

Sree Krishna:  
The Lord of Love

Svāmī Bābā Premānanda Bhārati

Introduction  
by  
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Edited, annotated, and introduced  
by  
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# Publisher's Preface

As Caitanya Vaiṣṇavism now comes more fully to the West to offer its richness in the art and practice of attaining direct, intimate relationship with God—God in the form of divine sweetness, bewitching beauty and maddening, ambrosial love—we must lovingly acknowledge the great practitioners who have attempted to bring it to our ears, eyes and hearts before now. As far as record tells, the first great person to bring these wonderful teachings to our attention here in the West was Bābā Premānada Bhāratī. That was in the year of 1902, when he arrived in the United State of America.

Bābā Bhāratī wrote in a warm and inspiring way—much like sunshine on a beautiful, spring Sunday morning. I was fortunate and happy to have found both volumes of his book back in the 1970s at a used book store in Berkeley. I devoured the book and gave a copy to a close friend for him and his family. As much inspiration and upliftment as I found back then, I wish everyone reading it here will find now.

It is with great loving appreciation for him (and for others yet to be published), that we put forth this new edition of his classic, *Sree Krishna*—in the best and fullest way possible for us. We hope it will make available again a special kind of upliftment for all and everyone. Those who find it even more than that we invite to dive even deeper into this fascinating tradition by contacting us for more books.

Jaya Śrī Kṛṣṇa! Jaya Bābā Premānanda Bhāratī!

Jagadish Das  
Kirksville, Missouri  
August 30, 2006



# Author's Preface

I beg to present this my humble work to the English reader. It is the history of the Universe from its birth to its dissolution. I have explained the science of creation, its making and its mechanism. In doing so I have drawn my information from the recorded facts in the Sacred Books of the Root-Race of mankind. Some facts and explanation are herein furnished for the first in any modern language. This book embodies true Hinduism.

If read with an open mind, it will serve the reader with illumination and solve many a riddle of life, untie many a tangle of thought. I have spoken throughout from out of the depths of the ages. I have thought absolutely in Sanskrit and expressed myself in English, an imperfect medium for expressing Sanskrit ideas. My object has been to impress my readers with the substance of Hindoo thought in all its purity. This has not been done before even by Hindoo writers on Hindoo religion and philosophy. They have cared to humor the Western readers, by putting in a mixture of Western thought and dressing it up in Western ways of expression. I have not done so, because I know that in reading an Eastern book the Western mind wants purely Eastern thought in pure Eastern dress.

This will afford all soul-hungry readers with enough healthy food and drink. The first part of the book contains the food, the kernel of the soul-coconut; the second part, its sweet milk. The third part is from Kṛṣṇa Himself. It is the purest nectar of spiritual love. Let the reader open his heart to it, and I am sure it will fill it with ecstasy. The soulful reader will thrill with the joyous vibrations of every sentence of the "Messages and Revelations."

The belief that our life begins with the birth of this physical body and ends with its death is the worst superstition, because it is the worst obstacle in the way of our soul's unfoldment. This life has sprung from Eternity, it draws its breath from Eternity, and is finally absorbed by Eternity which is Absolute Love. To

know that we, human beings, were never blessed with greater powers than we possess in this age is the saddest of mistakes. To believe that we were once as great and powerful as divine beings and that we can recover that greatness and those powers, is to believe in the actual potentialities of the human mind. This life can be made one long ecstatic song; this life can, if we take the trouble to make it, be made the source of joy to ourselves as well as to all around us forever and ever; it can even attain to the essence of Godhood, from which it has sprung, be developing uninterrupted God-consciousness.

We all are idolators. Some of us worship idols of Divinity, other worship idols of Matter. Some of us worship the Spirit through suggestive signs and symbols, others worship Flesh, mere forms of animated flesh. Since our mind wants idols for worship, just as our body wants food for sustenance, let us all worship the idols of Spirit in Form. Through its concrete Form-center we can enter into the Abstract spirit of Love — Love which is our one object and goal in life. This Love is Kṛṣṇa and the universe and we, its parts, are the materialized manifestations of that Love.

Premānanda Bhārati

The Alpine  
55 West 33rd St.  
New York

July 7, 1904



# Author's Introduction

## Life's Source and Search

Beloved! I wish to call you "my beloved," whoever you are who have taken up this my love-message to read, for you are the beloved of my Beloved — Kṛṣṇa. I may not know you, nor you me, and yet we have been together times without number; yet we have loved each other with the truest, the purest, the sweetest love, again and again, when we lived in Love, when we had our being in the Ocean of Love, when we were awake in the consciousness of the One Essence which ever pervades us all — Love.

Beloved! That state, that realm in which we lived and knew and loved each other, we have forgotten, and this forgetfulness is the cause of our separateness, our non-recognition, our want of sympathy, our troubles and quarrels. Going into the depth of Silence — Silence within and without us — I have discovered its secret which is also the secret of our forgotten Love-existence. And this my message to you is the revelation of that mystery which our strayed soul is trying to solve through every effort of the life we are living now.

