unmanliness. When would Bengali girls play this part and drench with merciless ridicule every display of feebleness on the part of man ?" So indirectly he gave our national vanity royal food. And he told her that he had always thought she had something in her—and now the more he saw of her the surer he was of this. I told him of Dr. Bose—just as I told you last week—every detail, and he said "Yet that boy almost worshipped me for 3 days—in a week's time he would be my man." "Yes" I said "he does worship" (if you only knew

with what a depth of reverence and self-restraint that exquisite worship is given, dear Yum !). "Yes" said the King, "and those are always the people who make the fuss about worship of the Personal. They don't understand themselves—and they hate in others what they know *they* are struggling against !" Sudden light. If I can get my friend once to the Math before His Royalty departs—if—if—if—Sri Ram Krishna helps me—and if not, faith I'll tell himself the diagnosis one fine day.

And I asked him if, now that he had delivered me from all fear of the *man's* coming here by declaring this house zenana, I might love and write to Mrs. Roy without disloyalty to him. He was just heavenly about it—and said, certainly—I could do anything I choose anyway—but for the children's sakes one thing was out of the question—beyond that my judgment and feelings were my sole guide. Love her for her remarkably fine qualities as much as I might choose. As you know I loved her—but still deeper goes the fact that Dr. Bose is puzzled and wounded by my treatment of her—and she is Mrs. Bose's own sister.

Wednesday morning

—A holiday—Sadananda just been to breakfast worrying all the time because Shivananda had been trusted with a certain oversight for 2 days and it has been shamefully neglected. Then began to talk about Love and beauty. "These things I see round me everyday"—forgot all about time and has only just gone, at 7-30. I wish you could have heard him. "Love is with appreciation not kindness"—(i. e. two people who admire each other love permanently—where one is inferior and receptive giving soon ceases). "For man should grow—and if I grow and you grow not—what to do. I cut you off at once—is it not ? I cannot even remember why I loved you."

"Beauty is a great thing—but if without quality—? Beauty always attracts, yet one says 'Oh, it is bitter !' One comes again and again—but there is a thorn there—and at last one turns away the head. Yet Beauty is great, for *all* can see it, even the stupid can appreciate. But it should have qualities and wit behind, or it soon grows hideous. Without Beauty Swami could not have worked—for he could not speak to all, but he has all—

he is unique. And he has an added charm—He is child of child —as a fool. But scratch, and all the manliness shines out—in an instant."

He had begun this soliloquy by observing how much greater was love between equals than between great and dependent.

I cashed your cheque for £ 70.1 and then went to the steamship offices yesterday and then to the Math to try to get Swami to book. But he would not. And he was looking so thin and drawn and heavy-eyed ! Dear King ! He said "a little mental trouble had made him tired—and he was reading to the men and his voice had just given out when he heard me arrive, and was glad of the excuse." So I was glad indeed to have gone. Then we walked about the grass and gossiped about the Countess. "Blessed be *gossip* dear Yum, as one of the greatest goods !" And he was dear, just playfully. He gave me fruit and tea, and then we came away.

I asked him about going to the Seviers as he had promised, and he said he was not going—then he said in a very secret way— "People think so much of themselves, Margot. Harry thinks it dreadful to come down to Lucknow or Benares with his neuralgia —but if I have another attack, I cannot stand it. My chest is always sore all over with neuralgia pain, and I have never once lost that ache on the left side, since I was ill." Bless him ! You can imagine how I said just what you would have said darling Yum—till it suddenly struck me that it was you and not I, talking to him.

But my heart failed me yesterday when I saw how frail he was. And since Yoginanda died I have realised—oh how I have realised—Yum Dear it is all very well to be heroic but that thought makes me a coward through and through. I *tremble* at the whisper of it. It would be the blotting out of GOD. But for him, Peace !

Then he had some special fish to cook—would I come to lunch today ?—and it ended in my coming straight back and on to the Boses and asking them to go with me—and we are going up to tea ! ! !—So you see Sri R. K. *did* help ! They will meet me at the Burning Ghat as near ½ past 1 as possible.

About going the King said he wouldn't think of it till Saradananda's return—with *no* one else could he trust the men. That will please you I know.

Did I tell you that I took tea with the Nield Cooke's on Saturday and found Mrs. Cooke proud to remember (what I have entirely forgotten) that in England I talked to her for 2 hours one afternoon and told her fortune, when it was she who was the nobody. And on Sunday I brought my good old Dr. Mahoney up to tea at 57 and to see the work. He was to have seen Swami but the King was out of sorts that day and could not come.

So you see I have no lack of friends, and if the Bishop is friendly I may become as able to choose my own as I ever was in England. I am going to try to stifle my silly notions about conventual life in that case—for there does seem to be a certain work for me to do—and it just flashed across my mind yesterday that *that* was truly (whether he was thinking of it or not) Swami's reason for making me a Brahmacharini and not a Sannyasini. And now I must stop for the present—though I have thousands of thoughts for you Dearest. Your own

Margot

Wednesday evening. We have been. I love the Boses and I loved to have them there—and the King was his own dear self, but it was the perverse self a little. The fact is he was not really well. I noticed him feeling his chest every now and then, and I could see that he had not got over Yesterday's depression. I went down to make the tea tray ready—and stood talking with one of the younger of Sri Ram Krishna's disciples—such a fine man ! And he said gravely, "But I must tell you, Sister, it has been my observation that in this country at least, great men never never live long." - - - - The fact is Yum I am frightened. My old terror that he will never go West is on me and I am haunted by the Madras prophecy "in 3 years"—Yum Yum Yum. If only you were here. I made this man promise if anything happened to send for me in time. And I shall make the others too—any time day or night.

Yet there is nothing really the matter. A foolish attack of fear —Swami Joginanda's death pulled him down they say. But I am so frightened. Of course I need not say that if anything threatened I would telegraph unless in your next, you say 'don't.' So when you get this and no wire has reached you you will know that I have been simply a crying fool. But oh Yum ! how near it seems, and no philosophy avails me ! And the only prayer one

can offer—"If indeed he be soon to enter into Peace—give him a little ease and rest before he goes—and give me the pain you would have given him." It's babyish to say but if GOD gives Swami awful torture at the last I never want to know Him or love Him anymore. I will be shut up in the Personal to all Eternity —but for this one sweet Person. Yes for the personal part of him as much as any other I will live and work till I drop. But He won't—He can't—it would be fiendish cruelty.

I feel as if he were a baby and I could not bear the quiver of the lip and the shrinking from or scourging only fit for a slave. When it would be enough to say to the heart "stop !" and all would be over. He might die in his sleep even.

But I am torturing you as well as myself—I wonder if I ought to let this go. Yes, I don't want to conceal from you ; you will know well enough that this is causeless ; and above all the absence of a telegram will show you that he has been well for a month. And do write me one of your divine letters of comfort and strength—for since Joginanda's death I seem so terribly near this last terrible shock—and I cannot get over it. Thank heaven, tomorrow I can post this—and I do trust you won't take it too seriously. Only don't say I need a change and must go away at once—for while he is alive and here, I will not stir out of reach of him—I could not bear it—I worship—idolise—love him—I dare not risk his wanting me and not being there. It is terrible to realise how my worship must have grown with every minute of this year though. Two years and a half ago—to love him seemed awful—but not like this—Oh thank God Yum darling—we know each other now—you and the Granny and I —and whatever happens—here in this little corner our own special work is now begun—and the life that was promised to him when he fell ill is actually in his hands—thanks to you—over and over again—thanks to you.

Mrs. Bose and I went all over the grounds and down on to our grassy bank by the water—and I told her to remember that you were invisibly present with us—that you always came in and went out with me whenever I went there. So you and Mrs. Bull—dear Dr. Bose's special shrine were not forgotten—and never are.

It has been rain and lightening since I got home—like the night of Krishna on the verandah—a year ago. Last year was the flower of my life. And yours too—I believe. Only for mine—

you and the Granny are to be thanked. Oh that you were here ! We two could face *any* fear. Your own own

Margot

Sadananda says he has often tried to hint all this to me.

I have written to the King that you and Mrs. Bull and I—and one more—Sarola—are his for all eternity, and he should have no anxieties. I believe he has one work left, to touch Sarola and finish her education. For her sake that should be done quickly.

Oh how I PRAY to be wrong.

M

Thursday morning

Sadananda is here—and has been talking to me. He says *this* was nothing—but he feels just as I do that the King will never leave his lair. He charged them the other day that his body was to be brought here, wherever he might die. He says Sri R. K. [Ramakrishna] left them a prophecy that a certain number of them including Girish Ghose form a garland, and when one goes the rest will "get out" quickly. There is not one of them says Sadananda that does not say this everyday. Joginanda was the first.

And as dear Yum I want you to come back. You can come to me. If I had not been here you could not, but as it is you can. Then if he ever starts for Europe we could go with him *together* —but he never will. I shall bother him no more.

Why not bring Mr. Sturdy. I think I ought to write to him.

Mind, *nothing* has happened, but I seem to realise that the end stares us in the face—and so I cannot bear you to be away—though as long as I am here you are not really away, you know.

Sadananda reminded me of how he said the other time that he would not be able to get to Europe even if he went half way, and then he confessed that he still had that feeling very strongly. Now my Dearest I have told you what I believe—with reason or without. I know you will long to be here—but if it is impossible you will know that you are never forgotten—and that in the most solemn moments he will see you in my person as much as me. Meantime I shall try to make him play and gossip without one serious thought.

They look for him to say "I have got my mango"—and then they will know—referring to the story that on His death-bed, Sri R. K. [Rama Krishna] gave him a secret saying "there my boy is your mango—that I have kept for you." And this they connect with His prophecy to the others that first afternoon that when he should know who and what he was, he would leave this body. Sadananda says that always before when he has been ill they have said "but we cannot die : our mission is not accomplished." This conviction is not so now.

I have made them hunt up the horoscope and they *say* the King's life is safe for 9 years to come, but he will be ailing. I am selfish enough to want to keep him at all costs. Blessed be the earth he treads on !

37. To Mrs. Ole Bull

16 Bose Para Lane
Bagh Bazaar, Calcutta
April 19th 1899

My sweet Grannie,

My principal excuse for allowing myself the luxury of a talk direct is that I wrote Yum an agonised letter about Swami last mail, and as you will fortunately not see it at once I want you to have this with it to say that my alarm was needless. Swami seems now to have quite recovered and is planning for the West in earnest. But he certainly won't reach London before mid-June or July—so don't delay your own plans for him.

I said that about a talk direct because I want to tell you about the hundreds of correspondents who reproach me now with long silence—who expect not only one's whole soul—but that often—and my difficulty is not for love or thoughts or truths to tell—all of which abound—but for more than one pair of hands and a small bit of ones person's time. Shall I stop *all* letter writing—except to Yum and you and home ? *Some* wholesale relief from conscience I must find. The funny thing is that if I were in Scotland or Ireland this would not be so. Yet how can I be anything but thankful and surprised at the love that is shown in continuing to write to me and to care for my replies ?

I have just been telling Yum how I spent last Sunday at the Bose's. It was just heaven—and for the first time I entered into the full possession of the heart of my dear Dr. Bose. It filled me with reverence—and leaves me dragging a heavier load than ever of Anglo Indian shame. When I see you again I shall be able to ell you all, but now I must not. It is hardly fair even to quote (or would be unfair to anyone else !) his last words "and I cannot tell you what a need I have of being loved !"

He is lonely—you know how and why, without my saying, his brilliant success in Europe might cost him love and sympathy of colleagues that were his before he went, "How *can* I go and tell them," he burst out once, "that it hasn't made a scrap of difference ? *You* know I have no vanity of that sort !"—and that very power of concentration that has made his work so great, makes it impossible for him to forget this barrier, and he loses heart for his work—you know all the rest, dear Grannie. He loves you as a son—(he told me never to write to you without sending his love and admiration, for "it was always going on"). Do write to him and treat him just like one ! You know too how to inspire a great man to do great work—a greater kind of greatness, in its own sweet and perfect way, than this man's I know you would say that you had never seen. He is sick of life —yet honestly anxious to hold on and on just to prove to his countrymen that *their* chances of success in experimental science are as great as any European's.

Imagine, with this hot at my heart as it has been all week—what I felt when I read the enclosed impertinence an hour ago. I could cry for the cruelty of the insults that we heap on human beings.

I have had, even in the little English Society that I see, to say once or twice "This man is one of my most intimate friends" in a firm tone, when Dr. Bose's name was mentioned—not that anything was yet being said : It was the tone—and his crime lay in what ?—that his name was important enough to be mentioned ! But such power to love and suffer and endure I have never dreamt of—and the inarticulateness of it is so terrible —for expression has not been his fate—and endurance has. I am thinking now of quite other things of which he told me.

I wrote him one of my fiery letters, as I told Yum, at which I fear you will smile—and I told him that he must take the friend-

ship I could give him in such unworthy measure as only the Earnest of your and Yum's and Swami's pride and trust in him. So you will live up to this I know--dear S. Sara !

I ought to make my letters to you the real record of our Plague work—for you will like to keep such records.

On Good Friday—March 31.

Sadananda started bhustee cleaning with a gang of 7 scavengers : Swami had given us 100 rupees.

Thursday April 6th.

My letter appeared in Statesman and Englishman—Dr. Nield Cook came to inspect, and funds began to come in.

Monday April 10th.

We had now collected 235 rupees extra, and added 5 scavengers and one monk to our staff.

Sunday April 9th and Saturday 15th.

The work was inspected for us in a friendly way by Dr. Mahoney, Government Plague Officer for the District.

Monday, 17th.

It was visited by the Chairman of Committee—by order of high Government officials—who called it 'model'—and told me to let *him* know when my funds ran out. Sadananda says that such an attitude from these authorities is very high praise.

And now on Saturday 22nd Swami has arranged that I am to lecture to Calcutta students about it—WITH HIM IN THE CHAIR ! ! !

"They are to catch death-fever" he says. Isn't this lovely—to be with Swami once more—and Abhayananda away in Dacca ! The last sounds dreadful—and perhaps it is—but I *feel* it as a great rebound when I had given up all idea of doing anything for—much less with—him, as long as she should be in India.

I want to thank you too for the sweet notes—interrupted—that came by last mail, enclosing one from Nim.

About the last you know the depth of my feeling—and to say more would be unfitting. I never hope to say anything adequate. I can only hope to do work not altogether unworthy of your great confidence.

As to Mrs. Roy—I was so thankful to you for just that word. I am by no means so sure of the case as I was. And what does it matter anyway ? I am saved from disadvantage by my house

being zenana. ...I begin to realise the danger of gossip in this country. ...

And now I must stop. My mother's birthday is on the 16th and I have only written notes to Nim and Rich for theirs and I have to send something to Miss Fitts, Child Life and the Empress.

Your loving loving Child
Margot

The Mother's love and Blessings.

How lovely for May to spend that night and Sunday with you. She just loved it, and I was so glad that she had the chance to know you as I do.

I wish you knew how fine Sadananda is proving, *slaving* for the people and giving me all the stones.

38. To Miss J. MacLeod

16 Bose Para Lane,
Bagh Bazaar, Calcutta
April, 25, [1899]

My beloved Yum,

On Sunday I began a letter to you but it is lost : on Monday for the first time there was none from you, and I am hoping that it was just the gorgeous end of the opera season that prevented your writing, and that the illnesses you spoke of in your last have not become more serious. I do trust that you are not half dead yourself. It is so hot and we have been rushing about so over plague that I feel tired out body soul and spirit and scarcely know how to write, but I could not lie down for very shame, for the children have begun to troop into school. May 24th will be S. Sara's birthday. I have been writing a little birthday-card for her—a visit to Duksineswar and have put it also into your diary. It has been such a relief to keep one beautiful thought on hand amidst details of Sanitation. I send you a copy of the Englishman containing an account of our meeting. I *hoped* it would give Swami verbatim—but it doesn't. He was great. He played round that word 'work' the whole time. He spoke with intense quietness and when he was getting a little excited sat down which

was brave and good. He kept us all laughing and yet stirred us up at the same time.

And by his invitation I went to the Math on Sunday. He was so *tender*, quite a new sort of aspect, fussed about food for me, and *told me stories*—simply—while I lay down.

Then I had to come away—to meet our helpers.

He is coming this evening to take me out to dinner at the Bose's ! ! ! Sarola comes to everything and is deeply loved and loving.

If I could tell you about Sadananda—but I can't—you would indeed be proud. Gone away to live at Sealdah for 4 days perfectly on fire about work, and the responsibility of public money, and the best and most loving way of doing things, and how thankful I am to be a woman, and to have had your lessons !

A few days ago I went up to inspect, escorted by your son my squire. Evidently the old monk in charge had got them all at 6s. plus 7s. spoilt the temper of the gang—given the young subordinate nothing to do—and muddled the work. Sadananda begun to growl—and my heart shook—but I remembered you—and all came out right.

Swami was not *so* well on Saturday as he had been a few days before. He says after all it must be a touch of asthma—for it comes on so threatening when the weather gets damp—and the moral of that is that he cannot stay here in the rains—but must go North and West. Golupma asked him whether it was good for him to go lecturing. 'Oh' he said 'we are soldiers—what do we care ?' But presently he was telling me that his work was done and quoting that glorious thing from Manu about the Sannyasi.

The [Sannyasi] shall not ask for Death.
He shall not ask for Life.
But as the servant waiteth upon his master
Or the bird sitteth quietly on the bough.

—But I must ask him again for it. I quite forget.

Wednesday morning

Santoshini is thoroughly overworked poor child, and I am making her rest while I write. The king did not come yesterday. It was full moon, and he had been up all night meditating for

2 Sannyas ceremonies. And as it happened no one else came either and I had the great joy of one more sweet evening with the Boses alone. Oh Yum how I do love and worship these ! That man sometimes seems too holy for one to speak o. And on Saturday they go away for 2 months. So I say good bye on Friday night. But the cruelty the cruelty the cruelty and the meanness of a conquering people. I know your great divine heart, darling Yum, or I should not dare to go on boring you about things you have not been much mixed up in. But oh can you realise how "clashings with authorities" *can* be wilfully added to the fatigue of great work and the physical depression of climate to make a saint and a scholar hate his life ? And you know how that phrase "clashings with authorities" covers insults and slights as well. I can see that he *almost* regrets having refused the great English appointment once offered to him. And if he once regrets it, I feel as if might and meanness will have succeeded in doing their worst. But I urged Mrs. Bose last night to try and get other offers for him, for if he should have one offer—whether he accepted or refused, it would restore to him that sense of freedom that would be salvation. And can you think of any University in the world to which such work would not be a glory ?

One thing that I am finding out for myself is that climate must be largely accountable for Indian pessimism. Yesterday I could have broken my heart—for nothing, as I knew well, but the heat and physical depression. And I see that those born to it suffer just as much or perhaps more, than we. I despair of bringing any brightness into the lives of people though I love and worship them.

"You are very clever in the heart."

Do you remember the fortune-teller at Murree ? But tell me, how is it that we give ourselves over and over again entirely ? I cannot understand it. Love for Swami does not prevent one's loving others, and loving them does not seem untruth to him.

And how far is it true when one says "There is *nothing* I would not do for you. Death would of all things be quite easiest ?" I do not understand it. I only dimly feel that we must be larger than we know—"larger, better," doesn't some one say ? In every sacrifice made for the world's good you and I too beloved Yum must have had our share—for it would take them *all* to

satisfy this thirst for bestowing in our hearts, wouldn't it ? Or if not yet, we shall feel so before the end. And with that thirst unsatisfied the soul that sought GOD would find Him, to be plunged itself in hell. I am going to write to the Grannie. So goodbye Dearest Sweetest and Greatest of mortal women.

Your own child

Margot

Thursday

The Mother sends love and blessings. She also sent me a bunch of litchus—and Nordidi gave me another last night—off all of which I have just made a solid meal remembering the long afternoon in the hammock and how we never hinted to S. Sara why these were so few for her !

My love to Albert. I do hope for a letter by next mail to say that you are all well. Good bye—

Margot

This afternoon I go to Dr. Sircar's meeting !—but without the King I fear. In your frock however I am always waiting for that marriage to come off. I don't believe one atom in it however ! Saturday the Boses go to Darjeeling. Goodbye tomorrow night, for 2 whole months.

39. To Mrs. Ole Bull

16 Bose Para Lane,
Bagh Bazaar, Calcutta
April 26th [1899]

My sweet Grannie,

May 24th will be your birthday. How I hope you may spend it amidst "Cloisters of Light." Last year it was the deodhar, this year it will be the pine. Last year you had something, that I may not say this year has lost, for I feel that this year it is more yours than ever before—more, infinitely more, yours than it was then. The soul that "radiates peacefulness," to use the words of your new son about you last night, must in itself be beyond all loss. That beautiful home with its music-room and the roses, and its fiord, and its ruins, and all its sacred memories and loves seems such a fitting shrine for you, my Grannie—whom I never one half appreciated till I had lost her !

Swami's health continues to fluctuate slightly. The weather grows a little damp perhaps, but he seems infinitely far from the attack that looked imminent a fortnight ago. Yet he spoke desparingly on Saturday about his work being ended—but you know how much and little that means. He took the chair at my lecture on Saturday, and spoke very very quietly—and when he found himself a wee morsel excitede sat down. I send you the paper, and am also sending one to Yum. I am not keeping any copy, so if you care for it to be kept—

Saradananda is expected home now at any moment, and then the King means to make up his mind about going I hope. It is encouraging at all events to know that astrologically he passes out of evil influences on Dec. 6th next and then achieves greatness hitherto unknown !

What do you think ! Sadananda came to me the other day and said in a broken voice that 'Swami, and *I*—had made a man of Saddanand' ! ! ! It seems natural to tell you this, for you will be so pleased to think that he really does love me a little—to have formed such an idea, however erroneous. I am hoping to see poor Miss Bell this morning—for her poor old lady died quietly the night before last. My old lady in the hospital also died a few weeks ago. Swami speaks truly when he says that death is so common in this country.

I was at the Bose's again last night. It was to have been a party, and I wore my white frock, and all the dear accessories, some of which, as you know, came by post the other week from London. But the party did not happen and I was glad. It was full moon, and we sat out under the trees. And it was so holy that sometimes one could scarcely speak, but oh so sad ! *Why* must this great soul be tortured to death ? And by nothings—unmanlinesses—deliberate slights, and difficulties made without necessity. His wife begins to regret bitterly that he refused the offer made in England—and I pray that *he* may not regret or I shall feel that life is indeed the prey of the wicked—a fruitless struggle. But I urged her to get offers made to him if she could, for if he only had alternatives at this moment I cannot help thinking that the *moral* freedom of life would come back. Even if he did not go, and his work is so grand. Just fancy—all that nine months that he was in England last he was working—not even a Sunday off—and at such a rate that he was absolutely un-

conscious of the outside world, would mix everything up—news—food—big things and little things and the rest. An ecastasy of scientific vision—and he came back to this slow crucifixion. Grannie, I *hate* my own people. Then ! they are poltroons.

He cannot work now—heaven has died away, and he is shut out. Yet—not one bitter word—always the pained astonishment that he minds—always that feeling that it must be deserved—always the remembrance that *this* is not England nor the English character.

Do you remember how I told Swami that I could never fire on the English flag ? I could no more indentify myself with that now than I could fly. I see that England's course is not yet run here—but I LONG with all my heart for the day when it shall be. And I pray that I may be reincarnated to cry "Young India" when the time comes to snatch the country's freedom from us, as the very youngest and earnest of recruits may have shouted by Mazzini's side in the days of the freedom of Italy.

As I was writing it has occurred to me and I take it as a thought from you—that I'll go to Mr. Mohini and without telling anything—he will trust !—get him to help me about writing to Mr. Padshah and getting from him a warm letter of encouragement for my friend, telling him about plans and the future, and his responsibilities to India. It would not be officious—would it ?—if Mr. Mohini agrees to help. And I know you will feel that it will do no harm—worked through such hands. Meanwhile I have never had from any friendship such a realisation of 2 things.

1. Of my own motherhood—all that you will imagine—and
2. Of being glad to be inferior in order to enjoy the greatness and goodness of another—"I do not want to *be* sugar. I want to eat sugar !"

Last night he wanted to tell me something that should express all his friendship and he said—

"I have thought of you in such a way that you may not indeed be up to that mark yet. But it is mine to hope that some day you will reach to it."

Wasn't that royal ? A *prayer* for a compliment !

Now I need not say another word about it, for it is on your heart I know, as it is on mine—and you and Yum and I will make

these two people feel a warm circle of love and strength about them while there is still time to make the world feel like home.

I have prepared a tiny birthday card for you, and tied it in Hindu fashion with the thread with which I am mending the vestments at the Math.

I hope it will bring you a whisper from the beloved spot, and next time I go I'll bring away some Bo leaves for you to put with it.

You have had such a rich life-learning to love America and Norway and India in this rich and real way !

And now my own dear dear Grannie hoping that a happy birthday may come this year as the prelude to many and many a happier and happier birthday in succeeding years, and feeling that if this happens it won't be a little of what you deserve.

I am always, Your loving child
Margot

The Mother sends her love and birthday blessings. The death of Joginanda has been a terrible blow to her and to Jogin Ma. She cannot now bear the sound of the word *die*. It has been such human grief. "Yes, he has gone to my Lord" she said, "I know that. But it was *my* Joginanda, and he was taken away from me !"

N

40. To Miss J. MacLeod

The Peace Hour
Monday evening, Mat Ist [*1899*]

My sweet and beloved Yum Yum,

Your silence of last week was evidently just a matter of posts —for here are two of your missives today. How glad I am to have them ! Such a beautiful letter—one of the most precious letters of my life—came from Mr. Sturdy, too—and Nim writes of her thankfulness that I can perhaps be of some little use in the Plague. Isn't she fine ?

It is the hour of Peace—away up on the roof it is so wonderfully still and beautiful ! How lovely ! At the Math, alas, Swamiji

is lying ill with fever and tonsilitis. We received an exaggerated account at first and poor Sadananda got a bad headache for the day—but it was quickly set right by someone else. He came to Calcutta last Wednesday and lectured in Hindi to his Guzerati disciples in the Bara Bazar and then on Friday to lunch at 57, and you know Sadan [Sadananda] and I looked at each other scarcely daring to mention the dread word that leapt to both our minds when we heard of 'swollen glands.' But the revision came from Mr. Nath Sanyal who was with him all night, and said it was quite an ordinary attack.

On Friday I went to lunch at 5 7 also—and sat at the King's right. Waiting for lunch, apropos of some lady he was maligning—he said her intended husband had had a blessed escape, for she was 'a thin spinster.' Fat plump spinsters were good—but thin, never. A certain thought leapt into my face, but I kept it tight behind my lips. "I know ! You're thinking of Jo !" he said. "But she's not a thin spinster. She'll be quite plump one of these days - - - She's my good luck, you know," he went on, walking up and down, and stopping near a window. "When she is with me, everything goes well, and I get plenty of success. In America she was with me—and in England and everything was right. Then I came to India without her—and nothing went well. But she came and everything—and now she's gone, and the Math at a standstill and everything wrong. I shall have to bring Jo back. I can do nothing without her."

"Well Swami" I said, making a light effort to carry favour—"I wrote to her a fortnight ago begging her to come at once"—

"What for ?" said he, turning on me fiercely, "to be grilled, in this heat ?" So I humbly suggested that he should go West and be with Yum in that way—and he agreed that he would.

At lunch I told him a good deal about Dr. Bose—to whom I was to say goodbye that evening. He was so sweetly sympathetic. "I tell you this as a priest, Swami," I said about something, meaning that he was to keep it secret. "No no there's no confessional here," he said, "we are talking as patriots."

Then I asked him what perfection I could strive for in order to be worthy of being a Sanyassini. "You just keep as you are" he said quickly—and sealed my determination for all time. But very cautiously I tried to find out if my running about and paying visits were a blemish in his eyes—as it was beginning to be in my

own. He declared that it was not. So that evening I told the Boses that I would go on coming on Fridays as long as they would have me.

- - - - - - - - - - - -

His mood on Saturday was entirely different however. Mr. Mohini and I meant to take tea at the Math, and go on to Dukineswar. But we only did the first, when a storm came on.

Swami was quite irritable and unwell. After tea he took me round the garden and broached the question of Dr. Bose himself. Then he broke out in one of his strong moods. There was no salvation for a householder. I was to tell him this if I dared. Tell him he would never be strong if he did not commit some great renunciation. Marriage was horrible, it was the door to birth and so on. He had begun now to receive those subtle sensations telling of the desire of those who had touched the food he ate. This thing was horrible. Why had so and so ever married ? Even at this moment he was suffering physically from contacts such as these. His days were drawing to an end but even if they were not he was going to give up compromise. He would go to Almora and live there in meditation. He would go out into the world and preach *smashing* truths. It had been good fun for awhile to go amongst men and tell lies about their being in their right place and so on. But it was utterly untrue. Let them give up, give up, give up.

Then he said very quietly—"You won't understand this now Margot, but when you get further on, you will. And this is what I have been brought up to believe."

Then I was afraid he would get more excited and be ill—so I stood against a pillar and looked at our beautiful ganges while Mr. Mohini and he talked and then with almost whispered good-byes, we came away.

You know, in spite of the violence and utter unreasonableness of much that he said, how holy and rapt the mood was. As for the friend for whom it was meant, I feel that when the time comes for me to give the message, courage will not be wanting. But I fancy that it has already given itself to some extent. I cannot believe that Sri Ramakrishna does not speak direct to so white a soul as that man's—and in loving me as they do—are the Brahmos not really loving Him ?

Certain intellectual preconceptions make them prefer to call

Him Sister Nivedita—[?] but it is to Him that that warm welcome and co-operation go.

And something has made me so happy. Sarola and Suren and a neighbouring family have joined to give me the sweetest little bicycle you ever saw. You don't know how little that bicycle has to do with my pleasure. But the fact that they would do such a big thing for Him (because it means that—doesn't it ?) must bring them so much good—and means so much anyway. Don't you think so ? I was at Baligunge yesterday, and they gave it me. The house where we lunched was a perfect mansion, billiards and tennis and all sorts of fun, and there were gathered some of the exquisites of that kind of society. Some you have met and some not. Well, I have a scheme for a model bastee, that Swami would much like to see carried out. But as it would have to be a commercial undertaking *we* would not do it of course, as anything but a commercial undertaking it would have no expansion in it. So I took the suggestor, Dr. Mahoney, to talk to Suren about it one day—and to my amazement Suren has been working quite hard at it ever since. And there yesterday afternoon all these guests joined our little group and sat in most earnest debate over this project for an hour and a half—everyone of them promising all the weight of his name and credit and influence to the scheme.

I could not help separating myself mentally for a moment and asking myself if the curled darlings of any other country would be found taking the same attitude in the same reverent and sympathetic way towards such a question. It was most beautiful. All under 30. Sarola was the only one of course who had never been in England—but Suren was only there as a child —and one of them was the youth who annoyed me so at the Roy's !

Oh ! I have been talking for an hour and I have so much to do, that if I stayed up all night I could not get it done, writing, I mean. So Bye Bye Yum. I kiss you my own Darling—

Your Childe
Margot

Thursday—Yesterday Swami II [Swami Saradananda] turned up at last. So we shall soon have the King's marching order.

Sarola came yesterday. She was sweet—but she has a curious nature and this worship of her own family is very irritating. If she could only once go to England and see how big the world is she would realise how very common even quite distinguished gentlemen are in certain social circles, and cease to worship her uncle and cousin in this aggressive way. She's always telling me that her cousin Suren is a greater man, if I only knew it, than Dr. Bose ! ! ! And she insinuates or declares that her uncle is the leader of Young Bengal. But why, if so, she is so anxious to make an alliance between this group two does not appear. She seriously contemplates our entering into a treaty regarding Ramakrishna worship in order to get them ! ! ! I asked her why they couldn't help us as we are. And she said their family credit would be lost. So we are to give up a custom deep in the hearts of all who knew Him, in order "to save the honour of the Tagores." After all, who are these Tagores ?

I retaliated by pointing out that *we* could help *them* as they were, and so our point of view seemed to be a trifle bigger. She said perhaps it was.

I want if I come to England next year to get her grandfather to let her travel with me. Only the difficulty would be that at a certain point we should have to separate—and that I could not invite her anywhere to stay. I should love to watch her ideas growing. She has got 12000 rupees subscriptions to the Tata Sheme. The fact is there is money enough in Bengal for Swami, but people want to make these conditions, and so it never reaches him. This is his true attitude—of eternally refusing plum-cake, and accepting starvation, as the price of principle.

Well, if I really do come to you next year darling Yum—I *must* get my financial basis right before I come back. I must go away up the river, and take in my girls, and bother about nothing else. Swami is right about the world being reached that way and no other. The world is something that overcomes the man who seeks it and crouches to him who flees.

I ordered the Empress for you yesterday, and you will find I think that they write us up very much. I could not see why—but Sarola says that my position here is a matter of sensational interest to Europeans. Anyway, the Englishman that I sent you shows that the interest is compatible with respect.

I wrote to the King about Miss Waldo's money, but I fancy

Abhayananda has provided herself. She is back from Dacca alas, which she loved, to Calcutta which she hates. All a question of personal adulation—but how bitter I am getting. Oh I dread Miss Waldo. As for Mrs. Coulston, Bless her. I cannot get over your speaking to an audience ! ! ! Is it possible ? But I knew you had just that power to be very very successful in that way.

It was not the daughter of Anatole France but of Emile Souvestre who said to me of Robert Elsmere. "Lessons ! Lessons ! but why are you always in the schoolroom ?" And then, drawing out my youthful crudity on the subject of (chiefly literary) "Americanisms" said "but I think they'd like you to mention some of their good points too," and again on the question of cosmopolitanism said that the true way to reach it must be by becoming French for a time, German for a time, Italian for a time and so on. It is incredible to me that this conversation must have taken a quarter of an hour 9 years ago ! So living does it seem today.

The news of the King yesterday said that he was better. So don't worry Dearest. Now that I have this sweet little bicycle, I can go to the Math for a pice to Dukineswar for nothing.

Such a sweet note from Mrs. Sevier with 25 rupees for Plague and offering to give me anything I want. I want some school materials and am going to ask for them.

You say I am to neglect everyone else and count the world well lost—for you—but I can hardly write a letter at all this week. The fact is when the Boses went I told myself I should do nothing personal in their absence, but only impersonal things, and I took to writing articles. And my mind has got such a pull in that direction that I have great difficulty in turning even the upper currents even to you ! However, this shows that I am growing —doesn't it ?

I wonder if it might be possible to get my papers on Life in the Native Quarter reprinted next year in book form and make some money for the work. Dr. Bose wants me to write an Educational book for Indian requirements too—and I must try. These and the report will take up the rest of this year—if I get them done at all.

I am looking forward much to a chance of doing something for the Babe if you will let me, next year. I shall love to know

her governess. She must be good if you choose her, but an attractive personality is more important sometimes than it seems.

You are an angel to save gowns for me and send me stockings. I split the lining of the beauty's bodice to pieces. So Miss Bell got it redone for me on muslin, and now it fits perfectly and I look grand. You don't know what I am like in that gown !

Abhayananda seems to be back, worse luck ! The old Gee got too religious to work, so she retains her room here and does no work, and I have a young married one who goes home at night, costs 1 rupee more and is worth 10, being young and strong. But every silver lining has its cloud and she has broken several treasures since she came. However a love of property is not my particular temptation. I suppose you wish it were !

Darling Yum. You will find this letter so unsatisfactory. Let me sit contentedly at your feet—and love you.

You would have died last night. When Sarola had gone I, trying to analyse her pride, said to Sadananda that she must be the heroic woman and you the religious. He nearly jumped down my throat for "daring to compare her to my most sweet mother. *That* feeling she will NEVER get." Yet he loves Sarola !

Margot

One word more. The end of this year sees again the same planetary conjunction of 7 that presided over Kurukeshetra. They say this is the end of Kali Yug for India and the dawn of brighter times. Mr. Mohini firmly believes this. I find that his birthday is Dec. 6th, the very day on which Swami's horoscope says his fortunes are to turn and be all brightness again ! ! ! ! ! !

Isn't this all silly of me ?

If I could only tell you darling Yum all the unspoken and unspeakable thoughts that Dr. Bose's friendship has brought me—about India—I mean. But I think they'll go into a book or something and *you* to whom I could not say them, for they elude myself, will read deeper than the world, and know the whole.

What greatness !

I must try next time to tell you the story of the Winged Torch.

[*Pages missing*]

Sadananda tells me to tell you that there has been a banana-famine for a few days here. Are you satisfied, he says that the

Mission has done its work. I am writing to M. Nobel that when Swamiji leaves India I shall wire you and Mr. Sturdy and leave you to communicate with Paris.

41. To Mrs. Eric Hammond

16 Bose Para Lane,
Bagh Bazar, Calcutta
May 2nd [1899]

My sweet Nell,

What strength and warmth your letters bring ! I was working away at an article—but it goes undone, as you say, and here I am.

All round gongs are beating and bells are ringing, for it is the time of evening worship—I go up to my roof and lie there quietly to watch the stars come out and when I come down I shall talk to you again - - -

I call it the Hour of Peace—One seems to settle all one's difficulties there—but tonight I have been called down—so I shall wait till bed time now. The idea of this worship is that 'Candlelight' has just begun, and when the servants bring up the lights the ladies in the zenana prostrate before a sacred picture or an image, and then it is the use of Sarada Devi's household, which is really a convent, to go to meditation. For an hour or two before, you will see some of the ladies counting their rosaries quietly, while the Mother sits chatting with anyone who is there.

But I was going to say that I do not attempt these things now —I have so much writing on hand besides school work and details rising out of Sanitation that life is as short as it ever was in England.

I am so happy about you and your touch of Mrs. Lawford ! Don't you see how *ripe* the time was for me to leave England ? My friends have actually come closer now that I am not there. "A sweet childlike soul" is just the one word for Edith.

I am so thankful that you are both well again. I have heard so much of your influenza that I was quite anxious. - - - - - - No, I can't write—I must wait. Goodbye for a while.

Thursday. I think the truth is that the great heat prevents one's thoughts flowing as they should. This is not a real letter at all, and will not be. I am scarcely conscious or the heat really, but whenever I come out of an idea to notice it, I find it there,

and tremendous. And probably one is unconsciously influenced by it. You are sweet and kind to and about my sister dear Nell —but you don't gauge her in the least. She is far and away beyond me in so many ways. I feel humble when I think of her.

What friends one has here ! One is as great a man as I have ever known—greater it seems to me. What compliment do you think he paid me ? Listen, for I must say it softly : it is so very holy—

"I have thought of you in such a way that you may not indeed be up to that mark yet, but at least I have every hope that some day you will be !"

Five other rich friends have bought me a little beauty of a bicycle, by Macintosh. So lovely. I was very economical about cabs, and you can't go much on foot here. Wasn't it lovely ?

About leading meditations—Swamiji used to chant the name of GOD and sonorous Sanskrit texts till we were in the mood to hold our minds down. I can imagine that sometimes a flash of talk too, might take one into the mood. But it always seems to me a pity to *plan* for those things. Do they come when they are wanted ? I don't know. The Church has in the Christian Year of course a beautiful device for getting this without any arrogance of personality. If we are met together to worship the Christ of the Eucharist or Gethsemane [?], one's voice and thought must naturally become subdued and great.

I think I sent you Kali. If not, will you ask Mr. Sturdy for it ? If you see Mrs. Lawford please tell her that I got her lovely letter and am gathering up my forces to send her all my heart in reply. That's why I did not write at once.

Yours lovingly
Margaret E. N.

42. To Miss J. MacLeod

16 Bose Para Lane,
Bagh Bazar, Calcutta
May 8th [1899]

My sweet Yum,

The Boses by the way, before they left asked me to send their 'best regards to my Yum.' I graciously accepted, with the prediction that she would send *them* her best *love* !

I was lying on the floor just now—dozing and dreaming when the gentleman on the next chair suddenly slipped down as I thought, and began to kiss me very softly and sweetly. I woke up in astonishment, too much surprised to feel shocked, and found my little dog kissing me ! He is so lovely !—a small brown thing, and dear ! I am his earliest memory, and he loved me with his whole heart till everybody else began to love him, and his dog, world grew full of bliss.

And as Sadananda is never weary of remarking his 2 brothers are roaming the streets, veritable Hindus, while *he* is in a world of love !

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Your letter yesterday was grand, although so short. Nothing has happened since I wrote on Thursday—but I feel so close to the secret of life nowadays—as if I must write to you and tell you what there is yet no chance to tell—as if I could talk poetry all the time. As I write I have been for the last hour conscious of two things, apple blossoms and flame—pure golden flame—and I feel as if one's speech is really all like that—a line of light running along the ground, or a flame playing about a bough —but what it means, where is the symbolism—that I do not know.

Santoshini is ill, and I have two extra hours. Is it wicked to say how I revel in them ? Sadananda talked to me for an hour about the old days at Baranagore when they were too poor even to have clothes, and lived shut up, rejoicing in their poverty, and living through every great moment of Humanity, shouting Vive la Republique as Swami talked of the Revolution, or weeping as he sang of the separation from the Beloved. And how because Sri R. K. [Ramakrishna] loved his music he would lock himself in for 2 hours every evening and play on his bina the songs his Master loved—and it came to their knowledge that he wept, alone

there, and no other music was so sweet as those songs he sang to the Invisible.

Saradananda and Turiananda are back. So I hope to be sent [···] to take a berth. Tomorrow S. and I spend 5 rupees on ice cream for him—wild extravagance but he wants it.

Saradananda was just back in time to smoothe the ruffled plumes of Abhayananda who came backfrom Dacca, sore about money and Kalikrishna's conduct, and not scrupling to say dreadful things of Swamiji. I saw her and found out on Thursday night, and we sent Saradananda on Friday. His embassy of peace succeeded well, but I see that she is so jealous of me that the very sight of me annoys her, and the less I go the better every way. This may or may not interfere with my seeing the King.

It is terribly hot, unusually so they say, which is good to drive away the Plague—but hard on our gang. Yesterday I lunched with my missionary friend, and on returning found that Mr. Mohini had sent for me to Bhowanipur to see Swarup's mother. It was heart-rending. She has been ill and half-crazed ever since he went, and the starvation just as dreadful as could be. Fortunately I have it in my power to help a little. Mrs. Sevier sent me Rs. 25/- for Plague the other day, and I am going to use that for 2½ months and then draw on the little reserve at Grindlay's—after all, *my* mother is provided for ! But the really dreadful thing was this sordid inability to stand aside for one moment and let the poor boy live his own life.

Sadananda was there and he got splendidly wrathful and first elicited dreadful facts about how ill Swarup was when he left home, fainting in trams and so on. And then S. said, "And now bless him—that he may recover his health and be *able* to earn for you." And finally the poor mother gave *me* her blessings—such a blessing ! A prayer rather, for Swarup. And I wrote and told him this morning.

Dear, your letter was divine in its sympathy and sweetness, and by the next mail you would find that it was all right. I always tell *you* everything, and know that *you* will do the right thing about showing.

But,I think I wrote separately by that mail to S. Sara anyway. I was much amused one evening talking about you to the Boses and saying casually how awfully jealous your goodness made me

sometimes to find that Dr. Bose was almost hurt at my being jealous of you ! I drove the mail home however and then was mean enough to take credit for the fact that I confessed to you !

About Sir T. Carmichael. I'm awfully glad my callosity has been contagious—if it really has had anything to do with it, but you ought to *rejoice* really for all that has happened is that he has sown the seed, as he conceived of it, as far and wide as he can. He could not do more wisely, if he understood no better and he has evidently done his best with energy. The greatest service he could render you, whether with a smile or a sneer (and the sneer would never be ill-natured) matters little. You evidently impressed him—or he would not be so preoccupied with you. And now it is 20 to 1 and I am going to rest. I sleep on the roof at night !

Tuesday morning 25 to 12. The heat is terrible. I so exhausted that Sadananda said I must give a holiday and he would take me to the Math with the ice cream. An hour ago I could hardly go and dress, even for the sake of seeing the King, the heat is unimaginable—but now—bathed clothed and in my right mind I feel extraordinarily well and am devouring bread and butter ! What a blessing wealth is—*You* [?] would be dead. They say the King goes in a fortnight. If so I shall probably take 10 days up the river with the Robindra Nath Tagores immediately after. I will *not* go before, and I eschew the Darjeeling Bannerjees.....My heart misgives me about Abhayananda. Saradananda writes that she did not go to the *Math* on Sunday. Fool that she is ! She says people brought her money in Dacca and Kalikrishna absorbed it all, and that she was simply being "run" by Swamiji & Co., for their own benefit.

If anyone can set it right your Swami II [Saradananda] is the man—but I have implored them all not to let it come to the King's ears. I really stood her absurd nonsense quite sweetly for a long time and then only when she attacked Swamiji told her that I could not stand it. And Dacca, you must know, was really a piece of work that I was to do, in order to see E. Bengal, but I stepped out and gave place to her ! But she was in such pain that I could only feel sorry, too. I asked her about money, and she turned on me saying she would take none from me ! However her ticket is secured for America. Saradananda says she will never give up her sannayas (no—for it's a fortune to her,

but on her return to America will range herself practically on the side of the missionaries as far as criticism of Indian social things goes. Meanwhile, my friends will be pleased, but are not anxious, to see her, and I think she will probably leave India having seen very little of it. Her lectures are *most* uninteresting and quite out of place here—so she draws crowds at first, and then they dwindle of course. *She* says this is because the people are not spiritual. The Seviers were sufficiently ill-advised to invite her warmly there, on the strength of her adwaitism, but she showed no signs of taking it very seriously and I wrote privately to Swarup about the real state of things here, and to prevail on Mrs. Sevier to do anything but take an acceptance, in the event of her thinking of it. Whoever entertains her may expect platform—revelation later, and that would ill suit them.

After all—what does it matter ? I 'drop it !' Unfortunately the heat prevents my entertaining her.

Again this terrible temperature. By itself it would not be so bad, but combined with a conscience about work it is terrible. Sadananda has told me a lovely thing this morning about Mohammedans. The tenderest offering you can make to a friend he pictured them.

" 'Ah,' one says, 'there is a grave I see ! Let me run and put a lamp and some sweet flower there—for he who lies there is dear to me I love !" Can you imagine anything so tender ? Sadananda and I are both going to be buried, not burnt—he for his Mohammedanism, I for my X'tianity. Cremation is so utterly unsentimental !

I wonder if this feeling about Death is the gate by which one could get into Mohammedan feeling. Mr. Ameer Ali seemed much touched the other day when I said "Now talk to me and make me a good Mohammedan !" But he did not succeed any more than the man at Naini Tal. One gets more of Islam from Swami than from anyone of them. However Omar Khayyam and Sadananda between them can do it I believe. Sadananda has a wonderful gift of religious feeling. He *says* he'll take me to Dukineswar tonight.

I send you Mrs. Roy's last letter. Does n't it make you love her—though I am afraid our "most revered" is right. She is unhappy. Wasn't it just like blessed Mrs. Bull to write to her ! Do you remember Swamiji saying our Steady Mother [Mrs. Ole

Bull] was a better Hindu than himself ? I have been so struck by the way the Brahmos have laid hold of her. It is evident that she brings them, in a European form that they can love and appreciate, just that peace that they have lost.

S. Sara's letters to myself have a sort of special strength and sustenance in them that I could ill do without. My relationship to her grows more real with every day that passes.

As for you—Beloved—how am I to thank you for loving me ? I never seriously expected it. You are the sort of person that I have always loved dumbly and passionately, without a dream of being looked at, and you let me feel that I am really something to you ! You are just an angel.

I would give my head to have Beeta here—but I could not urge her coming, for it is exceedingly unlikely that even this hot weather will altogether kill the Plague. It is most probable that it will break out again with terrible virulence next Feb. and though I don't think Albert would catch it, yet you would hardly care to send her into it perhaps. Really of course, what we have had is nothing. Canton in '94 lost 40000 between May 4th and June 18th ! And we in a month only 500 officially. But if next year we lose 1000 officially recorded it will seem very bad indeed, and I am afraid that is *probable*. So. A. [Alberta] had better go to Paris and prove to be my interpreter for one, if your lovely plan really comes off. And when I come back it must be with money in my purse and matured plans. I mean to work Calcutta like a demon next winter if Swami is away. He has put me on my feet and shown me what I can do, and that shall be enough.

I am finding out the truth of many truisms. For instance, there are other ways of educating besides keeping school. (I knew *that*, I think) and other forms, such as your living here, *may* be better suited to a given epoch.

Then, in school, you can only in one generation educate up to a given point. Then what you have given has to be worked out in practice. And again—of all the funny things—the Rev. Mother's notion of my Indian destiny may prove to be right. Yet could I only have reached it this way.

How beautiful those lines Mr. Stead quoted are—"Thy place in life is seeking after thee. Therefore be thou at rest from seeking after it." After all, that is the *whole* truth, is n't it ? Someday I must find some excuse to send it to Dr. Bose for I now

perceive that that is the word for which I have searched my mind in vain to give him. The things after which one may and must seek are so very different !

Evening. Have been. The King was dear and radiant. I am to arrange passages to-morrow. We insist on two firsts. Then I am to buy a trunk. And then he starts—for the West and you. He will go to Nim's wedding and give her his blessing ! ! ! If a word from you will do it, I know you will utter the word that will bring her this rich dower.

Who knows how soon I may be telegraphing ? Remember—to you and Mr. Sturdy—but if he turns back, to Mr. Sturdy only.

I wrote to M. Nobel by last mail, but the King tells me that *he* cannot be in Paris except in April and May, and he does not feel well enough to go—especially with Turiananda on his hands, and he won't desert Turiananda. So it has to be given up. But this is easy. I can write again to M. Nobel and Mr. Sturdy saying that I made a mistake, not knowing that M. Nobel had communicated with the King direct.

He let in curious lights on human nature as we sat and talked of people we meet. And once he said "How I wish you had seen Vidyasagar !" And then he told me that the trust-deed I think was signed, and he had nothing in the whole place, not even a vote. He is as free as the first day he came to R. K. [Rama Krishna] to walk out staff and begging bowl in hand and live under a tree. - - - - -

"And yet" he said, in that mischievous way, "I have a conviction that the best in every land is for me. I have had the best, and I shall always find it wating for me again."

Then he told me how as a child of 18 he came across a copy of Thomas a Kempis which contained in the preface an account of the author's monastery and its organisation. And *that* was the abiding fascination of the book to him." Never thinking that we should have to work out something of the same sort one day." "I love T. A. K. you know, and know it almost off by heart. Thomas A K. and the Gita—the two favourite books—but those lectures were nothing beside that. If only they had told what Jesus ate and drank, where He lived and slept, and how He passed the day, instead of all rushing to put down what He said ! Those long lectures ! Why, all that can be said in religion can be counted on a few fingers. That doesn't matter. It's the *man*

that results, that grows out of it. You take a lump of mist in your hand, and gradually gradually it developes into a man. Salvation is nothing in itself—it is only a *motive*. Freedom and all those things are nothing, except as *motives*. It's the man they from—that is everything." And now I remember that he began this by saying that "it was not the words of Ramakrishna but the life they lived with Him that was wanted, and that had yet to be written." After all, this world was a series of pictures and *man-making* was the great interest running through. We were all watching the making of men and that alone. Then about the mist and so on. Sri R. K. [Rama Krishna] was always weeding out and rejecting the old. He always chose the young for disciples.

The Rev. Mother has written to Shivananda's disciple in Australia saying—of all extraordinary lies—that she came to Bellur for her initiation but the ceremony was "so filthy and obscene" that she stopped half way and of course broke all connection with the Order ! ! ! ! The King says he can only hope that she dreamt it, because if not it would be too wicked, but if she dreamt it, how awfully diseased.

Wednesday.

Instead of driving straight home from Baranagore we turned back and went to Dukineswar. I never went in from the land side before. It is simply grand. I sat under the Tree and S. waited. It was a stormy night—wind moaning and water sobbing. Of course you were there. I went to get a leaf to send Mrs. Roy. I gathered a little spray of 3. Then S. came and gave me 2 for you and 2 for the Grannie, and long after it struck me that we had taken 7 !

The storm broke in the night and today has been quite cool.

M

From here to Paris via Bombay and thence M. 540. But I should love to go Italian line and land at Naples, going by train through Italy and this I believe is less.

Taking King's tickets today.

43. To Miss J. MacLeod

16 Bose Para Lane,
Bagh Bazar, Calcutta
May 15th [1899]

My sweet and beloved Yum,

Swamiji came in this afternoon on the heels of your letter. He has been in Calcutta once or twice lately to see the [. . .] and has learnt to come in here and lie down on the cushion without talking. Sometimes I slip a few books or papers under his hand and then sit writing and take no notice—just happy to have him. And this afternoon he offered to drink tea and eat bread and butter with me ! Well, I handed him your letter to read without thinking about the Incarnation of Shiva (yes, that was what I meant) allusion, and of course he teared like a child to know the story—"*he* had heard nothing about it" he argued and equally of course he had to do without. He tried to pay me out by saying he wouldn't have a dog for a grandchild, but it was no good.

Queen Laire [?] is very sweet. It was for her I think that you sent me the advertisement of the Open Court.

Lok na pok : Men are worms. Miss Bell came here on Friday and left this morning. She is off to Bombay for England tomorrow night. We took her to Dukhineswar and the Math on Sunday. She got quite low spirited at leaving. And Swami says "she is a perfect lady. Her English may not be perfect, but if she is not a lady I should just like to know who is." And indeed it was just wonderful having her. A little restful corner of peace and sunshine all the time. She is dear. Such a contrast to the storm lost soul of our Chicago friend. However judicious gifts and timely lies (I manfully denied having seen or heard of a letter from her cutting all connection with me !) are smoothing even *her* ruffled plumes. Swami carried eggs to her this morning with his own hands. And the Parkers made a tea party in such hospitable fashion for her on Saturday ! By the way I ordered the Empress for you and S. Sara and paid the subscriptions. So don't send duplicates. All this time without telling you that his passage is booked for June 20th. He is a *little* seedy today—being rainy—but is otherwise in fine condition.

It seems Miss Muller told Ackshaya long ago that he was dangerously ill and "could not survive."

"How cold blooded she is ! What's the matter with the woman ?" I said in horror.

"So extremely selfish" said Swami quietly. And surely it is true.

I dined with the Missionaries last night, Zenana-Church of England Sunday night, dinner at 8, sole entertainment, prayers in the drawing room. The most atrocious group of people I ever met. Working amongst Mohammedans and not knowing how to speak sufficiently strongly against them. I learnt a good deal about missions last night. I saw from the converts that I met and their dignity about saying "I was *born* Xtn." that all the conversions took place about 45 years ago. Also the mission-durwan has been holding back from baptism for the last 4 years "in order to bring his wife with him." He is named Joseph in advance—"because the Lord seems to make everything prosper in his hand." But Swami agrees with me that if he had been much in earnest, 4 years would have been too long.

And from what the head missionary told me of herself and her family I learnt that missions are "bread-givers" (as dear Dr. Bose says) as you thought. But my little Miss White is a saint.

Mrs. Sevier sent me about 2 lbs of tea from their own garden this morning !

Wednesday 9 *a. m.*

Wednesday is mail day now, and morning school just over. Somehow there seems to be nothing to tell this week. The weather has been much easier and I have been rushing round about Swami's journey, leaving no time for the life of the soul. In Cook's I had a hasty time about "Natives" and went off to see heads of firms. They were all sweet, but Plague regulations prevented P & O accepting and B. I. were most cordial. Finally I took 2 first in B. I. S. S Golconda—20th June—and the young man managing the Passenger's Department is on the high way to becoming a disciple ! ! ! ! Humbly asked for books ! which I have sent. When all was settled I went back to Cook's and rebuked the objectionable Clerk en plein Compagnie. He blustered but when I bowed and left the room at a snail's pace there was only silence behind me—and I was glad I had gone.

In the hot days the temperature has often been 104 ! I saw Miss Bell off last night. Swami took a relative to Kalighat yesterday and was royally received by the Brahmins there, which is very cheering.

The Parkers are going to see him this week. They are rough and half educated but the kindest hearted people I ever saw. And he understands people like that.

There has been a case of assault here on an Englishman and his wife by two Mohammedan princes of the Oudh family. You should have heard Mr. Parker tear the evidence to pieces. It nearly made me love him. The Englishman had broken the law between man and man he said and according to him European sympathy would be with the princes !

A horrid development has occurred in the Bannerjee family, and the King came in full of it the other day. Then he said that he only knew one person in the whole world who could do any good in such cases, and that was Mrs. Bull, "so quiet and good in her treatment," and he made the statement still more emphatic.

This time I did *not* lose the leaves. Please keep some yourself and send some to S. Sara. I *cannot* write to her, for want of energy. Morning school was crowded and very exhausting, but please tell her how soory I am about Mrs. Vaughan's illness and how much relieved that she is better. How good of S. Sara to nurse all the time at Bordig. ! Even poor Sadananda is a little ill and my maid is down with fever.

And now Dearest this is a dreadful letter. But I am always

Your own Childe

Margot

I'm so cross—I can't think about anything but how outrageously badly Swarupananda edits the Prabuddha. Bad English and fulsome criticism.

Yesterday was Devendra Nath Tagor's birthday. I took a branch of the Dukhineswar Bo Tree with Swami's pranams.

I hate everybody.

Your sweet

M

44. To Miss J. MacLeod

16 Bose Para Lane,
Bagh Bazar, Calcutta
May 21 [1899]

My Beloved,

Now your letter is fragrant with violets ! I am so distressed at your being ill. I *felt* that you were not at all well all this time. A certain undercurrent of weariness sounded in your letter, and I seemed to see your dear face at its whitest, with your eyes like pale skies—*always*. How I hope and trust and hope again that the new treatment, which sounds so rational and splendid, may be really successful.

Now for the rest of your letter. Oh—oh—oh—I shall see Swamiji this evening—so I write you my *own* feelings **before** seeing him, knowing that you will well understand if the whole thing is contradicted and an entirely different voice reigns at the end of my letter.

Well—when I read it—I could n't have believed it—the suggestion about going to England I mean—I went nearly mad with joy. I was all alone—house locked—had a wash—with your letter lying here all the time (wasn't *that* self-control ?) and came to it cool and reverent. But I danced and sang at the top of my voice. I thought of St. Sara's "Homesick to a man." Certainly we English are crazy about our "foggy little island." Bless it ! Then I thought—how funny that Yum really rules us all, even at this distance ! Swami suggested the same thing the other day—for Nim's wedding, and I would not listen. And you speak ! and it is done - - - - - - - - - - - -

Only yesterday morning I gave in and told Swami that I now knew that my school was a waste of time—and he was sweet and told me he would give me some important work at Poona "as soon as we have got the wild cat out of the country"—pending the time when I could go to Europe and bring back money for my "Home for Widows and Girls."

Of course it's only a "waste of time" in *one* sense. In another, I have been very much encouraged, for Sadananda said he found that the discipline here *grew out of the will of the children* in a curious way, and also that he found this the best place for seeing

them in their true characters, better even than their homes. I thought these were very subtle and beautiful observations, and if he had known anything of educational theory I should have trusted them less, and been less comforted. But just when a girl grows exquisite, she marries, and I can do no more for her. If I could go round to zenanas of course and teach English to the ladies it would be a great thing, but I am only one person and my time, what with school and sanitation and writing, is quite full—and Swami's little cousin is the only person I treat in this way. Of course I have already done *something*, however little, for Sontoshini. And I have done a wee wee bit for the Brahmos and a morsel for those Xtians. But the children whom I came to serve must be reached more largely and enduringly. *My* place is to train EDUCATIONAL MISSIONARIES—and for that, I *must* have their whole lives in my hand.

Then I have been absolutely unable to write my report for Mr. Sturdy, unable in that way that seems like a direct command to "don't"—do you know ? And only this last week I have been asking myself what miracle I could be expecting—to let it drift in this way.

So It may be that *this* is the answer, and that I am to try my fate in England. Whatever is to be done, I feel sure that all necessary means will conspire together to aid it, and that my personal ability or worth will have nothing to do with the fact that IT WILL BE DONE. Even if through abuse and apparent failure, it won't matter to *me*, though it may tax all of you to go on trusting one—for this thing is destined—of that I am certain. Nay, I think I foresee that the principle will be accepted in the long run by all the Christian missions of the Liberal Churches. The missionary is a right and necessary feature of open posts—but he stands as a witness to his own ideals, not as a destroyer of others. Even if we believe, with a great and consuming belief, that hell-fire awaits those who differ from us, and we want to wander through the world, all flame and fury of redemption, we ought only to state this unfortunate monomania as our belief. Our personal attitude towards the self-condemned should be entirely distinct. See the R. C. [Roman Catholic] Missions. Something like this will be, I fancy, the net result of all our lives, as a group. And over and above all this, Swami will give Living Waters.

Well—there are other points. If I do go it must be with the King June 20th, and this would make it much easier to make the attempt to get Sarola to England.

But I could do *nothing* in time to be back in India for the cold weather, and again in Paris next year. If I go at all wouldn't it be far far wiser to stay 8 or 9 or even 12 months, and give up all thought of Paris, except as perhaps a peep on the way back ?

For one thing, Miss Muller will pay for me to go to England now but I don't in the least trust her to send me back. Her written word means nothing, and *you* could not do everything.

You know I have never counted on Paris at all. That will be an occasion for *brilliance,* and with brilliance I never feel that I have much to do. Swami will of course be in his right place there, and he will be enough.

Then there are little difficulties. When you say "financially you are free in both countries," I don't see quite what you mean—for to go about in England will cost in various ways, and I don't quite see where the money is to come from—but I do see that that is not for me to ask. Those things will arrange themselves IF—and so I wait to see Swami—feeling my own darling Yum that it really is all right either way.

But I can't help rejoicing to think that if I am here it might be possible for S. Sara to have her boy with her in 1900, and I can't help thinking she has a secret longing in that direction. Somehow, I never could picture India without either of us ! Mind you, no one has ever spoken of this to me—it is only something that I have divined and thought about !

Margot

Tuesday morning

I didn't see the King till yesterday morning, and he simply told me that I must go down at once and secure a 1st class berth on his S. S. we paying the difference. I went, found the difference 150 rupees which I can defray out of my own balance —and then set to work about Sarola. So far I have *seen* no one, except Mr. Mohini on her case.

Wednesday

I spent several hours with her yesterday. But she could not dream of going within a month or two of Swami. Also there is

a chance of the Maharani of Cooch Behar going this year, and she might go with her. So my part will simply be to go and talk to the old grandfather about it and try to extort a promise of money for S. [Sarola].

This week I want to write a tremendous appreciation of Mahommedanism for the Empress under the guise of an article on the Mohurrum. So I am going out to tea to meet Prince Jehandur Merzea and 2 or 3 others—today.

On Sunday I am to lecture at the Kalighat, and my lecture is to be printed by the 1000 afterwards. So you shall have what you want, 50 leaflets. By special entreaty it is to be the same lecture over again.

My home is to be given up on the 5th of June. I don't know what my old Gee will do then for a home. She nearly cries over my little dog, and begs—she the orthodox Hindu—that I'll give him to *her*.

And the poor Mother is heart-broken. I wish you could have listened to S. [Sarola] and myself talking all day yestereay.

She says Swami's Bengali is the language of "a loose set," vulgar and so on. Everyone feels this, amongst them. Of course the others are men, and fools, but a girl may be forgiven. Since my home became zenana Suren became less enthusiastic about the King I have noticed, and this mushroom of Brahmo interest is really worth very little. Sarola had a dream of my marrying some rich Hindu !—and this having suffered a rude shock yesterday—nothing so utterly disastrous to the cause of race-equality could be conceived, it seems to be !—more interest will depart.

Of course you know all about the reactions of discipleship and so on—but S. [Sarola] is difficult to understand. She paraphrases Abhayananda's disloyal criticism by saying "A. [Abhayananda] says she came to India to learn Vedanta, but she has only succeeded in seeing Vivekananda dancing before the picture of Ramakrishna." She [Sarola] imagined that criticism to be perfectly justified. I think I showed her how utterly absurd it was. But she will be swayed by the opposite opinion of the next man she meets. However she said several times with great emphasis that the one abiding argument in Swami's favour in *all* their minds was "your devotion and you are not a fool." I felt so proud, and just looked at you and the Grannie to see what

you would say to your child ! For this—it is said—they suspend their judgment still !

I was supremely indifferent to all their opinions in argument, of course, and gave better than I got.

"Swami had good ideas—plenty—but he carried nothing out. Other people had *tried* agricultural reform. He only talked."

"Indeed ! *You* talked a good deal about plague work. Who did it ? You or we ?"

"Oh *you*—but that was English !"

And then "I let into her" about famine work and nursing and 50 things. *I* had made a noise and so on and so on, and she had to give in.

But she is splendid that way. She takes the hardest things in argument without a trace of personal feeling. She might have been Irish.

Still, you see Swami is the all-absorbing question with them, and I am much mistaken if the sudden blotting out of our whole group does not rob them of their hearts entirely.

He said to me the other day "These people who think themselves so free of me are more abjectly mine than any other, if they only knew !"

But you want to know about *him*. He is very very nervous at present. His family gives him endless trouble and pain. He came in the other day and told me how his young brother was disobedient and treacherous and how he used to starve when he was a baby to give him food. It evidently hurt him, as it might one's mother. You remember I told you weeks ago that this kind of thing lay before him. I shall scarcely be more thankful than he I believe when we are off.

Now about my travelling with Swami. I fancy you either vexed at my doing it, or feeling that you *told* me to do it with an idea that that could not hurt, in my case.

Anyway Sarola dropped me at the Parkers last night, that I might run in and consult them. Mrs. Parker's 1st words were lovely—"my dear, no one *who knew you* could possibly think of it !" Mr. P. hemmed and hawed and abused Swami a little—but shewed me pretty plainly that I ought to be above any consideration of the sort—and now Mrs. P. begged me abjectly to arrange a meeting between her husband and the King—the former would *never* be easy in his mind until he knew him.

So it's all all right. My religious name alone goes down in the ships lists.

It is S. Sara's birthday. How lovely Norway must be.

I DO hope Dearest that you are well. I am so delighted about Miss Sooker.

Our S. S. is Golconda—B. I. S. N. Co., calling at Aden—Port Said—Naples—probably—leaving this June 20th. Your own radiant and jubilant

Margot

Don't tell Nim and mother. I don't want them to know, or they will prepare for me, instead of thinking only of the wedding. I won't walk in and kill them of fright.

45. To Miss J. MacLeod

16 Bose Para Lane,
Bagh Bazar, Calcutta
Sunday morning May 28th 1899

My sweet Joy,

You are going to have such a treasure in this letter—as you never received in your life. I am to lecture at the Kalighat this afternoon, and the Mother Herself sent Swami to me at 6 yesterday morning to talk. I had been feeling dreadfully 'out of it' about the R. G. and he just lifted me out of that mood of lostness like a giant—but with such a sense of holiness and confidence and hush about it that I feel almost wicked for writing it down. Yet I dread forgetting a word of it. I shall send it to you *registered* and ask you to copy it before sending on to S. Sara, to be returned to me. I do not think I can bring myself to copy it.

He stayed about 2 hours altogether, and drank tea and smoked —almost like the old days at Bellur. His family is proving terribly troublesome, and he had an idea of taking his mother and me away together somewhere, to the old Math or to Darjeeling, but I fancy legal matters will keep him tied here—and as I am going West with him the idea will probably vanish from his brain. He says he is just longing to be on the steamer.

It is wonderful how like the Gita life is growing. I see nothing but the journey. Endless difficulties on the other side of the water at once, but one step clear. Don't you think [?] [. . .] getting awfully good ? I do. And yet when you say "strike while the iron is hot" I see that you have heated it, in good earnest. It seems to me that unlike you when my mother asked what we were doing, I know so well that I could give each class of mind its own particular reply. And to one class "Vindicating Heathenism" or "whitewashing all other sepulchres save the Xtian" will be the appropriate words—alas !

I hope it won't break my mother's hearts. But with the school off our shoulders and Nim safely married there can be no excuse for cowardice any more. And I am glad of it.

You see dear Joy—these mournful thoughts crowd on one because of the afternoon's work before me.

And I can see that our beloved King is deeply glad at the thought of that piece of work.

At 1, I mean to bath and dress—at *last* I go bare-footed !—at 2, drink a cup of tea, at 3, start, and 5½, commence to speak.—and it is so hot and leaden that sometime between 3 and 7 there will I am sure be a terrific thunderstorm. It is now 11.

Sadanandais just dear. The King is giving him such special love at present and he is deputed to wait on and serve his *mother*, and I can see that they have glorious talks together—in which Sadananda worships her romantically for being the mother of such a son, and she pours out her love and faith and sorrow into his sympathising ear. He looked very grave, after telling me one of his addresses to her, and said "only much austerity and praying, in the past, brings one such a son—Sister !" Old dear ! *He* said, "Mother ! It is through you that we all live !" Can't you imagine how he wins the lonely woman ?

You must keep my letters all together, bound or unbound and when I next see you I can copy out all the parts that call up beautiful things, and perhaps add to them and so make a second volume of the Diary.

I am so afraid that the last letter you received from me was the scaring one about Swami's health, and I do hope you are not worried. I also hope to goodness that they will not rush him into work in London. Can't I save him something, publicly ? I suppose not. But do *you* warn Mr. Sturdy ?

Isn't that touch of Swami's about being quite firm with Kali, too sweet and amusing ? As if amongst other things the secret of the Universe had one thin veil of coquetry at least ! But do you *see*—about Siva I mean ? "Her slave"—the words gave me a new glimpse of the meaning of the attitude of the image !

Isn't it extraordinary, if all this is really more than symbol, how the men of old time must have been in touch with such big things ? Or is one's older and more shallow view correct ? Is the truth of it all, just a response to the vast working of the human mind ? Does Man, in a word, Create GOD ? I wonder !

There certainly seems to be some odd connection between all this and the worship of Kali. I have practically ended school. I give up the home tomorrow week. I began, do you remember ?—on the Kali Puja morning, and I end at the Kalighat.

Oh what a fit of despair ! Dear Joy ! If only you were here ! It's simple nonsense about not seeing you this time. I *must* see you, but then I forgot. You do not picture our starting so late. You do trust Miss Muller, and you imagine my being back for the cold weather. In all which points the reverse will happen.

But I am curious to know how it feels to be again in Europe after all that we have seen. Do you feel as if you had a double brain ? Have you endless new strength and illustration I wonder ? It seems as if it must mean untold and untellable wisdom.

Monday morning

Tha Kali Ghat is done and was not so formidable after all. The men's faces were all most refined.

When we got home at 8, Swami came in from a walk, very very weak and breathing hard, so hard ! What between the heat and agitating business, for the last few days, he has became terribly nervous and exhausted. I hope and pray that he has had a good night and that the business may be over. Whatever it is. He tells me bits when I see him—but the others are loyally mysterious and altogether I gather that the wicked aunt is once more the villain of the piece.

If you feel that my letters are wearing rather thin, you must remember that almost all the world—flesh—and devil are in Darjeeling. And the heat makes life and one's interest in it both more placid.

Tuesday morning

A lovely mail yesterday. The Sistine Madorma in a magnificent autotype copy from S. Sara. Oh how beautiful !—and better still, letters and things to send on to Dr. Bose.

But Nim and mother both write in a contrary sense about my proposed return. I am keeping it a secret from them, and they think that 1,—I have not done enough yet, 2,—that it might be well if Swami is in England that I should be in India and 3,—that I ought to be very sure that Miss Muller will arrange the return (instead of which I am very sure she won't)—only mother says that "it will save the pocket of dear Miss McLeod which is right." However, the ticket is taken and the reasons for coming remain just what they were, and I shall weep for joy if S. Sara is still to be seen when I reach London.

Swami's most problems will perhaps have been solved by now. A night's possession was to work wonders on the Wicked Aunt. I wish his whole family were at the bottom of the era. They have *no* reverence for him—none—they look upon him as mere bread winner and take the missionary point of view.

I do so want while I am in Europe to find an artist who would make me supreme and thereby be inspired to create a *beautiful* Kali.

Wednesday morning

More trouble for Swami last night. Sri R. K. [Rama Krishna] or Kali or someone is sending him trouble enough in return for his touching his family again. Our poor King ! Meanwhile I am always reminding him and myself that the tide turns on Dec. 6. and what do you think ? That is *the day* when the Kumbha planets are again in conjunction and the Kalijuga ends for India ! It is also Mr. Mohini's birthday. We shall see what we see. Swami asks if I expect him to be Emperor. "Something of the sort" I replied.

I feel sure that I acknowledged the 70 rupees while you were in Bombay—and sent you the receipt for first payment.

I spend	40	rupees photograph
	4	,, postage (3/4 and 12 as)
	2/8	,, framing
	32	,, Empress for you and S. Sara
	1	rupee repair of tea case for Miss Barclay.
	79/8	

There will be more to pay yet for framing and postage of picture to Miss Barclay. But I can consult Saradananda about it. Only you see there was none for Gopalma.

Abhayananda is still at the old place—and even the Mother asked me when she would go. I fear she means to stay a year and go home by Paris, and the Mitras are tired of her, say she is always angry and that they cannot afford it. I am so ashamed and would make them a present of money if I could. She is utterly inconsiderate about expense and pays for nothing herself.

You say the temperature is 81 and you are melting. It has been in the higher nineties and over the hundred here so long that I had forgotten that one could melt at 81. A lady, just out, died of heat apoplexy in the train from Bombay to Calcutta the other day. They all say it is quite unaccountable. And I have begged hot vegetable curries 2 lbs lately in order to be able to eat at all.

Did I tell you that I want to surprise my family ? So don't tell them of my return unless it's necessary. I really feel reidiculously lowspirited about it. Everybody, especially Dr. Bose, seems to doubt my return. And I doubt getting anyone to listen to my appeals for help. Is it the heat that makes one such a fool ?

Your last letter makes me think that your cure has really been permanent. How I hope so. S. Sara's account of Miss M. is amusing, but I can't see where Ostropathy would come in, except in the region of the hearts, and there I think it would have to be *petropathy*. She certainly has a heart of flint.

However she sent me some "Punches" the other day, which consoled Swami for a good deal.

The Brahmos make me ill. They are a hopeless lot. But Swami says rebukingly "When people come into the world to serve an idea, Margot, they have to make their own material too. They must not expect to find people ready to listen."

Doesn't it amuse you to find how you are still "She who should be obeyed ?" We don't dream of going against your wishes—Lady Fair. And now Goodbye darling Yum. You don't know how I love your letters or want them longer.

Yours *Margot*

Copy of talk
Saturday morning, May 29 [1899]
7 to 9 A.M.
Of course History and Ethnology too.

S. Do you remember the man who said "I believe in God and the angels and not in nothin' else ?"

N. Was it about "loafin' about the throne ?"

S. Yes—"a darned right better business than loafin' about the throne."

Well—that's my position. I believe in Brahman and the gods, and not in nothin' else.

They have put me down to preside at your lecture. But I shall not go, unless I am perfectly well, and I must tell you plainly that I don't expect to be that. It will be awfully hot, and I could not restrain my excitement. For we have been Kali Worshippers for centuries and every bit of that place is holy to me. Even the very blood on the ground is holy. Every drop of it. I could lick it all up out of reverence.

But I have given strict orders about your lecture. There are to be no chairs. Everyone is to sit on the floor of the theatre at your feet. And all shoes and hats are to be taken off. If Europeans and Brahmos are present you may have to insist on this yourself. *You* will be on the steps with a few of the guests.

How I used to hate Kali and all Her ways. *That* was my 6 years' fight, because I would not accept Kali.

N. But now you have accepted Her specially, have you not, Swami ?

S. I *had* to—Ramakrishna Paramahamsa dedicated me to Her. And you know I believe that She guides me in every little thing I do—and just does what She likes with me.

Yet I fought so long.—I loved the man you see, and that held me. I thought him the purest man I had ever seen, and I knew that he loved me as my own father and mother had not power to do.

N. But when *you* doubted so long—with all your chances—what wonder if Brahmos still doubt ?

S. Yes—but they never saw that immense purity in Him that I saw ! - - - - - Nor got the love.

N. But I fancy it was His greatness that made the love hold you without palling. Wasn't it ?

S. His greatness had not dawned on me then. That was afterwards, when I had given in. At that time I thought Him simply a brain-sick baby, always seeing visions and things. I hated it—and then *I* had to accept Her too !

N. Won't you tell me what made you do that Swami ? What broke all your opposition down ?

S. No that will die with me. I had great misfortunes at that time you know. My father died, and so on. And She saw Her opportunity to make a slave of me. They were Her very words.—"To make a slave of you." And R. P. [Ramakrishna Paramahamsa] made me over to Her - - - - - Curious, He only lived 2 years after doing that, and most of that time He was suffering. He was only 6 months in His own health and brightness.

Guru Govind Singh (or Nanak ?) was like that, you know, looking for the one disciple to give his power to—and he passed over all his own family. His children were as nothing to him. Till he came upon the boy, and gave it to him, and then he could die.

N. I always look upon Sri R. K. as an Incarnation of Kali. Isn't that what the future will call Him ?

S. Yes, I think there's no doubt that Kali worked up the body of Ramakrishna for Her Own Ends. You see Margot I cannot *but* believe that there is, somewhere, a Great Power that thinks of itself as Feminine and called Kali, and the Mother ! - - - - - - - - And I believe in Brahman, too,—that there is nothing but Brahman ever,—but you see it's always like that. It's the multitude of cells in the body that make up the person—the *many* brain-centres that produce the one consciousness.

N. Yes—always Unity *in Complexity*.

S. Just so ! And why should it be different with Brahman ? It is Brahman—the One—and yet it is the gods too.

And so you see *I* believe in Brahman and the gods and not in nothin' else !

But how She torments me sometimes ! And then I go to

Her sometimes, and say "If you don't give me so and so tomorrow, I'll throw you over, and preach Chaitanya,"—and that thing always comes.

But these things must never be told to anyone—mind that.

N. You mean they are not arguments for the world to hear ?

"Never !" said Swami—going away.

46. To Mrs. Ole Bull

16 Bose Para Lane,
Bagh Bazar, Calcutta
May 31, *Wednesday*, 6-45 A. M.
Temperature about 100°[101] F.

My sweet Grannie,

Your letters of Monday were a mine of wealth and delight. How warmly you praise us—and work is so easy when you are encouraged ! But we stopped on the 16th of May—for the hot weather—I think you will be glad of this. It was not only that the sun made us ill—but even the scavengers had to miss a days' work and wages continually.

I never dreamt of such a magnificent specimen ! I took it to the Mother and she was much puzzled for a minute, trying to find out a resemblance to you and possibly your daughter. Then I explained about the age and greatness of the picture. But I feel a little shock again every time when I see how I who have seen most pictures am the one who love them most. The Sistine Madorma does not dawn on the fresh eye, in all its beauty. But Sadananda makes up for a great deal. He *at once* picked out the likeness to Swami of the Child. And all these chicks you know have as much artistic power as any I ever saw. Their brush work is wonderfully good, considering their chances and their colour excellent. And how they love sewing and manual occupations ! You cannot imagine it.

I am hoping to see Saradananda today and must ask him which are the obnoxious sentences in the Kali lecture. I fancy one must be the crudities of Xtianity. I lectured at the Kalighat

itself on Sunday last—and they are going to reprint, I hear, in thousands. I added an analysis of difficulties to my lecture there—and although the thing will be reprinted from the P.B. [Prabuddha Bharata]. I really gave a little Vedantic speech—to my own great amazement. I found out a curious thing too. Face to face with 2 or 3 thousand people you cannot go into detail as you would with hundreds. You are much simpler and more general, and the work is easier.

You cannot dream of the heat 20 to 8. Only 2 loose cotton garments on and I sit here just melting. It must be over 100F. They say such weather was never known. Swami says it's *good* for him !

How dear of you to write to the Boses ! I just worshipped your kindness and motherhood. I sent them all off at once and Joy seems to have sent Miss Wilkins by the same mail, and no doubt they all reached yesterday—which would be just sweet.

I dare not hope that you will really be in London in the beginning of August. It would be too good to be true. I am afraid your Daughter's illness and change of plans has been a source of anxiety and disappointment to you—but how lovely that you have been able to save Mrs. Crossley's life ! And do do do wait for us in London. If plans are carried out we shall be journeying to England just at the time when last year we were journeying to Amarnath. It is quite equally improper I fear—but when I asked Mrs. Parker about it, she said "My dear, no one who knew *you* could even *think* of it ! And everyone else talks already, you may be sure !" And Mrs. Parker said that if I was in earnest I was above that sort of consideration. So Swami has no idea—any more than last year—that he may not take his daughter wherever he pleases.

I cannot tell whether my appeal will have a chance or not in London and England. Yet I think it ought to appeal to all Unitarians. Again, I don't know—no one can foresee, I fancy. And anyway, it will be nice to see everyone again. I am sure the Mother will bring me back, and give me a free hand with my work.

I have written to Miss Muller that I am coming and by what ship, but I have not said that Swami is coming too. I have merely mentioned in my letter that Swami means to go to England "this time." I have an idea that she deliberately tries to make him ill by mental treatment. I may be doing her an injustice. Of

course she would say all you mention. Yet I think the work has not been useless. Again, when I look at it, I don't see that it benefits anyone as it does myself. Anyway, I see as I could not have done without this experiment, that a home like Ramabai with a school like this as an appendages is the only thing. And if I can, that's what I'll do. I simply long to have Mrs. Coulston and never spend a pice without permission. She shall be treasurer. I'll beg the money—if only she'll keep it. And in the hot weather we must have a punkah. That's another lesson. Work and health all suffer—without.

Sadananda is such an angel, and just broken-hearted about his double loss. He's going to live at the Math ! ! !—and read Emerson ! He is now deep in the essays on England and Representative Men and full of questions about them.

Practical affairs are absorbing Swamiji now to such an extent that I rarely so hear him or hear him speak.

Sarola and the Parkers have both had appointments to meet him—but he has ignored them. The last time I saw him he said he was *longing* to be off. Now I must stop and get all my letters over for I *must* bring the Diary complete and if I write all day and everyday I have too much still.

Ever my dearest Grannie

Your loving Child
Margot

The Mother always send love and blessings and tears for your loss, and I *always* forget to tell.

Sadananda says that without having lived amongst the people like this and gained their friendship and trust, my future "Home for Girls and Widows" would have had no chance. If this is true, this has *not* been wasted, though everyone gets married.

Poor little Sontoshini cried bitterly to Sadananda over my departure and told him that if they insisted on marrying her while I am away she would commit suicide. Poor child ! But I hope she would with her will sat firm like this—we ought to succeed—and I am leaving money to have her taught English.

I have been reading Helbeck of Bannisdale by Mrs. H. Ward. Also Mrs. F. A. Steel's "Flower of Forgiveness." The 1st story in the latter is about Amarnath, but I fancy Mrs. S. has only been to Islamabad. It is a little unreal too, the girl's hand in the boy's —Impossible. But some of the stories are lovely.

47. To Miss J. MacLeod

16 Bose Para Lane,
Bagh Bazaar, Calcutta
June 7th, 1899

"It is mail day Swami—can I send any message for you ?" I said just now. "Only Eternal Love" he answered, "and I'm dying to be on that steamer !" "England or America ?" I said. "It must be England first" he said "but I think I must go to America, to avoid your English autumn—that will kill me."

He talks of taking me to America and setting me to lecture under a bureau and so *earn* the money we shall need. How glad I should be ! Of course I cannot tell whether his idea that I should be popular would be fulfilled. I should just love to do it, however, I might go to the same towns where Ramabai had been —and lecture there. Wouldn't that be fun ? If, in addition, I could form a huge society, each member of which in England, America, and India should contribute a minimum of 1 penny or 2 cents or 1 anna per annum—that would be grand. The work would never want money.

Such, darling Yum, are the plans that occur to me. You will sit in judgment on them. I believe in tiny subscriptions to work done for the people, "by the people, as a joy to the maker and the user."

Fourteen days more ! Your answer will be addressed C/O Mr. Sturdy.

I am quite miserable at the thought of leaving India—for the Unknown West, but oh how lovely to be *free*, as, thanks to you, I am.

Only last night it came upon me with a great thrill that my life is *actually* my own for Swamiji—*actually* more his and yours than anyone's. And NO duties to recall me !

There was no letter this week from you or S. Sara—so perhaps you thought I had started, or perhaps you only missed the post.

The Golconda is expected in port tomorrow. We ought to reach England about the same date as Amarnath last year. We shall stop I suppose at Madras Colombo Aden P. Said and Naples. It would be lovely if there were a letter from you at any of those ports !

We have collected all the Children's books, mats, and sewing and arranged them in my old room at the Holy Mother's. And

there the mothers, aunts and sisters came to see them. It is quite a fine little exhibition and Sontoshini's work makes a grand show. Sri Ramakrishna and Swamiji look down on the scene from leafy bowers on two shelves.

I have many articles to write but the last few days have been devoted to the Diary. We are now in Kashmir. It grows so slowly, but I *should* like to finish before starting !

On Sunday Sadananda and I took the big girls to the Museum. Mr. Parker is a special authority on the collections and he came with us and Sarola met us there. About 1 we returned to Mrs. Parker who feasted my chicks and Santoshini's mother and aunts on mangoes, cocoanut, iced water, and Cabul peaches. Then we came home. Was n't that good ?

Poor Saradananda is worried to death. Home affairs press on him, his brother is coming to America with us, only 2nd class. Then the Math is a great responsibility. Sadananda will be a strength and support I know. By the way your son's invulnerable pride is all gone, and he tells me the most extravagantly kind things about the time he has spent with me ! There's no truth in the statements of course, but it is remarkable that he should make them. It was dear of you to send the Boses Miss Wilkins.

Oh how I hope to bring back Mrs. Coulston ! She might take the responsibility about the money. I would earn it or beg it—but oh how glad I should be to have someone to consult and ask permission from, about the spending of it.

Swami is talking of setting up a trade-industry at the Math, for support—and jam-making has been suggested for my girls. It strikes me as excellent. You have no idea of the deliciousness of green mango jam. And of course you know Bengali chutney. I am sure we could do this—and it would be widening the scope of our work educationally. To be managed entirely by women—think of that ! I see a future for Bet there ! Of course we would make a very small beginning. Oh I'm dying to really *earn* what we want.

But all this time I'm forgetting the only startling piece of news. On Thursday or Friday night last, Saradananda and Brahmananda came under my window and Saradananda said, "Do you know that Abhayananda left for America this morning ?"

It appears that Brahmananda had known the evening before in a general way that she would go *that day*, but Swami's affairs

were at a crisis, and he either forgot or put it on one side, thinking there was time enough to organise a big sending off for the evening. But she went early in the morning and the tender heart of Saradananda was greatly moved because she went in tears. We concocted a warm telegram which Swami sent to Bombay, but I really don't think I need write to her at Chicago. There is nothing to say, and she committed a curious breach of good manners in leaving like that. Did n't she ?

I had not been to see her for 10 days or so—but the heat made it impossible. It was something like 100° in the shade. Indeed I believe that was why she left. Only it does not account for her sending no message and making no attempt to restore the trifles of household use and furniture that I had lent to her.

Swami says he did wrong to organise the demonstrations in Bombay and Madras for her and *then* let her drop to Calcutta. But I think if she had come here first she would have got everyone on edge, and never got her little blaze of glory. So I'm glad it all came as it did. She has so many fine points, it's a pity she is such an idiot. She will certainly abuse all things Indian when she arrives. And she—Abhayananda, will be the Paramahamsa of a new sect in her own mind. However, I think this also should be welcomed.

Darling Yum, this is such a poor letter, but I *cannot* make it better. It is not specially hot, but the moment is not soulful.

Your own loving
Margot

You will be sending this on to S. Sara. I do *hope* she may wait in London for us, but it is too long I fear. Oceans and oceans and oceans of love to her and you,

M

48. To Miss J. MacLeod

C/o. The Holy Mother
Bagh Bazaar, Calcutta
June 14 [*1899*]

My darling Yum,

2 lovely letters arrived together this week. By the time you get this the King I trust, and I certainly, shall have started for the West, so your plans are all being fulfilled. And what do you

think has just come ? An invitation from the Seviers ! ! ! ! A month ago I would have given my head for it. Poor Swamiji ! Wory on wory, but you did not think seriously that I ever in my life dreamt of coming between two people—did you ? Even to save the mouse from the cat offends my sense of other people's rights, much more absurd would it be to protect the lion against the owl. On the contrary—but enough. Brahmananda begins to doubt his going at all, and things look ugly. However, a good heart, you will know next week—anyway—long before you get this letter. Betgry—New York—will mean started.

Staying at the Mother's means no facilities for writing, you know, and I cannot "flow" under those circumstances.

But I see the advantage of health in your letter. It is a different thing—about my going home—it will be July 27 when the Golconda is due. You know in August London is proverbially empty—so I can do little or nothing in the way of lecturing or begging till well on in September. Then of course comes the great question. If Swami carries out his present idea of taking me to your country and putting me into the hands of a bureau it seems to me that I might do a great deal by judiciously applying myself to the places where Ramabai has stimulated interest in us, to *earn* the money, begging in addition, if that is right and desirable. Having done that, could I get back to London while plenty of people were there and do something extra ? I thought of trying to make this the mission cause of Unitarianism. No one is available there till Oct. 1st and everyone who is big stays over November for pleasant shooting, and though I want everyone, yet I do want an eager little group of Swamiji's friends.

Of course I need not say how infinitely more glad I should be to *earn* the money than to beg it. But I only say these things because I tell you everything and these thoughts come to me here. I don't really interfere in the march of events, and I haven't a doubt that an order waits round every corner, as we have seen all this time.

Saradananda's brother goes with us, as you know, 2nd Class. Swamiji, Turiananda and I 1st. Golconda, BISN agents. We stop at Aden—Port Said—Naples—and *Marseilles*.

A heavenly letter from Miss Muller about plague cleaning, but I don't know how she'll take the news of my going home. I am certain she won't stir a finger to send me back.

Have I told you the new plan ? I AM, I am—making—for the widows. The Parkers are to give us tips. I'm going to examine every jam-factory in the West that I pass.

A new article just prepared for printers this morning. This work on the Empress gives me great hopes of being able to put *my* case in readable and enthusiastic form without further reference to the Missionary—and meet him fair and square after. I always wish I had seen what you saw at the Paramahamsa's Garden.

Your Babe is an angel. The two photographs are beyond words. Please give her my humblest devotion.

A long letter from S. Sara hit Saradananda. Evidently hearing later says she leaves London for America in June with your sister. So we shall not find her there ! Alas !

Another from Mrs. Coulston. If Mrs. C. is really a good business woman—and I suppose you know that she is—our new department will make her invaluable She can be head of everything—I want one other, *young* Western teacher, too. My plans are pretty complete. Hurrah for difficulties ahead.

