INTRODUCTION.

PART I
PART I

Chapter I.

BIOGRAPHY OF SVAMI DAYANANDA.

EARLY LIFE.

"God bestows upon the worshipper a son, the best of the highest form, of deep devotion, of an unconquerable spirit and the bringer of glory to his parents."

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BIRTH PLACE:

A separate state by name Saurashtra has been created under the new Constitution of the Republic of India. It was formerly known as Kathiawar - Gujarat - during the British rule in India. It lies at the short distance from the North-Western coast of the Indian Peninsula. The great Swami was born in 1824 (A.D. i.e. 1881 Vikrama
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Dayānanda's forefathers belonged to the State. His father by name Karshanjee Lalji Tivari lived in a magnificent house in Jivapur street. He was a Brāhmaṇa, with a sub-caste Audicya. His eldest son, Muljee, became known later on by the illustrious name of Dayānanda. Muljee had two brothers - Ballabhjee and the other whose name could not be traced out. One of his sisters died of Cholera. Ballabhjee also left this mortal world two years after his marriage. The eldest sister Prem Bai was married to Mangaljee who became the heir of Karshanjee.**

Karshanjee, the father of Muljee was a big landlord and was considered wealthy enough to engage in the business of money-lending. He was a Brāhmaṇa of the highest order, learned in the Vedic lore and held in great respect on that account. He secured the high rank of Jamadar i.e. a Revenue Collector of the State. He was a worshipper of Śiva and was much noted for his severe devotion and austerity. He was thoroughly orthodox and uncompromising in his religious beliefs and practices. Nothing could deter him from the strict observance of the religious rituals. He was firm and fearless. He could not tolerate even the slightest departure from the letter of the Law as ordained in the scriptures. He was a man of resolve, strong faith and dour temper. His mother, on the other hand, was the embodiment of sweetness, gentleness and virtues. She was uneducated.

** This statement is based on the traditional record (Bahi Khata) of Prabha Shankar or Popat Rawal who was the successor of Mangaljee. (See - Harish Chandra - Dayānanda Sarasvatī p. 6).
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typical Indian lady but possessed of all the qualities of a virtuous mother and a very remarkable sense of efficient domestic management. Being a lady of generous heart, she was endowed with limitless sympathies and unending benevolence. Svāmī Dayānanda, thus had the advantage of inheriting a strong will from his father and a benevolent mind from his mother.

DAWN OF KNOWLEDGE:

It is on the authority of Dayānanda himself that we know that his education commenced when Muljee (he) was five years of age. When he was eight, he was invested with the sacred thread. From this time, begins his life as a Brahmācarin i.e. a religious student.

SĪVA RĀTRI: As the father was an extremely orthodox devotee of Śiva, no wonder, that he intended Muljee or Mulsānkara to grow into a staunch Śivaite. But the Fate had decreed otherwise. Śiva was the god of the family. Śiva Rātri is one of such days when every Śiva-worshipper is expected to observe fast for about thirtysix hours or even more. Dayānanda was fourteen when his father insisted on his keeping the fast in orthodox manner. The mother could not like it but had to submit when her son himself expressed his desire to bow before his father's will. Who could have foreseen that Dayānanda's father's insistence upon his son's earning religious virtues at the tender age of fourteen, by keeping fast on the sacred day of Śiva Rātri, was to result in so tremendous a change in the mind of Dayānanda as to turn him into the most virulent and successful opponent of image-worship of his age.

Outside the village, there was a temple of god Śiva where all the devotees offered their worship and prayers before the idol of the god Śiva. Every year a fast was observed by the people with full faith and devotion. As the fateful evening set in, the father and
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the son went to the temple outside the village where the rules concerning with the worship were explained to Muljee in detail. He had to keep absolute fast and to stay awake the whole night repeating and chanting the Mantras and offering various prayers, before the image of Siva.