Beloved! I humbly lay before you this message to read — to help you to recognize your true self, to help you to find your true goal in this life's race. This message is a magic mirror in which, maybe, you will catch the reflection of your soul's all-beautiful image.

You are now engaged, my beloved, in reading this message with the same object for which every one of us is just now engaged in doing various things. It is life's one common object for us all — pleasure. That is the one all-absorbing quest of humanity, nay, of all living creatures, of all creation. We are ever striving, all of us, every minute, to find that one blessing which ever eludes our grasp, ever misses our ken, ever deludes us like the will-o-the-wisp — the one

object of our desire, of predominant, spontaneous, practical, natural interest — unmixed, unbroken happiness.

Not only is this quest for happiness ever present within mankind, but also in lower animals, and even in every phase of nature, more or less pronounced or discernible. Every manifestation of nature, man or beast, bird or tree or plant, is ever endeavoring to adjust a state of internal disorder and disturbance — I mean ever endeavoring to bring about a sense or instinct of that harmonious equilibrium, which we call full satisfaction, complete contentment, absolute happiness.

Now the question may be asked: why is this universal quest for happiness? How is it that every man or woman or child is every minute seeking some sort of happiness or other? The Hindu sages have answered this question to the satisfaction of all intelligent human beings. Why is this eternal search for happiness?

That answer is: because the whole universe, of which we are parts, has come out of that eternal abode of happiness, called bliss, where it had dwelt before creation, like a tree in a seed, and the memory of which dwells still in the inner consciousness of all created beings, though it has dropped out of their outer consciousness.

That abode of happiness is called the Abode of Absolute Love; the Hindu calls it *Kṛṣṇa*. The word *Kṛṣṇa*, in Sanskrit, comes from the root “*karṣa*” — to draw. *Kṛṣṇa* means that which draws us to itself; and what in the world draws us all more powerfully than Love? It is the “gravitation” of the modern scientist. It is the one source and substance of all magnetism, of all attraction; and when that love is absolutely pure, its power to draw is absolute, too.

In seeking even material pleasure or happiness through life we are ever seeking this Absolute Bliss, only most of us do not know it. The man who devotes his heart and soul to acquiring wealth is, in fact, but striving to attain this blissful state. For what does the would-be millionaire work to make the million but to secure pleasure, the pleasure of good eating, good drinking, good living, good enjoyment — to be happy? He makes the million; but the happiness which he secures, by securing the means of pleasure and by enjoying the pleasures themselves, is not complete. He still feels some void in that happiness, something still wanting in those pleasures to make him fully happy. He therefore piles up more millions, he plunges into newer pleasures, he leaves no stone unturned to find the material objects which will add to his pleasure; and when he has secured all these objects and enjoyed them, he finds himself exactly at the same place where he was before — there is something still wanting to make him completely

happy. Finding no newer objects which are likely to add to his happiness, he occupies himself by enjoying what he has already enjoyed over and over again; that is to say, he goes over again the same round of pleasures to delude himself into the belief that that is the best happiness allowed to mortal man.

But the delusion is temporary and far from complete. The longing, the search for something still wanting, is present all through that delusion — something unknown, but which he thinks he might know and recognize, if he once found it. But, alas, he does not!

Poor Man! He does not know the secret of true happiness, the happiness which is complete in itself, which never ends, which, once secured, never falls short or vanishes, which flows from within the heart through all the channels of the body, out through the pores of it in a continual stream of ecstasy. He does not know that this thing, this unending happiness, is not to be found in material objects; that it cannot be secured by the means or by the instincts of the physical senses, which cognize only material objects.

And why? Why is it that material objects fail to give us that true and absolute happiness, fail to satisfy the hunger of the yearning human heart for that unknown something which it feels somehow must exist, but which ever eludes its ken and quest, and which, alas! it does not realize that it once knew, that it once owned by right of heritage?

The answer is simple, and ought to be convincing to every thoughtful mind. The answer is: because material objects are changeful in their nature and principle; because being nothing but forms of changefulness, they do not possess this permanent, this unchangeable happiness, to give it to those who seek to derive it from them. An object whose very principle is changefulness can afford nothing which is not changeful in its nature. All the pleasures, therefore, that we derive from material objects must necessarily be changeful, which means short-lived, pleasures of short duration, broken pleasure, distinguished by the Hindus from unbroken pleasure, which, because of its unbrokenness and ecstatic taste, ceases to be called pleasure and assumes the name of bliss.