Your loving

Margot

49. To Mr. Rabindra Nath Tagore

Bose Para Lane,
Bagh Bazaar, Calcutta
Friday, June 16, 1899

My dear Mr. Tagore,

You have heard long ago, I fancy, that I must go to England this summer & that therefore I shall not be able to accept that fascinating invitation to your river-house, towards which I had been steadily pressing for so long ! I was within a day or two of writing to you that, if you would allow me I would come to Mrs. Tagore & yourself as soon as the Swami had started. Little did I think that before I should have written, my own fate would have been reversed !

I am really not at all happy to be going away from India—even for a little while—and long talks with yourself on all sorts

of delightful things are amongst the many disappointments of the change of plan. Besides, I really wanted to add a new friend to those with which India has already blessed me, and you are so dear to my friend Dr. Bose, that I could not help hoping you should be *my* friend too !

But I hope that the greatest ends may be better served by my going than by my staying—and if that is so I know that you will feel with me that personal considerations simply do not count.

My Au Revoir includes a great many wishes for your good health & happiness until we meet again. Please give my kind regards and respects to Mrs. Tagore and my love to your charming children.

And believe me dear Mr. Tagore.

Sincerely Yours,

Nivedita

50. To Miss J. MacLeod

C/o Srimati Sarada Devi
8 Bose Para Lane, Calcutta
June 18th [1899]
Sunday early

My sweet Yum,

Have I been leaving my letters undated ? If so the mails make certain dates approximately certain.

How sweet of Sri R. K. [Rama Krishna] to let the mail come this morning. I am keeping Ekadasi—just for fun. Clothed in a white sari and spending the whole day with Mother. And in these hours I sat down to write letters—and was just turning to yours with a feeling of depression and not knowing what to tell—when in walked the mail. And I don't know, now what to say first.

First I read Mr. Sturdy's letter. He had heard from you about going to Miss Muller but declined to go. I never thought of telling you that the Rev. Mother had left standing orders, and again sent special instructions later, to her bankers, to get me a ticket any time I wished. So that was all right—only as Swami was to go first class he of course insisted on my doing the same—so I sent a cheque for 150 Rupees extra.

But another line in *your* letter caught my eyes as I opened it —"Mrs. Scott"—I don't know who she is !—"wants you to lecture in America" etc.—I laughed—so Sri Rama Krishna has been arranging as usual at both ends of the rope. My letters of the last mails will show you what I mean.

Now I will tell you about last night.

Sadananda Mr. Mohini and I left this about 5.30 for the Math, where we had some tea, and "the younger members of the Math" read a sweet letter to me and gave me 7 roses tied with gerrua.

Then we went on to Dukshineswar and stayed under the tree till after 10.

We also went into the room, and I laid my 7 roses at the foot of the picture. Fancy not seeing it again till I come back !

Under the Tree we meditated (M & I)

then talked—

then visited the room—

then went back and talked again.

Meditated again—but I got very tired and went to sleep. Then down to the boat where S. and I feasted on mangoes and M. would eat nothing, and go home.

M. was so sweet and sympathetic the whole time.

For my own part the whole experience reminded me of that night in the boat "Play with the Lord." It was all mere playfulness. You know I have a special belief in that Tree and the Presence under it. The room never carries that association to me. Well, last night, it was just as if He would have nothing to do with the last of us seriously. He would only say, "Don't worry" or "don't be a foolish child"—making one rather ashamed of oneself, and then just be nice. It was so natural to be nice and pleasant the last evening your child came to see you—wasn't it ?—when she was saying goodbye !

But I think Mr. Mohini was going deep into things. And then we said goodbye to the little room—and late at night with its one little lamp, it somehow had a poverty about it and an absolute simplicity, that make it very very holy and lovely in my eyes. It was pouring outside, and all the radiance and joy of the Indian sun had gone—and we saw it as it was—with black shadows and dingy walls and simple simple furnishings—and only 2 beds to represent ease of any sort ! And the air all damp

and cold and the beating of rain without. And this was where *He* lived !

One morning this week I saw the King and he talked about the absurdity of my notion of Progress, but told me to go on working as hard as I could—"to get tired." "Be a fanatic of Death—Margot !" he said, and so on. Wasn't that glorious ?

And now I'm so tired. I *must* be down and read this lovely paper you have sent me.

I quite agree with you about the joy of a new fad. It must be a wonderful assurance of normality. As for me I feel normal too—for I have all my old power with English people. Even here in Calcutta ! The Empress is doing it—and the plague work—they helped each other. On Wednesday evening I went to tea and dinner at the Rutters to say goodbye. To my surprise a number of people dropped in at tea time and presently I was asked to hold forth on Hinduism etc.—I did so of course and during dinner an invitation came from some of these friends for the next evening. I was not able to go—but wasn't it nice ? They always thought Kali was a real woman who killed her husband !

So you see there's nothing more impossible in intelligent English people here than in intelligent English elsewhere—when the truth is once brought.

Why of course Dr. Bose and his wife loved you ! I quite agree that no one could resist anyway—but they did—quite specially —what gave you any other idea ? Nasty old Yum ! Aren't they people of *vision* ! Isn't loving you implied in that ? Don't easily permit yourself to asperse persons dear to me in that manner !

When we come back—dear Mrs. Coulston will find her hands full with management of us all. I must find money to employ two paid teachers. But I mean to find *loads* of money. But oh, if I could earn it !

And now I must stop.

Give my love to your divine baby. How I love that child already.

Yes it was dear of Mr. Leggett to give the money to Lady Hobart. I feel personally indebted—which reminds me—what the Mother is—is only dawning on me now. You should have heard her defend Sadananda against horrid aspersion the other

day ! And when my zenana article comes out you will realise what it meant when she said quietly that in giving us the poses Santoshini's mother had helped *her*.

And now goodbye. Ever your loving child

Margot

I am so glad about Holl. Of course this will be new life. Congratulations to Col. Church.

51. To Miss J. MacLeod

Saturday morning
24 hours before Madras
8 A.M. [25. 6. 1899]

My darling Yum,

If you could be here without feeling as wretched as I do, I wish you were here. The expected telegram has told you that we are off—we started on Tuesday afternoon. So far the King and Turiananda are well—and the weather not too bad. But this morning I am alone on deck and the wind is very high—so I don't know what may be the state of things.

The King talked to me all Thursday. He says it will be a funny thing if he can't persuade you to join him in England on some excuse—otherwise he will have to come to America. Then he said other people, Mrs. Bull, or I or others, might lecture him for hours on a difficulty showing him various ways out—and produce no effect—but if you came in and said "Why ! that's nothing !" an electric shock went through him and everything was different. "Oh she is my good luck" he said. Then he explained to me that the difference between you and everyone else lay in the fact that others had matured since he had met them —but you were "fully developed" before he ever saw you. Then he spoke of "the strength in that little body" of the love—and of the power to suffer. The last astonished me—and he said that he had made you shed torrents of tears many a time by the outrageous things he had said to you. Had I not yet found out that where he loved most he scolded most ? But I hope and pray dear Yum that this last touch in your manifold perfections is only the King's loving imagination. I don't like to think of

your shedding "torrents of tears !" As I write—he comes out—evidently not ill.

What else did I want to tell you ? Not very much I fancy, tomorrow this will be posted.

At Aden on the 8th I hope to get your last letters. In London my best address will be I fancy C/o G. L. Apperson Esq. Movilla, Menton Hall Road, Wimbledon.

Goodbye.

Margot

52. To Miss J. MacLeod

COASTING CEYLON
Tuesday morning, June 28th 1899

My sweet Yum,

This letter will probably arrive with the last, written in pencil. At Madras we were told that letters posted there could receive answer at Marseilles—from England. So I wrote ETS [E. T. Sturdy] asking him to let Swami hear there about his fate in London. The King says he will gladly go into lodgings for a few weeks—just see people, and then go on to America. I told him about Mr. S's. cottage in Wales before we reached Madras. He doesn't want to go to Wales. Neither Mrs. S. nor R. D. being a sufficient attraction. I have no doubt that some satisfactory arrangement will be made in good time.

It was quite exciting at Madras. Crowds of people and an appeal to the Governor to let him land. But Plague considerations prevailed and we were kept on board—to my great relief, for the sea voyage is doing him a world of good, and one day of crowds and lectures would be enough to pull him down from his present magnificent condition into the lowest depths of exhaustion. It was sufficiently tiring to have to look down and be polite to the constant succession of boat-loads who came to the ship's side with presents and addresses all day.

At Madras Alasinga took passage for Colombo and so the King is having grand comforts in his cabin all the time. They all three mess there now—so I am alone at table, growing more or less acquainted with other people. Did I tell you that I was looking forward to this voyage as a means of testing race-question ? I am having great fun out of it, all the time. There

was such a crowd of yellow and other robed ones to see us off, and I was so complacent about wearing all the garlands and receiving all the bouquets that Swami rejected, that there could be no possible mistake from the beginning as to who we were. I don't know whether anyone tried to remember it against me or not. Swami was so much with me the first day or two. Whenever a man spoke to me I always contrived to shunt the conversation to him, making it evident that I sailed under his flag. Presently, I found that *every* WOMAN had made my acquaintance, in spite of my reserve. So of course the battle is won. At present a good many men are in the habit of coming up and talking to me—then if "a Native" comes to the other side, they suddenly disappear, driving my effusive greeting. But even this is only some. Others stay and talk to Swami before they go.

I don't claim that this is creditable to English, but it is not quite brutal, is it ? And it gives me a feeling of a certain power. I ought to add that the people who travel by this line are not very distinguished either but the man who has just added himself to my "set" is fine—a university man in the Education Department who loves Swinburne and Rosetti and my favorite pictures, poems and books. What his attitude to Swami will be when he emerges I don't know, and I don't much care, for he can't have me without him, and no other woman here can interest him much. What's the good of it all ? I don't know. *I* can't set things right all over India. Yet I suppose it is worth while if 30 or 40 young fellows get a few strong glimmerings of common sense in the course of a month's voyage ! It certainly seems worth while if they learn to sit at Swami's feet and call for light. Yet race-prejudice is a great barrier.

We are only 3 women, and one is the wife of an American missionary, on board with her husband and 4 young children. They don't look at all fiendish to me, poor things, but pathetically kind and cheerful and poverty-stricken. However, it is certainly very wrong of them to look so ill and have so many weakly bairns, and I try to remember what horrid things they will be saying presently. I can't help being friendly to them, but I keep as far away as I can, by way of caution. *Boggess* they are called. Isn't that a fearful fate ? They are going to West Virginia.

All this time we are coasting the east of Ceylon and have been watching a whole play. Before breakfast, I could smell the

'spring breezes' though only the King would acknowledge that I was not deceived.

Did I tell you of his exclamation as we came down the Ganges "Oh what a load of suffering in these 2½ years I am leaving behind me now !" ? I did not—for I had not strength then to make it sacred enough—tell you how he spoke of his mother and of the anguish he had caused her and his determination to come back and devote the rest of his life to her. "Don't you see ?" he cried, "I have got the true Vairagyam this time ! I would undo the past if I could—I would marry—were I 10 years younger—just to make my mother happy—not for any other reason. Oh what ailed me, all these years ? That mad frenzy of ambition —and yet—" with a sudden change to self-defence—"I was *not* ambitious ! Celebrity was *thurst* upon me !"

"Of course Swami !" I said—"You never had a bit of that meanness. But I'm awfully glad you're not 10 years younger !" And he looked at me and laughed.

You see, dear Yum, you must forget every word of criticism and impatience that I have ever written, touching these subjects. For I was filled with reverence for a love so over-whelming. I know that you will understand. Those things are not my business, and I had no right to an opinion. Yet he was being killed—I am so *thankful* that he is safely here ! It is grand to sacrifice oneself—but the conscious motive *may* be illusory for all that.

Thank heaven, however, I have had the other mood too—when he flung a passionate reminder at me that he stood as the trustee and guardian of another man's Life and Thought rather than see certain girls "amongst my—amongst *Ramakrishna's*—disciples," he would put to death the man or woman who should introduce them by the sword.

He does not in the least know, as you said, what is before him. He lunched with me in the Mother's sitting-room before we came away. Someone asked me when I would come back and I answered as usual. "Suppose you are not back in two years" he said in an undertone.

Then one day we were talking about plans, and I said "But you must send *me* back before that Swamiji !"

"Oh no !" he said, with a sudden look like a frightened child. "I'm not going to stay this time ! I can't earn my living any

more !" And then, as if peace came that way only—"But these things will settle themselves Margot ! Remember—'Mother knows best !' "

Of course I had my lesson, and just talk now as if I were a straw on a current, but you must get all the heads together that you can and TRY to make it possible for me to lecture and lecture and write—and earn and beg money for him. He can distribute it all right, if only I am privileged to bring it in to him. My sweet King ! Oh Yum, if I can be of one little bit of use to him that way, I won't want anything—not even to be you ! I told him of your Mrs. Scott—and since then he assumes that I shall go to America—and plans that I follow him after Nim's wedding. I thought it so lovely. He said I must not travel with him *to America*, the missionaries would attack me in an objectionable way ! Fancy the King so worldly wise !

And now I have told you all—really *all*, that there is to tell. Tomorrow we reach Colombo, and from there to Aden will probably be rough, and I, I fear, ill. So if I don't post there—don't be astonished.

I wish Mr. Sturdy might have your advice in arranging for the King ! We shan't land much before Aug. 1st.

Ever your loving
Margot

I forgot to tell you that I got my wish at last of worshipping him with flowers. Someone brought me roses, and he let me put them on his feet, and blessed me—Oh Yum ! that last morning !

And how often he carries my chair across the deck ! !

How ashamed it makes one to re-read a letter and find it all *I* and *me* ! I can think of no sufficient excuses, so I make none.

M

53. To Miss J. MacLeod

[*Pages missing*]

Oh Yum, he has just been here for an hour, and somehow the talk drifted on to the question of love.

The devotion of the English wife and the Bengali wife.

The suffering they would go through without a word.

The little gleam of sunshine and poetry to which all human love must wade through oceans of tears.

That tears of sorrow alone bring spiritual vision—never tears of joy. That dependence is fraught with misery—in independence alone is happiness.

That almost all human love—save sometimes a mother's—is full of dependence. It is for oneself—not for the happiness of the one loved that it is sought.

That the love on which he could most surely count if he became a drunkard tomorrow—was not that of his disciples. They would kick him out in horror, but a few (not all) of his Gurubhais'. To them he would be still the same.

"And mind this Margot" he said, "it is when half a dozen people learn to love like this that a new religion begins. Not till then. I always remember the woman who went to the sepulchre early in the morning, and as she stood there she heard a voice and she thought it was the gardener—and then Jesus touched her and she turned round, and all she said was "My Lord and my God !" That was all - - - "My Lord and My God." The person had gone. Love begins by being brutal—the face—the body. Then it becomes intellectual and last of all it reaches the spiritual. Only at the last, "My Lord and My God !" - - - - - - Give me half a dozen disciples like that, and I'll conquer the world - - - If Ramakrishna Paramahamsa had kept a harem I would have helped him in doing that tomorrow." - - -

Darling—I just longed for you to be there—wasn't that a magnificent claim ?

I think I know one who has reached it though, and one who will reach it some day.

Your own *Margot*

54. To Miss J. MacLeod

Wednesday, July 5th [1899]
2 or 3 days from Aden,
Monsoon slightly abated

My dearest Yum,

This heavenly voyage has been somewhat trying physically ever since we left Colombo, a week ago. The weather has been

terrific though nothing I suppose to what it might be, and now if we are very lucky we shall reach Aden on Friday, or at worst probably Saturday. The King is looking magnificent and sleeping well. He has almost stopped smoking and drinking iced water—is deep in the Imperial Gazette—and is of course impatient to be at the next place. The rolling and pitching do not seem to cause him the least sufferings, but rather to do him good. He said to me this morning "I threw the load down so completely !"

But in spite of discomfort there have been hours so glorious that one would go through 50 monsoon for them. Sometimes it is Rajpootana or an Indian story that starts him off, but oftener now he talks to me of the future and the work. The old indifference is dropping off, and he lets me feel that something depends on me, that he looks to me for certain powers and so on. But *these* things I shall tell you when we meet. And always that claim of which I told you in my last letter deepens and extends—"I am Kali's child in some special sense"—and I never try to tell him what I hold to be the truth—what I see now like daylight—"Not child at all—but Siva—Consort and Spouse !"

One sweet thing I am sure I may write—The trust-deed has not been signed—at the last it was a question of doing it on our way to the ship. This worried him, and he would not, and yesterday he told me that he had taken it as the protection of the Mother, as if she would say "The men are not yet here to whom all this must be handed over. You must keep the responsibility yet a little while." Oh how he wants great strong men for disciples ! "Give me men ! Give me men !" he has said over and over again. "You know I have never wanted money or power or anything but persons. Them I *must* have."

I have a new feeling about Kali. It came to me that last day in Calcutta, as I sat with the King beside a Kali image that I had just refused to bring away.

I looked at the intoxicated eyes of the prostrate GOD, and I saw how they did indeed meet Hers, as Sadananda had said—and then I saw how She was Siva's Vision of the Mother. Only Siva would have courage to see the Divine in such a guise, only Siva could look with that rapture, though Her Feet are trampling on Himself. Do you see how clear this makes it all ?

It was amusing to find that yesterday was the fourth, and that once more we were in the company of Americans. The missionary-family all appeared in my Editions of the Stars and Stripes !

I am sure there will be letters from you at Aden—sent on from Calcutta. And more, Saradananda promised me to send the telegrams to you and ETS. So you know where we are now, and approximately follow our doings from day to day. Perhaps at Marseilles we shall have a real letter.

I ought to tell you about Colombo. With great delay and difficulty we got off the boat after midday, and went from one hospitality to another. Last of all, driving down to the quay, we had to enter a house where we were met outside by drums fifes and tomtoms. Inside a dense crowd, and fruit on a table. Oh what a crowd ! And how they looked at Swami ! Black and naked almost—shining—and the heat—but I could have done anything for anyone of them—for the way they looked. He pointed to his European clothes but it made no difference. He was their Avatar just the same. Then he took a small fruit, and sipped milk (remembering even then, to make me sip from the same glass) which was evidently to be left as ucchistham. And then as he turned to go—you should have heard the shout—"Praise to Siva—the Lord of Parbutty ! Hail !"—it was deafening, and the crowd in the street when we got out !—and the crowd on the landing stage—there came our first host and hostess back to see us off—with endless presents, the hostess, Lady Coomaraswamy, was an Englishwoman,—her husband a Madrassi Hindu—such a fine man ! And there that quiet Europeanised-looking member of the Government stood—and 3 times called aloud the praise of Siva, and then 3 times "Swami Vivekanandaji-ki namaskar !" While the crowd cheered, and we steamed away to the Golconda. And when we got on board and had been welcomed back by the others, I went down to my cabin and found a puja-spot still on my forehead, to my great amusement.

Lady C. promised me that if I found the person and made the plans I could come to them for help in starting a school in Ceylon for Hindu girls. Did I tell you that I am now clear as to our having 4 schools, Calcutta, Madras, Poona, and Jaffna in Ceylon ? However, time enough.

And now my darling Yum goodbye. I think of you everyday and remember that but for you I should not have been here. My love to all and especially of course to S. Sara—

Your "Child"
Margot

Every word is written under difficulties and unpleasant sensations. So forgive the poverty of the epistle in many directions ! You are not more conscious of it than I am !

55. To Miss J. MacLeod

In the Red Sea nearing
the Gulf of Suez.
Land visible both sides—
Thursday July 13th, [1899]

My darling Yum,

You see where we are. It is now not far off lunch-time, and I have not seen the King since breakfast time—when he said he was too cold to live longer without more clothes !

Yesterday he slept all day nearly, after a night of 9 hours ! ! ! On Sunday, providentially, he felt unfit for shore—we were at Aden—so I did not have to feel compunction afterwards for exhausting him—I was so thankful. We all stayed quietly on board.

He is writing a grand Bengali poem about the Mother, and I have been talking all morning to some kind American Missionaries, about India. With all their sweetness, however, it is not exhilarating and I am dying to see the King again.

I have the sweetest talk to tell you about, though I'm afraid you will laugh to see how little I have improved—but I must save it for after lunch.

Here it is—at dinner on Sunday Swami told me that he thought I had been "imprudent" in certain kindness that I had shown to the Captain here. He had terrible neuralgia, and I fomented his face for him, and got Turiananda to "treat" him—with the consequence that whereas he had been almost an invalid for 3 or 4 voyages, in excruciating pain—he is now all but well. Just

imagine ! However, the old gentleman took to sending me presents at which I protested and offended him bitterly—and about this I laughingly told the King. Then *he* used the word above (only *I* thought he said 'impudent' !) and told me about horrid little smiles that he had seen on men's faces—whereupon I rather astonished him by going from table to my cabin suddenly, to cry.

After a while I went up on deck—and he came softly and found me there in the dark, and he was just like one's mother. There was nothing he didn't think of—in talking it over—that would be tender and chivalrous—and after all it turned out that he had not used the word I thought, and my unhappiness therefore was quite unnecessary, for of course I cared nothing for anyone else. But I told you all this only in order to tell you other little things that came out, how he had been worrying about the way in which Miss M. will attack my good name when she finds out that I have been travelling with him. At first I scoffed at her influencing my friends. No, he was not thinking of my *friends*. Then anything she said would only serve to advertise my work and needs. "Oh" he said "if you are as brave about it as all that, nothing matters." And that was the end.

And when it had occurred to him to wonder about the wisdom of my attentions to the captain, he "had thought if you had only had a lady with you, Margot, if Mrs. Bull for instance had been here, it would have been all right." Of course I told him that when he was here I felt just the same, and if he had not been—might have hesitated but there could be no custom that would prevent one's relieving pain—ever—if it were in one's power. But wasn't it lovely of him to think it all out like that ?

Then he said, another moment, 'the Gita says there are 3 kinds of charity—Sattvic, Rajasic and Tamasic.' The Tamasic was impulsive, thinking of nothing but one's desire to help, no consequences, no anything. The Rajasic, for one's own glory —"and about the Sattvic" he said—"I more and more think of Mrs. Bull—for it must be done to the right person, in the right way, and at the proper time. And she seems to me the only person who ever knew exactly how to give—*so quietly*—and never making a mistake. But you see Margot, I think this of yours was like Tamasic Charity—" and so on. Oh, I can't give you a hint of how gentle he was. And then he told me how

he had thought in Calcutta over the question of my travelling with him, and had decided not—but circumstances had been too much for him and he had given in, without speaking. But I told him how I consulted the Parkers, and I think he never gave it a thought again. I would not have missed this voyage for the world you know Yum, and there is really nothing disagreeable about it. No doubt there are people who disapprove of us all, but there is not one who dare show it overtly, and one man who looked at Swami in a way I did not like, I would not speak to for 2 days. His place might have been blank as far as I showed—and wasn't he pleased when his discipline was over ? He understood well enough !

As to Wimbledon—thank heaven, no school, and freedom. And London is mine—surely. So what can a few people's need of something to gossip about matter ? But of course when I found out that *he* didn't disapprove of what I had done I dismissed the whole thing, and rejoiced in the whole new side of him that a silly little mistake had given us.

I work at the Diary constantly, but have only got to Martand on our way to Amarnath. Swami is pleased at the idea, and has given me a new story for it. He wants it to overflow into another book and I fear it may. *And* he wants it printed, which means that he wants me to publish something about India. Of course the Diary must always be private. Absolutely. I should think the Hale girls might be allowed a peep, but I cannot imagine another soul ever.

Darling Yum, I am just dying to see you, but I'm SURE that it will be possible to do something, wherever I may go. Even London may listen or read. We'll see—and "Mother" will guide !

They have Plague in Egypt, which makes delay over cargo in the canal. We still have to stop at Naples, Marseilles, and Plymouth—after Egypt. Altogether I shouldn't wonder if we reach London exactly a year after Amarnath, Aug. 2, 99.

Just one little thing more. After lunch he came up and saw someone's hand being read. He as usual, wanted his. So he played for awhile. Then I suggested his reading mine. He laughed and said "No, but I have one science. That's better than that. I can see the whole of your past and the whole of your future enacted before me." But he said it cost him much

in health and the Sannyasi had no right anyway, and I did not want it. Only I knew you would love to hear it.

Ever darling Yum your own Child

Margot

Of course I remembered his doing it for Albert.

I never mentioned love to S. Sara, but of course she knows I mean it. Saradananda tells me that he wired only to you, asking you to do Mr. Sturdy and thereby saved the Math much money. I hope it is all right.

Anyway, Mr. Sturdy will have my letter from Madras in a few days now. Before you get this, we shall be home !

56. To Miss J. MacLeod

In the Suez Canal
Saturday evening July 15 [1899]

My sweet Yum,

I have found a new name for you—Dear Lady Lakshmi—do you see what it means ?

You are so great and generous that I know you will suck no personal bitter out of what I am going to say—and will realise that whatever feeling it proceed from, it at least breathes nothing but love (and infinite gratitude) for you and S. Sara. I am sure you will know without my saying it that to my inner consciousness I have only shown the power to perform one single renunciation—the willingness to become dependent upon others. I am sure—I *know*—that you two at least have always understood that this was not easy—in itself—to me.

If it should ever happen—as is of course entirely unlikely—that I should die before you and Swami I would be glad that he should hear from you that you understood this, and that I had asked you about it the day we went through the Suez Canal.

But a more practical point calls me to letter-writting.

I am anxious, if I go to America at all, to go first and foremost, *on Swami's* WORK to perform some definite service—if possible a lucrative service, *and NOT to go as a visitor to anyone* —least of all to you and S. Sara.

I should like to see you and Mrs. Bull only *after* I was embarked on money-earning, if I could. Could I do any small educational service to begin with that would defray board and lodging in a modest way, and yet leave me free to preach my cause ? Will you consult Mrs. Bull about this, and will you take my request very very seriously and try to arrange something of the sort—when you are settling the question of my movements with the King ? Of course we don't know what my fate may be in London and England—but I have more faith in America as a field for money-*earning* in the ways that I can do best. In a general way I feel volumes of power within me—but when it comes to details, I cannot see how its going to be applied—I see *no* opening. However that's not my business.

Somehow or other the Mother will let me offer up something to him—won't She ?

Isn't that funny ? I don't know how you will feel about yourself—or whether you will think I have a right to describe my relationship in these terms—but I came to India with little or no dependence on the personal side of Swami. In that awful time at Almora when I thought he had put me out of his life contemptuously—it still "made no difference" to the essentials. Now—he is the whole thing—for good or for evil—instead of growing less, I have grown infinitely *more* personal in my love. I am not sure but his least whim is worth the whole [. . .]-now. When one turns to him in thought the heart grows free. Blessed be God for making it possible to love like this.

He is not well today. I fear he has pain—but I trust it is for no serious cause. He has scarcely smoked at all since Madras, and he knocks off iced water quite suddenly. These things may account for it.

Life does not seem so simple to night as it did that monsoon night when I kept waking up and thinking "I won't leave the ship without Swami. I'll go down too" and then falling off to sleep again—

Did I tell you about it?

Poor Mrs. Jacobs was in such terror all night—and when I once found out my plan of action I was as peaceful as a flower.

"Have you ever been in a monsoon before?" she exclaimed at last in a half vexed voice. "You don't seem at all frightened." "Well" I said "after all, if the worst comes to the worst it won't

be so serious !" But she probably thought this affectation—and I forgot for the moment that she had two sons with her and a husband in Calcutta.

Dear Yum I have no business to bother you like this.

My love to the Babelet.
Your own *Margot*

57. To Miss J. MacLeod

Port Said, Sunday morning.

My darling Yum,

You are indeed strength made perfect in sweetness.

Your *two* letters have come—but not I think the one that I am to tear up. For all your sweet welcome and invitations I can never speak what I feel. Nevertheless I still want to go to America as a servant, not as a guest.

I am going up to the King. I TRUST he is better today. I begin to think that your doctor may cure him.

Oh dear—if he only wanted a little thing like taking one's heart out and giving it him—but real need lies in blindness, and in that alone.

Your Child—
Margot

SUNDAY NIGHT LATE—
Coasting Kent

My beloved Yum

Such a divine talk up on deck ! About more early struggles —and then about my school. And last of all I *knelt* and made a pranam !

I made a little vow to write you before I landed—if only a word—while it is still India. Tomorrow early it will be England. And so to you and S. Sara from *India*—Greeting ! *You* made the pranam with me !

Tell S. Sara that he spoke of her, and said "I love that woman more perhaps than my own mother. Every drop of my blood I would give for one hair of her head—so good she is and brave." What a tribute !

Tell the beloved Albert that I want her to make my cause her own and get some girl-friends to share. I want a league of Western girls to love my Eastern ones and help steadily and sturdily. And Albert must be [. . .] herself ! I ask her to night—my last night in India—

Good night, darling darling darling most revered,

Yours child *Margot.*

58. To Miss J. MACLEOD

IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.
NEARING SICILY
June [July] 19th Wednesday morning

My beloved Yum Yum,

A point has to be cleared up in the diary, now, and as the King is working like a slave in his cabin, over his Bengali Magazine, I may just as well write my letters while I wait. Your letters at Port Said on Sunday were heavenly. The King wrote at once to Mr. Sturdy about going on to America—'Quick !' as he would say himself. But I think that plan is just about as certain as every other. Meanwhile, he seems as if he would willingly let the voyage go on for ever. It is doing him much good and he is working and resting at the same time. So don't count on getting him at once and yet remember that you don't want him more than he wants to come. I know that you understand him perfectly, but I just caught a glimpse of the fact that his ideal is "to lead like the Baby"—in this case specially conscious.

I wish you know what a blessing that Bengali magazine is ! He spends hours concocting a huge letter to it—full of jokes—observations and the shrill scream of prophesy. His whole heart is going into it, the scathing wrath against Anglicisation, Brahmos and the rest, the love and hope for the masses—his burning love for his Master—shrewd observations of life around him—and over and above all this, a deliberate maltreatment of the Bengali language which makes him about as difficult to read as Carlyle when he first appeared and which is purposed to serve certain tremendous ends ! ! !

Then his great Bengali poem to Kali. Here is one line—Oh if you could see him say it dramatically !

("*I* am not one of those fools who)
"Put the garland of skulls round Thy neck—
Then start with terror—and call Thee the Merciful !"

He has almost given up smoking, and drinks scarcely any water. And besides all this— he—the King—is to me a mother and a child in one. Oh, what can life be to others who are not called to worship the Greatest Soul on Earth ?

Never mind—

Now about the Diary—It isn't half what I wanted it to be. It is full of imperfections. Yet it certainly does contain a good deal of what happened. Here and there I have put in a touch from a later period—but I think I have always distinguished this. The King wants to read it, and cut it up for publication. But I think he would not suggest this if he had the faintest idea of what it is like—and my instinct about his reading it is to say that he may do so when he has handed it over to you first—when I am far away you see. But of course if he really wishes, I shall give in.

I have called it De Gabriele—'Of Gabriel'—referring to—"I Gabriel *that stand* (even now, as someone writes, while I speak) in the Presence of GOD."

Gabriel would seem to me a beautiful name for our Master—the Angel of Strength and Vision who brings to Humanity the grand white lilies of Purity.

Oh dear—already I dread the moment when we touch England, and this long rapture of worship must end—as if I were a bud that must be violently open then, to give to others what I would fain gather up for one alone. How selfish ! I am ashamed to say these things, but I know that in your infinite patience Dearest—you will find room even for this.

At this moment, I have got almost through our time at the New Math. I have practically only two chapters left, Achhabal and Kir Bhowani—with the interlude of that Sunday morning's walk.

A strange new sense has come to me over the writing—a sense of *his intention*. This was meant for so and so, and this for another, and so on. And I read secrets of his power of deliberate education of people which are invaluable to me.

It was lucky that I bought two books in black, for the thing has overflowed, and I hope that you will someday get the whole M. S. rebound, or let me do so before sending on. I wish, by the way, that you would authorise me, at once, by letter to London, to get this done, and also the Diary copied, before sending it on to you by post or with the King. I have *no* copy of most of it—and I dread the risk of loss. Mrs. Bull's little red book will not be nearly big enough. I should like to match it, because it is so pretty, and let here be always in 2 volumes—but this is a point of no consequence. One word of the King's touched me very deeply—"Yes, Yes Margot we'll get some of it printed. Let us have a literature !" He shall have a literature, —if I can help—and in that I can. Can't I ? So the 3 things at the end will in any case go to that, and the story of Sati.

Now about other things. Please tell Mrs. Coulston that if she will come prepared to teach Ambulance and Baby Nursing and Common Household Science, she will do great things—but above all things impress on her my utter stupidity about money and clothes and material things generally and make her understand that very likely she will have complete change of that side of things—and that she will also have to see that the girls we train to become responsible at our other centres are reliable in these things. Beyond, that, she can be as self-denying as she likes. Only good business-women we must have. There is a sense in which I am not so bad. I manage fairly well—to steer a ship through a dangerous course—and so on. But there must be someone who understands the proportions of various needs to income—who can say "no this I do not permit"—and "so far you can go if you like." But you know better than I.

And something else—will you, my dearest Yum grant me one thing? Will you always assume and support the idea that my going back to India means living (only for myself) in real zenana, —without going out at all, except to lecture? I now know—as I never did before—both the King's mind—and the need of things. He does not ask this—only because he doubts my strength to do it. At the same time he has been deeply grieved by my going into Society as I have done—though indeed I cut it shorter than he knows.

That doesn't matter—it was right enough I feel sure—for I had to learn my India. But with this journey it must end. If

they don't come together to meet me on my return, at the ship, I would expect not even to see Dr. Bose again in India. It must be a root and branch matter you see.

As to all that about my being the link and so on—it is all very flattering—but deep down in the King's heart—I *know*—is the conviction that that is all so much waste of force. *He* calls it by a harder name. And for my own part I must say that I think it mere vanity. It is nice to think that one's friends feel that one has a certain power—but if one has it—it may just be one temptation the more. He himself said to me the other day—"Men like me are always built up of extremes. I eat hugely—I can go without food altogether—I smoke quantities—I don't smoke at all—as much power as I have in the control of the senses—I have also in the senses themselves. Else what would the control be worth?"

In this path the only thing I dread is that two people whom I love as I do you and S. Sara will form different ideals and urge other duties on me.

Mrs. Coulston's presence seems to me a light in the darkness—as regards making all this practicable—and for the rest, I know Dearest Yum, I feel sure at least, that you will, once you are sure of my determination, accept this feeling as the right thing and help me to carry it out. You will no doubt have many a chance of finding out whether I have interpreted the King aright or no. Only you will always remember that in the sternest bondage that he could impose I should find the reverse of hardship. And all this is really a very deep-seated instinct of my own.

How selfish ! again.

What a wonderful person your "Sidney" must be ! I do hope the old relationship has been restored ! Self-abnegation and loving for the beloved are all very well, but the heart has a dreadful trick of being hungry—with the abnegation all on one side ! I'd like a wee proof, I think, that someone else was hungry too ! Don't be shocked Yum Dear—I meant it—so I do.

I was so glad to hear from you about the date of Nim's wedding. There are many things, as you will guess, that I shall be thankful if Swami gets an opportunity of saying to her fiance'. He says, if he does, he will. I haven't heard from home for a long time now. Did I tell you how the clergyman on board

heard that I was annoyed at the way he spoke to Swami—and came and apologised? This made No. 2 of the enemy bowled over—and everyone is now most respectful.

After lunch. My darling Lady Lakshmi, do you know what happened ? He came up and told me—oh, how wonderfully !—exactly what I was to do. He wants me to get money and come back—"Quick"—and all visiting must be over, etc. till I took out what I have written to you, and send it to him. That seals it, doesn't it ! I know you'll look at it his way. And when you and S. Sara come back *you* will do the "link" work. You can do it anyway—far better than I. The King himself one day speculated about how if you were here you would put a new gown and "make everyone mashed !"

Oh I feel so strong and serene and radiant—since this Era of big claims began ! I could breast an ocean of enemies with nothing but love—it seems to me now !

Goodbye dearest Dearest,
Yours own Child—*Margot*

Yum—you and S. Sara have given me *this* just as much as the King. He gives the new life—but you gave the detachment. He comes and I ask him for a message. He looks like a cross baby for a minute, and then says "I don't find any message." "All right Swami I'll tell her *that* !"—I said and he smiled—the sweetest smile—instead !

M

59. To Miss J. MacLeod

S S. Golconda—
24 hours from Marseilles
July 21st Friday [*1899*]

Blessed and Beloved,

Your sweet letter came late last night. We did not leave Naples till this morning. How angelic of you to think of dresses ! For I knew I must have something, and I grieved to think that the first of many mothers would perhaps insist on stepping-in. Somehow the *last* mother seems just as natural and infinitely more joyful as a giver of raiment ! Anyway, you are an angel to think of me as Your Child, as you really do—and I

feel just like your child—so for *this* no thanks ! That's Swami's last lesson to me ! "Thanks to a parent are an insult."

We are in the West and already I feel the great salt tides of conquest rising within me to meet those winds of battle that your letters bring strong whiffs of. With every letter of yours, I know one step more of what I will and what I will not do. Only to-day I conquered personal weakness enough to tell our Divine Master (find me an artist—I have *such* a vision of him !) that I must get away from him for I could do nothing in his neighbourhood ! ! !

Joy, you are not only an angel, but a genius to think of asking Mrs. Jonson—Oh if she will come—I withdraw all I said about not seeing you till after—it means that I could count on her to win England afterwards. For in such a conjunction she should go away *possessed* by the idea, ready to move heaven and earth, eaten up by a fire in the bones. I want one person like that in England, and a spring-board. That's all. Now leaving our personal plans out—

About work—

My notion is to take deliberately all those towns in America where Ramabai has attacked Swami—and to go there AS NUN completely and give say 3 days' lectures—"What I have seen in India" some such title and deliberately acknowledge perhaps that the reports of R's presence there had made me feel the bond of a common interest—and propose, flatly, that they should finance my work to the limit of their power.

My message will not be political or social—apart from the fact that I love Hinduism with my whole heart and soul, and have *not* ONE *flaw* to find in it, I would preach the conventual ideal. It wants asserting in Protestant countries anyway. I am a different person from the child you knew. The things I shrank from the name of are now possessing me. I am not afraid of the word Purity—any more for ever.

Dearest Joy—the King fancies that you may be hurt when you find how far I have left all that you would choose for me, out of my calculations. But I laughed the idea to scorn. I know that you and S. Sara will help everyone, whom you do help at all, not to utter just what *you* think best, but to be real Self.

This letter, however, does not in anyway proceed from him. I have not mentioned the Ramabai thing to him. As I think of

it, I doubt indeed that I have power to carry out the programme I lay down : I do not for one moment doubt that the programme is right—or that I can have the power if I try for it with enough strength—and the rest.

Please talk the details of my plans over with Mr. Leggett, and get Mrs. C. to make a list of Ramabai's places together with enquiries as to costs of travel and lecture, organisation. If necessary and possible, make some definite engagements for me. Swami has just come and I have told him of the Ramabai motif—would it do? "Possibly," he says "Do what you like." To start counter-circles first in *her* teritory seems to me sound policy.

He said this morning something that touched me far deeper than a long speech. "Do you think, Margot, that you can collect the money you want in the West !" "I don't think Swami —I *know*"—I said.

"I hope so"—he said, "There were two things that I wanted to see before my death—One is done and this is the rest."

From the day of Nim's wedding "I ordain myself loosed of all limits." I hope I may never have a new gown made for me in my whole life again. Of course I'll be formal (in *your* frocks) if you wish it, if I come to Ridgely. Otherwise it shall be one thing and one thing alone. You see Yum I am not so great that I can afford to spend 5 minutes of the rest of my life on anything but its one object.

Now for other things. Mr. Sturdy writes that he has gone to Wales—and Swami is to go into lodgings in Wimbledon till he settles what to do. Swami's party is 3 strong and *he* would prefer London. So I don't know what will happen. Of course I should like him to come to Wimbledon—if only for a few days, but I have no right to expect him to wait in England till Nim's wedding. Even if Mrs. A. J. comes with me after—I'm afraid it will be better for you to have Swami first. Yet I foresee new disciples. Never mind—Mother will lead !

Your loving Child

Margot

Later—in my cabin.

Swami is a little restless and unwell today. I TRUST he is having a good sleep now ! Oh dear how I love and worship him ! I wish he'd ask me to cut my heart out and give it to him.

Be sure to get me into a grind of work—and a tiny room somewhere to call my own.

I have written to Cookie about his lodgings, necessities and so on. I see clearly that Wimbledon for the first week is probably the best possible plan, and I have written to Mr. Sturdy without Swami's knowledge that he simply *must* run up to Town and come down to Wimbledon after meeting the King. I feel clever like you !

What nonsense, ETS staying in Wales and Swami perhaps coming and going without his seeing him !

Margot

Oh what a treasure of a note book I am gathering together now ! I'll make you dance ! Yesterday in Naples, he talked about you and how you had knocked about the world together. "And we're just going to begin again now" he said—"We're just starting on another jaunt."

Don't send me money Dearest. I am sure I shan't need it. I have £1 and 60 rupees with me. And I can't imagine what "Goodwin's money" means. If you're dying to give it me—reserve it and start me in work with it in America ! If it comes your way to get me writing, remember I *can* write. I'd rather do it than teach, too, it would be a rest.

M

60. To Miss J. MACLEOD

21 HIGH STREET, WIMBLEDON.
August 3rd, Thursday afternoon

My sweet Yum,

We arrived on Monday morning, met at unearthly hours by mother, Nim, Miss Paston, and the two American ladies Mrs. Funki and Miss Greenstidel. [Afterwards Sister Christine]

The King spent Monday in Town with these friends, meaning to take rooms near these friends. But he turned up here early on Tuesday morning thinking Wimbledon best after all, and already the family have had 2 huge talks. Nim seems to please him, and he likes Rich.

Nim found him lovely rooms, near the station, but in green and quietness. They cost 35/- a week—which I hope Mr. Sturdy

will not think too much and I buy food for him and mean to send in the account to Mr. Sturdy. While here I trust *men* will come to him. But meantime he says he is in perfect peace. He heard from Mr. S. on arrival but refuses to authorise me to do anything yet about American passages. And you know I obey blindly. He says the situation will develop itself—"Mother knows." Thank goodness. The Mother *does* know ! Oh what a relief to think that one's dealing is all with Her and him, really ! That neither jealousy nor criticism of others matters a straw ! "My feet are on the Rock that is higher than I !"

I think I should cry if I could see you - - - - Why? I don't know. Mere folly !

Your letter posted last to Calcutta reached me this morning. Oh Yum ! It seems too dreadful to think of Mr. S. talking of Swami's learning to be expedient. "Swamiji's work a great and lasting success" indeed ! He can afford to do without any touch of their success—thank heaven—

As to the criticism of expenditure. It makes me ill. I *knew* there was a flaw in that crystal. But how much easier to face a situation that one understands. For Swamiji to be himself is the same as the shining of the sun. It is enough in itself, without consequences.

One thing I can see. He is letting things drift just now—but I can see that he *will* NOT allow E.T.S. to manage him this time ! He said "you know I am always best when I strike for myself." He quoted again that Sanscrit definition of a friend—"In pleasure as in pain—in goodness as in wrong doing—at court or by the grave—in heaven and in hell." He said you and S. Sara were *that* but even *he* couldn't have more than a dozen such ! But when I begged him (as I own I did) to go at once to America —cutting off from me, and only to come back to his English disciples when he had you behind him, he said "at the beginning it would have been the time to think," meaning, when he first took them for disciples he might have been permitted to see their faults, not now. And of you he said, "You know I have told you—she is my good star—but she is broken up. She must rest. She will not rest long—neither she nor I *can* do that, and she strains every nerve to find me the money I want. She must not do that. I will not be a burden."

About M. Nobel. No doubt he has written you. M. Nobel was all that was thoughtful and polite, but it was not his best moment for receiving Swamiji and the King did not go.

Oh Yum, the other night with Mrs. F. and Miss G. he told me such wonderful things ! He used to go into Samadhi, not knowing that it was, when he was a little boy of 8 ! And I asked him about dying, he had told me that he knew what it was like —and he said—

"Twelve or fifteen years ago, in a little hut on the side of a mountain (in Hresikes) was Turiananda and Saradananda, and I. I was very ill with fever and I was sinking and sinking gradually and then there came a moment when I was cold up to my shoulders, and then I died away—and away - - - - and away - - - - - - - and then I revived gradually. I had something to do - - - When I came back Turiananda was reading Chandi (about the Mother, a Puran) and Saradananda was weeping."

And I was talking to Turiananda about it, and he said it was a miraculous cure.

The night was dark and stormy, and at that awful moment when it seemed that *He* had gone, came a sannyasin outside the door, saying in a loud voice—"Fear not Brother" and he entered in and looked at Swami and said he knew a certain medicine that would cure him and where it could be got. But it was far to go, and even as Turiananda was hesitating about leaving Him (for S. was sleeping, to be ready for his turn at watching) came another monk—who volunteered to go and bring it. He went, and came and Turiananda gave the drug, and 5 minutes later death gave place to life—and He was there once more - - - - -

About the Samadhi he spoke in explaining the Hindoo wish to remain conscious and call on GOD up to the last minute. "That picture that you end one life with begins the next" he said —and told this and his love for sannyasins as a proof.

Dearest, do keep my letters, and let me reread them, may be I can continue the diary from them. The only thing I would choose to do if I could earn some money to start with, would be to take a room with a wooden floor, a writing table and chair and sit and write, and go out to lecture, in New York. I am so glad S. Sara approves of my idea about Ramabai—and how good of her to talk of paying the fare.

I don't think I meant to *attack* anyone in the way you seem

to have understood, but I think I'd like to be free anyway. This sounds funny, but you understand ! One cannot tell how a public moment turns. And Swami has said so often that I am to search deep into my own inspiration and then trust to nothing else. That seems to me one of the advantages of the plan he has suggested—of magic lantern slides and so on. One, goes out into the wilderness and seeks out a new audience—only where Ramabai has been is an interest already created ! Could you put this to S. Sara for me as it is meant? I had a very exhausting day in London yesterday with Turiananda and Mr. Chakrabarty and I can't put things rightly today.

I'm just dying to come and read the Diary with you ! I wonder if it can be true that I shall see you soon. I am sure it is—but at this moment it is unimaginable. You are wonderful Yum, or you could not remain happy in Western life. It is a prison.

Nim is so quiet about her future. And how lovely she looks and is ! It was an awful moment when I saw her first. I had neither thought nor felt, upto that moment, and all at once—and she, too, standing on the quay, cried. She said she felt as if a grave had been opened.

What you say of pedagogy chimes in with my feeling. It stifles me now. It was good training to understanding the Hindu idea—but beyond a certain point, it is the most miserable narrowness. All this of late. If Mrs. Coulston really wants to help do make her study ambulance work !

I own that I am sore about people having left London without making special arrangements to wait for Swami. That would have been nothing to do for him. He on the contrary says he has never been in such perfect peace and laissez faire as ever since I told him.

The frocks you have sent are divine. What a *Mother* you are ! But will you explain to your family that I am to appear in your costumes? You know I do *not* feel better for truth being concealed, but quite the reverse. How I WISH you were here ! And how I hope to see you soon? Is there a chance of any work for me to start life on? I fear the Ashton Jonsons can't come. Your sister is blessed to like Mr. McNeill.

Yours own loving Child
Margot

Mrs. Gibson has gone, but Nim will take any chance that occurs of entertaining Swami at the Sesame for S. Sara. He is so pleased. And Cookie will help.

One thing that *He* said this morning was—he could not be a burden on Mrs. Bull. What would her daughter think?

61. To Swami Akhandananda

21A High Street
Wimbledon, London S. W.
Aug, 10th 1899

My dear Akhandananda,

All through the voyage, I have been intending to write to you—and tell you how often and how warmly Swamiji has spoken of you for the way in which you have struggled to *do* and carry out the ideas that we have all received. He seems to place great confidence in you—and to approve of all your efforts in a very special way.

I am sure it would have done you good if you could have heard even one or two of the many things he has said.

I hope the little work on Physics is nearly through the press, not so much because I want Dr. Bose to have the original, as because I should like to see the Bengali work when I come back. But I do not think that your friend can possibly understand what is meant by some of the materials. If he would write out a list of questions or allusions, on which he wants help, I would try to get them elucidated for him.

In a museum the other day I found a most beautiful curved ivory Durga. Swamiji said that it was easy to get such things in Mursidabad. Are these very expensive ? For I hope to do some interpretation of our Hindu Symbols in the West, and if a brass or wooden Durga were not impossibly expensive, I should be very glad to have it. Ivory is of course out of the question. I am afraid you must address your reply to C/o F.H. Leggett, Ridgely Manor, Stone Ridge, New York, U.S.A. It was quite small.

Swamiji was in splendid form when he landed—apparently —but he has begun to suffer again, off and on, and he means to go on quickly to America, where they will take care of him.

I am to wait here till a family wedding is over, and after that I am to follow him, and start work in America, too. You must ask Sri Ramakrishna to let me be of some real use to Him, as well as my girls. I am sure He will let me find the money I want for them—but Oh ! How I want to do something for my Guru himself ! England seems very petty to me. The Society is so unsympathetic to our real life that I find myself longing for India all my time ! So the Mother *must* grant me some of my prayers to make up for sending me away.—*Must* She not ?

This is the holiday season here, and few people are to be seen. But still, some who "Loves the Lord" gather round our King and Worship Him there.

Ever dear Swami—

Your loving First-of-many Sisters,
Nivedita

62. To Miss J. MacLeod

21 High Street, Wimbledon
[12.8.1899]

My sweet Yum,

The king is this morning far from well. He went to see Miss Soutter yesterday, and came home late—but he panted so hard that it took half hour from the station to his rooms—a walk of 4 to 5 minutes. I took a letter down to him this morning from Mr. Sturdy, which also enclosed others from you and S. Sara. I hope it will hasten his departure to America—for I dread this heavy climate for him—though of course heaven would lie, for me, in coming *with* him.

He asked me yesterday—when can you be ready for America ?

—As soon as you like Swami.

—What ? Not even stay and see the sister married ?

—Oh yes I think I ought to do that—Don't you ?

—Yes. Another month—isn't it ?

—But, Swami, let me book the berths !

—I think we ought to wait to hear again from Y and Mrs. Bull that we are really wanted.

So I told him of course that we had heard—but now comes

the news that E.T.S. will be here tomorrow—and that you know will enable us to make definite plans.

Meanwhile, Dearest, I *must* write to you. For I am just heart-sick at a touch of suffering in him and I have been haunted all Church-time. I won't say any more about it—Yum Dear—but just to talk to you is enough.

Mrs. Funke and Miss Greenstidel are with him much—and that is a comfort, for he cannot come up the Hill. I feel most awfully cut off from him in some ways—and so astonished that my own family and everyone in Wimbledon are not straining every nerve to be with him all the time ! Altogether, life here gives one a lost feeling. Mrs. F. and Miss G, love him as we do, I can see—but they do not trust me much yet. They think they must conceal Swami's visits to them and so on. And I want to take poor Miss Greenstidel into my heart, because Swami loves her so—but I fancy my manner repels her. And then, why tell him of the sins of Lansberg [Landsberg] and Abhayananda ? I should like to keep these things from him if I could, and leave them in his love, without letting them, poor things, stab him. As to his Baby who has gone back to acting—Isn't his love for her the one perfect link ? There Yum—that is where I have got to—the one yearning feeling in my love how is to take in every soul that he has ever looked on—and love it and serve it to the end—and you 'who passed that way huge times ago'—have brought me there. Isn't it perfectly ideal, to have him to love, and you to show one how ? However Mrs. F speaks very seriously of the attacks on him. I told her how I hoped to do something in that line—and she says then they will say he is a libertine. Don't you see, Dearest, this is one of the things that shows how little one can lay down a skeleton of lectures before hand ? There must be a positive something. Even from me, if I am to win the confidence that is essential ? Anyway I am just dying to be with you and S. Sara and Swami and have it all settled. What about the Diary ? I almost think when I have read it to Nim and Cookie that I'll send it on, as it is.

Cookie *is in it all.* He had been to hear Earl Barnes on St. Francis.

And as he stood on the steps of the Church after, ETS came up to him and said in a low voice "Don't you think the

world is about ripe for another Christ ?"—and then Cookie asked him if he had met Swami. He is going to arrange a little dinner-group at the club, he hopes.

I went to Church—How unutterably and awfully mean and low it seemed. Oh this soul that we have taken knowledge of ! Yum Yum Yum. What last year was ! We three shall make one devotion to him one of the great things of history—shan't we ? And I see now that is all one asks of people—Do you love him ? If they do, their presence makes rich.

Nim worships S. Sara and calls you her "fairy God-mother." She says she never dreamt of well-dressed saints before. Yum, green and brown frock fits me like a glory—the white is glorious, but I have not tried it yet.

Margot

63. To Miss J. MacLeod

21A High Street, Wimbeldon,
Saturday morning

My dearest Yum,

In a perfect whirl I sit down to tell you before I left. That Swami starts for New York from Glasgow by Allan Line on Thursday the 17th next—and that he wishes me to follow him as quickly as I possibly can, after Nim's wedding—Sept. 6th. He means to drop Turiananda in New York, and leave him C/o Miss Waldo or someone. *He* goes on to you. He says he will shut himself up in a room and live on fruit and milk and get well. [. . .]

I see many avenues of work in England, but feel also the inestimable benefit of being allowed to recoil from Santer. And Swami says I *am* to follow or he does not leave it to my judgment. I reached the Sesame yesterday, and received your note and Albert's sweet letter. So I see that your plan is exactly what happens. But *don't* expect Mr. Sturdy or Mrs. A. J. I am almost sure that it will be hopeless. Mrs. A. J. comes here tomorrow and I do my level best you may be sure. With Mr. S. I have already tried and failed. For my own part I feel as I have always done that he who counts on ETS *as a leader* fails. Therefore if Mrs. A. J. comes and he does not I shall feel thankful, for both facts.

Now as to passages. It is such a relief to fall back or Mrs. Bull here. I must go by Glasgow and Mr. Sturdy told me to be sure to go 1st class—which they say will cost about £10-10. And how much money must I have in my pocket on landing ? I fancy there is a boat Sept. 15th, and Mrs. Funke says I should give *at least* 2 week's notice.

Don't mind about 1st class. I think the chief consideration is the pleasure of those who meet and see you off. For myself I don't think it in the least consistent. We arranged a tea party yesterday at the Seasame according to S. Sara's wish. We were to have had Earl Barnes, Mr. Keney [?] and some people from one of the London dailies—Swami came and none else !—except Cookie. Wasn't that too bad ?

Nim's fiance´ is here and I must run

Your loving Child
Margot

64. To Miss J. MacLeod

21A High Street, Wimbledon
Aug. 17. 1899

My dear Yum,

My telegram of yesterday morning told that Swamiji was on his way to you. His last words to me were—"Come on as fast as possible." So I can only hope that Mrs. Bull's care of me will take the form of a command to sail on September 7th. M. [May ; Nivedita's sister] marries on the 6th, and *if commanded* I could come on doubtless at once. Otherwise, it will be a week later by the Allan Line from Glasgow. However, as I have no power to make these arrangements for myself, I leave the matter entirely to you—in either case. Your letters have been endless joy, and so far have been shared with him, but as to answering them—till he went, yesterday morning—I had not had time to breathe. Now, there is enough time, but such a blank ! However I do trust that he is having a good time this first evening—for he set sail from Glasgow Dock an hour or two ago.

I received Albert's sweet letter last Thursday and will answer that and all others as soon as I have strength and breath to read them over.

I *long* to be at work for him. Mrs. Jonson came on Monday, and she and Mr. Sturdy have both promised to help me in every possible way on my return. London is empty until mid-October, and real work is best done between X'mas and May. But opportunities are already amaking I think. Mr. MacDonnel of the Daily News came down on Sunday with Cookie, and went away enthused. Swami was grand.

I am delighted with N's fiance', and he in turn kneels at the feet of the Master, as do mother, Nim and Rich. It is all wonderful.

But personally I yearn to be able to look with Miss Muller's eyes and think that he could *fail*, and then be faithful. If he were a common man, or nearer it, unloved, obscure or hated, one's love might be worth something ; as it is it is a little thing to worship him for whom the very stars must fight. For that room and chair where he is throned seems to me the very centre of the universe—and so you see Yum dear, it is as if we loved one who was rich. Imagine *GOD* against him—and conceive the joy of standing by him then !

My love to my new sister, and tell her that if I were not an angel I should be jealous of her !

Margot

Your frocks are LOVELY especially the white—which I am to wear at the wedding. The box is also lovely—you are the best of mothers !

Friday morning

Just a word—to say that your divine letter is here. Oh that dream about the "real name !" I am longing to get to you, and tell you many many sacred things I could not tell in letters—a word here—a hint there—and one—most precious of all—about this real name.

It is useless to try to confine one's place to him in one word. It may be daughter sister friend in name—because a word is convenient for the world to hear, but if One touch you and me in some after life—it will be but natural—as we waken to the Ineffable Memory—to say "My Beloved, My beloved" till we die.

There is nothing worth *doing*—save to worship him. There is no place worth having—save that of the dust upon his feet.

You will worship him for me—as I have done for you—all this time—when he reaches you.

M

Mr. Beatty said he had *dreamt* that people like Mrs. Bull and Miss MacLeod existed, but he had never really believed it till he met you two !

Cookie spoke of Albert as one of the supreme trio—her mother, aunt, Jo and herself.

The Appersons come home tomorrow night. Saturday I dine and sleep at the McNeils'. My heart to S. Sara, to whom I shall not write. I do hope there is a letter tomorrow.

My love and thanks to your glorious sister. Do make the Grannie hurry !

Infinite love to yourself Dearest.

65. To Miss J. MacLeod

21, High Street, Wimbledon
Aug. 19th [1899]

My sweet Yum Yum,

Your registered letter has just arrived containing 2 post office orders for £10.5.4 each—making a total of £20.10.8. I do not expect my ticket to cost more than 10 guineas, but there is another £2 to Glasgow, which will bring it close upon the £15 you name, and the balance I shall hand over to Mrs. Bull on landing, but it is a great relief to have it—in case any difficulty about certain books Swamiji ordered—for which I hope to get Mr. Sturdy to pay.

Of course what you say is quite true about my waiting a month. I am only grateful and obedient to those beloved ones who have so much experience and who will use it all to give me a chance of doing royal work. I wish I were on my way to you now, but how you will *love* having the King to yourselves ! And it is clearly my duty to see Nim through—up to September 6th is a transition period. The day after I start for America a free woman.

My dearest Yum, when you talk about clothes I feel just a humbug. What renunciation can there possibly be in having one's clothes looked after by Mrs. Leggett and you ? You

know very well that I never did have clothes—and though I love pretty ones I really think I like them better on you ! It is quite absurd of *me* to make professions and things and come out richer than I ever was in my life. That's about what it amounts to. Money was always more or less of an anxiety and difficulty and now—when I really meant to be poor—it is a matter of indifference ! This is not right ! However, Dearest, you know best about this first month—and I shall obey—and then we can settle all the rest.

As to Mr. Sturdy, by this time you know that he has been—and when Swami comes you will hear what he has to say. I can only say that Mr. Sturdy's marriage never seemed to me a fatal mistake till I saw the moral rot that seems to have set it in his character. As Nim and I say to each other—to be Swami's chief disciple and the one on whom all depends is *too great a* PRIVILEGE for anyone to be forced into it. He pleads expense as a reason for not going to America with me—and so, with solid reason I feel sure, do the Ashton Jonsons. They would love to come—but for this year they simply "cannot." What the King says is true—"When I come back to London Margot, let it be as though I had never been here to do a stroke of work." That is the only way—but we *shall* do great things here for all that. If I were staying, even now, I could make things open up.

Again Swami is right. Work like this requires persons like you and myself who have no other object or thought in life. The Hoseholder Disciple is always a failure, when he leads. As follower he does very well.

By the time you get this letter you will have *Him* with you—so you will easily be tired. I think of leaving the Diaries as they are, and sending them on uncopied and unbound, by registered post, because the sooner they are in your hands the better I now think. I allowed Mr. Sturdy to read them through—and only you can settle who else shall see them. Many and many a bit I'd love the King to see—If I didn't know he was looking. In a general way, I would like him well enough to read them, but when it comes down to detail - - - - - -

I can see quite well however that S. Sara *might* think with a little re-editing that they should be privately circulated. She would do that best—and you umpire.

Margot

66. To Swami Vivekananda

21A High Street, Wimbledon
August 23rd Wednesday morning [1899]

My dear King,

In a few days more you will be at New York where I hope and believe that Yum herself will meet you.

I do hope that the sea has been rough enough to do you good, and that Miss Greenstidel and Mrs. Funke have enjoyed the voyage. It was a great pleasure to receive a letter from Londonderry—but as I do not know anyone's Detroit address, I cannot thank Mrs. Funke for it.

You will have lovely days of real quiet with Yum and her sister and Mrs. Bull at Ridgely. How you will all love it ! It is so lucky—your arriving while the others are in camp. I saw the Hammonds yesterday and had a couple of hours alone with Mrs. H. at night, here. How wonderful she is ! She is simply a battery charged with devotion, it seems to me. She says the first time she saw you, as you entered the club room, she knew at once your significance to her and turned and said to her husband : "This is he for whom we waited." About her vision she says she told you "I am just as inert as Mr. Sturdy." She says : "There is nothing to do but to stand aside. You see it's all done—It's all right *now* !" But I am much mistaken if some day the Hammonds and Thomson both do not follow more or less in the footsteps of the Seviers.

I had a visit from your disciple—Miss Frances Williams of Epsom—who spoke with tremendous feeling of the peace and meaning that you had brought into her life—by a sentence in a lecture here and there—and then by just a word about concentrating her mind on the heart. She cannot tell what it means or why it helped her. She said, but as a matter of fact her life is now satisfied and at peace. She insisted on giving me a guinea towards my work—with which I have started an account in the Post Office—and says that to help us will be something to live for ! Poor soul. She came to hear about India but I discovered that she had once been in a convent—and I kept her talking about rules and organisation.

You have not sent me any list of books on Assyriology and Egyptology yet, though I gave you Mr. King's letter. But after

all, they can easily be ordered even from America and you shall have the Maspero's.

I read a most refreshing letter from a Miss Poster this morning—written to Mrs. Coulston—saying "When Ramabai was here I went to hear her lecture, expecting to see a genuine lady, and to be told about her work. You can imagine my disgust when I found her to be a coarse termagant who had nothing to offer in but vituperation pure and simple." Even if this had not been as a sniff of the war blast to my martial nostrils I should have taken a good deal of carnal gratification out of it !

I leave Glasgow or Liverpool (wherever I get a ticket) Sept. 7th and may have to take a night train after the wedding to do it. I expect to learn my fate tomorrow—but if I carry out my plans, I shall arrive in New York about the 17th on the Mongolian of the Allan Line.

The McNeills send their love to Mr. & Mrs. Leggett. Mr. McNeill thought the English and Americans were fated to possess the earth—instead of the meek—but when I said something about the freedom of personal attack in America he said he must reconsider this opinion—with regard to the Americans !

The quiet assumption of respect for you in every way by men like this—who stand outside the circle of partisans altogether is a most soothing part of English life to.

Your Daughter
Nivedita

67. To E. T. STURDY

LONDON
August—24th, 1899

Letter received [from you] says :—

"You and I take different views of the Swami and his work. I have seen very little of Sannyasa on the part of any of the Sannyasins who have visited this country, although I have heard a good deal about it. I do not want to influence your ideals in any way, but I must admit that I am disappointed in many ways, and am daily pondering how I shall make it known to the Vivekananda."

Answer :—

As to your letter, how intense is the pain that prompted it, I can only dimly and shrinkingly guess. You say 'I do not want to influence your ideals in any way.'

Thank God you are able to put aside any foolish hesitation of that sort, and speak out to someone. For a moment I was shocked, for disloyalty is terrible, and I felt that Swami himself, not his disciple nor another, was the right person to hear your criticism, but at the same time my whole heart went and goes out to you for the dull terrible misery that oppresses you, and cuts you off from your old life. But I will tell you how the matter strikes an outsider. I put your difficulty as a question in its extreme from, to my mother, and asked her how the things that I supposed trouble the disciple had struck her. You know, of course, that Swami has appealed to her only on his own merits, having the whole current of her [Christion] orthodoxy, and his effect on my own life, against him.

She said at once that not only did sick men require sick men's comforts, but that in the case of Swami himself there must be perfect freedom. She said that so great a man would show that greatness in every way, and would take as his own that which to smaller persons might seem enviable. As to other Monks, she understood that the charge made was against their religious fervour. She was not in the habit of judging for others how this should be shown. She thought it would be unreasonable to expect men in a foreign country to adjust their lives all at once to strange conditions, and personally she would be astonished at anyone who would presume to question the asceticism of Swami T. [Turiananda], who appeared to her and the whole family, to be simply overflowing with what they call "the love of God," and to be absolutely indifferent to external circumstances. I give you this as it stands, for my one object was to do justice to the charge, and listen to the reply that rose naturally to the lips of the lady. Had my mother said "I think there may be something in it," I should have tried to report the observation faithfully. Now I am willing to discuss the matter from the inside point of view, and that very plainly. You will remember that in India the word "Sannyasa" applies specially to one sort of asceticism, that is, to purity. Now I will ask you "Have you ever found this asceticism to be untrue ?" I have found that such as he is

in this respect such are, in their degree, all his Gurubhais and all his monastic disciples. I know many of them very intimately, as you are aware, and most of them a little, and of all this is true.

Another thing, in speaking of him in connection with this question of renunciation, do not forget that you are speaking of a man who might be worshipped today from one end of India to the other, and he will not ; of a man who fled from fame year after year ; of a man who snaps his fingers at all the rich people of his own city today to their infinite chagrin, and insists on living the life of his humblest fellow-countryman, though his knowledge and appreciation of the luxuries of Western luxury is not only greater than that of rich Hindus, but far surpassing my own and yours. Could you do these things ? It is just that, this Renunciation is positive, active, overwhelming !

If I, standing up a little with a yard measure or a foot rule declare that the great roar of the ocean beyond is nothing, since it sweeps on past the headlands, and does not invade my little domain to be measured by my little stick, I think I shall have nothing but my own folly for my pains. But I hold no belief in the matter, I do not know your grounds of criticism, and I fell to see the importance of the thing. The life of the disciples of Sri Ram Krishna in their own country has not struck me, so far as I have seen it, as it has done you. I have thought it anything but self-indulgent, but after all, that is a matter of opinion ; I don't see that anything depends on it.

One thing, however, I do know, Swamiji is the one person to whom these things should be said. There is no need to ponder how to make them known. Do believe for one moment in the greatness of the man, and trust all your criticisms, all your reproaches, to him himself.

Believe me always,

Yours faithfully,

N

68. To Miss J. MacLeod

21A High St., Wimbledon
Friday Evening, [1.9.1899]

My *darling Yum,*

It was lovely just to see your blessed writing. We are now in the throes of most admired disorder. So if I write next week it will be form Londonderry. Wednesday is Nim's wedding-day, 2 O'clock P.M. and that night at 10 to midnight I leave for Glassgow having to be on board the S. S. Mongolian next day at noon. If anything should happen to prevent, I shall wire, otherwise not. This, therefore, is probably my last letter from England.

Your letter of the 22nd—saying the agent informed you that the Numidian had not yet started, makes me fear some hitch in your meeting Swamiji. Stupid man ! But I hope all has gone well.

I am sorry Dearest that I have taken a ticket of which you would not approve—and am coming so much later than you wished. I am also deeply ashamed that I am coming alone—but I am sure you will understand that I have tried to act for the best. It is indeed wonderful that I am to be with you again so soon. I can hardly believe it. Everything in every way seems so "planned." It is difficult not to think of someone somewhere as if He (or She) were not just a clever clockmaker. All that each of us can answer for is our individual unconsciousness. Isn't it ?

I am relieved to know Abhaya's [Abhayananda's] point of view. She is wise. But both She and Miss Waldo are an unsolved problem to me. I cannot understand such natures.

Mrs. Coulston seems to be a rock. I am so thankful for her existence. She writes me long and useful—and so enthusiastic letters. I cannot tell you how glad I am that she will do the *business.*

Cookie has gone to the Sturdy's to spend a week or a fortnight—and will, I trust, succeed in restoring peace to troubled souls—with whom I have so blundered.

I hear that the Salvation Army have already carried out in Bombay my plan of jam-factory for girls. All the more proof that the thing can be done—and it is time that an attempt was

made to give the High Caste Woman a chance to being independent.

Miss. M.—poor dear !—is keeping perdue at present, for fear of having to post me back, I fancy. I am afraid when she returns from the 'Continong' [?] to find me in more Western haunts she will feel sold ! But Bet (who, with Mrs. Hammond is really nearer our heart's heart's point of view than anyone else) thinks that if I *succeed* in America this winter both Miss M. [Muller] and ETS [E. T. Sturdy] will be won closer—if I am a failure, we may lose ETS. I don't place confidence in Bet's prophecies. But they interest me. I can never see her data—yet she is often right in saying things like this.

Anyway—I am thirsting for the combat—be the results what they choose.

Oh Yum isn't it just heaven to be you and me ! ! !

Oh how blessedly blessedly free Sri R. K. seems to get one. I have a sort of idea that the day I lay my finger on mother's affairs they will go wrong—but if only I can stand and look on, Sri R. K. will see her safe. I wonder if it is absurd. For one thing—Ernest seems so dependable—quiet and strong and thoughtful. *He* suggested that Nim and he should curtail their bicycling days in Normandy in order to spend a few days with her on their way North. Isn't that lovely ? When I feel inclined to fear for her in any way, I just say "*I* am not responsible. My work is all that I have to think of"—and leave it.

Cookie says I must not be afraid to make my scheme a big one—and I must be prepared to accept *plenty* of European help and if necessary to pay salaries.

Meanwhile—thanks to him—I have spent an evening with Mr. McDonalds of the Daily News—one of our great liberal morning papers—and they are both enthused. They told me wonderful things of Fatehpur-Sikri. They say Delhi is a finer city than Agra but the Agra-*district* is incomparably finer than the Delhi ! ! ! ! Aren't you hungry to return and do it ? The South Place people (Moncure Comway-Church) want me to come and lecture there on my return. Mr. Sturdy will use his address-book and Mrs. Jonson open up the Sesame. So I have prospects here. My beloved Lady Isabel is just back and I am going to her in a "packed-up" house this afternoon.

I am going to wear your white alpaca at *the* wedding—and

an old white hat of Nim's done up with old white silk and one white flower. I am afraid I shall have to encroach on Mrs. Bull's money in order to do one or two of these necessary things —for there were many little things to do when the King was here—that I did not care to let Mr. Sturdy know—or Swami—and my own fund got low. But I think this is all right. Isn't it ? A black hat such as one would care to wear would cost a great deal more—and I would rather have this than a vulgar imitation. This is something like the shape I *admire*.



One thing I am sure of—however little the drones think they worship success, they soon drop off from a cause that fails. One must show life and growth—if one is to keep even the hearts that are own.

And now I am sure I must stop—and bring my last talk to an end. Give my best love to S. Sara please and same to everybody. Cookie's raptures about you all I keep to myself till I reach you !

Margot

I trust the 3-abreast ponies will not resemble their "Smart" antetypes—the steeds of Phoebus Apollo—in the speed which more worthy animals attain at noonday !

It will indeed by gorgeous and make Ridgely the rival of Kurukshetra.

Did I tell you that I know most of your wild flowers—tulip-trees—Queen Anne's lace, etc. and where to go in the garden for white asters ?

69. To Miss J. MacLeod

OFF GREENOCK,
S. S. MONGOLIAN, ALLAN LINE,
Thursday aft. Sept. 7th [1899]

My darling, Yum—Yum—

It was too late when your letter came to make any change in my ticket. It would have been difficult and I had no time—and I thought moreover that not starting till next Saturday or Wednesday—even if I succeeded in changing tickets—would make the results pretty even in point of time. All the same I

should have preferred the other route and line and all the rest. Last night—10 minutes before I started—your long-looked-for letter saying that the King had arrived, and how and when, came and set my heart at rest. At 20 past 9 I left home.

Yesterday afternoon Nim was married. She was sweet—uncle performed the ceremony—which was dear—made up by himself, and full of lovely touches. And he said he loved doing it because she looked so happy and didn't weep. Wasn't that nice ? As she came down the aisle again, people had thrown lovely roses and lillies before her. Then we all came home to tea and the cutting of the cake together—and we had great fun. Everyone said it was so delightfully informal, but we felt that we deserved no credit for that, for as it was the only wedding we ever had in the family we simply did not *know* all the correct formalities ! Anyway, I for one was agreeably surprised, for it had never occurred to me that a wedding could be neither more nor less than jolly.

If I succeed in meeting Albert on her birthday, I shall try to be in the same costume that I wore then, that she and you may see how awfully nice *I* looked ! As for Nim, I shall tell you all about her. Mother is to post the cake. It was impossible to put in last night—and all the girls will, I hope, dream with it under their pillows !

Ernest and Nim have gone to Normandy with their bicycles and are to do the morsel that lies between Caen and Rouen—at Lady Isabel's suggestion—because it seems the sweetest and quaintest bit. After that they come home to the somewhat solid, and quite peacefully British, but comfortable-looking papa and their address will be 7 Highfield Place, Manning Land, Bedford York.

Oh how cold it is ! What will it be in mid-ocean ? You either have now, or in another day or two will have the Diary—anyway you will have read it before I come. The only virtue I can hope it achieves in some degree of completeness—I want it to rouse that feeling in you of 'being there,' as you put it once—and by that test I should like to judge it bit by bit. But in other ways I am even more conscious of its faults than other could be. Only I look to YOU to go through it with me word by word and cut. No one else's judgement must speak, in our first revision. *Then*, when I am sure that in your judgment all is well, I can

venture to stand by it before others, and hear it criticised. I am sure you will understand—in a thing which is so of the depth how hard it would be to have a discussion in cold blood. Mr. Sturdy and the Hammonds alone have read it through and one or two others have heard a scrap here and there.

Fancy ! a fortnight hence, anyway, I shall be with you and with Swami, Yum dear ! But Oh I am hungry to get to *work* ! Your letter last night with its plans of *seeing* when I want to be *doing*, struck me chill. Then I saw how sweet you were to set your face that way, and it would not prevent mine being as much Indiawards as I might choose. Only I hope you will be yielding about that ! Anyway, all is well, both behind and before. Thank you for that.

How I trust Mrs. Vaughan is better ! Dear St. Sara seems to get little peace from sorrow. I was so struck by the way people had distributed their loves of you both. The McNeills (especially he), were taken captive by your sister. But Mrs. McNeill said, "What a mellow soul Mrs. Bull is !" Lady Isabell loved *you* most of all, and I think I heard your name oftenest in Wimbledon. As for Cookie, he will have no distinctions between you, your sister and Albert—"the Supreme Trio !" But Mrs. Bull has most of the women-folk I think. They all pray that they may be like her. But really, all this analysis is quite uncalled for on my part, and out of place, for all were loved, and you were specially praised for your skill in making S. Sara tell what she thought.

You must not bother about meeting me. Swami's society is too precious to be wasted. If Mrs. Coulston will come down to the boat—with or without Turiananda—it will be all I need—and no doubt she would set me in the train—after a wash and brush up which will be sadly necessary.

And now I must stop. With love to all,

Your own,
Margot

70. To Miss J. MacLeod

RIDGELY MANOR
Oct. 9th, [1899]

My sweet Yum—Yum—

The enclosed correspondence will delight your soul I know—if only because it proves your superconsciousness. You said she would write and she did. Please return to Mrs. Bull.

Another curious thing happened in our last talk. I said I could not yet conceive that Life was evil. Within two hours of your going that attitude was gone for ever. Just by a story in a letter of something that had happened to someone at home.

That's another curious thing—I have just wakened up to see that you have got all your experience of life through others. That is the way. It is not what Life has been to me, but what it has been to persons whom I love—that counts.

Thursday morning, Oct. 12.

Oh dear. A year ago ! A year ago ! Baramulla and the Mother and Goodbye. Ever since you went our sweet Master—what title of divinity would be enough ?—has been just a wayward child—learning not to smoke at all—saying that "God-die *must* go," that R. K. P. [Rama Krishna Paramhansa] was a lunatic possessed by a devil who broke Him to pieces—and rebelling against dear S. Sara at all turns—and through it all have come flashes of the inner divinity as you know. Last night a sudden ten minutes about Meera Bai—and how her husband offered to build her a great temple in Brindaban if only she would not go about in public. "Why did she not accept?" said myself, like a fool. "Was she living down here in this mire?" He retorted, all aglow. Could she understand his miserable little reasons about his honour and his kingdom? Wasn't it gross and brutal of him to dare to call himself her husband? Wasn't it? Wasn't it?

Friday 13th. 11 A.M.

He has been pacing up and down for an hour and a half like a caged lion—warning me against politeness—against this "lovely" and "beautiful"—against this continual feeling of the external. "Come to the Himalayas" he would say every now and then—"Realise yourself *without feeling*—and when you have known that, you can fall upon the world like a bolt from the blue. I have no faith in those who ask 'will any listen to

my preaching?' Never yet could the world refuse to hear the preaching of him who had anything to say. Stand up in your own might. Can you do that ? Can you ? Then come away to the Himalayas, and learn." Then he broke into Sankaracharya's 16 verses on Renunciation ending always with a humming refrain : "Therefore—you fool. Go and worship the Lord," and sometimes he would make it "Therefore Margot you fool." To get rid of all these petty relations of society and home—to hold the soul firm against the perpetual appeals of sense—to realise that the rapture of autumn trees is as trully sense-enjoyment as a comfortable bed or a table dainty. To hate the silly praise and blame of people—these things were the ideal that he was holding up. "Practise *titiksha*" he said again and again—i.e. bearing the ills of the body without trying to remedy, and without remembering them. The monk whose fingers were rotting away with leprosy and who stooped gently to replace the maggot that fell from the remaining joint—was the example he used.

He talked like this last night too, and about loving misery and embracing death. S. Sara went away—and he felt that he had hurt her—and Mrs. Leggett was so sorry that Miss Looker had not been there. "But" as she said, "It's so very hard that he *will* only wake up at ½ past 9 !" This morning too I could not go for Miss Looker, for he was talking to me straight, and only Mrs. Briggs was present. Even when Mrs. Leggett came in and sat down and we whispered about something, it broke it for a minute, and it was over. He had just been pointing out how the only civilisations that were really stable were those that had been "touched by Vairagyam !"

My darling Yum, everyone misses you, for your name is on all lips, but most of all at times like that we miss you—I cannot tell you quite in what ways—I think S. Sara needs you more than anyone. Surely it cannot be that anyone of us fails to see that even the round of duties is merely a formula ! I wonder if Albert will not realise this beyond any of us and throw the whole thing away. It seems so clear that one is held by a chain simply that one has never yet been strong enough to break. I understand it here, because you all say "don't feel bound to join in our frivolities if you have work to do"—at once creating two paths of which one is a bondage. Downstairs, one must be

polite and accommodating. To come upstairs, one simply denies the whole thing.

He has turned back on so much—"Let your life in the world be nothing but a thinking to yourself." And yesterday he talked of Siva. Even meditation would be a bondage to the free soul, but Siva goes on and on for the good of the world—the Eternal Incarnation—and Hindus believe that but for the prayers and meditations of these great souls, the world would fall to pieces (i.e. others would find no chance of manifesting and so coming to freedom) at once. For meditation is the greatest service—the most direct—that can be rendered.

He was talking too of the Himalayan snows, and the green of the forests melting into them—"Nature making Eternal Suttee on the body of Mahadev" he quoted from Kalidas. Isn't that grand ? Eternally renouncing her own life for Him ! And another line of Kalidas about a cloud—"Like the waning moon at the feet of the western horizon she lay."

Besides all this, we have had fun. He described the effects of Boston beans and other Boston food one day : "You look at a face and if it is not quite flat, you cannot tell, anyway, whether it is coming towards you or going from you." Did you ever hear anything so funny ? And he solemnly declares that if you live on baked beans and other things common in that city you will presently find yourself with the Boston face ! ! !

It is such weather ! And Olea has arrived—and is taking her ease in her inn. Lady Betty says I am not to go and see her till I am badly wanted, so I must go on wrestling with Sri Rama Krishna of whom I have written about two lines—oh for a real gift of words !

The sweetest letter from Swarupananda. "Please give my love to Grannie and mother and tell them that I am still their little wayward child."

Miss Looker asks me to enclose something, and there is letter from Swami II [Swami Saradananda .]

Long before you get this you will be at your journey's end, face to face with the good or the ill of the case. There is no need for us to wish things for the radiant of soul, so I send no wishes.

Ever your child,
Margot

71. To Miss J. MACLEOD

RIDGELY MANOR
Oct. 18th 1899
Wednesday Evening, After Supper,
THE INN COTTAGE

My sweet Yum—Yum,

What are you doing tonights ? And what sort of emotions fill your heart ? Are they bright or sad ? Are you rejoicing more in a new-found brother, or grieving more over his suffering ? One cannot know any of these things yet. On Sunday night Mrs. Leggett looked over to me while we sat at supper and said, "You may have the garb tonight, Margot, but it's Joe that has the mission!"—and we all knew that it was true—and wished you unutterable good in fulfilling it.

There were some days of last week when Swami was too wonderful for words. Oh how I longed for you to be there to listen ! For the things are *not* the same when I write them to you ! And you know that. And the joy of hearing them is so much greater when you are there to share it. I feel that you have trained me, really, to listen to Swami properly, and that now I cannot tolerate others who are untrained.

On Saturday and Sunday most of the visitors were bent on listening to Mrs. Bull. So Mrs. Briggs and I had the Master very much to ourselves. And she listens exquisitely, without a word or look.

Then on Sunday during lunch he came and spent 3 hours alone with Olea, and left her a different woman. On Monday about 10½ he came again and spent the morning. He brought the Vedas and Upanishads with him and gave her what was really a class on Gnan—all to herself—though many of us were present. Wasn't that fine ? Exactly at lunch-time Albert came home, from New York and West Point.

Then Mrs. Briggs and I sat and listened to Swami all afternoon and all evening—and that's the last I saw of him—for I am locked up in my bedroom till the 1st of November.

So you see after this letter, it will be a long time before you will get any more Swami from me. You see I *have* to finish Kali—and there are other things I have to do—and I have always longed to try a retreat anyway—and my great obstacle was the Master. So I got it manoeuvred between him and S.

Sara that it was announced in public that I was to go into retreat for 15 days. Albert is going to have a party and dance anyway.

I discovered that *Swami* is the real education of Albert and Olea both, this month ! How could one have been so silly as to think I could do anything anyway ? Albert says that the French lessons are teaching her to think—at last.

Tonight I am simply stranded over my essay on the Saints of Kali. I have written down to the end of Ramprasad, and I want to finish that and get into Sri R. K. [Rama Krishna] and I cannot. I wrote some pages of rubbish and tore it up, and then took in despair to copying out the 2nd chapter of the Gita ! I'm afraid you will laugh, and my thoughts are not yet marshalled—but I hope the difficulty is only temporary.

At lunch on Friday, the King talked again about Sri R. K. He abused himself for being filled and poisoned with the Western reaction of those days, so that he was always looking and questioning whether this man was "holy" or not. After 6 years he came to understand that He was *not* holy, because He had become *identified with holiness*. He was full of gaiety and merriment—and he had expected the "holy" to be so different !

I think it must have been after lunch on Saturday that I next *longed* for you—I was in the velvet chair, and he sat down facing the light on the floor. I love to get him so—with his face upturned. Somehow he began to talk of the functions of the nations, a propos, I suppose, of the Boer War—and as he passed to the problems of the Sudra—which would first be worked out here—his face took on a new light, as if he were actually seeing into the future—the sort of look Jesus must have worn as He looked into that terrible beginning of Christianity, with its young roots smashing the Roman Empire into fragments —and he told of the mixture of races, and of "the great tumults, the terrible tumults" through which the next state of things must be reached. "And there are the signs" he quoted from old books, "that the Kali Yug is about to thicken—when money comes to be worshipped as God—when might is right—and men oppress the weak - - - - then know that Kali Yug is about to thicken." And he smiled as he remembered our fairy story about the 6th of December. "The periods are not so short as all that," he said.

Yes, it was Saturday, I have a note of it.

It was that same day at lunch that everyone was talking about the Feneloras of Boston. Mrs. Bull turned and pointed out how his poetry had been the weak point on which he had been beguiled to the loss of honour. And she said her husband was never sensitive about criticism of his music—that he expected, he knew it was not perfect. But on road-engineering he felt deeply, and could be flattered ! Then, in our amusement, we all teased Swami for his carelessness about his religious teacherhood, and vanity about his portrait-painting (he has produced three or four portraits of me which others say are a libel even on me, but which just delight himself—sweet King !)—and he suddenly woke up and said—"You see there is one thing called Love—and there is another thing called Union. And Union is greater than Love.

"I do not *love* Religion. I have become identified with it. It is my life. So no man loves that thing in which his life has been spent, in which he really has accomplished something. *That which we love is not yet ourself.* Your husband did not *love* music for which he had always stood. He loved engineering in which as yet he knew comparatively little. This is the difference between Bhakti and Gnan. And this is why Gnan is greater than Bhakti." All morning the great sweep of the Mogul hordes under Genghis Khan had been going on, with only Mrs. Briggs and myself looking on at it. But it had begun in his talking about Law—the old Hindu conception of it as the King of Kings [...] who never slept and shewing that the Hindu had in the Vedas the true notion of it, while other nations only knew it as regulations.

Before lunch he took me to call on Mrs. Vaughan for the first time, and as we came home he broke out against wife-worship. Motherhood was greater than wifehood—"we know a thing or two—we Orientals. Marriage is nothing but a great austerity."

What shall I tell you next ? On Sunday evening Miss Stumm dined here for the last time. We read Schopenhauer on women aloud, and I saw her home, while Swami and T. [Turiananda] took care of us both. As we left her, I whispered to Swami that I couldn't bear even the sound of our feet in the dead hours at night. It was wonderful moonlight, and we walked on up the avenue in silence—a sound would have been disecration. Then

he said "When a tiger in India is on the trail of prey at night, if its paw or tail makes the least sound in passing, it bites it till the blood comes." Then he explained about its going wind with the wind. And then he talked of the need we Western women had to absorb beauty quietly, and turn it over in the mind at another time.

From Mrs. Vaughan's lesson I have kept one line of the Nachiketa's Upanishad for you. "When desire is all gone—and all the cords of the heart are broken—then man attains to immortality."

But Oh Monday afternoon ! Mrs. Briggs and I sat on the sofa and the floor and he just went on and on—and on, while your angelic sister kept everyone away. We might have been in India. I had been feeling quite inferior to the people who wanted Adwaitism and the Vedic texts, but oh what a dose of the other was here !

It began with a song of Ram Prasad—and I'll try to give you the whole of that early talk—without a break—

Ram Prasad

From the land where there is no night
Has come unto me a man.
And night and day are now nothing to me.
Ritual-Worship is become for ever barren.

My sleep is broken. Shall I sleep any more ?
Call it what you will. I am awake.
Hush ! I have given back sleep unto Him whose it was.
Sleep have I put to sleep for ever.

The music has entered the instrument,
And of that mode I have learned a song.
And that music is always playing before me,
And concentration is the great teacher thereof.

Prasad speaks—understand O Mind these words of science,
The secret of Her whom I call my Mother,
Shall I break the pot before the market ?
Lo the 6 philosophies could not find out Kali !

Then he went on—

"The world hast Thou charmed—**Mother !**
Charmes of Siva !
Thou who playest on the bina,
Sitting on the huge lotus of muladhar
(the base of Kundalini)

This body is the great bina
And Susumna Ida and Pingala
Are the strings thereof.
And Thou playest on the three gamuts
The great secret of qualitative differentiation."

Ramakrishna P. [Paramhamsa] used to see a long white thread proceeding out of himself. At the end would be a mass of light. Then this mass would open and within it he would see the Mother with a bina. Then She would begin to play, and as She played He would see the music turning into birds and animals and worlds—and arrange themselves. Then She would stop playing, and they would all disappear again. Then the light would grow less and less distinct till it was just a luminous mass, then the string would grow shorter and shorter, and the whole would be absorbed into Himself again - - - - - -

Oh, what weird scenes this brings before me !—the weirdest scenes of my whole life. Perfect silence—broken only by the cries of the jackals—in the darkness under the great Tree at Dukshineswar. Night after night we sat there the whole night through, and He talked to me, when I was a boy.

Did you sit beside Him, or facing Him Swami ?

Either way ! It wasn't a few days or weeks ! That went on for years ! ! - - - - - - Hari Om ! Hari Om ! - - - - - -

Yes Yum—for the first time since the 6th of Oct.—a year ago, I heard him chant that old cry—"Hari Om ! Hari Om !"

And then he went on—The Guru was always Siva, and was always to be worshipped as Siva—because he sat under the tree to teach and destroyed Ignorance. One must offer all one's doings—or even merit would become a bondage and create Karma—so Hindus giving you a cup of water will say "to the world—to the world" or may be "to the Mother." But there is one Soul that can take it all without harm—One who is eternally protected—eternally the same—unspoilt—He who

drank the poison of the world and only made Himself the Blue-Throated. Offer all you do to Siva.

Then he talked of Vairagyam, how much grander to give one's youth (he returned to this at night and adjured Albert to give her's) how miserable to have only age to offer. Those who come to it old attain their own salvation, but they cannot be Gurus—they cannot show many—those who come young shall carry many across, *without any benefit to themselves.*

Then he talked of the school—"Give them all you like—Margot—never mind A B C. It matters nothing. Give them—as much Ram Prasad and Ram Krishna and Siva and Kali as you like—and don't cheat these Western people—don't pretend it's education and ABC that you want money for. Say it's the old Indian spirituality that you want. And *demand* help—don't beg it. Remember, you are only the servant of Mother. And if She sends you nothing, be thankful that She lets you so free. I wish She would let me."

And now my own darling Yum Yum, with oceans and oceans of love and hope for you in your present work,

Your most loving Childe
Margot

Will Mrs. Leggett kindly re-enclose and direct this ? She is welcome to read if she chooses.

N

72. To Miss J. MacLeod

RIDGELY MANOR
Friday, Oct. 27th, [1899]

My sweet Yum—Yum—

Your first letter reached me yesterday, and I was overjoyed to hear from you of your hope for your brother, and your joy in being on a pumpkin throne yourself, instead of merely loafin' around Swami's ! Swami was there, we were all sitting in Olea's bedroom in fact, and he laughed at your rude remarks about the said throne—and just loved it. He has always declared that the time would yet come for him to be in Kali's land with you. It certainly is too funny about his picture ! "Ramakrishna's people ! Remakrishna's people!" Yes Darling,—I quite agree—if you *will* be so sectarian—that they should be called, rather, "Swami's people ! Swami's people !" I didn't mean it any other way.