The worship commenced with congregational prayers and songs. It was full of spirit and enthusiasm. Men and women from the village joined the mass prayer with hearts full of high aspirations and various desires. The first quarter of the night passed off very well. The entire congregation indicated high fervour and enthusiasm. A gradual dullness appeared to be approaching. The intense fervour began to dwindle in the second quarter of the night. But the devotees still kept on to the letter of Law. Midnight hours were too strong to be resisted. The worshippers began to feel that nature was rather too cruel to be ignored. One by one the devotees lay prostrate on the floor overpowered by irresistible sleep. Muljee's father also could not stand the challenge of Nature. He was the first to succumb and the officiating priest followed suit. But Muljee, the boy of fourteen, had a mind not to waver. He was resolved not to be beaten. Why should a determined heart ever imagine a defeat? He adopted all measures to ward off sleep and wonderfully succeeded. His hard earned victory, however, was crowned with success, though in quite a different way from the one aspired and expected by his father. He continued his vigil as others could not. The enthusiasm of others was skin-deep, that of Muljee well sealed deep in his heart. Others showed lip-devotion; his a hearty faith. "What is sleep to deprive me of the boon?" murmured Muljee. The more difficult the ordeal, the higher must be the reward!
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He was in mid-stream of his struggle, when there suddenly occurred a common and insignificant incident which changed the current of his life. It was quiet in the temple. There was no sound except the occasional noise of snorting. A rat came out of the hole. It crept on the holy body of Siva. Having satisfied itself that the image was harmless, it began to enjoy the dainty offerings, placed before by the devotees in token of their love for the Lord. The mischief of the mouse was too heavy. The pure-hearted and simple-minded boy of fourteen was amazed and perplexed at this strange sight. He had been told that Lord Siva was omnipotent, omnipresent and omniscient: that the image possessed all glory and power; that it was God Himself and that it had the power of blessing and cursing mankind. What he saw, however, was quite contrary to these things. The image appeared to him a helpless inanimate object. It was too weak to protect itself from the mischief of a mouse. It set the boy thinking earnestly. The boy had a logical mind. The thought struck him like a thunder-bolt. The helplessness of the image of Siva had shaken his faith. He could no longer offer homage to the image. He desired to get his doubts removed by his father. But the father was asleep. He waited for some time. But it was too heavy a burden to be borne by the young mind for a long time. He impatiently awakened his father and requested him to remove his doubts. The father was angry, both at being disturbed and at the audacity of the boy. But Dayananda was a boy not to be put off so lightly. He insisted for a reasonable and logical answer. Eventually he got an oft-repeated answer which a considerate and intelligent image-worshipper has for this fateful question. He was told that the image was not the real god. It only represented him for the purpose of worship and, "He being worshipped through it, bestows all blessings upon the worshipper." His father's explanations could
not satisfy him. The father also rebuked him for his habit of raising doubts and putting questions. He harshly snubbed him. The boy was silenced but not his soul. Muljee asked permission to go home and the father reluctantly allowed him to leave with a strict warning that he should not break his fast before the sun-rise.

THE REVOLT:

But the brave heart of Dayananda could not see reason in continuing the fast. He had finished with the image-worship and all its rituals. He ran home, broke the fast and went to sleep.

The fateful incident of the Siva Katri created a ray of light in the young heart of Dayananda. He resolved to find out and to know the Supreme Reality - God - who is Omnipotent, Omniscient, and All Merciful. He fully realized that the image in the Siva's temple was not a real God.