He didn't sleep well last night,—our poor King—and is still in his room, trying to rest, at ¼ past 10. He sent for me to come down from retreat : on Tuesday evening, so I have had 2 days of complete relaxation. Mrs. Briggs and a Mrs. Hale and a friend of Olea's are staying here.

Swami was doing wonderful things for Olea—poor child—as it seemed, but you know she is ill and changeable and fretful—and life is a matter of *growth* for all of us, save those who come free and rise to their own in a flash. She has had her touch of the new birth, and now it may be that she wants time for assimilation more than anything else.

For my part, I finished the last of my little papers on Kali the Mother last Sunday, and am now cogitating over Swami's order for a book on India—and one that Mrs. Bull and I are to write together on Love and Marriage. I wish now that I might stay here without moving—for weeks to come—and marching orders may be just arriving.

Albert has been staying here with me for a day or two and I love both her and Olea very much. Baby too has come very close to me. I fled from the appearance of her charms at the front door just now--for I knew that if I delayed to talk with her one moment—I could not write to you today. We have endless fun. She insists on sitting like a Hindu *all* the time, and having long stories about boiling rice and laying dinner on plantain leaves for our (Hindu) husband.

Mrs. Bull read me Mr. Sturdy's letter yesterday, and then I think she sent it on to you. I must say that it commanded my respect for coolness and honesty. One could not deny his perfect *right* to say all he felt in such a manner, and to feel so reasonably. The worst of it is of course that his reasoning was utterly uninfluenced by his higher perceptions. And I can only own that whatever has happened, *I* have too evidently been the cause. How wonderful Mrs. Bull's sense of motherhood is ! I listened to it yesterday in every word she spoke—and felt awed. She is a *great* woman. Swami might well say "perhaps the very noblest !" When Mr. Sturdy wrote to Swamiji about his faults and the disappointment generally, one could not resent it. That was between themselves. Quite a different thing from his writing to *me* about Swami, wasn't it ?

The little book m.s. is still waiting for the Mrs. Roy, medita-

tion and Baby's story of Kali. I hope you will just cut them out of the Diary and send them bodily.

Swami came in and blessed me on Sunday night, while I was still in retreat. He stayed about an hour, and told me how it was Sri Rama Krishna's firm belief that every great Incarnation either in public or in secret had been a worshipper of Mother "Or how could he have got the Energy?" Siva and Kali had *had* to be their worships. Then he talked about the Ramayana. I'll tell you a curious thing. When Sadananda talks about the Ramayana, I become convinced that *Hanuman* is really the hero : when Swami talks of it *Rabon* is the central figure.

I have a great hope that if Olea goes off to one place or another, it will prove to be my lot to stay on at Ridgely till I have finished my retreat and done more writing. I am finding out this morning— though I thought I had no preference—that I am exceedingly averse to going till then. I hope the idea is true and right.

Mrs. Bull has a clever way of making all her guests intimate with each other, but the result is that Swami does not seem to have the whole stage as he had at Ridgely. And he shrinks from strangers in this way. Yesterday, Mrs. Leggett, Mrs. Bull and I were together and he came with *such* relief, "Ah—how lovely—there's no one here ! Let's have a chat !"

Rama was called "the *blue*-lotus-eyed." And he trusted to Mother to help him to carry off Sita. But Rabon had prayed to Mother too, and Rama came and found him in Her arms, so he knew that he must do something tremendous, and he vowed 1001 blue lotuses to Her Image if She would help him. Lakshmana went off and got the lotuses from L. [lake] Manas Sarobar and Rama began the great "Call upon the Mother"— (And it was autumn—and the time of Her Puja was the spring— so it is in memory of that untimely worship of Rama that the great Mother Worship has ever since then been held in September.) Now he covered Her feet with blue lotuses till 1000 were offered ("and Mother had stolen one!"), and lo, the last was missing. But Rama was determined. He was not to be beaten. And calling for a knife, he was about to cut out his own eye that the tale of blue lotuses might be complete. And *that* won the Mother and She blessed the great hero—so that his arms prevailed. Though not indeed his arms, altogether,

for in the end Rabon was betrayed by his own brother, and so the struggle was brought to an end.

"But it was great about the traitor-brother in one place," said the King. For he was taken away to reside at the Court of Rama, and thither came the widow of Rabon to look upon the face of the warrior who had robbed her of her husband and sons. Rama and his Court stood prepared to receive the cortege, but to his amazement, he could see no great queen adorned in splendour. Only a simple-looking woman attired in the simple garb of a Hindu widow. "Who is this lady ?" he asked the brother in bewilderment, and he replied—"Behold, O King, the lioness whom thou hast robbed of her lion and her whelps ! She comes to gaze upon the face !"

Oh Yum, what ideals of womanhood Swami holds ! Surely no one, not even Shakespeare or Aeschylus when he wrote of Antigone or Sophocles when he created Alcestis had such a *tremendous* conception. As I read over the things he has said to me of them, and as I realise that it is all, every word of it, a trust for the women of the whole world's future—but first and chiefly for them of his own land—it seems a trifling thing whether oneself should ever be worthy or not—and EVERY thing that a heart so great as his should have willed to create. Oh to be the chisel in his hand—is great great great but I would not even be that, if without a tool, HIS power to fashion the statue were the more apparent to the world.

On Tuesday night, when I came down, he came by degrees to that wonderful mood of devotion, and told us of Hrishikesh, and the little hut that each sannyasin would make for himself, and the blazing fire in the evening, and all the sannyasins sitting round it on their own little mats—talking in hushed tones of the Upanishads—"for a man is supposed to have got the truth before he becomes a sannyasin. He is at peace intellectually. All that remains is to realise it. So all need for discussion has passed away and at Hrishikesh, in the darkness of the mountains, by the blazing fire, they may only talk of the Upanishads. Then, by degrees, the voices die in silence. Each man sits bolt upright on his mat and one by one they steal quietly off to their own huts."

On Wednesday he said much at one time and another. He broke out once into the greatest things I have ever heard him

say—"The great defect of Hinduism has been that it offered Salvation only on the basis of Renunciation. The householder was bound by his consciousness of an inferior lot. *His* part was Karma. Renunciation was nothing to him. But *I* have solved the question differently. Renunciation is the whole law. It is all illusion that anyone is trying to do anything else. We are all struggling to realise this great mass of energy. What does that mean but that we are hurrying towards Death?—as fast as we can. All of us. The burly Englishman who thinks he wants to possess the earth is really struggling harder than most of us to die. Self-preservation is only a special mode. Then of Renunciation. Evil a special instance of good—the desire for life one method of the love of Death."

"Now—put *that* into your poipe and smoke'nt !" My sweetest most smiling manifestation of Kali's motherhood, my thoughts are much with you in this great joy of having discovered a brother—and still more with him in the joy of having discovered you. Whatever happens, you are a lovely vision for a man to carry out with him on the long journey, and a wonderful earnest of good things beyond.

On Wednesday night, the King began to talk of Purity—as it must be practised and given, and I was foolish enough to do something to break him off—just when it was going to be deep deep deep and I was to be alone with him. Yet I don't let myself grieve over a thing like that, for I am *sure* it will yet be taken up again, at that point, and if not I, *someone* will get it, all the greater for the waiting. "Brahmacharya should burn like the fire of GOD within the veins" were the last words he spoke on that subject.

Last night, Thursday, he sat and talked some time of the Sikhs, and their 10 Gurus, and he told me a story of Guru Nanak —from the Grantha Sahib. He had gone to Mecca—and lay with his feet towards the Caaba temple. Then came angry Mohammedans to waken and if need be kill him for turning his feet towards the place where GOD was. He woke up quietly and said simply, "Show me where GOD is not then—that I may turn my feet that way"—and the gentle answer was enough. Many were converted.

And now sweet one, goodbye— Your own loving
Margot

No, one curious thing I found and treasured in my heart to tell you. Someone criticised me to Olea for looking at Swami when he was talking, and I heard of it in due course. Of course I could not helping thinking of it next time he talked, and trying to look elsewhere. And then I found the secret of my avoiding Mrs. Johnson's eyes. In every face except his, you come up against a barrier, and have to keep outside, and look at the front of the house. But look at him, and you seem to be gazing through open portals straight into the Infinite. Is this because he is so little conscious of himself ?

73. To Miss J. MACLEOD

RIDGELY MANOR
Saturday morning,
Nov. 4th [1899]

My dearest Yum—Yum—

You are thinking that I grow careless about writing. Not so—but I had rather be silent than send you half a heart, and I have waited to give the whole. On Monday I left for New York, to visit Mrs. Crossby, for Mrs. Bull, and do what I could.

I was of very little use to the invalid I fear, about whom Dr. Helmer is not really anxious, but as I stayed at Miss Thirsby's, and met Miss Farmer, and saw Heber Newton, and a publisher, you can imagine how delightful my visit was to me. I did not know Mrs. Roethlisberger's address, of course, so I could not go to her.

Mr. Leggett gave me such a splendid introduction to Mr. Charles Scribner !—and *he* insisted that *they* should see my manuscript, before I go to any other publisher ! So I much hope that you have already sent off the pages for which I am waiting—as Mr. Leggett returns to town on Tuesday and wishes to take the m.s.

If you have not done so, however, will you also send the Sati-story from the end of the second volume, as Swami is writing Indian nursery-stories, and may want that ? Dr. Heber Newton was civil, and Miss Farmer enthusiastic.

But it was nice to get back—especially as Swami was still here. I think Olea and S. Sara are really having their turn, and

S. Sara is at last getting that sonship for which she must have longed.

It was lovely to know that your brother was so much better —for however short a time one longs that he may get strength and vigour to enjoy you to the full. What a treasure he is to you ! It is like a fairy-story, to wait all one's life, and develop all one's powers of loving, and then come on an elder brother who is worthy of it all.

On Thursday evening, Swami came down for a cigar or something, and found Mrs. Bull and myself in earnest talk. So he sat down too—of course. One could see that he was troubled and for the first time he talked of the two years foretold to him, of defection and disease and treachery—and of how it was growing thicker today than ever. Laughingly, he said he supposed the last month would be worst. He spoke of E.T.S. and of the Indian troubles—and he said he found himself still the Sannyasi—he minded no loss—but he *could* be hurt through personal love. Treachery cut deep. S. Sara had almost tears in her eyes when she came into my room after, and sat talking of it for an hour. She prays that we may be able, during this last month, to surround him with Peace. As for you, Dear, you are the good star itself, and you have fled West, to herald in due time the new age that dawns for him. Anyway, perhaps the prayer has been answered, or is being, for the last 2 days he has been radiant—and last night he slept well.

He had said something to S. Sara, and indeed again in that night-talk of the fact that he is guided and protected in his *work*, but all that is personal turned to ashes. If Sri Rama Krishna and the Mother did not protect him in these hardest trials of his life, which of us would not turn our backs on Them all, and go down to Hell with him ? It almost made me hate the Mother for a minute, but I could not lose the feeling of amusement. Doesn't She love him with the love of 10000 of us ? That hell where we went with him would prove to be Her Arms ! Yet, till Dec. 6th is over, I shall worship only Siva, and pay no attention to the Mother. That's my protest. How lovely it is to feel that even far away in Los Angles you can stay his heart for him also, saying "Peace ! Peace ! Peace !" - - - - "Peace, Insight, Victory !" That is my wish for him through all this—and isn't it grand that the tide must so shortly turn ? You see

you are proving true about the Boers. The details are terrible to me. Strange how the fate of a nation overshadows a man's Karma, and brings a man like Genl. White to disaster ! Not England, but Victoria, says the Hindu, won the Empire—and even so today, in a detail like the Boer War, no greater than us that have gone before, no man can foretell the results, for they will be governed by the fact that a new star has appeared in the sky of Destiny—and not by force of arms or numbers, or any visible factor whatsoever. Even the greatest of men seem so like blind pawns on the chessboard of time—don't they ? The hand that moves them is unseen : only a prophet's eye catches a glimpse now and then of the reason : and he who is dashed to pieces in the game seems the only one who is not befooled.

I was late at breakfast this morning and Swami was talking of Krishna and Rukmini. Then he said something of the double strain in us of preference and approval. How often we give way to Desire—how our only guide should be the Good. Therefore, the wise man is he who likes nothing and witnesses all. Men find it easy to play part of life—but *something* holds the heart captive—and then they do not play. Let *the whole* be play—like nothing. Act a part all the time.

This morning he has been talking of Uma and Siva. How beautiful ! "It beats all mythology hollow !"—as he says.

I told you, didn't I ?—of Siva being "young as the Guru—old as the disciple"—because in India the man who gives his *young* life is the true Guru—but the time for learning religion is old age. And did I tell you of the command to offer all we do to Him—Siva—the only protected soul in the Universe ? "Why should He—the Lord of the Universe dwell in a graveyard ?"—says Uma to the Brahmin. I love to think that *you* always said "Siva—Siva." Now that I am so sure about this meaning of it all, made visible in Sri R. K. [Rama Krishna] and Swamiji for I am never sure how far you go with the mythology, but "Siva ! Siva !" makes you all *his* in that sense, also, anyway ! "Never sure" reminds me of Mrs. Coulston. I think she is doing excellent work for the Vedanta and so is Abhedananda. He seemed to have *men* round him. I also think she is a little anxious and very brave.

Now my sweet Yum Yum, I must finish. Late I fear.

Never mind—don't take the seeming selfishness of this letter as real. Take the good as that. I ought to write something new, I know.

Your own too

4.10 P.M.

As I wrote the above word—S. Sara brought me your letter ! At lunch time I laughed and said "Yum Yum says that she wants nothing and nobody." Swami looked up, and with a throb in his voice said "No, she doesn't. That's right. It's the last stage one comes to, and then it's all giving. The beggar must look for alms and rebuffs. But for him who asks nothing, there are no rebuffs."

There Dearest—that is you. But tell me Yum-Yum, how can we give more ? Oh, to be you ! I don't want to make you out a saint. I know quite well how you must hate it, but you do seem so far on, and I would give anything, if I had it, to learn—through tears and srruggles—very likely—what comes to you in golden moments of chasing butterflies. Dearest—remember that you are the good star—and send strength to him. Such a wail I have listened to since lunch—that I fled to my room to cry. Then he followed me and stood at the door a minute, and revealed still more of the awful suffering. Oh Swami ! Swami ! He had asked so little of the Mother ! Only that 2 or 3 he loved should be kept happy and good and pure - - - - - - I know that his need brings you strength. So I tell you all, though you are in need of comfort and courage yourself perhaps. Write to him and send him courage—courage and peace. It may be over in one month more. Sweet one, I touch your feet.

Your loving child,
Margot

I ought to tell you—and forgot—how he was talking in the old way about escaping from the world, He has been reciting the hatred of Fame and Wealth all his life, but he is only now beginning to understand what it really means. It is becoming unbearable. "Where am I now !" he said, turning to me suddenly with such an *awful* look of lostness on his face. And then he began te repeat something—"And so to Thou—Ramakrishna—(with a pause) I betake myself. For

in Thy Feet alone is the Refuge of man." Such a moment ! Darling—I longed for you there.

"This body is going anyway. It shall go with hard tapasya —I will say 10000 Om a day—and with fasting. Alone, alone by the Ganges—in the Himalayas—saying Hara Hara, The Freed One, The Freed One. I will change my name once more, and this time none shall know. I will take the initiation of sannyasa over again—and it shall be for this—and I will never never come back to anyone again."

And then again that lost look, and the awful thought that he had lost his power of meditation. I have lost all—lost all—for you Mlechhas ! And with that a smile—and a sigh—and the turning to go away.

Yum Dearest, we can help no one. There is a space at last between each two atoms and *none* ever touches the other. Is there *no* way of circumventing, of conquering these terrible impossible laws? Can we not *somehow* find a way to mitigate all this for him ? No way at all ?

M

74. To Mrs. FRANCIS LEGGETT

THE AUDITORIUM HOTEL, 616, CHICAGO,
Nov. 9th. [*1899*]

My dear Mrs. Leggett,

It is a great privilege to be allowed to write and thank you for the hospitality which has made so many weeks a dream of pleasure. I have been looking forward to this little talk with you ever since we arrived yesterday afternoon. We had such a pleasant journey ! It did not seem to me at all long, and Mr. Adams met us at the station and took us to his wife. After dinner we all spent the evening with Mrs. Adams. I do not know how anyone could do anything but love a soul so kind. She seems to radiate sweetness—and good faith. It is marvellous to me to find other people who like you and Yum Yum and Mrs. Bull and now Mrs. Adams, would do every whit as much and go as far to serve a cause as one has ever conceived of doing.

I wish I could tell you a little of how impressed I am by Alberta's strength. I am amazed, now that I see her away from the home-background, to realise how many of Yum's finest

qualities are her inheritance also—together with courage on the grand scale. We went to Hull House together this morning and were asked to lunch—and it was something like being out with Yum, perfect self-forgetfulness—all generosity and enthusiasm. She will tell you her impressions of the place herself, but for one thing I was more than glad—Miss Adams had been in Russia—and there was a great deal of intelligent and interesting conversation about Tolstoi and Russia and kindred topics, and the girl with the shining Hair is so devoted to that subject that it must have been a pleasure.

But it does not seem so wonderful dear Mrs. Leggett that your children should be delightful—as that so many of your guests should have been so kind. I feel as if the work had a host of friends with yourself for queen, and your beautiful home for court.

You know yourself how much you have done for Swami. He seemed to grow better everyday for awhile. Didn't he ? What a joy it will always be to you to think that this was your doing.

As for the rest—if, after all your steady help and that Freedom of which I never knew the meaning till I saw you at Ridgely, I should fail—surely it will be my own fault.

Will you thank Mr. Leggett for all his kindness to me ever since I reached America, and last of all on the journey to New York ? And will you give my love to Baby, and if he will take it, to Hol ? I need not try to say how much I send you. I am dear Mrs. Leggett—always faithfully and rememberingly,

Margot

75. To Mrs. Ole Bull

Auditorium H. 616, Chicago
Nov. 10th, '99

My dearest Grannie,

We arrived on Wednesday afternoon, and Olea has seemed to improve steadily ever since we left New York. Here we sit now, Alberta and I, scribbling steadily, ½ an hour after breakfast —in full view of what seems to be the sea, but is really, I suppose, Lake Michigan.

I suppose we really are doing well—considering the time—for yesterday morning Alberta and I found Miss Addams and lunched with her. She asked any two of us to dinner next Monday—but the girls cannot go—because it is Tannhauser. In the afternoon we went to the Fortnightly and met Swami's friend Miss Howe and a host of others. This morning my name will be brought before a board of missionaries—with the idea of my speaking there. And Mrs. Adams says we are to meet Mrs. Woolley (nee Hale) at lunch. But you know I am mad to be "up and at'em."

Albert is the grandest advance agent and travelling showman in one that you can possibly imagine. She is like Yum in many many ways. Without her it would not be nearly so possible to do. I don't know whether Miss Addams will offer me the privileges of a visitor presently or not. If she does I shall accept them for a week—if not—I shall think it best to mention the question of setting up "a little hell of my own" early next week. Olea has been *so* sweet in the capacity of hostess—and said I was her guest just as long as I chose to stay. Olea is most winsome—and I am so much struck by her pity for the weak and the defeated. It is the only note of that sort that I have heard in America. She says she gets it from her father. However that may be, it is genuine patriotism—the Love of the People—isn't it ?

Later

At that point we broke off to to Mrs. Adams' Studio. Of course it has been most enjoyable. Mrs. Adams is so true to the King—that apart from all reflected advantage to the work one could only love her. She says she will make good Swami's promise about overworking me, and I only hope this may prove true. Two ladies of strong missionary and educational interests are coming on Sunday to interview us.

Oh Kali Kali—have us in charge ! Swami was looking a wee wee less well when we left him in New York. But perhaps that was only a false impression gathered by my mind from the head-dress which always conveys an impression of weakness to me—and which has not altogether been mastered in this respect by the association of Swami's face beneath it.

Later

You see one has to write in scraps. Miss Mary Hale and

her married sister did come to lunch—and hung on every word we could tell them about Swami and India. Old Mr. Hale is very ill at persent but when that strain is lessened they will work with and for us heart and soul. Meanwhile Miss Mary Hale hopes to take me next week to the Friday Club to join in the debate that follows a paper on *Modern India* !!! It will be only a few minutes—but it may be the keynote—if nothing occurs beforehand.

This afternoon we have all been to a real Japanese play. The Court Company of Japan is on its way to the Paris Exhibition—and gave performances here. It was a charming experience—and to judge from it—dramatic art is at a very high pitch of perfection in Japan. There was never an anti-climax. Everything was suggested rather than exhaust the expression.

Saturday morning

We spent the evening with Madame Calve. She says Swami *must* learn French—France is hungry for what he has to give. She was certainly hungry—for the intellectual statements that would enable her to express a great deal that she knows already. She is like some great all-knowing soul with only the habits and intellectual formulae of a child. Oh, if only she will go on with the silence of which we all sat down and tried 5 minutes last night, she will reach the Great Active Silence long before the rest of us !

Noon

It is time for lunch—and as soon as Olea comes in—no doubt we shall go down. Meanwhile, I must write to Yum from whom has just come the news of her brother's death. Goodbye, dear Grannie. Ever your loving,

Margot

Saturday evening

Dear Miss Mary Hale came this afternoon to try to persuade me to wear ordinary clothes—and be simply an English woman—not identified with Swami. I think Olea felt that she was in the right. But I held my point, promising that if in 3 months I proved to be wrong, I would acknowledge it, and go on a different footing to some new place. She was *so* generous about it—though grieved I fear—but I *cannot* feel that I am wrong ------ Yet I know I may be. It may be

sheer obstinacy. Still, if so, I comfort myself that Swami said "Remember you are only the servant of Mother : be thankful if She lets you go free."

76. To Miss J. MacLeod

THE AUDITORIUM HOTEL, CHICAGO,
Saturday morning, Nov. 11th, [*1899*]

My sweet Yum Yum,

Your letter reached Albert this morning, telling how, a week ago, your struggle was ended—and your brother died. Isn't it strange to watch the passing of a strong soul ? That the weak should go seems natural, but for these the world had seemed so full—but what great joy it will always be to you that you had rediscovered the brother of so long ago before he went ! You will feel for awhile as if there were a strange blank space in life, I fancy.

You have had a letter since, with a touch of Swami in it, and I read him yours before I came away. I must tell you all about that last Sunday and Monday—and then my correspondence will be at an end for some months. I understand now why it has been so impossible to write to you since I arrived here—until today.

Last Sunday—think of it !— we were still in the same house with Swami. On Saturday—I cannot help thinking that I wrote to you about it—Swami had had a terrific mood of "Oh *where* am I now ?"—the details of it have gone now but the ring of despair and the expression of the face have not gone. All those days, anyway, Mrs. Bull and I were full of the burden of the sorrowful days that were to happen to him during this last month of his misfortunes. And that evening I was obliged to dine at Ridgely with Mrs. Bull and him to meet Mrs. Robinson Smith. All evening I saw him look with occasional fierceness and he slipped away about 10. I was reading hands at that time. It was Mrs. Bull's idea that I should go to Boston and write.

On Sunday morning after breakfast the volcano burst. He turned on me before everyone and asked how much longer I intended to hang on. He was quite abusive—and then he uttered a relenting word—you know how. I said I liked to

know how deeply he meant it, so there was a use in his harshness—but otherwise it was needless, for I had been only too anxious to be at work long ago, and had been kept where I was by his express instructions. I think he saw that it was so—and Olea—turning to leave the room—invited me to join Alberta and herself on the journey to Chicago. They had a place too many. Swami ruled that I was to accept this invitation —then he waxed glorious. If he had my health and strength he would conquer the world. I was a Kshattriya. Did I know that I belonged to his *family* ? I was not a Brahmin. Austerity was the path and so on - - - - - - It was tremedous—and he ended with a blessing in which the Guru was lost and it became all Father—as he told me to go out into the world and fight for him—the only thing that he now wanted—before he could pass away from the world into peace or death. Oh ! Yum !

So my coming was arranged—and Olea was to be hostess—with Albert—wasn't it funny ?—just as we had planned it—and yet coming by a kind of accident. Olea was to start for New York on Monday and rest there a night—and we were to leave Stone Ridge on Tuesday and come on to Chicago. Swami was also to leave Tuesday with Mr. Leggett. On Sunday afternoon Swami insisted on my coming and packing with him, and as I worked he took out a couple of silk turbans to give the girls. Then two pieces of cotton cloth—gerrua colour—for Mrs. Bull. He called me to my room, where Mrs. Bull sat writing, to give these—and left the turbans on one side.

First he shut the door—then he arranged the cloth as a skirt and chudder round her waist—then he called her a Sannyasini and putting one hand on her head and one on mine he said, "I give you *all* that Ramakrishna P. gave to me. What came to us from a Woman I give to you two women. Do what you can with it. I cannot trust myself. I do not know what I might do tomorrow and ruin the work. Women's hands will be the best anyway to hold what came from a Woman—from Mother. Who and what She is, I do not know, I have never seen Her, but Ramakrishna P. saw Her and touched Her—like this (touching my sleeve). She may be a great disembodied spirit for all I know. Anyway I cast the load on you. I am going away to be at peace. I felt nearly mad this morning, and I was thinking and thinking what I could do—when I went to my room to sleep

before lunch. And then I thought of this and I was so glad. It is like a release. I have borne it all this time, and now I have given it up - - - - - -"

Were these exactly the words he used ? I think they were. It seems to me that it must have been about 3 O'clock or shortly after, for I think it was daylight still, and then I went back with him to the packing and long long after, as it seems now, he seemed surprised when I told him to go downstairs to the fire—I could do the rest of the work alone—and went like a relieved child. Just before he called me to "the Robing" he had said : "Oh ! I feel so gay !"

(We both thought of you at that moment Darling—and I for one was glad that you were away—for your life is his personally —and you are still to be the Good Star which could not be if you were entangled in all that has been so hard on him.)

And so Yum—happened "the event of my life"—the great turning-point—and the dear St. Sara's.

Next morning he came over to Ridgely and Mrs. Leggett managed to throw Mrs. R. Smith with him—knowing that she was hungry for a word. It seems that she asked him what his message was. And he answered "I have no message—I used to think I had—but now I know that I have nothing for the world —only for myself. I must break this dream." It sounds so limp and forceless, when I repeat it ! And it was so great and stern as he told us of it !

And then Mrs. Bull, Mrs. Briggs and I had him to ourselves for hours—and he talked of Siva—as he did always all these months, *and of Shuke*. Sri Ramakrishna used to call *him* "Shuke" in the old pre-Kali days ! ! ! To Shuke it was all play. Life was play. The Universe was play. '*I* know—and Shuke knows—and perhaps Vyasa knows—a little"—says Siva.'

It was solemn and grand, beyond thought. At first he spoke of the Mother in his naughty-child way, as a great She-Devil—and then, after awhile, he forgot and grew tender and full of worship—

"That Mother who is manifest in all beings—
Her we salute.
She whom the world declares to be the great Maya
Her we salute.

Thou Giver of all Blessings, Thou the Giver of Strength,
Thou the Giver of Desires, Thou the Merciful One,
To Thee our salutation, Thee we salute, Thee we salute,
Thou terrible black night—Thou the night of Delusion,
Thou the night of Death.
To Thee our salutation—Thee we salute, Thee we salute."

And he gave us :

"The breeze is making for righteousness.
The seas are showering blessings on us—
Our Father in Heaven is blissful,
The trees in the forest are blissful, so are the cattle.
The very dust of the earth is luminous with bliss—
It is all bliss,—all bliss—all bliss."

I may have been mistaken—but it seemed to me all those two days as if this note of Bliss *were* these, though only as an undertone now and then breaking into triumph.

But I cannot conceal his innermost thought from myself—that as his Master lived only 1½ year after giving his Power to him—so he has but a short time to live. Life has been torture to him, and I would not ask him to endure it longer—merely for our pleasure—but Oh Yum Yum if your prayers have any weight with the Eternal, see to it that his time becomes one of play and conquest. If I should die a thousand death hereafter in a thousand flaming hells—I implore—no, I demand—of the Supreme—that I be allowed to win and lay some laurels at his feet while he is yet with us. If GOD have indeed a Mother's heart—surely we cannot be refused this boon ! For you will pray it too—won't you—as S. Sara does, I know. It is a great thing to be the one priviledged to endure the brunt of the battle —but it is we all together, really, who are doing it—it is no one person. Each of us in each place, for all the others, is serving him. O Beloved, I wish I could see you now—or that you could be with him !

About money matters. I feel sure that S. Sara will tell you and I need not. Swami's last direction to me was—"Always, when beginning anything or going anywhere, say 'Durga Durga,' Margot. That protects from all dangers." There was something so personal in that little speech—as we got into the train

at Binnawater. Something so full of fatherhood—you will not show this letter to anyone, I know !

Tuesday to Wednesday—I was finding out Albert and Olea as I had had no chance before, of doing. My heart is completely captive to Albert. She is *splendid*, simply. She will take up all this, in her turn, I feel sure. And her life will go to it.

Olea has a greatness and sweetness beneath all faults that are most winsome. Her poor heart is hungry—and she is beginning to tell herself how human love has been like catching at a shadow in proportion to her need.

And now Best-Beloved—goodbye. Write to the Master regularly. Write week after week. Do cheer him with your love and touch, and accept always the loving worship of your child.

Margot

77. To Mrs. Ole Bull

112 Lincoln Park Boulevard, Chicago,
Nov. 15, 1899

My beloved Grannie,

On Monday I left the hotel and came here to live, at Mrs. Adams' instigation. Miss O'Neill is in the same house and is the kindest of neighbours. She told me to tell you that she regarded my advent as a little bit of heaven come down to her. Of course that is because she prizes the Indian associations so much.

My little room is to cost 10 dollars a month, which will perhaps seem less extravagant in your eyes than it does in mine. It is certainly in a splendid house and neighbourhood, and Mrs. Adams' thought I could not have done better. The Hull House people seem anxious to do all in their power. I am to lecture there next Monday evening on Religious Life in India.

Tomorrow, Thursday, I go to talk in an elementary school—all afternoon. And I am more than happy to think that one of my first lectures (a geography-lesson) will be given to childern. Not quite the first—for I was allowed to talk to the Women's Mending Guild under Mrs. Henry Wade Rodgers on Monday afternoon last. Everyone is so ready to be kind ! Our elderly lady—Mrs. Richard Waterman, declares that she is coming to every talk I ever give—if she gets the chance ! Friday morning

I am invited to talk to the missionary society for 15 minutes, and Miss Hale hopes to get me into the discussion at the Friday Club in the afternoon.

These are my only public engagements so far. Yesterday afternoon I went down to the Hotel to see the girls. Olea was having her face and hair attended to—and was looking so well ! They had evidently enjoyed Tannliamer [?] tremendously.

What a great relief is Dr. G's diagnosis of Swami's case ! How I *trust* it may prove true. His 3 weeks will bring us very close to Dec. 6th when is to disappear that naughty little planet Rahu, who has been afflicting him with loss of health and friends. I hope and trust that the Indian news is not appallingly bad.

Miss O'Neill has a wonderful collection of photographs of Sri R. K. [Rama Krishna] and Dukineswar and a hundred things. I am very jealous of course, but she is so graciously generous about lending them to me that jealousy is mean. When I arrived I found two white flowers with leaves in a green glass—supporting a photograph of the Math Chapel ! Oh !

Miss Hale came in at noon—and took me home with her to lunch. As I have promised Mdme Calve to accept dear Mrs. Adams' kind invitation to Carmen tomorrow night I shall probably see the girls then again.

Olea has been so very kind and has, I should think—enjoyed the Studio more than most things. Anyway, her time is pretty full, yet she looks undoubtedly stronger—and Mrs. Adams seems to think a great deal of her talent. I suppose when anyone has been through her suffering there comes a moment when one has to pull oneself together and compel energy. It would be easier to be listless and miserable than to grow strong and happy.

Is Mrs. Briggs with you still ? In case Swami really wants dates for Sankaracharya I had better send you what Cunningham says of him in his history of the Sikhs—

800 to 1000 A. D. Sankaracharya established ascetic orders and gives pre-eminence to Saivism.

Sankaracharya was a Brahmin of the South of India and according to Prof. Wilson he flourished during the 8th or 9th Century. But his date is doubtful, and if as commonly said, Ramanuja was his disciple and sister's son, he perhaps lived a century or a century and a half later. He is believed to have established 4

Maths headed by the 4 out of his 10 instructed disciples who faithfully adhered to his views, etc. etc. etc.

Ramanuja is variously stated to have lived some time between the beginning of the 11th and end of the 12th Century. In Central India he is understood to have told his uncle that the path which he, Sankaracharya, had chosen, was not the right one, etc. etc. etc.

This *may* prove useful—though I scarcely dare to hope it. This is a stupid letter, and I meant to say much in it. Siva, Siva !

Lovingly
Nivedita

If you see her, will you tell Miss Farmer where I am ? She may send me people. It makes all the difference that I am not depended on them !

78. To Miss J. MACLEOD

112 LINCOLN PARK BOULEVARD,
CHICAGO, *Nov. 16, Thursday* [*1899*]

My sweetest "Very Most Reverend" Yum Yum—

Indeed, there is no fear of anyone's ever taking your place in my heart and life ! How could there be ? Neither Mrs. Leggett —splendid as she is, and how kind ! I think one could go to her in any trouble, sure of a strong hand and a kind heart—nor Mrs. Adams, though she is so true to Swami, and so utterly full of service that she is like one of ourselves, nor even the Grannie—with whom the link has grown so close. The fact is, I cannot think of us 3 as divisible, in some ways. And in my eyes the part you play, individually, is that of feminine fascination. Mrs. Bull said the last day that she always regarded me as your spiritual child, which—excepting Swami's calling me "Daughter"—I thought the biggest thing ever said to me. Meanwhile—here are letters from you and from the Grannie—as a double benediction before I go out at noon today to my first appointed piece of work. I am to spend the afternoon in an elementary school, telling the children about India. One is going, now, like a man blindfolded, guiding himself through a labyrinth by a silken thread. I cannot tell where the usefulness of things

may come in—my business is only to do them as they come—and this is the first. I mean to tell the little ones about the Christ-Child—and then on to the Indian Christ-Child—Dhruva, Prahlad, Gopala. And to the big ones I want to give a geography lesson, a little American patriotism for a start—and than on to India—the Ganges—Agra—the Taj, and the Fort.

Tomorrow I go to speak, by special request, before a board of missionaries, on the condition of Indian women, 15 minutes only—and I hope to say important things in a loving way. I did not seek this engagement, but Miss Hale declares herself anxious to come—and of course if anyone present gains confidence in me there, it is all I can dare to wish. In the afternoon I go with Miss Mary Hale to the Friday Club—in the hope of joining in the debate. There is a paper on Modern India. Then on Monday evening, I lecture at Hull House. And that is all. Hull House subject : Religious Life in India. I think of beginning with the Pilgrims' Camp at Pahalgam and ending with a touch about Dukineswara and Sri Ramakrishna.

Now you ask for gossip. Last week dear Miss Hale came one day to implore me to wear ordinary clothes—these would stand so much in my way. I appreciated all she said, and longed to give in—yet it all looked so different to me—and I could only hold on to the fact that Swamiji approved. I *could* not change—though I felt sure I must be simply obstinate. Finally I promised that if after 3 months we felt we had been wrong here, I would change and go elsewhere. Miss Hale urged that Swami could make mistakes, that she had often advised and helped *him*. I said that was her relationship and privilege to be part of his life in that way—but I was only a disciple—and to me Swami made no mistakes. She was dear afterwards—and I feel much much close to her for it all. Olea I think sided with her—and Albert gave full chance to every argument—but when it was all over, Albert was splendid. She permitted no criticism—once the stand was taken—and I think Miss Hale herself will be the same. She hoped yesterday that I had written nothing about it to Swami—as of course I had not. But I had mentioned it to S. Sara and she says in her letter this morning that she is sure it will prove a difficulty in New York as well as here, from what she saw of people there. Yet she is prepared even to face failure. Yet you know it has seemed as if people

went out of their way to be kind about it. On Sunday, two ladies *begged* me to wear my white robe for talks. Down at the University Settlements people insisted on my Indian name, and so on—and so many people wanted to be introduced at the Fortnightly which I am sure would not have happened had I worn ordinary clothes. Of course only time can prove who is right.

Now have I satisfied you with gossip ? I am afraid you will think it puerile and selfish. Yesterday Miss Hale came and took me home to lunch to be introduced to her mother. The dear old lady was so sweet and loving about Swami, I felt like going round to her end of the table and hugging her.

On Monday last I heard Mrs. Adams' 1st lecture on the Gesture Chart. It was magnificent. You had not said a word too much about her power. And I think that is her predominant note—not grace—power and energy thoroughly in hand. She knows enough to analyse and conserve grace in others, but Olea and Christina Grinstidel seem to me more gifted in that way. So you see I don't agree at all with Swami in that opinion ! She represents science—not natural accidental good luck—and she seems to have a wonderful gift of inspiring her pupils. They are wild about their work, and about her. These things are true greatness.

You will be amused to hear that Swami admitted to me that he really liked Romeo and Juliet. He had been teasing Miss Waldo that evening.

You have heard about Madame Calve from Albert, so I do not need to tell you all that. She has taken us all by storm.

I wish I could give you some idea of how much I feel the depth of Mary Hale. She is so silent and strong. I think something must come of the new triangle.

Madame de Leeuw expects to be in Chicago about Dec. 9th for a week, inspecting Kindergartens. Won't it be lovely to see her ?

Swami means to be in Boston for the Xmas holidays I think —so if he drifts Kali-wards, it must be later. Meanwhile I can't help hoping to see you here—not staying in the big hotel, but here or with the Hales.

Am I really to believe that you have no indigestion any more ? I *hope* this is true ! All victory to the pumpkin !

Now Dearest—Dearest goodbye for the present. Send oceans of love and talk to the King. He needs all the fun he can get till Dec. 6th. Glory to Joy !

Ever your loving child,
Margot

At Hull House I feel myself in a more natural atmosphere than elsewhere. Other places are America—one is struck by the abundance of money—comfort—and the glare of electric light—and mechanical contrivance, with the constant worship of the self-made or self-to-be-made man (according as he is old or young). There—one is in the *world*. The whole interest is in life and ideas. Do come and enjoy it too.

79. To Miss J. MACLEOD

112 LINCOLN PARK BOULEVARD,
CHICAGO, *Nov. 21 [1899]*
Tuesday morning

Beloved Joy,

3 letters have come within a week. One in answer to one of mine, another telling of the plans for Swami ! ! !—and a third sent on from New York evidently written just after your brother's death, and posted in a delayed mail. Last night at Hull House I had a free hand for the first time. Dear Miss Mary Hale and Miss McKinley came all the way and drove me home in a heavenly carriage. Can you realise the bliss—physically, I mean, when you are lecture-fever-exhausted ?

60 or 70 people stayed till ½ past 10 or ¼ to 11 asking questions !

I want to tell you about M. Hale. She is distinctly another of the inner group. I like Mrs. Adams, but I could worship this woman. She is so strong in suffering—the realisation of perfect steadiness and faith. Wanting in activity and initiative—passionately devoted to Swami, I should say, yet never showing it save in a flush now and then or a tightening-up nervously. Like a rock-like steel.

I wonder—do you know her ? If so, forgive !

Let me not be too sure that I shall not feel just as much one day for Mrs. Adams. For I have scarcely peeped at her

soul yet. I may fall down and adore there, too—but not yet. While for Miss Hale I would do anything—and I don't feel the same for any of the other Hale girls—so it is something quite individual.

On Thursday afternoon last, I talked to the bairns at an elementary school, and there is some hope of their forming a Guild of Help. That was very happy.

Then on Friday morning to a Missionary society, where the subtle mental atmosphere was too awful for words. That—and listening to a paper on India at the Friday Club in the afternoon without being allowed to speak—made one tingle with despair (do you know the kind of depression I mean ?) for two days—I got a little relief by crying over your belated letter on Saturday, but I couldn't even cry enough.

Then Sunday, Miss Hale and I were together several hours—and that meant strength—while last night was just as intense the other way.

Today we go to lunch at Mrs. Woolley's. Tomorrow I meet Miss Harrison of the Kindergartens. Thursday, perhaps go to see Madame Calve, and Friday, have another chance at 3 in the afternoon of talking to a few guests of Miss Hale's. Beyond that, I as yet know nothing. I wrote to the 4 addresses you sent me, and offered to call, but no answers yet.

I am going this morning to be introduced to an Editor with the hope of his taking articles.

If it were my duty to call on all the clergy in the city or to go from door to door, I would do it, but the right thing seems to be to sit still and let things come to me—doesn't it ? So I can't force them. I must wait and try not to be impatient.

We learn that Swami really is likely to obey your summons to Kaliland. I am SO glad ! I cannot tell what is going to happen there. He may be well enough to lecture I suppose, but its heavenly anyway. It is also too good to be true that he is to pass through Chicago en route. They say, too, that he is looking so thoroughly well and happy. I hope it is lasting. Sweet King.

Now darling Yum, I must stop writing. I am incapable of even a decent letter this morning, and my handwriting is horrible. I *hope* to hear from you soon. Remember that your touch is strength as well as insight. Tell me what to do and believe and

look for. The old lady, Mrs. Waterman, who is steadily befriending me, tells me that she used to sit beside you in Mrs. Adams' class.

I must go. Goodbye, Dearest Darling—with all joy that your last letter showed such a wonderful spring of energy and seemingly of health—your own loving child

Margot

Mrs. Adams and Miss Hale use this name now ! Nice ?

80. To Mrs. OLE BULL

112, LINCOLN PARK BOULEVARD
CHICAGO, *Tuesday Evening,*
Nov., 21 [1899]

My dearest Grannie,

This morning I wrote to Swami and Yum and not to you—for I had to go out. Now I have returned from lunch at the Hale's and am just going to sit down and tell you selfishly how exhausted I feel ! Isn't it disgusting of one to say a thing like that—but if I say it to you, I can get over the feeling. I feel brighter already !

Last night at Hull House I really did feel that we had had Swami's blessing—you and I. What I said was utterly scrappy and inadequate—it had nothing whatever to do with that—but 60 or 70 people stayed about 1½ hour to ask questions about the philosophy ! And such intelligent questions too ! The Hales were there and drove Miss O'Neill and myself home in a luxurious carriage, and it was lovely—to have them. We got here at 5 past 11.

The next chance is at Miss Hale's (Mrs. Woolley's rather !) at 3 on Friday afternoon—after that no appointment is yet made. Mrs. Adams is going to recommend me at the bureau. She agrees with me that if I could get an offer from it, it might be the best possible start, for a limited time. On her recommendation I suppose it is possible. Then there is another idea also of forming a Vedanta group who might like my work. I shall refuse *nothing* that opens itself.

Last Friday, talking to the Missionary Board, it seemed a terrible failure to me—like contriving to breathe under the weight of the Pyramids. But my chaperon—kind Mrs. Water-

man--was entirely unconscious of this and happy in something that pleased her in my little speech—so it perhaps served some end. On Thursday afternoon I spoke to the Elementary School children, who were just lovely. *So* well-educated ! Their teacher has some idea of forming a children's guild for me. Tomorrow I am to go to lunch at the Pullman Rooms and meet Miss Harrison, the head of the Kindergarten World here and a friend of Miss Fitz. So that is your doing.

They say that Swami is to go to California via Detroit and Chicago. I can't help hoping that that or some quickly-following time may see *you* here, though that is perhaps both impossible and unreasonable. I am afraid it was a disappointment to you to receive Olea back so suddenly, but I don't think her plea of exhaustion and want of leisure was at all unreasonable—for of course the hotel-life does keep you on a certain strain—and one gets into the habit of turning on the electric light as one enters the room and *never* sitting 10 minutes in the twilight to look at the lake ! Yet with all that I think you will agree that she has gained steadily and is marvellously improved in looks.

Mrs. Adams has been one of Mrs. Woolley's party today, and she so sweetly consented to read the "Blessed to Amozel" after lunch ! I was anxious to know how she would manage the parentheses. I have not been enough in the Studio and perhaps have not a good enough ear to understand in the least about the 'world-tones' and 'ideal-tones' that she talks of. But what a treat to hear a new interpretation of a poem !—and to be amongst the receivers when there is reading aloud ! It is *much* more blessed to receive than to give ! Sometimes, of course, it is more generous also, but that was not so in this case.

Miss Adams said last night that she felt deeply privileged to receive "love" from *you*. I want to tell you how thoroughly nice I think Miss O'Neill is. Everyone who meets her seems to love her, and to me she seems entirely loveable. She speaks with such abounding love and reverence of you and Mrs. Roethlisberger and Mrs. Briggs. I held back from speaking of her before—because I wanted to be sure—but now I don't think I can be mistaken. She is passionately enthusiastic about Mrs. Adams' teaching, too. I love that loyalty and gratitude. Isn't it winning ?

I do hope poor Mrs. Briggs is better. Please give her my love if she is with you, and tell her that I think her name of "Santih"—which I did not know before—suits her perfectly.

And now I *must* stop. I want to send you my account each week—I think that would be the happiest way—but if I do not enclose it in this—perhaps you will let me send it in my next.

Monday is the end of my week, as it happens !

With pranams

Lovingly, most lovingly, Your Child

Margot

81. To Miss J. MACLEOD

112 LINCOLN PARK BOULEVARD,
CHICAGO, *Tuesday, Nov. 21, [1899]*
11-15 P. M.

Sweetest,

Here is a scribble written on the understanding that it is for a newspaper-leader. If you want something more biographical, for pamphlet-publication of course I shall enjoy writing it.

Your beautiful letter reached me by Alberta at the Hale's after mine had gone to you. I am delighted that you are to have Swamiji—but I hope you won't be unwilling to wait for him—for I scarcely fancy he will reach you so soon as you think. However, once with you he is safe to have "play" of that I am sure.

Oh I am so glad that you really think he has got out of the "forced" labour. Of course what you say is true about the Blessing being R-Kali [Ramakrishna-Kali] and S-Siva [Swamiji-Siva]. The last ½ makes it infinitely greater. *I* don't think your holiness is pretty cheap at all.

I was so glad to hear of Mr. Lansberg and the throb of the pulse. Is that all you know ? I would give anything to know how it went !

Miss Hale and I went to hear Abhayananda on Sunday afternoon. The last thing I heard was "the electricity always returns to the dynamo" and my active mind immediately fell to picturing Dr. Bose suffering from convulsions of surprise and people's shares in electric lighting realising 100% dividend and

when I came-to again she was saying "Man was originally two-sexed. He contained the woman-nature in himself. Look at Genesis, where it says, 'Male and female created He them.'" At this I nearly had a fit not at the theory but at the proof alleged, and we both rose to go. Miss Hale heard more and can tell *yards* of it.

I have written Abhayananda the sweetest note of regret for our early departure.

Mrs. Fyfe has written, inviting me to see her next Sunday.

I send an old M.S. as wrapping to the Swami-article. I have left it to you to make a clear copy of the latter. Be sure to keep one copy, as I should like always to keep anything I write about him.

Lovingly Lovingly Lovingly,
Margot

82. To Mrs. Ole Bull

112 Lincoln Park Boulevard,
Wednesday evg. Nov. 22nd [1899]

My dearest Grannie,

Albert told me today that you had written her such a sad, tired letter ! Darling S. Sara ! I suddenly realised how we had all been caring for everyone but you ! There is so much to do, and life has just opened on a whole new world of blessing-giving for you—*Don't* be tired !

I hope you saw your Son [Vivekananda] before he left New York. Miss Hale came while I was with Albert, to say that he is expected here tomorrow, and I counted that you had probably seen and blessed him before he left. I feel sure that he is better physically. His coming West is like the rising of the Sun, or the Coming of a God. It seems as if he were coming on wings of Swiftness and Strength. From what Miss Hale said, too, I gathered a secret hope that Miss Grinstidel would get a few hours of him on the way. I can't think what is to be done about Shankaracharya. But I suppose Swami Abhedananda will fill up.

Dear-dear dear Mrs. Bull, do remember that you are *not* unappreciated, though you are so dreadfully unselfish that we rarely tell you how we love you! And we are all more apt to

bring you our own troubles than to try to help to bear yours ! Numbers of people would be inconsolable without you. Doesn't this give you strength ? But why should one dread to confess the truth ?—everyone is so tired of life sometimes !—but they say that that is the secret of living—and you are close to the top of the hill. The fact is—one fights and rebels against this mood in those one loves, out of pure selfishness. One cannot bear to picture the world without them. It is wrong to strive against the freedom of another—but accept the love out of which the striving springs !

You are so necessary ! I am dismayed at the thought of the long battle without a head—oh won't you be willing to stay till you have mothered India and the work for the women that is only an infant now ? Sometimes I think it will never be worth anything, too, and not worth doing, but then I remember that it is not our work, and even its goodness does not depend on our doing. And so it *will* be worthy someday—worthy of everything. And you, perhaps the one Western worker who was deliberately foreseen and foretold by Sri Ramakrishna, *you* would not take all your life and strength and wisdom out of it ? No we can't and India can't—can't can't can't do without you. Grannie dear—the Queen-Mother of us all.

Perhaps it isn't very nice of me to use a confidence of Albert's like this—I didn't tell her what an impression it had made on me, and I come and write it to you. But I cannot help it. I hope it won't seem horrid.

I can't tell you where I am in the battle now. I am not out of heart, but the fight is slow—because the opportunities are so few. I go tomorrow—Thursday—although Swami is coming, to spend a few days at Hull House. Then on Friday I hope to have a good practical talk at Miss Hale's. So far there is nothing further arranged.

And now my sweet Grannie—not *touching* your feet tonight, but *kissing* them—and proud to be and do just that—I am your ever-loving grandchild and representative in battle.

Margot

Thursday morning

I have just had a letter from my old cook who had gone to Holland to her dying mother. Her mother died one afternoon

at 4 and at 9 the same evening died a brother—a young man of 21, who could not live without the mother.

Isn't it like something one would read of in India ?

83. To Mrs. Ole Bull

(At Hull House)
After the 28th
112 Lincoln Park Boulevard,
Chicago, *Nov. 25, 1899*

My dearest Grannie,

Yesterday, I saw the King. I went over to Miss Hale's to talk and he was there. He is trying to stay till next Thursday and in that case I shall hear *him* talk on Monday afternoon, and Miss Starr is begging to go with me. I mean to try once more to get permission. Swami looked well—and was evidently in the best of spirits. His last command to me was that I should write to you on his behalf as quickly as possible. I need not say how radiant the Hale girls seemed over his presence. He seemed anxious to know how you were, but said you looked so much better than when you left Ridgely, when he saw you in New York. I *don't* think we have any reason to believe that he is going to die. As I looked at him yesterday that seemed an entirely unreasonable thought.

They want me to talk here on Friday evening next on the Arts and Crafts of India. Would you mind sending me, by return of post, the Kali-print and some picture illustrative of the Europeanised degradation of Hindu Art ? Denwa in its low green tones and misproportions while it attempts to be realistic is what I mean. There were many of that order of merit in your collection. If you have kept anything that would do. How I wish now that I had got a collection of domestic utensils photographed ! But my toys will serve as models.

Hull House wants to contribute a subscription to the work by way of payment for this,!

I am also to talk here on philosophy next Wednesday evening, to a selected audience. So you see Miss Addams is doing a great deal for me. Also—I am here on a visit for a few days—and everyone lays himself out to take India all the time.

Yesterday afternoon, at the Hale's, there were about 25 people. Anywhere but in kind America my speech would have been spurned as too grossly uninteresting for words. But there, everyone without exception promised to help as much as they could, to form a Guild, or to try and get me to other towns, or by giving a dollar a year—which was the amount I asked. And Mrs. Adams has a little plan for a kind of preparation on foot which I hope to hear her say more about this morning. It looked to me yesterday as if the income of 3000 dollars a year would not be difficult to raise. But that may be *too* optimistic.

The other evening at dinner here a Dr. Lewis of the University sat next me and began by saying "What do you think of the Swami Vivekananda ?" I find it quite impossible to talk of him. So all I could say was—"How *can* you ask me ?" And Miss Adams interposed with "He is her Master ! Don't." Then he asked me about the vows—then about [. . .] and so on. I explained that Swami's position in religion was different from mine and others—that India regarded him as what he really was—free—and told the story of "an American gentleman on Swami's eating beef"—and of how Madras stood the test. That seemed to win everyone, that India had accepted her beef-eating son and stood by him. After that Dr. Lewis spoke of his regret and disgust at the Ceylon Tea advertisement of Swami's face—and I think Swami has many friends here.

Tomorrow—Sunday—I go to a new home to talk. Today—I meet some new people at the Studio. Yesterday, I felt as if Mrs. Adams' reserve had really broken down for the first time. I think everyone was naturally relieved to find that I asked a dollar a year from each—and no more.

I wish I could tell you how at home I feel in Hull House. It is so like my old London and Wimbledon life—for one thing—the same problems, the same interests, the same class of society and the same simplicity. And then everyone is so *dear* about India !

I went to see a Jewish play in Yiddish last night. It cost a whole dollar—but it was well spent—for once in one's life to see anything so replete with the life of a whole people.

And now I must go on to other letters. Kind Miss Farmer sent me yesterday about 10 introductions which reached me at

Mrs. Woolley's, included one to her—and another to the McKinley girls.

Mary Hale and I went to hear Abhayananda last Sunday, but we failed to sit it out, and my sweet note of since has not received a reply.

Goodbye dearest Grannie. With oceans of love, and the words "be well and keep well," touching your feet,

I am your Child—
Margot

Do write sometime !

84. To Miss Mary Hale

At Hull House, Chicago
Saturday morning
November 25, 1899

My sweet Aunt Mary—

Once more I am going to beg to be allowed to bring Miss Starr on Monday. You heard her little speech the other night. Yet already she is beginning to be one of us, and is hungry to come. *Do* let me bring her ! We can sit in a corner out of sight. I am down for another talk here on Friday night, which is to be paid for by a subscription to the work. But it is on Indian Arts and Crafts of which I know nothing, as I told them, so I am going to ask if I may come to you on Saturday evening and ask Swami some questions on the subject, I find that tomorrow evening is quite my own, if you will let me use it in this way. I am sure Swami will be ready to help me, if you ask him, and he knows a great deal really. If you will let me do these two things telephone me tomorrow and even if you don't would it not be all right for me to come ? I feel sure you will not say no ! Do think out the Miss Starr question. I love her so much. She is full of the true something and a new face is often as stimulating to Swami as to others. The fun of it is in Miss Starr's case that Swami really hurt her in her own house and that all I said in excuse or explanation was that I knew he never made mistakes that that was best for her when it happened, and greater of him than suavity—for it showed his entire indifferenee to the opinion of the world. It was on this strong doctrine that she

got over her little hurt ! On this and the doctrine that in dealing with him we have to forget we are anything but a soul asking for truth. Then there is one more thing. Some months ago Swami received a hungry letter from (a lady?) some one called M. Holst—otherwise the Vansprtha Rjagananda, 215 East 31st St, Flat 55 Chicago, who is one of Abhas [Abhayananda's] group, evidently, but who may originally have been Swami's disciple. Anyway she was agonizing to see him in Chicago and he made me write to say she should have a chance. Will you ask him what he wishes about this now !—and see his wish carried out.

Lovingly your niece,
Margot

85. To Miss J. MacLeod

At Hull House For A Few Days On 28th
At 112 Lincoln Park Boulevard
Saturday morning, [1899]

Sweetest,

No time to write more than a word to say that he is here. I saw him yesterday. He is trying to extend his ticket but is *determined* "for some reason" say the Hales to be in Loss Angles for the 6th. So it is all right. Telegraph if other article was not right. Tell me some day when he reaches you if he is pleased with my work here.

He is to talk to us all on Monday and I am begging and pleading to be allowed to take Miss Starr who is one of the heads of this place. *You* would let me ! Do write and don't stop when he reaches you !

Lovingly lovingly lovingly
Margot

He looked well and happy. How pleased I am to hear of E. T. S.

86. To Miss J. MACLEOD

112 LINCOLN PARK BOULEVARD
CHICAGO, *Monday, Dec. 4th [1899]*
Evening, 7 P. M.

My Beloved Impresario,

You are such a fine correspondent that you make me feel halt and maimed ! I am just back from the Hale's, and dear Mrs. Hale had a note from the King at somewhere—saying he had slept well. We counted on his reaching you yesterday, Sunday, at 2, but I much fear that it was really Monday. However he is with you now Dearest, at all events, and that is enough.

I have little to do this week until Sunday. Anyway, the next two days must be spent in Mother-Worship for the great Day comes—and though I cannot explain it to myself, Kali seems the only appropriate note to strike at such a time. "Aunt Mary" says I am a goose not to understand the creative power of thought to be what I am really after, but I don't know what she thinks I would be creating ! I have not the slightest idea myself. Only I mean to welcome the moment, whatever it brings.

I am so glad that the article was all right.

I have to pinch myself Yum dear, to remember that I don't *realise* better than others : I only *understand* more. *Your* attitude of loving everything Swami said, whether kind of cruel (as you have taught me to do, O mother O' mine !) seems unthinkable to most people. It is the only description I can give (duly disguised of course, as to person) of God's manifesting through evil as much as good, of same-sightedness, of the Will to suffer, of a host of things, the whole in fact. Yet many turn away and find it not even desirable !

But one great law M. H. [Mary Hale] and I have come on this afternoon. The man whose own temperament is gloomy and pessimistic naturally finds growth and progress through the generalisation of X'tn Science—conquest of suffering—maintenance of good cheer and so on. And you in your love of "life's failures," with me in mine of suffering, are playing the part only possible to the sunny temperament, which must seek its own opposite in the shade. Do you see this ? I was right about M. H.. It is her power of suffering that is so grand in

her. But she doesn't know it herself. She indulges in the platitudes of X'tn Science—talks of God as "a principle"—and says we are "at the antipodes."

But she is simply splendid all the time.

Isn't it funny ? Two people sit side by side, and dream that one love makes them blood-relations, and it takes opposite statements, two different religions, to carry the Idea home to them !

Yet what about Swami ? Is this Worship of the Terrible a *new* theme with him ? It doesn't seem so to me. It seems that I have always found the promise of certain things in him—even at the beginning—I mean by promise the hint that he recognised certain things and would give me the key to them. And so it has proved. The Worship of the Terrible indeed has grown more overwhelming of late—and only very very lately has he given me the personal key and perfect freedom—but it was always in *him*. You will see how true each word of this is, as I speak. Yet M. H. finds difficulties as I read things to her that are his platitudes and commonplaces !

Oh how *common* common life seems in the light of these great ideas—doesn't it ?

The Hindu picture—the souls free and the souls bound—the boats moored to the shore, and the boats speeding off in the sun-shine—the life tied to interest and circumstance, and the life at liberty to be offered to the greatest ! It seems so *true*, so deep-inborn—I almost stop and ask—Can it be that *I* am free ? That I have been free all along—only I didn't know it—that it —that I realise the joy of it like this ?

Of course, in a sense, one has, and yet in another sense, the freedom is something that began the day S. Sara and I were made Brahmacharinis. I expect it was because you were free—even in this sense, before, that you would not join in vows and things.

And yet Mary Hale is as fine an anyone. Yes, I see that the freedom is there all the time—it is only a question of giving it intellectual and other expression. It's dreadful, dearest Yum, to be so glib as one is with one's intellect !

You want to know about work. Hull House has been dear. I gave my second lecture there last Wednesday, and tried to put Real and Unreal and Renunciation in thinkable words.

Thursday, I went to see Swami, and went out with him for a

walk before lunch. It was such a sweet hour, for he told me that he meant to take 500 workers from *England* yet, and told me how the "English nation was great by its faith." Can you believe that I nearly reminded him of my existence at such a moment by crying a tear or two of joy?

And more beautiful things he said, and at night I turned up at the station to see him off, and dear M. H. and I came home together.

She is so bent on helping me—I do wish the King could realise that there are two kinds of women—the passive, suffering, like Sarada Devi, like (I think I am right) the Blessed Virgin, like Mary Hale. It is not fair to judge these by the same standard as the active, more hare-brained, brighter women. The two types give strength to each other—and these are the great foothold and anchorage of the world. But they are not the adventurers. I sometimes *suspect* (but I may be wrong) that he demands the other standard from her—and adds thereby to a burden that one can see is heavy. Though why it should be, of course, one cannot judge.

Well, that is not my business and it's very 'imperent' of me to meddle with it.

Friday I had great joy. I lectured before the Hull House Arts and Crafts Association, on the ancient arts of India, Kashmir shawl-making, Taj etc. etc.—was paid 15 dollars—and received orders for Hindu brass utensils and some embroidaries ! ! ! Sunday, came on a new group of charming people—mingled Abhayananda's cast-off disciples and some Theosophists. They were fresh from her attacks on India and full of questions, but when they came to Kali-worship, I said I must give a whole evening to *that* subject—which is to be Wednesday the 13th.

So far that is all. I have 4 more ahead of me, but very little this week. Friday afternoon at Mrs. Adam's ; Sunday afternoon a private house ; Sunday evening a *church* ; following Wednesday, Kali. When idle I try to write.

At Hull House I think there is one person, an English man, who will be heart and soul with us. It seems too much to count on others but there are many who are most congenial. When you come to Chicago I trust you won't spend *all* your time at the Studio, for I must take you about to see my friends !!!!

Dear Albert went off on Sunday. She is lovely. Mrs. Burton was decoyed hither by her—to be told that she *must* give me a call to Cincinnati and I somewhat ungracefully joined in this cry on Saturday morning ! I don't know what will come of it. I have not had an intimate moment with Mrs. Adams yet, but she has been more than kind to me personally. I was amused at the praise she bestowed on my dull little talk at the Hale's. I had no fire that day, and it meandered on its dreary course, and she told me it had been "sane—modest—and practical." I saw from that what she had dreaded—small blame to her !—especially from the robe and so on. I still feel as if Mrs. Woolley could'nt quite get over that—but I may be wrong. Albert feels that it was right and has proved so.

I am so glad—darling Yum—in spite of this selfish letter—that *you are well.* Am I really to take this au pied dela lettre? And now that you have the King your cup is full. You therefore, one would naturally cease to write to—but you decree otherwise —and faith I'm full of curiosity. Be *sure* to tell me how he spends Wednesday and Thursday and what happens on Friday. My thoughts are all yours these days, as you well know.

Yours lovingest

Margot

87. To Miss J. MACLEOD

112 LINCOLN PARK BOULEVARD
CHICAGO, *Dec. 6th, 1899*
25 to 8 P. M.

My sweet Yum-Yum,

HERE the miracle has been worked. Swami's horoscope has come true. This afternoon his daughter has had her chance. It was all Kali of course, and just like Her ! She never let me know till it was all over. Then She laughed and said "Mother's Play !"

You know how I had always asked "what will happen, where

shall I find myself, what blow shall I be allowed to strike, on Dec. 6th."

Then you know how I had planned to spend the day—M. H. was to come and we were to practise "the creative power of thought" together. I had always thought of it of late—when at last I despaired of a "call" for it specially— as a day of prayer and humiliation and penance. It seems to me now that I might have realised that yesterday was the last of these—that at midnight last night—and I woke exactly at 2, which was your Californian midnight !—the new era began—and that today we were actually in it !

Well, anyway, all my plans for the creative power of thought were destroyed by a note from Mrs. Coonley Ward, in reply to Miss Farmer's introduction, saying that she understood I wanted to meet club women, and I might come to lunch with her and a meeting at the Women's Club today at 12.

I have had various chances of this sort which have been dreary failures more or less, before—and so expecting nothing, but seeing the clear prompting of duty, I cancelled my arrangements with M. H. at once, and proceeded to the Club.

Mrs. C. W. was distractingly busy—and I had a bewildering hour or two—till she handed me over to someone else, and left the club with an apology, while we waited to hear a paper on Colonisation.

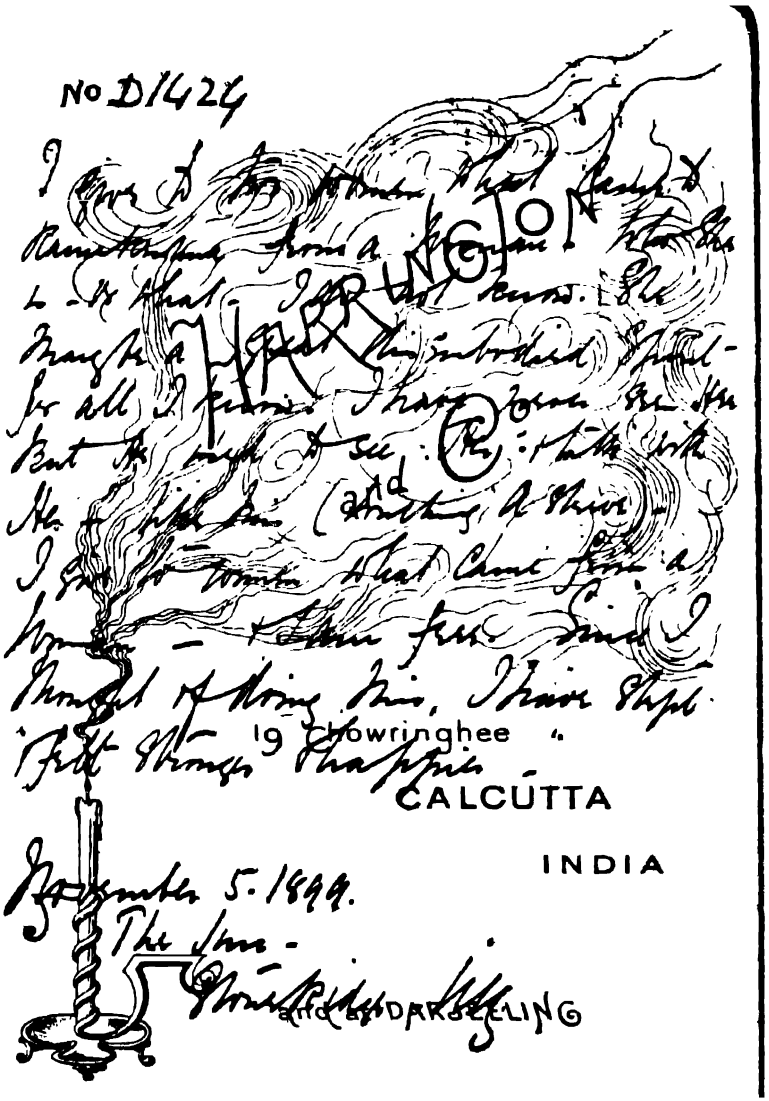
It was a clever paper—of which the final proposition was that it was the duty of America to assume the responsibility of spreading the Anglo-Saxon type of Civilisation over the world. It was supported by short disquisitions from a professor of philosophy and a woman-politician on "The Moral Responsibility Involved" and "The Ethics of War", ¼ of an hour each.

Then the meeting was open to discussion—3 minutes speeches —and *I* was the only person who rose at once ! ! ! Do you see how Kali did it ? Fancy an American Woman's Club and only one rising to discuss !

I rose as Englishwoman and poured out my burning heart over Humanity and Freedom and American Ideals. Almost every second sentence was applauded. The Chairman rose in the middle to say the meeting dispensed with the time-limit in my case—and when I at length went to my seat, I heard "Fine ! Fine !" as I passed along. But more of Kali's work—only one



SWAMI VIVEKANANDA
Madras, February, 1897



[Above] Swamiji bestows spiritual power to and obligates Mrs. Ole Bull and Sister Nivedita Letter 11 Nov 1899, p 233.

[Next page] Swamiji's vision of the coming *Sudra* [proletarian] revolution Letter 11 Oct. 1899, p 215

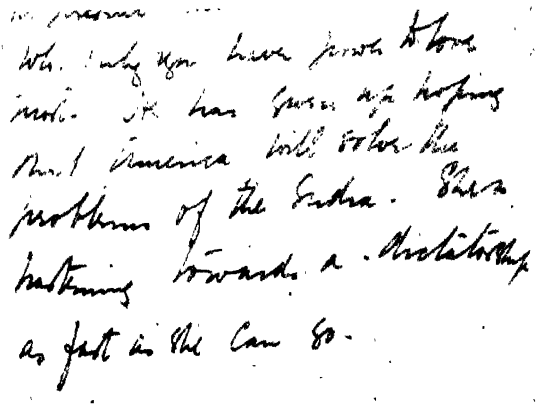
I think it must have been aft. lunch on Saturday - that I read Longfellow to you - I was in the Adirondack chair. You sat down facing the light, on the floor. I love to get him so - with his face uplifted. Somehow he began to talk of the function of the nations - à propos. I suppose, of the Boer war. And as he passed to the problem of the Indian - which will first be worked out here - his face took on a new light, as if he were actually living into the future — the sort of look Dante must have known as he looked into that terrible beginning of Christianity, when Young rode smartly the Roman Empire into fragments — & he told of the mission of race, of "the great tumult" "the terrible tumult" there will be the most stable of things must be reached.

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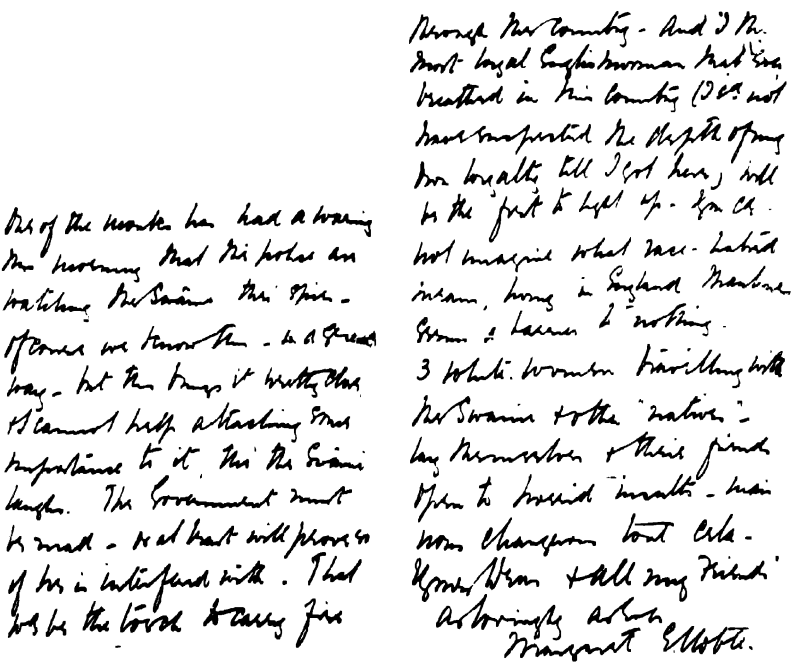
RIDGELY MANOR.

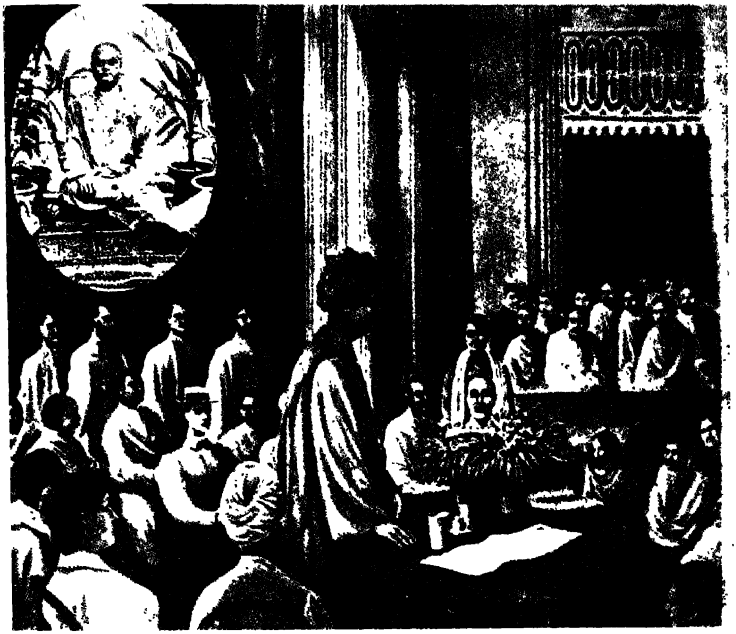
"And these are the signs" he quoted from old books. "that the Dalai Lama is about to Christen - when money counts to be worshipped as God. when might is right. when Oppress the weak - - - - - then know that Dalai Lama is about to Christen". (And he smiled as he remembered our fine thing about the b[illegible] of Dec. "the periods are not so short as all that" he said.



Swamiji gives up hope that America will solve the problems of the *Sudras* Letter 9 June, 1900, p. 362

[Below) Swamiji shadowed in India by the British Indian police Nivedita's sharp reaction Letter 22 Aug. 1899, p 11

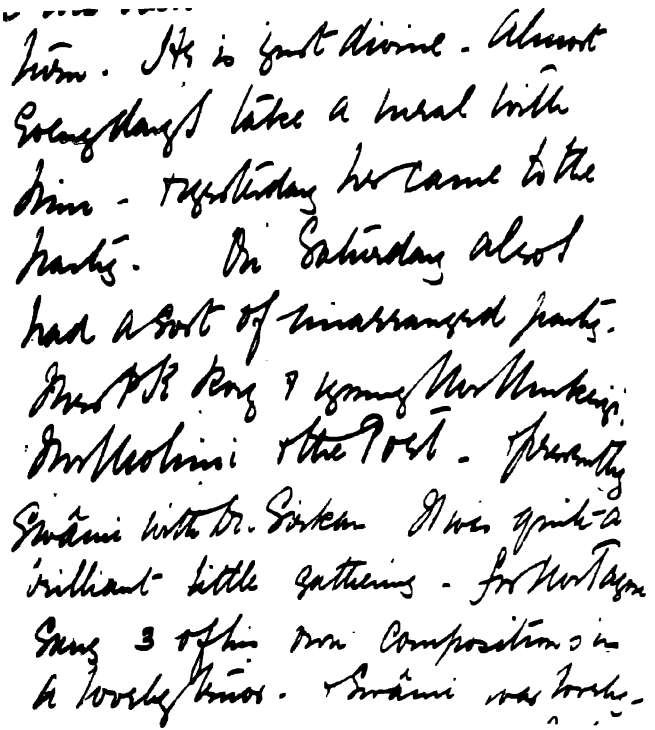


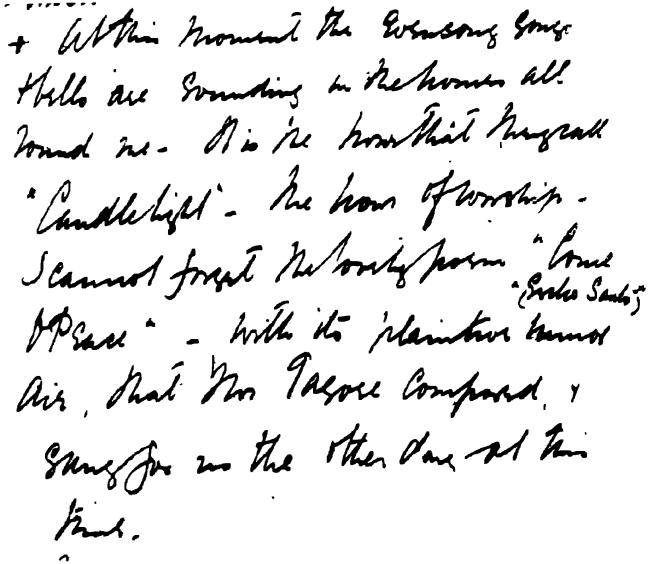




[Above] Swamiji delivering plague lecture at Classic Theatre, Calcutta and inaugurates the Ramakrishna Mission plague relief service Nivedita also addressed. Letter 25 & 26 April 1899, pages 121-22, 125.

[Left] Nivedita's letter to Swami Bodhananda, written on birch bark. Letter 24 Dec. 1910, p. 1275.





Vivekananda and Rabindranath Tagore at a tea party at Nivedita's Calcutta residence. Tagore composed and sung a song for the occasion Letter 30 January 1899, pages 43, 45

A 168 Ltr. S. Vivekananda 13.1.1900
From: Great Hall - Ann Arbor.
Saturday Mg. Jan. 13th

My beloved Father. para de Prad. Bhar. Mail 1935 p.365-66

Your birthday-poems reached me here last night. There is nothing I could say about it that would not seem commonplace. Except that if your beautiful wish were possible it would break my heart.

We have spent both with Ram Prasad - "I do not want to become Sages - I want Real Sages!" I do not want even Thakur Ji. in any way - Even to think of such [illegible] reduction of power - that would not have my Father unattainably above.

I know you would not stoop to think of this even - that he would doubt - if he realised the Divine - but even in that moment seemed conscious of perfect Him without the assurance that he was Great.

But in trying to say impossible things. We think inattainable

thoughts - but you will know what I would express

I used to think that I wanted books for the benefit of India - I wished to have all kinds of grand impersonal ideas - but I have steadily gone on climbing down from this height - & today I want books only because they give me Pathos with which knowledge of God comes - & after a lifetime of benefits. But things do come for Krishna's sake - for love does. Love Nivedita - but for me miserable little life

10

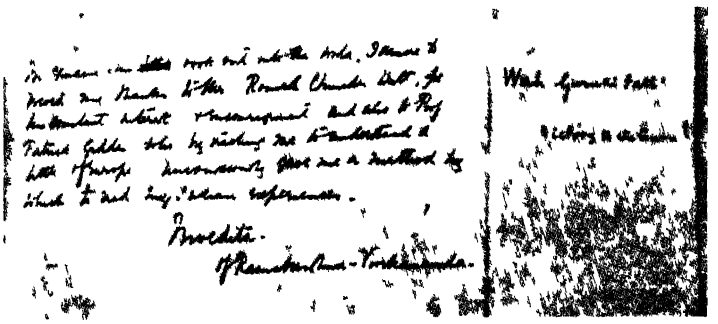
Read another thing I have seen of J.P. Read little else of J. in this connection & that is that you will have thousands of children who will be bigger Pratibhas & able to love you forever you infinitely better than I. in days that are close at hand

Dear Swami - you have to understand that you were mistaken - America for ever! In Jackson Park there lived a man to whom your name was as a red rag to the infuriate bull. Today he is your friend. Mine - Francis ..... Your daughter has a Band of Swamis!!!!!!! Marvel.

Nivedita's letter to Swamiji, continued from the previous page



Dr J C. Bose at the Royal Institution, London, 1897



Nivedita dedicated her *Web of Indian Life* to her Guru Swami Vivekananda The Bairns [Dr Bose's] hand wrote this dedication [Wah Guruki Fate] for me [in the manuscript] Letter 7 January 1904 p 618

I want you to understand the appalling whirl I am in! I gave me a Paris opinion in a week last Sunday. Tomorrow I expect to begin work there in earnest!

[Above] Nivedita helped Dr Bose in his scientific writings. Letter 10 Feb 1904, p 628

[Below] Ref. her letter 21 Sep. 1904, pages 681-82

You ask about the Science: In the last year I have been writing terribly. Papers almost at the rate of one a month. Final Letters, we have had to slow down a little, being somewhat exhausted physically. However, I hope this will not last. But after the holidays we shall be able to start again with renewed energy - to the making of a great book. Which may take us nearly a year. The work is so much in advance of current opinion, & is so vast in extension, that it cannot find publication quickly enough. Both Lord Kelvin has been awarded the highest honours in Science a few months ago - but we should we have done about a dozen more things that have not yet had a chance of being considered!

I am glad to think that Indian Contribution to Modern Science will not have the slightest support in Europe or America from Italy. In this way we may hope that it will stand as a classic for all time.

Goodbye dear Queen. For the present.

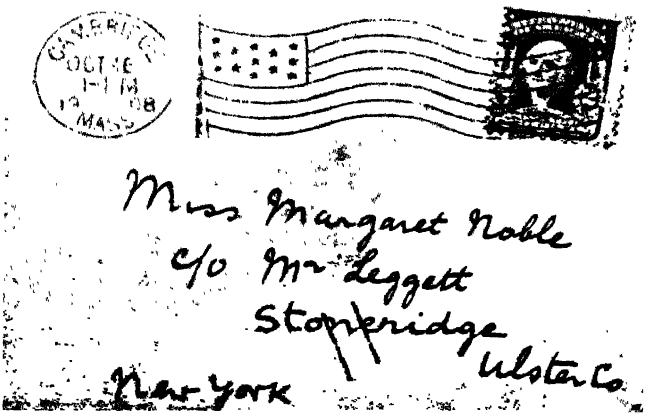
Your ever loving Child

Nivedita.

Friday 2nd
16th Oct. 1908

I hope the journey has been easy, and friends met you at the terminus.

This is the great day of consecration for the Motherland. May we all be consecrated to her service! How many blessings have filled our life. The heart is filled to overflowing. May all the loved ones be in His safe keeping; God bless you and protect you always

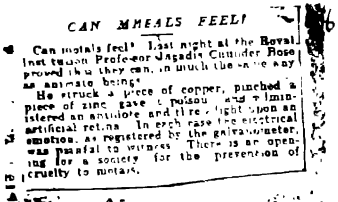


Dr Bose's letter to Nivedita 16 Oct 1908, p 941.

We are gradually finishing the Gigantic labours of the Botanic books on Botany. We are now working over the Conclusion. I still hope by his birthday, the 30th to have put in the inevitable Sachi discoveries, Even the Introduction. This does not mean the end of the book, but it does probably mean no more Science Composition. And I am hoping at the end to take a month or two of rest & travel. We work now 3 Hours & 4 days a week from 8 AM till 5.30 PM with an hour or two omitted for breads. And in the Holidays we do about twice that. Every day You can imagine how much for both are. for this has been going on Continuously since the beginning of Oct 1904 Both Them, on the other hand, this love & pride are more than we fit for so upon hours. When they have had time to understand it all. They will say that the Science of Botany was worth it and by a Hindu!

Nivedita worked with Dr Bose Letter 22 Nov 1905, p 763

Dr Bose's letter to Mrs Ole Bull, written on the day on which Partition of Bengal was effected Letter 16 Oct 1905, p 778



CAN MMEALS FEEL!

Can metals feel? Last night at the Royal Institution Profe-sor Jagadis Chunder Bose proved that they can, in much the same way as animate being.

He struck a piece of copper, pinched a piece of zinc, gave it poison and eliminated an antidote and threw light upon an artificial retina. In each case the electrical emotion, as registered by the galvanometer, was painful to witness. There is an opening for a society for the prevention of cruelty to metals.

October 1905

Darling mother,

A 2 14

Here I send you this thread, which I tie round your wrist. They have divided us by law, but we all over India bind ourselves by this symbolic tie to stand by each other all time, and stand & face everything. This is our time which is from today this should be the beginning of new national life. We have turned back on foreign religion & strangers, we for India and for ourselves. Search me, your heart is with us and let your prayers be also with us.

Nigel & Basil off remain altogether

Yours affectionately

N. & J. Bose

posting off this to-morrow for love & heartfelt Please direct the enclosed

What do you think? On July 12th we posted Chapter I to XX of the book. Yesterday we posted XXI to XXXI, = 11 more Chapters! Now we have the Vol. bound - & that of course is no small matter.

So far, there have been 168 figures and 379 pages. Four Plates are double pages, & Vol. I will be 550 & 550!

[Above] Nivedita worked with Dr Bose Letter 17 Aug 1905, p. 752.

[Also next page, above] Letter 24 April 1907, p. 860.

I've been tired so much to-day dedicated it to the
Khasi whole life spent in love of the Mahabharata.
But he says he would rather have a blank page!

We are now in the last weeks of the appointed twelve
years. And we are at work on a most significant
group of 12 chapters. They sum up in the deepest
and most masterly way the principal results of all the
work on living religions. It opens of the big Cathedral
preaching on "the Molecular Theory". And the whole
thing awakens with its appeal of the Divinity offering
in triumphant incarnation as a great Physicist.
And then immediately after this, he inserts
2 chapters of psychological inferences. Marvellous
Say then, that the 12 years are worthily concluded.
The wonders to what will be the next. Perhaps
new discoveries? Perhaps practical embodiment
of personal conquest. Who knows?
The new book will probably, like the last, have 300 pages.
The chapters, I think, are 45.

[Below] Nivedita worked with Dr Bose Letter 4 July 1911, p 1209.

The Yogin-guru Ram Swâmiji may guide us
in all Courage & Wisdom!
You will be glad to know that he did the
Chapters of a new book by the Dr of Science
at Ranyavati — the Siddhi he longed with.
So I am not idle. Though I do not know
that my writing is heroic. I wish it — maybe!
Oh don't tell! Your ever loving Child
Margot.

2d Nov. 1911

My dear friend.

I have faced and gone through the papers left. There is a mass of material for two books, but very incomplete. Then there are some of which two books could be made up.

And then the book which they are hoping me to write is staring me in the face. I have not at present the strength to do anything with it.

And lastly there is the Women School. She left it entirely under the control and guidance of Christine when I asked N-b to leave a proviso, in case Christine could not carry out the work — poor child hiding down feeling her helplessness. Then we assumed the task every one of her wishes will be fully carried out, and that they shall

Only I don't see the way just now. Christine is nervous, and is disinclined for the moment to return to Calcutta: I don't know whether this is due to temporary 'nerve' or she does not feel herself up to it.

Only we feel that we are [redacted] thing time be wasted. If she had survived us she would not have allowed a single hour so lost. But then she had no body, it was all mind. There was no such thing as despondency or despair in her composition.

Why did you not have another sister? I fear I shall never [illegible] see your children grow up.

Yours
J.C. Bose

Letter from Dr Bose to Mrs Wilson (Nivedita's sister) acknowledging Nivedita's help in his works Letter 2 Nov 1911, p 1253

woman said some aimless little thing afterwards—and the essayist declined her right of reply—and so my speech was left standing out as the event of the afternoon ! ! ! ! ! ! That part of it I can hardly believe now. It was as if they all conspired to help me—foes as well as friends to the Idea.

Then it was a desert of congratulations and introductions and engagements for a mad and bewildering hour.

You see I had the chance of *saying* what many of the audience were *feeling*—and even some still unconvinced came to insist for various kind reasons that I should give the Club an afternoon or evening on my own work !

And in the middle of my speech I realised the trick Kali had played me !

I ran in to tell Mrs. Adams, and she was so pleased. She said I had struck the heart of Chicago in the Woman's Club. It had been her ambition for me.

And so you see I have had my assurance that the Cause is to triumph. I take this as meaning that the King is really to be well—and the world saved etc. etc. etc.

Give him my best best love and devotion—and tell him it was lovely of him to make the Mother show me that I was really his daughter.

I had a little note from him last night—written en route—which was a sweet benediction for the hour to bring.

Then as I sat writing, I heard a voice cry in the street—"Extry speshul ! Extry speshul ! Boers taken—!" and I realised with terror that it was great world-issues that you and I are laughingly playing with—not simply questions of the fun and fortunes of one man here or there. Then I grew brave again. Let thrones totter and nations change their places. We can face it all, and bear our part in it. For "Wah Guru !" is come again today.

I touch his blessed feet—and am Dearest—

Your own loving Child,

Margot

Let Mrs. Bull see this letter, for I cannot write it all over again.

The professor of philosophy is to delay his departure.

From Chicago to come and talk it out tomorrow afternoon.

Friday—I am to talk my work at Mrs. Adams !

Saturday—Luncheon—discussion at the Every Day Club, Re : Transvaal.

Sunday—aft. lecture and evg. a Church.

But counting appointments to meet people—I have 7 engagements for the remainder of this week !

Don't forget—it's as likely as ever that I may fail personally —It's not I—it really *is* Swamiji and Kali. That's what today has proved to me !

I hope you do stay in California till March ! I am the only person in our group who does not change. I want Him ! I enclose two letters—one from Bet the most beautiful I ever saw. *Return.*

Tell Mrs. Bull to send that letter to Saradananda who will return it to JoJo, 21 W 34.

88. To. Mrs. Ole Bull

112, Lincoln Park
Boulevard, Chicago
Dec. 6th 1899

My dearest Grannie,

It would be impossible to retire for the night without a word to you who have watched the great day as I have done. Yum will send on the letter in which I have told Swami and herself how *my* tide also has turned and Kali has worked an unforeseen miracle—today. It was all through one of Miss Farmer's introductions—for which I have not *yet* written my thanks !

Your last letter came and brought its unspeakable relief—at Hull House just before an important lecture—as your letters have a way of doing—like a benediction. I am indeed glad that Swami Turiananda is to come to you. I almost suspect for Sankaracharya. But it will be so lovely for Mrs. Briggs. I do so sympathise in all the sadness of the time as concerns her. But what a beautiful time to go at—with everyone round her—and Swami in this country—and having had such a Supreme blessing from him as she had ! She will be closer to you than ever afterwards—of that I feel sure—and her name of "Santih"—fits her with such perfectness !

I had a note from Swami last night—written en route. It ended "Your work in Chicago will not do much I fear save

give you education in methods here." This startled me and I faced the possibilities. If I get 100 peoples here to promise me 1 dollar a year each for 10 years it would be 1000 dollars —and the cost of my being here would be well-repaid. Wd. n't it? I realised, consequently, that I must tell people that I should be here "for some few weeks or perhaps even a month or two"—to make them keener. I have something over £ 5 left now—(so little, because 1 bought heavy vests yesterday—£ 1—and because visiting. Even at Hull House is more expensive than staying in one's own room). This will last 4 weeks. If at the end of that time—Jan. 6th—success should seem impossible—which I don't think—what would you wish me to do next?

If success comes I suppose you would like me to "enter every open door" as dear Miss Farmer says.

I should want 30 such places and as much over as I could get. I want a minimum of 3000 dollars a year—and extra for buying or building and for special Pratt Institute expenses. For my object now is definitely to make a Pratt Institute—out there beyond Dukineswar—for Indian girls. One may as well aim high.

We are to have a little printing down—and as I saw that it was a little anxiety to

[*Pages missing*]

89. To Miss J. MACLEOD

112 LINCOLN PARK BOULEVARD,
CHICAGO *Saturday evening*
6 P. M, [*10. 12. 1899*]

Beloved Joy,

Your letter announcing the King's arrival, and enclosing 25-2 cent stamps !!!—arrived this morning. Tomorrow I hope you will have mine about the 6th. Do write often if it's only a little—for I realise my dependence on you dreadfully ! It's because we grew into each other in India—all we three—and there is an absence of criticism in our relation that one finds nowhere else.

I am writing now, in order to find the impulse and inspiration to write a letter for the papers and to prepare for tomorrow's

2 lectures. I am really tired out, and breathing for the first time today.

Last night M. H. and I dined with Isabel McKindley, to meet Miss Josephine Locke. I was writing you mental letters about the latter all evening. She was like 20 storms in one teacup. She talked vividly and exhasutively about Woman—Woman —Woman—the spiritual forces of the persent day—Art Art Art—Babs and Suffism under that form of which Miss Waldo spoke with so much common sense you remember. Only in this case there was the mixture of the enthusiasm of a fine nature, and the silly mystery of Theosophy—Mrs. Besant as the focus of the glorified womanhood of today, and the confidante and adviser of the British Government on Indian Education—and a host of other things. She struck me as eccentric—fine—and *absurd.* No ! Exaggerated ! It was tiring to be assured that the American woman was the *only* creature on earth who could claim direct descent from Olympian Zeus at this moment, every third sentence. Then she suddenly took paper and pencil, and drew up a list of people I must know, appointing ways for me to find them, till she was a nervous wreck and went home at 9. 30. Perfect self-sacrifice ! Then I went to her office at 10.30 today—am richer by ½ a ton of Kg. drawings and productions, and have been dragged to two lectures—spoken at one—made ½ a dozen engagements, and been introduced to something like 50 people—getting home at 5 !!! Do you wonder that one wants rest and inspiration ? The mere tension of it was foolish waste of strength. But think how kind !

All day yesterday I was wishing Victory to our King's arms, and at ½ past 9 and ½ past midnight there were pauses in the conversation which enabled one to remember the moment specially . M. H. and I spent the night at Miss M's. We slept in one room, and I lay in her bed till nearly 3 arguing—and talking. She is dear, so loving—but her attitude to Swami, or rather her conception of him is still a mystery to me.

She says my "hero-worship" irritates her—I didn't mean to show it, Yum !—but somehow it comes out without my knowing, and not always about Swami. I can't think what my father meant when I was a child by saying that I had an irreverent nature—for it was my reverence for a great Dominican monk

the other day that drew down this rebuke. A chit of a girl hearing of his sainthood said : "Oh I *should* like to meet him !" "*Meet* him !" I ejaculated "bow down and worship him, you mean !" Aunt M. was present—as to images and my love of ascetics and my view of Indian questions. "Swami has said so and so and so and so." But no intellectual limitation could count beside her great and beautiful heart. When she puts her arms round one, she is lovely ! And then—she is frankly puzzled about many things—how is it that Swami *is* so great (she is sound enough there !) and yet today he says "Spirituality is the only thing for my country. I was wrong to desire material good" and tomorrow he will be insisting that material benefits must be India's and so on ? "And his action remains constant both times !"—I said—then as she lay quiet, I went on—showing part of the great helpfulness of these contradictions to myself—how he dramatised for one absolute renunciation of the fruits of action. "Oh" she said "but it takes someone tremendous to understand that !"

Then we sat over breakfast till nearly 10, I defending the King's physical suffering—against the wretched "science of being." One moment less of illness and he would not be so great or beautiful I declared. Isabel McKindley of all the people I *ever* met has the *greatest* power of listening, smiling and then quietly showing you that you were perfectly wrong. She is absolutely unmovable in her opinions ; she speaks loudly and talks one down : and she seems to consider it her duty to inform me all the time about the kindergarten—its method—its true aims—and the wisest and most fitting methods for me to work on, in India. I feel my own worst faults in her, and realise how dreadful they are. On the other hand of course, these are really only spots on the Sun of her kindness. But I do think Swami must reconsider his decision that to be always giving is a sign of Freedom. Surely, constant taking would be as great. I am going to try to practise it, anyway ! I am going to try to say to everyone I meet—mentally—

> "Thou who keepest the gate to Brahman
> Fair one ! Mother ! Doer of Good !
> Give me Bhiksha, for I am hungry !"—

Oh I wish I were free ! How true that there is indeed no

peace without that ! Isn't it absurd to be so much touched by trifles !

And I am so glad that you love gossip ! I should have died if I had not written you this !

I saw Mrs. Adams yesterday afternoon. She was too sweet for words. I can give you no conception of her dearness. And then she is of our type—a worker !

Dear M. H. has *no* independence of movement. She is living with her parents still—under orders. Consequently when I want her to do anything I have to implore many times—not entirely because she is not free—largely because she is utterly undeveloped in free activity and working for a cause. She is one of the women who sit at home and ponder. But I am begining—

Mrs. Waterman's son and a lady friend have just been in, to tell me that the father of the first lies dying, and that Mrs. Waterman herself is lying ill, stricken down by the blow ! Oh how terrible !—and last Monday evening M. H. and I sat at her fireside with her—reading "The Voice of Kali" and arguing about the Law of Suffering !

Swami says I shall do little here : Mrs. Adams thinks that given time, it will not prove so. Meanwhile I work, without bothering. It will all be to the good in the end.

Ever lovingly your Child

Margot

Remember, it's all your own fault that I write you a safety-valve letter like this. It was lovely to be in touch with the King and your life together—through your letter. Joy and luck to you both !

As I re-read this letter, I am ashamed of it. Above all I realise that but for you and your training, dear Yum, I might have had something like this unfinished attitude to Swami.

90. To Miss J. MACLEOD

112 LINCOLN PARK BOULEVARD, CHICAGO
Dec. 12 Tuesday [1899]

Sweetest Yum,

All day I have been longing to write—and just as I was counting on doing so—your letter came. But I did not mean to weigh you down with the responsibility of writing. I know that with Swami there the outer world must become indifferent. I am hardly able to put pen to paper myself—having been foolish yesterday and got wet—after lecturing twice Sunday—the day before. So I have a terrific cold and sore throat, and must remember the lesson for ever.

The King's letter of the 6th was a benediction unexampled. And yours was lovely. It is like the strength, giving touch of the Mother Earth to receive a word from him. I am afraid you will be disgusted by my letter full of camplaints which you have now received. But you know the value of safety-valve !

I am not going to be depressed about Swami's nervousness on the 8th. Of course the tide takes time to turn—and public lecturing is of no consequence, anyway. How pleased I am about Miss Spences and a Mrs. Blodgett !

I am reading a book of Miss Locke's about the Bab Movement. There is a great deal of mystery about lending it, and I can't imagine why. Anyway, I want you to buy it for Swami. It is called The Episode of the Bab, by Edward G. Browne, and published at the University Press, Cambridge, England, or New York, MacMillan & Co. "A Traveveller's Narrative Written to Illustrate the Episode of the Bab"—full title. It will interest him enormously. Probable cost 2 to 3 dollars.

I have a commission for 30 dollar's worth of Indian brasses ! from Hull House ! Next I want to enclose S. Sara's last letter, and ask you and the King what I am to do. He alarmed me. When he said I should not do much here, and I wrote to her asking what step she would advise next, when my present money should be exhausted. You see, she wants Boston and New York. At the same time it is only right to say that Mrs.Adams wants me to hold on here.

Swami does not believe much in my one dollar scheme. Yet Mrs. Bull does, you see, and a clergyman who was here this afternoon was enthusiastic about it. "From experience" he

said. Anyway, I have struck many centres in a scattered way now—and my next plan must be to get 10 or 12 intimate friends on whom to rely for secretarial work. Of course I could take any length of time, or I could attack a new city and return here. It seems a pity to spend the fare to Boston and back—and yet, if I try to exhaust the capacity of this district, it will take me the whole winter, and I shall not reach Boston and New York till next year. Miss Locke says I want 15 to 20000 dollars in sight when I sail, and that I must give myself 3 years—it cannot be done in less !

Now I must write a word to Swamiji.

Ever your own loving child

Margot

91. To Miss J. MACLEOD

112 LINCOLN PARK BOULEVARD
Thursday Afternoon [14. 12. 99]

Dearest Yum,

Just a word to tell you that Mary Hale arrived here this morning to take me to the McKindleys' apartment, and that as people intended calling today. I promised to go this afternoon. Isn't it dear of them ? I crawled round to M. yesterday morning, and really was rather ill, and her great heart just must find some kindness to do.

I am really almost all right now however, and these kindnesses from a Xtn. Sc. lady have their funny side. I must have been drawing near to exhaustion when I wrote you my grumpy letters, of which I am very much ashamed.

I daren't write and tell S. Sara this episode till the heal-ure [heat-ure ?] is over however (though I think it's a special Providence to get to know Isabel McKindley), because I feel so ashamed—like a coachman who had been careless over the health of a horse !

The boy Tyagananda came to see me this morning. He says he remembers nothing about the outside of Swami—he was so conscious all the time that he was in the presence of the Divine. This quite won my heart, and I took him in then and there. He may be as crankish as the cranks of all crankeries (to quote

Kingsley), but he's quite good enough for me as long as he holds on to that vision. Dear boy !

Then there's a Singhalese gentleman here who comes to my lectures with him—who never opposes anything—though he is a Buddhist, but sits in silent bliss to hear the East and especially India, spoken of lovingly. He sent me a packet of tea this morning by way of a dahli—wasn't that dear ? I spoke last night—in spite of throats—to the ex-Abhayananda set. They have some very fine people amongst them. My subject was Kali —and they were so sympathetic. Oh I wish you could see the queer, wizened, jerky, nervous, kind, little old soul that Abhayananda has promoted to Swamihood—under the title of the "Universal Mother"—I nearly laughed till I cried. It was so funny and the poor dear thing gave me a nervous jerky kiss to my great astonishment at the beginning and end of our interview—and oh it smelt so slummity unbathed ! *Isn't* it mean of me to tell you that ? Blessings on you Yum for teaching me that it's no use loving people at all—if one can't love them as they are ! Oh I shall have many things to tell.

M. has come. Goodbye,

Margot

92. To Swami Vivekananda

At "Mrs. Bell's"
(as a small boy called Miss Is. McK.— "Well" he said, as he was being put to bed —if that's Mrs. Bell—where's Mr. Bell, I'd like to know !")

Chicago
Friday, Dec. 15 [1899]

My dear Father,

All day I have been promising myself the joy of writing to you. I was too tired the other night to put in an extra word.

Aunt Mary just took me up by the roots yesterday and transplanted me here, into luxury's lap for a few days, and I hadn't been here very long before I realised how very solemn I had been for some weeks, and how good it was to laugh. Miss Harriet McKindley was at home you see !

Then Aunt Mary stayed to dinner and spent the evening, which was lovely. It is her birthday today.

Monday Evening

Haven't I been a bad daughter ? To my poor old father, too ! But I hear that he isn't poor and old any longer. That he is growing quite young and frisky, in fact ! Dear dear, so we go reversing on every hand some ancient adage. Evidently it is now to be when the *mice* are away, that the *cat* will play !

Oh Swami, Swami, Swami ! if only it is true—if only Mother *will* give you back your health—so that you can really know once more what it is to be a strong man—able for the burden that he's willing for—there will be nothing left to ask in life. Only She mustn't drop you back into the old abyss ! But I have great hopes that She won't !

I am to stay here now till Saturday next, on which day the family-party is to be broken up anyway, and I can go back to my own abode. This has been such a lovely time for me—the more so because of its opportunity for getting to know the others as well as Mary. I think perhaps Isabel is the most sympathetic of the other three to me now—a result which I little expected.

Some ladies came to see me one day, to ask about the Conventual idea. One of them said : "I have never wanted to be a Catholic—yet I have longed all my life to go into a convent ! But I never thought of expressing it. I drifted into marriage and now I am a widow with 2 children, and something you said about child-widows the other night explained the whole thing and my own dissatisfaction to me !" And the other who was still unmarried, said "Oh I want to know about Renunciation ! Tell me some more !" I told them both how I didn't "believe" anything at all before I met you—and how I only heard one word that you said—Renunciation—and how to this day I seemed to have gone on hearing nothing else. I felt that the moment we foresaw had come to me—some of the souls who were waiting for *this* word had answered to the signal. Dear little Mrs. Yarros makes such a fuss about it, of objection, which is making me go deep down into the rationality of it. I love her—and your beautiful letter is the abiding crown upon the word.

Your daughter,

Margot

They call a squirrel a squir'l so I call Harriet "Herit." Isn't Abhayananda's letter heavenly ? Isabel sends you "a heart full of love."

93. To Mrs. Ole Bull

At 300 Schiller Street,
(After Saturday—112 Lincoln Park, Boulevard
Tuesday morning [*19. 12. 1899*]

My beloved Grannie,

Here is 20 dollars—for the *Earnings* Column—free to go to Swami or anything we choose. Name of donor—Mrs. Bodman, whose library I am to dedicate this afternoon to the cause of woman, and specially of the Eastern Woman. Isn't that beautiful ?

By this post also £ 6 go to Swami Saradananda, for the purchase of brass pots. I do hope he will take it seriously and efficiently in hand—for if he does I hope we may be able to make the beginning of an income for the Math and the poor, both. Would you, when writing, mind adding your wish on the matter to mine ? I am sorry to hear that Sadananda has left the Math—and is not therefore available for this service.

I had the sweetest letter yesterday from Yum—full of good news about Swami—and making one feel so encouraged. Things are beginning to be very favourable to me. I hope to tell you—before I am a fortnight older that a door has swung open—perhaps in Indianapolis.

Mdme. De Leeuw walked in here on Saturday last—and we spent as long as possible together. She will give me a week in Cleveland on my way home to you—with introductions. Is it your idea that I could do Boston and New York and then *return* to Chicago ?—as I can not easily exhaust my chances here !

I do hope Olea is better. My love to Mrs. Briggs. So glad you have Swami T. [Turiananda].

Lovingly always,
Margot

94. To Miss J. MACLEOD

At 300 SCHILLER ST., till Saturday only.
Wednesday 4.45 [20. 12. 99]

My sweet Yum,

It is surely not possible that I am at last free to write to you ! Ever since 10 O'clock I have sat here, finishing the ship-diary, that I may send it off tomorrow to S. Sara for X'mas. It is your volume—as I shall be careful to state—but it may make a difference to her to have it to read.

Your birthday-card went yesterday. It was so poor. Some day I hope you will give it back to me—and let me do it in a book at great length and leave spaces for Miss Stummn to decorate. But I know you always welcome a love-token for the love and not for itself.

Now for your letter that enclosed 8 blue portraits of Mr. McKinley. It goes to S. Sara tomorrow with the books. Meanwhile it is making the round of the Hale family.

That Swami has cabled "Quite cured—Bless all"—is enough. Yum ! Yum ! Yum ! Is it possible ? I can hardly believe it ! So the whole has come true, "full measure—pressed down—and runing over" and Mrs. Milton is our head saint—after all. Please send me her photograph, that I may offer burnt offerings and peace offerings and thank offerings and every other thing before it, including heart offering. You said the day before—you had never seen him as he is now. But I can imagine him. There is a photograph here taken by a snap-shot during the Parliament—and that is enshrined in my eyes as "Swami in perfect health."

No indeed—don't you bother about writing letters. Living is quite enough just now. Just live so as to fill his life full with joy and lovely memories and hope, and your whole service will be fulfilled. Oh let him taste what it is to have a body that doesn't fret him !

Now that the long agony is over—or now that one begins to picture it over, I want to cry with relief. Oh I trust the black cloud of his suffering (at least in *this* kind) is gone for ever—till the day when the whole is done—and I for one cannot believe that when that time comes that he simply refuses to *be* anymore. There will be pain. I do not think there can be !

As to the lecturing and the classes and the money—I'm

afraid—dearest Yum Yum—your way of being impressario is best after all. I feel the whole need of the whole Vedanta. For it is so dreadful to have a will to serve and help absolutely—and have to sit encased in the body—with one way of throwing oneself at difficulties—and only one little narrow path to walk along. But are we not all one—is not your way as much mine as Nivedita's ! If one could only realise it !

In spite of one or two funny mistakes, and its absurd title and beginning I *did* like the article A Prince from India. It looked quite fine in print didn't it ? And the whole seemed to breathe a warmth of Californian hearts to Swami—that makes one love them.

But I am so ashamed of my grumpy letter being read by Swami. Oh Yum Yum I didn't think *you* would fail to keep a secret !

Anyway the things don't matter much now—because they are no longer true. These girls don't quite know what to make of me—and many has a way of coming down in ensure—that is amusing—now that I am so sure of Swami and of his wishes for me ! If I didn't know his inner mind about Kali and Siva and *Guru-bhakti* and all the rest—I could not have this strength - - - - However, it's Isabel with whom I have most intellectual sympathy, after all. And they are all so dear on *that* side—that one cannot but love them. Isabel talks of Swami with much bigness. She loves his teasing mood and fun most of all—it seems the *most* divine of all. And she loves to be pounded by him. So this soul is saved after our fashion. It was to her, too, that I found it possible to explain that my love for Swami being entirely that of a child for its father—it was not in the least necessary that I should see the human nature of him—and that there was no condemnation of their attitude—which is that of sisters—in my shrinking from measuring him against Christian Science ideals. I saw the secret. My attitude irritated Isabel because it seemed to imply that hers was not just as good. But this formula of sisters and daughter made it all right. I am afraid she still thinks me dreadfully limited and what she calls "personal"—but it's no part of my business to prove that I am in the right. My only aim was to get a right to be myself. There are many views

that sisters express amongst themselves, that they would not mention before their brothers' daughter and this seems to me the exact situation.

And to my relief instead of saying I was a fool Isabel took this most sympathetically. I nearly died last night. We had been out in the afternoon. They sweetly came to a lecture of mine on Womanhood and were heavenly. But there was a good deal about Ideals in it which perhaps accounts for the fact that as Isabel and I were alone about 10 O'clock, I lying on the floor, she gazing at me abstractedly—she suddenly broke out with—

"I can't think why you've never married ! I'm sure you've got a gift for idealisation that ought to make *any* Englishman happy !"

Oh—if you'd only heard the contempt for Englishmen that spoke there—you would have had a fit.

I recovered from laughing enough to say the appropriate rude things about Americans of course, but I wouldn't have interfered seriously for the world with anything so funny as her opinions. Do you know anyone in Indianapolis ? I am trying to persuade Mother to swing that door open. Do write a word saying what you and Swami wish me to do in going or staying. I couldn't exhaust Chicago in a year.

Oceans of love.

Will write again directly joyfully,

Margot

It was heaven to get your letter of Swami's pleasure about the 6th.

95. To Mrs. Ole Bull

Aft. tomorrow—
112 Lincoln Park, Boulevard,
Chicago, *Dec. 22nd, 1899*

My dearest Grannie,

My X'mas parcel was despatched yesterday, and will I hope reach you—with all its good news. I forgot to enclose the form after all. So I send it now. I think you will like it. I have just been writing to Mrs. May Wright Sewall, to try and

open up Indianapolis. There are about 4 schools that I have still to see in Chicago and *possibly* I might get some paying lectures. I mean to try !

Lovingly and with merry merry X'mas.

Margot

96. To Mrs. OLE BULL

112 LINCOLN PARK, BOULEVARD, CHICAGO
Dec. 26th, [1899]

My dear Grannie,

That wonderful Christmas box was perfectly unfathomable, when I arrived here on Saturday evening. How am I to begin to thank you for the presents ? The shoes and the jacket are luxury itself. The letter and its cheque were full of you—and. "Calamus" was the sweetest thought. I am deep in "Dupleix." It is splendidly written. Dalhousie I have not begun yet. Santa Teresa is lovely—and must have come from Mrs. Crossbey—to whom I must write my thanks.

Now for plans—I was intensely relieved to have all choosing taken out of my hands. If I have an engagement on Feb.26th, I must arrive not latter than the 24th and have written to Mdme de Leeuw to ask her to arrange a week for me in Cleveland, on the way.

I met a lady at Hull House on Sunday called Miss Coman of Wellesley, who said she knew you, and hoped I would call on her when with you.

This very day a letter has come offering me chances in Jackson Michigan on the 10th and 11th, Ann Arbor, 12th & 13th, Detroit 14th & 15th. I sent it with my reply, to Mrs. Milward Adams meaning to send on to you when returned. After this, there is an idea of my going on to Indianapolis, and trying what I can do—and there is a possibility of a Mrs. Kendall, a friend of Miss Josephine Locke, opening up a village-connection somewhere in this state which will take a week or two to work, perhaps.

It seemed providential that you had just said "Be released from the burden of asking money." For it will appear to you that the financial results of this journey are very much in the

air—and of course it will be costly. However, if I am ever to do anything, this is the stage of outlay, and Mr. Leggett offered me 100 dollars, in Albert's presence, which I instinctively declined, for myself, and accepted for the work and which he consequently retained. Only a week ago, Albert's letter said "if you want the 100 dollars, write Pater direct." Now, in face of this journey, I have thought it right and wise to write such a letter which I shall send to Mrs. Leggett to give if she likes.

If the journey is finally decided on, I shall try to give up my room here on the 9th—and perhaps ask the girls to take me in when I may be in Chicago for a few days after. This will diminish costs a little.

I am sure that small subscriptions are best. Of course I know that the cost of collecting without an organisation, may be great—but on the other hand the world seems to belong to people who know how to deal with small quantities multiplied.

I send on Yum's letter which has just arrived knowing that it will make your heart glad. I fear you are at Ridgely and have not yet received the others, sent for X'mas. Do you remember that today is Yum Yum's birthday ! Yesterday—I heard from the Boses. Dr. Bose has been actually invited to Paris—but Yum will send on the letters to you. I sent them to her first—knowing that you would not mind the trouble of keeping them till I come !

How I wish he could get the lectureship—surely that would smooth things out. Anyway, I hope he will come—and never go back. The suffering that race-prestige engenders in so sensitive a nature is fatal—and the climate is not conducive to research either. And yet, you know, I am glad that these things are in the hands of the World-Mother who sees what is relly best—for dear India ! Does She not want everyone who loves Her, on the spot ?

How I wish the reverses in South Africa may ameliorate the English temper without causing the race to be utterly cast out ! I should like to think that it had yet one more chance, which it would use nobly. Yet again—what a good thing our *personal* wills are nowhere ! Let there be an end utterly, rather than more misuse !

I enclose Swami Saradananda's letter.

And I heard from Nim. First of all, Bet sent on her letter to *her*. It said "I wanted to write and tell you how happy I was. I think mine is the best husband in the whole word. And the longer I know him the better I love him." And so you see dear Mrs. Bull, my doubts are all at rest—and it seems only too good to be true. In her letter to me Nim never mentions happiness, which I think the best possible sign. But she chatters on—with "we"—"we"—"we"—.As for the rest what *you* said at first is evidently true. She is to realise the highest truth about more things, and fate itself is to allow her no peace short of it.

What a selfish letter ! I wonder how are Olea and her little Dorothy. I did not write to her for X'mas—but shall for the New Year. And Mrs. Briggs I pictured her enjoying the Diaries.

How did Sw. T. [Swami Turiananda] succeed at Sanka [rachar-ya] ? I am so very sorry that he has had an accident. Oh work work work. I want more. Much much love and New Year's wishes,

Margot

Agnes and I have been much together. She is so very sweet and good.

97. To Miss J. MacLeod

112 Lincoln Park, Boulevard, Chicago
Dec. 26th, 1899

My beloved Joy,

This has been your birthday—and I know a happy one. Many equally happy return ! Better, I cannot wish you.

Yesterday, came your letter—with the King's line on the back —and others from the Boses—Saradananda—and Nim. The latter seems perfectly happy—chattering away about the melting of cash—with "we" for every second word—and assurances that Ernest and she really gave half each of the money to buy my birthday-pen and so on. I feel more reassured as to her happiness than if she had mentioned it. She also says "Miss MacLeod will OF COURSE come and stay with us on her return to England."

So please write to her direct. Her address is 7 Highfield Place, Manningham, Bradford, Yorks. They hope to have "a wee home" of their own before that date. I know that nothing could give her such pleasure as your visit will.

No, I don't think Mother is going to arrange our going East together. For I am to be in Boston on the 24th of Feb. I am so glad Swami leaves the matter on one side—and on the way I am to spend a week at Cleveland—and then, if present plans work out successfully I shall be on the wing on the 9th or 10th of January, visiting Jackson, Mich., Ann Arbor, Detroit and Indianapolis perhaps, with possibly a village-district worked up in the meantime.

Mr. Leggett wanted to present me with 100 whole dollars for the personal expenses of the work—and I said I needed nothing for myself—which gave him quite an unpleasant little start and made him say that he would not give it to the work. Albert writes to me (the thing rankling always in her kind heart)—"if you want that 100 dollars—write Pater direct for it." And with all this tour opening up before me—possibly without financial fruit of any kind, I think I shall write and say that I shall be only too happy to use the money, if he still cares to give it.

Dr. Bose's discoveries are going on apace. He has been working for 5 months without even a Sunday's rest. The Scientific Congress has asked him to Paris—but he is not sure of accepting—practical difficulties being many. For my part, I want him to come, feeling sure he will not return. I think I shall enclose their letters—Swami will like to hear his—asking you to send them on to Mrs. Bull. Oh I *wish* that American lectureship could be got for him !

I don't believe I shall see you at all now before you go to Europe !

I am greatly pleased with the November number of the Prabuddha Bharata which arrived this morning. I think it is very strong. Sadananda has gone off on famine-work to Akhandananda at Bhagalpur, and Swami Saradananda talks of Swarupananda's going to Guzerat, but I cannot understand how this could be. What would the paper do ? Tyagananda—the boy here—seems very good, although possibly doctrinaire. He is bent on going to India, and can work his way as a sailor, he says, being a Dane, and accustomed in childhood to managing

the family yacht. To me, he seems very like a Hindu, whose tendencies are all to *gnan*—without any humanity being worked up into the mixture. But once in India, he may find his Western feet of practicality. He is touchingly bent on Indianising in every way, calls me "Sister and Mother," makes the Hindu namaskar and so on. Anyway, he'll have to develop his own way, I suppose, like the rest of us. If he can only carry principles into details ! People like this make me fear smashing up tendencies—instead of harmonising. He reminds me of the boy who went to Amarnath. Only he is vastly more loveable.

I told you about Mdme. de Leeuw's coming to me at the McKindley's didn't I ? Wasn't it lovely ? When does Swami go on to Europe ? Could they not see him at Cleveland Station as he goes through ? The girls were too good to be described. Isabel and I were alone together a good deal—and she is so strong and reliable "Heart," as I call her, was chatty and dear. Fewer angles than Isabel, perhaps, but for all that, not so ultimately grand, I think. Isabel seems to me like a person devoting many years to the conquest of necessary details of experience. This gives her both her strength and her tendency to narrowness, I think. Mary, on the other hand, has a heart that knows everything, while she lives in an intellectual atmosphere that is always imposing smaller conclusions on it—and so her feeling struggles with her thought like a bird in a net, in a raspberry-net—you know the thing !

She brought a ring of holly here on X'mas Eve, with the sweetest note and a *fifth* present. I told her I would advertise before New Year's Day offering all the millionaires of Chicago places as my blood-relations—waggons would not carry the gifts in that case ! Even Mr. and Mrs. Woolley I grew very fond of, though of course you can never grow so intimate with married people as with unmarried. He has left to spend a month in England last night.

Miss Locke took me to see the Hasberts on Saturday and they told how Swami came to see them, announcing himself on the doorstep as "the gentleman from Georgia." Miss Locke had already determined that her tour could not include India—'Cos' of pennies. So I was mercifully spared the address problem. Though I must say, Yum Dearest, that I don't think your method of looking ahead, right in the abstract. I

hate to do anything you disapprove of, all the same, as you know.

Read the article on Mdme. Blavatsky in December's Cosmopolitan—and you will realise, as I do, Swami's full wisdom in sweeping clear of Theosophy all the time. Miss Locke and three others are just toppling over into it—and it seems scarcely intellectually reputable. Yet I suppose that feeling is as vulgar on my part as mystery-mongering on theirs. "You must go through Theosophy ! You must ! You must !"—says Miss Locke—"there is so much you cannot understand without it." And I smile and smile and am incredulous the while.

This will reach you about New Year's day. Words cannot speak the love and good wishes that come with it. Miss Locke and Miss Farmer sail on the 3rd by Bismarck First from New York.

I wonder if Mrs. Leggett and H. will come out to you ! What wonderfully good news comes of H's business life ! A universe of love to my King and father. And for you—please give a kiss to your naughty child

Margot

It is so touching to find that the story of Sri R. K. [Rama Krishna] wins all hearts. When you come to India, I don't see why you should not settle on the Dukineshwar side of the river—near *me*—you would be close enough to the Math, really, and when you died, your house would belong to the women, instead of the men. Also—other schemes grow in my mind. It would attract a person like Isabel McKindley for instance to come out and be a teacher—though perhaps that would be equal if you were on the other side !

Anyway, when Swami returns, I trust *you* will too ! ! ! You see that this letter seems to mark a stage at which I cut definitely adrift even from you, to do the work. Do you feel it ? I do. I have an idea that you and Swami—Mrs. Bull and I—will be paired off in future. Isn't it beautiful and wonderful that we could all get this love and trust in each other first ? I don't even mind it now.

7.5 P.M. Your letter of the 21st just received. Sweet King ! All this quiet means the storing up of something tremendous.

How lovely that you are together ! Oh I do hope you are getting his lectures noted ! Oceans of love.

M

The New Year begins the New Age. It *will* be full of happiness and blessedness for him and you. No need to wish.

98. To Miss MARY HALE

112 LINCOLN PARK BOULEVARD CHICAGO
Tuesday Dec. 26, 1899

My dear "Aunt Mary"

Will you remember that Mrs. Kohans kindly intended to sign a paper ? And will you also speak to Mrs. Fyfe of 4346 Barkeley Ave. some day at the Exodus Club ? Mrs. Fyfe had a number of friends who were willing to subscribe & she might, I think, transmit to you. I am writing to her about it—& sending her ten forms. I am to reach Boston by the 24th of February spending a week at Cleveland on the way. There is also some idea of my going to Jackson, Detroit & other places—on the tenth of January. I should like to give up my room here on that date, and stand still no more. So you see, in that case, my time is very short—I do want to consult you about Mrs. Conger. Also I should like to meet Mrs. King & Mrs. Yarrot again—

Lovingly
Margot

Wednesday morning

Your sweet note is here—also one from "Heart". I cannot, alas, come in today—but mean to do so tomorrow morning. I wanted to come yesterday, but thought it would be a home day. I have had heavenly hours of quiet & reaped a whole harvest of letters despatched to 3 continents. If only I could get beyond letters to real writing !

Even tomorrow, I chiefly want to go & call on people. So must run in to you early. Good news from Los Angeles—

Lovingly, *Margot*

Don't you think I had better give people the idea of my returning to Chicago—so that they put me on Club programs & things ? Miss Locke leaves today.

99. To Miss Mary Hale

Xmas 1899
Thursday

My dear Aunt Mary—

Only a wee note—no time. Thanks for yours. I have been doing you all a real injustice. When I came to Chicago, I held myself free to like or dislike you all & Mrs. Adams, according as you were congenial or the reverse in spite of the tremendous love & veneration in which you were held—all five—by people dear to me. Now I see that I have not been leaving you equally free—I have been *expecting* your friendship & help & rebelling when you did not give the latter. As to the friendship—it came on me with a feeling of humiliation last night—how very much I had accepted from you that I would not for the world have accepted had I not imagined that you cared for me. Then I thought this was really a very mean thought. If it has not been done for me out of a feeling of affection, it has represented that feeling for Swami—& so, it has been a source of *some* pleasure at any rate—to you.

When I *insisted*—as I so foolishly did—I had no idea of bringing down personal criticism—I thought I would get light on my plans. Now I won't ask for that again—it is not fair to you. You shall give it when you like if you ever do—only, in the meantime, don't paralyze me by reproaches—I am not strong enough yet in spirit to bear that. If I am set on seeing Swami in ways that seem to you silly—let him tell me so—I can bear it that way. After all—it is between him & me. Now dear Aunt Mary—one other point—you amazed me beyond words by your "I know Swami quite as well as you do." Why I never dreamt of such a point—you know him far far far better. What is more—there is no comparison between your place in his heart & mine. This doesn't pain me. It is no effort to say—it is not a concession—no other view has ever occurred to me—there is only one place that I can claim in Swami's eyes, & that is a working-place & in what pertains to my work he has trained me with infinite care—I have not got the whole yet—I am very sure of that—but I have got—in that one direction—a clearer view than others. For the rest—Swami is the whole personal interest of my life—in this relation of Father. Much as I care for many others I

would sacrifice all, & thousands more, for a word of his but to him I am nothing personally. Now do you see it ? Why dear Aunt Mary, I thought I said it that first afternoon when I said—that is your privilege—yours & others—you are his sisters—I am only a disciple. The whole relationship between you is of equality—mine is inferiority. As to Miss MacLeod—I am sure you will allow me to forget that her name was mentioned—I must either wipe out the criticism of her—or forego the pleasure of ever enjoying you myself. She has done more for me than I could ever tell. Mere gratitude would dictate this attitude, if love did not. The things that offended you however are all capable of very different interpretations from that you give them—and yours is not the true one—

Don't say that you wish I were back amongst the others, for the sake of personal pleasure. Is that really your estimate of me ? H'm ! You make me feel so small !

Never mind. We have undertaken never to discuss what is my one great interest again—haven't we ? I cannot close without saying what I wanted to say to you last night. I love you, personally, more than you know. I never could help it after that afternoon that you came to the Hotel. I am afraid in fact that my many mistakes (including harsh criticisms of America—to which I owe something very different !) have been largely due to my consciousness of this, and my unconsciousness of any other feeling in you. It was very stupid—

Always lovingly,
Margot

100. To Miss MARY HALE

112 LINCOLN PARK, BOULEVARD, CHICAGO
Sunday afternoon [Dec. 1899 ?]

My sweet "Aunt Mary"

When I reached "the tree" last night, the holly berries and scarlet ribbon of Someone's bringing made the nest unrecognizable. You have now given me five Xmas presents—Spats—Umbrella—loan of muff—holly wreath—and picture frame, most lovely of all. This has encouraged me, before the New Year's Day, to issue an advertisement offering to take all the millionaires of Chicago as my blood relations of one

degree or other. It would require wagons to bring all the presents ! Meanwhile, as I have always particularly *disliked* this verse of Browning's which I enclose,* it seems a fair inference that you will like it—I hope so. It was very very kind and very naughty to give me this lovely frame. Meanwhile Swami is in it—looking lovely—

Alas ! My tiny offering of pen and ink does not seem worth your acceptance. I wanted to give you a photograph of Sarada Devi—but will have to get new ones as I have none left. I am afraid you know all these scraps quite well already. I shall be leaving Chicago in the second week of February for Boston. Miss Locke was splendid yesterday and the Hurherts told how Swami came to see them saying on the doorstep—"I'm the gentleman from Georgia."—With love and thanks (No ! not thanks, reproaches—) & Merry merry Xmas—

Your loving niece
Margot

101. To Miss J. MACLEOD

Thursday Morning, [1899 ?]

Beloved Yum—

The King is now *determined* to be off with you. He wants to get off to B. N. on Monday next. You pick him up for Bombay as you pass and on with you. Many friends to see—glad of a week in Bombay. *Determined* on Europe—"My health requires it" and with **you**. Blessed blessed blessed Yum if you carry him off.

He worked round to this through a scheme for going with Miss Muller which we pictured for some little time—and then he made this announcement.

However he worried for a while about what clothes he should wear, up to Suez and *what at night*. The Sannyasi garments are rather long.

Think it out and be ready with answers for your Divine Child. *He wants it*. So now take him.

Margot

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*The verse of Browning's referred to is :
"God's in His Heaven—All's right with the world."
Sister Nivedita commented :
"I do not thrill to it, alas ! as much as I did."

Appendix—1899

(2) LETTERS ABOUT INDIA*

Off Ceylon
June 27th, 1899

We are rounding Cape Dondra. All day long we have been coasting the eastern side of Ceylon, a land lovely with palm-forest and pasture, with rose-lit cliff and curving broken rock.

It is the Hour of Peace. Every day at this time, as sunlight dies, the sea begins to utter itself in a new tone. A kind of sorrowful sighing mingles with the sound of waves, and every night and all night long, does this low moaning of the waters. But tonight it is as if the soft voice spoke to itself a name—the name of Sita ; and again, as a higher surge than common rises, and beats against the ship, "Jai Sita-Ram ! Sita-Ram ! Jai ! Jai ! Jai !" one hears dying away in the distance.

That snow-white ring of surf against the shore has a significance all its own here, where it girdles the prison of the most perfect wife the world has ever seen.

Brynhild, the warrior princess of the northern story could be come at only through the Circle of Flame but Sita—type and crown of Indian womanhood—has for her magic guard the "wine-dark sea," and the fair sea-foam that breaks among the rocks.

Oh lovely Lanka, and beautiful dreamy Indian sea, fraught with memories like this and the obedience of Hanuman, you under your forests of palm and your groves of cinnamon, are surely one of the jewels of the world !

Great days of the Heroes, come back to us, the weary children of a meaner age waken us from our slumber, redeem us from our weakness, and let us once more breast our own storms, and battle with our own needs, as in the times of old !

But the Hour of Peace is gone, and we are turning to the West. Out there is Galle Point ; to-morrow at seven we reach Colombo ; only a few days more, and the beloved land will be a memory, an ever-present and ever-beautiful memory truly, but more an actuality. There is pain in all partings : in this, though it is only for a while, how much !

It was eighteen months ago that I, a stranger, passed this way before, and tonight, as a man sums up a situation, I have a fancy to make reckoning with my own soul as to the drift of the impressions that I have gathered, in the year and a half just gone.

In the first place, I remember gratefully privileges accorded to few of my race. Received by the Mother-land as one of her own children, I have been permitted to see her, as it were, without her veil. I have been allowed to

*Published in *Prabuddha Bharata* ; Aug. 1899

share in the life of the people. Kindness has been showered upon me. Neither poverty nor worship has been hidden from my eyes.

And the outstanding impression that I have gathered from such experience is that this is a people with a curious habit of producing great men unexpectedly. Whatever may be thought of the average development of character in the race, I am convinced that moral genius is commoner here than elsewhere. For by "greatness" I do not particularly wish to imply any kind of intellectual or physical expertness—these I regard as more accessories : I refer rather to a certain largeness of feeling which lifts a man out of all that is individual and makes him stand to humanity as the interpreter of another life. Sometimes that life surrounds him almost as a light upon the face ; sometimes we realise it in the growing sweetness with which years of self-sacrifice are borne ; in India I have seen it lift even scientific research into sainthood. However it manifests itself, we all know that in some men's veins runs the blood of the gods, and of such men India has more than her due share numerically.

And I can trace this effect to three probable causes. The first two I find in the tremendous emotion and concentration of the Hindu temperament. Hindu feeling is something that makes the merely Western feel himself a dwarf before a gaint. That jealous privacy which marks the inner life of Oriental nations causes this feature to be little suspected by Europeans. They are more or less deceived by the mask of indifference that is worn with such success. To a certain extent, indeed the indifference is real. Strong forces are rarely evoked by a slight stimulus. But when the secret note is sounded in this case, sleeping energies of joy or suffering are apt to be aroused, beside which life itself seems a very very little thing.

Another reason why Europeans as a rule are so completely unaware of the real nature of those with whom they deal is that these energies commonly express themselves in a language outside their ken. The Japanese have applied the same thing to the patriotic, instead of the religious idea, and the West has understood at once. As to Indian concentration, one comes to India to learn that the secret of holiness is here, and having learnt, silence seems the only reverence. When all selfishness, all littleness, all greed, has burnt itself away, and the man has become only the voice of the Chosen Idea of his life, then we learn what Renunciation is, what Devotion is, and again India stands supreme.

But these gifts of temperament would scarcely have been enough without the subtle and immense ideals which are the possession of the people of this country. It is not the Vedas so much as the Ramayana and the Mahabharata that are today its Bible, and these epics are known to all. There is indeed a terrible reverse to the medal, for a lofty conception of duty always paralyzes some in proportion as it inspires others, but one inevitable result of the constant companionship of Hanuman and Bhima, of Rama and Yudhisthira, is sublime attainment on the part of many.

And so I lay one flower of love and worship at the feet of the Mother-land. May she receive many of her alien-born children as she has received me ! May she bestow on them even some little of that undeserved Motherhood and bounty that she has bestowed on me ! *Nivedita*

(3) LETTERS ABOUT INDIA*

Off Minicoy,
June 29th 1899

Another great characteristic of Indian Society as compared with Western, is the much higher civilisation and refinement of the lower orders. It is difficult for the European mind to recognise this fact under the mask of that grinding poverty which is so apparent here. The Occidental conception of social development concerns itself much with labour and with letters, and more or less presupposes a condition of material prosperity. That is to say we are not able to detach the idea of the thing itself from that form of it which we have happened to produce. But if we drive the question of the ultimate significance of civilisation home, we shall all, I think, unite to acknowledge that it lies in a habit of self-restraint, in that which lifts man above the brute, rather in any special series of phenomena. And in these directions the bustee-population of an Indian city is so far ahead of the slum population of London, Paris, or New York that an impartial critic could not fail to assign the order of age of their social systems correctly without *a priori* information.

Hindu culture is, in fact, like a gigantic tree which is constantly embracing a wider and wider area with its roots. Through ages this huge organism has been at work, silently reclaiming more and more of humanity from barbarism. Perhaps each successive stratum won may have been a new caste taken in. Religious notions would seem to be the first great unifying nerves sent out. Then follow, though in what order I cannot guess, various accretions of custom, till by degrees appear the old gentleness, the old self-direction, and the old horror of defilement.

And so, silently, steadily, borne on the age-long stream of tendency to its inevitable goal, proceeds the education of a continent. The immensity of the original task can only be surmised from the time that has already elapsed in its accomplishment, and the number of tribes still excluded from the pale. But the value of an image-worshipping, temple-building faith, in a land where the cause of religion is one with that of refinement, must be incalculable. The influence of woman, too, on civilisation, is probably vastly greater in India than in the West. And this because the one woman to whose guidance a man is more or less willing to resign himself is also she whose impress is most indelible—his mother.

Treating her child as a baby for at least two years, making herself his constant companion whenever he is in the house, cooking for him and watching him eat, and at the day's end telling him stories till he sleeps, it is not easy to overrate the part which the mother and the grandmother play, in the life of the rising generation.

And this influence is redoubled, when the boy marries. In the West—

"My son's my son till he gets him a wife,
But my daughter's my daughter all the days of her life."

The exact contrary is the case in India, where the little daughter-in-law

*Published in Prabuddha Bharata ; Sep, 1899

comes home to be moulded and educated by her husband's mother, while the daughter of the house goes forth to receive her training at other hands.

As one looks at modern India, therefore, one feels that in the womanly touch on the individual and on homelife lies the pivotal point of its being. There can be no doubt that to this is due that saturation of the people with their own folklore to which I referred in my first letter, and the exact conservance of religious custom from age to age must surely be traced to the same source. A man may be a constant visitor in a Hindu house without even knowing where the rooms are in which the ladies live. Strength, it has been said, lies in reserve, and those who are here so strictly concealed are perhaps all the more potent for that fact !

It is to women, then—who have wielded with such power those great impulses of purity, renunciation, and spirituality upon which the India of today is built,—it is to these that must be committed those other ideas of strength, freedom, and humanity, which are to prove the legacy of this age to the world.

Without the underlying development strength would be a word of mockery : it is not to the denationalised that this inspiration can come in its vigour. All the tremendous discipline of the Hindu woman will be taxed to its utmost, to win and use that expanded education which she will need for this task. But she will be found equal to it all, for she will be answering the cry of her own children—and is she not an Indian mother ?

Nivedita

(4) MR. EBENZER COOKE TO MISS J. MACLEOD

62, South Hill Park,
Hampstead N. W.
Good Friday, Mar., 31, '99

My dear Miss MacLeod,

Its a sacred duty this morning to leave this rain world and turn to better things. I turn to you, for a gossip. I can't help it—if I were at church [?] I should do so—if I were in the fields, you would come between the primroses and the daffodils. If I were at home working I should be interlining my writing with thoughts of you and to you, and if I were drawing I should be dreaming of you and yours. For last evening we spent with Mr. and Mrs. Leggett, and this Good Friday morning, all misty and rainy as it is here, they are gone, and are I hope already in the sunlight, beyond the fog.

On Wednesday, Mr. Sturdy who keeps watch across the seas all round, gave me notice, to meet him at Dover St. *They* were likely to be there. We met and got positive news. *They* would surely be at Dover St. next day. *Thursday* possibly by 2 O'ck Lady Isabel arranged to have tea at Seasame Club next day and asked me to come. I went, just a little before 5, looked in to see if *they* had come really. Lady Isabel had got her tea all cosily arranged in the hall corner and she held me, although I wish to go to 25. I think she wished to make their welcome to the Club as strong as possible. We had not to wait long, a screen was across the door, so that when they came in and

looked round we were not to be seen. Mrs. and Mr. Leggett and Mr. Sturdy had all got into the room before they found us . . . .

Then came tea and talk for more than an hour. I had all manner of communications for—you guess—I was near enough to Mrs. Leggett to hear even a whisper. I heard of you, of Alberta, of Hollister, of "Miss Leggett"—(and was glad to hear the governess [?] difficulty was over) of May, Mrs. Benton, and everybody. We wandered again thro' the corn fields at Ridgely. We sat on the Loggia. We drove nice drives. In that corner for the hour might have been New York or Ridgely Manor—place was not. Mr. and Mrs. Leggett were both in happiest mood although they looked a little tired. Then the end came—but ends are only new beginnings. We left the club, but found ourselves, Mr. and Mrs. Leggett, Mr. Sturdy, and myself at Furhers, a place more definitely associated with you than with them, and the impression that you were behind the door, or behind me somewhere was very strong. We only began again what had not ceased and went away after a right royal evening, and now they are off, but not for long. There, isn't that a good long gossip. I may as well go on, a bit. I saw no more of Mrs. Ole Bull. I thought she was going to stay in London some time. I wrote to see if I could meet her, but I heard afterwards from Miss Noble she had gone to the Continent.

Miss Noble, I saw a day or two ago. They had to leave their house at Lady Day and could find no other, so the school is housed in part of a public hall, their goods are whare-housed and they are with friends. . . .

Your affectionately,

E. Cookie

(5) MRS. SARALA RAY TO SISTER NIVEDITA

Vaillma [?]
4. 5. 1899
10 30 P.M.

My dearest Sister Nivedita,

It may be a "mouthfull" as you say but it sounds nice and I mean to stick to it—it is *so* good of you to write—quite a treat after a day's hard practical work. I have been busy nearly two hours over it—trying to solve every sentence and every word almost. I do envy you, your brain. The amount of—what shall I say—not wisdom quite—but the amount of of knowledge and insight you have been able to put inside those cells of yours is marvellous—it does our sex credit and makes one feel quite proud even to be noticed by you. Don't mind my putting things in this rough way—but it *is* so kind of you. Reading your letter was like reading a piece of Browning and I do not know if I have read you aright. I wish the other part of my brain was here so that I could have had some help—but I must be content now with what I have done. I suppose—you are very very mischievous I must say—and possess as much of womenly curiosity as anyone of us. Culture and wisdom has not taken away the "human" feelings and I am so glad. I

love to see life in its fulness—with its hights and depths—strengths and frailties. But I must begin by scolding you—why on earth were you so unkind as to heap on me praises which I did not deserve—am I not old enough to know myself ? But I am glad you does not keep up the formality—the lateness of the hour had its charm over you and you ended by being quite sincere and true and oh how exquisitely you do wield your pen. Some men think that a glass of wine is enough to open out a man's true s elf—I think the late night hours act like wine unto a woman—at least I have often found it so —one feels more free to unfold one's self under it's cover—don't you think so. How lovely the word's sound "Hour of Peace." But is it *really* so ? I have tried that thought-transferring but found it of no good. Instead of peace it only brings more rebellion and more pain. I don't believe in that renunciation theory of yours. We have had enough of it I think. "Detachment" is our greatest "manifestation" and peace is to be had only by "Renunciation !" Oh, Don't talk in that way—I am in such a terrible mood of rebellion to-night that I think attachment is our greatest glory and peace could only be had by manifestation. Don't laugh at my bad English. I wish I had enough command of the language just to tell you how I am sick of that idea. Life could only be reconciled by establishing one's *self* I think—and for whom pray—all this self anihilation—to what good—to what end ? Mistaken victims of false ideals that we are—we have sacrificed our lives for *nothing*, I think. At times Renunciation seems to me nothing but cowardice—want of clear vision and want of strength of mind. Oh I am positively wearied of that idea. I am afraid—Life with its sweet flowers and foliage had smiled at us in its time—we were deep down in the sea of Renunciation then, and never even looked up and saw—and now it is too late. Oh no, especially we Indian women who lack so much in courage and strength of mind there should be a little sense of self I think. But what am I talking so strangely I wonder. I too have to go through my share of grinding with all my wild and wretched ideas—and after all, *this* is Life I suppose—these ups and downs and these shadows and sunshines. Our tears are our best prizes and "blessed are they" who have *had* them.

What did Sarola say—that every one falls in love with *me* ? What *utter* nonsense ! But I know what Dr. Bose says : That I change my friends periodically—that is—after a time, I give my old friends up entirely. It is very unkind of him, yet, there may be *some* truth there. Every one of us who is an honest seeker of friendship in life must think it a waste of time and energy to be content with a bag-full of acquaintances. The blessing they seek in life is one *real* friend and to get to that must not they stumble and make mistakes till they find their right place ? And if the attempt towards it is called by names how can they help ? Some people don't need that —especially some men to whom power and fame is everything—and perhaps some women too are quite enough unto themselves—but those that are not if we do not understand them—we need not laugh at them—need we ? The world is wide enough—and each of us have our allotted shares. Surely we can lend a drop of sympathy to each other ! Can we not ? However I must not continuance [?] this wretched rigmarole any more. If I have not been quite proper and right in saying things—you must forgive. You have

somehow disturbed the equilibrium of my soul by your letter and all sorts—forgotten thoughts and unfinished dreams are floating before the mind—so you must not judge me unkindly.

I am so glad you have got the Bicycle. It is indeed very good of them. I am so glad you go to them now and then. They too show a very good side of life—especially Sarola I think has a charm about her —there is some *life* about her which very few girls have.

Very well then—come to me whenever you like. Very likely I shall not be going back this year at all. Darjeeling is quite full now and I am glad you have not come at this time. One hates to meet known faces at every steps.

How is Swamiji now ? There is a rumour here that he is going to England in 15 days and you too. Is that a fact—why did you not tell me then ? But I suppose the rumour is as all rumours are without any truth. Oh, did I tell you that Mrs. Bull had written to me ? Such a sweet and nice letter too. But I am such a bad correspondent that I have not yet replied to it. When you write, give her my very kind regards. I shall soon write.

Thank you for the piece of lace. It's lovely. I will keep it with me.

Goodbye positively this time. It's past one—and I have got some more letters to write. It's lovely to keep up nights—and think—to feel that one have at least command over one's night hours and not to expect to be disturbed every minute.

But goodbye, forgive my bad English and also the bad way I have expressed myself.

Yours very affy.,
Sarala Ray

P. S.—Writen the day I got your note—thought of adding more but sent it as it is. J. C. Bose has forgotten to bring the books—does not matter. I will send for them.

(6) Swami Saradananda To Miss J. MacLeod

May 11th 1899
The Math, Belur P:O.
Howrah, India

My dear Joe,

I have not been able to send you a line even these two mails and I am feeling very bad indeed. I am getting your letters every mail, except the last one.

Margot says you are not feeling very well yet. Is that why you did not or could not write me last mail. I am so sorry. I hope you are yourself again and feeling equal to all the responsibilities of your present stylish position in the family and in the New York Society too. I was so amazed to hear of your giving talks about India. So my prophecy (I might call it now so—can I not) upon the boat in the Ganges, has come to be true ! Thank Siva ! But I hope I will not loose my head for thus getting a little prophetish. You must keep me from it—will you not dear Joe ? I will try to give you a treat-

ment today and find out whether I have or not in me a little of the mental healer.

Now for gossip—I am ready to sacrifice myself at the alter of it—for *it* is *life* and not *love* mind you—for love is but the after effect of it—and lives and moves and has its being in it. I must begin with a big *and*—it is your method, but it is a very good one and in universal use not only in U. S. but also in India !—giving another instance how *truth* is same in all countries.

So now—*and*—the prophet has gone to Calcutta today—to stay overnight (and) to see Mr. Mohini and Abhayananda and give orders for his dress—and Margot is looking after the tickets. He sails by the 30th inst. *if* berths could be secured in the P. & O. S. S. which sails that date.

Mr. Mohini (son III ?) came here twice to see the prophet, hearing he was ill and so the return visit !

Abhayananda has got good laurels by his lectures but now the other side is up and she is finding fault with every one of us and thinking we are all neglecting her dreadfully ! It has come about what with the praise and adulation she has got in Bombay, Madras and Dacca—what with the difficulty of language and customs of a different country and what with her expectations that she should be adored everywhere for she is a Sannyasini and allowed to live in the Math with us and all that. She has become dissatisfied with Margot and jealous too—thinks that Kally Krishna, who was sent by S. V. [Swami Vivekananda] with her to Dacca, has grinded his own axe and made money out of her labours and treated her like a pariah too ! She is suffering dreadfully from the heat and having sleepless nights and we are thinking of Darjeeling and the

[*Pages missing*]

Margot is growing so fast. I must make a contract that she takes me along with her ! She was here yesterday and the day before and I gave her a little tea in that little table and we talked about engaging Swamiji's berth and Turiananda's and the trunks and the shopping and afterwards consulted Swamiji about it. She has grown thinner than before and I think a little over-zealous (at least she was so, when I was away) about working for the plague. There is no necessity of lending us as nurses in plague cases as yet—but the 'dear girl' did beyond her life twice that way. Thank God, she has been spared and we will have her for many many years to come. The plague has gone down for the present—but might come back again with a greater force next winter. Margot has understood now that she must conserve her energies and not throw her life away as if it has no value. You can perhaps add a word or two about it.

The holy mother is well and in the same place. Everything else is going on as before here.

With cordial regards to yourself, a love and blessings to the Children.

Yours sincerely,
Saradananda

(7) Mrs. C. S. Sevier To Miss J. MacLeod

Mayavati
Lohaghat P. O.
Via. Almora Kumaon
May 28th 1899

My dear Miss MacLeod,

I suppose you have heard that Swamiji is leaving for England on the 20th of June, and that Swami Turiananda accompanies him. We are very sorry he has not been able to pay us a visit before leaving India,but he feared the mountain-air might bring on another attack of asthma, and the hills affect his heart, so we could not let him run any risk, as he is very nervous ! I hope the voyage will do him much good, and I know he will enjoy the change. Swami Swarupananda is sending you "The Empress," a Calcutta newspaper sent him by Nivedita containing an illustration of the meeting at which swamiji presided—it is really too dreadful—he looks perfect fiend.

I see in the March "Brahmavadin," which we only received yesterday that on the 31st inst., you gave an account of your visit to India at the weekly Vedanta reception. I can well understand how pleased the ladies and gentlemen were to have first hand accounts of the places and people of India.

We had expected a visit from Swami Abhayananda but she writes me, that she is returning almost immediately to America—she has met with an excellent reception lately in Dacca, and you will see one of her lectures printed in the P. B. for May.

We are still in horrible confusion here—not by any means straight, and not likely to be for some months, for the monsoon which will soon be with us, will put a stop to all outside work : We are having the various roofs put in order, and the garden straightened up, and hope by the time Swamiji returns to India, to have things, in working order, he *promises* to live six months of the year with us, but unless he has better health, I fear he will shun mountain-air.

A lady-sanyasin passed a day and night with us, last month—and the Deputy Collector came to see us last week, and is coming to stop for a few days when he is less busy. Some of our men saw a bear near the house yesterday, and a Bhutia who came to claim a Tibetan sheep who had strayed from his flock, to us, informed us that a leopard had taken one of his dogs. We have been making some tea, as it is very good at Mayavati, but only propose making about a hundred pounds, as we do not want the trouble of selling. I sent Swamiji and Nivedita each a pound to try and the former seems to have liked it—I have not heard from the latter yet : it is not fit to drink really until a year after it is made, but I think mixed with old tea, it is good now. We are making charcoal and cutting firewood to store for the rainy season and we have cut some timber for roofing, etc.

We have applied for a Post-office of our own, and the authorities will give us one in August, it seems, as our postal business is very large—Lohaghat, our nearest post town is 3 miles off !

Swami Akhandananda recently sent me two photos : of his boys himself, and a group of friends, taken on the anniversary day of Sri Ramakrishna —they are very good and clear.

Mrs. Patterson, you probably know has gone to Europe ; she met with an accident shortly before starting, and was going about on crutches, poor thing —and Colonel Patterson was off to the hills.

The plague in Calcutta does not appear to have become an epidemic for which the inhabitants are no doubt very thankful. Homoeopathy is being given a trial as to its efficacy in plague cases : some experienced Homeopathic physicians have been treating cases for the past few weeks, but they have not yet published the results. Enthusiasts state that it will eventually show a large percentage of cures, but that remains to be proved.

Nivedita has been busy nursing plague patients, and some of the Swamis have been busying themselves in getting the busties cleaned ; a very good thing I think, for the poor villages and people are so dirty. Swami and J. W. Sevier ask me to send you the account for P. B's, for which you asked before leaving India, and they omitted to forward it : I hope it is correct. Are you not going to the Paris Exhibition next year ? I was last week reading an account of the proposed Indian exhibits, and they promise to be very interesting ; I hope Mrs. Bull, Mrs. Leggett, Swamiji and Nivedita will have a good time there. How is Mrs. Bull's daughter now ? In better health I trust.

You, I suppose are not now in New York, on account of the heat—perhaps Alberta and you have gone off to a cooler place together !

Four ladies from Calcutta have gone to Badrinath, and Swamiji telegraphed to Jairam and Gangi to meet them at Hardwar.

We have had such lovely roses in the garden, but severe thunderstorms have damaged the fruit considerably. Hary has been very poorly with neuralgia lately, and Swami hurt his back, jumping from a tree, and has had to take rest. We have bought a Homeopathic chest and I dose everybody, and the poor people are constantly coming to us for advice and medicine. I see that there is a talk of Rudyard Kipling getting a peerage—it seems rather improbable I think, as tho' he is a distinguished writer, he has hardly earned such an honour !

I hope I have not wearied you with this scrawl—do write soon and tell me of your doings. Swami and Hary desire their kind remembrances, and with love from myself to you and Alberta.

I am dear Miss MacLeod,

Yours affecly,

C. S, Sevier

(8) SWAMI SARADANANDA TO MISS J. MACLEOD

July 27th 1899
Math, Belur, Howrah, India

My dear Miss MacLeod,

I thank you for your kind letter of June 27th.

The Swamiji will be in England in a few more days. I believe you have informed Mr. Sturdy immediately after receiving my cable. But as you do not mention it in any of your letters, I am afraid lest you have not received it. In that case the Prophet will be put to difficulty on reaching as Mr. Sturdy is away to Wales or some such place on business, I hear.

The Swami writes he is fast regaining himself. Turiyananda was ill with malarious fever for a few days, but has recovered. They had very rough weather from Colombo to Aden and had to make it up in ten days.

The Ganga is sorry to loose you. A few days ago she wanted to peep into the rooms you occupied and touched the foot of the house overflowing the rampart in front. It was an unusual rise—and evidently for you—for this early season.

I went with Margot's letter to act as an interpreter to Sarada Devi, the other day. She inquired after you and St. Sara and requested me to send her blessings. She is well except for the slight rheumatic pain.

Tender my greetings to Mr. & Mrs. Leggett and love and blessings to the children.

With very kind regards to you dear friend and best wishes and prayers.

Always, yours sincerely,
Saradananda

(9) Mr. E. T. STURDY TO SISTER NIVEDITA

25th August 1899

I have neither the intention nor the inclination to enter into a long paper discussion, or in words, as to Vivekananda's or any or all of the other Swamis' characters.

I may merely add this, everyone must form his own ideal, and work with those who conform to it ; with those who do not, association will naturally be so close. I have formed my own idea of the life of Renunciation, and although I am not able to lead it myself, I still hope to see others who profess Sannyasa who may approximate to it.

It is only because you seem to think I shared your unreasoning enthusiasm that I wrote you. It may be quite right for you, but I alone must decide upon the attitude I take, and the opinions on which that attitude is based. I have found that appeals to loyalty are generally appeals to fanaticism, at the same time spoiling and making tyrants of those who by mere discerning methods would have acted differently. I have not set up any Gods for myself, and have none to throw down. If you have set up a God or Gods, it is quite right

that you should be loyal. My loyalty is to my ideal ; if shifting personalities do not conform to it, where is the loyalty ? To them, with whose methods I do not agree, or, to the ideal, which perhaps wrongly I thought we held in common ?

I have let you know that on some points there is difference between Swami and me. It now remains for him and me to settle this, not you and me.

Yours,

(10) Mrs. M. B. Coulston To Mrs. Leggett

Vedanta Society
Office and Library 146E, 55th Street
Established—1894 Incorporated—1898
New-York, November 1, 1899

My dear Mrs. Leggett,

Your letter came today. I mailed all the Swami's publications to Miss MacLeod at the address you give, about a week ago, so that they are now there. I had no Raja Yogas, or indeed any of the literature when the order came from you before. I regret the delay. But hope they will reach—or have reached—your sister and brother in good time. Hereafter our orders will have business like attention. The bill is herewith enclosed, as you request.

Sorry for the bread-stuffs unless they are doing good to some one. They cost about £ 3,50 very near that amount, not much more, and I think not less ; but let us wait, and expect their recovery. I am just taking a room and so am providing food for myself. There are unfriendly disadvantages in using the public rooms for personal use.

Swami Turiyananda is such a real blessing to me whenever I see him. I was ill and worn out with over-exertion when he came, but he left me well and peaceful and calm in nerves and mind. I revere and love him greatly. Mr. Leggett spoke to me about getting a room for Swami Vivekananda and I have written Mr. Leggett what I think is best for Swami, and that anything I can do I shall gladly do. These rooms will be altogether happy for his use in seeing his friends. I know you would like them, too, as every one does. We have been at no expense except for green "filling" for the floors, but they are home-like and comfortable as to furnishing, and restful and happy in their atmosphere.

One word more about getting a room for Swami Vivekananda. Remembering the experience in looking about for room for Swami A. I shall look for some man to go about and investigate, in advance.

About Emily : I very much wish for her large success. Her last letter is hurried and does not continue her former theme of advance in part she plays. After a summer of idleness and of some delay and loss in changing from Daly's, they are now getting some debts paid and so have need for all their earnings. To answer your kind inquiry about myself, I am not earning anything just now, but am keeping the need to do so steadily in mind. What I am now

doing to help the Vedanta work it is impossible for me not to do. So much a part of my very self is it that it does not seem as if I were "doing" anything, but just as if I were living normally without effort. I have much in my mind, and keep as practical as though I were working on an established business basis. I have a very clear ideal of what my relation to the work must be, and my only desire is to be wise enough and strong enough to carry out my highest understanding practically. I own nothing but some furniture and the lot Mrs. Gifford gave me a deed for. I have given this deed to a loving friend for security, after offering to transfer it, and have borrowed its full value and more I think, for more was sent me than the price I named as its money worth. It is for 8 acres of Jusey land, worth £ 7 to £ 9 in an acre. I am living economically on this, happy and grateful. I have been *very* busy, with much work that is waiting to be done, enough good work to keep me busy every day for as far ahead as I can see. My only idea is to be self-supporting, taking nothing from Vedanta funds for myself, and asking nothing of any one. *Knowing* that my comparatively small needs will be provided as fast as they arise. I wish to earn my living expenses, and as soon as this stress of beginning work is past shall turn toward trying to do this. Any one employed in a position is fully engaged, and so there is very little help given the active business of Vedanta and I am just as steadily and deeply at work as ever I was. Keeping the rooms clean and tidy, providing the little food it takes for one, writing for donations of books etc. to get the library started, seeing to details of advertising, printing, writing bits for the newspapers right along to keep Vedanta before people, sending out circulars to good lists, keeping the money accounts, being at office from 2 O'clock on into the evng. making the rooms comfortable for lectures and classes, and several other details, and not a few larger matters. The work is promising ; there were 185 at the first public lecture and 225 at the second—good people whom the best of ministers might be glad to address. Collections for first two Sundays about £ 30 (together) £ 11 pamphlets and books sold, and £ 17 in cash payments on account of regular subscriptions, besides collections at week classes and some of the literature sold during week. Nothing great, but a fair, sound beginning.

Too much letter this. But I *am* interested, and I think you will be interested to know how the beginning is being made.

Please wait about the food—there is no hurry. I thank you for the offer of social register, and will get it shortly, returning it promptly. With much love, I am.

Sincerely Yours,
M. B. Coulston

(11) Swami Saradananda To Sister Nivedita

Math, Belur, Howrah, India
Nov. 16th 1899

My dear Nivedita,

I thank you for your very kind letter of Oct. 17th. I am glad you are well and having beautiful time. You deserve it fully after all your labour and privations here.

The Holy Mother has gone back to her native place and has made me promise that I should come to see her after the Birthday Anniversary, which will take place this year on March 3rd 1900.

We are so thankful to learn the Swami is improving. Our respects to him as ever and love.

You need not think at all of repaying me or Brahmananda the money, which has been given to Santosini's mother, I mean the Rs. 30/-. I will give them Rs. 10/- for December as you said. Yes, Brahmananda will pay Rs. 8/- when you have written for it and I will pay Rs. 2/- more.

Sadananda is strongly opposed to give them any more help. He said the marriage of Santosini has been settled upon in a month or two and so we will not help them any longer. I asked the father, and he said it has not been settled as yet. But as far as I could judge they will not be able to keep the daughter unmarried much longer. They might have ventured on it, were they sure we would support the family. But we have not the funds. Else we could have sent them to Benares and paid Rs. 15/- per month for their maintenance. We might have ventured on this too were you here to take charge of Santosini. But it is a very delicate question here and might ruin our reputation for the whole work, if we try to take charge of them. It is hard for a poor man to fight against the prejudices of a society, unless there is somebody behind to help him. It is a question of bread and butter with them. The father has lost his work (service) and they will be driven out of the house as soon as they show any determination to stand for any such principle. I have given up the case for lost. I wish you had taken the girl with you to America to my friends at Worcester. I will tell you in my next if any way opens to save her till you come back, and I believe you do not know yourself when will be that. Sadananda has been in the Math these days. He has just started today for Ghogha near Bhagalpur, to help S. Akhandananda to relieve the people there, who have been ruined by an unusual rise of the water of the river—some sixty villages—and are suffering from Cholera too. I have advised him to go and open the famine work in Guzrat, as soon as he has finished at Ghogha. The plague in Calcutta is a regular farce. They are keeping all sorts of appearance of it to extort more money—that is all.

I can never believe there is any worth in Kironsoshi. She has cheated mother of the money—well and good—then the recent news from her is a letter to us, demanding deliverence of all her husband's personal property, his shawl and watch etc., which she says will value at Rs. 300 to Rs. 400/-. She says she will go to the court for it even it be necessary. We have told her to do that as soon as possible. She is done for in this life. May she be better

in her next. I am not angry but pity her for she has lost golden opportunities.

The health of the Math is very bad just now. Some six or seven are down from various causes, especially malarial fever. They are all improving however.

Your Khoka is alive in the full sense of the word. He is at Darjeeling and has become a big and beautiful fellow under Mrs. Banerjee's tender care.

I am quite well thank you ; but I can never believe the Swami thinks so highly of me.

Everyone misses you so much, the men as well as the women and many inquire when you would come back.

Poor Girish Babu has suffered much for the insanity of his brother. The brother is much better now.

The Holy Mother always sends her love and blessings to you and all those with kind regards and blessings to you always and wishing to be remembered to all friends.

Yours
Saradananda

P. S.—I am so sorry to hear of Joe's troubles. Has she come back ? How is the brother ?

102. To Miss J. MacLeod

,Chicago
January 9, 1900

It seems to me that I have just received the last and worst blow of all. One of Swami's earliest friends has been in to say that she and her family would rather not be identified with my work. They wanted to help but find themselves out of sympathy.

Yes ! I know it is their right to disagree, they must be free ! But Oh ! Do give me a little comfort, for I feel utterly discouraged. If this is the attitude of Swami's people, how can I ever expect to do anything anywhere ?

It is so like climbing in gravel ! Most people make me sit down for hours and tell them all about everything, and then they say they are so much interested and I have given them great pleasure but they never offer to give me anything back, not even one dollar.

I have known what it is to feel individually helpless but I think today that the larger the cause it is, the worse is the feeling of despair. Karma is absolutely true, as regards this life at any rate. For it is only the worker who has any sympathy for any one. The people who never do anything for anyone are pretty sure to tell you that University settlements are probably a mistake and a fad.

This is all great weakness, and I should not tell it, and no-one else will see it. Swami's words, "The confession of weakneas makes weak" ring in my ears. I know I must go on patiently until I meet the right people, whom I surely shall find here and there. If there are none, my poor babies cannot be educated, that is all !

Tomorrow I start off on a little lecture-tour, and shall be kept going for the rest of the month. The first fortnight in February is unfilled, and I must see schools in that time.

103. To Miss J. MACLEOD

AT MRS. ISRAEL HALL'S, ANN ARBOR
Saturday mg. [*13.1.1900*]

Beloved Yum-Yum,

It is actually Saturday, and I cannot have said a word to you since Tuesday at latest !

On Wednesday I came to Mrs. O'Donnell's charming home at Jackson Mich. She was an intimate friend of Mrs. M. Adams, and I had endless instructions about Mr. O'D's attitude to Swami—whose name must not be mentioned in his presence—and who was Superintendent of all the Mich. Sunday schools and I know not what. Well, to my amazement he was a dear grey-haired gentleman with twinkling eyes—who appealed constantly to everyone's love of fun. He accepted me as a good churchwoman and before I left we were all consulting together about the delights of going to the Rector and suggesting Swami as a preacher for some Sunday ! ! ! You know Cannon Law admits the layman (which Sw. is theoretically in the Roman and Epic Churches) to preach from the pulpit ! ! ! Jackson was dear—I had gathered the idea that all small towns were rather Miss Wilkinsish, narrow, prim, and so on. I am ashamed to say that I was shaking hands and receiving everyone's thanks and kindness with a heart full of angry contempt. "Hum" I was saying, as they rushed up and 'enthused,' "I give you great pleasure, did I ? Well, but are you going to give us anything ?" It was horrid of me I suppose—and It has been more and more my temper lately. Suddenly a little lady with sparkling eyes stood before me, planting herself down firmly on two feet. "And what can we do to help you?" she said. Of course it was Kali really, just laughing at my childishness. "Give me a dollar a year for 10 years," I said. "Oh I'm so thankful," said some-one else. "I never wanted to give anyone a dollar in my life so much as I do you, this afternoon." "Yes," said the little lady, "I knew you must want something that we could do, for I've never noticed that great things could be done without money." And so they say they'll form a group for me, and if Mother is really in it I suppose they will. One lady whispered to me, "I'm going to try to be as loving as ever I can," and that evening she sent me a note begging me to accept 5 dollars. Things of the same sort happened here yesterday—and again, I feel, as I have learnt now

to feel, that if Mother wishes it the group will be formed. It seems that I am not to beg unless a direct question is asked—and I love to see that a certain something *happens* with which I have nothing to do.

This is a Unitarian household mainly however in this quaint little University town, presided over by a queenly little old lady, who had all sorts of stately ideas about my part in yesterday's function—and who stood in black velvet like a queen, while I stood beside her in white and had every guest presented. Everyone is enthusiastic about my gowns. They are always a help, never a difficulty, and people *love* the white. Mary Hale insisted on my bringing it. I think Isabel's love of the colour turned *that* scale.

This house interests me more than I can tell you. It is grand and old and like what one has imagined of Southern homes. There is a white footman, but the other servants seem to be Negro—and my bedroom is a small suite. There are endless handsome married daughters here on a visit and after the lecture we seemed to be intimate friends, all of us—and you can imagine what the atmosphere was when in the evening I read my essay on Sri Rama Krishna to the whole family. At supper, however, came the inevitable question, "Do you know Sw. V. [Swami Vivekananda] ?" I said I did, that he was in fact the real, though not official head of the Order to which I had been admitted, and that he had admitted me. "Then what did I think of him ? We had had such and such impressions." And curiously enough—considering that in the morning I had written indignantly to S. Sara, "I *never* talk of Swami, or gush over him !"—I found it quite easy to explain to these people that he was not only one of the great historic teachers of the East, but in my view also of the West, and so on.

The ink has gone and so I continue in pencil.

Someone called me down to receive a visitor with 5 dollars. "That won't go very far towards 15 or 20 thousand !"—she said. So you see Mother has us in Her keeping.

And now I must stop, for the carriage is coming. I receive a letter from Dr. Bose last night, and one sentence in it will show Swami that *he* also "knows." Goodbye, dearest Yum, my love to Mrs. Leggett and devotion to the King. Your child—

Margot

When Swami has read Dr. Bose's letter—will you send it on to S. Sara ? To Detroit to-morrow. Hope to see Mrs. Funke and Miss Ge. [Grinstidel ?]

Will you find out and tell me if Swami considers this a good rendering of the Gayatri—it was given by Mrs. Besant to someone—

"Unveil ! O Thou from Whom all proceeds,
To Whom all shall return—
The face of the true Sun now hidden by a vase Of golden light—that I may - - - - ?
And do my whole duty on my journey to Thy Sacred Seat."

104. To Swami Vivekananda

At Mrs. Israil Hall's, Ann Arbor
Saturday morning, Jan. 13th [1900]

My beloved father,

Your birthday-poem reached me here last night. There is nothing I could say about it that would not seem common-place. Except that if your beautiful wish were possible it would break my heart—for here I am one with Ram Prasad—"I do not want to become sugar—I want to *eat* sugar !" I do not want even to know God in anyway—even to think of such things is rediculous of course—that would not leave my Father unattainably above !

I know one would not need to think of one's guru—that he would vanish—if one realised the Divine—but even in that moment I cannot conceive of perfect bliss without the assurance that his was greater.

One is trying to say impossible things, to think unthinkable thoughts—but you will know what I would express.

I used to think that I wanted to work for the women of India—I used to have all kinds of grand impersonal ideas—but I have steadily gone on climbing down from these heights—and today I want to do things only because they are my Father's will. Even Knowledge of GOD seems too like a return of benefits. One longs to serve for serving's sake, for ever and ever, dear Master —not for our miserable little life !

And another thing I am sure of, and need to be sure of, in true moments, and that is that you will have thousands of children who will be bigger and worthier and able to love you and serve you infinitely better than I, in days that are close at hand.

Now Swami—you have to acknowledge that you were mistaken—America for ever ! In Jackson Mich. there lived a man to whom your name was as a red rag to the infuriate bull. Today he is your friend and mine—because - - - - your daughter has a sense of humour ! ! ! ! ! !

Margot

105. To Miss J. MACLEOD

C/o MRS. HELEN P. JENKINS,
517, FOURTH AVE. DETROIT, MICHIGAN,
Tuesday Jan, 16th, [1900].

Beloved Yum,

Life brings experience. After being indulged and petted like a spoilt child at Ann Arbor I suddenly found myself yesterday afternoon in a nest of thorns, and learnt the psychological process that makes Swami fight and attack ! I nearly let go and did it myself—yesterday. And yet I think you would nearly have laughed till you cried. The Women's Club, Detroit, after 26 years of civil war, I should imagine, woke up yesterday afternoon to find me addressing it on India.

I'll answer for it that I said some things it had never heard before and then discussion began—one lady tried to drag me into attacking missionaries. I peremptorily refused. Another "sniffed" and said, I had said nothing that she had not heard the missionaries say before. So and so and so and so always spoke in this strain.

I actually rose and found myself snubbing her severely with the statement that only one living scholar had so far had the genius to *see* these things, and he would doubtless end by revolutionising opinion, but meantime even scholars were usually ahead of missionaries, and as Hunter and others had not had the wit to say these things I could hardly take her word for it that missionaries had done so !

Then the President broke through hospitality to cross question me about polygamy which I represented as the *only* substitute for divorce. During the cross examination, I praised the chastity of Hindu men on the plane of national ideals and so on. She was a lady with a white face and thin lips—"H'm! Just like our Mormons !" She ejaculated scornfully.

"They say just those things !" I suppressed the impulse to defend Mormons as Swami certainly would have done at this point, and answered 'not like Mormons I think ! Rather—not quite so bad as Christians !' 'Oh no ! it's Mormons ! Mormons !' She replied en pleine compagni. Good breeding of course silenced me.

Then one woman insisted that I should remonstrate with husbands and wives in India for not eating together and put "a higher way" before them. I objected that married people might be allowed to settle such things between themselves. It was no one's business but their own. "Ah—there you're so mistaken !"—she replied—"So the world always says—but it's everyone's business really !" "Well it's not mine—anyway !" I ejaculated—"I refuse to be put in such a position !" and pointed out what American couples would think if I offered them English advice. After a few more remarks of this sort, the customary question about giving babies to crocodiles sounded thoroughly good-natured—and a very firm-voiced lady who was evidently my friend, and a good strong one insisted on caste being, sympathetically explained, by way of turning attention to safer topic.

I never was in a gathering so like a lunatic-asylum. Caste did not interest them at all, but looking back it seems to me that the audience bristled with "H'm. Monogamy !" in front —and an angry voice saying "Child widows !" at the back—while here there everywhere would spring up a violent affirmation about the inferiority of wives, the preference of sons, the contempt for Woman—Woman—Woman. Oh how I recognised the steps that Swami had trodden before me !

And then Miss Bates—the lady of the caste Episode—and Mrs. Woolley—the Mother in law of Harriet Hale—walked in after dinner like avenging angels, and just took things into their own hands. Two or three of us meet in Mrs. Woolley's rooms tonight. One lady who was kind was saying after the

lecture that she thought *we* wanted Indian missionaries rather than V.V. [?] "We've had *one* here !" laughed a lady near. "Who? I faced round on her with. By that time I was savage. "Vivekananda," she said with a pronounced sneer. "He is my Master," I said very distinctly. "I owe more to him than to other living person," and she said, "Oh," in a very much more respectful tone.

I could not have imagined feeling so thoroughly angry with an audience. But Mother Kali knows what She is about, and Detroit is not done with yet. I suppose it is a good thing that I did not break out and attack them, though they richly deserved it for their utter want of good breeding. There was so much *opinion* in their remarks—so much *feeling* in their questions. But the funniest thing of all is that I believe they feel most goodnatured and imagined they are model hostesses. I am to speak at the 20th Cent. Club on Thursday and at a private home Friday. Go to Chicago Saturday.

Devotion and fun to Swamiji and best love to Mrs. Leggett and yourself.

Your Child
Margot

106. To Miss J. MacLeod

Detroit,
Thursday morning Jan. 18th [*1900*]

My own darling Joy,

Your letter with the wonderful news about Mrs. Leggett has come. I wonder if I have not paper and time to write out my heart. How absolutely *marvellous* about the needle ! What will Mr. Leggett not feel ! Anyway, let us be thankful. The thing is done. But oh what a relief—what a danger escaped ! Now Dearest—as to all the beautiful things you tell me about myself and so on. I suppose you do see things as I do not, on the spot, and time will explain what all you say means, but so far I do not understand. At present I have not in any way come to grief over my relation to Swami, and I have *not* told it to the world at all. Of that I am sure. But Experience contradicts Theory all the time.

On this journey I have seemed to find my feet, and to be led every step by Mother Herself. And as I look back, I see that the same thing was true at Hull House. When I have been *free* everything has gone well but it has been necessary that people should accept *my personality* with a certain readiness to love me. And when this is so, I find that I simply sit and tell them, for the present, the things Swami tells us. I don't will one thing or another, but unconsciously I seem to give myself up to him, and I sit and listen to him talking—my message to him through you was when I first discovered this and kept a tight hold over myself because the acknowledgement of plagiarism while it would have satisfied myself would have been a jarring note. Now I see that it is all right, and I don't bother. I am his daughter. There is no difference.

Shall a child not rejoice in speaking its father's message ? No, Yum Dearest, all the things you say about *my* message, *my* thought and experience, *my* mission have been the secret of all these years of suffering. That was selfishness. What you all, Swami included, thought was patriotism and womanism and the rest was more than half of it, as I knew full well, the protest of my individuality against becoming impersonal. The day I forgot *all* that and speak nothing of my own, will be the great day of my life. But you never *heard* me say undignified things about Swami. Why then should you be willing to believe that I *could* do so ?

No, when I am free, things go all right. I know that now. I begin to understand what freedom means. Mrs. Adams' friend, Mrs. O'Donnell has taught me. I shall owe her a debt as long as I live. "Let yourself go" she said. "Don't mention money. Money will come" and it did.

As for Chicago—all the part where I was not absolutely thrown into the sea to sink or swim for myself, it is a tangle of misery, which I hope may straighten itself out some day. Mary Hale is a kind of sensitive spot in my soul, which I can't bear touched. The fact is I started in that quarter with the idea that *all* Swami's intimate friends were as much developed as you and Mrs. Leggett and Mrs. Bull and that development meant in every case the power to let others be themselves, and I have had to see that most people are mere babies compared to this grown-up womanhood. The difficulty is in expecting. Meanwhile the

pain is dreadful, but I must just leave it. My feeling, all this is somehow necessary to her. Of that I am sure.

In future I can take my responsibilities on my own shoulders, as much as Swami does his. I have got my diploma.

And now I want to tell you about Mrs. Funki and Miss Grinstidel. They are just lovely, and Miss Grinstidel has been to Boston, and her whole attitude is different. But I was so sorry. She and Mrs. Funki insisted on giving $ 10 each to the capital sum. And very rich people have not cared to give more than $ 5 ! But the greatest joy of all—Mrs. F's husband is just splendid. He is a grand character. Of course he expresses it through the Salvation Army and that sort of thing, but he is magnificent. Oh, what a dwarf I felt ! And he is eager now to know about Swami ! I teased him into wanting to be a Hindu monk ! I do like him. This makes 3 men to whom Swami's name was an offence who new feel that he must be great. And practically without my mentioning him, I hope you won't be vexed. But I gave away the pink silk last night, to a magnificent woman. She was intimate with Mrs. Bagley and went to hear every word Swami spoke in Detroit, but never spoke to him personally. She has been reading law for 3 years, and is hungering for the religious life. She is about 40, and grand. Will be president of my group here, Miss Bates.

The pink silk was like a sacrament to her. I do hope you won't mind. It wasn't that I didn't love it, you know.

As to all you say of my King and Father—it is beautiful and blessed. Thank God as you say, that he did not have to die.

Two ladies have pounced on his great sentence—"The past has been to the strong physical men—the future to metaphysical women"—and carried it off already. For all the rest, Dearest Yum, Love makes him ours for ever and ever. He may love whom he will—now he will—the more the better—but I would be selfish enough to want to worship him so perfectly that a whole world could not add to that glory. And so *our* loving is all that needs.

On the back of this is a poem I want him to see. I think it surely peculiarly fine. One of Mrs. Hull's daughters composed it, poor soul, and I got her to write it out for him. She told me to remind him that it was from a lady who asked him in

Minneapolis about babies and crocodiles. She is a poor sorrowful soul, and he seems to have answered her very gently.

Oh Yum, how curious is this mystery of pain ! I see now as clear as daylight—how that awful suffering at Almora made India be born in my heart with all this passion of love. And it was that state at Amarnath—the place whose name I cannot write without tears, so keen is it to the day !—that made me really love Siva ! One must worship the Mother to get the energy to carry out Swami's will—but if ever there comes a moment in Eternity when—that will is done, I will retire and love and worship only Siva—only Mahadev—for ever and evermore.

Our sweet Master !—and that heaven of your heart—Dearest Joy ! With my devotion to both—

I am ever your own child
Margot

How much Mrs. Leggett must have suffered—in perfect silence !

COSMICAL VERSES
by ALES DU. BOIZ

God and Nature and the devil,
I believe, were co-eternal ;
Latent powers till they united
Then the Universe was righted
And from Chaos came Creation.
Out of Chaos into Time,
(Living spark of flamed divine)
Came this world of ours,
Is it but a dream of dreams?
Is it solid as it seems
Freighted with its powers?
'Tis a living ball of green
Floating in a silver sheen
In its journey round the Sun.
Who can see the road it takes,
Though a path of light it makes,
In that journey never done?

1129 Washtenaw Ave Ann Arbor, Mich.

107. To Miss J. MacLeod

112 Lincoln Park Boulevard, Chicago
Jan. 23rd. 1900

My darling Yum Yum,

Your child has only a minute to write to her blessed Mother. Please give oceans of love to Mrs. Leggett for me and my joy that the cure is made. I would write to her, but have literally had not a minute.

I had a letter from S. S. this morning—about M. H.—and I wrote the enclosed. Then, feeling it was not the right thing, I send it to you instead. I am coming to understand your beautiful letters by degrees, but I also see that probably what you call 'my own' is what *I* call 'Swami's own'—and that is how I have to get at it. Anyway, I begin to see why this use of personal and impersonal has always perplexed and irritated me. These two terms like all others are only relative. No one can say where they apply in the case of another soul. In the end the whole has to be affirmed in every detail—who is to say what it is your destiny, or mine, to state? You see, when one speaks of the Impersonal, one is really thinking of all that is most deeply personal to *everyone*. Isn't it so?

I feel so strongly that when one sets out to do strong original work one most be *free*. Only oneself, God, and the People to whom one speaks can tell what detail is essential and what accidental.

It was criticism that hurt here and prevented my working with those who had already heard—and if I rule my name gown, Swami and Kali as personal I shall once more have my eyes on negations instead of affirmations. I am going to fix my eyes on your message "Live your own life. Speak your own message," and I know when I make the inevitable mistakes I can come to you, without even a reproach. Oh, Yum dearest I can't think why you were born—except as Mother's own Xmas present to the rest of us! You see, I have been able to say extraordinary things about Swami in Detroit without making any mistake—so Mother does not always say "Silence."

Later. Have just come in from another useless effort. I can form no *group* here because there is no one person to rise up and carry the thing on her shoulders and a speaker needs a backer—of that sort.

Oh Yum, I am getting so mercenary ! I measure how much I give and get back all the time, and it is dreadful !

Is it possible that you may be in Chicago and able to go to Cleveland with me ? How I wish it ! But I fear it will not happen. Anyway, I am hoping to go now to Indianapolis—Kansas City and Minneapolis—getting back in time to speak once or twice perhaps on the 15th and arrive Cleveland Friday afternoon 16th.

Oceans of love. Do write soon and often.

Margot

108. To Miss J. MacLeod

112, Lincoln Park Boulevard, Chicago
Thursday morning. [26. 1. (?) 1900]

Beloved Yum Yum—

Mother is making plans hang fire at a great rate just now. Mrs. Sewall does not write, and I am in suspense about Indianapolis. Meanwhile, an angel of a woman has brought me peremptorily before the Woman's Club—and they have promised to give me a special hearing. It may be that Kansas City and Minneapolis and Indianapolis will have to wait till Autumn, and that Chicago is to be done finally now. I am trying hard not to be anxious, and to believe that there are no mistakes anywhere.

Anyway, I am to speak at an important house on the South Side– a professor's house—to University people—on the 15th. And a man has promised to shew both of us one of the Universities on the morning of the 14th or 15th. So I hope you will be back !

I lunched with the Hales yesterday, and found myself just as glad to see Mary as though there had been no blow. The fact is, nothing could have been so bad for us as her holding office. She is incapable of action. We went into things yesterday—and she had not yet collected one dollar of all that were promised months ago ! The labour of that time is probably so much lost in consequence. Somehow, this journey seems to have given me so much experience ! I understand better about collecting money, and founding groups.

Of course you knew that I knew that M. was not a strong worker, but I had not conceived of such complete incapacity.

And I am finding daily that Kali's ways are not as ours, if one may put it so. She puts one person out of the way, only to discover some one else standing ready where one had no more dreamt of help than of flying.

Did I tell you how the blessed Mrs. Jenkins turned out at Detroit ? And she was the thorniest of all thorns at the beginning of the week ! And here, it is just the same—two or three of the strongest workers are the most unspeakably unexpected.

I find, too, that the marks of a great Renunciation are very different from those of a small—and I laugh daily at Mr. Sturdy's blindness about Swami's. Why, that way he has of "finding himself" in any company, of holding or withholding light indifferently, of caring nothing about people's opinions of him, are simply gigantic. I only realised when, after all the love and warmth at Ann Arbor, I reached Detroit, and found myself fuming and chafing against the artificiality of people about me, what Swami's greatness really was, in this respect ! And it was these very people, from whom I would have escaped at once if I could, who proved Mother's appointed instruments —thus setting the seat on his ways. That irresponsibility of his is so glorious too. Nothing is more enticing that to put oneself into the attitude of generalissimo of the forces—and make splendid plans, "compelling fortune"—but Swami just waits, and drifts in on the wave—and so on. I am just beginning to understand his bigness.

Later—Kansas City arranges for 2nd and 5th which means arrive 1st—leave 6th.

Friday

And Minneapolis 7th to 14th. Will this make it impossible to see you and Mrs. Leggett as you go through? I have such loads to do at this last moment. I am sure I shall be back in Chicago in the Autumn. Do you think this possible or likely ?

Now I want you to see Swami about something, and send me the answer.

Col. Parker—the great educationist—offers to *educate and maintain* Sontoshini for me if I can get her here by next October. He is enthusiastic about my plans—and in this way would give Sontoshini the manual training necessary to enable her to come back and teach the art-work, including textile,

metal, wood, pottery, and other things. It is a GREAT opportunity. What does Swami say about the possibility of bringing the child ? Could Sadananda bring her over? Col. Parker has a Theosophical lady in mind who is a vegetarian and with whom he would place the child.

If Swami approves and will say how she can come and stay, I am sure I can beg the money to bring S. over. I am so glad that the offer has come while you are near Swami to consult and offer advice—for the child might be married any day, and it is entirely thanks to Swami Saradananda that she is safe still.

I do hope something may be allowed to come of this. Don't you remember what I told you about the Tree that last time I was there. "Sontoshini is not your business—is she ?"—?

Col. Parker has just had a million dollars given him by Mrs. Blaine—to found an ideal school—where her own little boy may be a pupil. He has 16 teachers now in Europe studying methods ! He is trying to get "great men" in every department. For instance, he may very likely get Cookie (who is, according to his emissaries, the "one centre of light educationally in all England") for a summer school course ! And he says his is to be a world-school, and if I will give him a good strong healthy Indian girl he will train her for her country ! When I asked him this morning the probable cost of her board and lodging—he said "*we*'ll find that too." Now you see what it means. And I can assure you that only American schools have the methods that we need for India and I have been breaking my heart over the fact that I would have to get a salaried American teacher—and never know how long she would stand by us, when once the difficulties were broken through. Do you see how in this way the instrument would be preparing at the very time that the need was ripening ?