REALITY OF DEATH:

One day Muljee was at a musical symposium with his father. A servant came running to them with a sad news that Muljee's sister had fallen seriously ill. The father and the son hastened home. She had an attack of Cholera. Physicians were sent for. The best efforts of the experts failed. The patient grew worse and died in a few hours. Muljee loved his sister very dearly. Everybody shed tears and lamented. But Muljee's eyes were fast fixed at his dear sister's dead body. He looked like a statue, motionless and unmoved. His eyes were dry and lips sealed. People thought that he had no heart. The death of a beloved sister set him on an enquiry as to the nature of death. His grief for her loss was too deep for tears. It plunged him into meditation on death as distinguished from life. He left the room and threw himself in his bed and pondered and pondered on. "What is death?" said he, "and what is life? Is there no escape from Death?"
The young seeker was again busy about his studies. He was always thinking of the problems of life and death. But soon he was destined to witness what tended still more to intensify his desire to solve the perplexing mystery. He was nineteen when his beloved uncle who had all love for him, had an attack of the disease which had separated him from his sister. It was of a virulent type and baffled all attempts of the Physicians. When his uncle lay on his death bed he was looking at Dayānanda with eyes full of love and tears. Dayānanda could not meet the pathetic gaze of his uncle. He burst into tears and his eyes swelled with weeping. The end came at last and the house once again was a house of mourning.

Dayānanda could not understand the reality of human existence in the world. He was gloomy and went about distracted, asking all his elders and youngers, and the learned Pandits and Sādhus with whom he came into contact, if they could tell him, how death was to be conquered. The reply was unanimous that the practice of Yoga leading to communion with God could defeat the death. Dayānanda meditated over this reply and came to the conclusion that in order to learn Yoga, he must leave home. The worldly temptations after all are transient and death is the ultimate goal of life. He must seek the path of immortality. He ceased to take pleasure in the gay life. He found delight in being left alone. He sat for hours together in a secluded corner of his house always brooding over the helplessness of a man before death. The nature of aspiration which now filled Dayānanda's heart was not long in becoming known to his father and mother. They were alarmed and began to contrive means for preventing their son from carrying out his resolve.

**FLIGHT FROM HOME:**

Dayānanda's parents thought of a plan by which they decided on tying the lad down by the ties of marriage. All parents, all over the
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world and in all ages have thought of marriage to be the best remedy to wean the young minds from ascetic lines of thought. The Buddha's parents and the mother of Svāmī Sākara tried the same weapon; so did the parents of Nanak. Buddha and Nanak, however, were gentler spirits than Dayānanda. They could not resist the will of their elders, who consequently succeeded in their immediate object. But Dayānanda resisted the plan tooth and nail and declined to be married. He was at that time a lad of nineteen and by the intervention of friends the marriage was postponed for a year. Dayānanda requested his parents to send him to Benaras where he wanted to prosecute his studies. But the parents had sufficient reasons to suspect the working of their son's mind and not wishing him to lose for ever, refused to accept the request. He, however, was sent to a neighbouring village to prosecute his studies with a learned Pandit who resided there. In the course of his studies, Dayānanda revealed his heart to the teacher and requested him to explain to him the ways and means of Samādhi (i.e. meditation) so that the death might be conquered. He told him frankly that he (Dayānanda) would renounce the world to explore the remedy by which a man could become immortal.

The teacher informed Dayānanda's parents whereupon they recalled him home.

The parents now secretly made all preparations for his marriage. The day was fixed. The preparations went on pace. The invitations were issued. There was happiness all round. All hearts were joyous except the little heart of the unlucky bird who was designed to be put in a golden cage. Muljee protested. His studies would be cut short. But none listened to him.

But the bird would not take the cage. The parents had not fully understood the unyielding determination of their son. Within
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a week or so of the day fixed for his marriage, he fled from home.

The father, in vain, pursued hard. In less than three days, Dayānanda was stripped of all the valuables he had on his person and the money which he had in his pocket. He became a mendicant, changed his name, assumed ochre-coloured garments and began to search for a real Guru (i.e. a spiritual preceptor) who could guide him into the way of solving the mystery of life and death so that he might be able to attain immortality.

BECAME BRAHMACĀRIN: Muljee met a Saint by name Lal Bhakta who gave him the name of Suddha Caitanya and placed him in the order of Brahmacārins.