I send you an article just sent me about myself. It will amuse you—especially the way in which the Sesame is dragged in regardless of facts. Many people here were at the W's Congress and know the Club. You had better keep it safe or return it to Mrs. Bull.

You do not know how uphill is the work of founding a group in Chicago. I seem to meet with endless difficulties that would all vanish for our devoted hostess. Yet so many earnest friends turn up unexpectedly !

What you say of Swami's present will to find out the Heat—all for the worldly world is divine. And I am so glad about the new friends. Our sweet Master !

Oh I have much much much to tell you—but dozens of business letters to write—and no news of Indianapolis. Invoke Kali for 24 hours when you get this—in my interest—I need it all !

I would write to Mrs. Leggett to tell her of my joy that she is snatched back from the jaws of death but for sheer want of time.

Lovingly to you both, most lovingly to my 'Very Most Revered'.

Your Child
Margot

Addresses—1st to 6th
C/o Mrs. T.H. Kennedy
2305 Troost Avenue, Kansas City M. O.
6th to 13th.
C/O Dr. Cyrus Northrop
University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minn.

Mr. O' Donnell not be at all the sort of man for President. It must be someone of Mr. L's weight and distinction. Kindly send this letter about Sontoshini on to S. S.

109. To Miss J. MacLeod

112 Lincoln Park Boulevard
Sunday morning Jan. 28 [1900]

My own beloved Yum-Yum—

By a special Providence, I went to the Post Office for your letter this morning, and have come in to write to Miss Bates at once for the return of the silk. I have now done so—and asked her to send it to Albert in New York. I thought that would avoid giving the owner's name. If you *will* get her something and get Swami to write "love and blessings" it will give infinite joy to Miss Bates, who has been a most staunch and loyal friend all these years. Her address is—

Miss Octavia Williams Bates
53 Bagg St., Detroit, Mich.

I don't know how to say how sorry I am to have given you a moment's pain. Let me explain. I did *not* think the scarf mine, any more than the rug, till the moment when Miss Bates took it up longingly and almost asked me for it. My first words were "Oh I cannot ! I don't even know that it is mine !" Then something seemed to tell me to do it, and reluctantly I yielded. Even now, in spite of the pain to you, I feel so curiously at peace about it, that I imagine we were really told to lend it for awhile—or does it jar on you that someone else has had it ?

Won't you write a note, in sending Swami's blessing ? Not as from the owner. But not if you think better not.

Darling, darling, darling Yum. I would n't grieve you for the whole world—and your beautiful letter never touches again on the annoyance you must feel ! Please punish me someway. - - - - - -

Alas and alack a day ! I shall miss you even in Chicago.

On Wednesday evening next I am to speak before the Contemporary Club of Indianapolis. A telegram tells me so this morning—and Mrs. Sewall must have worked hard for this—for it is *the* Club there. Then, Thursday, on to Kansas City, to speak Friday and *Tuesday*—the day you reach Chicago, or leave Los Angeles. Then Wednesday to the following Tuesday—Minneapolis—University of Minnesota. C/o Dr. Cyrus Northrop.

On the 13th or morning of 14th back to Chicago, for 2 days or 3, as follows.

	Wednesday 14	Thursday 15	Friday 16
Mg.	See Chicago University ?	See Chicago University ?	—
Aft.	Offered to Woman's Club or an Artist.	Lecture at a Univ. Prof's 4 to 6.	Offered to Woman's Club or Artist.
Evg.	Speak at Mrs. Eastman's.	?	?

Oh, if you were here—how heavenly those 3 days might be ! I meant to leave for Cleveland on Friday morning, and must do so if that day falls vacant finally.

I know you will be pleased at my being so busy. But I do want to see you dreadfully.

A public school man here is dreadfully anxious that I should tell Indian stories in the schools here—engaging a stenographer and making a book. I told him they were all Swami's stories—but he said Swami could not get the actual touch with the babes that I could, and I suppose this is true. Also, Swami would be more bound by considerations of scholarship than I. True also. Meanwhile what does *he* say ? His Gopala will have to go in, I think, signed of course. Or better still, the whole thing can be called "Indian stories told to American children by Swami V."

They *think* it would be so popular that the 10% royalties would make the bulk of the money ! ! You see I visited a school, and told some stories, which caught the fancy of the grown-up listeners. I would rather EARN money if I could because Swami would have a right to that, and to the sums given—he has none.

Dear Col. Parker—whom I love almost as much as Cookie —takes such glory to himself for "*liking* Swami." "I *did* like him"—he says boastfully—"but then I didn't know whether I had anything to read those fellows by." It was quite shyly that he ventured to ask me "But is he—is he—*good* ?" "Oh! Col. Parker !—" was all my reply, and the dear old thing was so shamefaced !—whence all this self-vindication. I hope Swami will seriously consider my questions about Sontoshini —as I should like to do serious business-talking with the Col. on my return. *You* would love him.

One thing I must tell you. One night in Detroit, by the combined efforts of Mrs. Jenkins and Miss Bates I was put to talk at a Church Literary Society where *I* knew (and the others did not—nor *he*) that Swami's honour had been gravely questioned. I caught the proof of this at once—for the clergyman absolutely refused to preside while I spoke—and insisted on Miss Bates' doing so. I felt the doubt the slur on him—and Miss Bates' exquisitely generous speech for me was an added help. Then I spoke - - - and oh ! I told you that

such things would be my grandest opportunity, and it was true. I felt as if I could crumple the whole audience up in my hand. I refused to appeal in the name of India's weakness—but of her greatness and so on. I only got to the beginning of Swami's habitual mastery of course—and the one person who responded *perfectly* was Mr. Funki. His red shining face is now the one thing that I recall absolutely distinctly as I see it once more.

He—and the idea—and I—and all one's love for Swami roused. That was really the psychology of it.

But one thing I know—Swami's name was never mentioned of course—but that clergyman *knows* his worth today—whatever he may find it covenient to pretend. And it is very evident to me that sheer jealousy has been at the root of the attacks—nothing one bit more honest than that. To be just to the clergyman, I have reason to believe that he was won.

Why, dear Yum, if I *don't* get the men—being a woman will be all disabilities ! Not that I can draw men specially but that they have not the call for jealousy in the case of a woman that they have in a man. America makes me think that women have a much less *sexed* perception of comradeship than men. I should have said that the reverse was true in England.

Do you know if movements of thought stir England *before* America ? It almost seems to me—that the old problem-plays and sex stories that had their vogue with us 8 or 10 years ago and are now as dead as a door nail—are the living thing here—but I do not dare to ask anyone—for it would sound insulting whatever way I formulated the question. What do you think ? And now Goodbye. Most lovingly and sorrowfully for causing you grief.

Your child

Margot

110. To Mrs. Ole Bull

At Indianapolis C/o Mrs. W. W. S.
Kansas City, 2nd to 6th
C/o Mrs. B. T. Whipple,
504 Garfield Ave. K.C.M.O. [?]
January 31, 1900

My dear Grannie—

The enclosed will assure you. But I do not feel as if the serpent's fang had been drawn—and should not like to see Swami respond to advances too innocently.

How practical the Los Ang. ladies seem !

I am to speak here before a mixed Club to-night on Religious Life and Social Institutions in India.

Am delighted with Mrs. S. Saw a publisher yesterday—who may want a book of Indian stories soon—in which case either Swami or I must do it. It was the idea of a nice strong man—a public school Principal—who has taken me up enthusiastically and wants to make my service to Educ. in this rich country pay for my right to educate in the poor.

He was struck by some stories—history and geography mixed —that I told in a school.

He thinks I could get bulk of money this way. Dare not write to Yum this morning or should never stop. *Oceans* of love.

Margot

Address in Minneapolis—6 to 13.
C/o Dr. Northrop—Univers. of—
Isn't this a nice letter from Mr. M. ?

111. To. Mrs. Ole Bull

C/o Mrs. Waddell
2708 Forest Avenue, Kansas City. M.
Saturday 2. 10. P. M. Feb., 3rd, 1900

Beloved Saint Sara—

Enclosed is a cheque for $ 50—which I would have *liked* to send as a little offering to Swami—but felt that the right thing was to put it into the Earnings Column as before. It was earned by a lecture to the Contemporary Club Indianapolis on Wednesday evening Jany. 31, through Mrs. Sewall. The C. Club are also to send about $ 7 to you as expenses. This goes back into

Mr. Leggett's money—of which I have now $46 left. So I shall have to ask you to send the $7 on to Chicago—since I see that from here to Minnrup is $11. 50. Min. to Chic. $13. 50 and Chicago to Boston $19=$44. And of course I shall need a larger margin than $2 !

Mrs. Sewall wants me to come and visit her the last half of April and first half of May or part of that—when she will devote her energies to helping me to found a group in Indianapolis. She is a magnificent organiser, and well deserves her place as President, J. C. W. She wants India to form a National Council, to be affiliated to her interest. She is deeply interested in India —owing in the first place to her old friendship to Ramabai and I have explained the difficulties of organisation there. But she says the women who join her body in Western countries are not *average* women of their nations. So the fact that we could only begin by organising Europeanised ladies is no disability—and difficulty of training women to organise could not be greater in one country than another.

She proposes that you should become a patron of the Council, which costs $100 every 3 years, and I am going to submit the following list to her—if you agree—(and Swami like the idea?)

Calcutta. Mrs. P. L. Roy. (Eurasian-Brahmin) B.S. Splendid.
Mrs. Ghosal and Sarola Ghosal B. A.
Old Mrs. Tagore of Baligunge.
Young Mrs. Chowdhuri—the bride—
Mrs. J. C. Bose.
Mrs. P. K. Roy.
Mrs. A. M. Bose.
Miss Bose of hospitial—matron—(sister Dr. J. C. Bose).
Miss Bose of Bethune College (Xtn.).
The two Drs. Bose—sisters of Bethune Coll. (Xtn).
Mrs. B. L. Gupta (? ? ?)
The Misses Sen (daughters of K. C. Sen).
Miss Chatterji—Mrs. Mukherji's sister—etc.

At a future date.

The Ladies of R. K. Mission—under Sarada Devi—and the Daughters of R. K. (as I call the future girls of the school).

The English wives of Mahommedan gentlemen in Calcutta—including wife of Pr. Jehandar Mirza.

Bombay

Miss Padshah and—?
Miss Sorabji ?
Other Parsis ?
Brahmo Samaj ?
Christians ?
And Theosophists ?

Madras

B. S. ?
Theosoph. ?
Xtns. ?
R. K. Group, two nieces of Mr. Biligiri.

Lahore

The Girdarni Umrao Sing.
And what about taking advice in Organisation from Dr. Eliz. Brilby ?

Allahabad

The widow remarriage lady—name forgotten.

Srinagar Mrs. Mitra.
Mrs. Mukherji.
Miss Rudra.

Patrons. Mrs. Ole Bull
Maharani Kooch Behar.

I would suggest as a rule that *no* one but native ladies should be accepted as members these Councils—for it seems to me most important to keep out the missionary element.

I would also suggest that a concise statement of aims be made and printed—and that this statement should expressly include what Mrs. Sewall tells me is a main idea the obtaining from each nation its particular contribution to world-opinion on each question that arises.

Questions that have risen and are likely to come before the Intern. Council are such as

Social Purity.
Marriage and Divorce laws and reform.
Dress.
Food.
Labour.

Education, including theory of—
Methods—Library—Museum—
Sanitation and infectious Diseases. etc. etc.

But of course you see also that the lines of correspondence would also lead to the diffusion of world-information about political grievances—Commercial—the Laboratory-question—the Tata Scheme, etc. etc. And so you see *public opinion amongst the* WOMEN *of India* might lead—"Paradoxical as it may seem unto Thee—O Lord !"—to the staying of the hand of the oppressor.

Something like these notes I want to send to Swami and Mrs. Sewall. Mrs. Sewall says "Let me make the feminined [?] counterpart to the National Congress."

Saturday night Feb 3—11 P.M.

Have just received your letter about Prof. Geddes. How unlucky I always am about that man ! I am glad you found him just what Norman Wyld has always led me to believe.

About Sadananda—I did not intend anything very definite. I cannot tell what Swami may say about the matter—and I threw out the idea as a possible solution. Swami would not hear of my placing the child with the missionaries or with the Brahmo Samaj when I left India. He said it would miss us. If Sadananda brought her as far as Ceylon or Bombay it might be sufficiently reassuring. Or it may prove impossible to accept the Colonel's offer. Only I shall deeply regret it. But if Sadananda were to come to Chicago for a few weeks and go back, I am sure we could establish our Art-Agency through him.

Please correspond with Swamiji and Yum on the matter.

Kansas City is *very* slow. I do not see *any* prospect of help here. But you say I must not mind. Yet you would find it difficult. I say to myself, "Be careful personally—grudge nothing where work may be advanced." But I am developing money-nervousness. It seems too bad to spend the large sums required for journeys like these—for apparently no purpose whatever. And the power of people to take what one has to give is extraordinarily different. Here I cannot tell very much.

Thanks always for your unlimited confidence. If *you* were as urgent as I cannot help being anxious—Freedom would not exist.

I am just longing to reach Cambridge—though I fear that is very like laziness, and I do hope there will be plenty of work there. It will be so lovely to feel at home ! Yum and Mrs. L. leave Los Angeles the day after tomorrow, and I shall miss them in Chicago. Isn't that sad ?

Always lovingly and ready-to-be-encouraged.

Margot

112. To Miss Mary Hale

519-10th Ave. G.E. Minneapolis, Minn.
February 9, 1900

My dearest Aunt Mary—

A letter tells me that your Father is once more very very ill. My heart sank when I heard the news, for I knew how anxiously you had all been striving to ward off just this. It is so little that one can say & perhaps it does not need to be said—just this that you will remember Dearest, whatever comes to you all, that you are infinitely loved by many who would gladly bear a sorrow themselves to ward it off from you ! And that since that cannot be—& would not be well if it could—there will be no anxiety or pain of yours that is not shared by them to the very full. One can *do* nothing—yet if it is a little comfort for human being to creep closer in a deeper fellowship in the hour of trial, *that* comfort you have. I feel as if I were with you—going through the whole thing—in your flat. Poor Mrs. Hale ! How awful these moments are for her. I wish I could give you a kiss—Dearest Dear—

Your ever loving
Margot

I shall be back on Tuesday morning, and shall *hope* for the best news.

113. To Miss J. MacLeod

MINNEAPOLIS
Saturday afternoon
Feb. 10th, 1900

Yum Yum

In all your letter I see only one line—your strength is low. Oh my Darling ! my Darling ! All day long I have been trying to suppress my mad pleasure at the fact that I am to see you on Tuesday morning, and now I cannot forgive Fate that I cannot reach you on *Monday* morning.

How foolish !—as if *I* could put my arms round you, and ward off all evil ! Most precious Yum !

You will hear in Chicago the sad news of Mr. Hale's death. No doubt someone has told Swami. Poor Mary ! I am writing her by this post.

How I *hope* and *trust* that it is true that we may meet, as S.S. says, in Boston. Oh Yum I feel as if I could not hear to let you go. Does the Mother only *show* Herself, and then withdraw ? Something like that—a perfect revelation have these two years (alas, it is nearly 3 !) of you been—Oh you *most* sweet—

Even as I sit and write you are lying in a train, worn out with travel—or trying to keep up your gaiety while you feel worn and tired.

Yum Dearest we *cannot* do without you—Don't say that we must learn.

Thank you a thousand times for the trouble about the scarf.

If Mr. Mohini is coming, that will be the right way for Sontoshini. He is loved by all our circle—and has a better Hindoo reputation than others.

My sweet sweet "Very most Revered"—I kiss your hand and love you always.

Margot

114. To Miss Mary Hale

519-10th Avenue, Minneapolis
Saturday aft. February-12, 1900

My dearest Mary,

It seems almost irreverent to write—& yet it is so unnatural to keep silence—I have heard the sad news ; & feel as if I shared the blow that has fallen on all of you. I can only trust that it will seem to you as to me that the time of the actual triumph of the released spirit is not like the days of waiting & watching in its sorrow. The pain of parting is indeed unreal—isn't it ? For one can only feel that a blessed vision of sunshine & freedom & love awaited the soul as it put off its garment of humanity. To him it was the end of all struggles and all fear—& only to us the tearing of the heartstrings & the life-long separation. If you have time to think of it, & the words do not seem to jar on the sacredness of the time, will you say to Mrs. Hale for me—how deeply & reverently I feel towards her sorrow ? And with so much love !

I shall be back in Chicago on Tuesday, & shall venture to come & ask to see you on Wednesday morning or Thursday. How beautiful is the snow that seems to make everything tender & pure & soft !

Most lovingly ever
Margot

I keep thinking of one passage in Manning's sermon—"O great & mighty Dead ! O happy Dead ! The world for 18 Centuries has been weeping for the Dead. Weep not for the Dead ! Weep rather for the Living ! For they have yet to die."

115. To Miss J. Macleod

168 Brattle Street
Cambridge Mass
March 6, 1900

My Sweet Mother Yum Yum,

Last night and this morning I kissed your pillow, since I had not you to kiss. I send on two untouched proofs of the Childrens' Swami. You see from Mr. W's letter that we are to have a better picture soon.

How is Mrs. Leggett?

I feel your agonizing anxiety all the time. It will be a relief when news comes.

Mr. [Bepin Chandra] Pal and I contradicted each other flatly in public last night. I *think* it was his fault but should be interested to know what Dr. Faner felt, as he was present. I never felt so ashamed of myself in my life, for we were fellow guests. About 100 people were hanging on our words.

S. Sara did the perfect things afterwards, and has deduced several useful lessons this morning.

He had a nasty little attitude to me all the time, and took the opportunity yesterday to point out that my assumption that I knew anything about India was in his opinion mischievous and misleading etc. etc.

S. Sara says this is all right, if he will only take care at the same time to say that he equally disapproves of Ramabai and others. This seems to be quite brilliant. However poor Mr. Pal also felt so ashamed of the fracas that I think perhaps he will be more friendly in future.

Lovingly ever your child
Margot

116. To Swami Vivekananda

21 West 34th Street, New York
March 13, 1900

My dearest Father,

Here I am you see, and it is the 13th day of March, to which Yum Yum has been looking forward so long without any conscious reason, even as we all looked forward, months ago, to the blessed Sixth.

Mrs. Bull is also in New York, but spending the nights usually with Miss Thursby while I stay with Yum. She goes home to Cambridge on Friday next.

I am glad to have been to Chicago. It puts this wonderful group of people into a true perspective, and makes the constantly-recurring possiblity of brilliant conversation exhilarating.

For a certain Prof. Geddes and his wife, of Edinbro', Scotland, are staying here—till they sail for home on the 21st.

Long years ago in England, in the year I first met you, Norman Wyld (the son of that Dr. Wyld who had such deep-rooted suspicion of Hindus) told me that if I could only know Prof. Geddes, to whom he was proud to be disciple, my soul would be saved, and my attitude to life determined forever.

This function however was performed by someone else ! Yet all the time in Kashmir I used to tell S. Sara and Yum Yum of this man and of the claim Norman had made for him—that he was the first sociologist since Spencer to produce a new and living theory of society with a future in it.

Hence the present facts.

He is not in the least disappointing. But I am glad that I found my own place in the world before I met him. He is a light—beautiful and lovable—but with that most lovable kind of Westerness and *most* Western kind of lovableness—the air of the patient investigator who appeals to you to look at the same facts, not with the godlike solemnity of the East and of the Church that becomes itself the Incarnation, and says, "*I* AM the Life" - - - He is a biologist, professor of Botany or Biology —I forget which—at S. Andrew's—has brought out various books, but is better known as an inspirer and stimulator of men in many activities than as anything very technical. His wife and he say that Biologists look askance upon him because he wanders off into Economics and Sociology and what he calls "Geotechnics," instead of keeping to his subject.

To look at—for we *must* begin at the beginning !—he is a wee bit like a kind, wise, horned owl—comparatively young, but with a sort of venerableness of thought, and the most loving and reverent aspect [respect] to ignorance and weakness that I have ever seen, a great *tenderness*, in fact. He has that living sort of genius that keeps him telling us stories of the heroisms of today and quoting the great words of all times, constantly.

The air grows full of these things when he is in the house. "Labour and make music" he quoted today as the great saying of Socrates. *Lese Humanite*. Treason to Humanity is to him the unpardonable sin. He is not only Saint in his gentleness you see, but poet in his thought.

There comes the question of his contribution to scientific outlook.

Perhaps at bottom he is more psychologist than sociologist, I don't know. He seems to be correlating phenomena into hitherto unobserved sequences all the time.

How place determines occupation (The mountain is naturally peopled by foresters, hunters, miners, and shedhers, for example, the plain by its peasants, the lake river or sea-side by its fisher-folk). How occupation again determines Family (the fisherman, fishing in deeper waters for the salmon, gradually organizes a crew out of his own sons—and the woman left at home for weeks together develops independence and extensive ability, hence only one of her could be tolerated, perhaps ;—if one ?—till by degrees there appears a truth in someone's saying that the salmon was the inventor of the Feudal System ?

Again—the woman left at home in the *tent* with her embroidery, while the Nomad husband is out hunting, develops relations of passivity etc. and her household becomes polygamous.

How each of these types of life develops its own ideals—(the mountain-activities holding up the figure of the Good Shepherd, the peasant, the sacred corn and wine and oil and so on. Our fisher life trading to the thought of "Fishers of Men" and other imagery).

How the Family gives birth to the notion of ideal charity on the one hand (a heart aflame) and to the thought of the Church (a heart crowned) on the other. How we come, from this, to an intellectual synthesis finding embodiment in the school-and-college form and how, beyond this, rises the ideal of combined thought-and-deed that we call Art, which expresses itself in conceptions of improved places, our ideal being "Our Holy City—like a bride adorned for her husband."

All this forms the subject of one complete Sequence.

Do you see what it means ? Another man would have said "Place and climate act on the thought of man and the thought of man reacts to place and climate." But he throws the whole thing out into pictures which are part of consecrated [connected ?] whole. He says in fact that when he cannot turn a thought into a diagram, he feels that the thought is not his own. And he claims that is a Thought-Symbol is true, it enables the thinker to go further, like a mathematical formula.

But his great work as a Biologist has been the Evolution of God [soul ?] —and on that subject he is masterly. We had a great discussion on Sunday evening last between a certain professor Griggs and myself. Prof. Griggs has specialised on the application of Morals to Life and his subject at the moment was S. Francis. His contention was that S. Francis' habit of sprinkling ashes on his food was a mistake and (far far worse to my thinking !) that he was *in love with S. Clara*. How I longed for you to be there to assert the ideal for ever in such a way as to carry the *hearts* as well as the heads of all present. Of course I could only plead for the recognition of a certain class of natures, and it was quite futile. But the man of science was "the witness" and on the first opportunity he gave me one of his great Sequences showing how the activities of the amoeba are 2 fold, Nutritive or Self-ragarding or Individual and Reproductive or Species—regarding or "Alternative—(*this* refers to the evolution of the Family, "guarded by the circling horns of the males") and culminating in the picture of the Mother of Sorrows beside the Cross—where Mary represents the highest ideal of love attainable through one energy and the Crucifix [of ?] the individuation only to be reached by the celibate life." It delighted me to find that the biologist was more open to the ideal than the professor of Ethics and Morals !

And then as he built up this vertical [bestial ?] Sequence, he showed how it was reflected in various depths of degradation, and then, folding the two pages together, he called these the golden and silver sides of the shield, so that the higher a man's power of righteousness the deeper his power of sin. David, at once a Spiritual genius and a horrid person tumbling in and out of the most disgraceful scrapes all his life long, being his example. God manifesting through Evil as well as

Good. I shall try to write out his particular Sequence and send it, just to amuse you.

Ever your most loving daughter,
Margot

Mrs. Bull wants you to give her this letter when you have read it. Do you mind posting it to her here ?

117. To Miss J. MacLeod

C/o Mrs. Everett
1029 North Clark St., Chicago
Wednesday morning, 20 to 1. [*4. 4. 1900*]

Sweet Yum Yum,

At this very moment I finish my pamphlet and the letter to Mr. Leggett.

I do not know whether you will approve of the cover or not. If you do, perhaps S. Sara would get Mr. Lloyd's permission to add his to the names of Vice-President. How would it be also to ask Mr. or Mrs. Joseph Thorp, and which ? Meanwhile, I shall ask one or two here, and by the time the proof is in my hands, I shall hope to have them ready. If not, I saw from Prof. Geddes' little circular that one could leave spaces of that sort. It would always be easy to reprint *the cover*, if necessary. I have not asked Miss Thursby, either—would S. Sara do so, if she sees her ?

With regard to the cover-colour etc.—I am sending a prospectus of the Chicago Institute to S. Sara. My notion about our cover was to have it as plain as this, only common brown-paper-colour, instead of grey. Rough edges are lovely of course, but there is no reason to use such thick or good paper, and sharp-cut will do just as well.



I thought the lettering would be disposed like this.

And the name of the Printer at the foot of the inner side.

Mr. Leggett asked me these things and I told him—but he may forget or consult you, and if so, please do just what you think

best. I only state these things in case you want to know. Such trifles have a certain importance I fancy in the impression they carry.

It was lovely to receive your note. How Mrs. Melton would enjoy the drive ! And I do hope Mr. Leggett is well again.

I send you Col. Parker's letter—also Miss Grinstidel's. The latter will delight you as regards Mr. Funke—but about the former I want to say that it deeply distresses me to have no one to substitute for Sontoshini. However, I suppose I must write and say so.

S. Sara is an angel to think of my going to Concord with Mr. Lloyd. I cannot think that anything so grand could happen. I am sending her Mr. Apperson's letter, which she will duly prize.

I just gave Mrs. Adams a hug on Monday morning—and am to go for a talk at 3.30 this afternoon. It is now 1.

This evening I mean to write to Mrs. Leggett—a good gossip, as befits an invalid to receive, and a hale and hearty femininity to send.

The three white lilies are radiant and well. I wish you had seen them face the East this morning early, like great cups full of light !

They are at your feet.

Your loving child
Margot

It's *not* next week that you go ! Is it ?

Yours *just* came in—you *ought* to have opened the King's. Here it is—Isn't it grand ? I am laughing still over his muddle.

SO thankful that all are again well.

Most lovingly
Margot

118. To Miss J. MacLeod

C/o Mrs Everett
1029 North Clark St., Chicago
Thursday April 5th 1900

My darling Yum,

I seem to be *getting ready to work* all day, and not working ! I send a list of questions in the hope that you will induce Swami Turiananda to answer them if it is not too troublesome.

What do you think ? Mrs. Everett turns out to be the sister of a rich stockbroker in London whom Mdme de Leeuw and I knew intimately !

We had a little niece of hers in our boarding-school. Now, is that not distinctly curious ?

Swami's story of Gopala is far away the most admired, for the wealth of local colour. I went out for a walk with the Everetts—who are *most* kind—and missed Mary Hale. I hope Mrs. Leggett is progressing steadily.

I mean to answer Mrs. Bett's letter and enclose it. Mrs. Everett used to go to Swami's classes when they were held at some "Farmer's or Barber's or something" on Fifth Ave. and at Miss Phillip's. She used to meet Mrs. Bull there, and once went into the interior of Vancouver Island with Miss Thursby to accompany her.

DON'T you think perhaps we had better give up all idea of publishing my Kali-book in the West, and just send it out to Swarupananda to do it—copyrighted ? The special sale will be in India, anyway. If you think so, will you send it before you leave ? I don't care a fig—about *it*, but I should like to know if there is money in it for the school. If you decide to do this—I would choose some small book for a specimen of printing and binding, and send it out to Mrs. Sevier—begging her to cast a motherly eye over the thing. So just tell me if I am to do this. Mr. Parker would doubtless help in the advertising of the book.

I have come to the conclusion that the reason why change is so good for you is that you become the centre of the household when you are anywhere long.

DON'T marry a Welshman ! I could not bear that.

Chicago is sending money and grain out to the Famine.

What a scrappy letter—but my cold is going out like a lion—and I feel utterly grumpy !

Most lovingly,
Margot

119. To Miss J. MacLeod

Monday morning
[12. 4. 1900 (?]

My darling Mother Yum,

I just went out to post letters to you and S. Sara—and came in to find your looked-for letter—with it also a $10 cheque from a lady in the Vedanta Society. I have now done thinking about "Chances." Kali can bring the money out of nothing. They don't matter.

Your letter is full of good things. Mr. Lloyd, if he is half as good as his word, is splendid.

I was so sorry for you, having had to spend a day in the country ! We had two days last week that would have done credit to the Indian climate, and then it grew cold, and today (Wednesday morning, waiting for breakfast) it is bitterly cold.

You will be pleased to hear that I have found the charm of education and mean to tell Swami so.

I am reading Sabatirr's life of S. Francis which has been Mr. Griggs' great authority, I think.

Oh I do want to ask you to send me Swami's letter back, before the 18th.

Late at night.

All day it has been snowing. I got close up to the heater with my writing-table and ordered hot tea in the middle of the day. Out in the distance the Park was full of sheeted ghosts. Miss Mathews came to tea, and Mrs. Everett made it so pleasant ! And before she went away she told me that she is to be married to Mr. Waterman on the 28th of this month. I could sing the Te Deum. I am so relieved. I had seen that she cared for him, and I was on tenter hooks lest she should have a disappointed life, but now I see that he is vastly finer in every way than I thought him. I must give them a Gita.

I think I told you the Hales' plan—did I not ? To go East for the summer—after June 1st—and to Europe in the autumn,

until they have settled where they will make a home again. Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Woolly are going to Paris. The girls are to be here all summer, unless they go, as last year, to Greenacre.

How lovely of Mrs. Roethlisberger about the cloak ! I won't thank her, but I should like to say to her that I shall prize it quite specially. She certainly gives with extraordinary *naturalness*. It seems so usual ! Why have I no thoughts for you dear Yum ? I write no letters containing any. I suppose it is the stories which, without seeming much the better for it, are absorbing any little wits I have.

Love to all,
Margot

I sent off the clothes to the address given. Do you wish me to communicate with Miss Fitch at all about returning a *trunk* to you?

What has Miss Waldo been coming to Mr. Leggett for, if the Vedanta S. are to go their own sweet way all the same? Please answer, dying of curiosity.

Be sure to send English and Paris addresses—unless 6 rue des E.N. is sufficient.

Don't let Mrs. Bull forget Miss Williams, Lower School, Epsom college, a lovely place.

120. To Miss J. MacLeod

Good Friday morning, 1900
CHICAGO *9 A. M.* [*13. 4. 1900*]

My sweet sweet Yum Yum,

You are off on Monday morning you say—no Wednesday I see—thank goodness.

I am going to Church for four hours today—and Mrs. Everett and I go tonight to a Jewish Passover.

I went to Church last night—it was lovely.

But now that I have begun your letter I shall go on and finish. I am so thankful about Mrs. Leggett. Blessings on Mrs. Melton for ever more ! I hope I have not said that you neglected writing—Dearest ! I was only dreadfully anxious

when I first left you about the leg. And of course I knew it was silly, but anything might have happened at that time.

Why Yum, you *are* a good Mother! Fancy having arranged my journey and with Dr. Janes too. That is lovely.

Such a lovely letter from him this morning, saying he wants to ask Mr. Mozoomdar to speak on the same platform with me. May he ? Of course I shall say—by all means—greater fun if I come after, though ! I don't want a specially-arranged combat for myself—to show off in.

He also sends me $10 from a student. I suspect that grand Mr. Walling. I must say my experience and Swami's so far have been different. The Eastern U. S. give more liberally to this than the West.

This makes $1046 utterly unexpected. So I *am* to be in Paris !

You would scream if you read Turiananda's answers to my questions. He carefully shifts ALL responsibility. Poor thing ! It was too bad to bother him, and he is so busy too. Oh I am sorry that Mr. Leggett is gone from the U.S. That is its deathblow, if it only knew it.

Miss Mathew's name in my list ought surely to be Mrs. Richard Waterman, since she is to marry on the 28th of this month.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Adams sail for Paris May 24th.

Fancy your all meditating in that heavenly way !

Of that I am very very jealous. How lovely to have Col. H. Mr. M. and Dr. J. on the list !

Grand Grand Grand.

Most lovingly
Margot

In London will you send Richmond a special message to run up and call on you ?

Battersea Grammar School is his address.

121. To Miss J. MacLeod

1038 North Clark St., Chicago
Easter Day, 3. 30 P.M.
[*15. 4. 1900*]

My sweet Yum Yum,

It will still be Eastertide when you reach England, and the country ought to be lovely. I wish you would care just a little bit for something besides man. It would make that part of your journey much more charming.

I can't imagine what New York will feel like without you Yum Dear ! But I suppose it will contrive to go on. I ran in to see the Hales yesterday - - -

Having talked Abhedananda and Mrs. Melton, Mary and I turned to go to town, rather at a loss for something to talk about, and then I had screaming fun. I can't resist teasing M.

I. I went to Church 5 hours yesterday Mary—and then to the Jewish Passover in the evening. That was a good dose of idolatry. Wasn't it ?

M. Hm !

I. Yes the Elm St. Church is so interesting, because they revive such an extraordinary number of old ceremonies.

M. I think the world moves—myself !—etc. etc. etc.

It was rich. I lunch at the Woolley's tomorrow. They leave for Paris May 5th and are to be at the Castilian Hotel. Though I do not suppose that is properly spelt.

Mrs. Coonley Ward sent me a glorious pot of daffodils today.

Wasn't Swami's little note sweet ? I sent him the same questions as T. and he answered them. Blessed King.

My brains are not working at all, Yum dear. I am dying for tea, and this will have to be posted first. Sad to say, I have been working at Dhruva all day, and it will probably come out worst of all my stories, because I like the theme best.

I should think the sea and change generally will do Baby a world of good. I can hardly believe the news about the knee. Doesn't it mean that Dr. Danforth appreciates Mrs. Melton ? What is Mrs. Melton to do next ? Does she return to California ?

I am sure you are to have a few days in London, before going on. Give my love to everyone. It seems absurd that I am to follow you so soon.

feed the fires of Siva-worship to satisfy an ashen-clad Yogi. But one of the wittiest things I ever came across is *Vikram and the Vampire* by Sir Richard Burton. I am not at all sure that the book is fitted for polite consumption—having long ago lost the power to discriminate between the righteousness of *In His Step* and the wickedness of M. Zola—but it is certainly clever. The heroine who dies on *hearing* of her husband's death is spoken of as having "a most peculiar disposition."

By the way, talking of books, I met a kind of literary commercial traveller at Mrs. Coonley Ward's the other night —who seemed to know much about printing—and with a book of Wm. Morris in my hand I spoke of Elbert Hubbard. He said E.H. was a fine man, as a man, but the poorest printer going. When Wm. Morris wanted to print he studied the history of type, of ink, of tools, of paper ; he learnt to space his words properly ; took infinite pains to measure straight, etc. etc. His designs were the result of *knowledge*. Consequently, when he produced anything it was not merely original, it was also in line with the highest traditions of the trade. He was a *great workman*. *This* side E. H. overlooks entirely. We can all design—true—but it does not follow that designs taken haphazard from any of us are worthy of perpetuation, etc. etc. Faithful craftsmanship is what E. H. wants.

I felt that the whole talk was a lesson to me. Honour of work—unremitting toil till the thing is perfect. This is the quality that we of the Ramakrishna School must show, or all is useless. Cheap crafts—shabby handiwork—these things are unendurable. Are they not? So we shall have to add one thing at a time, and give infinite care.

I have been thinking much over questions of organisation since I left you. And I grow more and more convinced that no one is wholly responsible for his own success or failure. So much depends on the *ability* of others to co-operate. People *can't* do what they can't.

Two things however increase the area of appeal—bigness of the central idea, and personality of preachers.

Religions represent these things on the vastest scale. Now we see in the history of the Xtn. Church that short periods give no conclusive verdict. 3 years after founding, utter failure,

even disgrace of Central Figure, 5 centuries after—clothed in Imperial purple—from which may Heaven long protect the King !

And the moral of that is—said the Duchess, affectionately trucking her arm into Alice's—Have faith in *things*, and never have faith in self.

Darling Yum, I suppose she is not so happy today as we are, but a few days more will bring her to the Irish Coast, and that will mean relief.

Please give my love and thanks to Mr. Leggett. It is useless to attempt adequate acknowledgment to either you or him.

I trust the leg is really improving, and that it will be well before you start. I see no reason to take Dr. Danforth too seriously, since he did *not* foresee the needle, and Mrs. Melton did.

Always lovingly yours,
Margot

Saturday morning

PLEASE tell Mr. Leggett for me that he is a *darling*. That is the only form in which I can express my thanks. Don't give the message if it sounds undignified !

M

123. To Mr. Francis H. Leggett

1038 N. Clark St., Chicago
Saturday Morning, April 21st [1900]

My dear Mr. Leggett,

The book is *magnficent*. I cannot tell you how I like it. I never dreamt of its looking so lovely.

However did you think of it ? The size—the colour—the type—the margins—the whole thing—it is perfect. But I dare not let myself run on—or I shall fill my letter with one prolonged hysteric shriek of pleasure and approval. I was so delighted that I ran across to Mrs. Everett at once, forgetting my key, to show it, and she was nearly as pleased as I. The *colour* won her specially. She says it is curiously like the robe ! What can I say ? Stop ! I'll put it into Mrs. Leggett's letter—you can find it there—

There ! Do you understand why one should feel so hot with pleasure ?—but oh—*do* you understand how pleased I am ?

The height from which, as Ex-President of the Vedanta Societies, you have just tumbled, does not seem so exalted to me that we could enqnire after broken bones. Nor do I feel that I have yet had any real chance to prove myself "a friend indeed." That argues - - - need - - - indeed—If the need ever occurs, which Heaven forefend may I prove the friend that I should like to be !

I trust that Mrs. Leggett's knee is going on well.

With love and thanks to you all,

Ever yours,
Margot

124. To Miss J. MacLeod

1038 North Clark St., Chicago
Sunday Evening, April 24th 1900

My darling Yum Yum,

Although the trees are not yet green, the day has been as hot as India nearly—and leaves one with that dreadful self-dissatisfaction that the temptation to indolence and all the comforts of life create in such a profound degree. One thing I am sure of, it is not wicked to write to you—and if it is I do it all the same !

You are in Paris tonight. Lady Betty still progressing I trust, and S. Sara having a thoroughly good time. Besides me stand 150 of the booklet ready for posting, about 15 to India. I mean also tomorrow to send a few to England. The little book is PERFECT. Oh how dainty ! I am dying for Swami to see it, but cannot send it, fearing he might be here, before its arrival there. He was to have reached this on Thursday last, but he did not, and no one knows if he has even started.

I wonder what sort of time you had in London—am dying to hear the gossip. I am so anxious till I know that Mrs. Leggett is well enough to go. It is funny to be so eager to speed the parting.

Now about this last week. I wrote a story a day for four days—Sati—Uma—Sita and Rama in 3 parts. Mr. Waterman came up and spent 3 hours on Thursday morning. So good of him and he just on the eve almost ! Friday and Saturday I spent dictating to a stenographer. Friday night dined and slept at Mrs. Coonley Ward's and Saturday afternoon went to the wedding which was very touching and impressive. He left me to send 5 of the best typed stories to Scribner, and he on his wedding-tour is to write a letter, hoping to have the stories back by his return, with advice. He is cross about Siva—but gives me high praise for Sita and Rama. And he amused me by saying suddenly in the height of the argument that he *knew*, without being able to tell why, that Mrs. Bull would differ from him about the manuscripts. I was so amused, and felt inclined to telegraph it across the deep sea to S. Sara on the principle of the culprit taking refuge.

He is beginning to dream about my leaving as soon for Paris, however. But all depends on finishing the first. m.s,. When all that remains is "making a book" he says he will undertake it.

It seems that he paid a $16 share of the stenographer's bill before I went away, and he would not *hear* of my refunding the sum. So I feel that he really means it when he says he wishes to befriend the cause. I took the cheque to him—but he put it back into my purse. It does me good to reflect that I was always against the employment of the reporter.

Yum—it is no little thing to have such a man for so warm a friend ! *Your* Gita was given—and their loving thanks to you.

Mine was already ordered and paid for however—and Mrs. Everett was so hungry for one that that went to her.

She is dear. So interested in everything ! She said to-night "Oh Margaret if I had only been here long enough to get the right people round you !" That is her whole spirit, always trying to do things for someone or other. I have made up my mind to try never to think of what one gets back, even for the work, from anyone. I have grown so vulgar-spirited over that. In future, Sri Rama Krishna must just keep the whole responsibility. What do you think ?

A young Presbyterian student who is to go to Ludhiana in

the Punjab shortly as a missionary, came this morning to see me. Such a fine boy, 20 or 22 I should think ! He comes again next Friday.

I also met a dear old Col. Singleton of the Confederate Army, whom I had met once before, yesterday. He says he is coming to call one evening. He has always been interested in India and is going to write up finance etc.

Mrs. Everett says that Mrs. Lincoln idolised her husband, only she was a simple country woman who went out shopping on foot with a flower garden on her head and never rose to the needs of life in her new station. Was this S. Sara's view ? Now it is dark, and still so hot ! One has no *soul* when it is sultry !

How I wish Swami would come ! I for one have forgotten all about GOD ! Ah Yum, if you really *were* a father-confessor ! —or if talking across the sea were not so dreadfully like shouting !

Goodbye Dearest. I have had various things to say that are all forgotten now. But even to touch the hem of your garment makes things gooder on *this* side !

Your own child
Margot

The stories that go to Scribner are—

Shiva—Sati—Prithi Rai—Druwa—Sita and Rama.

I forgot to ask if S. Sara had heard from Lady Isabel that Lord Ripon was unable to approach Lord Rayleigh, as he does not know him ! ! !—or Mr. Lowell.

Even if the Government sends Dr. Bose—which I quite think it will do—I think S. Sara would like him to get the Lowell Instit. appointment. I propose therefore writing to Mr. Geddes to ask how it could be compassed. Ask her to do this.

125. To Miss J. MacLeod

620 Division St., Chicago
Saturday, May 6, [1900]

My Darling Yum-Yum,

Here I am, looking out on the lake, and down on the tops of trees. For a few days I am here, staying with Mrs. Coonley Ward. I am alone, and have been sitting in a great window, reading *Pavlo and Francesca*—for an hour. How wonderful it is !

I feel the mood that Swami speaks from, when he tells us that we, that the Universe, even God Himself, are all "but the meaning of words." Someday we shall reach freedom, and then I *know*, I trust, at least *I* shall find a great cry waiting for my voice, and every word, or every sentence shall be a human life. No more threading of pictures on a string of story, but for every *glimpse* now, a DRAMA then moving swift, and sure, with precision to its goal. And then, even beyond that, a word—some divine, most inward, ancient, and yet prophetic, speaking of an impulse that shall compel and include all dramas within itself.

Still an idolater you see ! Seeking for one word that may express to one's sense the Infinite Inexpressible !

I look up, and see the restless rippling of this great blue water—as if it were but a few steps off below my window—broken by the bare branches of the tree-tops—just touched here and there with the shimmering spear-like tips of buds—and the white gulls fly north and south across the blue, as if between branch and branch of these gnarled trees.

And I was going to ask you—what is it *you* will want, on that great day of our Freedom ? Not a word, not a cry, I know that. The right to love *all*, perhaps, or to suffer and heal all, or the gift of unseeing Vision—these I could imagine your asking, if I could indeed imagine your remembering to ask anything for yourself.

It is selfish to dream such a dream—is it not ? But there is something so mysterious in this power of words, to sway the soul, even as the water yonder, and the trees, are swayed—*O Pavlo and Francesca* !

Sunday morning

Please tell S. Sara that Mr. Andrews came to hear me speak

on Friday afternoon—and was very nice and friendly in a big manly sort of way, from all I can gather. Mrs. Andrews would have been glad of an opportunity to meet me.

I met a wonderful woman yesterday—a Mrs. Wymn, who seems to do here just what *we* shall want in India, in the stimulation of Decorative Art.

Mrs. Ward is a saint if there ever was one. And Mrs. Waterman is another. May they go into the R.K. [Ramakrishna] gallery ! Dear—how sectarian I am ! I *wish* I could get rid of it.

I saw Mary yesterday. She has had a letter from the Kng, saying that he was down with a touch of fever, and so had inot arrived. She also came up to Clark St. to see me very sweetly. Everytime I see M. our relations grow a little more artificial. I have made little or no advance so far, but in future I shall make *none* except when Swami comes, if he does. This, I think, is the only way.

Mrs. Eastman is dear, and you would love her. She has your ringing welcome for every thing beautiful and good.

And now Beloved—Goodbye for the present. Perhaps someday I shall hear that you are well and happy. Meantime, the fact that I have heard nothing seems to prove that you are.

Your own loving Child
Margot

126. To Miss J. MacLeod

1038 North Clark Street, Chicago
Saturday, May 12, 10 A.M. [*1900*]

My sweet Saint-Mother,

Your lovely letter, written in England, and posted in France, came yesterday. It was like a song of triumph. I *knew* Mrs. Jonson was all right. Hurrah for you ! Harsh criticism is simply her habit. And as Mrs. Everett says "some people seem to consider that if they ceased to criticise they would have lost their intellects." There is a good deal more of that in myself than I care to contemplate. I don't remember at all what I said to her about the King—but I do seem to have been a fool. I have a dim memory of saying something like this having taken the place of light and air to me—no longer an

accidental accessory—but it was all with the idea of handing on and sharing my treasure. Pray Heaven I be wiser for the future ! Anyway, great is Yum—and victorious in battle !—heroine of a great Car ! !

So much to tell ! I send you Swami's latest letter. He is not here yet—and I am posting your letter and Mrs. Bull's to him this morning. They have been sent to me from New York. I keep back his Indian letters.

I *am* sorry about poor Mr. Sturdy. But I don't think I *did* anything there except provide the precipitating-medium, but the criticism and money-nervousness were already ripe in his heart. I know this, if only from the way he used to go back to West Kensington at night—when he might so easily have had the little room beside the King's. I am sorry—sorry sorry. *Poor* soul ! But it *is* better in some ways. And you know Yum, nothing is so dreadful as one who holds the place of a worker, without the worker's Karma. I find this so constantly with the Hales. I have sometimes exclaimed in despair that I had not put two stones on each other that they did not pull down. Little intimate confidences about the work carried away to important people who would be sure to misunderstand, and used adversely. Till one is amazed to find how great a performance pure inability-to-do can achieve ! And so with E.T.S. Miss Muller's dictum that he could break up any organisation is true. And he cannot construct.

Is it really true that *Kali* is to be published? Is there no fear of Sonnen. going back when they have read it ? And Mr. Leggett ! What CAN I say to him ? $1000—the grey books—introductions—banking-accounts—a permanent address. It seems endless. And I don't know how to express myself so that he shall feel that it is even acknowledged.

This is GREAT about the 'Sesame-gang"s reception of Mrs. Melton ! You will be wild with joy when you know that she has gone with Lady Betty at her own expense. I don't know when I ever heard such good news. If Lady Isabel takes her up, London can be made a scene of triumph.

I am *so* pleased about your feeling for Cookie. He is indeed "several saints rolled into one." Strange that you did not yearn to kiss his wife ! I feel that my place towards my old friends has been largely that of the schoolmaster to bring

them to you ! I was the discipline and opportunity for all their goodness to shine out—but you are the great reward. Now that he knows you I have no longer that uneasy feeling of an endless debt of unpayable gratitude. His friendship is play now.

How lovely that you saw Mrs. Hammond. I am sorry that my little Mother is looking frail—but the news that Rich is living with her is everything. Poor little Nim ! She will be sorrowful at losing you ! Her "fairy godmother"—she calls you, and I am sorry at her losing S. Sara. Never mind—perhaps she will see her later—when she is still older.

Well—I stayed with Mrs. Coonley Ward nearly a week, and spent the nights at Mrs. Waterman's because she was alone. To my great zest and joy, I came back here to my lair yesterday. Mrs. Ward promises $100 to the work, but wants to use it in the meantime for a village-hall that she is building in Wyoming. So she does not put it into the bank till I am ready for it, which I think very comprehensible. Mrs. Wilmarth has given $25.

Oh, I am glad for every chance of *earning* ! I hope Sonnesch. will secure Indian copyright and issue in simple form. *India* must buy Kali !

Mrs. Coonley Ward has a friend, Miss Rool, staying with her. Miss Rool was so absurdly like Mrs. Ashton Jonson in face and voice and manner that I gave her sundry hugs on the strength of it ! She was just splendid ! Long ago in the grief of Mrs. Ward's widowhood she led her to Swedenborg for help and light. I seem to have been learning a good deal about Swedenborg lately. Together they have both outgrown it a wee and are ready for India.

Miss Rool is splendidly intellectual—Mrs. Ward exquisitely spiritual. Sometimes one would tremble at a little glimpse that she would give into her soul.

A city that contains such women as she and Jane Addams cannot be lost. Mrs. Ward had Swami in her house, once—but he did not like it—and fled to the Hales. She remembers him as "the most interesting human being she ever met."

At first I thought allusions to him were hostile and I claimed simply that "he had attained," then dropped the subject for ever—I think this is a good way.

When I came away, she took me sweetly and talked to me for an hour about the need of patience in argument—and put it on such high grounds—of being "wrapt about with the Love of God !"

I am afraid I have been growing very impatient and still more dictatorial than usual, lately. A business-man, whom we wished to win, said one of those mean cynical things that men are not ashamed to say, and I flayed him alive, till he was really eager to make me forget what he had said—whereupon I was glad, for I felt that the idea was vindicated even if he hated *me* for it. But Mrs. W. said I made a cold shiver run down her back. But I do find that if an impatient word is said half to pull *oneself* up, it sounds still more snub-like than this. Oh dear Yum, when *will* one be right ?

Mrs. Waterman—dear lady !—is peculiarly fatiguing in private life. I am so glad you decided against my going there. Work would have been impossible. And yet she is so good ! Peerless in her own way ! But nervousness piles itself on nervousness in her presence.

I met Mrs. Emmons Blaine at Hull House, and she begged me to come and see her. She is absurdly like Lady Isabel in face and manner and curiously enough in our personal relation. I feel as if I had always known her. I went late and our talk was cut very short. She promises to write and ask me to lunch one day, for I refused to make it a matter of chance, and I hope she will really do so. I should love to finish the talk. We were only at Cookie when we stopped.

The bridal pair are to return today.

Fourteen stories are done, and the Mahabharata and Rajputs remain—2 groups—with perhaps a couple of stray chapters on the Rani of Jhansi and the Taj.

I have been re-reading Tod. It is all grand, and means so much more now. I wish I could share the treat I have been enjoying in Indian literature, with you.

There is a letter from Scribner waiting for Mr. Waterman, but I don't know what it says. I shall show him what you say about Sonn. and MacMillan.

Isn't it funny how I have drifted on to the Everett shores ? And Mrs. E. was cast off by her family for marrying this man a year ago ! They believe I shall renew my acquaintance with

their relations, both in Paris and in London, and they say there is no one whom they would so like to represent them. They feel rediculously at home with me. Isn't this nice? Another romance for you to manage ! Mrs. E. has not the Celt's brilliance and quickness, but she has all the Englishwoman's goodness : She is grand. And so akin to Madame de Leeuw !—Whom I learn to love and appreciate all over again.

Your own loving Child
Margot

How fine about Albert and Russian royalty ! I wonder if it means chances of talking India ! ! !

Fancy your niece as *political* heroine !

127. To Mrs. Ole Bull

1038 North Clark St., Chicago
Sunday afternoon May 13th [*1900*]

My sweet Granny,

Many happy returns of a happy birthday ! I wanted to send you Newman's *Dream of Gerontius* for a card. But it is unattainable here. So I shall, if I can, get you Olive Schernier's [?] *Trooper Peter Halkett*. If neither is possible both are only postponed. They are worth nothing financially —so I merely vaunt myself on a thought that shall avail.

It is as hot as Calcutta—and I have been striving in vain to write any one story out of the group on the great War. Three—Bhishma, Shishupal, Judisthir, are to make this group, and then the Rajputs alone remain. I feel as if it ought to take about 2 days—and then, if a stray paper on the Rani of Jhansi and the Taj are required—it ought to be *nothing* to do there. But alack and alas ! I cannot get *at* them, somehow ! Krishna Himself is the Holy Grail of the cycle, and I want to get that atmosphere of Tennysonian idylls and Burne. Jone's Tapestries and so on into it. Mais C'est Difficile ! Oh how thankful I am to be doing this piece of work in America !

Then as to the Rajputs—how am I to approve these constant burnings and slaughterings to the taste of a people who think Sati horrible ?

But as I work through *Tod* again, it seems to me that we have none of us realised the greatness of the ancient city of

CHITORE. It is close to Oodeypore, and not very very far from Ujjain. Everything great that ever happened seems to have been there.

Everybody great belonged to it. Not Protap Singh—the prince who defied Akhbar—alone, not Padmini's time alone ; but Meera Bae belonged to it ; It had a royal Robin Hood of its own ; and Krishna Kumari Bae, the modern Iphigenia belonged to it too !

Saturday aft. May 18

My dear Granny,

I am ashamed—this is no birthday-letter. Yours, with Lady Isabel's message, came today. I have written to Dr. Janes to-day about Mr. Dressee. I wish you could have read the nice quiet letter which I received from Dr. Janes telling me of the difficulties that would meet me in Boston, in dealing with the Ramabai people, and with Swami's detracters, and advising me to answer quietly with *facts*, and without too much feeling. Wasn't that very sweet? I thanked him warmly and only hope I shall prove worthy.

Oh how pleased I am about the Boses ! I felt sure they would come. Now I have only one more wish—if only Mr. Padshah would be in Paris ! That would be a great thing—but it is enough. I have made a confession to you both in Yum's letter, and I shall be so glad to hear what you say about it. Poor Mr. Waterman is sorry. But if *you* feel that it is all right, I shall be positively glad. Perhaps you will approve of my still trying to meet Mr. Waterman's wishes, as I should like to do.

I hope you will not feel that since I have failed to make the great coup I had better have spent these weeks in meeting *people*.

The weather has changed during the last few days—and we are almost on the Arctic Circle—to judge by skin-sensation.

How beautiful about the Kali-book ! I don't know how to express my pleasure and thanks. I have not yet tried to write to Mr. Leggett—about it.

Swami has not come, and the disappointment of all my friends makes me sorry too. Otherwise, I never set my heart on him till I have him. I have too much of the serpent's wisdom.

I am sure you will be pleased with this copy of a letter, from the Holy Mother. If any more letters come to me from Calcutta, I hope you and Y. will read them before sending on. I never dreamt of their coming by Paris, or would have said so.

How good M. Nobel must be ! I am sure *Kali the Mother* is short enough for him to translate—if he only thinks it worth while !

I thought that the grey books had been hurried through for you to take 100. Now that I know you did not, I shall send them to all the London Circle. Are they not exquisite ?

I *am* pleased that Ldy. I. [Isabal] suggested your writing straight to Ld. Rayleigh. Now I think we shall progress. I answered her letter only to you, with the message about Mr. Geddes.

I am so glad that dear Mrs. Geddes is in Paris already. If you see her, will you say that I love her quite as much as when I first began to steal in for talks on the side of her bed—and she must not judge of my feeling by the frequency of my letters ?

With much much love and every good birthday wish,

Your loving childe

Margot

128. To Miss J. MacLeod

1038 North Clark St., Chicago

May 18, [1900]

My beloved Yum-Yum,

Your last letter came yesterday and was divine. The King is not here yet. So your letter makes *you* closest of all. Oh Dearest I am so glad to be sitting down to talk with you ! For I feel weary to death of my own incapacity and remorseness in 100 directions, and a talk with you is everything. By this time you are almost a united family once more. There is such a sense of hurry and bustle about these last days ! Tomorrow I am going to have a lesson in photography, with the hope that after it I shall have a clear general idea of what I want exactly, in order to start a class.

I have a very clear idea about the Chutneys, and I think Chicago should be one of the best cities in the world to get a grasp of details in.

And now I want to tell both you and S. Sara together that Mr. Waterman says frankly that I have failed to solve the book he wanted. He is good enough to say that what I *have* evolved is really better. But how much he means by this I do not know. The point is that the book which I have nearly finished has not, in his opinion, any value for the Public Schools.

Mrs. Everett is very eager, this being so, that it should be published in England—where she thinks children are better educated for understanding it. But I must have weeks in which to polish it up to its highest—and best. For there is an element in it at present, introduced to please Mr. W. which he says himself is clearly separable from what is spontaneous. This must go, and I must make every chapter and sentence classical. I feel dreadfully tempted to say, with Mrs. Everett, 'this is freedom !' But I don't like to do that—because it means much less money for the work.

He has been so beautiful about it too that I am disappointed for him. But the things that pleased him most, always struck me as the faults. He says he is just as much interested as ever, and I think it is just possible, if I have time perhaps in Paris, that I could do what he wants yet, under the *Geographical* heading.

I want to hear what you say about it, whether you are both sorry and feel that I have wasted time and money, or not. You see I have produced a book which may appeal to the Geddes and Margesson and McNeill children and to Babe when she is old enough, but cannot be used in the Schools here. Now if it had done for the public schools I might have made almost unlimited money by it. This way, I cannot. I still have 6 stories to "block out." Then for revision.

I feel ashamed of this result, and shall hope to hear your opinions either in Boston or New York.

What miracles you have worked in London ! Oh how pleased I am ! Splendid—about the Jonsons going to Paris ! Poor Mr. Sturdy ! Isn't the news grand about Mrs. Melton going on her own account ? I cannot tell you how glad I am ! Albert's amusements must be most absorbing. I don't think

Maya will really be deeper for grand Dukes and jewels. Perhaps the reverse. Don't you remember how Swami says you can't renounce what you have not had?—how you yourself had to be an Empress Josephine before you could be Josephine the Saint ? Why, Dearest, *do* you forget ! ! !

Oh Yum do you remember Ucchabal, do you remember the tent under the Chenars at our New Math ? Do you remember that last divine morning at Baramulla—when the pear blossom was brought in—and the fields were blue with purple irises ? Do you remember the Christmas night at Dukineswar ? Or *your* expedition—for I was not there, yet feel as if I had been—to Gopaler Ma ?

I WISH we had them all back again !

The news from Calcutta is very very sad. Sarut, my Bengali teacher, is dead. But Sadananda has reopened the sanitation. So I gather that the Plague must be bad.

Col. Parker's offer probably remains open for any child whom I care to send at any time, and Mrs. Everett would select a home. I think your Mr. Duncan must be the new teacher of the Blaine School here. See if he knows of Cookie—and set him on that track.

I had a beautiful thought last night. You know how Swami calls Kali-worship, the worship of Death. I was thinking of Her like that, and there seemed to be a short red road up to Her. But as one got nearer and nearer, she went back and back, till She became a lofty black door. It was the end of the path. Beyond lay the Infinite Ocean. Kali *was* Death.

That image of a great black door comes to me all the time now, with Her name.

I simply do not know how to be thankful enough for the arrangements about the book. I shall be so glad to have the proofs, and am glad two different covers are possible. We must be sure of the Indian copyright and then I *trust* the book will sell !

If Sonnenschein will also publish this, it will be lovely. How *necessary* you are ! Your plans make such links !-

And now dear Yum I kiss your dear feet,

Your own Child
Margot

129. To Miss J. MacLeod

C/o. Mrs. Edna L. D. Cheney,
Forest Hill St., Jamaica Plain, Mass.
Wednesday May 30th
Decoration Day 1900

My sweet Yum Yum,

I tried hard while in Cleveland, to send you a note or letter, but somehow it seemed impossible. This is my 1st minute of that. I have been sitting on the verandah at the back of the house where the garden simply loses itself in a wood, and where the air is full of that fragrance of sun-steeped pines that always recalls Almora. It was lovely. But oh, how badly one wants Swami ! I have been *longing* for him, for about a week—hopelessly. Shall we ever see him again ? It seems almost doubtful.

I spent some days in Cleveland with a rich Catholic lady—a Miss Walton—who seems to have been the good genius of the Gordon family, and their next-door neighbour. She is just agonising to have Swami come to her, and has formed the project of buying a place in the Himalayas as the Seviers have done. I *think* she is steady material, but we must all stand by and watch her develop for a good while, I fancy. She has invited Christina Grenstidel to come to her if Swami does, across the lake—as I felt that might help to bring him. Her longing up to quite lately has been to die in Florence. But she says that seems to have left her imperceptibly and India is now the thing.

We sat in a wood amongst the sweet briar and the violets, and chanted "Hari Om !" and then "Santih ! Om !"—and I told her all Swami's bits that I could remember, and that seemed not too much for the moment. She is an elderly, very beautiful, and rather severe-looking woman, but she was like a child. "Oh !" she said, "I always knew this was somewhere !" As a Catholic, you see, she has a wonderful background. Things are no trouble to her that would puzzle us for long. She loved the Common Salutation to the Mother, at once.

Then I spent a day with Mdme. De Leeuw and Miss Goedhust. It made my heart ache. They are like fishes out of water. There is no marriage of atmospheres with their American surroundings. The pathos that I *suspected* when I was here

before, came out in expression this time. Their eyes filled with tears when I spoke of going back to England. I was *so* sorry ! You see *I* attacked Wimbledon long ago, in the interests of our school, and made a sort of intimate soil, so to speak, in which we could all root. Nanna too was a baby almost, and made connections of her own. I always suspected that Madame had this inability socially, *poor* soul, and now it proves true. I just wished I could sit down in Cleveland and do the same thing again ! Oh I was so so sorry—but of course I say all this in confidence, for nothing would hurt them so much as my seeing it. The worst of it is, one can do nothing at all. They have half of a nice house in a charming green street, but I could not feel any home or stimulus about it.

Before I left Chicago, I went to see Col. Parker. He had been "East," and was quite different from what he had been before. "I have heard of you everywhere," he said. And in a hundred ways I could tell that the hearing had been unsatisfactory—probably orthodox attack.

Last night I went with Mrs. C. to the Women's suffrage Convention, and met, I am *certain*, though Mrs. C. says she thinks I am mistaken, Mrs. Shaw and her companion. But if so, they recognised me—I know that—and took pains not to show it. I saw their start of surprise and displeasure when they found that I was there.

I tell you all this, in order that S. Sara may be under no misconception not for any other reasons. If my plan ever carries through, Ramabai's must not be destroyed. Mine must be added. That I quite understand. And that is the subconscious fact that all this expresses. But—it is sectarian—and unnecessary I fancy. My only dread is, lest, in putting my scheme as favourably as possible before the public. I should [not ?] conceal anything that they might find out afterwards with surprise and a feeling of reproach, *This* I pray to be saved from doing. For the rest, I am not responsible.

They quoted last night some great leaders' saying that a new truth before it is accepted must meet with (1) ridicule (2) argument and (3) opposition. When these 3 are present, know that you are about to win. Oh dear—come on all 3—as hard as you can—I don't mind how *much*, if only you are not everlasting.

I hope I am free to do what I like with the Sanitary Report that you sent me. I want to send it to Mr. Bright, of Calcutta, asking the city to find money for the work. Perhaps I had better send the letter to you to be posted—and have it go from Paris. I have a feeling that I do not want to be thought of by English officials there as in America.

The day after tomorrow—Free Relig. Ass.—I have not yet defined my speech to myself. I half thought of talking it over with you. Swami's picture is here with us.

Our Obligations to *the Orient*. I was lecturing at New Tonville yesterday, and some ladies begged me to lay all my stress on what the Orient had done for us.

The idea of Christians that Salvatian is not a great universal fact of human life, but something only to be found through the medium of their Church or their Creed, that "the pursuit of the soul by GOD" is not so much in the nature of all things everywhere, as it is a peculiar process carried on under definite conditions in a definite guise, this idea—far from being a possible blasphemy—has been a mental safe-guard, a boundary, like rivers and mountains, ensuring to the peoples within its pale, the highest possible development of their creeds influence on their thought and aspiration. The same has been true of the Moslem faith, which divides the whole world into the Faithful and the Infidels.

In both cases we reach the same faults—militarism and imperialism—the clash of the Faith upon the world as upon something opposed to it—all war is Civil War—for all Humanity is One. Wherever we find Civil War, we want a higher synthesis, which shall include the opposed unities in a larger *federal* unity. We may take it that the only way of reconciling differences is to *include* them. This is the assertion that we call FREEDOM. The *Ethos* of Christianity is Life—an actual Divine Life, circulating through the whole body, but the instant we assert exclusiveness as in any way any function of ours, we are making our religion a matter of the form of the vessel that *contains* life, not life itself. There is a reason for this, however.

Christianity is LIFE. It is Life that came to us from the East, and was transmitted to us through the agency of an Imperial people—a people earnestly stretching out their own hands in

the strange new prayer of a subject people, eager to warm and satisfy their hungry sense of Divinity in all the pain and need of humanity by the vision of the Crucified God. To the Roman people's keen sense of sovereign dignity it was suddenly revealed that in that mock Kingship of the silent Prisoner—clothed in purple, crowned with thorns, holding a reed in His hand, and receiving from the boisterous soldiery the wild inverted homage of scourging and blows and taunts—that in that mock Kingship there was more royalty than in all the pomp of Emperors and conquerors. The Son of GOD stood as it were on the low and lonely hilltop of Calvary, outlined gigantic against a quiet sky. Below Him surged the great ocean of Humanity—beating restlessly, hopelessly, to and fro against His Feet. The robe of His splendour was the brutality of man—and as the proud world stood still to gaze into His eyes, it heard the wonderous Voice thrill to Earth's remotest confines in the tone that is known only to the soul—

"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden and *I* will refresh you !"

What wonder that they crowded round Him ? The hem of His garment—the touch of His Hand—the dust of His Feet—that was enough. They received from Him Life—and they handed it to their children. So much we know.

But the Romans were an Imperial, a military people. They had the *results* of Greek and Alexandrian metaphysics before them, but not that deep philosophical yearning which would urge them to leave the avenues for ever open to farther progress along similar lines. They were without sense of the sacramental value of Ideas in defining limits—without the possibility of imagining the potential vastness of intellectual assertions. To them the world of their day—the shores of the Mediterranean and more or less of Europe—had become the Church of the Redeemed, and a great multitude it was "which no man could number, of all nations and hundreds and people and tongues"—

They never dreamt of questioning that the formulae that fitted the mind of the Romans of their day would fit all minds always and enable them to gain access to the Living Water of Spiritual Life.

How the crash came we know. Printing and the rediscovery

of culture conspired together to unveil to the Christian consciousness the unexplored vastness of the intellectual world and of Christiandom asserted the right of the individual to choose belief. Alas—the Freedom of Thought had to be asserted by the rupture of the Church. And the schism in its turn offered only a limited and temporary definition of what its own freedom meant. Every pioneer of religious freedom knows how few are the Protestants who can carry Protestantism to its logical conclusion. But the inner core of the new movement was the fact that had given it birth.

Men's perception in themselves of a new Passion—*the Passion for* TRUTH—as distinct from a mythology—the passion for a mythology had led to mediaeval art—the passion for Truth now led to Modern Science. And just as Art reacted on its Mother, the Mediaeval Church, to produce the Renaissance, so Science has reacted on *its* Mother, the Religious Freedom of the Intellect, to produce a new religious era. *For we of the 19th Century are clebrating a second Renaissance.* Today it is not the discovery of Greece that has changed the face of the world—but the discovery of INDIA.

We had suddenly awakened to the defects in our fore-father's building. They had defined new consequences of the truth of the Xtn. mythology. The question of its own truth or untruth they had not considered.

Today the faith of Western nations is reeling to its fall, because the Universities have discovered (and this is no laughing-matter—to do so is always the function of Universities) that the Christian mythology is only true as a mythology—no more and no less. The dream of our faith as something by itself, alone of its own kind, founded on a rock of historical certainty, proved infalliable by its universal and indefinite adaptability, has faded away from us.

The literary study of the Bible and the scientific study of the universe have combined to lead souls to a place where the mythological aspect of the Gospel marks all others. In all sincerity hearts cry out for the moorings of their childhood but the waves and the billows of Doubt are the whole reply—"Truth ! Truth ! Truth !" implores the spirit of man, and "Truth, or your GOD ?" queries back the mocking spirit of the Age .

Once more our Western Humanity surges and beats about the hillside of Calvary, with eyes turned to the lone and beloved Figure of the Son of GOD. But the sadness of the multitudes today is too often the sadness of farewell—or the cynicism which is often the scar of the wound of such an experience. In one hand man has grasped the fact that Consecretion, Renunciation, Self-Sacrifice to the uttermost is the law of Life. In the other hand he holds only a few ashes where once were the joyous reasons and justifications for Self-Sacrifice.

Far away in her primitive simplicity of living, the Aryan land pursues her round of lofty thought. The anguish of our Western age would be a child's puzzle to her. Her humblest scholar, dealing with his dearest myth, will distinguish between Eternal Truths or *Vedas*, and symbolic Truths, or *Purans*.

"When JESUS says thou shalt love the Lord thy God - - -" he will say—"it is a Veda"—but when it says "JESUS was born in B. of J.—" it is a Puran.

And India knows better than to dread the effect on her mythologies of such a distinction—for she knows that mythologies have a function of their own, and just what that function is.

But there is another point in our plight today. The men in whom the Hunger for Truth is most awakened are the most religious men. The men, therefore, who for Truth's sake, say farewell to Christianity, are the most religious of the religious.

Yet has the Church no room for them. Here and there we find a pastor or a Congregation who *tolerates* such—but where is there anyone who *welcomes* the atheistic crisis as the entrance to a new and more living realisation ? Yet, if it has come in the way of *growth*, it must be so. If this man is really more religious than his fellows, the Church, before any, ought to be able to recognise the fact.

India, once more, can show her how. In that great civilisation, spending its national energy on Religion, there is in the mind of the commonest peasant, *an unbroken series from the fetich-worship of the savage, or the cupboard-love of the baby, on to the impatience of all images* and symbols and gifts, of the Saint who sees GOD by direct perception of the soul, the *Brahmagnani* as he is called—a direct, unbroken series.

And the crisis that proves the destiny of sainthood is the moment when it comes to a man to say "all this is untrue. I

will have no more to do with forms—no never beautiful—with tales, however tender or tragic, or surcharged with divine significance.

"I will break the dream—this dream of the unreal—I will merge myself with uncreated Fire—for like as the past panteth after the water-brooks *so* panteth my soul after Thee—O Thou True !"

Here we come upon.

Thursday morning

And so on. This *has* been the place to jump from as I thought. I now think of arranging my little talk in this way—

Our Obligations to the Orient

1. Use of images and mythologies.
   Roman Empire—British—Greek. Renaissance—Indian Renaissance.
2. All creeds are but different paths to reach the end of sectarianism—Isolation of Xtianity.
3. Rational Conceptions of Existence—Karma—Finite Causes —Finite Effects etc.
4. Supreme object of Religious end—Same-sightedness—the Witness.
5. Science—Art—Love—Effort—Religion only different formulations of one Eternal Fact.
6. The Imperative which all this implies—Restoration of Monastic Orders.
7. The great step next before the Xtn Church. "Bow down and adore where others kneel." Xtn and Hindu together praying "from the unreal lead us to the Real."

Goodbye, Dearest—forgive this tiresome letter—

Your Child
Margot

Mr. Pal precedes me, on "India's Contribution to Free Religion." Oh Yum ! my hand just trembles with nervousness !

130. To Miss J. MacLeod [?]

New York
June 4, 1900

You know to my nature a thing hardly seems true or accomplished till it is somehow uttered and left on record.

Swami has just lectured.

I went early and took the seat at the left end of the second row—always my place in London, though I never thought of it at the time.

Then as we sat and waited for him to come in, a great trembling came over me, for I realized that this was, simple as it seemed, one of the test-moments of my life.

Since last I had done this thing, how much had come and gone ! My own life—where was it ? Lost—thrown away like a cast-off garment that I might kneel at the feet of this man. Would it prove a mistake ; an illusion ; or was it a triumph of choice ; a few minutes would tell.

And then he came ; his very entrance and his silence as he stood and waited to begin were like some great hymn. A whole worship in themselves.

At last he spoke—his face broke into fun, and he asked what was to be his subject. Someone suggested the Vedanta philosophy and he began.

Oneness—the Unity of all - - - "And so the final essence of things is this Unity. What we see as many—as gold, love, sorrow, the world—is really God. - - - We see many, yet there is but One Existence. - - - These names differ only in the degrees of their expression. The matter of today is the spirit of the future. The worm of today—the God of tomorrow. These distinctions which we so love are all parts of one Infinite fact and that one Infinite fact is the attainment of Freedom. - - -

"All our struggle is for freedom—we seek neither misery nor happiness but Freedom - - - Man's burning unquenchable thirst —never satisfied—asking always for more and more. You Americans are seeking always for more and more. At bottom this desire is the sign of man's infinitude. For infinite man can only be satisfied when his desire is infinite and its fulfilment infinite also - - -"

And so the splendid sentences rolled on and on, and we,

lifted into the Eternities, thought of our common selves as of babies stretching out their hands for the moon or the sun—thinking them a baby's toys. The wonderful voice went on—

"Who can help the Infinite ? - - - Even the hand that comes to you through the darkness will have to be your own."

And then with that lingering, heart-piercing pathos, that no pen can even suggest, "We—infinite dreamers, dreaming finite dreams."

Ah, they are mistaken who say that a voice is nothing—that ideas are all For this in its rise and fall was the only possible music to the poetry of the words—making the whole hour a pause, a retreat, in the market place of life—as well as a song of praise in some dim Cathedral aisle

At last—the whole dying down and away in the thought—"*I* could not see *you* or speak to you for a moment—I who stand here seeing and talking—if this Infinite Unity were broken for a moment—if one little atom could be crushed and moved out of its place - - -

"Hari Om ! Tat Sat !"

And for me—I had found the infinitely deep things that life holds for us. To sit there and listen was all that it had ever been. Yet there was no struggle of intellectual unrest now—on tremor of novelty.

This man who stood there held my life in the hollow of his hand—and as he once in a while look my way, I read in his glance what I too felt in my own heart, complete faith and abiding comprehension of purpose—better than any feeling - - - Swami says, "All accumulations are for subsequent distribution, this is what the fool forgets."

131. To Miss J. MacLeod

21 West 34th, New York
Wednesday, June 6th, 1900. 8 P.M.

Ave Yum Yum ! Ave all of you !—for here I am in this great Himalayas of an empty house—feeling a little excellent at the space and freedom—and a little desolate at the want of you in it—sitting in *your* room, at *your* writing-table once more. It seems a miracle. It is so natural to be here. One could believe

that the past 10 weeks had not passed, only *you* are gone ! It seems like Sept. of last year once more—but *your* place is a blank ; If one dwelt on this thought it would be easy to understand the souls that fly shrieking, as it were, from some abode that should be dear—because the beloved dead are gone from it for evermore.

How are you all ? I trust Lady Betty is still "doing everything." Mrs. Maher asked so eagerly for news that I felt quite rich over the contents of your last letter. Well, the silence of these walls seems a proof that others are echoing with laughter otherwhere—and that all is well.

I left Mrs. Cheney this morning—having spent 9 days with her. She was *most* kind, a grave, dignified kindness—distinctive and old-world in its character. A sweet large soul—of the intellectual and critical temperament living tenderly and reverently on—though husband and child have long gone from her—it seems wicked to say that her life is "blasted" for it is full of charities and sweetnesses. Yet every thought is with her dead, and her very life in their memory. We have talked of them continually—yet I do not yet know how "Margaret," the beloved daughter, went from her—I only know that she was about 20 or just over—rapt in her scientific studies—full of promise. For the rest, she was alive ! It would have seemed a cruelty to ask a question that would call up last words or looks—though it was a matter of every moment to ask some questions about her, living.

Like all intellectual women, Mrs. Cheney is led by principles. It is her staunchness to Religious *Freedom* of which she has a clear and fine conception—that makes her our friend. And she confessed to me one morning, that Ramabai's attitude on her last visit had diminished her sympathy. I blamed myself much while with her that *I* talked little to *her*. I never told her anything of the treasures we had found in India, and yet she would take me to see other people and listen almost hungrily to anything I told them. But when we were alone together, I did nothing. She seemed to confer everything. I think perhaps it was all right. Words are not everything. She was tired when I left—having entertained about 40 people on my account yesterday. And she talked long and earnestly with me about it all, last night. She knows the difficulty of setting an industrial school on foot, and she thinks I do not dream of all I shall

encounter. Above all she says no industrial school can ever be self-supporting, its test of success is that *the pupils when they leave can earn their own living.*

She thinks I should plan in the autumn to come back in January or February—and should include Philadelphia in my round. The Meads are with us heart and soul—and they also urge this—promising me one paid hearing of 25 dollars and unpaid hearings from all the orthodox sects in Boston. Dear Mr. Llyod thinks if I do come again, it should be with the "added momentum" of work done in Paris and London.

A gentleman who was at the X X Century Club that day called one evening and gave 25 dollars to the work—and Mrs. Cheney herself gave another 25 dollars this morning.

I had an invitation from Mrs. Denning to visit her country place on the way down, and another from a Mrs. Gordon—and another from Miss Cochrane—but Swami had written urging me to get here as fast as I could—so I have refused all. And here I can finish the stories, and get the ms. ready. This is a lovely retreat !

Will you tell S. Sara that Mrs. Cheney has a sort of forster-son—a Mr. Jack—a Botanist, living with her ? He works under Prof. Sedgwick who is practically arbiter of the Lowell Ins. Trust. To him I gave Ld. R's letter—that he might send it to Prof. Sedgwick and get him to do the rest. Mr. Jack said *he* had no influence and was shy of undertaking the task—but Mrs. Cheney was strongly of opinion that this was the way to do it. And of course it was important to do it simply, without fuss or "coaxing." So I wrote Mr. Jack a straightforward little letter—setting forth the matter, and enclosing Ld. R's and gave it to him at breakfast this morning. I may drop a grain of corn here and there from my beak yet, like a fowl of the air, but *if* Prof. Sedgwick makes up his mind to tackle the matter, it is best left entirely with him. He has already left for Europe and it is reasonable to suppose that he will be on the look-out for men to fill the chair during the next few months. He is a biologist (of the Technological Institute), so you ought to find it easy to bring him into the net, and then S. Sara could see that he met Dr. Bose—and could judge for herself as to mentioning the matter or not.

On Monday afternoon last I went to *Concord* with Mr. Lloyd. I love Mr. Lloyd. And so I know enough now to reverence

each word and thought he utters. *He* said this was so even with books—one could not reverence before one loved. But out in the air he was a man—a soul struggling with its thoughts and their expression. I went home with him to supper—and Presto !—he was a shy boy—lost in his wife's opulence of motherhood. I never met such a woman. She has a heart like a cathedral ! Her very voice thrills you with welcome and self-respect. That was *worth* doing. He gave me great thoughts—great practical views—that is, of big questions—things to pass on to Swami—and Concord was like a dream. We caught a train home about 7—whenever I offered to cut it short, he always said, "No—I am going to drink this cup to the bottom !"

I wrote *10 sheets* to Mr. Apperson about his gods—and have not another word to say about it, except that I added young Dr. Emerson and his wife and sister to the people I have loved and admired in America.

My speech last Friday was more successful than it deserved to be—and I had a lovely talk with Dr. Fleischer at dinner, and a friendly spur in public with my dear Mr. Crossby. He evidently had misgivings after and wrote me a lovely letter which I must send to you. I do want you to love Mr. Crossby. You seem dreadfully incomplete without that grace !

Goodbye Dearest—I walked into the room and kissed your pillow when I arrived, according to my foolish habit. I wish I had *you* here to kiss.

Your own child
Margot

Baby's Dewey-spoon is in your treasure-drawer.

Please give my love to *everyone*—including Mr. Leggett and Baby.

Do you really think it possible that I might be somewhere within hail of the Geddes ? It sounds much too good to be true ! I had a wondrous letter from the King. "Death for the cause, not success is your goal"—he says.

I spoke to the Orthodox Congregational Ministers last Monday morning—by Mr. Mead's arrangement—of a new policy in the mission field, and greatly enjoyed it. They were very different from *women* in the same place. One came up and said "God bless you ! I'm nearly 90 years of age and I say : "God bless you my child and your work ?"

S. Sara may not have made herself responsible for me, but *her* Karma has made the whole difference to me in Boston, and I know it. You need not thank her, however, as we are all blood-relations. Swami says that's all wrong !

R. W. Trine paid me a compliment. As soon as I began to speak, he says, he classed me "under Mrs. B's type." Then he proceeded to inform me that he thought Mrs. Bull was of the "highest type of women." Even Albert would [have] accepted amiably so subtle a compliment— ?

132. To Miss J. MacLeod

Thursday Evening
[9. 6. 1900]

My dear Yum,

After posting your letter, I went on to do other things and on reaching Turiananda found that Swamiji was expected at 1.30 ! ! ! He came, and I have been with him all afternoon. He walked here with me from 102 E 50th without the slightest apparent fatigue. But he has evidently been ill again, very. Has had a slight operation, which is scarcely healed. Very keen on money and counts over every spending like an old miser—much to my amusement.

Mr. W. D. Howells called while he was here, and would have stayed longer—but Swami began to interrupt the conversation with irrelevant questions ! You see what his mood is—(Saturday morning—a storm came through your window last night, and blotted everything. There is a letter from you this morning. But I was going to write anyway).

No—I won't touch the 1000 dollars on any consideration. Swami went into the question with me and agrees. I was willing to pay out the 100 dollars I had earned and the £10 odd he left for me. But he says I must not do even that. Mayavati must print Kali, and it will sell in India, and California—This will be much cheaper than English printing—and not the same expense of carriage.

Do you remember how Mr. Leggett once told me that the 2nd million was infinitely more attractive than the lst ? Well, tell him to look upon this as an instance of the same kind.

For someone has **Promised**—only promised, not given yet—5000 dollars to the work. I am afraid to say more about it, but it a makes every farthing of the first 6 times more precious. The love of gold is coming upon me. We are asking ourselves whether I dare set out for Calcutta now—or at least as soon as I get 7000 dollars completed.

Counting Mrs. Coonley Ward's promised $ 100 I have now $ 1668 dollars—plus personal fund of $ 137·25 in the bank.

Perhaps it would not take long to make the tale complete. I would love to come and do anything for Dear Mr. Geddes—as long as India does not absolutely demand other things from me. But I **must** try to *earn* money—well well. Mrs. Roethlisberger said it was all arranged. I have lost her address by the way. I shall hope to find it before you write again—but please send it, in case I don't.

At present—Swami is not even speaking of Paris—and I am lyin' low and not sayin' nuffin'. He is never coming back to America, either, which is almost enough to make me undertake afternoon tea engagement for next winter !

"All accumulations are for subsequent distribution," he said yesterday—"This is what the fool forgets."

He is not in the inspired mood at present, but in the human —which only you have power to love most. He has given up hoping that America will solve the problems of the Sudra. She is hastening towards a dictatorship as fast as she can go.

If Mr. Geddes will not give more than one lecture a day I can interpret. If more, I can't "wrestle in prayer" with it sufficiently myself.

At the end, we might make a book of him. Does he know himself that he is unintelligible?

And now dearest Yum, goodbye. I must write to Cookie and get my poor old ms. sent to Swarupananda.

Your ever loving child

Margot

If Mr. Geddes lectures in French, I am of no use.

Mr. Dresser failed to keep his appointment with me. So I sent him Lady Isabel's address, to write to her direct.

133. TO MISS J. MACLEOD [?]

21 WEST 34TH.
Wednesday Morning,
June 13th 1900

I meant to write you a long letter Dear to go with this—but I hardly think it will be.

I want to know if you will write Nim a long cheery letter. I had a wail from her yesterday, written at the height of some trouble that really *was* a trouble—but startling me with the words "I wish from the bottom of my heart that Baby were not coming." I wrote to her at once—begging her to let anything go, in the effort to think of **real** things—and to give the child serenity and welcome—for the present. Perhaps without saying anything about troubles you would write her a "fairy Godmotherly" letter of advice and cheer. Would you ? You know so much about the coming of a child. I know you would help her. And it would brighten her. Tell her about Paris too. Anything would help. I have left her too much alone. Swami sent for me on Monday, and I had a heavenly evening. He was so entertaining at first—abusing somebody with long romances that made me laugh till I didn't know what to do. And—hush ! Even raking up poor old "H'n Baba" and blaming ME for running after him !

Gradually his mood changed—and he ended with sublime prophecies and plans about the school and Indian Education. I think it more than doubtful that he will go to Paris. He may even wish me to stay away. But of course you know it is too early yet to speak. I wish if you answer this you would tell me where his clothes and books came to from Boston. Here ? Or Vedanta Society ? If here, where? I may find out before you reply—or I may not.

Yesterday I went to the Pratt Institute to meet Dr. Henderson. Dr. H. is grand. I may someday have a surprise for you in that direction. I gave a short lecture on the Taj in Chapel. Swami came here at noon—but I was out, and in the evening *he* was out, also ! I mean to get out the Silver tomorrow and pack. If I do not come I can hardly send it by Dr. Janes—as he will take *very* little luggage. Hope Lady B. is QUITE well now.

Lovingly,
Margot

As Swami and I walked down 5th Ave. last Thursday afternoon, a man in an English dogcart stared at me hard ? His face was familiar, after *days* I have named it MR. MELTON.

134. To Miss J. MacLeod

New York
June [July ?] 16th, 1900

This morning the lesson on the Gita was grand. It began with a long talk on the fact that the highest ideals are not for all. Non-resistance is *not* for the man who thinks the replacing of the maggot in the wound, by the leprous saint, with "Eat, Brother !" disgusting and horrible. Non-resistance is practised by a Mother's love towards an angry child. It is a travesty in the mouth of a coward, or in the face of a lion. .

Let us be true. Nine-tenths of our life's energy is spent in trying to make people *think* us that which we are not. That energy would be more rightly spent in *becoming* that which we would like to be. And so it went—beginning with the Salutation to an Incarnation.

Salutation to thee—the Guru of the Universe,
Whose footstool is worshipped by the gods.
Thou one unbroken Soul,
Physician of the World' diseases.
Guru of even the gods,
To thee our salutation.

Thee we salute. Thee we salute. Thee we salute—in the Indian tones by Swami himself.

There was an implication throughout the talk that Christ and Buddha were inferior to Krishna—in the grasp of problems—in as much as they preached the highest ethics as a world-path, whereas Krishna saw the right of the *whole*—in all its parts—to its own differing ideals. But perhaps no-one not familiar with his thought would have realized that this lay behind his exclamation, "The Sermon on the Mount has only become another bondage for the soul of man !"

All through his lectures now, he shows this desire to understand Life as it is, and to sympathise with it. He takes less of the "Not this, not this" attitude and more of the "Here comes and now follows" sort of tone. But I fear that people find him even more out of touch at a first hearing than ever used to be the case.

He talked after lunch about Bengali poetry, then about astronomy. He confessed to a whimsical doubt as to whether the stars were not merely an optical delusion since amongst the million of man-bearing earths that must apparently exist, no beings of higher development than ours yet seemed to have attempted signalling to us.

And he suggested that Hindu painting and sculpture had been rendered grotesque by the national tendency to infuse psychic into physical conceptions. He said that he himself knew of his own experience that most physical or meterial things had psychic symbols, which were often to the material eye grotesquely unlike their physical counterparts. Yesterday he told me how, as a child, he hardly ever was conscious of going to sleep. A ball of coloured light came towards him and he seemed to play with it all night. Sometimes it touched him and burst into a blaze of light, and he passed off. One of the first questions S. R. K. put to him was about this, "Do you not see such a light when you sleep?" "Yes," he replied, "does not everyone sleep so?"

One of the Swamis says this was a psychic something which showed that concentration was a gift with which he started this life, not to be earned during its course. One thing I am sure of, that gift of Swami's of never forgetting any step of his experience is one of the signs of great souls. It must have been part of that last vision of Buddha.

When we get to the end, we shall not want to know our past incarnations. Maria Theresa and Petrarch and Laura will have no meaning for us, but the steps of our realisation will. This is what he shows. I sit and listen to him now, and all appears to the intellect so obvious, to the will to unattainable, and I say to myself "What were the clouds of darkness that covered me in the old days ? Surely no-one was ever so blind or so ignorant !" You must have been right when you thought me hard and cold. I must have been so, and it must have been

the result of the long effort to things by the mind alone, without the feelings.

Swami is all against Bhakti and Emotion now—determined to banish it, he says. But how tremendous that unity of mind and heart, from which he starts. He can afford to dispense with either—since both are fully developed, and the rest is merely discipline. I fancy most of us will do well to feel all we can.

135. To Miss J. MacLeod

208 W. 72nd Street, New York
June 24 [*1900*]

My sweet Yum Yum,

Here I am—with Miss Phillips, and though Swami slept out last night (it is early morning, and I have stolen down to his writing-table to write to you !) *he is supposed to be visiting here.* Can you imagine such joy ? I do hope there will be another letter from you before I start, because he keeps asking me for one. I have just wound up my stay in America, by writing the sweetest letter to the Rev. Mother—telling the poor dear soul how all his luck has turned, and he is looking like a God or like the Archangel Gabriel—and leaving her to infer that all Earth's Crowns are at his feet. I told her about the horoscope and the 6th of Dec. too !

But it's all true Yum Yum ! As he is now—nothing in the wide earth can resist him. He is divine. This morning at 11 he is to lecture on MOTHER-WORSHIP And you shall all have every word of that lecture, if I have to pay $10 to get it taken down. It is going to be the *great* event. Just think of it ! It was mentioned by someone yesterday to me—before him. And he turned and said—smiling—"Yes, Mother Worship—that's what I am going to lecture on—and that is what I LOVE." Just like that radiant and at ease and free.

The other morning he came down to me at 34th St.—with some piece of news, and I offered him advice that struck him as wrong. Oh Yum, I wish you could have seen him ! It was worth being wicked to get such a glimpse ! He said—"Remember that I am free—*free*—Born *free* !" And then he talked of the Mother, and of how he wished the work and the world

would break to pieces that he might go and sit down in the Himalayas and meditate. That Europeans had never preached a religion, because they had always *planned.* That a few Catholic saints alone had come near to this—that it was not *he*—but *Mother* who did all WHATEVER she might do—was equally welcomed to him. That once Siva sitting with Uma in Kailash, arose to go, and when She asked Him why—He said "*There*—look that servant of mine is being beaten. I must go to his aid." A moment later, He came back—and again She asked Him why. "I am not needed. He is helping himself"—was all the reply.

And then he blessed me—before he went—saying "Well well—you are Mother's child," and I went away and cried—because the moment was somehow so great. Goodbye, sweet mother Joy,

Your loving Child
Margot

136. To Miss J. MacLeod

208 West 72nd Street, New York
26th June 1900

My dearest Yum,

Yesterday Mrs. C. P. Huntington gave me $ 500 [5000?] and Swami says there is no longer any secret. He only did not want you all to know till the thing was done, as that short of thing makes people ridiculous. When Mrs. Leggett comes back to New York Mrs. H. looks forward to knowing her and after consulting with her and receiving her advice, to making a further yearly donation to the school.

In the meantime, I have transferred the whole account to that of "Margaret E. Noble or Bessie MacLeod Leggett," insted of making a will or entering into a troublesome agreement. Under this arrangement, Mrs. Leggett, as President of the Society would have power to do anything, in case I died, and in case we both died suddenly, Mrs. Leggett and my Brother, I suppose, would settle to put the whole under the care of whatever person Swami might next nominate. I hope Lady Betty will not feel that I took an undue liberty with her name.

Swami says that the interest on the present sum of $ 6500 wiil give me in Calcutta a monthly income of at least 50 Rs.

and that that, with what I may gain in the next few months will be enough to begin upon. So he wants me to leave for Calcutta next January or Feb. ! ! ! Isn't that joyful?

Miss Phillips on the other hand urges my return to New York at that time, as do Mr. Meads of Boston. But he will have no plans. "Live from Mother's hand" is all he will say. So I think an early date will see me back in the beloved land.

Swami will follow to Paris I think as soon as he has been to Detroit, but I don't know. I wonder if the Bose's are yet in the West. You will know.

Dr. Janes was here to dinner last night. We start Thursday morning. Oceans of love, you best of Mothers.

Your child,
Margot

137. To Miss J. MacLeod

My Cell No. 9.
19 rue de Marigman, Paris.
Thursday Morning, [*1. 7. 1900*]

My sweet Yum,

You know how much I talk about the vulgarity of selfishness. Therefore you are prepared for the fact that I am myself vulgar to the core. One only analyses one's own temptations in so scornful and efficient a way. For, as you perceive, I write to you when I need a Confidante. This morning, for the first time, I feel some despair about my work for Mr. Geddes. *I fail absolutely* to do what he wants. He thinks I could succeed in 3 months with a library. I think, but do not say, that the failure would only then be more complete. You have been right about the greatness of the freedom Swami gives. Freedom to be oneself and to express Him in one's own way is the height of divine and human giving. Oh how one's soul is beneath his feet ! The infinite mercy of God that could clothe itself thus for our loving !

About Mr. Geddes—what am I to say? It is the yearning Chiro spoke of—to give anyone and everyone what he thinks he wants, in the way he wants it that yearning that would destroy the whole of the future for the first cry out of the hedge by the roadside.

Here is this soul—surely the sweetest that ever breathed—asking one to accept its gifts (for I cannot call his companionship and thought anything but a priceless gift), and only *begging* in return—like the humblest beggar too, not as one who had a *right*—that one should be the voice or the hand that his thought and heart require.

And when I fail, as I do at each point—cataloguing and indexing, lecture-reporting, report-making, all alike—he only sighs and says "Well, I am sure you could do it in 3 months !" I feel torn to pieces. *He* wants a voice that shall utter his thought as he could have done. I try then to make a mosaic in which the bright bits are his words, and I provide only grey cement of mere grammatical context. You can imagine how feeble this is. I am trying the experiment over again that I tried with Mr. Waterman. One has to possess the idea, and to be free in the possession in order to do work of the quality he needs. Even then I doubt that I could do it. I have even less education, and less ability intellectually than we have supposed.

But supposing that I *had* the ability and *could* do the thing as well as he needs it, it would be so different that he would not see himself in it anywhere. And this is a renunciation for which this exquisite soul is not yet prepared. I am at bottom totally divergent, and you know this appalling sincerity of mine. I *cannot* be a reporter— it is not that I will not ; it is that I **cannot**. When I try, I disappoint him so much, because I am not even a good stenographer. Think of it Yum-Yum !

This morning I have said strong things for the first time, ceasing to be an ear, and becoming also a thought. From merely disappointing, I have passed to giving pain. And all the while I feel that life could be reduced to a salutation of pure reverence.

There is not a strain of poverty or littleness in that whole nature. But there *is* the fatal error of want of reuunciation. Absurd ! Yes, quite absurd, yet true.

The relative *is* the Absolute.
That is the nonsense of it [i.e. 4 = 5

By deepening one's culture in the relative,
One gains the Absolute [i.e. 2+2=5.

Therefore, it is supremely important that this thought, this particular thought, should be expressed in words, in stone, in finance, in expositions.

How like criticism this sounds ! Yet this soul is to me so grand and austere and white, I would die rather than forget the love and reverence it demands. I think it is not criticism, but recognition.

You see, dear Yum, the grander the nature the subtler the question, that life puts to it. What would money or fame be to Mr. Geddes ? What to any of us ? It is all very well to think oneself a miserable sinner—One *is*, but not in the form of the pickpocket or the glutton. It is mischievous to go on in fear of these things, surely. It is certainly mischievous to take credit for being quit of them. Even Cecil Rhodes, you told me once, does not love money with the mere rich man's love. He is none the more a saint for that.

So I believe that Mr. Geddes is asking the impossible of the world. And I am fool enough to feel that I would die to give it him, with the utmost joy, as I cannot die, and could not help if I did, I shall go on struggling with my expression and adding to the disappointment in his heart till the moment of Swami's signal comes. But I *wish* he had not had more exquisite hopes at the beginning of my discipleship. Each one is a thorn now.

You do not know what a relief it is to have you to say these things to.

I am going to ask you to answer the enclosed letter of Ernest's. You can tell him details of price and likelihood of being in London, and I cannot. And if I write one letter more today I spoil myself for Mr. Geddes' work altogether.

One thing more I must say. A number of us were here last evening, and Mdlle de Nenville insisted on dining me home. As we went, a young man and young woman passed down a street —poor souls !—with their arms round each other. Mdlle de N saw them and instantly began about them to us in a sarcastic tone—ending with—"what would you say, I wonder, if you saw *me* doing that?" "I should say that you had stepped off a pedestal, Dear !" answered her companion. Oh Yum—it made my heart ache. Such a hunger for love there was in it to *my* ears : such empty, ugly irreverence for life—for this poor human life of ours that is after all so infinitely divine in its beauty of

tear-stains and mutual love—and worst of all, such deliberate vanity and flattery !

I was quite silent at the moment, unable to analyse my pain and surprise. When I did understand, I could not help smiling a wee—for if Mrs. Bull had gone through it, even she would have been satisfied at last that monasticism *includes* life, does not exclude it. But it is the first element that is also the last in it, after all. How the poor child needs to be loved ! How she unconsciously longs for it ! It was a revelation—a *terrible* revelation—to me. Has she surrounded herself with walls that will cut it off from her for ever in an uglier and uglier seclusion?—or will she reach it somehow, and become a *woman*, whether for her personal joy or sorrow?

I have an idea that it would be for sorrow that she is not intended for home-happiness, that she is to stand in some individual place, alone, but if it is *in ignorance* of what she turns from, what a pity !

Curious—isn't it?—that little speech of hers last night was intended for my enlightenment you see, not I for hers.

The Boses are their own beloved selves, and Lady Betty says they are lovely. You may imagine if you like my joy and satisfaction.

I fancy you will be home soon after Sunday.

Your loving child
Margot

138. To Miss J. MacLeod

New York
July 6th, 1900

I left my late hostess this morning, having spent 9 days with her. She was most kind, a grave dignified kindness, distinctive and old-world in its character.

A sweet large soul, of the intellectual and critical temperament living tenderly and reverently on though husband and child have long gone from her. It seems wicked to say that her life is "blasted," for it is full of charities and sweetnesses ; yet every thought is with her dead, and her very life in their

memory. We have talked of them continually, yet I do not yet know how the beloved daughter went from her. I only know that she was about 20, rapt in her scientific studies, full of promise. For the rest she was alive ! It would have seemed a cruelty to ask a question that would call up last words or looks, though it was a matter of every moment to ask some question about her, living.

Like all intellectual women, my hostess is led by principles. It is her staunchness to Religious Freedom, of which she has a clear and fine conception, that makes her our friend.

I blamed myself much while with her that I talked little to her. I never told her anything of the treasures we had found in India. And yet she would take me to see other people and listen almost hungrily to anything I told them. But when we were alone together I did nothing. She seemed to confer everything. I think perhaps it was all right. Words are not everything. She was tired when I left, having entertained about 40 people on my account yesterday. And she talked long and earnestly with me about it all last night. She knows the difficulty of setting an industrial school on foot, and she thinks I do not dream of all I shall encounter. Above all she says no industrial school can ever be self-supporting ; its test of success is that the pupils when they leave can earn their own living.

On Monday afternoon last, I went to Concord with a great friend, I cannot tell you how much I think of that man. And so I know enough now to reverence each word and thought he utters. He said this was so even with books, one could not reverence before one loved. But out in the air he was a man —soul struggling with its thoughts and their expression. I went home with him to supper and Presto !—he was a boy and his wife a veritable mother. I never met such a woman. She has a heart like a very voice thrills you with welcome and self-respect. That was worth doing. He gave me great thoughts—great practical views, [...] of big questions, things to pass on to Swami and Concord was like a dream. I wrote 10 sheets to Mr. A. about his gods, and have not another word to say about it, except that I added young Dr. Emerson and his wife and sister to the people I have loved and admired in America.

I had a wonderful letter from Swami. "Death for the cause, not success, is our goal" he says.

I spoke to the Orthodox Congregational Ministers last Monday morning, of a new Policy in the Mission Field and greatly enjoyed it. They were very different from women in the same place. One came up and said "GOD bless you. I'm nearly 90 years of age and I say, God bless you, my child, and your work!"

139. To Miss J. MacLeod [?]

New York,
July 16, 1900

This morning the lesson on the *Gita* was grand. It began with a long talk on the fact that the highest ideals are not for all. Non-resistance is *not* for the man who thinks the replacing of the maggot in the wound, by the leprous saint, with "Eat, Brother!" disgusting and horrible. Non-resistance is practised by a mother's love towards an angry child. It is a travesty in the mouth of a coward, or in the face of a lion.

Let us be true. Nine-tenths of our life's energy is spent in trying to make people *think* us that which we are not. That energy would be more rightly spent in *becoming* that which we would like to be. And so it went—beginning with the salutation to an Incarnation :

Salutation to thee—the Guru of the universe,
Whose footstool is worshipped by the gods.
Thou one unbroken Soul,
Physician of the world's diseases.
Guru of even the gods,
To thee our salutation.
Thee we salute. Thee we salute. Thee we salute.

in the Indian tones—by Swami himself.

There was an implication throughout the talk that Christ and Buddha were inferior to Krishna—in the grasp of problems—in as much as they preached the highest ethics as a world-path, whereas Krishna saw the right of the *whole*—in all its parts—to its own differing ideals. But perhaps no one not familiar with his thought would have realized that this lay

behind his exclamation, "The Sermon on the Mount has only become another bondage for the soul of man !"

All through his lectures now, he shows this desire to understand life as it is, and to sympathize with it. He takes less of the "Not this, not this" attitude and more of the "Here comes and now follow" sort of tone. But I fear that people find him even more out of touch at a first hearing than ever used to be the case.

He talked after lunch about Bengali poetry, then about astronomy. He confessed to a whimsical doubt as to whether the stars were not merely an optical delusion since amongst the million of man-bearing earths that must, apparently, exist, no beings of higher development than ours yet seemed to have attempted signalling to us.

And he suggested that Hindu painting and sculpture had been rendered grotesque by the national tendency to infuse psychic into physical conceptions. He said that he himself knew of his own experience that most physical or material things had psychic symbols, which were often to the material eye grotesquely unlike their physical counterparts. Yesterday he told me how, as a child, he hardly ever was conscious of going to sleep. A ball of coloured light came towards him and he seemed to play with it all night. Sometimes it touched him and burst into a blaze of light, and he passed off. One of the first questions Sri Ramakrishna put to him was about this, "Do you see a light when you sleep ?" "Yes," he replied, "does not everyone sleep so ?"

One of the Swamis says this was a psychic something which showed that concentration was a gift with which he started this life, not to be earned during its course. One thing I am sure of, that gift of Swami's of never forgetting any step of his experience, is one of the signs of great souls. It must have been a part of that last vision of Buddha.

When *we* get to the end, we shall not want to know our past incarnations. Maria Theresa and Petrarch and Laura will have no meaning for us, but the steps of our realization will. *This* is what he shows. I sit and listen to him now, and all appears to the intellect so obvious, to the will so unattainable ; and I say to myself, "What were the clouds of darkness that covered me in the old days ? Surely no one was ever so

blind or so ignorant !" You must have been right when you thought me hard and cold. I must have been so, and it must have been the result of the long effort to see things by the mind alone, without the feelings.

Swami is all against Bhakti and Emotion now—determined to banish it, he says. But how tremendous is that unity of mind and heart, from which he starts. He can afford to dispense with either—since both are fully developed, and the rest is merely discipline. I fancy most of us will do well to feel all we can.

140. To [?]

NEW YORK,
July 24, 1900

Swami is also a visitor in this house where I am staying.

I have just wound up my stay in America by writing a comforting letter to the Rev. Mother, telling the dear soul how all his luck has turned, and he is looking like a god and leaving her to infer that all earth's crowns are at his feet.

But indeed it is all true ! As he is now, nothing can resist him.

This morning at 11, he is to lecture on Mother-Worship, and you shall have every word of that lecture, if I have to pay 10 dollars to get it taken down. It was mentioned by someone yesterday to me, before him, and he turned and said, smiling, "Yes—Mother-Worship—that's what I am going to lecture on, and that is what I love."

The other morning I offered him advice that struck him as wrong. I wish you could have seen him ! It was worth the offence to catch such a glimpse !

He said, "Remember that I am free—free—born free !" And then he talked of the Mother and of how he wished the work and the world would break to pieces that he might go and sit down in the Himalayas and meditate. That Europeans had never preached a religion, because they had always planned ; that a few Catholic Saints alone had come near to this ; that it was not he but Mother who did all, and whatever She might do

was equally welcome to him. That once Shiva, sitting with Uma in Kailasa, arose to go, and when she asked him why, He said "There, look, that servant of mine is being beaten. I must go to his aid." A moment later He came back and again She asked him why. "I am not needed. He is helping himself," was all the reply.

And then he blessed me, before he went, saying "Well ! Well ! You are Mother's child." And I went away much moved, because the moment was somehow so great.

141. To Mrs. Ole Bull

Tuesday afternoon
[July 1900 ?]

Dear S. Sara,

Mr. Geddes stayed working till 7 last night. So I have piles to do. I do want to be of use.

I enclose the note that you told me to write to S. S. & Co. Ly Betty approves of the dedication. *Vireshwar* is Swami's real name. It is the name of the Siva in Beneras to whom his mother prayed. Very few people know this. You see that I have also made the suggestion as to advertise his books.

Besides this, I am eager to get the proofs, and I do not know what the arrangements about *form of book* are, so I refrain from mentioning the desire that it should be to some extent, in size, colour, etc. en suite with the R. K. [Ramakrishna] School pamphlet.

I hope you know what a lovely surprise it was to me to find that my bairn was to be sponsored in England after all.

Most lovlingly,
Margot

142. To Mrs. Ole Bull

My Cell,
19 Rue de Marignan, Paris,
Tuesday [*1. 8. 1900 ?*]

My dear S. Sara,

Your sweet letter arrived as I left this morning. Mr. Leggett also asks me to send you the agreement. I also want to tell you that the Boses have come. They are lovely. Mr. Mavor is MOST enthusiastic about *Mrs.* Bose. Isn't that lovely ? *So* warm. He met them here at the Geddes's last night, where they came to coffee. *Dear* Mrs. Geddes ! I love this bigness and sweetness of scholars to each other ! And when I asked Mr. Mavor this morning how he like them, he said, "very much. And I like *her* ! She is a lady through and through, if ever there was one !" Wasn't that dear and quaint ? I loved it.

Baby became quite well immediately after her little disturbance, or Yum Yum would have gone straight to her. Yum herself is at the Royal Palace Hotel, with the James', and Mrs. Walden. Lady Betty was much disturbed this morning about the King of Italy.

Mr. Leggett has been here to lunch.

I go to the Boses tonight.

About the agreement.

You will be delighted to know that they offered to reset the type and everything and make Kali The Mother *exactly* like the Project of the R. Ks. for £38-2—instead of £35-8-10. So Mr. Leggett paid at once, and I think it is now probably well on.

About the other book—although I am not inclined to *imagine* that Uma ought to be expanded in that particular way for children—I may of course be entirely wrong—I can only say more emphatically than before, it does need working up. It only professes at present to be "blocked out in the rough," and the plan is minus 5 stories in that form even. It is amusing to find that you have not selected the same stories for rejection as did Mr. Waterman.

If you come over at all, will you bring it with you ? Then we can try it on the Boses. Dr. Bose spoke of it half an hour after he reached the flat. He does want Indian stories justified

to the Western world so dreadfully ! And he was overjoyed to hear that we had thought of the matter.

Swami is expected tomorrow or Thursday.

I want to say how exquisite the flat seemed to me—a *lovely* home.

Ever most lovingly,
Margot

I am sure I have missed heaps. I have had to write three letters and am hurrying on to work for Mr. G. I never had so many people to love so much before.

143. To Mrs. Ole Bull

My Cell : 19 Rue De Marignan,
Thursday Morning,
[*13. 8. 1900* (?)]

My dearest S. Sara

It must be about 1 O'clock, and I have to go and spend hours in the Exposition this afternoon. I am merely allowing myself to write to you for pure holiday—though I fear I have no right —but I dread the sun for another hour, and I want to write to you anyway. So I might as well do it here and now. Yum Yum says however that they wrote you 3 letters yesterday—so I fear this will give you no pleasure.

Mr. Geddes worked with me from 5 to 11 last night. He said what I had done was quite *unfit* for his purpose. In fact he said all the things against it that I *wanted* someone to say when I read it aloud first. He and Mr. Mavour seem to compete with each other as to which can pass severer criticisms on my "flamboyance" as they call it, and I never enjoyed anything so thoroughly.

I suppose I don't *love* Swami's attack and think them the truest and wittiest things I ever heard because I love him so much more. Is that it ? Yet Yum acts towards him very much as I do to these men. Perhaps it is that one is more "personal" to him. I think perhaps the whole of one's nature comes out in that relationship—the bad as well as the good—and no one else matters very much. Probably this is always so with the Guru. What do you think ? So I am willing to admit after all that

one's love for Swami is sadly "personal"—if you will let me claim that it is at the same time in some ways the most *impersonal* thing of which one is anyway capable.

The more one lives, the clearer it is that not only *This is Hell* as dear Mr. Geddes says, but that LIFE *is Hell* in its very nature, as Buddha said. I can't think why one did not see it years ago. Why did that golden shimmer of Hope transfuse everything when one was young ? Did one not *know*—long long ago—that it should come upon one with *surprise* now ? For it is not self-suffering that makes it so terrible. I have none. It is this awful fact that wherever one steps one crushes a human life. The sweet-shop, making slaves of some men that others may enjoy one of the accessories is a true picture. We cannot seek for GOD without having some human thirst somewhere unquenched. Nothing like joy comes to anyone of us but it turns to suffering. "Humanity is crucified for ever on a cross of gold."

The millionaire, hypnotised by his gold, watches it, and to his horror at the last he beholds it as a mass of horrible corruption. Will the terrible nightmare ever break ? Space becomes shrivelled up. One place is like another. But when will *Time* be at an end ?

And then, this is all talk. Deep deep deep in us, through and through one's being, twine the roots of Desire. Is Death like Life ? I used to think *I* thought it was ! I thought it was quite easy ! But it is not. Pain and pleasure, even, are not the same. The degree that one can endure is so small.

It is not the breaking of ONE dream, but thousands. Curtain after curtain is drawn back, but scene after scene is disclosed. Oh the thirst for power that remains to the farthest horizon that one can see ! How can one ever reach the truth ?

The vanity, the meddlesomeness, the self-assertion, the pride and contempt and impatience for others that are never dead ! They are less mean perhaps than the love of comfort but they are 20000 times more impossible to slay.

Why do I think all this ? I don't know. But I must talk it out.

We seem to be in a thorn-grown twilight—all of us—and there is NO getting out. The most futile will o' the wisps in the whole wilderness those dreams of helping others, that lead us further

into the morass of Hope. Because in Hell *how can there be joy* ? And if no joy, then certainly no Help. One does not desire to receive (at least in one's hypocrisy one believes one does not !) but the dream of *giving* dies hard. Well, there is no giving then. But at least one can *suffer* ! How futile is the expedient ! It is to *know* that one so longs. There *is* something big. We are conscious of our own love even in our powerlessness and despair. We require to be conscious of That which is behind *all* such limitation. (Probably) It is. Certainly we do not know it. Nor do I see any hope of reaching for oneself unless Swami will give it by a miracle. That is what I have come to now. A mere universe and him—and sullen tolerance of things. Will he give it ? Will he give it ? Alas—dear Saint Sara, but I tell you this in a whisper—he cannot. For I have seen him try, before. He would have done it already if he could. He has it—and the power to give—but something depends on oneself—and that is not there—of course it is not. Has one desired so greatly as to lose anything by it ? Has one sacrificed mind or comfort (I mean *real* comfort—apparent comfort is a different thing—but be the bed soft or be it hard, *sleep* is really all that matters) or affection for the desire ? And what did they sacrifice ?—Rama-Krishna and he ? What did they not sacrifice rather ?

He told me himself that the desire for realisation came upon him "like a fever" and wherever he was he would struggle for it —sitting in one place 24 hours at a stretch without moving. When has one even *desired* like this ?

How easy it is to say—but I don't *want* Salvation in any form —I prefer to help, to be a sacrifice. When there *is* no help—and there needs no Sacrifice—one might as well try for Salvation !

Don't say anything about this letter. I don't see why I send it at all.

Your loving grandchild,
Margot

You are just as much my Granny as anyone ever was. These things are all real as well as all unreal—are they not ?

144. To [?]

Aug. 18, 1900

[*Pages missing*]

A feeling of feline possessiveness is growing up in my mind towards Kropotkin's book. He knows more than any other man of what India needs. What I specially dwell upon is the utter needlessness of Governments. That is what we want to learn. We want to learn it and work it into the blood and nerves of the people so that *no* political machinery would ever have a chance of imposing on a single peasant. It matters little therefore who is on India's throne—Edward VII of England, or the Tsar of all the Russias—her real hope lies in the education of her people. As to the way in which such education is obtained, K. himself tells us of the long years of propaganda, of writing, printing, lecturing—only bearing fruit at unexpected moments here and there. This is great—and the book is a great book.

I have said a good deal about the hopelessness of the Mutiny because there was no "continuous policy" looming beyond. But the village-system supplies machinery of self-government enough, and the grim conviction of the people that all other is unnecessary is *the only "policy" that could possibly prove permanently continuous*. So I see now what we have to work for. Neither England, Russia, or any other. *But determination towards Anarchy*. And as India is already the most civilised country in the world, I see clearly that she is at this moment the only country where a gigantic race is employed as a body in working this out. It will be there that the world's problems will be solved. No war, no bloodshed. We shall one day peacefully wait upon the Viceroy and inform him, smiling, that his services are no longer required. Till then, I think, I am glad of every sovereign destroyed—if I do nothing for this cause before I die. Have this letter copied and given to anyone who would care for my last will and testament.

The great *means* of doing it, will be elaborated by degrees, as we come to have what Mr. Geddes calls "a theory of the Pacific Life." Dear Mr. G.—how much we owe him !

[*Pages missing*]

145. To Miss J. MacLeod

Saturday Morning [18. 8. 1900]

My dearest Yum,

Yesterday Mdlle de N., Miss Thursby and I set out for this place. We were to drive but could not, so stopped at a village half way here and had tea, then Miss Thursby was sent back with a guide, and we came on to spend the night. The others are to drive over for us after lunch. The mingling of peace and disorder surpasses anything I have ever seen. I want to make a study of PEASANTS the world over—and determine in my own mind whether they are ever the angelic gods that we have been led to imagine. As everywhere the evil is—having too much. I think of India, when a few brass vessels are the whole treasure, with relief. And Japan, also, must be all right. But here—as everywhere in the West, except where there are servants—people seem to be living with necessities which their own unaided strength cannot meet. For instance, we must have so many sheets and towels, even if there is no one to look after their cleaning and so on. How much more dignified to have less! Even the old saints of whom Mrs. Bull spoke with such misleading enthusiasm deserve all which is herein set down, I regret to say. But their faces, Yum! when one looks at the people's faces, all is forgotten. Not that the type is beautiful. It is anything but that. But there is such a memory of long discipline—and such a sweetness at the last, in the old women. Old *men* are rare. I do not know that I have seen one. Evidently they are picked off in middle life—by storms—and coast mishaps. One of the pathetic things about the country is the number of beggars, able bodied old women, tramping sturdily along, with a staff, and a beggar's bag on the back—as they come up to a stone cross—they bow low and cross themselves. And *their* faces shine, too, with inner peace. But little wonder, for they must spend years of Sannyasin-like wanderings in companionship with sea and sky—the born companions of the soul. There seems to be no sense of shame about begging, and one is glad, for there are chiefly widows of drowned fishers and sailors, probably without sons to work for them in their old age.

I have been thinking hard over the Kali chapter that Swami does not like—and I don't know at all how to say what I have there said in any other form. If HE will write something for

me, I shall be glad to insert that instead. I feel that the thing must be said. I know what he says is very true, no foolish thing was ever done that somebody did not claim as his special inspiration : nevertheless, we cannot any of us act on anyone else's inspiration. It is one's lot sometimes to commit acts of folly. I am sorry that this seems so obstinate. If Swami *orders* me to cut it out, I shall : if he does not, unless some unthought of alternative occurs to me, it will stay in.

What I want to express is the ethical imperative of Kali-Worship—as conceived-of by some one of us—in such a form that the common accusations against it become of no account at all.

I do not feel at all sure that I am wise or right in this decision. I only feel sure that I am decided.

By this time I suppose Swami has all Paris at his feet. And Mr. Geddes is probably home again. I do hope I shall hear how they meet again.

Miss Welby is with you. I am sure you are enjoying her visit.

It is nice to picture you in the evenings, dear Yum, with your children round you at table—all bubbling over with fun—one of the sweetest sights I ever saw.

Infinite love to almost all.

Your loving child
Margot

Tell Holl that my opinions are still much the same.

146. To Miss J. MacLeod

Chez Mdme Ole Bull
Perros Guirec Lannion, C. D. N.
Wednesday [*22. 8. 1900* ?]

My sweet Yum,

We have just sent a collective telegram to Holl, wishing him vonvoyage. Poor Albert. One can well believe that it is hard for her to part ! I tramped back here yesterday morning and return to my sea—next tomorrow. Meantime, I want to send you Nim's letter—is it not exquisite ? How much richer Life is than you or I could have made it ! I have had such a lovely letter from Dr. Bose an hour or two ago—and am delighted

that he and Miss Welby are good friends. I felt sure that he would like and admire her tremendously. I think her exquisite.

I must take back what I said about the Saints. They may be untidy, I don't know. But that is nothing anyway. Two or three of us came down the little lane a night or two ago in the dark, and as we reached their threshold we heard the clear tones of a chant, in a woman's voice. We stood still, and listened, and then came the response in a man's voice. And on and on it went—solemn and grand in the black night and the starlight.

This is a wonderful corner of the country. The simple peasant-life must have been much the same when the Guises ruled, and the Medicis came. Perhaps even Joan of Arc was only a far-away name to these people in her day—and Mary Queen of Scots might be following her ill-starred course today for all they would know to the contrary. Evidently—love and hunger and pain have been the realities of life to them always, not the glories of Courts or Empires or great names. One has always been thinking of Paris as France, and this is an exquisite reproach—this country of stone Calvaries and sad Christs and simple, honest working folk.

After a week of walking eating and sleeping I am like a giant refreshed with wine—but I ask myself often—why am I loitering here ? Ought I not to be *doing* something ?

When you write to Mr. Leggett will you tell him that a French friend says my booklet is *exquisitely* printed and that NO English firm could reproduce it.

Please give my devotion to my beloved Father, and tell him that if he knew enough about the sense of sin I should tell him that he is dreadful—for I find that it is necessary not only to love him better than oneself, but also to love no one else. And this is hard—I hope to achieve, someday ! I know Dearest that you are well, and that the household about you is a fountain of joy,

Lovingly ever
Margot

147. To Miss J. MacLeod

C/o. Mrs. Ole Bull
Perros Guirec Bretagne
Aug. 29 [1900]

Sweet Mother Yum,

It is impossible to sit down, as I am doing, to some hours of letter writing, without dedicating the whole, by a preliminary letter to you. Your lying in bed exhausted hour after hour is dreadful to think of. Don't bother to reply to this, or do anything Dearest. I shall write again as soon as I can. But I shall feel much relieved when you leave Paris for Brittany on the 6th—though perhaps you will feel parted from very much. But you can afford to part. It will never, in your case I think, be for very long. I see you standing by Swami's side for years to come. "The goddess born to protect" Him—our Divinest Incarnation.

I was not worthy or ready to accept the personal in Him with the loving welcome that it should have had—and I am so thankful that there is one who is. I have never felt Dearest so free of all jealousy of you, all miserable sense of inefficiency by your side, as I do today, when Swami has cut me off by a well-deserved stroke—and you stand to be all in all. Be that. Someday I shall come and kiss the hem of your garment—because I shall love Him as you do—having learnt it through separation and through you. How strange ! Who would have believed a week ago that today I should stand to Him in Miss Muller's position—only cut off by His act—not my own—and yet it has happened—and is well somehow. I have now nothing to live for—but Him, and those women of the future who are to be His. And this is absolutely true today and never has been before. Is it not strange? Yet I do not feel that I can send Him a letter or a message or treat Him otherwise than as if He were literally dead. Only no one is to know but you and S. Sara. She is divine.

October and November we are to spend in London etc., making an appeal for funds—which I shall need—as I am going to Kishengarh—to organize the work for the girl-orphans or perhaps for all. We have 143 on our hands altogether. This number demands a fund ! ! ! S. Sara is coming with me to back up my

appeal. I have written to tell Lady Betty as Lady President of our Association.

If you see Chiro please tell him that only want of time prevents my writing him a little note of thanks for infinite encouragement —more than he can imagine—which his courtesy of reading my hand has brought in its train. I am writing to various persons in my London world asking them to make any opportunities they can in anyway for my appeal. There is nothing in the world any more dear Yum except this work. Nothing at all. Heaven bless *you*.

It is dreadful to hear that Alberta also is so tired. Baby seems to be the one person in good health and form.

Oceans of love to Albert as to you. My reverence and devotion are hers. I feel that I have never fully enough realised how fine she is.

Love too to the Geddesses if you see them.

It was heavenly of you to arrange the meeting between the Wallers and Boses. I am SO glad of this fulness of life which is his in Europe. Blessed soul. How nice too that Miss Welby and he were a success ! I *knew* they'd all have to give in !

I send on Nim's last letter—because I think it so full of an exquisite happiness which I cannot be too thankful is granted to her.

I wish I had not *struck* back at Swami in writing my last letter to him ! Hours after—I knew that I could have said it all so very differently. For when I cried out hour after hour, "But why did you do it *that way*, Swami ?"—the answer came back, "Why did *you* hurt *Him* ? The same law !" But now I do not attach undue importance to the one more than to the other. Some day all will be made right—in life or in death. It does not matter which.

Goodbye, sweet Yum, my love and reverence and worship are always yours—you know. Ever your childe

Margot

148. To Miss J. MacLeod

Hotel de France
Guin Camps
Sept. 1, [1900]

My sweet Yum,

You never were—or at least I never was—in anything so lovely as this inn ! We have come upto a Briton play, and S. Sara has been to *Mont S. Michel* with Miss Thursby and returned here. We go back to Perros to night.

S. Sara is so enthusiastic about Mont S. Michel that she declares you and I are to go there. She has NEVER seen anything like it. She mentions it now, so that you do not buy a return ticket, but arrange to go on your coming or going journey. She could meet Mrs. Walden at Plonaret, the only change, if you liked to do it coming. The great tide at S. Michel is about Sept. 10. S. Sara specially wishes me to say that the food at S. Michel is excellent. The castle is said to surpass Windsor in beauty, the sands to be marvellous. The inn has, as you know received all the celebrities of the world, and the landlady is a famous character. If these details do not tempt you nothing will.

As for all the rest—if only you are well again—all is well. We have been to Mass. this morning. A Cathedral as full of prayer as a vase of incense. *Everything is fun.* Even the present nonsense.

Lovingly,
Margot

Probably E. wrote you that Nim's baby was born on Wednesday morning—a *girl.*

149. To Miss J. MacLeod

C/o. Mrs. Ole Bull
Perros Guirec Bretagne
Sept. 3, 1900

My sweet Saint and Perfect Joy,

Today is the great day of Swami's release, and the sunshine and sea-song are helping us to keep it as a festival. Reese told me that on Sept. 3rd 1900 something would happen that would make me glad in my work. We are going to take it that this is

it. I am so glad that the supreme sweetness of being allowed to provide for his Mother is to be Swami's.

Your letter asks about trains for here. The station is Mont Parnasse. We took an express train at 9.55 A.M. changed at *Plonaret* about 6.30 P.M. and reached Lannion 7.30. There we shall meet you—but ascertain that the time of starting is not changed for the month of September. It may be. And understand that many people think it necessary to start at 7.30 in the morning. But they only have to wait 3 hours at Plonaret, as a reward, which is the more annoying, since it is so near Lannion.

We do hope you are better and that the news from Lady Betty is good.

Yours Child and Swami's
Margot

150. TO MRS. OLE BULL

21A, HIGH STREET, WIMBLEDON
Spt. 25th [1900], Tuesday Evening

My dear S. Sara,

You I hope got my post card at noon today. I arrived here at 3. In the train I met a young soldier from Cape Colony. He gave many interesting details about affairs in the Transvaal. The general elections are on here now—Rich tells me that the war is the whole Conservative platform. The Liberals cry for manhood suffrage, abolition of the House of Lords, and disestablishment of the Church in Wales—having dropped Home Rule : but the Conservatives ask to be returned, only that the Boers may realise the uselessness of further fighting. Of course this shows with other things, that they are tremendously sure of their majority. The Liberal attitude appears to be a regret that the personal irritations of Mr. Chamberlain and *Kenye* should have conspired to bring on the war. It is held that without these two at the helm a friendly settlement would have been arrived at.

It is now ½ past 8, and I am very tired. So I give no ear to the reproaches of conscience that I ought to have seen to various things since my arrival. I have simply stayed in quietly with

mother. Tomorrow morning I hope to post this, and also the order for Devonshire Cream, and proceed to look into the question of the leaflet.

Later : At that point in came poor old Bet. Her feeling for me is so like mine for Swami, that I am filled with fresh accessions of pity for him !

I hope to post an order for Devonshire Cream to be sent to you—when I post this letter—so it ought to reach you all on Saturday.

Last night was rather a bad night—broken by the aggressive demands of a grey sister of mercy upon 'her GOD'—I always think that exclamation a little indecent for mere acute physical distress !—and we did not land till 9.30. So I am very sleepy. Much much love to all. The vase is in good health and looks lovely.

Most lovingly—dear Granny,
Margot

Special remembrance to Mr. and Miss Lund, M. Bois, Mdlle Walck's and Mrs. Walden.

151. To Miss J. MacLeod

21A, High St., Wimbledon
Sept. 28th 1900

Eve of S. S. Michael and all angels

Our sweet Joy,

You know in a sense I always see you as dedicated to this festival—and so I was going to write you a letter today for tomorrow—when in came yours—giving me room for a hope that you would spend it under the shadow of S. Michel. That would indeed be wonderful. The purple asters—called Michaelmas daisies in England—are everywhere now—as befits the hour, and I only send you none, because your frugal Scottish soul would cry out against my want of thrift.

Your news about Mdme. Calve is wonderful, and conveys to me—less a sense of Mdme. Calve's kindness, than of Mrs. Leggett's power. It will be well for us if *her* shadow never grows less, as they say in Ireland, so I feel merely selfish for the wish.

I wanted to write to you Dearest—taking all you had said au pied de la lettre, and to tell you how relieved and glad it made me feel to think that henceforth I am only to *love* you, not to receive benefits and help from you. I think that perhaps *deeds* are a hurt to the heart of great love. Anyway, I see that yours are nothing—it is *you* who are all. Do you remember saying "You will always find a heaven in my heart?"

That was the real you—Joy, and that word of yours has been *you* ever since to me. Indeed I think it was before. Only I had not thought of it in words. You laugh, but I always see you in blue, pale-blue, all over, like your eyes. And those words give me a glimpse as it were into a great cavern of blue—a heaven indeed—of coolness and holiday and peace.

Now you see in answer to a letter like this there is nothing for you to say, that is just how I would like my relationship to you to be always—nothing for you to do or say. You are quite right. You seem always to have been in true relationship to your own life—and that is what no one else is. It is that that gives you the power of impersonality that you have.

I am glad to have come to a time of life where I seem to have nothing to ask, of some people at any rate.

I can imagine now having no prayers to bring to Swami—having only praises. When I come back to him it will be so.

My little mother has just come in to offer to give an at home for Dr. and Mrs. Bose. Is it not dear of her ? But I suggest waiting till Mrs. Bull is also here. Meanwhile I think I am going to indulge in the wild extravagance of having them in to a small cold mutton supper one evening—just to make them feel at home.

I wish S. Sara were coming at once. I am longing to be at work in good earnest, and being in London will be quite the advantage you thought.

What a pity about the Devonshire Cream ! I hope it will be sent on to Paris at once, but I fear it will not be fit to eat when it gets there.

Ever your loving Childe—
Margot

152. To Mrs. Ole Bull

21A, High St., Wimbledon
Thursday Morning, [*29. 9. 1900* (?)]

My *dear Granny*,

This is almost the last day when I can write you a letter, and feel that it will reach you while you are all together. So I will not force myself to work at the pamphlet, but will allow myself to write to you.

M. Bois' very charming letter reached me yesterday. I shall find his picture and send it to the address he gives.

Poor Cookie came last night. He was looking well I thought, but he complains of loss of memory and says his brain will not allow him to forget that old age is coming on. His daughter Nellie has been absolutely cruel to him. She has been behind the libel trouble, and has married his antagonist secretly. Mother says our poor old man has gone through seas of suffering. She came up to him one night when he had tears in his eyes, and said "the clouds we so much dread are big with mercy—and will break in blessings on our head." "God bless you !" he said, and almost broke down. Poor Cookie ! It seems Mr. McNeil and Mr. Beatty both went into the matter with him, and warned him that the consequences might be very serious. But the matter has slept during the holidays. Just a word of impatience written in a newspaper—so natural from a father exasperated still more by a scoundrels' influence over his child than by any personal attack !

The General Elections are on in London, and will take about a fortnight. So Cookie thinks I shall be doing well to lay my trains for subsequent explosion, but during this fortnight I cannot do anything. So you see you are coming just at the right moment. I am to talk at the Hammond's next Wednesday, and I have written to the Loylds to arrange for after you come.

Cookie *would* talk of Ridgely all evening. There was not a soul or a thing about the place that he did not bring up, and Mrs. Leggett is his goddess—while everyone who belongs to her in any degree derives a certain radiance from that fact.

Tonight I run down to the Appersons to take my morsels of pine from Emerson's garden and his grave, and the stone from Walden Pond. I think they will give more pleasure than we can imagine.

As Cookie says

"What shall a man lose, if he throws away the whole world, and gain one soul ?" The dear old king claims that in our little family of 4 — *he* has gained *4* souls

I find so many people who love my little mother, and fall back on her for a certain comfort that she can give. I am trying to make her realise this, for she is experiencing the cruel side of the Christian worship of work. Now that her days of work are over, and none of us seem to *need* her any more, she thinks she is a burden, and it is time she died. Now I understand, as never before, the grace and dignity of the Hindu idea—that these are the years in which she really begins to live. You see she has the same feeling about God—that He wants *service* and *glory*, from her—(I know how foolish and illogical it sounds, but it is perfectly sincere and I cannot help seeing how natural it is) and so she cannot feel that simply loving is all that can ever be done, anyway. Of course one cannot *talk* the other point of view, but I am trusting that somehow or other it will percolate to her. If I can get the Boses over one day I'll get Dr. Bose to talk about it a little. I only hesitate to ask them at present, for I see that without servants every guest even for an hour involves so much personal service from her that she becomes very tired, whatever I do to keep her still.

I think you knew that she met Mr. Pal somewhere and asked him if he knew me. It really makes me feel very kindly to Mr. Pal to think that in a moment of great popularity of his own, he stopped and took pains to show the Eastern reverence to the *mother*.

It is so curious to see all that is felt here about the war. Even I am wondering if there is something in the case, from the English point of view, and if one were not utterly tired of the whole subject, would study it hard. It will be easy to keep quiet under these circumstances.

Mrs. Beatty is the only person I have met who sees it from the extra-England point of view. Cookie and Rich deplores the existence of Chamberlain and Kenye.

Volunteering has done much for Rich. He has camped in wet weather, worked for himself, straightened up splendidly, and had the right to resign on a fortnight's notice anytime !

If you think it funny that I send no messages to Swami, I

would like him to know that I "have gone away to stay with mother," and I do not want even to *think* of him for awhile. I try not. Someday it will all come back I hope, though the sweetness of childhood never returns. And that is all.

You will be so sorry to leave "our cottage" by the sea, and to leave so much of the beauty of life behind. But never mind, dear little Granny, we are going to reap a harvest of children's happiness, you and I. And I never felt so sure of anything as of the guidance—strong—sure—step by step—that is with us now.

Tomorrow—Friday, I go to London to look at rooms and see Sonnenschein.

My love to all—not forgetting dear Mr. Lund—reverence to some—and a last tender memory to accompany you to the Tower and the Sea and our beautiful Point.

Lovingly the Child
Margot

1000 of my pamphlet will cost £ 2·15
250 £ 1·15
=$ 16—$ 9.

Am having it commenced. Kindly say what number you advise.

Will send to Swami about report as soon as possible.

Mrs. Beatty thinks she could arrange a talk in Oxford.

153. To Miss J. MacLeod

Sesame Club
29 Dover Street, Piccadilly W.
All Saints' day, Nov. 1, 1900

Beloved and Most Revered Mother,

We have just dropped in for our letters and found one from you at Vienna. I cannot tell you how cheering it is to think that you and the King are happy, and in the company of anyone so eternally fascinating as the beautiful Mdme Calve. We have had great experiences of late. We have spent a few days in the Surrey pine woods—in a perfect heaven. There I had my birthday—mother and the Boses being with us.

I cannot tell you Dearest what these friends are becoming in their perfect *oneness* with our aspirations. Strange to say, it

really seems to me that we are bringing the Gita back to them, and it has been good to hear Dr. Bose talk unguardedly for hours together—giving story after story of the tremondous renunciations of the Indian past—because only in this way—and not by running our fingers along the dry bones of doctrine—could we arrive at an idea of what is still the positive inheritance of such souls.

So it was very touching, to me, that in a day dream the last morning before breakfast, he planned what a few of us could do for Indian education in 10 years, if we had absolute power. We were quite alone and he spoke like a child. We would have *such* primary schools—a 4 years' course—and such a secondary—another 4 years—and then by a fine system of scholarships, we would feed the Universities. And what would you do in the primary schools ? I asked.

"I would give them training in expression as Mr. Cooke demands (Cookie came down for 2 days, and gave us a botany lesson over which he and Dr. Bose fell mutually into loving reverence for the other) and I would train them in great enthusisms, and I would teach them that thing that—that you talk of. What is it ?—'To Action—thou—past a right—but not—etc.' For that should be a third of every glorious education. So my aim would not be to produce a man of science—but to produce *perfect* men of science. Do you see ?"

Can you realise that that conversation marks an epoch in my life ?

It is lovely to think of you once more in the East—in our beloved East—though it is not India. For me, I am beginning to feel as if I must shut my eyes and ears, if I want to live and act. The vividness of every part of the Earth in one's consciousness which the railway is producing is terrible to me. I cannot bear such accumulations of impressions so intense. And if there is a heaven it must lie in some future earthly Arcadia, when man shall have recovered from this hideous dream of possession and condensation, and shall be willing to herd sheep once more and dream of peace beneath blue skies, content with the village poem and the village arts—or at least know but one greater ambition—the instatiable thirst for God and Death.

If there be a heaven it must be such, not in cities nor travel nor crowded experiences. But with all my heart I thank God that

there is no heaven—and that from the horrible disease of existence there is a glorious means of escape—

Ever your child
Margot

S. S. sends a great deal of love to all. I really think she is better and more refreshed than she was.

India's hope is in INDIA—not in England.

M

154. To Dr. and Mrs. Jagadish Chandra Bose

31 New Cavendish Street—W.
Monday Evening, Nov. 5 [1900]

My dearest Two,

First of all—we are so happy to be relieved of immediate anxiety about the operation. Another month of work and life for all of us—before we come to the edge of the river—and even then I have great hopes that I may see you *both* well and vigorous once more before I "go home." As for you, dearest Mrs. Bose, I fancy S. Sara will run over just to give you a hug and the last news from Mrs. Briggs (to whom she has telegraphed and written to go straight to you from Victoria tomorrow), in the morning. She wants you not to stay in for her—but I know you will like to know that she is coming. She has to be back at the Sesame by 12.

I am really writing to tell you about the luncheon. How pitiable ! Sir George Birdwood sat beside Mrs. Bull and discussed art and various questions. She amusingly tried to say the foolish things that were expected—in order to disarm suspicion. I, from across the table, beside a vulgar Scotchman (certain parts of my Karma seem extraordinarily bad !) tried to get the talk turned on India. At this stage Sir G. B. was the honest Englishman of wizened, dried-up appearance and somewhat bitter temperament, who owned that we govern India primarily for *our* good—with an amiable attempt to make that good more or less consistent with the wealth and happiness of India, but *not* as humbugs would make the world believe, for the good of the governed. Our only duty is to ourselves. "And the duty of Indians,

then— ?" suggested Mr. Tata. "—Is to themselves"—promptly responded Sir G. B. "They owe us nothing. But they will never have the sense to see this."

There was ample discussion also of the way in which Indian appointments are made—the one subject of the Secretary of State, from first to last, being "*never to see the man who is appointed.* The whole thing is done through newspapers and the examiner's letters."

"And do you not think that such a state of things involves the gravest danger?" I asked.

"It *ought* to do so. It *ought* to do so"—replied Sir G. B., "but I do not for one moment believe that it does. The people of India will never rise against us. They are all vegetarians."

"I was thinking of dangers to India—not to ourselves"—I replied—and here—if I am not mistaken—he carelessly acquiesced.

All through this part of the lunch, the meanest notes were continually struck. Parsis are of a different race from others (why do we not stand boldly by the obnoxious word *Natives* ? Here was a man who would not consent to use it—because it creates the common bond which it is the English object to destroy). The Parsi interest is English entirely.

Hindus *only* trust European judges—always pray to be delivered from their fellow countrymen—and so on.

The sweets had arrived before Mr. Tata spoke the word "University." By this time I was in despair—seeing that if I left the battle to the others, we could not force Sir George Birdwood to make any statement. I determined to break my pledge of silence —and I asked him at once—

"What form of regulation would you propose, S. G. B., in order to ensure that as soon as possible the P. G. U. [Post Graduate University Scheme, proposed by J. N. Tata] appointments should be reserved strictly for Indians?"

"I would propose nothing. It would be suicidal to the interests of Science to do anything of the sort. The P.G.U. must stand for the interests of SCIENCE—and that is a world-question —not an Indian problem at all. It must be open to all the world."

"And how would you make it open to all the world ?"

"By throwing the whole thing, as I keep saying to Mr. Tata, unreservedly into the hands of Government authority."

"You think, then that Government in its creation of the S. Kensington Sc. and a Department has shown its power to deal with educational concerns ?"

Here followed some interesting discussion relative to "the dead hand of S. Kensington"—

Again—

"How do you propose then that *candidates should be nominated* (I do not mean appointments made) in order to secure that the P.G.U. serve the Science of the whole world ?"—N.

"By constituting advisers in all the universities of the world" —G.B.

"—including Calcutta, Madras and Bombay?"

"Certainly not. The Indian universities are already deteriorating—and Calcutta is the worst."

"But they are completely in Government control !"

"Yes—but they are deteriorating. They would not be safe advisers."

I turned to Mr. Tata.

"I cannot say Mr. Tata that Sir George Birdwood makes out a strong case for his contention, that you should throw your money into the hands of authorities who have already proved themselves so incompetent !"

At this point Sir G. B. saw that he had taken the wrong stand. So he changed his argument, saying—"But there is no *need* to have the Indian universities formally represented. They would be there, on the spot ! As a matter of fact, they have not turned out one man of pre-eminence in literature, science, or art, these 50 years !" (N. B. I want a list of men who *have* done work of this quality at the Bar, in Medicine, in Sanskrit, in Science [. . .] you, of course in mind, but left them to name you. I will not have your name tarred by my mention). I of course differed from him—and spoke of chances. *Amongst* 20 to 30 men at most who had had the chance of training 2 or 3 had distinguished themselves.

"Yes in a second-rate way. I said *pre-eminence.*"

"By no means"—[···] as to recent Brit. Ass. Meeting, and remarked that it was Prof. Oliver Lodge himself who had been willing to go into print about it.

"Oh but the sort of test to which I refer would be number of papers read before the R. Soc.—"

"For the first time in its history, the R. S. offers the whole of its programme from opening till the Xmas holiday, to be filled by the Hindu professor of Physics - - - - However Sir George I also am willing to reason about this. Granting that it is desirable, in the interests of pure science, to keep all preference for the Native out of this, are you also willing, and for the [. . .] to keep the English out? Let the whole thing consist of Russians, Germans, French and Americans, but admit neither Indian nor English, since self-interest etc."

I need not go into the reply. Every now and then, in season and out of season, came the refrain, "Stop consulting everybody Tata and give the whole power, and your 30 lakhs, unreservedly into the hands of Ramsey."

The question of salaries came up—and he declared that Europeans and Natives were paid equally. I denied this.—"Well, in the Civil Service at least,"—he said. (Is this true?)

Then he spoke of the 50 years' work of existing universities with no results in science.

I complained of no science in syllabus, in degrees, in equipment.

He said they had excellent laboratories in Bombay.

I told the Calcutta story, and he said he would like to see it in print, and that if I would write to the Times on these questions he would answer me.

Perhaps the least noble of all his arguments dealt with the question of unequal pay.

So and so long ago had talked in this way and some Englishman had said—"don't be such a fool. In a few months you'll be getting it yourself—and then you'll like it very well !" - - - - - -

Forgive me for writing you all this. I wanted a record of the conversation. Towards the end of the meal he dubbed something. Mr. Tata had said (perhaps, rather seconded me in saying) "disloyal." So I had my warning.

Earlier, I had rounded on a similar statement by saying that what I said in the interests of justice, I did not take to be said against my country. And there the whole miserable business rests. I hope it may be my part now to bring the voices of others who are stronger into Mr. Tata's Councils—but that for me I may be left in silence. Otherwise—I may find it difficult to do my 10 years' work. Lovingly to you both,

Nivedita

I must add that at the end Sir G. B. sent off fireworks about the future University of Bombay taking the place of the old Alexandria in the world's history—Alexandria—with its murdered Hypatra—the beautiful martyr-saint (if Science could be said to have its saints) of Science.

And this Hypatra was born in Egypt—I said.

"Yes." "And her father was born in Egypt - - - - "

Then we rose to go.

155. To Miss J. MacLeod

33, Powis Square, Bayswater
But address—31 New Cavendish St.
OR the Sesame—London, W.
Nov. 15, 1900

My sweet Yum Yum,

Everyday this week I have tried to write to you—but so much time has gone, over the Tata Scheme, and Dr. Bose's papers, that I have never managed it. I *have* managed, however, to write to Lady Betty and to Albert. So the week has not been entirely wasted.

Swami's dear "blessings of the howling dervishes" were the first he ever sent me without asking, and made me feel the happiness of being indeed a child. As I grow clearer and clearer about the terrible and strenuous future of life, I find that I lean more and more on that relation towards him. To him one need never be anything more than a child. To him one owes nothing—unless everything is anything!—but life. Being that, and owing that, holding that sweetest of all relationships, the world is before one—every soul is free to be served by one—nothing is shut off—even no degree of love—I am surprised to find—is forbidden to one.

Nov. 22nd.

I am ashamed. It is so long since I began this letter—and it is not finished. S. Sara has gone to Paris since then, where poor Mrs. Alcock is dying. I am staying with the Boses. Every day is filled with work. On the 1st of Dec. or thereabouts he has to go for his operation.

I am staying till the end of January at any rate. I hope then I may start for India. You have heard of poor Mrs. Sturdy's

death of course. S. Sara's occult here is really very keen, for she seemed to know all along what was going to happen. My Famine Orphanage has fallen through, for it appears that the chicks are all married, and at the dawn of better days are being reclaimed. Swarupananda discourages the Scheme. Has Swami had any news of him ? Or has he left Mayavati without leaving any address ? I have had a pathetic letter from the little Dr. Rai who was with us at Achhabal. He asks Swami for "new life." His address is Dr. Lalit Rai, Peshawar Cantonments.

Of course you have heard that Miss Zimmerman is married. Mrs. Patterson's letter proves that Robert's visit was all the success you could have desired.

The Sesame is a miserable thing now on lecture-nights. Not at all what it used to be. And London is not London without Lady Isabel. But it is something better than London—*with* the Boses !

I see a great deal of Mr. R. C. Dutt, and he tells me that he has never met the King. Dr. Bose is greatly amused at what he considers Mr. Dutt's willingness to become a favourite. For I argued with him that if he was related to Toru Dutt, he must be also to Swami, and he did not deny the soft impeachment. Some other trifle of a similar sort happened, and Dr. Bose pounced on him for his cleverness in sweeping everyone who would be a credit to him into his family. "Why" he said "Swami is almost your half brother !" Dr. Bose thinks that arguments of that nature must be quite irresistible passports to my heart !

I *cannot* write letters. Nothing is happening. Whole days pass in Science and in translating and talking India.

On Sunday afternoon, we had 25 to 30 Hindu boys here and I lectured on the Renaissance of India. I hope I may meet the same audience again, for there is a certain difficulty in addressing it, and yet I do not feel that anything of mine is of any importance except dealing with the Indian mind !

Dr. Bose was teasing me (being tired and cross one day and having a natural tendency so be tormenting !) about Swami and Mr. Mohini. And I said (I did not quite know who was the 2nd person whom he meant—but Mrs. Bose knew) "There is no equality between the two men—that they should be compared." Mrs. Bose intervened quietly at this and said "Nivedita is quite right. The comparison is absurd."

Of course one never speaks on these deepest of all topics, but straws like this show the drift of the current ! We often have reason to know that there is a deep respect and affection here. And sometimes I am puzzled to believe that even on Image-Worship there is any divergence of opinion.

I meet a Mahratta man the other day who is working like a giant over the glass-industry, with the idea of establishing it in India. He was a splendid fellow. *Wagle* is his name.

Tell Swami I have only one wish in the world and that is to live a nun's life perfectly. But every day the golden apple of my desire seems to slip further out of my hands. Will he bless me and give it me ?

I had a beautiful letter from Mr. Mavor asking for Swami's photograph that he might hang it beside his Buddha—"not to worship it—but just to remember that Buddha also must have been a Swami."

I have a great desire that you should go and see the Bab while you are in the East. I am eager that Swami and he should stand face to face. My deep love to Mdme. Calve.

Ever Your own
Margot

156. TO MRS. OLE BULL

33 POWIS SQUARE, BAYSWATER W.
Friday Evening—Nov. 22, 1900

Beloved Granny,

We are gathered in once more, having been out to lunch at the Waller's to meet the Rhys Davids. What an insufferable person Mrs. R. D. is ! But he is not bad, and seems abnormally interested in me—for what reason we cannot imagine. We are all invited to tea at the Royal Asiastic Society on Monday afternoon, Dec. 10th when our poor Saint is in bed, and I am to hold forth on India, to the R. D's. Also Prof. R. D. is going to help about the Tata Scheme. What is Mr. Geddes going to do ? When does he reach London ?

So the Idea of a lecture at South Place is off. But Miss Soutter's is I hope arranged.

Poor Mary and Mrs. Alcock ! This is indeed a hard time. It is nice to know however that you are really coming back soon. *Poor Child !* But I have never seen anything like the way you are pursued by the conflict of claims.

I must not stay writing long—for I have finished the Cabuliwallah and must have the introduction ready tonight. So I must hurry on. But two things I want to give you, from last night at dinner time—

1. Ether and *Ether-Woven Worlds.*
2. So you see every life of flower or insect or you and me is a bridge between two infinites. The great accomplished Infinite behind and the potential Infinite before.

I gave your love to all including Khoka.* "Ah" he said "it is really the family then !"

Ever my darling Granny,

Lovingly yours
Margot

Dr. Bose's birthday is on *Friday* the 30th.

157. To Mrs. Ole Bull

33 Powis Square, Bayswater W.
Thursday Evening, Nov. 29, 1900

My beloved Grannie,

We are all heart-broken, Dr. Bose most of all, that you may not be here, and I am writting, in case you cannot start tonight to tell you that "a chair will be kept for you" anyway !

I have a little 1/6 copy of "Psalms of the West" to give in your name. Do you like this ?

I cannot tell you how badly you are missed. I will not talk to you about the problems that would have been brought to you to be solved—for you are surrounded by others, and harder, at this moment, and you, as well as poor Mary, must want comforting.

Dr. Bose suddenly thought a few minutes ago that he would like to have a book with the signatures of us all and some little

*Aravinda Mohan Bose, the nephew of Dr. J. C. Bose and son of Ananda Mohan Bose.

word from each, as a memento of tomorrow. But I fear your name will not be there, and this will make such a blank ! It is no little thing to have two such men with two such wives as will be together here tomorrow evening.

Santih hopes for the arrival of Capt. St. John tomorrow about 9, and if he comes means to bring Nim here, when she comes with flowers and congratulations before lunch.

The 2nd paper—only—is well under weigh. It is tremendous, and makes me feel that Annunciation lilies are only a beautiful scientific diagram of magnetic and other curves, as this man sees them. You will not be surprised that hours pass sometimes in making scientific drawings or calculations– or thinking things out and he will say at the end "Another day wasted ! Why am I so lazy ?"—and yet not a minute has been wasted, really. They made me spend yesterday morning on the sofa. On Monday I got into the circuit of this tremendous mind, and sat for hours making drawings with collapse as the result. No wonder it takes him days to get a paper well on the loom.

The Cabuliwallah and Leave of Absence are both Englished now, and I have "Giving and Giving in Return" ready for the last finish. So we are doing something.

I meant, as you know, to have portfolios ready for you and Mrs. Bose tomorrow but I have not succeeded. All that I have done is a dingy little book cover for Dr. Bose. But one thing I *have* done—I have made an ink-impression of my right hand —in memory of the Cabuliwallah ! I wish I could tell you a few of the great things that falls to my lot so often.

This morning we were alone and suddenly he said thinking of the line that goes so



"I think that just like the curves in magnesium and other things, so a man should be able to pierce to the deepest depth and rise to the highest height unrestrained anywhere in his course. One should go through one's life, bounding backwards and forwards from experience to experience, unfettered unstayed

—anywhere. This would indeed be freedom." I am afraid I almost gasped. It was so like *seeing* Swami.

I want to tell you what is a great comfort to me. This is the moon of Jagadhatrie—the Foster-Mother of the world. I love to think that this soul was born into all that is sweet and protecting in life—much or little as may be.

Durga early in October—
Kali between then and November—
Jagadhatrie now—

You see it is not the terrible ruthless Cosmic Energy that claims him. Nor is it the beloved Mother of Death and Terror. But that from which all human motherhood is born was his at birth and will be to the end.

You may be going through the depth of a terrible experience at this very moment. Dr. Bose does not think you can have started, and Mrs. Bose is certain you will be here tomorrow. Meanwhile, I just love you and hope for you and send this letter in case you do not come that you may know that we people the room with you—and hold festival in your name.

Lovingly ever Childe
Margot

Dr, Bose declares that I "tyranise" over you. Do I ? I don't mean it. I will not say "I am so sorry" for this tyranny is sweet *if* it exists. He says I do it to you. You to him—for he cannot resist a wish of yours, and he again to me—



Another traingle you see

Dr. Bose says "No you must *not* feel sorry if you are not here—and he for one will think that you *are* here—whether you come or not !"

158. To Miss J. MacLeod

Dr. Bose's bedside
29, Wompole St., London W.
Christmas Day afternoon, 1900

My very most revered—Yum Yum,

Christmas today and your birthday tomorrow and not a word to you these so many weeks! It has not been for want of thinking but every energy was given, absorbed, till a fortnight ago. Then Dr. Bose underwent his operation on the 12th and since then we have been in constant attendance on him. He is just round the corner, and his wife has a room in this house, and we take it in turns to spend the hours with him. He is doing splendidly, I think, and we all hope that he will get up far stronger and better than he was before he became ill. He is chafing for work like an operated-upon tiger. From time to time during the course of all this, a thunderbolt or two fell quietly beside the domestic hearth—first, Swami had returned to India—and secondly you had done the same. And I cannot tell you what relief and joy the last bit of information has brought to me. To think of your being so sensible, and Calcutta so lucky! And you will be in time to see Mrs. Sevier and to be with the Holy Mother! Oh, I am *so* pleased! As for me, my programme is filling up alarmingly for January and February. I have about 10 lectures for January, and 2 or 3 for Feb. as well as a Scottish visit—already arranged.

It has been because I could never write you less than my whole heart that I have been silent. Since for that, there was no opportunity or power. I wish I could tell you half that I have been learning—many of these things that I cannot tell—but that I trust I have really learnt—things to make one gentler and tenderer and more reverent to every one always. And here, at each step, I have been appropriating some knowledge of yours. But alas, not yet do I know how to tune my soul to another soul and get into harmonious relation with every moment! More reverence—more—more—more—to human nature—how much one needs that!

This Xmas I have become a worshipper of Mary for the first time—"*Full of Grace.*" It means so much, dear Yum! *You* are "Full of Grace," too, in your tenderness and sympathy in

the stores you draw upon for each soul that approaches you. But Mary! Ah that one may receive a little of that Motherhood that was so perfected in Her!

I have been spending this afternoon with D. Bose—and quite naturally I fell to reading bits of the diary that I kept on the voyage. Oh Yum—I have no desire to be "a link"—(Swami's old horror—and quite rightly!) but if this man is not sweeping into his circle and his service, India's future is not what I think it is. He owns he can never do anything by halves. Till now—work has been his religion—and what a religion! But the monastic ideal has never dawned on him and the notion of symbolism has been fenced about with its negations. Are these things about to change? I do not know. But with what wonderful reverence and attention he listens to Swami's great charges! And they *were* great. I can never be thankful enough for that 6 weeks. This Hindu gratitude is exquisite. "We know to whom we owe it" he says quite simply, when we talk of our friendships and the Work. And the "Whom" is my Father. If you have time while in Calcutta, do see Mr. and Mrs. Parker, the "Empress" people—I have almost forgotten their address—2 Barretto's Lane, somewhere near Thacker Spink's I think. They have sent me a lovely little photograph of the Kalighat for a Xmas Card.

I am dying to get back.

It will be lovely to hear from you—but the one piece of news that we must have, is that you are once more well. That we insist upon Dearest. Tomorrow is your birthday—and I send you the threadbare gift—a little diary, which would not have arrived so late had you been in Egypt. A new life with the New Year, and many many more each brighter than the last!

Ever your loving Childe

Margot

Oh to think that you will see *Sadananda* and *Swarupananda* as well as the Holy Mother!!! I cannot believe it!

Oceans of love to each and all of them, and go to see the Thincarry Boses if Sadananda will take you, and IF you like to go!

Appendix—1900

(12) Miss J. MacLeod To Mrs. Ole Bull

New Years and New Centurys
greetings from all angels

Kalifornia
921 W. 21.
[*24-1*-1900 ?]

Dearest S. S.

Yours two long lovely letters gave me my only glimpse into the sweet home party at Ridgely during the Christian festivities—but I knew they were busy, and they knew I was happy.

And now Betty is coming on here—is in fact en route—and we shall have a happy, quiet month together ! I quite understand Olea's joy in the quiet of her Sharon home and hope she will stay in it as many years as she loves it. I, being a nomad—take my joy in the contacts—the changes in life—but should never impose it on another. This three months quiet has been a heaven to me—first to do everything humanly possible to relieve my brother—and know that the end was peaceful. Then to regain my own health and last to see that Swamiji is improving. He does not give the credit to Mrs. Melton, but I care little who gets the credit, as long as he gets the health ! It is not that he is always free from pain or discomfort but the lapses are less frequent—and the nervousness quite gone.

Mrs. Blodgett and Swami are thoroughly congenial and he admires her much. He is invited to visit in several homes and will probably accept after another week's treatment.

Yesterday we lunched with Mrs. Severance—where I much enjoyed.

A beautiful letter from Margot tells of many plans—full of enthusiasm. I have little to tell you because I am so content. In another month, new fields, a new life will open to me. Swamiji will probably stay on in California—though you know we only live from day to day.

With hearts love—ever.

Yours loving,
Jojo

I am rejoiced to hear such good accounts of Hollister—bless two dear hearts.

Margot asks that these letters be sent you—and you return them to her.

(13) MISS J. MACLEOD TO SISTER NIVEDITA

921 W. 21.
Jan. 25, 1900

Dearest Child,

What do you think of this enclosure !—coming around now English dailies ! We are screaming ! Also warm greetings from Miss Souter and a X'mas card.

Please send on to S. S. for I do not think she realises that F. H. M—is really our strayed lamp. The Rev. Mother comes home to nest—after two years wanderings. She—nor no one else can ever be satisfied with anyone else—after the sleep draught else has had at this Eternal spring.

Bless her ! I shall be glad to welcome her as an outsider—just as I am——but for those the order we must have different stuff in their make up.

The leg is mending and we shall surely leave by the 5th. The ladies in Pasadena are arranging to give Swami an annual purse for ten years—these practical women of Kali's land.

I have stayed home from the lecture this morning in Pasadena—just to get myself righted and to read carefully your last letter about the scarf—you gave away.

Let it go for the present—we shall see what will develop out of it. I am sending you Steven's book on India and two Empresses. They are not interesting. Mrs. Blodgett is taking in hand your $ 1 ā year for ten years subscription—and will see what she can do—in getting several centres. She is a *rock*—and we love her.

Swami may go to San Diego next week—when we go north. He is like a boy—and says the world belong to the strong—and he is strong !

Hearts love—
Ever your loving
Jojo

(14) MISS WILLIAMS TO SISTER NIVEDITA

LOWER SCHOOL,
THE COLLEGE, EPSOM
25th Feb., 1900

My dear Sister,

Your long kind letter has been the greatest treasure [in] these dark winter days that I have spent in nursing and having Influenza. Over and over again I have read it, and always found it full of light, finishing with the nice message from the beloved Swami. But do not praise me, of all people, in being "faithful" to him. Has he not been the one Saviour of my life ? The one who taught me the way that I came to find. Rather I feel that I have been an improfitable servant ; so much has been given to me and I have done so little. But indeed I have tried to teach people the meaning of their troubles. In this I hold to be the first lesson that can be taken in. A sense of bewilderment is the first effect of the waking up of the inner self. I wish, I could see that I did any good, or had any real purpose, or was in any sense necessary as

a person, here in the flesh. But it is part of the reaction, brought about by the sudden invasion of peace into my soul, that I feel as if the end were at hand. It is not the result of ill-health, *that* I have had to reckon with all my life ; but this peace and calm is so new, so sweet, I can do nothing but sit and listen to it. Yet I see that [I] may easily be selfish. I do indeed wish you would come and stay with me in August ; then you would know where the fault was, and be able to tell me. The idea of my teaching you is of course quite ridiculous. But I shall probably be here most of the holidays, and I know you would not mind if all the servants were away and we did not have very high class cooking. I can boil rice very nicely and make bread, and there will be plenty of fruit. So will you come ?

I am very much interested in all you say about the Worships of Sorrow and Suffering. It is no doubt one of the many ways ; a way too that commends itself to those who are young and strong and full of the pulse of growing lifefulness ; nor ought one ever to check any effort towards the great end ; but my own feeling is that there are many people now-a-days so involved in trouble and sorrow, so broken down with suffering, that one should guard against thinking of works of penance as the only way, or even the chief way. I am not accusing you of this, but I am conscious of having gone through that stage myself. Also I am so struck with the way in which suffering is inflicted by the rapid pace of modern life that I always want to preach the peace of the inner Sanctuary ; the bliss of renunciation, that is : the giving up, no longer heeding the external world ; the retirement, complete and joyful, within the heart.

I wish you had said more about your horoscope. But you are right that Swami's "dominates" gones. His planets aspect yours from stronger signs. I have been searching my books for the significance of the 4th house and I find :

"The father of the native, inheritance or property, also the condition and position of the native at the close of life. It is a very important house. It rules the heart and stomach."

In horary Astrology it also rules mines and hidden treasure. That 6th Dec. when you had your "first important hearing" there were transits across your group. But much more marked tranists on that Nov. 5th when "the event" happened. You would I think find that all things come to you in jumps and heaps ; nothing gradually, nothing prepared. This is always so with those who have groups of planets in angles as you have. But to predict an event one has to make long calculations, and even then (except in later years when one can look back to other aspects of the same kind and ask, "What happened then ?").

Even then it is difficult to say on what plane the aspect will work. At least this is my idea. But the truth is, as you say, we have to conquer the horoscope with the rest. Only to me it does not seen like conquest, but just like shuffling out of the whole silly thing and leaving it behind with a meaning smile ! Still the consciousness of the dual keeps returning upon one and there are many occasions on which the outer shell has to have a parting kick bestowed upon it ! I have just been going through such an experience, so it is fresh in my mind. Now I want to beg you not to feel at all obliged

to write to me, though your letters are a real treasure. When you come back to England you must come and stay with me instead, if you possibly can. And Oh ! what joy if Swami comes to London this spring. My Easter holidays are from 10th April to 4th May, but that does not give one much of the season. Will then be any season this year I wonder ? We here can think of nothing but this dreadful war.

I am writing too much. Forgive me and believe me.

Ever your loving
Frances

P. S.—Call me this instead of "Miss Williams." Will you ?

(15) SWAMI SARADANANDA TO MISS J. MACLEOD

March 29th, 1900
MATH, BELUR, HOWRAH, INDIA

Dear Jo Jo,

I thank you for your kind letter of Feb. 27th. I have written you in my last in acknowledgment of both the telegrams which the Swamiji sent.

I am so glad to hear of Margot's success at Cambridge. I hope she is well and happy. My kind regards to her, when you write next.

We thank you for such good news of Swamiji's health. I am sending my letter this mail to him, in care of your Paris address and will do so henceforth. Abhedananda's letters will be sent henceforth to him direct.

I thank you for the papers giving accounts of Dr. P. Geddes. Swarupananda has sent it to me.

The plague is raging more than ever at Calcutta. Our plague work has been begun from today. Sadananda (Son I) is in charge of it and we went to see Dr. Neild Cook to get his suggestions, two days ago.

The famine work is getting on well. Some hundred boys and girls are there now. We shall try to secure a place at Cawnpore, to remove these orphans from Rajputana.

It is getting hotter every day and the time is at hand when we shall have to perspire like anything.

How good it would have been if you could take in India—in this year across the ocean. But it could not be for the plague.

Tender my kind regards to Mr. Nobel, Miss Jm. [?] Thorn and her mother and to all friends there.

With heart's regard for you and S. S.

Faithfully yours,
Saradananda

P. S. I went to Mr. Mohini's office a few days ago, but could not find him. He is well though I have heard.

(16) Swami Saradananda To Miss J. MacLeod

April 5th 1900
Math, Belur, Howrah, India

Dear Jo Jo,

I thank you for your kind letter of March 6th.

I am so glad to hear of Margot's success, but I must say, I am sorry that she will not be able to come to us earlier.

Do not be anxious for me. I am well and having more than I can eat and digest.

The Swamiji has written from San Francisco.

I am sorry to hear Mrs. Leggett had been ill. I hope she is quite herself again. Remember me kindly to her and Mr. Leggett and to the sweet baby.

I am glad to hear Olea is getting stronger.

The plague is making a great havoc here, but the authorities have been more considerate in their dealings. Our sanitation work has been started since April 1st.

We had a sad loss in the death of a dear friend. He was a disciple of S. Brahmananda and was loved by all for his sweet nature. His name is S. C. Sirkar.

We are passing through a very bad time, dear friend in every way ; but the longest road has an end—is it not ?

Our kindest regards to you and remember me kindly to all friends.

I have addressed my letter to Swami in care of Mrs. Bull's address in Paris, for I do not know whether you are still at 66 Ampere Rue, or not. However direct it to him please.

With best wishes for your pleasant stay in Paris.

Faithfully yours,
Saradananda

(17) Holy Mother Sarada Devi To Sister Nivedita*

Jairambaty,
21st Chaitra
[13. 5. 1900]

Sri Sri Gurupada bharasa—

My trust is in His sacred Feet.

May this letter carry all blessings ! My dear love to you, Baby Daughter Nivedita ! I am so glad to learn that you have prayed to the Lord for my eternal peace. You are a manifestation of the ever-blissful Mother. I look to your photograph which is with me, every now and then. And it seems as if you are present with me. I long for the day and the year when you shall return. May the prayers you have uttered for me from the heart of your pure virgin soul be answered ! I am well and happy. I always pray the Lord to help you in your efforts, and keep you strong and happy. I pray too for your quick return. May He fulfil your desires about the women's home in India, and may the would-be home fulfil its mission in teaching true *dharma* to all.

He, the Breath of the Universe, is singing His Own praise, and you are hearing that Eternal song through things that will come to an end. The trees, the birds, the hills, and all are singing praise to the Lord. The Banyan of Dukineswar sings of Kali to be sure, and blessed is he who has ears to hear it.

I was so glad to hear of the faith of Mrs. Waterman. She who thinks she has not lost her beloved, even after the fall of the body, has really attained to light ; for the soul can never die, even when the body falls. I am to hear that it has strengthened her to hear of me. May she be a help to your work. My love and blessings to Mrs. May Wright Sewall.

My dear love to you and blessings and prayers for your spiritual growth. You are indeed doing good work—but do not forget your Bengali ! Or I shall not be able to understand you, when you come back. It gave me such delight to know that you are speaking of Dhruba, Savitri, Sita-Ram and so on there !

The accounts of their holy lives are better than all the vain talk of the world, I am sure. Oh how beautiful are the Name and the doings of the Lord !

Your
Mother

[Sister Nivedita's Comment—]

"Oh what a *sweet* soul !"—said Mr. Waterman, when I finished reading this last night, and I thought his words the finest expression of the quality.

*Copy of the translation of the Holy Mother Sarada Devi's Bengali letter to Sister Nivedita. The copy was made by Sister Nivedita herself.

(18) DR. J. C. BOSE TO MRS. CLE BULL

33 POUR'S SQ.
16th Nov., 1900

My dear friend,

I fully understand your former advice ; I sometimes think I would do anything to free myself from the hateful dependence and giving my mind to practical improvements held out such a chance. At the same time I feel overburdened with many thoughts often weary of thinking, and any new efforts specially in the direction of business is too much for me. Even writing a simple business letter makes me useless for the day.

My Paper will probably come before the R. Society next week and then too I will feel some restraint, as some of the important things which I recently did with crude homely apparatus, are capable of much improvement and far-reaching development, with proper apparatus. If I give out the idea of my method, and do not continue the work myself, better results will be soon brought forward by others and my work will appear ridiculously crude. If I go to the nursing home I shall have to stop the work for sometime.

I ought not to mind about success, but that they will ask an account of what I did, and then are some in the Government too anxious to run down anything I do.

But in all this you know what is best, and I will abide by your advice.

Yours affly.
Jagadish Ch. Bose

159. To Miss J. MacLeod

21A High St., Wimbledon
Jan. 4, 1901

My dearest Yum,

Four photographs of Bo Tree came last night, with the news that you left for Ceylon some days ago. How beautiful the pictures are !

I have just tried to write to Swami for his birthday on the 7th, but I cannot. I have torn up the sheet. It is nice to know that you are better—if indeed we are to believe this—but when you speak of *pain*, one feels greatly distressed—for this you had not mentioned before. So to hear that you have *less*—is not so reassuring as it might be. How glad you will be to reach India !

I wish I could come to you Dear, and tell you everything and ask you what I ought and ought not to do.

And yet the very thought of such a thing seems like selfishness. But it is so difficult to know the Right—so difficult Yum Yum. And so easy to go through life simply fighting and opposing. Have I any business to go on in England ? Is it a real call to stay here ?—or only a fancied call ? As far as *wishes* go—my whole soul is in India. I am more and more convinced that there is nothing to be done outside. And what I am doing here seems the nearest fancy-work.

Your words—"In whom I have all faith"—hit me hard. Do I deserve your faith ? How long shall I deserve it ? I do not know. I cannot tell. Only I am trying to do right, with all my heart. If you feel prompted to wire "start at once for India," you may be sure that I shall do it without fail.

Dr. Bose is practically well now, and mother has left her little house to them and us, and gone away. So we are staying in Wimbledon.

I am trying to get the whole of the Brahmo feeling and tradition honestly. And it seems a right and necessary side to get. There has been a tremendous resolution on his side to overcome—for he felt that honour could never permit my hearing his views from him. But at last I think I am getting it all. And I am throwing myself into it completely, as I think S. R. K. would wish me to do, and trying, if that might be, to reach GOD that way. You will remember that we (or at least I) did not love even Shiva and Kali at first. Even S. R. K. cannot

have loved all religions equally. So I may say without any disloyalty to the effort I am making that at present it is dreadfully like the Puritanism of my childhood. But I feel strongly that the more this is the fact, the more must I try to do it. And sometimes I am quite clear and sure that the call and the effort come straight from S. R. K. Himself. And at other times I think of Swami and shudder—for I do not think *he* could understand or approve—and to be disapproved of by him is still the uttermost depth to me. Moreover, I seem to be casting away all that I have lived for—all that it has been Freedom to possess—so far. But how mean even to think in such a way ! As if it were so dreadful to see one's own miserable little self in the *wrong* ! No wonder one is so shy of seeing it hungry or cold or ridiculed !

Just fancy ! You will see the Holy Mother and at 16 Bose Para Lane too ! How wonderful that seems. I am sure you will ask about everyone for me—about Girish Babu and Na Didi—Sarut's wife and Uma and Menir Ma—Santoshini's people, the Thincurry Boses and others.

Perhaps Sarola will be married during your visit. Perhaps she is already married. You may see Mrs. Scvier and Swarupananda.

Dr. and Mrs. Bose talk much of my going round India to the various people they know—as Mrs. Bose says "like the sacrificial horse"—before I settle down in Calcutta. And I suppose if they really mean this that it might be a good thing to do.

If this is so I think I am going to strike for March, and if they do not, I may get to Calcutta either by May (which would bring me just in time for the heat, and seems foolish) or October. In either case I should be very glad if they would keep their eyes open for any old tumble down place that might be had cheap in the direction of Gopaler Ma's home—up the river.

The Brahmavadin review of Kali is too awful. It explains frankly to an inquisitive world that Vireshwar was Swami's family name—etc.— !

S. Sara says about the Bo Tree—that SHE *would like 2 sets of all*—i.e. 8 photographs—in platmotype on bromide paper.

They are grand. I did not think it could be done. S. Sara says it is a great joy to see them. Who can have done them ? And will you write her exactly how you find Saradananda please ?

She is sure that India will benefit immensely by your visit. And so am I. Oh, to meet you there !

Lovingly, Lovingly, Lovingly, Ever,

Your Childe
Margot

160. To Miss J. MacLeod

21A High Street, Wimbledon,
January 11th, 1901

My dear Yum,

Tomorrow will be a month since the day of the operation—when Dr. Bose lay down on the table and said "Now Gentleman you may cut away !" And he has done 3 days' laboratory work this week, doing an enormous amount in the time ! Isn't it splendid ? The Indian blood has vindicated itself this time and everyone says that only his abstemious habits could possibly account for so quick a recovery. The risks he ran seem also to have been greater than we knew at the time. So thank heaven—and still more S. R. K. and the King, as my private superstition declares—for the fact that we are well through. I am looking to return to Calcutta in March—and I hope that your letters will make out a case favourable to my doing so. I have long been very anxious about the Holy Mother. And the letters which came by the last mail confirm this feeling, so I am anxious to get to her.

My latest date for lecturing now is March 7th and I hope to accept nothing later. We called on Miss Muller one day, and she was very glad to see us. And the other day we went to Miss Soutter, who was just dear, and had a long talk on the Indian Education question with Mr. Haweis whom we met there.

Last Sunday I lectured twice at Thenbridge Wells, and met Sara grand there. It was an extraordinary thing that came to me there. I told you that I was trying to lay hold of Brahmoism. Well, S. Sara says I am not doing that at all, but at any rate, on Sunday night it was a religious service at which I had to speak, and I found myself taking the *higest* part of everything Swami has ever given us. Then I understood in a flash that my notion about Brahmoism had been a kind of call to me to do this, which

I should never have done, perhaps, without that invitation from another's need. So I am able to realise that I really may have been using images to thwart and blind my vision of the One. And that until I have achieved that vision, I may not go back to the Image. I cannot tell you the peace of this discovery. And is it not a wonderful proof of the truth of Adwaita that Swami is so tremendous that *every* path means faithfulness to him ?

How I have realised that, in talking to Dr. Bose sometimes ! He would not discuss with me the points on which Swami and he differed because it would be dishonourable. And I have always had to urge : "Don't you *see* this man is so large that as long as you are faithful to Truth and to yourself, you CANNOT be in antagonism to him ?"

In the same way, it is extraordinary to see in Dr. Bose how that old idea of Adwaita behind him saves him from errors that other men of science walk into blindfold. *These* are the proofs that I love—not words and logic—and juggling of that kind, which is comparatively easy, but experience of one grade or another, even where it is not the highest—"Make us both the same Brahman !"

I am going to take Bet to India with me when I go—or let her follow with the Boses, in September. She has a genius for children and can learn practical processes and help immensely in many ways, if her health holds out. She will have no wages, and I imagine will perhaps become a Brahmacharini, if Swami permits, eventually.

Mr. Haweis wants me to take a strong bright article for one of the best reviews on the Indian Education question, and even Dr. Bose says he thinks I must be prepared how to take a strong stand for this—but he only demands that it shall be as absolute master of my facts that I do so. I must be such an authority on my subject that they respect and fear me, he says—and except in that way, I am better silent.

This seems sound advice. So I am writing to Mr. A. M. Bose [Ananda Mohan Bose] to get his help.

By the way, do go to this man, in Dr. Bose's name and mine, if you like or Mr. Mohini would effect the introduction—and LOVE him like mad. Mr. A. M. Bose 139 Dhurmtollah St. He is glorious and at present his whole life is of great depression. He is full of the sannyasi instinct. I know you would love him

dearly, if you only see him once. He was one of the most brilliant Indians who ever went to Cambridge. Another fine man, whom we never saw, is Judge Mukherji's brother, who seems to have been incorruptible.

Don't do any of these things however unless they are a strength and joy to you, Yum dear. You know well that I would not spend an atom of your precious strength. It seems too bad even to send you a letter like this to read.

It is nice to hear that my country people have their social virtues. I think if one is *within* the ring, there is no one like them in the world. But I pray never to forget for one moment what it is to be outside that ring! To know that all our talk of Freedom—Freedom for all the peoples of the Earth—Freedom for every man of every people of the Earth—for this was how I SAW the national ideal—to know that all this meant only British comfort, success and gold, has been such a feast of ashes to me as leaves me with no power of rebound at all. I am permanently embittered and disillusioned, I much fear. Yet there are a few honest men here all the same. But has any Ninkivch ever been entirely without its Jonahs? I don't think the honesty of a few can be counted specially to England's credit, since it belongs surely to all Humanity.

And now dear Yum, touching your dear feet,

I am ever, Your loving Childe

Margot

161. To Miss J. MacLeod

Friday Jan. 18
12. 30 noon, [1901]

Dearest Yum,

Just a line in great haste to speak of the fun—of which I see S. Sara has told you in full. Also to say that you are I trust better by this time—or—! What really rejoices me is the strength with which Dr. Bose has met last night's blow. Once he was even more sensitive than Swami, and I despaired of any practical outcome from so tender a plant of patriotism. Last night—though he once met Sinnett himself and thought great things of him—when we came home and told our story, he simply

drew himself up and said "I expected a different account—but this is *just as good*"—and Mrs. Bose says that when she went upstairs she found him quietly sleeping !

I find that they are all beginning to realise the truth of what I have all along been urging—*No Englishman* etc. etc. etc. Even dear Mr. R. C. Dutt says "Nivedita is probably in the right."

But Mozoomdar's article in the 19th Century has outraged everyone. I simply want to hang people who profess to speak with authority, and darken counsel in that way?

Pray to Mother for me—that She may "hide Her shame" in me—and make a pranam at the King's feet. I thought of him on his birthday.

Miss Muller looks *so* well, and is quite sweet. She made great fun of me last night for alluding to "the blunder called this world." Rather a change of front for my Rev. Mother ! And then she made a nice little speech about how, when we women have exalted ourselves to the chiefest seats in the synagogue, we shall turn round graciously and say to Brother man 'come up hither beside us'—and the world will be delightful ! ! ! !

However—it does seem as if her present attitude to the world were more sane and rational than it used to be.

Call me to India—

Lovingly Childe
Margot

162. To Miss J. MacLeod

21A High Street, Wimbledon,
Jan. 25, 1901

My dearest Yum-Yum,

Your hasty postcard of last week, saying that you could once more eat and sleep, gave more joy than you can possibly imagine. We are longing to hear that the improvement has continued.

I am off to lecture this afternoon. I have about 3 a week—I don't know that they are of any use. But I do everything that comes my way, and am becoming acquainted by degrees with everyone who has influence. Harbert Barrows told us the other day that Mrs. Besant was so hampered in the founding of her college at Benares that at last she had to make a direct appeal to

Lord George Hamilton. Mr. W. S. Caine offers me a lectureship in India for his temperance work, and Mr. R. C. Dutt feels that though India is in no particular need to temperance agitation yet the appointment would be so valuable to me as a protection in going about the country lecturing, that I had better accept it, and do the work it requires. Next week we shall send you and the King the article on the Tata Scheme which has just come out in Mr. McNeill's paper. Dear Mr. McNeill! I don't know how to express my pleasure.

S. Sara said yesterday that if Mrs. Sevier's place was in need of a sum of money to keep it from being lost, she believed Swami would want what I have to do it. If he does—will you tell him that of course it is his—if at least Mrs. Huntington consents—and I am sure she would to anything he wanted. Of *course* if he wishes to spend the money that way he is welcome to it. But I can hardly imagine it, because he was always more eager for the girls' work than for anything else.

Two lectures are already arranged for in Edinbro' for which place we leave on Feb. 15th.

I do not expect to leave for India till May—as Mr. Stead gives me the chance of writing about India for the R. R. [Review of Reviews] May 15th.

I should like to leave directly after, and am looking forward to your letters on the subject. Mr. Haweis too thinks that I must work out a strong article on the Indian Education question for one of the best papers. Would you enquire about Swarupananda's people through Mr. Mohini—and whether any of the money is left? I am going to send them the £10 Swami gave me. Don't say anything about *my* writing for the R. R. as everything depends in such case on seeming to be the Editor.

How interesting it must have been to hear of the Queen's death in India! No King can ever enjoy her prestige—thank Heaven! I trust that you will get to know and love Mr. A. M. Bose and his little boy who is to be my adopted child for a year or two.

Love to all and most to my V. M. R. [very most reverend] Motherly Jo.

Ever lovingly your child
Margot

163. To Miss J. MacLeod

March 1st [1901]

My sweet Yum,

Your letter about the Holy Mother's wishes may be the result of my own wish, or may not. So I have written to ask her. For I have 3 pieces of work on hand which would keep me till Autumn otherwise.

Mr. R. C. Dutt offers to publish a book on India for me.

Mr. Stead promises to take a character sketch of Dr. Bose, which is to be a living presentation of India, "if it makes good copy"—and I *have* to go through and fight the missionaries—for which Mr. Geddes gives me an introduction to the Contemporary.

By the way I wish you had heard poor Mr. Geddes. What do you think—he spoke *so* warmly of my work for him, and begged me to come and do more !

I told him that from the time Mr. Mavor came he had worked no more with me, and Mrs. Geddes sat by and confirmed this—and he was *so* astonished.

We are longing to hear that you are quite cured. I am so pleased that you urge S. Sara in these terms to come to India. I too feel that her place is there and I don't think she doubts it herself.

Goodbye dear dear Yum,

Ever your loving and merrying Childe
Margot

164. To Miss J. MacLeod

21A High St. Wimbledon
March 7th, 1901

My dearest Yum-Yum,

Here I am—come to lecture—and arrived an hour too early. So I have implored my hostess for writing paper and a nook, and am set down to write to you for tomorrow. I wish we knew your poet in Japan—for this will lose time by going to Calcutta—you will leave that I suppose on Sunday.

Your last letter—telling how the Mother had said positively that I must come back—was delightful—and though S. Sara

I never did any real work with him after Mr. Mavor came—that I could only work with him alone, and so on. He had had a vague idea that I had succumbed to the joys of the Exposition, and given him up ! ! This was quite a revelation—and dear Mrs. Geddes sat by, and confirmed all I said. It seems that he said very strong things to S. Sara about my not being a failure after all. And I felt that you would have been still more pleased to hear this than I. Yet of course it was dreadfully sad—to realise that—the thing could not be discovered and acknowledged, till it was too late to be of use.

They want me to spend the time with them in Dundee—from middle May till June end. He also offered me the lectureship at the India Section of the Glasgow Exhibition—*Why* did they not give me this to do in Paris ?—but of course I had to say no —for *then* in any case I would have had to be writing at my book.

We had a tremendous challenge from missionaries in Edinburg, and if you are ever well enough to read anything again you will enjoy reading the report S. Sara had made of that. They gave a *terrible* account of India and her ways, and I had only time to fling defiance at one of them and leave. Then of course they had things their own way—till they asked a young Indian Xtn man to speak, and he got up and said *I had* been right—and that he did not, since reaching Europe, care to call himself a Xtn ! ! Did you ever hear anything so splendid and manly ? He was a Madrasi. Now the Club is trying to restrain me from right of reply. They must be much afraid. I suppose they do not want the material used in India, as "Missionary-statements." However, some deliberate grappling with missionary opinion I shall do before I stir, in one form or another. Do read Mark

Dear Yum it *was* good of you to go to Mr. A. M. Bose and love him—and to see the Parkers. Montague McKinnel is coming to dine and spend Saturday evening alone with me. I rather dread it. S. Sara holds out a terrible prospect. One thing is good, anyway. He is working hard for exams—for the doctors say he must not return to India. I am so thankful. London may be and no doubt is full of temptations, but where a young man can have decent women to mix with, he is in no such dreadful pass.