Suddha Caitanya learnt that a fair was going to be held at Siddha pur. He was told that a number of Yogins would assemble there. It was a chance for him to learn the Truth. In the fair he happened to see a Vairagi who was his old acquaintance who persuaded him to return home. But Muljee was not a boy to change his mind.

After a few days, as a result of this meeting, Suddha Caitanya was face to face with his father. His sadhu's garments were forcibly torn off and his Tumba cast away and he was given a new dress. Suddha Caitanya now again became Muljee and was kept under strict guard of the police on his way back home. But once again he gave his guards the go-by. One night when he found his guards fast asleep, he escaped Before morning he had put several miles between himself and his father whom he never saw again.

It was his final separation from home and all that word implies. He felt all a son's sorrow for his mother, who loved him so dearly but he had before him a mission. He left home to make the entire world his home. He was leaving his kindred to give himself up to Humanity and the cause of truth.
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From all that we know of him, he never regretted the step he had taken - step which alone made it possible for him to serve his people, his country and his God as grandly as he did.

SEARCH AFTER TRUTH:

For full fifteen years, (from 1845 to 1860 A.D.) young Dayananda wandered, North, South, East and West, almost all over (united) India in pursuit of knowledge of Truth. During these wanderings he tapped the highest and purest sources of knowledge. He wandered from place to place in search of scholars, men of wisdom and penance of great religious merit. Whenever he came across a man of spiritual attainment and high scholarship, he stopped and sat at his feet. He studied Philosophy, the Vedas, Astronomy and all other works on various branches of learning in Sanskrit with different teachers. It was during these years that he learnt the theory and practice of Yoga. There was hardly a place of Hindu pilgrimage throughout India which he did not visit. Famous centres of learning were also visited by him again and again. In search of spiritual teachers and Yogins he penetrated into the inner most recesses of the Himalayas, the Vindhyas and the Arvali, the three important mountain ranges in our country. He crossed and crossed the valleys of the holiest of Indian rivers, the Ganges, the Yamuna and the Narmada, and mounted the highest accessible peaks of the hills, which are the sources of these rivers. Dayananda loved Nature and drank deeply from her inexhaustible sources.

PRACTICE AGAINST:

It was in these surroundings of pure ozone and sublime beauty that he practised Yoga. It was there in direct communion with Nature that he lifted his thoughts to God, contemplated and meditated
on the deepest problems of life and death and spent hours, days and months in trance, enjoying the supreme bliss and highest contentment. It was there that he made the acquaintance of the best, the noblest and the purest Saints and Yogins who led a life of uninterpreted meditation and discipline, having subdued their senses to their intellect, their intellect to their Souls. For days and months he ate nothing and spoke nothing and passed his time in constant meditation. Many a time, he followed the rivers, particularly the Ganga and Narmada upto their sources, braved every danger and disciplined himself to a life of hership and privation.

INITIATED INTO SANERGA:

For sometimes after the flight from home he passed as a Brahmacarin but within a few years, he was formally initiated by Swāhil Pāṭhabhāvanī, Into Sanyāsa (i.e. the highest stage of life) and was given the name of Dayānanda.

HIS THIRST FOR KNOWLEDGE:

Dayānanda was not a man who accepted knowledge easily from any authority. He could accept what was verified or demonstrated. An incident which happened during this period of his life may serve as an illustration. Once, when wandering in the valley of the Ganga, he saw a corpse floating in the river. At that time he had some books with him, dealing with anatomy and physiology. The sight of the dead body at once suggested to him the idea of testing by actual observation, the accuracy of the facts cited in those books. He got hold of the body, cut it open and examined it. Thereupon he found that what was taught in the books was not true. So into the river went the books along with the dead body.
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QKHI MATHA:

The second fact is that never for a moment did he falter or look away from the ideal which he had set before himself. One day when he could get nothing to eat for days together and was starving, he entered the premises of the well known 'QKHI MATHA'. Being a handsome young man of good physique and prepossessing appearance, intelligent, well-read, clever and well versed in scriptures, he attracted the admiration of the Mahanta who wished to make of him his disciple and who offered to nominate him as his successor.

"Come, come 0 young Samnyāsin" said the Mahanta "live with us. Become our disciple and take part of all the wealth we have. This rich estate will be yours after me. Live a life of comforts and enjoyments." The Mahanta added.

The prospect was indeed alluring. Dayānanda had been on the border land of life and death due to long starvation. The Mahanta made a good use of his words and wealth. But the starvation could not damp his enthusiasm for search after truth and knowledge. He calmly but boldly replied, "My father had more riches than you can give me 0 Kind Mahanta! But I have scorned the worldly possessions and comforts. You little think of the pleasure that I am after and the treasure that I have come out in search of."

"What is your object, then?" said surprisingly the Mahanta.

"Genuine Yoga and supreme bliss" came the reply.

The Mahanta looked at the calm and dignified face of Dayānanda where the pangs of starvation were written in bold letters.

Such instances are many. He refused everywhere saying that his goal was different and that he was not seeking wealth and power.

SEARCH FOR A TRUE GURU:

During this period he met crowds of Sadhus and Pandits. Some
attracted him and others repelled him. He met a few for whom he entertained the highest respect and at whose feet he sat for long in a spirit of perfect reverence and true homage, but he did not come across a person who came up to his ideal of a Guru. In his wanderings, through that beautiful and noble land of his — land of the loftiest, the purest ethics, and noblest traditions, land of the Vedas and the Upanishads, land of Kapilas and Vyāsas, land of Rāmas and Krishnas, land of Kumārīlas and Śāṅkaras — he found everything upside down. Even the repositories of the sacred lore of the Aryas, the representatives of Manu and Yājñava, were steeped in ignorance and superstitions. He found that in that land of eternal sunshine, physical, intellectual and spiritual, everything was shrouded in pitch darkness of ignorance. Even the best, the purest and the loftiest among men were only moonlike. The sun had set, perhaps never to rise again. It made his heart bleed to observe that a land once distinguished by freshness and vigour, of intellect and force of mind should be so stale, shallow and feeble in its creative intellect. He was a born rebel and could not accept what was not genuine. He wished to conquer death by conquering ignorance and superstition. His heart was gloomy but bold. He wanted to have a Guru or guide. He searched every corner of the Himalayas with eternal snows and cloud-masked summits. He had conversed with the Ganga and Alakhananda; he had penetrated the dense and impregnable interiors of the forests; he had passed countless sleepless nights in deep anxiety of securing spiritual solace in the caves of the snowy mountains; he had enjoyed the embraces of the hardest of primeval rock and caresses of the swiftest streams; all these friends of his youth and companions of his wander-years had told him not to seek the peace of repose of an inactive life. They had inspired him with increasing activity. These wanderings had added to the purity, loftiness and strength of his soul.
Biography of Dayānanda.

At the Feet of Virajānanda:

Dayānanda was told at last that the blind monk Virajānanda of Mathura was the man to satisfy his thirst for knowledge. He had drunk deep into the holy books. He could lead him on the path of truth.