Sarola's beloved is in London, and I hope to see him soon.

Did you ever see a cat that squinted ? There is one before me now. This is the house of Mrs. Gordon, who protects cats —and they are teasing about in all directions.

S. Sara left Wimbledon today—to go to Mary Alcock in London. She has come over to be married to Mr. Pollock and S. Sara will have to mother both of them. I spec there will be row amongst the relations, and Mrs. Bull will be the only one to stand by them.

Sadananda is the only one whom you do not mention. I hope nothing has happened. I am so pleased that you have shown that you can do anything you chose by going to India this time in this form. And I believe, between ourselves, that S. Sara would like to take you very seriously about coming to India herself.

Loving—and in haste,
Margot

165. To Miss J. MacLeod

21A High Street Wimbledon
London S. W.
March 15. 1901

My Sweet and Sainted Mother—Y. Y.—

You are queen of clairvoyantos. First, you write of Prof. Geddes and Mr. Tata, as if you had been present with us at Helensburgh, in the Geddes' cottage. Next you move the pieces on the board, and tell S. S. to do things before next winter that she has been whispering to me the possibility of doing, in our own bedroom scarcely above her breath! I wish to goodness she could do as you say—cut every connection, and settle in India amongst the Brahmos. I feel, with you, that that is her sphere. But when I see the influence of family and friends in such a life; the responsibility of wealth; and the bondage of expectation, I tremble for the effort that freedom would involve. Of course only she herself can decide or do, in such a matter, however. Indeed it seems almost impertinent to speculate on her behalf—and I feel sure she *will* do—whatever the difficulties may be.

I am writing now, for bare life, Mrs. Roethlisberger's predictions all coming true.

Mr. R. C. Dutt insists that I write my book before I leave England and he thinks there is money in it for the school.

Mr. Geddes has just given me two *stunning* literary introductions, in which he says that my range extends from Sir Wm. Wedderburn to Lafcadis. Hearn. What do you say to your Child?

Of course I am delighted at the marching orders. They came just when I had undertaken the book, and I wrote to know if they were final; but then your second letter came and I accept them joyfully. Mr. R. C. Dutt however intended to write the King about it, and S. S. I believe has done so.

I shall write to the Anchor Line as you suggest. I am to take Bet out to India with me this time.

Dr. Bose is like one who walks on air. Discovery succeeds discovery, one instrument follow another, and the brilliant intention becomes the measured fact. It is breathless awe with which one watches. How can the Mother pour out Her spirit

so abundantly ? How thankful I am that you are likely to be in India next winter !

Meanwhile, how pleased I am that you are to see spring in Japan. The almond blossom is opening here, in our islands of the West as in yours of the Eastern sea. The birds sing, and I think another than Human Nature will for once have a chance with you. I imagine that you will live awhile on board ship and awake one morning in Japan—or Paradise ?—two names for the same thing.

As for me, with *your* blessing I trust I shall be found equal to my task. But oh, what we have dreamt and talked of, was but child's play compared with what lies actually before.

I feel as if I alone, of all who ever lived, am beginning to see the thing as it really is. Certainly no one has seen it but Swami, and I know that his vision does not obviate mine, but makes it the more necessary.

Yes, I will go to Bombay and to Poona, though I cannot love the Sorabjis. There are other shrines there that I must visit.

Ever your own loving Child

Margot

Mother loves you so infinitely—and sends you all her heart's longing for your speedy recovery.

166. To Miss J. MacLeod

21A High Street, Wimbledon S. W.
March 22, 1901

My beloved Yum,

Where are you now ? Amongst the cherry blossom in Japan, I hope. The almond is in bloom in Wimbledon and we are beginning to understand what life must be like in the Far East.

I am longing to get back to the Holy Mother. I have written about Anchor Line sailings, but they are not yet settled for the end of May. Meanwhile Mr. Geddes' letter is most brilliant. I have written one chapter of my book on India—*the Hindu Woman* as wife—a study of Indian marriage. I am also getting on with the character sketch. Bless you for encouraging it !

Fancy ! Albert writes that she is studying book-binding and has bound Kali for Mrs. Leggett !

They say that Swami's health is very bad. I fear he will not be able to stand India. I wish Sri Ramakrishna would reveal His Will.

You never saw anything like Dr. Bose's work. It is just pouring discovery.

S. Sara has taken a cottage for M. Alcock and Mr. Pollock to be married from. So they are all here in Wimbledon. Isn't that fine?

Nim has had a long illness—ulceration of the womb—and they feared cancer, but she is really better now, she writes. Meanwhile—our Baby is [···] month's old, and can sit up in her chair !

I am dying to see the Tree again. May 24th will be S. Sara's birthday.

It is so sweet that everything in this house is being taken up as it were and dedicated to India, in the fact that the Boses are using it. I cannot tell you either how thankful I am for Rich's share in their companionship. I do not believe that he ever before saw a nature so ideal as Mrs. Bose's. How much this means ! I do hope anyway that my Brother also will some day be Swami's Child. But not I suppose while the little mother lives.

How curious this is—that one may knock and knock at the wrong door—but there is never any answer till one comes to the right. I think of this because years ago I could write as well as I do now—but now I could fill my whole time with work that people would be glad of—and then not.

"Thy place in Life is seeking after thee :
Therefore be thou at rest from seeking after it."

Goodbye blessed Mother and Saint. Grow strong under the beautiful skies and the shadow of Fusiyama, and meet in India with

Your loving Child
Margot

167. To Miss J. MacLeod

21A High Street, Wimbledon
March 29. 1901

My beloved Yum,

Your sweet letter from Colombo reached us on Wednesday evening, came by some odd S. S. I expect. By this time I fancy you are only half way to Japan, if so much. For I fancied Hong Kong took 6 weeks, and that would be less than the distance. I am so glad that you are to see the straits of Singopore, because they say that that and the Inland Sea of Japan and the coast of Malabar and our dear Kashmir are the most beautiful places in the world—and though you may care more for Humanity, you must have some love of scenery or you would not travel so much. I shall write to Miss Sorabji, so that she will receive the letter on her arrival. Lord Hobhouse belongs to the MacNeill family, so that is easy.

When the Boses were told of your parcelling us all out they appeared to have such a thrill of joy at S. S's belonging to them that they could forgive my being taken away. I should not wonder in the least if your plans came literally true. But it is unlucky to count the chickens while they are still in the egg.

In Norway on May 17th a bronze statue of Ole Bull is to be uneviled in Bergen. May 17th is the day of the Freedom of Norway, so this is the grandest tribute that could be paid. S. S. [Mrs. Ole Bull] thought of taking me with her—but this can hardly be if Olea goes, and indeed I would rather not occupy a position so invidious in the eyes of her family. For this reason, if for no other, I should be glad to go to India soon, and feel as sure as you do that the Holy Mother's will is always right.

S. S. and Mr. R. C. Dutt however have both written to Swami, the latter in protest and the former in question as to whether it was really meant. I have been glad that Mr. R. C. Dutt should write to Swami. My own part has been simply to write to the H. M. of my pleasure in her order.

This cannot be a long letter, for S. S. has just come in and we are going out for the evening. I have written to dear Mr. Mohini. Bless him! S. S. says it is a great satisfaction to know that you are getting well; that she is going to Norway in May, and that is all she know. But she is always glad to have your blessing.

Montague McK. is back, and comes faithfully poor thing to worship at my shrine. What a curse is Empire! Slavery is always hardest on the slaveholder.

Your photograph is an infinite joy. Kissing your dear and holy feet

Your loving Childe
Margot

168. TO MISS J. MACLEOD

21A HIGH STREET, WIMBLEDON
Thursday in Holy Week
April 4 1901

My sweet Yum Yum—

By this time we hope you are nearly in Japan—and growing stronger every day. Six or seven weeks more, and I shall probably be on my way to India. Dr. Bose wants me to have his little nephew, Mr. A. M. Bose's tiny son, for a year or so, but he seems to think that Sarada Devi may object. I scarcely think she will, but I have written to ask. I want to have him with me continually, except when he is at his Bengali lessons everyday. And we want him to grow up *such* a patriot and such a man of science in one, as the world has never seen.

Rich is here, and is so good to me. I cannot tell you what a pleasure it is to have had 3 months with him so unexpectedly. Big and loud and troublesome, but so *grand* in many ways! He talks of joining the Calcutta Brotherhood by which I think he means the Oxford Mission, when he no longer has to look after mother.

We are all bicycling morning and evening, as our holiday-exercise, and are enjoying it much. Even Saint Sara has begun to learn, with Rich as tutor.

We hear nothing from the King. I am working away at my writing, The first two days of this week I wrote a speech for the unveiling of the statue about Ole Bull. S. Sara seemed very pleased. Now I am at a paper on missionary methods—which I hope may find publication in some important thing.

I have written one chapter of my book—and have begun another, while I have a third in my head.

Poor Mr. Geddes wants me to come to Dundee this summer. I wish I could help him. And now I wish he would come and do something about India, so that I could ! The only thing that gives peace is to believe that what Mrs. Roethlisberger said is true. "Your life is planned out, you cannot go wrong, even if you would." Do you think we might all believe that ? The next step would be—'whatever I do is right'—which does not seem desirable.

We are taking all our meals in the kitchen—as Dr. Bose has made the dining-room into his holiday-laboratory. I wish you could see it. You don't know how grand it looks with the instruments about. I wish I were back in India. I am just longing to get there, though I know of course that I cannot begin to do all the writing we want before that. Plague must be raging in Calcutta. I cannot bear to be away. I hope soon to hear that Sadananda is always the same. I would stake my soul's fate on him. Dear Sadananda ! Swarup too I long to hear of.

It is just 2 years since I went to the Fire Sacrifice at night with Mr. Mohini. How lovely it is in India ! I am so glad that you feel India "Sweeter," as you say, "than ever."

Goodbye dearest Yum—

All my love to you and the King my father,

Ever your Child,
Margot

169. To Miss J. MacLeod

21A High Street,
Wimbledon, London S. W.
May 3rd. 1901

My sweet Yum,

All sorts of letters came from India last mail deferring my return to India till the autumn. Mrs. Sevier is here and I hope to go back with her. She brings news about everyone. But I am particularly anxious about the Holy Mother, who is said to look both thin and frail.

Next Friday is to be Dr. Bose's great lecture at the Royal Institution, the great occasion for which we hope Mrs. Leggett

and Albert will be here. So much hangs on this. I trust it will be well starred.

After that as Olea seems not to be coming I am most likely going to Norway with Mrs. Bull for the 17th. I hope to get my book done for Mr. Dutt in these months. I am *not* going to Mr. Geddes. That is one great comfort! Though I would do anything for him short of sacrificing India and my task. But I fear that it would end as before in nothing.

I do hope you are better. I know now what it feels like even to want never to see anyone you know. How unutterably wearisome and worn-out and insufferable become the most innocent remarks when one is tired! I could not have dreamt of it. I went to Yorkshire and saw Nim and her Babe in a cottage amongst primroses and violet in Rudyard Kipling's native place! The Babe is a pillar of sweetness and sunny presence, and Nim knows what it is to love and be loved.

Next time a prayer.

Margot

170. To Miss J. MacLeod

Lysoen Bergen, Norway,
June 10th, 1901

My very most reverend Mother,

It is weeks and perhaps months since I wrote you—or anyone—but it is such good news to hear that you are really growing better at last, that I really must stop working for a minute, to write it. I have been doing very little, but this place is enough to revive even the dead. It is a green gem set in blue sea, and carved with roads and rocks and pines, and filled with delicious odours of the forest. It is more like Achhabal than anything else. I have broken my rules of diet, and am eating mutton, fish and eggs, sleeping out of doors and recuperating fast. I was so ashamed of being a burden and doing no work!—and I made up my mind never to go back to India unless I was strong.

I cannot believe that you really failed to touch L. Hearn. Things like that seem one way to oneself and so different to the other—often. How beautiful that answer about Mrs. Leggett's face—"the face of Michael!" And so true.

I am eager to know just what is meant by "an Occidental *in* the Orient" and other phrases in your letter, but will not bother you now. My curiosity will not die. Meanwhile, looking on as I do at S. Sara's plans formulating, and you in Japan, I am so thankful to have run the length of *my* tether, and to feel that I have probably no new countries to see before I die. It sounds a lazy selfish speech—but I want to "do and do and never dream"—anymore. I am so thankful that we are soon to be on the move for India.

You have made it all very thinkable too, but I do wish there were a chance of Albert's coming. I cannot tell you how I long to be in Sarada Devi's home again—just doing humdrum things. Bet goes with me, and I hope to have an English teacher follow later. There are many things which I see clearly and would discuss with you if we were together, but in which I must probably just take my own course.

S. Sara has long had the idea that I might be allowed to rent the place where Gopaler Ma lives for very little. I hope it may be so.

I spent a couple of days at 12 Benton Street, before I came away. I cannot tell you how I loved being with Albert. She is much finer than she gave promise of being and has *not* wasted her past winter, whatever she may think. She is *splendid*. I wish I were going to pass my life beside her. Mrs. Leggett was *well*, and in a mood to enjoy London. Lady C. was as exquisite as ever. Poor little soul! She seems to me so *hungry*, but I fancy Albert would say I was a fool, if I said so.

It is so dreadful Yum—I am *afraid* I MAY prove to be "a link!" I can assure you I don't in the least want to be—and if I become so I shall want my mother to stand between me and my Father's wrath. But I do see some value in the soul of R. N. Tagore [Rabindra Nath Tagore] for instance, even while I also see more clearly than I ever thought possible, the probable truth in all that the King has said. I am likely to be asked to speak at the Congress—and am only hoping that Swami will do so too—as I intend to accept. And so on.

To my great horror, Freedom has meant something to me, for my life has come to include many elements that Swami would probably not have put there. They are all for him however, I trust, in the end—and he will not hold me less his child than

before. I had a lovely letter from Nim, telling me I was to stay on.

You must not think from all this that I cherish any idea of going out to tea with Brahmos when I get back. Not at all. I belong to my work—to the women—and to the girls—even as you have said. And I belong to *Hinduism* more than I ever did. But I see the *political* need so clearly too ! That is all I mean—and to that I must be true. I believe now that I have something to do for grown-up India and for Indian men. How I shall be allowed to do that something, is Mother's business, not mine.

I do hope you will succeed in getting Olea, or not, if it is not best. Poor S. Sara was so won and touched by the fact that the same letter which urged her to come, also said you had written to Olea. I am so thankful for the way things are shaping. At this rate, I may be in Calcutta by Nov. We had *a* Miss Sorabji to lunch. I thought her dreadful, but I hope she was not Miss Cornelias. I don't think she can have been. I did write the Character Sketch of Dr. Bose, and it is in Mr. Stead's hands still. It may be accepted.

Bless you for all your blessings and encouragement. Happy Japan that holds you. Goodbye my own dear Mother,

Your Child
Margot

171. To Mrs. Ole Bull

Thursday morning
1st July, [*1901*]

Dearest S. Sara,

A telegram last night seems to say that Mr. Dutt and Mrs. S. will arrive together on Saturday. So I am going into Bergen tomorrow night, and have written to say I will sleep at Mr. Lund's. This enables me to take flowers to the graves for Sunday.

Of course I am longing to hear from you. I have not *felt* anyone since supper last night. So I gather that all are absorbed in you—and I am so thankful. I am writing to-day, though you won't get it, just because I cannot help it.

I want you to write to Chas Rowley Esq., Handforth, Cheshire and say that if he comes to Norway soon he can come here for 5 or 6 days. He was my host in Manchester, the man who had read Kali—and I want to help him. He has Mr. Lund's feeling for the people—and I want to work him into our set too. He is fine, though *h* [?]-less—all his letter says is true.

Hedwig Halder and Katrina are *so* good. They don't know how to do enough. And the Nicholayssens are dear too. They have one always on their mind. I don't speak more fluently yet—but we get on.

I *suppose* Mother loves my child more than I do, but I find it hard to imagine ! Did you give my message ?

I pictured *you* on the sofa last night, and in bed this morning, just worn out.

I do hope you'll have a heavenly talk with Mr. Stead all alone. There seems some hope in R's plan, since the idea is to live in Oxford. Meanwhile, I wish he would make you the star of his adoration and confide in you. I do want him to find his sakti Siva ! Siva ! as Y. would say.

His present inspiration is grand. But *do* find out about the operation, for I am very nervous and anxious about it. I am quite sure that without a leading idea to work out, R's life would just swimmer down into nothingness and he is worth a better fate.

I am wondering about Olea, and mean to write her on Sunday anyway.

I shall not be able to help writing tomorrow again, I know. Give oceans of love to the Lady and compelling prayers to Shudhansu and my blessing to Bet—the one solitary person who cares to have it !

Lovingly and *most* lovingly
Margot

I have suggested Mrs. Leggett's making out a cheque to YOU for the £1100. Then I would suggest your taking it to Grindlay —just opposite the House of Parliament and opening an account in *your name and mine*—so that either could draw on it. This would make things very easy for you.

Much much love to mother and Rich.

172. *To Miss J. MacLeod*

LYSOEN, BERGEN, NORWAY
July 19th, 1901

My sweet Yum Yum,

Here am I alone in Norway, for S. Sara has gone to London on business and in the tentative hope of meeting Olea there.

The Japanese papers that you sent gave infinite pleasure. I cannot tell you how charmed Mr. Lund was. He evidently loves his protegees to have a world wide réclame. It was nice to find the touch about you, showing how the Japanese too care for sympathy. I admired so much a paper that could use English and Oriental type at will.

As for me it gives me endless courage to have heard in America and in Norway, and in some sense now from Japan that I had exactly expressed the national ideal. I must have got some real thing from Swami or this would not be. About India, do you think it too much if I say that I feel as if I had something now that *no one* ever had before. When I read Swami on Hinduism again, I am staggered at the vastness of it—then I recover and think perhaps the very weight of his acquirements interferes with the short sharp view and the clear ringing word that India needs most at this moment. Perhaps my very ignorance and want of depth is my best weapon. Not that I do not think Swami's is the master word and for all time. I do think that—but I see with terrible distinctness that it is *too* big for any one generation. It needs a point. As for England—this Boer War seems to spell individual and general degradation. I am sure if he were in England he would do much—he could not help doing much—but as far as she herself is concerned—England or that was noble in her at least seems dead. Content to be represented by a pack of public-school boys mad after gold-dust, who are Ly. Cunard's intimate friends! I *love* Ly. C.—but that sort of frothy brilliance was never at the top of a great people. Infinitely rather the homely earnestness and simplicity of Abraham Lincoln.

There is a book here about him and it tells about a man called Johnson—how he was holding Nashville when a brother-officer determined to withdraw the garrison—and this man said—"I'm not a religious man, but I do believe in GOD Almighty and I do believe in the Bible and *I'll be damned* if Nashville surrenders!" What a man! Oh that India had a few like him!

Well, well, well, have a try yet ! I particularly want to go to Poona, but I do *not* want to know the Sorabjis. I would like to see Ramabai perhaps, but I must tell you with the utmost intensity that I have no interest in anything done by Government for India. To my mind, what a people do not do for themselves is ill done, no matter how brilliant it seems. I keep on more and more seeing that what I once saw true for an individual is true for Communities. You may employ artists to teach Baby painting and they may touch up her work so that it seems marvellous, but one little scrawl that is really her own is worth thousands of such pictures. And so with countries. What they grow to is good : What is done for them is a painted show.

I am doing nothing FOR India. I am learning and *galvanising*. I am trying to see how the plant grows. When I have really understood that, I shall know that there is nothing to be done, except defence, I fancy. India was absorbed in study : a gang of robbers came upon her and destroyed her land. The mood is broken. Can the robbers teach her anything ? No, she has to turn them out, and go back to where she was before. Something like that, I fancy, is the true programme for India. And so I have nothing to do with Xtians or Government-agencies, as long as the government is Foreign. That which is Indian for India, I touch the feet of, however stupid and futile. Anything else will do a little good and much harm, and I have nothing to do with it. Yes, my way will do some harm, too, but it will be *vital* to the people themselves—Good and Evil of their own—not any others—and for such harm I care nothing. They need it.

Oh ! India ! India ! Who shall undo this awful doing of my nation to you ? Who shall atone for *one* of the million bitter insults showered daily on the bravest and keenest, nerved and best of all your sons ?

How silly I think it now to do anything *in England* for India I cannot tell you ! What utter waste of time ! Do you think ravening wolves can be made gentle as babes ? Can be made polite and sweet as little girls ? That is what *work in England for India* means. Work is needed there, must be done there, I know. But do you know what that work is ? People must come to England, people like Swami—like Dr. Bose—like Mr. Dutt—and must show in England what India is and can be. They must make friends and disciples and lovers by the millions. And so

in 20 years from now, when the blow is struck (I *know* that that will be), there will suddenly be a body of men and women in England, who never thought of themselves in that light before, to rise up and say "Hands off! This people *shall be* free!"

But this is the redeeming of England, it is not work done for India! Do you see? And I, for one, am not made for that. I wish to heaven Swami would feel that he were. Yet what do I know about *his* mission? It is past our measuring.

Oh Yum, in India now, we want, what do we not want? We want the very dust of the Earth to carry our message for us. We want the slow-growing formative forces put well to work. Do not think I can be forgetful of the planting of trees, the training of children, the farming of land. But we want also the ringing cry, the passion of the multitude, the *longing* for death. And we cannot do without these. When I think of our needs, I am in despair—but when I remember that the time is ripe, and that MOTHER works, not we, I take courage again.

All we have to do is to float with the tide, *anywhere* anywhere it may take us—to speak the whole word that comes to us—to strike the blow on the instant of heat. Dare we hope that we shall not fail?

My task is to see and to make others see. The rest does itself. The vision is the great crisis.

Now do you see what I feel and why? To me now a missionary is as a snake to be crushed with my heel. The better he is doing, the worse he is—as far as I am concerned at least. I mean that I have no minute to spare in the judgement of such—and condemn sweepingly if I must give sentence.

The English official is a fool, playing amidst smoking ruins and crying on the highway that he builds well.

The Native Christian is a traitor in his own land.

For these and for all other bought men, paid spies, mercenaries, India has no use and no time. Very different work must they be at, who would save her, or show her, rather, how to save herself. The Congress is foolish it is true, and mischievous in some ways, but it is 10,000 times better than Mr. Tata's Scheme for instance or the Sorabji-business. Swami is the only person I know of who goes to the root of the matter—national man-making—and I don't know if Swami formulates all this other. I don't think he does.

But don't mistake me. India, once conscious that she has to save herself, may employ a foreigner, a Christian, anyone she likes, here and there. That is a very different matter. At present *they* gag her and feed her with morphineladen soothing syrup which *they* call Education.

I hope Yum dear, in your large heart there is room for all this and that you will not feel that I simply reject someone whom you liked. But I cannot help it, if you do feel that, and if it seems to you that I am all wrong and all dangerous I can only touch your feet and give you my endless gratitude and go my ways. I must work out the vision that is granted to me.

S. Sara is always regretting that Olea did not insist on Mr. Leggett's using this place last summer as you planned once. For the place is ideal for the headquarters of a yacht, and would have been just the outlet he needed.

Mr. Lund is an even finer man than one suspected in Brittany. He has a real enthusiasm for Humanity which one did not dare to hope.

I wrote the character-sketch and it proved a colossal task. And now Mr. Stead refuses it on the ground that it is too much India and too little Bose. However I am rewriting, in the hope of final acceptance. Also, I have written a large reply to the Missionaries under the title of "Lambs Among Wolves" and S. Sara says that if it finds no place amongst the magazines it shall be published by Dr. Janes.

Now I am at work on the book which Mr. Dutt commissioned. I have written so far on the Hindu Woman as Wife, and on Caste. As I find that Swami says he only dimly understands the latter yet, I do not like to claim that I have made it clear—but until I read the King's statement on the point I was very reckless with my boasts.

I cannot tell you how Mr. Geddes' work has helped me—nor of how much use I hope to make it before I am finally silenced. Dr. Bose's work is being attacked enough to make us think it the best [?] thing yet done, in its own line. The physiologists are so upset that they are just like sparrows—now dismayed at his results—now restored to spirit again because Burch of Oxford says he has repeated an experiment and find the result due to uncertainty of contact. Not daring to tell him the remark of Burch—but utterly relieved by his letter to them all !—using their

influence meanwhile to have our poor Hindu sent back straightway to Calcutta. Never mind! India won't be downed that way! Without saying anything to him, I have written to Mr. Tagore to ask, cannot some Hindu prince undertake the cost of him and his work ?

Would it not be heavenly, to have a *Native* Government take up a scientific work which the British were not large-minded enough to protect ?

I need not tell you that he himself had publicly pointed out the possibiity that Burch so gloats over, and had devised new experimlents to meet the case, but Burch has not attempted these experiments.

Poor S. Sara is always hopeful about Olea. But I think she sees that she must herself first live, and let her daughter understand or not—then she has a basis on which there is a possibility of sweetness and strength. She wants Olea to go East with her in the winter and I hope you will accept this plan—for anything that helps Olea seems to give her mother freedom and peace. She places great trust in you.

I feel that S. Sara's own difficulty is to let a flood or feeling carry her on. She is too intellectual—too apt to reason and weigh and grow merely incoherent, instead of putting out her arms and ending the matter with her heart. But I think she realises this herself and will try to get Olea away from the present atmosphere of criticism and do this.

On the other hand, Olea will probably require a certain patience and faith after all these years—but I think there may be something in the old myth of "Conversion." One may pass sometimes perhaps into a completely new state of neive and feeling.

You see in wri ting this long letter I am taking for granted that you are well again. I trust you are.

Ever your loving Child
Margot

173. To Mrs. Ole Bull

LYSOEN
Friday morning, 20th July [1901]

My dearest little Mother-in-law,

In a few hours I start for Bergen. All morning I have been arranging flowers, making wreaths of heather, and so on. Now I have just had my bath and drunk my milk. By this time you know of course that Mr. Dutt must have changed his plans and determined to travel with Mrs. Sevier. I expect to meet them both in Bergen tomorrow morning.

Tonight I am going with the flowers to the two graves and shop at Mr. Lund's. If Joan of Arc (hem !) cannot do this, it is not much use to be flattered so. I hope to have them here by 11 tomorrow. Give them a cup of coffee and light refreshment and pack them off to slumber. I shall be so happy if there is a note or post card from any of you. But I dare not expect it.

I never felt so near anyone as I did to my bairn last night—Thursday—and the later it grew the better it got. I know I owed it to you in some way. I am longing to know all you decide and to hear that everyone is cheered up. My conscience hurts me dreadfully about Rich. I know you will tell me frankly what I ought to do. From the way everyone keeps silence I feel that they all think it my duty to be there—and indeed I only want to do the right thing—I *don't* want to choose !

Have you anything from Olea ? I shall put heather and white roses in front of the oak settle and write to her—on Sunday. That is all I can do for her—except seeing to the graves tonight.

I took the servants for a row last night. In the boat I saw Hedwig crying. When we returned I asked why ? I thought Haldar had been telling of some sad accident at Ulven. But Hedwig pointed to the sky, and I saw poor little Katrina look awed but admiring, so I laughed and left the matter. But afterwards Hedwig brought up my milk, and in her boisterous way, shouting at me as if I were deaf, and waving her arm heavenwards she said—

"Haae jeg grette i' boaten—
jeg denskte af ruit jemsne i'
hemele—og lengste tid !"

Whereupon of course I could say nothing—but I did wish Mrs. Wittsteen had not said I was pious. Hedwig is so absurdly

sentimental. It sounded funny, but no doubt if one had a few people of that sort in India one could do much with them. Only does not it show how far out of things the Greek mind of Mr. Lund is apt to be ?

"Festivals for the whole people !" Indeed ! It is *ideas* and *feelings*, not *things*, the People want—and if they can get them that way, they would rather have funerals than festivals.

The Church appeals to a deeper instinct than all the philanthropists in existence, and yet I think her to be defeated and dead at this moment as much as anyone.

I have re-began the character sketch—but oh how stupidly selfish I felt when I re-read Mr. Stead's letter. *Of course* he may publish the scientific part without the Indian, if he likes. I don't mind a bit. Do see him about it. Only he must not "crack up" the Bairn or say anything about the work without submitting it to one of us. Please settle this—if indeed the weather is fit to go about in. Here, it is perfect oven—and I am just afraid you are dead with heat. On the other hand, it is possible that you are cooler than we. Please give my love to Mother and my warm approval of all plans.

I was going to spend today if Mr. Dutt had come getting him to study with me Swami's reply to the Madras address and the Lahore lecture. At the end Swami says he is "just beginning to understand" *Caste* ! Oh how small I feel !

When the character sketch is done I do not know what chapter of the book will come next. Reincarnation and Karma perhaps. I always feel the fascination of that subject. But you had better not tell Dr. Bose that, or he will be very cross !

And now Goodbye dear. Come back soon. Haldar holds long conversations with me about you and Fen Vanghan. Did you have a letter before you went saying that F. V. might meet you in England ? And so on. To which I reply in a general way that there have been letters, certainly, but yours real trust is in telegrams, and he says "Oh, Well ! Well !" by way of termination. I really think he dare not venture any other subject on the sea of my Norsk [?] !

Lovingly to *all*
Margot

174. To Mrs. Ole Bull

THE TOWER. LYSØ.
Tuesday morning, July, 23rd. 1901

My blessed little darling Mother-i-l. (!)

Your sweet letter from the steamer reached us yesterday, and the hearts of Hedwig and Haldar are satisfied. Hedwig is devoted to Mr. Dutt—and says he is a "*fine Herr.*" Mrs. Sevier is very dear. She is too accustomed to living in a household where nothing is concealed—and oh I am so tired of 3 days' chatter ! Ever since Saturday morning last I have been talking hard ! Last night in the boat I realised what had been the depth of that peace in which we have spent 2 months, and which for nearly 4 days of last week became almost unbroken silence. However, we have had rain at last, and are cool, so work is possible. The evening rowing is quite an institution—and last night we lay to in mid-flood, and I read the burning of Signy in Mores translation.

Mrs. S. said suddenly, "There is such a nice feeling in the house !"—and I thought this remark would please you. She is utterly sweet and humble and unselfish. I dread domineering over her—because I am sure she would let one. I told her about Miss Bell, and I can see that she is thinking it over.

Last night about 1, a tall gaunt figure passed through my room, candle in hand ! It was Mr. Dutt who could not sleep and rose to find his manuscript and do some work ! He said this morning that he had no idea anyone slept in that room and was as much alarmed as I when he saw me. But you know it has been so hot that we had to keep doors open.

He is indefatigable about work, and I see (though I fancy Mrs. S. does not) a touch of *the* mood every now and then. As we ate fruit on the Verandah last night after coming in I turned and said "How *very* tired of Life you must be, Mr. Dutt !" The thing took him so by surprise that I got his *instinctive* answer—"Oh !" he said "not yet ! I have done so *little* work !" I gasped—but that that is his honest estimate of himself I cannot doubt.

Poor Mr. Digby it seems is financially worried beyond endurance and has sold the home he loved so much built under his wife's wishes.

I have tried so hard to re-do the Character-Sketch but I find that I have *not* got the real m.s. here—only a collection of scraps. The real thing must be in the glass cupboard in Wimbledon—and I simply *cannot* do the thing. Nothing would be easier I fancy than to cut the present thing and put in a new division on the character itself and how it came to be. My only real difficulty is my overwhelming conviction that every moment in that life is an equal miracle of beauty and holiness. Grant that it be permitted to me to write the Upanishad by which his nation shall remember him !

Mr. Dutt is so impressed with Norway and intends to make it his "business to persuade you to spend 3 or 4 months at least of every year here." He had no idea that you had such a home or such a place in a nation's heart—and "in his ignorance" he knew so little of music that even your husband's name so familiar to the whole world, meant very little to him ! Dear simple soul ! I *never* saw such simplicity. I think it was people on the boat who gave him this impression of your place in the country. Mr. Lund's guru-feeling for your husband adds to it also of course. I think Mr. L. is now deeply and genuinely interested. He owned that Mrs. L. and he have been exchanging long letters about India of late, but one can see how necessary a *man* is to a man's conviction. They always have a hundred questions to put to each other in private with a "Ladies do *not* understand the world" kind of air !

Mr. Dutt tells me that in his opinion the time has come when Dr. Bose should be released from his chains. He counts that in order to continue and complete his work he needs

Salary and expenses of assistant	£200 a year
Instruments	£200 ,,
Personal income, travel, etc.	£600 ,,
Total	£1000 a year for life.

This should be bought as an annuity, and he thinks 2 lakhs of rupees would do it. This is only £13,000, and seems impossible to me, but perhaps I am wrong. Anyway it has to be begged secretly in India. And I am to help in the begging. You know I have been lucky in money matters with regard to *him* before, and perhaps I could get some in this case. What do you think ? I said it would be of the greatest benefit to me to do the begging —and of course it would. Mr. Dutt can send me to people

from whom he could not well ask himself. He has already written to Mr. Tagore, in consultation with Mrs. Bose. But he thinks Mr. Tagore will feel helpless.

Mr. Dutt realises all the ideal side of it too—how much good it would do the nation to *do* this—how it would make the new science one with the old, and so on. He says no native Government DARE take him over—oh Mr. Tata ! Mr. Tata !

So you see Dearie the vow that brought you from Paris, "We *shall* see them through this trouble" is to carry no further yet. Blessed blessed blessed gift of God ! What *would* life be in sweetness without the performance of this service ?

I do hope you will come back the instant you can unless you are quite sure of Olea. Life is NEVER perfect without you—just remember that Dear—and do act on it. What is Hindu life without a mother-in-law ?

Mr. Dutt was speaking yesterday of how you and Mrs. Sevier both are Hindu women in your unconscious moments. I was much amused when he told me that I also had lived in India sometime, for you know, unless I had a chance of being a suttee sometime, I don't even feel tempted to think so. So I pointed out my rashness and self-assertion and so on. Yes he said in those things I was unlike, but in deeper things I was identical. The dear godfather [Mr. Dutt] evidently considers that India is the *only* country in which one can develop deep faithfulness and reverence for the guru, and certain other traits ! Who knows ? Perhaps it is. Anyway, I feel a good deal taller now.

Mrs. Bose's letters were lovely, were they not ?

The little room is being thoroughly aired. Did you give my message ? It was not enough to say "Immeasurable." No words could ever be enough. Love is surely silence itself - - - - But one *does* long to get rid of the body, for the awful sense of limitation, and feebleness to express, that a movement produces is agony ! Fatigue *will* come, and it is like a cloud passing before the sun, and so on. You know it all. Only—only—how shall one say it ? Nay, I always fall back on the same answer—"Where my love fails my beloved one, God's love shall still be infinitely sufficient." That is the only comfort in what is really an exile and a prison. Think of the release, and the happy spirit ! That little sob of return and rediscovery that men call Death—and then—the happiness, as of dust—motes in sun-

beams, of the beloved in his own nature. Light infinite. Joy infinite—no "am not" anywhere! Who would ask for life, in order that one might hold in one's arms a while the babe whose very dependence is the sign of his own sorrow?

I have never realised as I do today how infinitely much I love, because I have never known how absolutely indifferent it is to me whether your or my hands and feet shall do the service. And more and more and more besides is new to me. Your own devoted daughter-in-law,

Margot

Give oceans of love for me to Mrs. Bose, and tell her the news for me please. For I *must* stop letter writing and go to work.

If you *could* let me have *Manu* and the m.ss of

1. Hindu Women as Wife (now in Mrs. Bose's care).
2. Missionary Reply. (with Albert perhaps).
3. Character Sketch (Bet would find).

I should be happier.

175. To Mrs. Ole Bull

Lysoen, Bergen, Norway
Tuesday afternoon, [*23. 7. 1901*]

Sweet S. Sara,

Since the letters went I received the enclosed from Miss Richards and wrote the enclosed reply. If you do not endorse the invitation would you mind writing a different note for me? It seems such a wonderful chance. I leave the rest with you.

Your own dear letter has come and I am happy. I am hungry for more but I know you will have much to do.

Re the patent

Molybdenum being absolutely neutral to electric conductivity, the curve being a straight line without deflection—this is a material of which standard high resistances can be made.

The bairn [Dr. J. C. Bose] has given you this information and more by now—but just in case—I am SO pleased that you feel it was the nick of time. And I am *so* so SO pleased Dearie that *you* are there!

If he comes, would this quiet lady be a drawback? I do not feel that she would. It seems a *duty* to me. The more so as she

would come to know more than one, and the rope would be stronger.

Chas Rowley's note also will you write differently if you do not approve ?

How glad I am about the patents and about Mr. Carter !

My infinite love and worship always—

Ever, dear little Mother-in-law,

Yours
Margot

Better wire any departures for Norway, as posts now are so delayed, through the Stavanger route.

I enclose the bill which came with 12 things of Swami's evidently ordered by Mr. Sturdy. Would mother ask Mrs. Maksham if she still has and could lend you certain lectures of his which I gave her 3 years ago ? The missing No. 2 might be there.

176. To Mrs. Ole Bull

Lysoen
Friday morning [26. 7. 1901]

My sweet S. Sara,

If the plan is carried out, you and "God's own" will start tomorrow. So this is only a short note in case you do not.

I am sorry about Olea dear, but I cannot tell you how glad I was that you felt so á propos of the patents etc.

I fear you may think it best to go home in Sept., and I am trying to finish my m.s., for I *cannot* stay in Europe without you or the Boses. I simply *cannot*. You do not know how splendid Mrs. Sevier is. I never saw such perfect unconsciousness. Mr. Dutt is greatly attracted. He, too, has a most spiritual nature, of that I am sure.

I know how happy you must be, and that little feeling of helplessness will soon go. Poor Olea, it is quite true that she must be thought of.

Ever yours devotedly,
Margot

177. To Miss J. MacLeod

HOUSE OF RETREAT OF THE SISTERS
OF BETHANY, LONDON
"Festival of the Holy Guardian Angs"
being Thursday in Mich.admer
Oct. 3rd, 1901

My darling Yum,

The inscription which heads this letter will sufficiently explain to you where I am, for a week's retreat, and the name of the day will show you why it is especially suitable for a letter to *my* guardian angel—You.

This is an Anglican, not a Roman, Sisterhood, so every thing is in English instead of Latin, and there is a certain reserve and self restraint from great emotian, which is most beautiful to me. And yet the whole life is like a great office of prayer, so that the very stones of the walls seem full of the beautiful influence of peace and the thought of God.

The Guest-Mistress tells me that the community is one of the strictest in the matter of devotion—and it greatly delights me to find that it by no means exceeds the Holy Mother's round of devotions. They begin at 6 and the last service of the day ends at ½ past 9, and when all the services are counted up it makes about 4½ hours of public worship daily besides of course private prayer.

Then I find that in the matter of food they are a great deal more practical than one would have dreamt of as desirable. They say work and meditation cannot be done on nothing, and I dare not send a meal away, for one is immediately hunted down, for not eating enough! I do not imagine that they are so wise as the East on this point. Still it is most interesting. And it gives me great courage, for it shows me how to unite the life and function of a school to religious meditation without losing efficiency in either.

And then if I could only show you the cleanliness and order! It is marvellous! Floors, China, walls, windows, all *shine* as if the very soul of enthusiasm had been at work on them. How do they achieve this? There seem to be 9 to 12 young servants in the house. So there is abundance of help, but they are apparently different from any servants that one ever knew. Neither palaces nor workhouses have I ever seen that could compare with this.

Your long letter on Japanese paper reached me on Monday last, before coming here, and was most lovely. Why do all the dear things you say make one ready to come to you with the sins that prove them to be untrue, and yet just as ready to keep away without troubling to contradict ? I suppose it is because you have so caught the secret of impersonal love that not what you say in detail, but the great spirit of oneness that speaks through it, really reaches.

Do you think I do not know that the great message of my sweet Father is unique ? That I could never forget, but beyond that I do not understand. For all this last year I have been going through experiences that lie far outside his course for me. I have held so hard to Sri Ramakrishna the while that if at any point I have been wrong, I can only count it His fault, not mine. And yet it may well be that the place it is all to take in my future life is to be that of warning or even sorrow. I cannot tell. It is not necessary to understand. It is only necessary to be faithful, and I have done my best.

It has seemed to me a part of all this that I have had these new views of India, and that I could not otherwise have reached them, though, again, how they are to be made widely available I cannot even guess, nor indeed if they are ever to be of any consequence at all.

And I am dying down into a feeling of greater quiet than I have ever had. Is this a part of the preparation ? It may be that it marks the decline of efficiency beyond the climax, but again, if so, it is Mother's fault. I did my best. She takes what She will. *Only*, your Mohammedan friend is NOT right, about India's requiring foreign rule. If he or anyone had the smallest true idea of what foreign rule means to any country, but above all of what it means to India at this moment, of the moral degradation, of the despicable enervation, that it is producing, he would cut his own throat, rather than allow it to speak such a blasphemy against Humanity. That is the one political opinion to which I would be utterly intolerant, were I a National Government, condemning persons who held it to penal servitude for life on an island ruled by foreigners. Does the history of India bear the statement out ? Of course, not. Even as written by her enemies, it shows that India, as large as Western Europe, never sufferred from such disorders. Think of the wars between France and

England alone, between England and Spain, between Germany and France; of the French Revolution; of the Wars of Succession in every country;—of the brigand raids of large communities into small!

Nothing is so extraordinary in India as the combination of intense religious conviction with marvellous political peacefulness, when one takes a large enough view of the situation, to get the facts at a true focus. The only thing that never is written is good *history*, at least about India—that I do understand.

What you say about the H and M students in Japan is thrillingly interesting. I long to be able to send more. Does it cost them much to live and study there? I want to know just how much, minimum and maximum. Mr. Tata told me that when Swami was in Japan everyone who saw him was immediately struck by his likeness to Buddha. Have you thought, Yum, what that great legend of the Dalai Lama really means? How it means that one cannot pass onwards to the Alter while one child stand begging for bread with tears, in the way? And have you realised how that *looks* like turning from GOD, when you are really only turning from your own salvation and holiness? And have you thought how the world only imagined that it cried for *daily* bread, and only the great soul of the Buddha knew that it was the bread of Life? Oh I see that child always in the way—and his need is dearer to me than any realisation. I will *not* go onwards till he goes before me, but do not think for one moment that I forget that what he really wants is the Sacremental Presence.

Neither S. Sara nor I could remember the incident you spoke of that Swami wanted me to go to India and I insisted on going back to England. I hope it is not true, but if it is, it is one more instance of which I have had enough by this time of the fact that what one has to do is done blindly if need be.

As I watch this marvellous round of brooding love here, I feel what would I not give to establish such an engine of intensest force and dedicate it to the Freedom of Man. I see no details yet, but someday I hope it may come to me to write another little book like Kali, and call it Freedom, and though it will be religious, and not political, the whole of politics will be implied in it.

I say nothing of plans, because as yet they seem so doubtful. I may be in Japan on the way to India, for S. Sara feels such a

need of me and is really so devoted to others and so lacking in physical strength, that I cannot feel it right to ignore her claim, to see her safe into your hands. Moreover she talks in a vague way of becoming more integral to Swami's cause if I do this, and I feel that this may be a direct leading in the matter. On the other hand I want to get to Swami and the Holy Mother myself. All *my* wishes are summed up in that one longing. So meanwhile, as I cannot settle but must wait to be shown, I do my best to write and write, and thus accomplish the immediate duty.

It is delightful to feel, as your letters begin to make us do, that you are well again—and to have a *temple* as your dating-place. It is exquisitely weird and suggestive!

With my humble and loving prostrations.

Ever dear Angel-Mother
Your Child
Margot

Appendix—1901

(19) [Here are some important documents relating to the Tata Research Scheme, the background of which is explained in the Introduction.]

SISTER NIVEDITA'S CIRCULAR LETTER

A NATIVE INDIAN POST-GRADUATE UNIVERSITY.

To

Dear Sir or Madam,

A Parsi gentleman, Mr. Tata, who is anxious to promote higher education among the Natives of India, and especially to encourage scholarship and scientific research, has offered to find a sum of £200,000 for the purpose. The question arises how best the objects in view can be attained.

Mr. Tata has been in communication with the Government of India, and he has appointed an Advisory Committee, to discuss the preliminaries of his Scheme.

On this Committee, the European element is, in the opinion of many interested in the success of Mr. Tata's proposals, unduly large. It is felt that his object would in many ways have a better prospect of attainment if he were to be guided by the advice and opinion of the Educated Native Community.

Mr. Tata, who is himself a merchant, seems to require the assurance that such a course is open to him, and would be a wise one to adopt. Some of his friends,—who are anxious to assist him, and who above all things desire to second his own wish that his generosity should be devoted purely to the advancement of Native learning on National lines,—are aware that he would be largely influenced by the opinion of impartial English people. Especially those possessing some knowledge of India.

In order, therefore, to strengthen Mr. Tata's hands in making such arrangements as may best give effect to his intention, the accompanying statement of opinion is being signed by a few influential people and will be forwarded to him in India immediately. Being intended solely to afford Mr. Tata personally the assistance of English advice which he desires to obtain, it will not commit those signing it to any further active interest in the Scheme. If, therefore, you approve of the object in view, you will perhaps be good enough to attach your signature to the statement of opinion, and return it to

Your obedient servant
Margaret E. Noble

Address :—
MISS NOBLE
C/O. MRS. OLE BULL
Messrs. Baring Bros. Bankers, London

[Sister Nivedita forwarded the following statement to persons interested in India, to sign. We produce below the *Statement of Opinion* signed by William James with comments.]

STATEMENT OF OPINION TO BE FORWARDED TO J. N. TATA Esq.

Having read the accompanying statement with regard to Mr. Tata's Scheme for promoting higher Education in India, I am of opinion that for the attainment of his object he would do well to be guided by the best educated Native as distinguished from European opinion.

I am also of opinion that on all the permanent Governing bodies of the Institution, the four communities,—Parsi, Mohammedan, Hindu and European,—ought always to be equally represented, no one in excess of any other.

And I feel that the management ought to be conducted entirely on National lines, all guarantees being now secured that Native Students, shall have every facility and encouragement at all times to distinguish themselves in Scientific Studies, and to hold the highest posts in the Institution.

Wm. James

[William James commented : "With doubts as to the permanent wisdom of the second provision."]

(20) WILLIAM JAMES TO SISTER NIVEDITA

[3. 1. 1901]

Dear Miss Noble,

I gladly sign your plea, even at the risk of seem impertinently to thrust myself into regions of which I am totally ignorant. I do so on the general principle of hitting at the infatuated pretensions of the "anglo-saxon". Hereafter I shall be for the "native" every time.

I greatly disbelieve in mechanical precautions against undue influence of certain tendencies. What is apt to follow is either a dead-lock or a "deal"—in either case inferiority. A strong institution is almost always one in which one tendency gets control, and it doesn't matter much which it is, so far as under public interests go, so long as it results from free and vital competition. Hence my restriction, which I think had better be printed with my name, although I am well aware that there may be special practical difficulties that make that second provision at present politically indispensable.

We are glad to think of you and Mrs. Bull as still together. We are enjoying the picturesque putrescences of Rome as far as my limited locomotory powers admit.

I regret to say that for practical purposes I am no better than I was in August. S. Vnol pagienza !

A happy New Year and century to both yourself and Mrs. Bull.

Sincerely Yours
Wm. James

ALBERGO PRINIAVERA.
Roma, Jan. 3. 1901

(21) CHARLES ROWLEY TO SISTER NIVEDITA

FROM CHARLES ROWLEY
HANDFORTH, CHESHIRE
MEMORANDUM
TO MARGARET E. NOBLE
11. 7. 1901

My dear Miss Noble,

I can now fix Sunday 27th October for your address at Ancoats. The line I have laid out is a series of lectures on notable books of the past 10 or 15 years. Perhaps you can hit on a book which will enable you to speak what you wish to say. Try and find one big or little, known to us Yokels, or not.

I have had a bad influenza but no complications. I am woak however and I wonder sometimes if Norway would not be the best pick me up. My wife is now quite well. I am sorry that you have had a nervous breakdown. You evidently feel things with great keenness and that means nerve wear and tear. I know the thing, I have had the collapse several times. Its no use preaching to us—is it ? We go on.

With best wishes

I am yours truly
Charles Rowley

(22) MRS. ABALA BOSE TO MRS. OLE BULL

22nd August [1901?]

My dear Mrs. Bull,

I was very glad to get your kind letter. Thank you very much for it.

I was sorry to hear from your letter that my husband does not want to go to Hardanger, and have telegraphed to you to-day to say that he must not lose this opportunity. I know he will enjoy seeing the glacier, and as he may not go to Norway again, I think he should not miss this opportunity. Had I known of this before I would have written to him, insisted on his going there and I now hope you will be able to persuade him. It is not everyday that he can have a holiday, especially such a holiday in Norway, even though he has had to work, and before coming back to work here again, I do wish he will have gone to Hardanger and taken a complete rest. As for taking me to the sea-side, I do not think that at all necessary ; besides I have written to him to say that I cannot go anywhere before the 5th. On the 5th I intend to go somewhere with my nephew and stay out for a fortnight. My cousin is also going with me. Before the 5th I can not go anywhere, except that I have promised to spend the 1st and 2nd Sept. with the Keatings, our friends at Briaton. So that I do [not ?] wish my husband want hurry home on my account but try to get the most benefit from the change of scenery and occupation.

My niece writes to me to say that you have been very kind to them, it was very kind of you to invite them to the island. I do not know how to thank you enough. She also writes to say you look tired and done up. I am afraid

you have been doing too much and wish you had a real rest before leaving your lovely home. I do not know how you can be contented anywhere after your ideal island home.

I am sorry poor Nivedita passed such an anxious time while her brother was hale and hearty and "kicking about", and feel rather guilty that I did not foresee her anxiety and tell her that he has not gone to the hospital yet. He is being well and going about here. I could not foresee Nivedita's anxiety ; otherwise surely I would have written to her about him.

I have been very anxious about my brother-in-law in India and am waiting for further news before I can settle any plans. If the brother-in-law continues to be ill, as he is now, I am afraid all our plans will have to be changed. I am only hoping that the change to Darjeeling may benefit him, and if further news confirm my hopes it will be all right, if not I think I must go to India in October. I can not bear my sister-in-law—to be alone at this time.

Mrs. Sevier very kindly came to see me last Monday and brought some flowers. She also said you were not very well.

My nephew has not done as he expected. His written examination will be over on the 30th, but he has two more days in September, the 3rd and 4th, for practical work. Then I shall be relieved, though I have little hope of his passing from the account he gives of himself.

I am so sorry to hear that your daughter is still so poorly. I do hope you will get better news soon and that she will get stronger and well.

I am sorry poor Mr. Carter had to go back without seeing you. However, as he is a good sailor, he must have enjoyed the trip.

As I do not know what my husband settles after the telegram, I am not writing to him. If he is there will you please tell him that as I hear he may be coming back soon, I am not going to write after this. Perhaps if he does not come on the 24th he may start on Wednesday the 28th., so that in any case he could not get my letter.

I am glad you can leave the island on the 2nd. Mr. Dutt will be going to Glasgow for his lecture. I think about that time should you be going to Glasgow. I hope you will enjoy your visit and come back to London quite strong.

I had been rather busy with the nephew for the first fortnight but have nothing to do now. I feel too lazy, to do any work, so the days are passing without anything being accomplished.

With love to Nivedita and yourself,

I am, yours affectionately,

Abala Bose

(23) MISS J. MACLEOD TO MRS. OLE BULL

TOKYO, 49 SAN SAKI, YANAKA
Oct., 30, 1901

Dearest Sara,

Your letter of Sept. 20th from Wimbledon, telling of Dr. Jane's death has just come—I am so, so sorry. It is indeed a page turned in your life's work. You must know ere this that I intend to be in India about X'mas time, though it might be the new Year before I am really in the motherland of civilisation again. So you will probably not come to Japan before visiting India, but *afterwards*. This we will plan when we meet.

I hope Child Margot's collapse was not as serious as mine. This past week I have been so poorly again, after six months' freedom from distress, that I realize it may take another year to make me equal to any responsibilities. Since Swamiji did not come to Japan Mr. Okakura is thinking of going to India for two months but as the Committee of the Restoration of the Old Temples—of which he is the head, may not take place till early December—if I go the 30th of November as I had planned, he may not be able to accompany me. So I would rather postpone sailing a week or ten days, and have the pleasure and protection of his and Mr. Hori's company during the three weeks' sea voyage.

Mr. Hori is a young neophyte, who is going to the Math—a fine earnest Japanese, who has led a Brahmachari's life for 7 years.

The Japanese Government gives annually 150,000 yen or $75,000 in our money for restoring the old temples, and as this is one of the results of Mr. Okakura's life's work, and the other *the Bijitsuin* or Fine Arts Hall, that stands for Japanese Evolutionary Art—it is important that he attends this meeting—before going to India.

I am going to visit the Hellyers in Kobe about the 20th of November, and they may accompany me as far as Hongkong to see *Canton* together. If they do this, I will not wait for Mr. Okakura, but continue my sea-voyage, to Madras or Calcutta's "Hellyer Kobe"—my cable address will find me till *Dec. 2nd* anyway, in case you have anything to communicate to me.

I am rejoiced Olea is again well. Whom do you think I am going to dine with tonight, *your* Miss Hughes of Cambridge England, who is here in Japan studying Japanese Education. I wrote and asked her if she was your Miss Hughes, and she wrote she was and I must go to see her at once, nice ?

I am glad to hear good news of the Geddes—they are OURS and I love them both. We need them in the Orient—someday.

If we come to Japan together, I should *love* to have this little house together—you and I—who knows ?

I hope Margot's school will be established by the time I get to India. Why don't you go on with her now—in November, and with your practical touch, get things somewhat running before I get there. Can't you ?

Mr. Okakura is keen to know you and says he knows he will like you. He is so gentle—just the thing you like in Dr. Bose.

It is curious. I like the Oriental best—who has no tinge of Westernism—the man who stands for his own evolution—and sees the good in ours.

On Sunday, I had seven Hindu boys for luncheon—also Mr. and Mrs. Oda and son, and Mongolian Monk, in fact about 16 of us, all eating on the floor, a la Hindu, with music and songs—most interesting day from 11 to 7-30 !

Oct. 31.

I had the most charming dinner and evening with Miss Huhges, and she comes to me next Wednesday to lunch to meet Mr. Okakura.

Good-bye.

Heart's love ever to you and Margot.

Jo Jo

178. To Miss J. MacLeod

CALCUTTA
Feb. 28th [1902]
Friday afternoon

My sweet Yum,

Your letter from Sanchi came this morning and tells me so much that I wanted to know! Evidently there is no chance of your being back before Tuesday week and I fear by that time Miss Hay will be gone for the 2nd time much to her own keen disappointment. She begs to return from Darjiling for a night, on the chance of meeting you all.

She is viewing things in the sweetest spirit. I cannot think why she ought not to have gone to the Fire Sacrifice—but it is with that muffled-up old woman's love of peace and dread of war that dear Prof. Geddes would be likely to give. Life—Life—I want life. But Life is only translatable as Freedom. Without that Death is far better, which, spiritually, dear Miss Hay grants. Only the woman's, the mother's, love of Order prevails in her. When a miserable terror holds me by the throat and bids me choose that which is not highest and best, I trust Siva will slay me dead, rather than leave me to yield.

She leaves next Tuesday for Darjiling—back Sunday, and off Monday to Benares. There, she wants to try and find Swami. Of course I think she is prepared not to be rescued. But she does want to meet him. After that she will go to the usual places and has many friends. She carries away the right feeling however, and is just a fine woman through and through.

I felt that I had provided her with a guru when I asked Mr. Gotenli to break-fast this morning and so it proved. She now "sees daylight"—a new proof to me that Mr. G., much as I am learning to like him, is *not* final. She took me to see the head of the Art School here—which was a success. They beg to come and look at the bottle (which when cleaned of Ganges-mud, proved a divine shimmer of silver and light blue!) and take the next Tuesday. They FEEL with extraordinary rightness about Indian Art. Schools are doing nothing but harm—Government utterly blind etc. etc. But they say "I can teach a man to draw and paint, but I can not make him an artist, or a gēnius!" And my spirit laughed behind its mask of features and said, "Fools! but I CAN." How *is* it that they do not see? Love of Country

—love of Fellows—Pride of birth—Hope for the Future—dauntless passion for INDIA—and there will be such a tide of Art, of Science, of Religion, of Energy, as no man can keep back. Instead of dolts—heroes—instead of copyist—original genuises. All these one could create—all these must be created. Will it be done ? Every thing else is only training—only opportunity. The whole world can be laid under tribute—Europe—Japan—Science—Art—Mechanics—Heating—Literature—but only if this divine passion first exists. The people as yet are like men in dreams and even the shifter of burdens binds them faster in a tie. They are not awake—they do not know to what end their dormant powers may be directed.

The soil—the soil—and all that grows upon the soil. This vast possession of worship and tenderness into which I have looked with these my eyes—this Sainthood of the Forests—this Cosmic intellect—this mirth and sweetness and severe reserved dignity of enjoyment that you see in the decoration of a shawl, in the shape of a pot—are these not things to be kept—to be treasured —to make men strong ?

Shall I ever pour this into one girl's soul Yum ? Shall I ever have my chance ? Is not every word of it true again and again ?

Everything on which I lean gives way, except Sadananda and Bet. I see that the first lesson is to depend on none—to throw away one's love and service and ask for nothing in return, direct or indirect.

But Oh, you do not know the difficulties of the path by which one has to go ! Or the many crops of weeds that one is likely to nurse up !

To-day, friday—you are at Ajanta. Yesterday you received your letters and met the dear old man at Jalgaon. How beautiful Sanchi must have been ! That Ajanta is wonderful I have often heard ! I am so happy that Mr. Okakura has all of you and that you are all seeing Buddhist India under his wing ! It must be divine to live for these days in the past—so living to him—and therefore made so essential to you.

I long to see him—I care nothing for his knowledge—or his prestige—or anything. I want to sound his *will*—to measure the depth of his soul—to hear from him at what point a people's

thirst for Life should cease. I think, I trust, I shall have an answer that so far I have failed to get from the successful.

Miss Hay is to lecture at Ramkanto Bose's lane on Sunday evening next on her Greek experiences.

The RK Festival is March 16th—and my lecture on the Hindu Mind in Modern Science is fixed for the 22nd—as before the Birthday it can not be. We shall be *nearer* the school when you return, but things move slowly !

To you all—most most lovingly,

Nivedita

I wrote to "Mr. Okakura—
C/o the Station Master—
(OR at the Dak Bungalow of the Caves).
Ajanta. Central India."
Can you recover the letter?

179. To Miss J. MacLeod

CALCUTTA
March 3, 1902

It is so uncomfortable to feel that I cannot express myself at all affectionately or freely because I have received a warning that the police have taken authority to open my letters, and I do not care to write to you for their eyes. The very possibility puts a restraint.

It has suddenly grown hot, and I am afraid our party*may break up.

(*Marginal pencil note says 'Leftist party in Congress'.)

180. To Miss J. MacLeod

U S A CONSULATE
Saturday Morning
April 19, 1902

My sweet Mother Yum-Yum,

If it were not that I seem to have lost the power of writing letters, I would not have been silent so long. On Thursday evening, S. Sara went : to night our Japanese guests [Mr. Okakura and Rev. Oda] are going. Christine and I are staying on here till May the 1st, but Swami is not coming to us, as I had thought he would.

At this very moment, he whom you call Genghis is at work packing in his room.

S. Sara took the publisher's ms with her on Thursday night. But I have to send another by the next mail, then there will be one for you, and I shall hold the author's in case I have the chance of correcting proofs. So tomorrow morning, when they have gone, the work of revision, in which for a couple of days there has been a lull, will begin again.

Christine and I hope to go together on Monday to the Math. We cannot go tomorrow, as I have a meeting to preside over.

Swarup may of course print the pamphlet as articles in the P. B. [Prabuddha Bharata] but if he has to put extra men on, he will find no advantage in printing the pamphlet itself. I hope you will find time to advise me on this point. I do not want Sarola's made the model. The New York pamphlet is the model, Sarola's only an instance of how near the thing can go. If Swarup is finally to do it, I will get him grey paper for the cover, for grey is Kali—and I do *not* like the pink.

Your telegram about the Rhinoceros [Okakura ?] has reached us last night, and I have answered this morning that he will probably be in Gaya on April 27, and I here. This is doubtful, however, for he may have returned here by that time, to await Nepalese pass-ports.

I sent both cables to France as directed, but nothing has yet reached Cook's. I also cabled America about my account, but they did a stupid thing, sent remittance by post, and cabled the fact, instead of the amount ! The cost of all these telegrams is heartbreaking when so useless.

However, thanks to dear Mr. Mohini to whom I went secretly, telling him I had a commission to execute for you. The Bank have cashed my cheque for 3000 rupees, which I have applied to your purpose. This will I trust relieve you of all anxiety. Saradananda is going to travel, and the Saint pays costs. I felt that this was really necessary.

Christine is beyond words—soothing, gracious, lovely. I think we may come to Mayavati together on May 1st, 2nd or 3rd. And I feel that it is very possibly her destiny to remain in the Himalayas a year or so—meditating. I should think that will prove to be her power. Her character is radiantly beautiful.

Of course I wish I could have her to live with me !

I suggested that the P. B. should do the printing for me, as a *help to them. If however, it is no help, but the reverse, it is better to know in time, so as to avoid both now and always.*

There is an article in the Studio of March 15 last about the Bijitsuin by Miss Hyde—with a reproduction of my lotuses. And another signed by Mr. Okakura. Both extremely opportune credentials, I think !

And now dear Yum Goodbye from your loving Childe

Margot

G. Khan looks well, I think, for his journey—and is feeling fit.

181. To Miss J. MacLeod

U.S.A. Consulate. Calcutta
Sunday Morning,
April. 20th, [1902]

My sweet Yum,

Your telegram of this morning and your letter announcing your immediate departure from India do indeed fill me with sorrow. Mine of yesterday to Mayavati will not reach you.

Christine and I are alone here, with Bet, for S. Sara left on Thursday evening and the Chieftain [Okakura] and his following last night. I wished so much to see you and discuss many things with you in a new light, but they cannot be said in a letter.

S. Sara's whole last week or two and her departure were everything that is peaceful and sweet. I am sure she was both blest and blessing. I cannot help thinking that she expresses herself very badly sometimes, and then she does not always know how much a given illustration may represent to another mind. I have spent today in glorious idleness, although 3 mss. await revision !

Your trunk will be sent off at once tomorrow morning. I am not sure whether it was opened yesterday or not for the removal of certain pairs of chopsticks—but it was loudly announced that such a course of conduct was a good alternative, and the idea may have been carried out.

Last night's train went at 10.15. So dinner took place as usual. We had the sweetest parting-ceremony. Ch. [Christine] and I both received a drop of brandy in our tumblers, because the parting-cup must be of wine. And when dinner ended, each

sang. Dear Mr. Oda gave us a lovely chant of prayer, Hori a sweet fugiwara song, that sounded and *ended* just like a Gregorian, Chr. [Christine] a lovely German parting-song, the Chieftain one of his grand hurly burly things about the demons and the fire-spray that even *their* eyes would emit with pity, if they could see the torture of *this* parting—and all that I could do was the Salutation to Siva Guru and the Hari Om.

It was all very sweet. He turned to Chr. during dinner, and asked her plans very carefully. Then—would she see Miss MacLeod ? Then------"Will you please give her my---- *regards*, and tell her that—that—I will *not* write !" I wish you could have heard the voice that said those words ! Yum, Dear, why *did* you go away ?

I would love to think that all your future travelling was to be done with Lady Betty. I am sure she may well undertake a visit some day to Japan. I would so like that to be !

S. Sara will have Mrs. Besant with her I fancy as a fellow passenger.

The Banner-Chief [Okakura] insisted on giving me one of his own bars of ink, he said your economics made you incapable of giving me any good ones—and he raked up the whole story of the cigarettes, with an enjoyment ever new !

It is a great voice that passed out of my life last night. The kinship to every longing of my own soul has been growing on me of late. But as Bet says he is still more fearless than I—*he* could act when it was madness to do so—and I have yet to come so far but I shall, she adds, for so it must be, before anything can be done. There is a stern Dutch soul for you !

Regarding money—I sent the cables—but nothing came of them. However, I got an advance of 3000 rupees (£200) and paid as you directed. I trust therefore that the immediate want is met.

I am alone—it exhilarates me—alone before an immeasurable weakness, to give it strength—an infinite need, to be met—an unparalleled difficulty, to be overcome.

I am alone, and yet not alone, for another's heart and brain and eyes have been at my service for 6 weeks. And my vision is not my own now, it includes that also. I do not command my own strength only—for a patient hand has laboured to give me a towering advantage in a people's love, and my own conscious-

ness of it. I feel an infinite strength within me, but I know well dear Yum, that without your great gift I would have known only an infinite despair.

Do you think I shall forget this great dower of yours ? But do not forget to pray for me that the mirror may not be clouded, till the reflected light has become the light itself.

Om to the Strong !
Om to the Invincible !

Ever your loving Child
Margot

182. To Miss J. MacLeod

[*April 21st, 1902 ?*]

[*Pages missing*]

two or three weeks, but it furnishes the Bank with most timely assurance that I speak truth and I am greatful.

Swami is looking magnificent—young—well—grand. But I fancy that he is utterly upset by the idea that neither you nor S. S. [Mrs. Bull] are to be in Japan. He does "not know his Japs" yet—and this is true. Had either of you been keeping house there, he would have been sure of something at least. Of course I see this. He is not now an unknown beggar, as he went to Chicago. He carries a great name and the interests of a Great Cause, which must not be betrayed. And the touch has not perhaps been quite intimate—even with him whom you brought. As to another—he is frankly perplexed.

One thing is clear. He must not be the means of a fatal spring from the frying pan into the fire, as most foreign assistance spells itself. Do you see ?

If only S. Sara could have arranged to be there ! But she is tired out. She is never allowed to rest. She ought not to have been dragged to India, and having arrived ought not to have been run off to the Cave. Yes, she may enjoy, but she afterwards pays up. Let her and Saradananda play together in America for awhile. They will both love that.

Meanwhile, Saradananda has gone to B.G. [Bodh Gaya] and is supposed to be going to Nepal, but the passports are not here

yet, and all may turn up again here once more. Of this, Swamiji does not know.

I only tell you what has been said in order that you may *know*. I have a fancy that he may be required to make a leap in the dark. One cannot tell. Meanwhile, I see his point of view plainly, and could only say that had I been he, there would have been no Nivedita, so much tighter would have been my cordon than his. He replied in that beautifully solemn way that *he* did not choose me—but Mother.

I could only say that I was prepared to take all the inspiration that a new individual could give me, whatever his race or habits, but I was not going, any more than my Guru, to treat this as anything but an individual matter. I trusted him, as Swami himself had trusted me. And whatever I might do, I should look for this understanding in Swami.

Christine is wonderful. She sits so quietly, and is so true to him. And yet she is always a *link*, and never a discord—and oh *so* soothing !

As for my dear "Subject." I bless you again and again and again dear Yum for this goodest of your good gifts. Let me beg you to give to those whom I love something of what I shall hope to give here, and keep me ever your loving Child

Margot

[With this letter a separate sheet was inserted with a sketch and remark. It was the dedication page of Okakura's book *The Ideals of the East.*]

On Tuesday morning—April 15th—the little page and dedication etc, were all arranged.

183. To Miss J. MacLeod

U. S. A. Consulate
Calcutta
May 1st, 1902

My sweet Yum,

We have had 3 letters from you this week. I am sorry you missed all telegrams and letters everywhere, for I answered all. But it would surely have been very tiring to come all this way, and Christine who is very very sorry to have missed you, cannot possibly imagine that it was worth while. I was sorry and ashamed to find how many mistakes had been made about your luggage. But I had to be at the Math that day, and Bet was so sure she knew, that it was only by degrees that I found the rosaries and the photograph, and her most annoying mistake about the water.

I think you must have been telegraphing about the photograph when I was finding it in the cupboard.

The Chieftain and his party found life at Buddha Gaya frightfully hot, and while I was dressing on Monday the 28th he suddenly appeared here. This morning Mr. Oda left for Japan to carry on further plans.

On Monday evening, we all leave for Mayavati. Sadananda and a nephew of Swami's go too, and *He* [Okakura] goes. C. B.* and I travel intermediate—and if Swami interdicts for C. B and I shall do so.

I am in despair. Everything seems wrong. The only comfort that Mr. A. M. Bose and his party are not going at once to Mayavati and I have declared that I arrange only for ourselves, and the etceteras for him. How you ever bore the weight of organising these Indian journeys, I do not know. Oh for a moment of quiet!

The money is untouched, save that I have advanced £50 to S. Sara on the strength of its being there. Am leaving it till I hear from you whether to re-remit. The 2900 you speak of *may* yet be needed. I never can make out when you mean rupees and when francs. Am so sorry that I did not send proper telegrams. I hoped I *had* done so. The box has *not* arrived by

*In Swami Swarupananda's diary we find :
"13.5.1902—Nivedita, Okakura, Bet and Kalu arrived.
20.6.1902—Nivedita and Bet left on Calcutta."

Duplex, say Cook's—but on the 29th of April arrived by parcels post from the Dead Letter Office U.S.A. a cardboard box of bodices. This is mysterious, but I send to you in a tin box by post. I find that these tin boxes are about a rupee each, and they always represent a certain convenience it seems to me. The cardboard of this package was all broken in and I have undone it. Christine is re-packing. She is *so* sweet !

I must stop. I have no soul today, no enthusiasm, no hope. Goodbye.

Margot

Swami when I saw him last Sunday looked better. The Chieftain looks well. Poor Bet and Chr. have each had a day in bed. And Mr. Matthewan is beginning to adore Bet !!!

184. To Miss J. MacLeod

U. S. A. Consulate, Calcutta
May 5th, Monday morning [1902]

My dear Yum,

This is a mere note, for we leave this evening for Mayavati. He [Okakura] is going too. Mr. Oda is gone—to arrange a Conference at Yokohama in the autumn. *He* says, "leave Swami alone—it will be all right—say nothing." I think he must be right.

Today, I have to go into all money matters. I wonder if you really meant *April* 5th when you said that your arrangements extended only till then. But I shall hope to find it all out. Hori is left at the Math. Swami likes him so much—says he will make an excellent Sannyasin.

Khoka is here, and the apple of *His* eye.

Thanks for all you tell about the journey.

About the pictures. Yes, two were chosen by Him, but S. Sara superintended. Only she promised that He would sign on the back, and I think it was done.

We are posting Mrs. Hellyer's Choga—in a sealed tin box. I am so afraid of moth for it. Mr. Oda took Lady B's photograph. We thought also that he took the Choga. *He* gave it as we supposed—but as neither of us opened the wrappings, it proves to have been his own robe of mourning.

And now I must stop. With infinite love. So glad He and Swarup are to meet. Don't feel worried at anything Swami may write. His ups and downs are the tides of receding illness on the shores of nerves.

We all were there yesterday, and he received us well.

Most lovingly *Margot*

Special love and devotion please to ALBERT.

185. To Mrs. Abala Bose

17 Bose Para Lane, Bagh Bazaar
Monday, May 18 [*1902*]*

Dear little Mother,

Do not think me impertinent for trying to tell you some of the things, Dear, that have been coming to me all day for you. I want to say to you that to me—whether you think I have the right to say this or not—you are and shall ever be, as much a mother, as if the Baby had remained a living presence with us all.

I came home this morning with such a strange sorrow that there could have been no holding of her for a moment or two in our arms and no rite like baptism to give her *soul* a welcome into our human world—before it passed out again all untroubled and unstained. And Swami Saradananda came in, and I had a long long talk with him. And he told me that to Hindus a baby is a personality and a living spirit, and companionship, through all those months in which you have waited so sweetly and patiently —and that the ceremonies of that time are really ceremonies of welcome and love to the child. Don't you think it is beautiful to think of it in this way—so that the little one is really with you still, and always with a special link of mother-and-child between you, although you have had to renounce so many sweet joys and services ? Perhaps you have achieved all the greater motherhood, because it has been turned into the grand sacrament of sorrow instead of that of life. And I feel somehow as if the presence of your daughter would be with you most at moments of prayer and benediction—that your prayers and blessings will aid her and then you. You remember that the *soul* knows no birth and death—but is always grown up—and radiant and

* '1902' is an error here for '1903', and the letter here is also misplaced.

strong! How sweet is the helplessness of the body to those who love! I think this beautiful relationship will be always between you all three—although the moment of birth was also the revelation of death. Perhaps it is free souls who leave the world as they enter it. May be you have done and needed hospitality to such a guest!

Anyway, Dear, to me you are always mother, and if you have lost a passing joy, I know and feel that you have gained all that great living power that goes with it, and I believe that you are only the more universal in your motherhood, for that realisation that the world calls a loss. Sarada Devi wanted a child of her own, and Sri Ramakrishna said: "My Dear, someday you shall have so many children that you will not know what to do with them!"

Ever, ever lovingly Dearest
Margot

Don't forget how Roman Catholics bring forward proofs at the Cannonisation of a Saint, that by his or her intercession miracles have already been performed. This shows that they speak with the dead—and regard living and dead as joined together in a great community of prayers through and for each other, and for the world. When you die, you will join and know that sweet soul that has watched and prayed with you—who knows? And why not?

This at least is my belief. The Birth into Death is surely a great mystic purity.

N

186. TO MISS J. MACLEOD

C/O. MRS. SEVIER
MAYAVATI
May 18, 1902

My sweet Yum,

There is no time left to write—but the B. C. brings a letter to be enclosed. So you will not need another.

Everyone here remember your visit with such infinite pleasure. Swarup tells me that you are, if he knows anything of palmistry, going to marry and have 3 children.

Mrs. Sevier is full of sweetness.

I will write you a long letter—but not now. I have not begun to my little mother yet.

Is not Albert absolutely wonderful ?

My love and respect to Lady Betty and everyone.

Ever your own loving Child
Margot

Please promise to love me as your own, even when you have married and acquired 3 rivals !

187. To Miss J. MacLeod

[Mayavati *25. 5. 1902*
Sunday Morning]

[*Pages missing*]

You also ask me to give you complete news about Him [Swamiji] and Nim—so that you may arrange your winter.

You know I never feel that I can arrange things, as you can. But for once my own wishes are exceedingly clear. I hope and pray that He [Swamiji]may fulfil the programme made by you. 'The Other' [Okakura] says he believes he can ensure it. If only so ! He is so ill, dear Yum, that I doubt very very much that it will ever be possible to see Him at rest. He is so ill that *my* attitude towards Him must be that of soothing by any concession at any time, without troubling about sincerity or consistency, but at all hazards guarding from Him what is sacred to myself or others, lest He destroy it. And *to you* I do not need to say that it is for His own sake, because I love Him and desire to serve Him truly, that I face calmly such a plan. If only He were out of India ! I do not believe that His power of service is by any means ended, but I am very much inclined to believe that His presence in this country is the reverse of service, and unless some great crisis were past, must continue to be so. I am not sorry that it is impossible for me to give the reins to my feeling on the subject—for I believe that the service He would long ago have asked from me at this point would be simply to lift the colours for Him, in the thick of the fight, keeping personal emotion at arm's length, lest it dims the eye or cause the hand to shake. If He goes E., it is of course *most* desirable that He should have

some refuge—and there is no denying that if His refuge contained another Indian man as its inmate, it would be most advantageous.

About that, you will know best—I have nothing further to say. Only that if S. Sara has the home, and *you* are not there, I would advise C's [Christine's] going, as He does need that sweetness that comes only from you and her. She submits to Him completely and does anything He commands, so she does not exert your common sense and protective function. Still, she *is* soothing.

Now about "the Other." My one desire is that he should return home. He talks of the other possibility of a tour in the opposite direction. And of course only himself can settle. My *desire* is unflinching—that he should go home—perhaps act as translator for Him—in which case there is no doubt whatever as to His success—and then sit once more in his old place at his old work, and learn within himself how much it all means. If *then* he devotes his life to us it cannot be refused. If on the other hand, it is a different sphere or even the old itself that he chooses, then GOD bless him !—for if any soul ever existed who more craved and deserved such blessing, I can hardly imagine it.

He was a very incongruous element here, however, and when he announced that he was unfortunately compelled to go, there was a good deal of unspoken relief on both sides I fancy.

He is now wandering about in the Hills—and wrote to Mrs. Sevier from Devi Dhura, the place on the mountain-top, where the Siva shrines are. I look forward to seeing him when I return to Calcutta.

Now about yourself—The only thing Swarup tells me is that you will certainly marry, and as he characteristically adds, "have 3 children." And for his part, he will be entirely glad, for he feels that that is the sphere you need, and where you will find happiness. I trust that this is indeed so—for you have given and given so unfailingly that it is time you came to harbour and began to take.

I wish I could tell you about Christine. She is just as staunch as a McLeod. She is gentle and clinging and not so dominant as you—but she is loyal and sympathetic and generous. Perfect in sweetness and perfect in trustworthiness and so large in her views ! She cuts herself off from hosts of things—but she never condemns anything or anyone, and she is so quiet !

I should think that her weak point would lie in efficiency—and in power of directing and organising. I should *think*, but remember that I am only guessing, that she could not do these things—that she is always to be a worker at details. But her *quality* is such that she is a new proof of His power to call the greatest. It was just like our dear Yum to leave her beautiful gowns.

As I am cut off from everyone, do not expect letters regularly. But I shall always remember your commission, and write whenever my doing so can help. *My* child has had a great blow. Perahps you have seen him before this.

It is because I cannot that I do not promise regular letters. I know that you know this, and I do not need to say it. You are so noble that you will readily understand how I believe that my best intimacy with everyone is to become wholly impersonal, to give every thought and every moment to the task in hand.

We place infinite hope in your Viking. I am tempted to think him born to his end as much as our two selves.

Please express to Albert my great love and reverence for her, and to dear Lady Betty and the Babe give my whole heart.

Ever Ever most blessed Yum

Your devoted Child
Margot

I just want to try to say more explicitly, what I have tried to hint at above. You speak of changing your attitude to the King —'cutting the connection for ever.' What reason could there be for this ? Only something that is directly or indirectly the result of illness. He never needed tenderness as he does now dear Yum. And it was never so necessary to ignore completely all his words and deeds. They mean less than nothing.

M

188. To Miss J. MacLeod

MAYAVATI
June 2nd. 1902

My sweet Yum,

There is nothing to tell, save that it appears to be finally decided that Dr. Bose shall return here this year, so I cannot tell for the rest.

"The Other" has left the Mountains and must have reached Calcutta, to judge from a note I received, a couple of days ago.

He is still there, and C. is here. So things are otherwise unchanged.

S. Sara's plans you will know by this time.

I wrote to Grindlay's about the draft to Paris. I have not yet heard—but trust it goes by this mail.

If M. Nobel is inconvenienced by my stupidity I am so very very sorry.

I wonder if *you* may run over to Norway perhaps. Who knows ?

I do wish Dr. Bose would go. If you went too—it would be very bright.

I have won the 100 rupees by my essay on Caste. What do you say to your Child ?

My love and admiration to your whole family, worship to your sweet self.

Ever
Margot

Would you be willing says the Viking to undertake the Philippines on behalf of the USA Government, this winter, and try to capture Agninaldo ? He thinks the woman who got "the Other" could do anything !

189. To Miss J. MacLeod

MAYAVATI, ALMORA
Saturday June 7th, [1902]

My sweet Yum-Yum,

It is beautiful to hear from you that you are so happy. Your letter from the Suez Canal I sent on to 'the Other' in Calcutta. By this time you have seen my child [Dr. Bose]. If you can sweep in and take him captive—heart and mind and imagination —do. He needs life and fun and fresh interests. I don't care

where they come from—if only he gets them. Fill him with 'Joy !' Let him feel that he has begun to live again. Talk nonsense or religion or the Government of the U.S A. to him—it does not matter what.

Only *don't* pretend you love him if you don't. I shan't mind a bit if you simply don't feel that he appeals to you. In that case it cannot be helped. Make him love you to the uttermost—if only you won't let him feel deserted afterwards!

These, I don't ask much, do I ? Grindlay's letter of this morning I shall send on. You will see that they have made a natural mistake about the name. I retain the duplicate.

Dear M. Nobel ! I love that man for his marvellous marvellous goodness to you. He has a heart like the sea. How unjust life has been to him ! S. Sara says she has sent you the m.s. One or two errata followed later. Be sure you get them. I am short of chapter XIV. Have you two ?

By this time you have been long in London of course.

Christine is here, a quiet dark girl, not *great,* but exquisite—and all sweet, no sting underneath, eager to leave any whom she loves true to *all* their past, not trying to take to herself.

Got on horseback yesterday for the first time, mounted and sat *beautifully*. Viking all admiration goes on musing aloud about 'how curious it is that some people (C.) look so much better than others (me!) on horseback !'

Swarupananda spends the bulk of his time with her. She is full of gentle strength—and her figure and carriage are indeed wonderful. She was born on the—of August 1866. *He* needs at this moment all whose horoscope are bright and productive of victory. I trust hers may reinforce yours in this respect. And I hope the same of Nigu's.

How is dear Lady Cunard ? Is she with you?

They say that Calcutta is kept quite cool by showers.

And now sweet Yum Goodbye.

Your loving Child,
Margot

Try to see poor Mr. Spencer. You remember—my friend of the boat ?—

Edwin J. Spencer Esq.,
Fair Mile Lea Cobham Esher

190. To Miss J. MacLeod

MAYAVATI
June 16th, Sunday [*1902*]

My sweet Y.Y,

Your letter of May 17th reached me this week. Why am I writing to you again ? Is it to acknowledge the 60 rupees that you have enclosed ?

My visit here is at an end—I leave tomorrow or next day, according to the coolies—to go to Almora with Mr. Bose (who has not been well), or down to Calcutta with Bet, as I profoundly wish. Lest I should not be able to go down, it seemed wise last night to write to the dear Nigu and say goodbye—since he is likely to start for Europe within a week or two. I sent his key and full instructions about luggage. If I find any little possessions of his amongst my things, I must simply send them to him in England when he is there. It is one of my old talks—when I crept to your knee dear Yum and talked a situation out. Please crown yourself with your mother-wisdom and solve my problems—or diagnose the case —or sum up, whatever you may call it. No I think it is the jury that I see in you. I am prepared to sum up—I want you to deliver for or against my summing, and then to offer me a sentence to be pronounced on myself, if indeed destiny leaves any choice.

My visit has been a waste of time, as far as work went. In order to help Swarup with various things I have left my own aside—and I find no power to use what I have done. Here it wants completing. There, no one is going to take the thing in hand even when *my* task is complete—to finish it. Again, my work is utterly unsuitable. The fact is, I find Swarup a mere worker at a detail, and when he puts his hand out, he checks, freezes, thwarts, the whole time. Under his shadow, I should die of cold and terror. He is forzen with fear.

"Yes, certainly, we do want heat—a great heat"—up to this point he is excellent—"but let me implore entreat beseech that you do not attempt to light the fire now. You *might* get the house on fire ! You might even burn a chair. You know I feel quite sure that the fire is already burning hidden under the wood there ! And be careful not to give matches to the wrong person !"

Here, the moment one has crossed the boundary, one is not in home—one is in a kingdom of law and rule (I do not say this is bad—I feel that I have got my balance here—and can trust my judgement in this very matter better, for having been checked by this fact). There is no welcome for a personality because it has a right to be itself. In other words, there is no Freedom.

You can understand that I cannot spend my time writing for the PB—if his high and mightiness is to sit on what I do and pronounce it impossible. You see, he does not know how to *give* Freedom.

I cannot deal so extensively with the really improtant side of the thing. But the sad fact stands out before me that I have met one person in this whole world with whom I could have worked literally hand in glove—and if only that person had had the good sense to come into this world a woman or I a man, we might have done great things. As it is, Farewell ! We are swept apart and must be.

Our being together however would not matter, if our work could be made complementary—and I suppose if that is best, it will happen. I do not mind working alone if there is only that strong practical mind and that BRAVE HEART (Oh, what divine courage and self-forgetting !) to *apply* what I do

I remember as we left you that night you said "Uni.ed you stand—divided you fall." Do you remember my t ringing answer? When I make an announcement like that it *always* proves untrue.

Oh Oh Oh if men could but exist who were one great breath of work ! This dear sweet Rishi-soul is utterly inadequate—and the one person who is adequate is obnoxious to every other man with whom I am associated. I don't mind about the saying goodbye, if our *working* is not divided, you understand —but there is the best. Is he great enough to hold on, as I can, knowing that I am, and *therefore* working, without any association or even personal friendship? Is he? Will he? Why should he? Only that the existence of one really does make the other effective !

Your loving childe

Margot

I feel that if Nigu had been a woman or a child, I could have had with him the most exquisite friendship. As he is a man I do not feel that I could dare, or perhaps rather *ought* to dare, to indulge this possibility so completely. It is really a common mind and interest that produces the bond between Our Work, but you know what Hindu society is !

191. To Miss J. MacLeod

17 Bose Para Lane, Bagh Bazaar,
July 2nd 1902. Wednesday

My dearest Yum-Yum,

Fortunately Mr. O. [Okakura] and Surenne [Surendra Nath Tagore ?] called on Monday, with S. Sara's letter about Murray, and yours was read at once.

It seems the seal you offer is "Io"—meaning 'young lady' or 'Miss'—so it would not do for the book-cover, and the enclosure was left instead. Is it not beautiful? I never saw your friend [Okakura] look so lively or so natural. Perhaps he thought my surroundings bare—but he set himself to talk of 'the land of hope' in which *he* lived—in a way that did me good. Surenne and his mother are angels of kindness to him —and they are constantly together.

I spent Sunday last at the Math, and Swami was looking so *much* better. He blest me with great sweetness as I left. I am going again this morning.

What am I to say to you for your sweet letter about *my* child [Dr. J. C. Bose] ? It was like a touch of himself to hear from you, in such a way. I am SO glad you came so close. It was too lovely to hear of his sweetness and gentleness from you. My poor bairn[Dr. J.C. Bose] ! I fear he is worn out. I only hope S. Sara will not force him beyond his powers. Of course I wish very much he could spend next winter in Boston. Her environment is wonderful. But he wants to come home. And he has been so patient in staying away ! What a tremendous triumph his lecture of June 10th was ! How fortunate we are. Fancy three such men !

We are house cleaning, and Bet is ill this morning. She always has a day of breakdown. *She* thinks it is all the ghee in

the food, that makes her bilious. I think her hard work in cleaning has somthing to do with it. And the climate is not to be trifled with.

It is July 2nd and the rains have not come ! This means famine for the whole of Northern India ! The weather is very hot.

Poor poor India ! If only this can be used to waken the people, but I do not know.

We are all broken hearted to think Jhon Chinaman was English. Especially as Nigu is writing more of him ! 3 chapters out of 5 already done.

When I read S. Sara's stiff little remark "parts of the book were severely criticised by Murray" my heart stood still. What? I thought—was the composition so faulty? But Nigu arrived, with her letter to *him*, and I was much relieved. They could not stand the real touches, it appears ! Well, Well ! I still wish, however, that they could have gone in. They are useful here.

N and S screamed when I spoke my native astonishment about the superiority of Murray's composition !

Please give my love and thanks to dear Lady Cunard, and to Mr. Leggett. He wants to know why I took the money from New York and S. Sara tells me to ask if Lady Betty will receive subscriptions for me. Will you say what you think wise, and tell me what—and the result ?

Dear Yum ! I wish you were well, but perhaps the illness will not be altogether dreadful if it brings *someone* close to you. Such, you see, is the egotism of mothers—and in your life he is probably a tiny far-away incident ! I would *like* him to find in you a great well spring of happiness. *He* says you are as loving as love itself ! Just be so. You are a great vision descended on earth, whom we all need. Give my love to dear Albert, and Lady Betty.

And Believe me Ever

Your own Child

Margot

—

What about the Coronation? Has it upset everything? It was so lovely to know that you were at home once more, and they all so glad to have you !

192. To Miss J. MacLeod

[*7. 7. 1902*]

Dear Yum,

I find I omitted the note, so I send it here.

Margot

Monday, July 7, 1902

Wednesday

Dear Yum,

Yours of June 13th has reached me—*Dear* Yum ! About money matters I will try to write clearly this next week. I *cannot* now. Please live a little while, and make your child believe and understand that your dear Friend *is* REALLY part of the whole thing, whatever Swamiji may or may not have said, and that the Freedom is really the Work. I need your beautiful burning faith so much !

This man that you have given us is noble through and through !

Do write and comfort him.

C/o S.N. Tagore Esq.
19 Store Road Balligunge, Calcutta.

They worship him there, as their very Guru.

So Lovingly,
Margot

193. To Miss J. MacLeod

17 Bose Para Lane,
B. Gh Bazaar, Calcutta
July 10th [*1902*]

My Sweet Yum,

I am getting Grindlay's to send you a telegram through Dr. Bose. I fear you are utterly unnerved. Do not be grieved, Dear—what *would* have happened to us if you had not done just what you have? The service to Japan will yet be done, when Japan has first served here.

How blessed has been this end ! How blessed the soul that you brought to him, and to the Motherland ! Do not forget

that you are life itself to that soul, but that it is *yourself*, not any third, that it must have.

You are so necessary to us all—dearest Yum—if the great work is to be done—do not think we can dispense with you.

I am so lonely ! I long to hear from you.

and his—

Your Child—
Margot

194. To Mary Hale

17 Bose Para Lane,
Bagh Bazaar, Calcutta
Thursday, July 10, 1902

My dear dear Mary,

After all these two years, I reopen our correspondence to tell all of you something about the sad news which has already reached you. You have heard of Swamiji's death on Friday evening last, the 4th of July, at 9. Perhaps you already know that he was ill all through the winter, and indeed ever since reaching India from Egypt. But during the last months and weeks he has been improving remarkably and though none of the older Swamis thought there could be a parmanent cure, yet it did not seem at all improbable that he would recover sufficiently to go to Japan and work this autumn. On Friday itself he worked very hard, spending more than 3 hours in meditation, and teaching and talking to one and another all day. At ½ past four a special message reached Calcutta from him that he had never felt so well. About that time, he went out for a walk and walked two miles—a great deal here. Then he came into his room and dismissed everyone. He wanted to meditate. After about an hour, he was tired, and lay down, calling a boy to fan him. Half an hour later, a trembling of the hand, crying as if in a dream, and some irregular breathing made the lad call the house—but when they reached his side, he was already gone. Everything points to great Samadhi. He left everything in order. Everything at peace and in the moment of his greatest strength, quietly, of his own will, he left us.