Śvāmī Virajānanda was a Samnyāsin of the order to which Dayānanda belonged. Dayānanda had left his home because his parents loved him too much and wished to save him from a life of poverty, to which he was minded to dedicate himself in the pursuit of what they considered to be only a phantasy; he had left his home at the comparatively advanced age of 21, by his own choice, to the great sorrow and disappointment of his parents. Poor Virajānanda, on the other hand, was a child of only eleven when circumstances turned him adrift on the world, without any one to care for him. He had lost both parents and was an orphan. His brothers were kind to him but the biting tongue and the cruel temper of his brother's wife proved too strong even for the child of eleven. What added to the sadness of his orphanhood was the fact that he was totally blind, having lost his sight at the age of five due to virulent attack of smallpox. He was too courageous, however, inspite of his blindness and his orphanhood, to submit to the tyranny of his brother's wife. He left his brother's house with a heart full of sorrow. The death of his parents had deprived him of the ties and associations which make home so attractive and sweet. All that was left him now was his own soul, his own mind, and his will to make the best of them by his own exertions. On leaving his brother's house he went to Haridvara, on the bank of the Ganga, one of the most beautiful spots in Northern India. This is one of the most sacred places and a favourite resort of Sadhus, Samnyāsins and Pandits. Virajānanda came to Haridvara never
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to return home. In a few years he learnt all that the best and the
most learned in Haridvata could teach him. He was an apt pupil and
was gifted with a wonderful memory, to whose power his blindness had
added considerably. The reputation and esteem which he gained by his
scholarship and character were so high as to induce a Sanyasin of
high ability and profound austerity to admit him into the highest
order of his class, inspite of his blindness. Later in life Viraja-
nanada migrated to Mathura, the other holy place - famous as the birth
place of the Lord Krishna, one of the greatest and wisest of Aryan
heroes, accorded the honours of Divinity. It was here that Dayânanda
met him.

Viraja-nanda was a great Yogin. He took pride in ancient Vedic
teaching. He scorned image-worship. He could not tolerate supersti-
tions and intellectual darkness prevailing in Hindu society. His soul
was full of purity and greatness of the past. By ceaseless labour and
constant construction of mind, he had acquired a mastery of Sanskrit
language and literature-and of all the intellectual treasure therein.
Three ruling chiefs of Rajasthan, at different times, became his
pupils. One of them continued his studies for full three years, but
when one day he absented himself without information, the Svami left
him without notice and returned to Mathura.

This was the man with whom Dayânanda completed his education
and who charged him with the duty of inaugurating a mission to purge
Hinduism of all the evils that had found admittance into it.

Dayânanda had been studying for over thirty years already and
what he now required was only a finishing touch at the hand of a
master soul. For two years and a half he served the blind Monk -
showed him the highest respect and love and learnt all that Viraja-
nanada had to teach.
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DEVOTION TO TEACHER:

Virajānanda was a man of hot temper and sometimes treated his pupil very harshly. Once he actually inflicted corporal punishment on Śrī Dayānanda; yet the latter was quite submissive and calm. The Guru, one day found a small heap of dirt in the corner of a room which had been cleaned by the pupil Dayānanda. The anger of the teacher knew no bond. Mercilessly he beat Dayānanda with a stick in his hand. The pupil accepted this punishment with reverence and at the end implored his teacher to pardon him and said, "My body is very hard, while your hands are soft and delicate. I request you, for the trouble I had given to your tender hands, to forgive me." Saying this the pupil bowed his head and shed streams of tears on the feet of his Guru.

The anger and the wrath of the teacher could not damp the spirit of the Seeker of truth. He duly finished the course laid down for him. Then Virajānanda told him that he had nothing more for him, and that he must now enter the world as an independent teacher.

GURU DAKSINĀ:

The day of leave-taking has been memorable occasion for both, the pupil as well as the teacher in India from the time immemorial. Education was entirely free in ancient India. Both, princes and the poor, sat together in earning knowledge. Kṛṣṇa and Sudānā, Droṇa and Drupada and Karna and Arjuna, studied in the same Gurukula without distinction. It was on the parting day that the pupils had to offer, according to their means, something to the benevolent teacher. This practice is called Guru Daksinā.

It was on that day that Dandi Viraṇanda demanded the customary fee called Dakṣinā (i.e. reward). Virajānanda fully knew that Dayānanda had nothing of worldly value to offer him, nor did he himself
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care for any such gift. What he asked of his pupil was a pledge to devote his life to the dissemination of truth, to the waging of incessant warfare against the false-hoods of the prevailing Hinduism and to establish the right method of education, as was in vogue in pre-Buddhistic times.

This pledge Dayāhanda gave willingly, and with a solemn joy; and never was any human pledge kept more loyally and faithfully.

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