I have scarcely a touch of sorrow—so great seems to me the Victory—so pure—so flawless. Swamiji is ours today as he has

never been. The poor tortured body is released. We are only beginning to know the sweetness of the Great and Will beyond. I dare not say any more—for knowing how you loved him, I fear by any word to give you pain. Accept my dear my faithful love and let me write and tell you anything you want to know. Give my love too, please to dear Mrs. Hale.

Ever lovingly to you all

Margot

195. To Miss J. MacLeod

17 Bose Para Lane,
Bagh Bazaar, Calcutta
July 16 [1902]

My sweet Yum,

Your *beautiful* letter is here, though everything comes a week late, having gone round by Mayavati.

Did you get my message through Dr. Bose? How are you? I trust Albert will let me know, for I am sure you cannot. But I am oh *so* anxious about my sweet sweet Yum-Yum.

Yes, you are right about Nigu, and he is right, I feel sure—though the divergence between his methods and the monks' is so complete that I am quite cut off from the Math. I feel that in this, I am carrying out the mission Swami really gave me, though Swami himself thought differently, under the tortures of the physical existence. Do you understand me? I feel sure you do and will. I feel sure too that your last words hold good in your mind always—"United you stand, divided you fall!" Many a time those words have sounded in my ears, warning me not to let go of N. [Nigu]. *He* feels that this excessive caution and rationality has been the bane always. *They* feel that we go to utter ruin. I cannot say more.

But if Mother is really with us, the collapse can never be complete. And last night She brought me the intimate friendship of—unofficial d' information particuliere. Do you understand? Can you realise? But it makes one shudder to feel that one is touching such slime, and that so many who are dear may depend on it.

Now about money.

Very well, having sent back half of Mr. N's I now have 2941 Rupees as against the 3000 which were paid out. N. has had to bribe—a good deal—but thought another 1000 only would have been necessary. Of course I returned the papers to Mr. M. at once. Now, however, Swami Saradananda wants all I can get—he really wants about £400—to give a house on a piece of land to the Holy Mother. Nigu gives way at once, and says he can do without more. So of course I would like to hand over every penny I could. I think I *must* reserve something over the 750 a year, because I still have so much to do to the house, and it would be unwise to leave this undone, but I mean to go to the bank to know just how much I *can* make it. I may make out a little deficit-list for you, and I think I shall write to Mrs. Coonley Ward for the $ 100 she promised me. I feel this as a great relief, for it enables me to devote small sums given for that purpose really to the Women's work, even while I am cut off from the possibility of having Women under my roof—for fear of their being afterwards tarred with my brush, as Swami Brahmananda thinks.

Any inquiries made can be answered by saying that the money is wanted for the Holy Mother. Of course it *would* have been very nice to have kept a small account in New York—but that does not seem to be possible—as I need to raise every farthing possible. And *then* I do not know what to do for travelling expenses, which must arise, if I am to do anything at all. I go next Saturday to Jessore for a few days' lecturing. It is beautiful to see the reviews you send. How much—how very much—N. has done already !

We cannot do without you, dear Yum—so get well for all our sakes, and the Work's most of all. Keep our faith alive that this, and no other is for us, that there is no unfaithfulness in doing the greatest right—and never can be. Do go for the rest-cure. Oh may it bring back life to you !

The Math is absorbed these days in weeping and in worship —and everyone tends to slip back under the hypnotism of things said in illness and caprice, don't you know ? I feel enslaved and terrorised by the thought of it, but they will work out their own way for themselves.

People suggest that I should write a Life—but I think time must pass first. It must be *so* simple and *so* great—so full of

the throb of India—and yet so unmistakably the story of an Avatar. But if you will tell me that *you* want it, I can begin any time. S. Sara just indicated that your next letter would say your book and N's is accepted—and ½ profits. Is it true? I am so so glad ! Of course I am sorry cuts had to be made—but I know you did the best possible, and Murray is excellent.

Do you realise how ideally great the last scene has been? How even enemies catch their breath and worship?

Quietly to put the body down as a worn-out garment at the end of an evening meditation ! "That will be a great death that I shall die, saying 'Hara! Hara! Hara!'" (Siva! Siva!) I remember His saying long ago. And it has come true. With the laurels green—with all things in order—with the shield undimmed—he went. Oh Swami, dear Swami, grant to me always to carry out your innermost will—not merely the personal whim or weakness! I think—do not you?—that one of the marks which distinguish great discipleship from poor, must probably be always the power of interpreting the Impersonal, rather than the Personal-side even of the Masters. If Albert is writing to Mrs. Roethlisberger, would she send her a piece of paper or something from me and ask her to hold it and try to send me a message, as to whether I am really on the right path or not? It is all so different from what it was meant to be—and Swami was so angry two months ago, and the men are so sure I ought to do what *He* told me—and yet I *cannot* do differently from this. I have become the idea—and could die more easily than submit!

I will not write more. All the world is worshipping but your heart is the deepest of all sanctuaries to His name—and you are ill, and I must not tire you.

How glad I am that every one is so well—and that the *three* children are such a joy ! My love to them all.

I beg your blessing—most dear and most reverently loved—

Your child
Margot

196. To Swami Brahmananda

17, Bose Para Lane,
Bagh Bazaar, Calcutta
July 18th, 1902

Dear Swami Brahmananda,

Will you accept on behalf of the Order and myself my acknowledgment of your letter this morning. Painful as is the occasion I can but acquiesce in any measure that are necessary to my complete freedom.

I trust however that you and other members of the Order will not fail to lay my love and reverence daily at the feet of the ashes of Sri Ramkrishna and my own beloved Guru.

I shall write to the Indian papers and acquaint as quietly as possible with my changed position.

Yours in all gratitude and good faith.
*Nivedita of Ramakrishna Vivekananda**

197. To Miss J. MacLeod

[*July 24, 1902*?]

[*Pages missing*]

We talk of "Woman-making." But the great stream of the Oriental woman's life flows on—who am I that I should seek in anyway to change it? Suppose even that I could add my impress to 10 to 12 girls—would it be so much gain? Is it not rather by taking the *national* consciousness of the women like that of the men, and getting it towards greater problems and responsibilities, that one can help? Then, when they have surveyed the *great* scheme, have they not already become open to new views of life and necessity? Will they not achieve these for themselves? Oh Yum I don't know! This may all be my own sophistry. I cannot tell. Only I think my task is to awake a nation, not to influence a few women. A man has come and shown me how—but this is only giving edge to my

*This letter, found amongst the papers of Swami Brahmananda, at Belur Math, was copied and communicated to Mrs. Lizelle Reymond by Mr. Kumud Bandhu Sen on 29th Sept. 1948.

sword. Already I saw these things—and belived that I saw them more clearly than He had ever done.

Now as to my task. I may not succeed. You do not realise as I do—you *cannot*—the hopelessness of the task—and my own utter inadequacy. But ought this to make any difference? I *see*—therefore ought I not to act? Must we not throw ourselves now into the great Ocean of Mother—and leave it to Her whether we come to land or not?

Why was He withdrawn just then? Was it not that each atom might work out unhindered without torture to Him—the great destiny that His life flowing through might bring it?

Do you not remember how He said "when a great man has prepared His workers, He *must* go to another place, for He *cannot* make them free in His own presence?"

Little did I dream then of all that it would mean. But that last Sunday He said it was folly to have homes for widows and orphans in India—doing more harm than good. Missionaries did it—but they *bought* them and frightened them. Behind them were money and the sword.

"Yes" I said eagerly "don't you see? That's exactly why I say that the other question must be answered first! *Then*, all questions of Education!" "Well Well Margot" He said, "perhaps you're right. Only I feel that I am drawing near to death—I cannot bend my mind to these worldly things now!"

And yet, the plan I told you last week about the money will actually make the Widows' Home in a simple and natural way.

I cannot tell you—but this is terribly secret, how I shrink now from S. S's view of my life? Ever since He went, I have felt the utter impossibility of being personal in my love for anyone. I remind myself over and over again of the health regained and the work done—and am thankful. But only not that way again! If it were not for that, I would long for *her* presence here. But I must work that out alone!

Oh Yum you are divine, for I know that you understand every word I write. Along with the help given, I see that I have created a terrible need, a burning craving. I wonder, was it well? And I no longer trust her judgment. Nor do you! But she is so reckless about bringing the full weight of her will to bear!

It is dreadful to write such things. I shall hope that you will destroy the letter again when read. But not if you don't like.

If you ever feel up to it, you might go through or get someone to go through my old letters, and copy out about Swami—scenes and words. For I must accumulate towards a Life. There will not for long be another pen so fit.

I have just been away for 3 days lecturing. It gives despair, and yet is full of interest. I found at the end that they paid fare and dak bungalow. And if this precedent were to hold good, I might go everywhere without much expense. But there is some, of course. And then, they might not do the same everywhere. So I shall lack money if I am to do that particular work this winter. I lectured about Him [Swami]. Then, if I had stayed, I would have talked social doctrines or something á la Geddes, trying to set them thinking —not National Congress and not Government. You know what I mean. But I will *not* talk religion here. He shall be the whole of my Religion and my Patriotism too, for the matter of that.

I'll tell you what you might do—you might get Mr. Padshah and Alasinga to ask me for lectures. Not the Sorabjis. If I go to that neighbourhood, it must not be under their auspices. N gu and S. are going shortly, and must arrange. Also Umrao Singh's vicinity.

Now how selfish this is ! I have been writing three hours and you are not strong enough to read so long a letter perhaps. But one or two words will be *answer* enough !

I am *so* glad that you visited the Bairn.

So lovingly
Nivedita of Ramakrishna

Why does Albert call poor Edward VII's misfortune *justice?* Surely she sees him as the VICTIM of life. Poor man ! And *he* is not punished. It is trades people and others who suffer. Again, he was very fine, he would rather die than disappoint the people he said. This means something at such a crisis.

N. [Okakura] almost persuades me that sovereigns have not always and everywhere been vulgar and rich and self indulgent and grasping at the show of power. But certainly in Victorian

England with wealth and flattery unlimited, and manly activity cramped on every side, a Prince of Wales cannot be blamed for dissoluteness! Our Royal Family seems to me the most entirely appropriate summit of our Imperialistic system that could possibly be imagined. Bourgeois through and through!

Oceans of love to *dear* Albert.

You say "our lives are unswervingly consecrated to *Him*—all others are our co-operations." You know, distinctions like that sound to me as a blasphemy against others. But if I say that through His love I trust to be true to all other love—do we not mean the same?—N[Nigu?]. Hyndman (9 or 40? Queen Anne's Gate, St. Jame's Park) and Kropotkin would say I was right : Geddes, that I was wrong.

Thursday Morning.

N. was here yesterday afternoon, and told me that they have the land. He may have to go to B. G. [Bodh Gaya] anyday to sign a lease. I gave the 1000 rupees, and he said something about repaying your money in 3 weeks or a month now. You will write to him. I am so thankful about the land! I felt sure that it would come, as soon as Swamiji left us. *He* has done it. I have no doubt!

Address : C/o S. N. Tagore Esq.,
19 Store Road,
Baligunge, Calcutta.

Ever lovingly
Margot

198. TO MRS. OLE BULL

17 BOSE PARA LANE,
BAGH B. ZAAR, CALCUTTA
July 25 [*1902*]

My deare st S. Sara,

Your last letter written from Newcastle Station on the 3rd struck grief into my soul. It would be Tuesday or Wednesday before the terrible news would reach Lyseen, and you could

not reply earlier than Thursday or Friday I fear to Lady Betty or the Bairn, for Yum. I am *so* eager to know every word about her now.

It is so curious ! Every other relationship falls of—and at this moment I see no one but Yum, in relation to Him !

There is much about the last phases that I shall be able to tell you some day, and that you will understand and bury between us. Is it not so !

[*Pages missing*]

Which flowers are blooming now, I wonder, in the meadow above the Fiord ? And which of the pyrolas are out, on the Island ? Did the primroses I planted blossom this year ? You can easily find out by examining them. Is the great rock on the hay-lawn covered again with honeysuckle and roses ? And dear Mrs. Wittsteen, and the old grocer, whose face I see, though not his name—reading your post cards so conscientiously. I am so glad you left the preface with the Character-Sketch. How sweet and encouraging you are about it ! And you have done exactly right about everything. I knew it would be so.

The next thing now is the violin-notes, which will evidently not reach you till you are in Norway.

One works things off very slowly. I now have

(1) to finish the book,
(2) to accumulate towards the story of Swami of which I dream,
(3) to write a paper for the Conference—"Problems of the Oriental Woman." This will help with my own book.

I would have done more by now—only I have been revising a short second thing of Nigu's—which has taken time.

Dear dear Lysoen ! Dear Brittany ! What beautiful memories we have, of simple places !

I wish I had not lost Prof. James' subscription. It would have come in beautifully now for the Holy Mother ! I long to see *Her*.

I pray for the happiness of all at Lysoen.

Ever your loving
Margot of R. K.

199. To Miss J. MacLeod

17 Bose Para Lane,
Bagh Bazar, Calcutta
July 28 [1902]. Monday night

My Sweet Yum,

Your sorrowful cry came yesterday, and all night long in my dreams I was with Him—and you. This time we knew that He was going, and it all seemed so simple, but when He had left us we sobbed—oh so bitterly. Yes, I am His child. But I am yours too. And I feel that at this time specially I belong to you alone, with some little right to console and caress. Say that a child can be a comforter to a beloved mother ! You know His last subject of conversation with me that last time I saw Him was all of you—how He had never seen any man so much in love as "Leggett"—and then his many virtues—purity—honesty—and his sorrow at Lady Betty's illness. He said too that *you* were "an extraordinary mixture—of the most childlike faith (and His tone said—so tenderly—that *that* was what you had turned to Him !) and the most awful suspicion."

His brother Mohim came this afternoon, and took me to see the mother [of Swamiji]. The Sister came in. They said "His name" came to them whenever they saw me. The brother is dreadfully broken and poor-looking. It nearly broke my heart. He is throwing up his service in Cashmere in order to be with his mother here, but what chance has he? What chance?

And he wants to send the younger brother to America or Japan. 'Anywhere—out of Bengal'—he exclaims—and I imagine I know why—and agree. But how shall it be done?

Oh Yum, you cannot dream what a struggle life is becoming to everything Indian ! "Our country is the graveyard of her own children, and the Paradise of every bully who chooses to outrage her !"—says this brother, almost in His manner.

Nigu and I have had a sad misunderstanding, and I fear we may not even meet again. The worst of it is I do not know how to be angry in his case, and can only feel the great blank made by the loss of his friendship—and oh so sorry if there is any pain for him !

Thursday.

Yesterday was a day of great happenings. In the first place, Nigu came with Suren, his old sweet self again, and I could see that the repentance of a little child was in his heart. But I could not see him alone, as dear Sadananda had just come back, and people came in. So he is coming tomorrow at 10 to do some literary work, and I think he is just hoping to be allowed to spend the day here. On Saturday they leave for a month's travel, and my heart always sinks a little, for you know such a journey is not without its evil chances for him. I am glad to have him tomorrow, in order to send him off with full prayers. I always say that if only he goes safely home this time, I do not mind next—but for the present he is a *guest*, and not free to be killed ! You see, you brought him, and for our sakes. If he comes again, as he declares he will, it will be of his own accord, knowing what is before him. He *loves* Suren. What a wonderful nature he has, for loving those whom he teaches ! No wonder he has strong men for his disciples !

Sadananda is at his loveliest. From me he got his first *touch* with the end. He says that he realised before he left, on May 4th, that it might happen so—that the end was drawing near—for He was growing "too much mercifully"—and He would look at him sometimes in a shy way and smile to Himself—and Brahmananda had told them that He would slip away from them, even as SRK [Sri Ramakrishna] had done, for he saw SRK living in Him every day.

I told him how, if the body had been more like Him, I should still perhaps have felt that it had held something of Him—but to me it had been so unattractive, so utterly unlike, that I felt Swami Himself to be utterly unchanged. And he [Sadananda] fell in with this entirely. He *knows* that He is with us all the time. If we try to do wrong, "He will keep us." He took his first sannyasa from Him at Hrisikes, and he said "Swami, if there be a fall !"—and He answered, "If there be 100 falls, no matter ! *I* am responsible. *I have chosen you.* You have not chosen me."

Abhayananda is here. He laughed and talked about her with me that last Wednesday. She never came or wrote, when *it* happened. And yet I am sure that for *her* too He holds Himself responsible.

Swami Turiananda has returned. Poor thing ! We all went together ! I went down to meet him, but had to come away, for I had a meeting to attend, and the boat was not in—so Swami Saradananda and Kenay met him alone.

I wrote to Miss Muller and I think also to Mr. Sturdy.

I hope you do not think my little Bairn is utterly hopeless. Poor childie ! I long to have him here, and safe. Dear sweet birdling soul. It needs a refuge and a joy so constantly.

For 3 or 4 months, He has been getting the men up at 3.30 or 4 in the mornings to meditate. They took a plunge in the River, and were in the Chapel by 4.30. For many mornings it seemed to me that I too was awakened before dawn, and I used to sit up and just make a salutation—for a minute. But now I am tired again in the mornings, and I sleep through it. I hope this is not very dreadful.

I LONG to hear that you are physically stronger !

Your own child,

Margot

He said many kind things that last Sunday about Nigu—and if He had been well, the land question would have been settled long ago. I *know* it is He who does it now !

200. To Miss J. MacLeod

17 Bose Para Lane,
B. Gh B. Zaar, Calcutta
Aug. 7 [*1902*] *Thursday mg.*

My Sweet Yum,

It seems impossible to write letters—even to you. What has happened? If your plans have held good—you left England last Saturday. I *trust* you are growing stronger.

Your letter was blessed.

I shall try to write the preface for Murray's and send it to Nigu, to be forwarded by him next mail. Meanwhile, he is away, doing work 'that only he can do'—*indeed*—and I do not even know his address, tho' no doubt I can get it.

Bless you and bless you and bless you for your details about my child. You know I cannot write him anything worthwhile—for I have only their banker's address again—no privacy. So I

just want him here. And I will do as you say. Leave him unchecked. Every word you say is sacred—is Veda to me. Give me *Orders*. I shall be so thankful to carry them out.

Your Child was here last Friday all day—to say Goodbye, and get a blessing. We meditated in the Chapel together before luncheon.

I showed him yr. 2 little notes. I think I never saw such pain as on his face when he read them.

But for himself—I am sure that life is not now suffering. He sent me a curious flower of strange sweetness on Saturday aft. and a note that said "I am at peace with myself." So let it be, throughout his wanderings—dear brave heart! I feel that it was Swami who brought him back Last Friday—and will bring him again when He wants me to see him. Is n't that right?

Now for all the questions you ask—tho' most of them must be already answered in other letters. Still, I cannot tell.

1. To go just as He went is held to be *the* triumphant way—the Sannyasi death. The whole country has thrilled to it. It was on the Dark Night of Kali too, wh. means that the body is not necessarily resumed, unless He will. He had risen beyond it even while in it.

2. I think He certainly knew—not the minute, the hour, the day. But I think on Wednesday morning He knew that I wd. never see Him again. Remember His "JESUS washed the *feet* of *His* disciples!"—and a pained sorry smile He gave me without a single word, when I told Him it wd. be 8 or 10 days before I cd. have the house neat enough for Him and the godfather [Romesh Ch. Dutt] to meet.

3. He left every thing in order. On Sunday He told me that the lawsuit with the family that had been hanging over Him for 3 years, was compromised by them voluntarily in His favour—and He was satisfied at last! It was the same with everything. Here I am, on my feet. He blessed the house and the work—and me. Everything. No loose ends of Karma. No Karma at all. Three wishes—Japan, wh. he expressed the very day He went—"I want to do something for Japan." A night's

worship of the Mother—wh. was carried out by the men last Saturday. And Mr. Dutt—wh. will surely bring them together somewhere in the Universe.

And now let me give you a diary of that last week—first telling you that it is my infinite joy that when my prize came for 'Caste,' I sent it straight to Him with a little note, and I think that was His assurance that I was the same "little Margot" as ever. "Our little Margot" He called me that Sunday.

June 26.

Thursday night late. Reached Calcutta. Sw. Sarada brought us in and gave me a little mat as a gift from the Math and a large deerskin mat from Swamiji (it is a meditation rug!). "Is He then glad I am come?" I asked in surprise. "Oh *Yes* !" said S.

June 28.

Saturday morning. I was going to the Math, but a note came early, to say He was coming to Town. He came at 9. Went over the *whole* house—explained everything—examined everything. Sat down on His own rug here—played with some Lucknow figures I had brought. Expressed DELIGHT with the microscope and magic lantern and camera and told me to bring Him the microscope next day—asked me what I planned. I said University Settlement Work rather than school. He said "*right.*" As He went—I said "Swami, you must come back, and bless the work." and He said " I am *always* blessing you !" As the door closed, I said to Bet "all the old sweetness, Bet !"

June 29.

Sunday. Went early. Reached Math 8 or 8-30. Stayed till 5. We talked things out a good deal—esp. about Nigu. He said He "loved that boy ! Such greatness and goodness He had never seen !" *That* was the blessing. In the afternoon, He grew very cross, being tired, and I cried bitterly. Then He gave me a beautiful blessing—holding my head and blessing me twice —in that caressing way. I only asked Him to tell *me* when He doubted or disapproved—not to make up His mind apart from me. Oh I am *sure* He will !

That day, I think I must have told you, He said a great

tapasya was coming over Him. Had I not been there—at near noon He wd. still have been in the Chapel. He felt that Death was drawing near and at these words, the gecko cried. Don't you remember? "That's true!" But still I never dreamt of less than 3 or 4 years. He was wildly interested in experiments, on the making of bread.

I brought the microscope away.

July 2nd.

Wednesday morning. I went again—tho' Bet was ill. I *told* you about that.

July 3rd.

Thursday. Swami Sa. brought me a whole baking of brown bread that He sent me—and I ate every crumb of it, finishing it on Friday evening.

July 4th.

Friday evening. At ½ past 6 or so I cd. not resist the longing to go to the roof and be alone. I left Bet for an hour. On the roof I fd. a corner where, quite invisible I cd. always meditate. I planned to do it so much always—and sat down then, for the strange sweetness that drew one was irresistible.

Then my mind *wd.* fly to "Siva Guru" though I had taken another subject. I know now that that last meditation and Samadhi must have held a benediction for us He left. He called us to meditate. Everything about Him did that at the end. And He faced the North West as He sat.

And so came the end. He went out—as one drops a loose garment. Without a struggle. "Conqueror of Death." But He has NOT left us. For my part, He has been with me far far more since that night than for 2 years before—and I trust and pray that this may not cease to be—for Oh Yum I have only one desire really, and that is to act so that, were He back again in the toils of human ignorance He wd. have no right to feel anxiety or distress. But I do not know—I feel so much power inside. But I *do* nothing. Bless me that He may indeed be pleased with us all! One *must* so live that one justifies Him.

[*Pages missing*]

in saying "a great man has to make his workers and then leave them. If he stays in the same place with them, he cramps them !"

As for you dear Yum—I feel sure that peace will come to you in the thought that you have indeed accomplished that for which you were born. I trust you will stay with us to bless and gather the harvest—for a little while. But if not, if you go to Him, one must be ready to give you up. Only tell Him that His blessing is needed still—that one is faithfull.

I have thought so often of Mrs. Roethlisberger. It will be such a comfort to you to see her again. I long to hear what she says.

Oh dear Yum tell me, when you write, *anything* that you can think of that you wd. wish me to do henceforth. For your wishes to me are just as sacred as His. They are the same.

Ever Ever and Ever

Your loving loving Child—and *His*
Margot

If you decide that you want me to begin a Life now, will you have ALL the diaries copied, and sent ? It wd. not cost very much, I think, and it is better to have more than one copy.

The one I like best myself is of my Voyage with Him.

Perhaps too you wd. keep a book—and in it write any saying that occurs to you or you hear. We must *collect.*

I do not think the devotion will wound any heart now!

Abt. that meditation that Friday Evg. I have only told Sada. I tell you because your letters so beg for that last blessing—and it was there ! Yum dear, it *was* there—and I knew it !

201. To Miss J. MacLeod

Aug. 14, 1902

Dear Yum,

I have had a slight attack of fever, which leaves me stupid, but you and the Child must have letters. You will not be anxious, as this is very simple; he will break his heart with fight—can't help.

My one longing—to know that you received my letter of July 9-10, before leaving England. I do hope so.

Every [?] could not send to Murray yet. Intercepted by this attack. Will try to write a note, Nigu's 2nd book had no right to be mentioned [···].

It will be enough to send us all to prison. He is a reckless child.

He sees this now—too.

That's call.

Love to you and all yours

Margot

If Hollister would!

202. To Miss J. MacLeod

17 Bose Para Lane,
Bagh Bazaar, Calcutta
Aug. 21st 1902

My Sweet Yum Yum,

Is it possible that my first letter after July 4th with its precious enclosure has been lost in the post? And the little box? Bet and Sw. Sarada combine to assure me that it is not so—that they were only delayed in delivering—but I cannot understand it. It is just as difficult to account for an error of a day as altogether in such a case, and I *thought* I had registered them—but your letter of 29-31 tells of the receipt of subordinate notes that went with them and nothing of *them*. I am so so anxious till I hear.

I have been very ill. This time last week I managed only to write little notes to you and the Bairn. The monks came down on me and put me on a diet of chickens and eggs—so for the present we are unorthodox and wildly extravagant.

But I feel that health is the first consideration. It has been a dreadful experience, from wh. I still feel shaken and burnt up. A kind Brahmo lady has just invited us to go to her at Darjeeling for a fortnight—and I must accept. Expense simply can not count just now.

About this £210. Had you forgotten that I have a balance of nearly 2000 rupees of yours still? It *was* nearly 3000, but I gave Nigu another 1000—a week or two ago.

Even if you never saw that money again, it wd. have been well spent. Anything that makes his work here possible is well spent. At present he is in Poona. I think you know his Calcutta address, so I will not repeat it here.

I like to know yr. exact wishes about all this money. I cannot help thinking that you have sent this last sum by mistake. Of course I wish the whole thing were mine—for then the Holy Mother's fate would be assured. But it is not so. So let me know just what you wish. You remember that you sent me 60 rupees, and after that I had no bill against you except for about 60 rupees expenses and the 1000 rupees lately.

I *wish* Hollister wd. constitute himself receiver for me. For the poverty here is so dreadful that I can never have money enough. I have 3 different people in receipt of 8 annas a week. To you this sounds nothing but it means a regular expenditure of 6 rupees a month. And this is only the beginning. I am hoping presently to take in 2 little Brahmini girls, and then they will have to be fed, clothed and educated. The garden will cost about £1 a month to keep. Besides this, I must have an emergency fund for special cases. AND I am still in the beginning. I do not yet see what things are to be. It is quite evident that I ought to be able to make provision for a growing income. Of course infinitely the best wd. be to earn it. If only my book wd. make a hit! But that sounds so very young another like!

You know, I do not feel so very anxious when you tell me of the Bairn's despondency. I am so glad the great fever of discovery has slowed down a little—for I am sure no human brain cd. have stood it. I cd. wish I were with him, for I think these intervals ought to be pure joy. How curious that the little wife seems to incapable! But you do not know how much good *you* have done him. I am quite sure of this. Poor

childie! He needs to be always in touch with something big. Why is he so constantly reminded that it is "the foreign country of this world?"

A young man comes to me whose one idea is to make Swamiji's name the rallying-point for Young India. He is wild about Him. And he is such a strong fine man himself. He is independent, and a Brahman. You do not know Yum, how that great triumphal Resurrection is going to prove the *beginning* of Swami's Work and Name, in a very real sense. It was necessary Darling that you shd. give Him up, in order that others might gain Him. As for me—that anguish in Brittany has made me strong now. To me, He is *not* gone. He is over there at Bellur still. Only when I think back to that marvellous week of Farewell do I even feel able to imagine for a moment that He is not with us still. And yet, when I feel ill, there was a certain relief that He cd. not be worried by it.

You were all the very last subject mentioned between us. He ha drawn so close in those last days! But there was no change whdn he passed beyond—none—save that he was really himself agaen. Does the piece of cloth not shew it?

Oh Yum Yum tell me that you got that letter! My trust is in Him. He never sent you that consolation to have it lost in the post!

Lovingly lovingly your Childe
Margot

203. TO MISS J. MACLEOD

17 BOSE PARA LANE
BAGH BAZAR, CALCUTTA
August, 27 [*1902*]

My Sweet Yum,

Yesterday afternoon I was in the presence of a man—a cousin of Swamiji, called "the Dancing Gopala"—who was in Samadhi all the time. Sri Ram Krishna was rather his friend than his Guru. He appoints the last Sunday in Sept. for me to go to him, after dusk. He does not wear gerrua, this man, but it was so sweet to be near him, under the influence of his presence. Girish Babu came to me and began to tell me every feeling with which he met Sri Ramakrishna first!

He took up the papers about Swami's passing, and went off again instantly.

Your sweet note, written two hours before leaving London, duly reached me. Not yet had my packages arrived with you. I can only think that they must have been treated as parcels, and gone round by Gibraltar—and had to be sent on to New York. There must be some reason with Swamiji for permitting this delay. I wd. give much to know that you had them safely. He never sent you that token—to deprive you of it at the last.

I had a note from Mr. Sturdy. He strikes me as almost as ineffectual as Mr. Mohini. He is standing beside the Thames according to his own account, waiting for a flotilla of opportunities to sail from the Ganges to his feet! Nonsense! We must burn our way through the forest, sail our ship to the North Pole, to *make* our opportunities! Sadananda is my infinite joy again, as in the past. I told Swamiji that last Sunday how wrongly *He* had acted, in complaining of me before S. and making him troublesome at Mayavati. And his only answer was—"He loves you Margot, and wants to follow you about like a dog—and he was jealous!" Not a word of warning or reproach that time! Is n't that sweet?...

He [Sadananda] feels, as I do, that Swamiji—is with us all the time—or over there at Bellur—*NOT* gone away—not for one moment—the same great living Will that shall endure, only, set free from torture.

Yes dear Yum, I trust that you *will* come again. Here, with every thing about one, the great Life lives—and you will feel this—and be comforted.

Swami Saradananda tells me that you *did* receive the incense-burner—and he is sure that the other packet will reach you—I do hope so! The incense-burner I stole from *the pillow*—where it was used all through those last hours. I felt that it wd. bring you the one assurance for wh. you wd. long—and it wd. rightly do so. Japan stood there, in mourning, with the rest.

You do not know how full the days are—and I must stop—for it is late on Wednesday night, and I begin again so early tomorow morning—and this is my only chance for my letters. Good night. My own sweet mother. Your care of my Bairn and your goodness to Rich evoke—you know what gratitude in

me. I enclose some correspondence that will interest and I hope please you—

Your own loving child,
Margot

204. To Mr. And Mrs. Eric Hammond

17 Bose Para Lane
Calcutta
Aug. 28th, 1902

Dear N. and E. [*Nell and Eric*]—

It seems impossible that you should not have been amongst the many to whom I wrote. But I had a week's illness and I think it seemed to break the continuity of things. This must be my excuse.

Swamiji had been, as you have doubtless heard, very ill all winter. When we saw him here, after his return from Benares, I was shocked. Still one never thought that he would die. There was so much for him to do. In that first meeting, he said he was going away, but we thought it would be to Japan, because a great man's tendency was to prepare his workers and then crush them by looking after them. Afterwards he went for a very severe cure, in which for the three hottest months, he was allowed to drink no water, and made to live only on milk. He became radiant looking, just as he used to be in London. All these months he was very insistent on getting the men up at 3-30 or 4—for their plunge in the Ganges and meditation in the Chapel before dawn. But his nerves were utterly worn, and the improvement was mainly of the body. That and the wonderful divine light, which somehow never ceased to grow brighter and brighter whatever might be the state of mind or nerves. The change began about ten days before the end. I came back eight days before, and he told me "I feel that I am drawing near to death, and a great austerity and meditation are coming upon me. I spend hours every day in the Chapel."

As he spoke, a gecko—a sort of lizard—cried. People here have a superstition—that whatever the gecko answers comes true, but I was so sure Swami had three or four years more at least, that I never dreamt of it. This was Sunday—and on Friday night he left us.

On Wednesday I went again, and stayed from 9 till noon. Oh ! He was so sweet! And I think now that he knew I would never see him again. Such blessings! Such sweetness ! I cannot tell you. If I had only known! As it was, well as he looked, I was so full of the idea of the care he required that I introduced no topic lest it might agitate him, and I dreaded overstaying, lest I should make him tired. If I had only known how precious every moment would have been, but oh—how unbearable!

He insisted on serving me (but this is not for repetition to others), fanning me while I ate, washing my hands for me and so on. I said—"Swami, I *hate* you to do this. I should do it for *You*." Then he laughed and said in his daring way—"But Jesus washed the feet of His disciples." It was on the tip of my tongue to say—"But then, that was the last time." Thank Heaven, I did not.

And so I came away. On Friday, he sent word to Calcutta that he had never felt better. He was in the Chapel till noon. Then he gave a Sanskrit lesson to the boys for three hours, and talked to many people with SUCH sweetness all the afternoon. At half-past four, his message reached Calcutta, he drank a cup of hot milk and water and set out on a two miles walk—coming home, he sent everyone away, that he might mediate alone— the evening meditation at sunset. And strange to say—quite contrary to our usual custom, he sat through that meditation facing the North-West. After an hour or so, he turned round and lay down, calling a boy to massage and fan him. Then he slept quietly.

Suddenly there was a trembling—a crying as if in sleep, a heavy breath, then a long pause—another breath, and that was all. Our beloved Master was gone from us for ever. Life's even-song was over, Earth's silence and Freedom's dawn was come.

Who is to speak of the sweetness with which he lingered over us, blessing us, all those last days?

Be sure, you dears, were not forgotten, as the great heart told over its own—and Oh—I have had so many a token since he went, that even yet we are not forgotten—that whatever else

the Eternal Samadhi be, it includes forever that mighty will of his to redeem and save!

And yet, I could wish that he were utterly forgotten that so he might be lost in Existence-Knowledge-Bliss, and free of even the memory of the torture of life.

How I *long* to serve him—in some essential way—regardless of what comes of it. Glad if it be some terrible links that waits to be forged. Pray that I may have strength and faithfulness and knowledge, to do this and ask no other blessing for me. I want no other. He is NOT dead—dear Nell. He is with us always. I cannot even grieve. I only want to work.

Lovingly yours,
Nivedita of Ramakrishna-V

205. To Miss J. MacLeod

17 Bose Para Lane,
Bagh Bazaar, Calcutta
Sept. 4th [1902]

My sweet Yum-Yum,

Sadananda is sitting by my table as I write. He cannot write himself. He can only give his life. A ghost is biting him within, telling him to work work work that Swamiji may be glorified.

He is mad to give himself completely to something, and I am trying to get Nigu here to talk to and use him. Nigu is indeed a great genius. He and Suren have seen India and returned. What have they not done? Everything. We can see our way now.

A house is offered me in Lahore, and I think S. and I may go in Dec, or so. Afterwards to Bombay and perhaps Poona. I quite understand that my first duty for the next few months will probably be my Bairn.

Meanwhile, Japan has postponed the conferences till April 15th, when she will increase their importance. I have an idea that S. Sara will go then, and that I shall accept the Japanese Women's invitation to speak on the Problems of Oriental Womanhood suggested by Mr. Oda, and that we shall return here together.

I see plainly that with Olea, S. Sara has no life. Whereas here she is life and light to many.

Everyday that passses shows me more plainly that I have indeed undertaken my Father's own work. Pray that I be true to it. There will be no letter from you again on Monday —so it will be another week before I can hear possibly that you have received my first letter. It is so difficult in this interval to tell you things you want to know—for I do not seem to be talking with you—but by and to myself.

Sadananda is in a desperate mood these last two days. He says when he is alone all nonsense thoughts runs into him and he feels very lonely. He *must* work. And he can do or be *anything*. Dear soul! He even said, "Sister! *I* can go to these houses of ill-fame, if you wish!"

I have a letter from Mary Hale, which has to be answered to-day. So I must stop writing now.

Ever your own loving Child,
Margot

I have been reading the first verses of S. John XIV to Sadananda. Oh, how much they mean to us just now! Again the I chapter. So obviously Indian. Again about the Bread of Life in II. "I believe it surely!"—breaking in from S. now and then.

206. To Miss J. MacLeod

17 Bose Para Lane,
Bagh Bazar, Calcutta
Sept, 10 [1902]

My sweet Yum,

Your letter was all about S. Dora's vision. Mine will be all about Nigu. Yours was (unexpectedly) from New York. Probably your Indian mail had not yet reached you, I trust so, as, when I am convinced that the packet is lost, I shall begin making enquiries at the P.O.

Nigu and S. [Suren] came back as I told you having done all, and more. You know that passionate longing to serve even the least. So you do not need to be told how he had been used. He returned ten days ago. Last

Friday afternoon he was here and he lingered, so that we sat alone as dusk came on. And then, somehow, he told me how it seemed to him very often that he would soon die. He had a sinking feeling—etc. etc. I recognised all the symptoms of my own break-down in Norway last year. My whole heart went out to your little one—but the question was, what could I do?

Next morning, I told Sadananda who is simply *devoted*, and he of his own accord formed the idea of bringing him here, and keeping him in the sitting-room as his own guest for a few days. So here he is, lying on a long basket sofa which I bought for him, resting, as he has been anytime there last few days. I am trying soup—better distribution of food—rest—and happiness. And he is growing better I trust. You know what has happened. Everyone has just been drawing on him for noble *feeling*, and high thought—without once thinking that what he gives with such an infinite freedom was his very life.

I could have cried, when I realised what we had done. I trust and hope that he will really prove a morsel better for this tiny retreat, and that he will go on growing strong. He leaves us tomorrow—Thursday afternoon—having come on Sunday last. Sadananda has not been "tom tomming round the neighbourhood" as he says that he is here—and we hope his presence is more or less unnoticed. Anyway, it is enough that he is staying *with Sadananda* and I have every reason to believe that no harm will come of it. But I have said nothing—even to S. Sara. Only it is my duty to tell you. Yet I would not have done this even, had I not seen signs of the success of our little experiment. He really does seem better. And I feel sure that the sea-voyage to Japan will invigorate him, if only he does not overwork again, between now and his departure.

And now shall I try to tell you how he is worshipped, by all who really know him? Amongst the boys at Ballygunge there is a myth afloat that he is Khalki, of whom so many things are said. And this morning, I caught dear Sadananda *making a pranam to him* ! DEAR Yum, I felt how glad you would be and you need none to tell how worthy he is. As for me, the sight of *this* power of renunciation makes me very humble—this

perpetual spring of courage and self-sacrifice. And it is such a happiness to have him ! I have waived many duties this week, in order to have long hours of "visiting" as you say in America, and I have tried, as I sat beside the sofa, to let him talk of nothing serious. Alas, I am not good at playing !—but still, he has had some rest. How I wish it could go on yet for a long time.

An invitation has come to me from Bombay to go and talk there about Swamiji, and then begin my lecturing tour. So Mother puts me elsewhere when the Bairn comes home, and I am not sorry. Only, I hope to stand on the Bombay pier and watch his ship come in.

I send you an article that I sent to press for your dear sake. Nigu and I play at his being a "bad boy with a *wonderful* Mother"—and I am she. Isn't it all very sweet? Sadananda will travel with me.

Ever your own loving Childe,
Margot

The boys call Nigu "Krishna" too. You should hear his anger! I think he has *no* vanity.

207. To Miss J. MacLeod

17 Bose Para Lane
Bagh Bazaar, Calcutta
Sept. 14, 1902

My dearest Yum,

Your letter of Aug. 17, from the Springs has arrived. You had not yet heard from me, and I do not know what to think. I have written to you quite regularly, not missing once, but nothing that it could be anyone's pleasure or interest to intercept. Unless the letters arrive on Sunday this week, I shall not receive them for some days—for at noon on that day I start for a tour.

It is just like you to think how badly one would miss Nigu, and I would. But he is not going till Oct. anyway, and I wonder if he will go at all. I have been so eager to have him

away, but now I fear I must give it up, for I fret him uselessly by saying it. It gives both Bet and myself great joy to feel that he wishes to be free of the house in my absence. She will love to wait on him when he comes. So you see dear Yum, we shall not go to Darjeeling—and you will not wish it. I want to lecture all over India by X'mas, and if necessary I shall break into the £200 for the purpose. Sadananda is going with me. We shall doubtless meet the Boses on the Bombay landing. How things change—do they not ?

I wrote you a long letter about Nigu last week. I fear he is working as hard as ever. It is that burning self-sacrifice in little things as well as big. So unconscious of itself, that one worships so. No indeed, I do not need help in order to see the greatness of the man you brought.

Mrs. R. is so right. Swamiji's body did hamper Him so ! You do not know how Swami Saradananda grows in strength ! Nor how strong they all seem. One thing I want to say is—if you ever feel inclined from anything I may have said to send personal help to Swamiji's brother—do not do it directly—do it through Swami Brahmananda—for I see a good deal of weakness and stupidity with a good deal of conceit. He thinks himself born for great things, and I fancy he would easily dispute possession of the Math with the monks themselves if he saw a chance. I may be wrong—but at least the care I suggest could not do harm.

I long to know that we are once more in communication. I do not know what to tell you darling Yum—for things once said are too sacred to repeat. The last subject touched on as we sat in that back verandah that last Wednesday morning was all-of-you—how no man was ever so in love as "Leggett"—his sterling merchant-honesty, his purity, his grief over Lady Betty and the doctors in Paris—of Lady Betty's freedom from sentimentality, and her great wisdom in choosing just what she wanted—of you, and how you were "an extraordinary mixture of the most childlike faith (and he lingered here, as he spoke), and *an awful* suspiciousness"—of Dr. Elmer Gates. His mind in fact was with you all, brooding over the past that was to Him the ever-present, and to be touched

even by His most casual thought would have been a blessing enough.

He told us stories of the animals and pronounced the word 'gazette' in the funny old way that made me send a thought and a sigh even to the Hale girls, and so they too were remembered.

On the Friday itself He seems to have been talking with old Calcutta friends in that sweet way that people often do—Swami Ramakrishnananda's father was one of these. To the boys He said that very afternoon "If any man ever *imitates* me, kick him out. Do not imitate me." He walked as far as the Howrah Road and back—that walk that you have often taken.

But your real message came at the Burning-pyre itself. At 2 O'clock we stood there, and I as told you in the letter that seems to have been lost, I said to Swami Saradananda seeing a certain cloth covering the bed-top—"Is *this* going to be burnt? It is the last thing I ever saw Him wear!" Swami Saradananda offered it to me there, but I would not take it. Only I said "If I could only cut a corner of the border off for Yum!" But I had neither knife nor scissors, and the seemliness of the act would have been doubtful—so I did nothing. At 6 O'clock—or was it 5 ?—my first letter told you, I think it was 6—as if I were twitched by the sleeve. I looked down, and there, safe out of all that burning and blackness, there blew to my feet the very two or three inches I had desired out of the border of the cloth. I took it as a Letter from Him to you, from beyond the grave. I *cannot* believe that he has allowed it to be lost in the post!

When I told Girish Babu, he said quietly, "I have heard many stories like that!" To him it was very natural—for Swami—our Swami—is *not* dead. Dear Yum! Don't you see? He is only now Himself—and alive—for evermore. Only, there is a little more even than that. In some special way, I know He has determined to abide with us for awhile. What is it for? Is there something that He will guard us from? Or something that He will speed us in, and give us victory? *Dear* Yum, you need not ask what He said *then*, about this and that! What matters is what He is saying

now ! Is the Revelation closed ? I shall probably be unable to write letters anymore after this, only sending scraps. But I hope you will not stop sending courage.

I do feel a little vexed about S. Sara's use of her discretion in cutting up the book, and I find that I am not alone in this. The first excision at any rate was peculiarly unfortunate, spoiling the whole music, and the sentence was restored in proof. Such discretion must not be given again. I hope you will be satisfied with the Introduction, [of Okakura's book, Ideals of the East] and that **Murray** will !

I hope to have Nigu for one long day here on Saturday. It will be my last touch. We leave on Sunday. He shall lie on the Sofa in silence for hours, if he comes, resting and enjoying home-life instead of working. And then I shall read your last letter to him. The distribution of prizes was Saturday March 29th. That was the day you were alone with Him [Swamiji].

Bless me sweet mother and love me.

Ever your own Childe,
Margot

Thursday morning

Nigu came unexpectedly *yesterday*, and at tea-time developed high fever, so that Swami Sadananda would not let him go. All night he was very ill—so that I dressed and came to him at 2—massage and fan, and bathe his poor head—not leaving till he slept at 3. The doctor has now been, and says malaria with neuralgia of the head.

He is now, at 11, enjoying a snatch of sleep. You see he is really over worked, and so thin! I am so thankful to have him here where I can nurse him personally. Only Swamiji's men have any notion, amongst Hindus—and they could not do what a woman can. He says he feels as if at last he had a home. Of course I shall not leave on Sunday unless he is much much better—and only then if Bet assumes command and Saren comes here, and the doctor refuses to let him be moved till he is well. Do not be anxious, for the sea-voyage will benefit him—they say. Poor poor wee childie ! He read your letter yesterday,

Lovingly ever,
Margot

He is really the guest of the country—if anyone gave me money towards sick-nursing, I would have the right—would I not?—to spend on him.

208. To Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe

C/o S. S. Setlur Esq
Girgaum, Bomb.y
Sept. 25, Thursday evening [*1902*]

What a very dear and foolish person you can contrive to be, both at the same time ? When *you* say "God help me—I can no other," what can I do, but give my reverent sympathy and full concurrence? Remember, just what you CAN do, with your whole heart, is what *I* need of you—the real I, that is!—and the personal you is infinitely less likely to be mistaken as to what that is than the personal I.

What we seem to have gained is that you have definitely and solidly made up your mind on your own account. This will give you happiness, perhaps the more for the pain through which it has come.

I must have expressed myself badly indeed, if I have made it appear that humble and patient living of your lives and learning of your lessons would be to me as treachery or hindrance. If I *said* such things—it was very wicked. However, I did not. You have my utmost friendship and sympathy in any effort—even were it antagonistic to my own—which your own self-development demands. Never forget this.

I do not know what is meant by "Great Calls." The great call comes as blossom and fruit of small calls, answered faithfully and patiently day by day, and rarely does one recognise the fact at the moment, that the feet of the Lord stop awhile at our door. It is always when He is gone. Just gone. And by this, I mean a word of great courage. For I have no doubt whatever that when He stands there and begs, you at least will give Him bread, acting simply, out of the gentle and kindly habit of your nature, to garner of all time a wonderous memory. Thunderbolts do not fall from a clear sky.

You think too hard to be all heart, and you feel too much to let the head dominate, and so you will learn life's lessons by the intensity of suffering that you will go through for those you love. But the results will burn themselves into your character, and you will *end*, as a greater man than you imagine. Only, you are not preparing yourself for India. India will educate you for something else. What will that be, I wonder ! It is all involved in you today.

Always your Sister,
Nivedita
of Ramakrishna-V,

209. To MISS J. MACLEOD

C/o S. S. SETLUR ESQ
GIRGAUM, BOMBAY
Oct. 1, 1902, Wednesday

My sweet Yum,

Yr. letter of Aug. 27 is here—has followed me—and I can give an hour or two to answering it. I cd. not write last week —and you will forgive me. It was the day of my great lecture on Swamiji. Dare I say today that Bombay is His? At least, they tell me so ! And if anything has contributed more than another to any success I have had, it has been Sadananda. First giving me freedom—second transfering his service as body-guard to me *just* as he gave it to Swami—and third loving Nigu and calling him leader.

Could anything be greater or more lovely than this? And can you not realise the strength it is to me— apart from my personal relation to him, wh. is a constant renewal of Swamiji's presence with us—to have the company of a sadhu, Swami's disciple, and my own Brother, wherever I go? There is no question *then*, as to my Guru's path for me.

I love these words that you reveal to me now and then, that Swami said of me. I came out on this journey with "Margot's boldness" ringing in my heart. And now comes this about having withstood. Of course it was S. S's own nobility that made my chance to withstand.

Oh thank heaven Yum for letters like this of yours ! When I wrote to you I needed help. But life itself took me in hand. The novel has gone on unfolding to you in my letters, has it not ? And now your great strong words come thundering on one's track in their own divine way.

You see my little Bairn is divine, but where the country is concerned—*I am the Guru*—and with S. S's influence paramount this is forgotten for awhile. Even your viking knows better than the nonsense that my sweet child talks of late—and S. S. repeats it all so solemnly as if each word were to be my law. It is curious that we seem to be divided now, and unless he can make up his mind to go by Nagpur to Calcutta, in wh. case I can see him for 16 minutes, we shall not meet till Nov. 19th or 20th. And I am not sorry, even then, I shall be on the wing for Alasinga and Madras, and if *your* child stretches out the helping hand that you foresee, and that I seem to read the plan of in his words and face, the Bairn and I may have only the most fragmentary rencontres throughout our lives! How strange! How strange ! Only never think my *heart* is changed to him because my view of life is larger and truer today. The *real* thing is there just as it always was. But that is an impersonal thing, not limited by names. Mind, all that has been was necessary in order to save life and brain, and perhaps too in order to exhaust my Karma. Only, it was like S.RK's [Sri Rama Krishna's] worship of Christ or Mahomet or Woman. Having once done it, He left it. So, having *realised* this, I am not to limit myself by it, I AM to pass on—I AM *a nun*—not anything else.

Who has taught me this ? *He* !—and since He went.

I was talking it over with Nigu in this way one day, and he said it was just the light he had wanted, to understand quite different things in his own part. *You* had it always, this knowledge that the past must not define the present.

Dear Yum—you have never "failed" in anything. You have *sacrificed* yourself in order to make life possible in greater ways to others. I trust your Child is happier. I have not heard yet about his health—but I trust that no news is good news. He said one day to me that lying ill in my house and chatting quietly with me and so on as we did, had "opened

out whole fields of love" to him, of which he had been unaware. I have not the faintest idea of what he meant, for as I looked back on those days, it seemed to myself only the reserve and defects of friendship that were visible, but that very fact stabbed me with sadness, for I recognised the hunger out of which such words were spoken. Again he said of the little house in the lane, that he felt it to be "a home" — and all his life he had been without a home.

I tell you these things because I know how happy it will make you — if it shd. prove that they were true statements, not merely the expression of a heart that longed to please—to think that there is perhaps some increase of joy.

But I cannot call any one my co-operator. They are my *children*, or rather, through me they are *His* children. It is all one life. No distinctions anywhere. I have no time to tell you of the young Englishman who has become one of them lately !

Did I tell you how completely the Great Blow had smashed in me the thought of preparation ? I was always *preparing* to be of some importance to my Father, and lo, while I prepared— He went—and the chance was lost ! And so I see that the B. family is never to do anything for me or for my cause in future. The significance of our connexion is exhausted by my service, and that is probably complete. I am no longer waiting for dramatic developments. The future is all the King, the King ! I cannot tell you how noble has been your Child in striving to impress this fact upon me. No, I cannot tell it, because it is too much.

Well Well, now you want to know about Bombay.

We arrived here a week ago.

Friday—was the lecture on Swamiji.

Monday—The Unity of Asia.

Tuesday—Hindu Mind in Mod. Sci. [Modern Science] : Problem of Assimilation of English Language—

And next Monday by special request a last lecture on Indian Womanhood.

I am to send you a copy of Tilak's paper containing a long report of the first. You will not be able to read the paper, but you will have no difficulty in finding the report.

There has been an audience of 1000 at least, each time. Last

night the lecture (to students) was packed—and they clapped every mention of His name. From here I am to do Nagpur, Lahore, Gujerat, Bombay Presidy., a pilgrimage, *Hyderabad,* and home. Then off again for Madras. Such are the plans. I was precipitated upon the task somewhat more suddenly than we expected as you see.

Oh it is good to hear the words you tell from Him! "India shall ring with her !" Is that the plan He is now beginning to fulfil? I begin now to understand a little of the development of His own mind regarding it.

But your place has been the great, the essential place. Your steps have been unerring, faultless. *Your* renunciation has been perfect and complete. Your insight has been true in the man you brought, and the place you gave him.

There *is* a future—tho' we cannot see it yet.

I can say so little in a letter ! I have torn up all you letters by the Banner-Ch's [Chiefs] request, before leaving home. You will remember this. Om to Him the Invincible !

Your own
Margot

My host is of the Biligiri family—a very prince—magnificent, —and to Him a most loving heart. The papers I send is Tilak's.

Address always C/o Port.

210. To Miss J. MacLeod

At Nagpur
[*Oct. 11th Friday. 1902*]

My sweetest and "very very Reverend Mother"—to use the title that He prophecied so long ago I wd. yet give you ! Sadananda and I are here together—staying in the house of a dear old Judge. As I look at Sada. now and then, doing propriety with *such* gentleness and courtesy, going out in compliance with invitations, and remaining clothed from head to foot, I feel as if some wild thing of the woods had allowed itself to be tamed and chained, in too great a generosity even to know the sacrifice it was making.

Your dear child [Okakura] has gone. A telegram sent at 20 to 3 on Monday last says that he wd. sail at day break on Tuesday. By now he may perhaps be at Rangoon. With him went one Hindu. Others may follow. No monks. The postponement of the Conferences made that unnecessary. Swami Sarada [Saradananda] wants to go later—for the Spring, and then pass on to America. And if it shd. happen that I go, I wd. like to take Sadananda with me. Moreover he wd. go. He is a wonderful link and interpreter—and to me he carries a sublime mission. I can notthink of a better personality through wh. to revive the old tradition of the Indian Sadhu in Japan. In the same way, Nigu, I think, wanted Swami Ramakrda. [Ramakrishnananda], feeling that his life would be more valuable than words. But Swami Sarada. has most intellectual realisation of Swamiji's real meaning, and at the same time most courage—so I wd. back *him* rather than any. But then, you see MY point is India's good. You may perhaps desire Japan's !

What am I to say to the rest of yr. letter? Your love is so great, Yum ! I do not know how to love at all. I feel as if in these days neither love nor religion were mine—for if I cd. I wd. turn every Hindu into an eater of meat. I begin to understand wealth and desire, for the first time in my life, and yet I dare not say it is irreligion either—for I remember Nigu's splendid mge. over spirituality—*this* was the highest spirituality—to say otherwise was to him a deadly crime. I understand now Swami's 3 rooms in European style—His food —and many other things. I myself seem utterly detached from austerities. I wd. have nothing to ask of Pere Hyacinthe today !

As to purity, dear Yum—do not we bothtorture ourselves too much trying to rush forward into definitions of wh. we shall be intellectually capable only in some other life? Just as Swamiji saw transcendent purity in SRK [Sri Rama Krishna] where Mozoomdar heard only evil language. So I see you radiant in purity—and all who have ever touched you will see you so one day, and you will know yourself. "Pure as Purity"—just that. I don't care what has been done or left undone. You are that. But I cannot say why or what.

The Bairn is expected to land tomorrow, and if they take the

Nagpur route to Calcutta, as I have begged. I ought to meet them here, and travel with them for an hour and a half on Sunday mg.! I am not dwelling on it however, for there is something queer in the Bairn that brings one disappointments. Only if they do not do it—I shall have 2 or 3 days in Calcutta about November 20 and then off again. And if any other call *shd.* come about X'mas time and he accepts—it wd. mean that we shd. scarcely meet again. It is all in Swamiji's hands. He knows everything now, so it is all right.

Do you remember the "One woman moving between two men?" It is like that in my hand. There are two strong things beside Him—and sometimes lately I have thought that England, on the one hand, and Nigu's recent illnesses on the other, mean some exhausting of Karma—to get one free for this. Supposing everything should run swiftly now ! It might seem to have been so.

Dear Yum—why did you not tell St. Dora that the paper was from Nel [?]—I wanted *help*. I did not want to test her—well, well, it doesn't matter now. Life itself must be Mother—leading one by the hand. I know nothing else. And now goodbye. I sent you a 'Times of India' with a leader about my Bombay lecturing. You will realise a subdued hostility.

Lovingly ever your
Margot

You are wrong. We are hypnotising ourselves by this talk of pure and impure into looking at ourselves instead of at the One. The union of the sexes is not impure—how could it be ? Is it impure to touch a *book* with yr. hand? It is forgetting that all-is-One that constitutes impurity. The union of the sexes is *dangerous* to this realisation. That is all. In the end we see that pure and impure are two expressions, of the Kindergarten, by wh. we rise to the other and find Freedom even from this subtlest and strongest of temptations. We don't *want* the union etc—not because it is impure—but because it is a new load to carry—it binds into a single form that which knew itself as light and air. But it is not in itself any more impure than seeing and hearing and tasting.

A man is neither more nor less pure by having a wife—but he is *bound* by it. He has used more of his force for the Earth, so to speak, and has less for the Sky. As for SRK's [Sri Rama Krishna's] wife—that was at least as perfect celibacy as Swami's. As for St. S. of course she is right for herself. Only I cannot get so excited and stimulated and concentrated on her path as to get these revelations that way. The whole thing is nothing to me on that side. That is my trouble. And that is what she cannot understand.

A photographer in Bombay begged to take my photograph and then coming in, he saw the Bairn's. "That is a very *great* Sadhu !" —he exclamed involuntarily. You can imagine my happiness. Nigu has been so lovely—talking things out, and understanding and explaining my own ideas to me—that I have great courage now to share them with the Bairn. The *personal* element seems to be gone out of it all, somehow. And yet all this may only be my fancy, after all !

211. To Miss J. MacLeod

At Baroda
Thursday Oct. 23, [*1902*]

My dear Yum,

You have been shockingly neglected. Your last letter from Thousand Islands was beautiful. Swamiji told me so very much about Miss Dutcher—and it came back so vividly in your words.

By this time you are probably at home again, and S. Sara is in Cambridge. Nigu is gone, and I have no great fund of comfort to draw upon for you !

Sadananda and I are wandering still. Everyday he grows more and more saintly. Sometimes I feel the awe and pathos of it, as if there were a light about his face and head. Only second to Swamiji in his heart is Nigu—whom he calls "Our Inspirer." But every hour with him is the same living glowing interpretation of Swamiji. One who is much with him lives ever at the feet of the Guru. *If* it should turn out that I went to Japan, for the Conferences, I would want to take him with me. I feel

as if I must not let him go. He was so very very ill, and it was Swamiji who brought him back to me, and sent us out together like this, and is now making him well. But I am not very sure of the "well." He is so like Cookie now!—Cookie when he is gentle and sweet.

My Bairn came, and my presentiment was fulfilled. They went to Calcutta by another route. I expect to see him on the 19th of November, for a few hours—but I am told that he may go West in January, and if so, this peep is likely to be all I get.

In this again I feel Swamiji, and in spite of longings I am glad. But I do long to see and hear and touch ! The less you refer to hopes and things in your letters, the safer and better.

My love to all—Lady Betty—*dear* Albert—Mr. Leggett—Hol, and your sweet self.

Ever lovingly your childe
Margot

212. To Miss J. MacLeod

CALCUTTA
Sunday evening, Nov. 9th [*1902*]

My dearest Yum,

It is so silly I know—but forgive me. I feel absurdly shocked and hurt at the warnings that you have just sent me—or at least have sent me perhaps long ago in your first letter from Ridgely —about massage and other matters. Are you referring to that sacred thing I told you about Sadananda after my illness? Oh Yum ! I cannot think of anything else.

And are you warning *me* about entering people's bedrooms? I have never done such a thing except once in the middle of the night when Nigu was lying here ill and groaning so loudly with his head, poor thing, that I woke and dressed and came to him. But that was a matter for the doctors—it was so bad.

Do you know that when once a bed was made in it I have never entered my own study till Bet had next mroning removed all traces of bedding ? Only the other day, Swami and a young disciple and I were talking of these things—and he said "I see

Sister, that you still have many English points"—and I said "Swami, some of them I have *invented*. They are my safe-guards." And he said "you are quite right."

But may I say, dear Yum, that in a moment of reaction you are in danger of going to a point where you may lose all that great insight that you had ? Your sympathy has been divine always. And remember that I who know you so completely can only say that in purity you are complete and divine also. That does not mean that you are not free to develop a new form of purity if you will. Your nature hither to (pardon me—dear *Mother*!) has been the childnature—"Sky blue"—and you may now choose to become woman—but it *has* been child. And when the purity of all is complete, you will be understood as I understand you.

Now dearest, let me go back to your letter. You talk of a "physical awakening," and I think you mean for me. I must be quite plain about this—Yum. If I do wrong in these matters which are so difficult to understand, one thing at least I may perhaps claim, and that is, that the wrong will be a matter of failure of judgement, and never of temptation. You need not quote Swamiji's opinion on these points—because my own standards are far stricter and impose far more pain than even His.

But I have no right even to talk of failure—thorny as has been my road—for I have constant—and such blessed!—reason to know that each experience, on one hand of stern negation, on another of sweetness and indulgence, has ended in a more complete revelation of the ideal to others.

It is not to my credit. I could not have done it. But it is all I could have asked, and I am so thankful ! I think that when I come to die I shall look back on all the anguish of these years with a smile, seeing things from a larger and truer point of view —and wondering how I could have been so foolish, when the Mother's Hand held mine so firmly all the time. But meanwhile it is only through this anguished testing of each step that I can be sure of the way I know.

Dear Yum—let me implore you to recognise that what you have done *had* to be done. Let it be failure, if you choose. It was the 'going down into Hell' if you like. But it was necessary Dearest—and it has been abundantly justified. To day that soul is striving as hard as you or I to justify and realise Swamiji's

ideal in *that* way. And the soul was bought by your sacrifice. Believe me Dear. As for me, I am thankful for every look that has been granted me into the abyss of life. I have made a disciple lately, and he wished to become a Brahmacharin—and sitting out under the stars he asked me what he should do about his young wife and it was so easy to tell him. I have become *free* of these problems. Then he said something shyly about his surprise at Western strength and I could only say that whereas a year or two ago I was a child, I was now a mother. That is what it is. Blessed and ever worshipped be the white, white soul that gave this power by its utter dependence, without ever seizing for itself. I have had my Bairn with me today for 3 hours, and it is all right again. He came to me yesterday hard and cold and "fierce" as *he* calls it, and went away radiant and sweet. But today has been *all* holy and beautiful. I have talked things out with him even as with others—and the responsibility is to be his. He understands the ideal that I represent, but his words of rapt worship half unconscious and involuntary showed me that I had not lowered it to him. And you know I have had no deceit any where. So everything is all right. When I asked him if I had been a temptation, he said "you made me *natural*, Dear, you made me a child of God." My difficulty is to think a *great* enough part for myself dear Yum and to dare to play it. I must aim to bring each what it needs—as Swamiji did—and I KNOW He helps me. Oh bless you for your letter Dear that hurt and horrified me so, for by that very hurt I realise the peace of knowing that He keeps me. And He does. You know one must not judge by illness. That last Sunday I discussed these very questions with many tender reproaches—and he was sorry. But He was ill, Dear—so ill ! It is from such illness that my little one has been saved. Do you think *Swami* does not know?

Monday morning

Such piles of work are before me ! But I may as well have the joy of ending your.

[*Pages missing*]

Can't you write and put some high and strenuous ideal into them, as men? The elder of the two [Mahendra Nath Dutta?] wrote to me of his "intention of making the Math into a University." Is it *his* Math? I think I have said enough.

Now about Japan—unless I receive a *formal* invitation, it is not my plan to go. If I go, I would like to take Sadananda. Also, I should probably go 2nd class. I travel intermediate in India wherever there is such a class, and of this Nigu approved. Also, I do not wish or expect to go West again. So why should I take Round-the-world tickets. *Sadananda will go that.* My place is here—possibly also a visit to Japan, and certainly, if so, to China also. Then, more India. Then the end.

Even Rich and Mother beg me never to come West again. I quite feel with you that S. Sara will be there—but no doubt you have settled all that by now. And I think her home should be wherever the Bairn is. I cannot tell you how powerless his wife is to make a home for him. Poor Child ! And her life with Olea seems to drain her of strength—not give to her. It is terrible.

About Japan for my little one. I have a feeling that that was Nigu's plan—but it was never mentioned between us. And I hope if it comes it will be his spontaneous doing. I never saw anyone so generous and so thoughtful and at the same time with such a power to move men at his will, as Nigu. But I would hate him to be urged or persuaded on this point.

Meanwhile, my child's life is being made well-upon earth at the College again, and I get independent proof through Mr. Ratcliffe that it is meant to be so. It is no accident—no morbid reading by him of people's attitudes. My poor poor darling !

If I go to Japan at all, it must be as an Oriental—and that will be secured by having Sadananda with me.

About the article in The Hindu [on Swamiji]. It was written to comfort you, and you are the only one who understands how bad it is ! Oh, the irony of fate! Meanwhile, even Nigu "*loved* it"—he said—and it made the possibility of the great meetings in Bombay. So it has served its turn.

But there is one more thing I have to say—and that is to thank you for all you have done for Rich.

There, dear Yum, Good bye.

Margot

I forgot to say, I came home on Friday night—having lectured in Bombay, Nagpur, Bhandara, Wardha, Amraoti, Ahmedabad and Baroda, in 6 weeks. I expect to leave again in Dec. for Madras and the South.

Swami's saying that you were "as pure as purity itself" was NOT due to any of your puny definitions of purity. It was an organic perception of an organic reality in you, like His understanding of Sri R. K. [Ramakrishna]. Do rest in this !

213. To MISS J. MACLEOD

17 BOSE PARA LANE
BAGH BAZAAR, CALCUTTA
Nov. 19. 1902

My sweet Yum,

Your last letter refers only to Nigu's illness, and you are now in almost easier touch with him than I. So there is nothing to say. The letter received from him on the voyage by various people however make me believe him to be better. You have by this time met S. Sara. Do not please urge Japan as a settled thing. For I should certainly wait for a formal invitation, and N. [Nigu] may have more difficulty in organising things than he expected. For my part, I should not be surprised if a year or two of quiet work in Japan succeeded all his efforts and loss of health here. And our friendship and confidence are very poor, poor too is the help bestowed, if we cannot feel that *any* good work is the Mother's work for him !

My share of India is so vast. I do not believe that I am to be crowded into a few months at all, as the spell of dear Nigu awhile ago almost made me fancy. And I do not feel any real necessity to go outside this country. Let that come as it may, whatever calls. I shall hope to be ready, with my "Here am I ! Send me !"

Bet is wonderful. She is now teaching sewing.

I see a good deal of my little Bairn.

You are at Ridgely. How well I remember it all. Please give my love to dear Lady Betty. Baby must be growing quite big now. How glad Albert will be to reach home !—and Mr. Leggett and

Hollister. Do not forget any of them. Swamiji always knew He had a corner there. Ah—the Room of the Great Blessing is down at the Inn.

I find myself so often, so often, sitting by the fire in your hall, as the shadows fall and fall—while He talks on and on, and afternoon grows to evening.

Everything seems a failure—save that great Life and its completeness of Victory.

I thought this week that in connection with the question of Baby I had not sufficiently urged you to go to Miss Franks, 12 York Place, London W. for a governess. But perhaps this is not true. I think I have told you.

Ever ever lovingly—dear dear Yum

Margot

214. TO MISS J.MACLEOD

17 BOSE PARA LANE,
BAGH BAZAAR CALCUTTA
Nov. 26 [1902]

My dearest Yum,

You do not know how dear and beautiful this little home looks now. It is noon and I am alone writing quietly. By this time you will know that your violet will not reach Nigu directly, through me. But even so, I shall send it for his birthday. With a Buddha Gaya bo-leaf which is all I can offer.

It was so strange. I had been dreaming of violets all night before these came. It is *my* dear one's birthday on Sunday next, and you are with S. Sara doubtless through these days.

We leave again for the South on Dec. 8th—Sadananda and I. Bet is doing so wonderfully through my absence, taking up sewing and knitting with the ladies, and preparing, as I become more and more absorbed in writing and lecturing, to learn more Bengali and teach drilling and brush-work etc. also to the weans. If S. Sara ever comes to live here, I have told her that we must release Bet from everything save a little cooking, and use her in this way.

Breakfast is the great meal here. At that hour we keep more or less open house. I am really extravagant in brown bread and Quaker oats, and a disciple has given us good coffee.

Sadananda comes and children come, and occasionlly we corrupt some half-starved-looking young man by making him eat early and do better work. This morning Mr. Ratcliffe by-cycled over and sat on the floor with the rest of us. Doesn't it sound nice ?

On Saturday evening next we are to have a grand party, and Swami Saradananda sitting on a divan in the courtyard will preach and sing about 'Mother,' from the Chandi Puran. Doesn't it sound nice ?

Mr. Ratcliffe's fiancee is coming, and their honeymoon is to be at the Durbar—the only nice thing that I know about it.

This is a stupid letter—with nothing in it. But it must do. To know that you are well, dear mother, is everything to me.

Your own loving,
Margot

Shall I now send your money back to Paris ?

In 21 West 34th St. was left a model of an American stove, which some Chicago school children gave me for India. Would I had it now ! Also a photograph of yours in a red velvet envelope. Lady Betty once wrote to me about these things, but I think they had been lost sight of again, before my reply came.

215. To Miss J. MacLeod

CALCUTTA
Dec. 3, 1902, night

My sweet Yum,

This will be a very short letter, for I am so frightfully busy, preparing for my journey next Monday, when we leave for Madras. One of my best boys is leaving for Japan also. I am so pleased at this. I *know* he is Swami's choice. And I HAVE enjoyed the freedom of Mrs. Leggett's money, in this connection.

About the Viking's letter, all I would say is—any gift of yours is a simple gift. I never expect future fulfilment of intended devotion. Yet it may come. If so, good. My trouble has always been however to find ways of expressing

this devotion at the moment and every moment. I cannot postpone. Yet the V. is a good fellow in his way. It is hard for a man who has to ask a woman for help.

The Math is willing to take him in, especially since he speaks of engaging a servant to buy and cook meat for him. I would not give a fig for his celibacy, if Bet were likely to prove accessible to a wooing. And yet he *is* good and sincere enough. I know that.

I never heard that little story of Mother's before, but I turned to read it to the Bairn, and found he had. It is indeed beautiful, Dear mother!

I wrote Albert a letter last week, but it was so horrid, I did not send it—and I have simply had no time to make up for it. Everything I have to say is saved now-a-days for the disciples or for my book, or for print. We have a little library, and we are going I hope to have a garden. Also I am taking a new servant to come for 6 hours in the morning, in order to save Bet a little, for she can teach. And last of all, I have written to beg S. Sara to come and live with me. I do wish she would—for there is more than I can cope with alone. And we could make a most wonderful centre in collaboration, I think.

My love to Dora the Saint, and to dear Lady Betty, and Holl and to Mr. Leggett and ALL.

Ever your child
Margot

It will be Xmas and your birthday before you get this letter. I do not forget, and I hope on our journey to come to some sweet place where I can write for you a thing you have long wanted, as a birthday offering.

216. To—[?]

[*Written after 13th Dec. 1902*]

[*Pages missing*]

It was Saturday evening, Dec. 13th but Sadananda had suggested that we should keep Christmas Eve at Khanda Giri. The hills rose on our right, covered with their whispering trees and solitary caves, and we sat round a log fire, on the grass below. Sadananda and the nephew were dressed like

shepherds, with the long staff and the blanket used for head dress. And we read of the Wise Men from the East, and the Angels appearing to the shepherds who abode in the fields by night.

And then from page to page and passage to passage we passed on and, how wonderfully one realised the fitness and simplicity of S. Luke's Gospel ; That last chapter—the yearning of the Divine Incarnation to return to the disciples He has left—a gleam here and there. "To Peter"—on the road to Emmans, "To certain women of our company" again in the upper room. Is it not told just as we might tell?

The Resurrection is no longer a definite vulgar miracle, but a Presence which is palpable now and again to the most spiritual, and once borne in, in an overwhelming impression, even upon the determined doubter. The forty days of that risen life are days of a closer, more tender, more sacred, yet more elusive and ethereal intimacy than any in the three years before the Crucifixion.

Do I not remember that Swamiji saw "a luminous ghost" in the week of Sri Ramkrishna's death? Do I not know how my own sleeve was plucked, and a message sent through me, beside His burning pyre? Are these not moments to be recalled in those first days—the hour when the severance with the Math was complete for instance? Do I not know the truth of this Resurrection ? Do I not *feel* the difficulty of the Writer, trying to tell of a gleam here and there, and seeing the suggestions shape themselves into rigidity under his very hand?

The story of Mary Magdalene again. "This man if he were a Prophet would have known who and what manner of woman this is." It is not exact? Have we not heard the cavilling criticism a thousand times?

And the answer, to the thought in the mind—at once so direct and yet so indirect, so noble, so exquisite—the very soul of the East in a single speech! I too have heard such answers given to just such thoughts.

As to the shepherds abiding in the fields—Sadananda says of *course* the angles would appear to them, because they were simple men, and he thinks that their very rudeness would lend credit to the story, for they would be unable to embroider

upon it ! "But Mary kept all these, and pondered them in her heart."

The story of Mary and Martha.

The Last Judgment, and "In-as-much as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto the"—India itself !

The three disciples who offered themselves.

And so the very mythology of the Christian Faith becomes credible once more, refixed, re-instated, when illuminated by the Wisdom, the Character, and the daily life, of this Eastern land.

[*Pages missing*]

217. To Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe

To Be Posted At Guntakal
Wednesday morning Dec, 16 [*1902*]

It is a startling thought that in another day or two you are to be married ! I trust my letter will reach you in time to repeat to you both the loving wishes you know so well.

Though I left Calcutta for Madras more than a week ago, I have not yet reached my destination, and the last obstacle has been a breach in the line which would not allow the passing of the mails. So we are turned back, to make a détour into the Dekkan and so to Madras. Fredk. Harrison has been my constant joy during these days of travel. His treatment of the great cities is wonderfully suggestive—and fine. He only fails when he comes to the Ideal City. Why do all the dreams of our advanced friends—Socialist—Positivist—Reformer—what not—seem so lamentably gross ? Ideals always to be a matter of water supply and sanitation and better distribution of wealth—! I would rather have Disearli with his squire and peasant !

No one ever discusses the *idea* which will bind together the future city—or suggests anything better than our mutual comfort—at any rate. No one even asks what will be the characteristic *art* of the Ideal Period—and the Religion and Education do not even occur to the writer's mind.

By the way, I am travelling 3rd Class—and the contrast you instituted the other day was certainly wrong. This is quite charming. Of course the day is cool and moist. We are on a

narrow gauge railway ascending the Dekkan, and it is the rainy season in the South.

It is delightful to think, as I do not fail to do often, of how happy you are. I cannot tell you of the blessedness that I desire for you—nor how firmly established for your whole life I would pray that it may be. That marriage may to you both a great window open to the Infinite—telling, in an unwaving sweetness steadiness and truth of that which is beyond time and space and self—is my hope and trust ever—

Yours in deep faithfulness,
Nivedita of Ramkrishna-V.

218. To Miss J. MacLeod

At Castle Kernan
Address : Calcutta
Dec. 21. 12. 1902

My sweet Yum-Yum,

You have had no decent letters from me of late. And I must write, more to express a sweet feeling than to tell you anything. There is nothing to tell.

Sadananda's face shines more and more everyday. Perhaps that is something. When he is dead, we shall be proud and glad to have touched his feet. He is simply wonderful. Cookie made sweet and strong and free.

I am so glad you approve of my taking him to Japan, if by any chance I should go. But I feel strongly that Nigu must be left free, to do what he can. We must make no demands on *him*, either. I shall always feel a love and tenderness for him, which cannot change. But I think India is going to need no helping. And anyway, he has the right to be free. To tell you the truth, I am disillusioned about the whole Baligunge connection. Sarola is now installed as Vicegerent of the Mother. She writes to me and calls on Dr. Bose, to organise us, in her army. Her paper is said to be doing great service, preaching Kali-worship and the rest. Meanwhile I find not one soul amongst them to risk his own valuable neck. And the more this talkee-talkee proceeds at a scream,

the more quiet do I find myself becoming. I *fear* Nigu's time has been wasted. On the other hand, this *has* a certain usefulness, if it is possible to glean strength from words and emotions behind which there is no power to DO. But it is odd to see how my anxiety to keep my boys from touch sight or taste of the group explain to me all Swamiji's irritability about my own connection.

That last Sunday He exclaimed "Well, Margot, I see. This is the period of your such and such a conviction! You have had your Brahmo conviction, and your Tagore conviction, and now you have these convictions. And they will pass, as the others did!" And somehow the words ring very sweet in my ears now. As if it meant that His confidence was restored. Dear Nigu's power to lead men is so great that they go miles under his touch, and tumble on their backs when he is gone. So Mother, it seems to me, is going to use him in some more indirect and large way than, we just now perceive. I pin my faith to no plan. I stand and go on, just as it is, if every plan and person comes to nought. I think infinitely more of the quiet Sri R. K's life now than I used to do. I want to see our men standing in groups at all corners of India, not as workers—simply to pray—and witness of Swamiji and Sri Rama Krishna. These two lives ARE the Unity of India. All that is necessary is that India should keep them in her heart.

My little Bairn is so strong and fine. I love him as I never dreamt that I could love. And we have talked out all our perplexities. He *is* a free soul. He depends on nothing. And my heart is at rest about it all. I owe infinite things to S. Sara for making our expression possible. And yet, the things itself would have been these anyway, just the same. Only I know that I would have given him such needless pain! Oh I bless God for having given me, at any cost, the power to help and save. How beautiful Castle Kernan is—and this sound of the sea!

How strong Swami Ramakrishnananda! My soul is full of that peace which comes only where worship is constant. This place *is* peace—*is* home. It is full of sweetness. Poor Castle Kernan is going to be sold. How I wish it could be saved! But I do not know how much it would cost. It could be made so beautiful, and so marvellously useful!

It is so lovely to know that your pain is gone, though it is tiring to think that this letter may find you in England. How Albert must have enjoyed Retreat ! Her letters are so clever that I never feel as if I could attempt to answer them.

My love ever and ever dear Yum. I shall try to enclose a page copied lately from my Diary, and send it to you for a Christmas greeting.

Your loving child
Margot

219. To Miss J. MacLeod

At Madras
Dec., 29, 1902

My sweet Yum,

Your letter, saying how tiring it is to write, came this week. Dear Yum, I do so well understand ! You must not trouble to write. Why did I never say so before? I am so sorry ! If my letters are intermittent now a days, it is simply and solely because my life is so full of teaching and travel that I am not able.

I have been here for 10 days, and have valued the occasion because all hypocrites and unfortunates have gone to Delhi for the Durbar. Swami Ramakrishnananda has been more than good. He has given his strong quite presence and support to every lecture and every conversation. And the boys and people understand me well. Swamiji is with us.

As for Sadananda—he cannot I fear live very long. He took over a great deal of Swamiji's own condition in those last months and I think released Him physically, enabling Him to die in that radiance of improvement and freedom. But *he* suffers. At least this is how I look at it. He is just grand. And how he loves good coffee !

His nephew has joined us to be a sannyasin of the new type, and here again Swami Ramkrishnananda is always ready with the corroborating and encouraging word.

Alasinga is exquisite. You are quite right. There is no one like him. I am going to leave some Wincarnis for the eldest boy. How I wish he could have a mechanical education! It is not *health* that is the matter with these people—but FOOD. The Brahmin intellect has been so long divorced from any intelligent pre-occupation with the *means* of life, that Orthodoxy has become a mere process of shrinkage and surrender. It is not beef that they need, but oatmeal and almonds. However, as the message of Sri Ramakrishna penetrates, this goes, and people are not afraid, for they understand the holiness of that great Voice.

Castle Kernan is lovely, is it not ?

Ever your loving child,
Margot

220. TO MISS J. MACLEOD

[*1902*]

[*Pages missing*]

I had sweet letters from Albert and Hollister, and they sent me 6 Mazzinis!

I have always heard of this place where you are, and I think "Ships that Pass in the Night" gives the clearest picture of it. I hope you like it.

Please tell me whether to return your money to M. Nobel at once.

Ever Ever lovingly dear Yum
Margot

Appendix—1902

(25) SWAMI SARADANANDA TO SISTER NIVEDITA

THE MATH
P. O. BELUR, HOWRAH
The 5. 7. 1902

My dear Nivedita,

The end has come. Swamiji has slept last night at nine never to rise again.

Yours affly.,
S. S.
[Swami Saradananda]

(26) DR. J. C. BOSE TO MRS. OLE BULL

8th July, 1902

It seems to me that nothing is lost and all the great thoughts and work and service and hope remain embodied in and about the place which gave them birth. All our life is but an echo of a few great moments, an echo which reverberates through all time... That great soul [of Swami Vivekananda] is released ; his heroic deeds on this earth are over. Can we realise what that work has been—how one man did all this ? When one is tired it is best that he should sleep, but his deeds and teachings will walk the earth and waken and strengthen.

(27) DR. J. C. BOSE TO SISTER NIVEDITA

LONDON
July, 9th, 1902

...What a void this makes ! What great things were accomplished in these few years ! How one man could have done it all ! And how all is stilled now. And yet, when one is tired and weary, it is best that he should rest. I seem to see him [Swami Vivekananda] just as I saw him in Paris two years ago...the strong man with the large hope, everything large about him.

I cannot tell you what a great sadness has come. I wish we could see beyond it. Our thoughts are in india with those who are suffering.

(28) SISTER NIVEDITA TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDIAN MIRROR

[*Indian Mirror*, July 22. 1902]

Sister Nivedita begs us to inform the public that, at the conclusion of the days of mourning for the Swami Vivekananda, it has been decided between the members of the Order at Bellur Math and herself, that her work shall henceforth be regarded as free, and entirely independent of their sanction and authority.

(29) SISTER NIVEDITA TO THE EDITOR OF THE STATESMAN

[*July 28, 1902*]

To the Editor of the Statesman

Sir,

It is with the deepest pain that I hear of allusions to myself having become—by the death of my great master, the Swami Vivekananda—leader of the Order of Ramkrishna. I must ask you, therefore, to be good enough to give the widest currency at your disposal to the following statement :

1. The Order of Ramkrishna has its Head Quarter at Bellur Math, Howrah and is under the absolute leadership and authority of the Swami Brahmananda and the Swami Saradananda, two of the most saintly men whom one could ever meet.

2. The Order has received from its two great founders and Gurus a definite deposit of religious thought and realisation which it will be its task henceforth to preserve and develop.

3. My own position towards this religious treasure is that of the humblest learner, merely a Brahmacharini, or novice, not a Sanyassini or fully professed religious ; without any pretentions to Sanskrit learning, and set free by the great kindness of my superiors to pursue my social, literary and educational work and studies, entirely outside their direction and supervision. Indeed, since the death of my Guru, I am not likely to be much in contact with any of my fellow-disciples who are not women.

4. To my own mind, no mistake could be more deplorable than that which assumes that the Hindu people require European leaders for their religious life. The very contrary is the case.

I trust that this letter may reach the eyes of many correspondents, who will take it as a personal acknowledgement and reply,

I am etc.
Nivedita of Ramakrishna-V
July 28

(30) RICHMOND NOBLE TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING LEADER, LONDON

Private

21A, HIGH STREET,
WIMBLEDON, S. W.
Aug. 1st. 1902

Sir,

In reference to an article which appeared yesterday in the 'Leader' and which is exaggerated in 'Star' on Vivekananda, I would beg to suggest that you have been mightily abused. I know how careful you usually are in regard to articles published under your editorship. I am therefore the more surprised that an *unsigned* article written by an enemy—for Swami had many bitter enemies, some missionaries, some Anglo-Indians, on account of Swami's denunciations of them, and others—should have been allowed in. Men like Lord Reay, Archdeacon Wilberforce, and Mr. MacNeil (St. James' Gazette) knew and reverenced Swami. The late Mr. Haweis was one of his most intimate friends. Though I am soon to be ordained in the Orders of the Church of England, yet having come into contact with Swami I have learnt, while still retaining my Christian Faith, to appreciate so good a man.

You know that even here men of great intellect (e. g. the late Mr. Gladstone) have many bitter enemies who leave no stone unturned to blacken their characters, a fortiore when a man is dead and that in a distant land how much easier it is to attack him and how hard to defend him. Your paper is different to the others, and had it appeared in the 'Globe' or 'Mail' I would have passed it, but yours has been so scrupulously just and interested in the welfare of India that I cannot rest till it is set right.

Yours faithfully,
R. S. H. Noble

(31) SISTER CHRISTINE TO MRS. OLE BULL

MAYAVATI
August 17, 1902

Dearest Saint Sara,

It is just two or three days since your letter reached me—that letter in which there is no note of self, no word of your own sorrow and loss. These are days in which one dreads to open a letter, when everything pains, but from this there came nothing but strength, and courage and comfort.

The renunciation was complete before leaving Calcutta and I knew that I loved him better than his own life.

Better to die bearing aloft the standard of this ideal, than life and everything it could offer without it. Bravely the hero faught and bravely he won ! Surely we should not sorrow but only say, "Jai Jai Jai !"

He did it all—I did nothing. It is something to know that he found rest and peace in the certainty that he could trust and that the ideals would always be guarded and protected for him.

The Blessed One ! The joy that comes with the thought of the strength and triumph of those last weeks ! "Dearer infinitely for the struggles and sacrifices of his life."

"This life must be a sacrifice to India," he said, and a sacrifice it was to the very last moment of it.

As for me, whether for India or him, I do not know, I can only weep grateful tears that the strength was given me always to do what seemed highest and holiest to him, at any cost. For this is I always prayed and all the heard experience and struggles of all these years is not too great a price to pay for that.

Dear little Mother, may your heart be comforted and may it be filled with a deep joy that he is released from the torture of body and mind and bathed in his own glory, has attained that Great Freedom and Peace for which he so longed and prayed.

This is the prayer of your loving daughter

Christina

P. S. It was dear of you to send his last letter. Are you not glad you told him *that*, that last morning ? It was, I am sure one of the things that helped to strengthen the ideal—"the glory of life being chastity." And are we not glad that you came to India again—glad for his sake and for yours ?

C.

(32) MISS J. MACLEOD TO—[?]

HATFIELD HOUSE
MASSENA SPRINGS,
ST. LAWRENCE CO , NEW YORK
August 22, 1902

I am lost in awe, with the description of the death of Swamiji. He was preparing for it for ten days. The last day *was* magnificent, in strength and power—July 4th—meditating 3 hours in the morning—teaching the Vedas and Sanskrit grammer to his disciples 3 hours in the afternoon—talking with old-time interest to everyone—inquiring about the families of those who were there—sending word to 57 Ram Kanto Bose's Lane (the head quarter of the monks in Calcutta). He was perfectly well and meditating again in the evening after a two mile walk towards Howrah—then going to his room—sending everyone away.

In about a half hour one of his young disciples—found him in Samadhi—and at 9 he ceased breathing—his hair standing on end like Rama Krishna's !

Then He knew and wished it ! Wishes for Death the deliverer ! It was of His own free will He gave up the body !

He told Margot he was preparing for death on July 2nd, but she did not take it seriously.

He washed her hands as "Jesus washed His disciple's feet !"

with love to all

Jo

(33) WILLIAM STEAD TO SISTER NIVEDITA

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS
EDITED BY W. T. STEAD
Telephone No. 2867
Telegrams VATICAN, LONDON

MOWBRAY HOUSE
NORFOLK STREET, STRAND
LONDON, W. C.
Dec. 8, 1902

My dear Miss Noble,

I am so glad to find from your letter that you are not displeased at the way in which I handled your MSS. I did it with fear and trembling, not knowing what vials of wrath might not be emptied on my head. I enclose you a cheque for your article, for which accept my best thanks.

I am going to put you into the Review in another shape. I am going to have a short story written describing the Durbar at Delhi, and I am going to put you in as a kind of prophetess to whom all this magnificence and splendor seem like a whited sepulchre over the dead men's bones of our administration in India. I think you would be a very good figure in our story, in which I will put you with your adopted name.

Yours sincerely,
W. T. Stead

(34) MISS SAROLA GHOSAL TO SISTER NIVEDITA

Friday [1902 ?]

Dear Nivedita,

You are noble and selfless. The following remarks of yours proves it beautifully :—"My greatest glory in my Guru is that he can hold many hearts who would not admit me."

By what stages of soul-life did you attain to such culture?

But I shall have to request you once more to forward my letters to Swamiji. Never mind about his perhaps finding in it 'unjustly' less than the noblest of me. I am not sure myself how far my stand against you is prompted by the noble racial antagonism and how far by the vulgar selfish ambition. I should be far more humbled by your wish to protect me from a possible bad opinion of your guru which opinion my own feelings expressed in words could alone give rise to. I would a thousand times rather than be *known* as bad, than *seem* good. So please comply with my request and forward my letter at once. Three years ago you had sought me and courted me to join the Mission to which you belong, and take the place in it which you were occupying but which you believed naturally—by birthright belonged to me. You had come with your proposals to the wrong person then. For I was not ready for it at that time. I was a timid, unformed, inexperienced girl three years ago. I am a matured, experienced, self-possessed woman now, fully awake to the capacities as well as to the limitations within me, and able to face anything and anybody in the world.

It is this sense of tested power in me combined with the irritating indications of superior European airs and imperiousness in you—that I believe has made me throw out the challenge to your 'Order.' Let me see if it dare be accepted, and whether you have made converts to your faith of India's self-help in your chosen sphere of work. But apart from the question of a trial of strength with you an European—it is my real self-dedicating love for my country, the wish to follow and take actual part in all its movements and activities, my interest in the Ramakrishna Mission all along, my faith in Swami Vivekananda's genius from the very first—it is these that have acted as the hidden springs for my offer.

Believe me
Yours sincerely,
Sarola

(35) MR. ROMESH CHANDRA DUTTA TO SISTER NIVEDITA

[*1902*]

...Since then I have heard the sad news of Swami Vivekananda's death. I never saw she Swami, I never closely followed his teachings, but you know how sincerely I appreciated and admired his high patriotism, his genuine belief in the greatness of his country, his manly faith in the future of his countrymen if they are true to themselves. That spirit of self-reliance, that determination to work out our own salvation, that faith in our country and ourselves, that conviction that our future, rests in our hands—are the noblest lessons that we learn from the life of him whose loss we all lament to-day. India is poorer to-day for the untimely loss of an earnest worker who had faith in himself. To us in Bengal the loss is more of a personal nature ; to you the bereavement is one which will cast a shadow over all your life. Only the thought of his earnestness and greatness, only the imperishable lessons which his life teaches, may afford some consolation to those who have lost in him a friend, a helper in life, a teacher of great truths.