The question now arises, where is this true happiness to be found, if it cannot be found in material objects? Some modern scientists call this unbroken happiness a delusion and a snare of credulous humanity. Modern science has done much, has done wonders in this Western world. None but a fool will deny the glory of its brilliant achievements. But even among those who admire the wonderful progress of modern science, if there be one who fails to find anything in these products of science which is in any way likely to contribute towards the attainment of contentment by the human mind, that person need not necessarily

be a fool. Modern science has excited our wonder, but has failed to make us either contented or happy — contentment and happiness, which are our eternal quest, the one object of our life, the *one* goal to which all creation is running in a blindfolded race. It should rather be claimed for modern science that it has made its followers outward-looking. It has produced conveniences and comforts of life, which have made all people hanker for them; and many, failing to secure them, make themselves discontented and unhappy. Modern science, in a word, has served only to put obstacles in the way of our attempt to realize that one object of our existence — contentment, which affords true happiness.

This leads me to repeat what I have just said, that no true or all-satisfying permanent happiness can be found in material objects, and hence the failure of material scientists to make humanity either contented or happy.

Where is, then, this happiness to be found?

The answer is: within ourselves. It cannot be found in anything outside of ourselves. The continual stream of happiness is flowing at all times from our heart of hearts all through our body, but we cannot perceive it, or feel it, because our mind has been covered by the clouds formed out of our hankering for material objects. Our desire for material pleasures is the only veil that shrouds this fountain of true happiness from our mental vision.

But if our desires for material enjoyments be carefully and intelligently analyzed, we can arrive at only one conclusion, and that is that in hankering for material pleasures we are in fact practically hunting for that happiness which, once enjoyed, lays all hankering for material enjoyments forever at rest. The fact of our material possessions and enjoyments ever leaving within us a wish, more or less pronounced, for something still more enjoyable, still more pleasurable, is the most indirectly direct proof that we are in quest of something which material objects cannot supply; and the fact of this quest being present in all human souls, in all their thoughts and actions at all times forces us to the irresistible conclusion that we once knew or had a taste of the thing we all are eternally searching for; and that, having lost it, we are ever endeavoring to regain it, its absence having rendered us as unhappy and restless as a fish out of its element.

The lost object, this once enjoyed state of the human soul, now absent but ever longed for, is Kṛṣṇa.

It is Kṛṣṇa — perfect state of love or bliss — that is ever drawing us to itself. This Kṛṣṇa was once our home, when this creation, of which we form but atoms, slept for aeons unnumbered in the bosom of Kṛṣṇa, forming but a part of His will. When those unnumbered aeons were numbered, after these atoms of

creation had slept for enough time to rest themselves in that bosom of absolute bliss, they were thrust out of that realm into space, to form the universe.

They first manifested themselves as universal consciousness, which, wanting to be conscious of something, developed into ego, and ego developed into the mind, as no ego is possible without the faculty of thought, which is the mind's function. And as thoughts are not possible without objects to think upon, the five fine objects, namely: sound, touch, form, taste and smell, came into existence, along with their gross counterparts and compounds, I mean the five elements, namely, ether, air, fire, water, and earth; while the mind's channels of communication with these fine and gross forms of matter were developed simultaneously, namely, the five cognizing senses: power of seeing (eye), power of hearing (ear), power of smelling (nose), power of tasting (tongue), and power of feeling (skin), with the five working senses, namely, power of speaking (vocal organs), power of holding (hands), power of moving (feet), power of excreting (anus) and power of generating (genitals).

Thus from Kṛṣṇa to earth, Kṛṣṇa's will took twenty-four steps to assume the form of the universe, and myriad steps more to divide the universe into earth, heaven, stars, planets, sun and moon, man and beast and bird; trees and shrubs and grass; mountains and rivers, which go to make it up.

But every particle of this cosmos is conscious, directly or indirectly, in every point, of the home that it has left, the absolute state of bliss it once has soaked in, the incomparable nectar which it has once tasted. Yes, that memory endures; in the memory of that love absolute is the cause of all discontent, of all dissatisfaction, of all strife and effort, of all ambition and achievement. It is the cause as well of every philosophy and transcendental thought, of moral and spiritual uplifting, and of developing the human into the divine.

From Kṛṣṇa have we all come and Kṛṣṇaward are we all tending. And all our actions, good, bad, or indifferent, are but the feeble steps with which we are all endeavoring to cover the journey back to Kṛṣṇa — our home, sweet home — our ever-loved home, from which we have come away as sorry truants and to which the needle of our soul ever trembles, pointing to us the forgotten path, by which we fled from and by which we are again to return to that home — Śrī Kṛṣṇa.

## **God is Formless and Has a Form**

Thus Kṛṣṇa is the object we are all seeking through every wish and every act; every moment of our existence we are seeking Kṛṣṇa. He is the interest

which makes life interesting, the *one* interest which makes life worth living. He is the element of sweetness in the grossest pleasure. He is the highest beatitude which the purest souls attain to. The lover of good eating cannot keep on eating forever to sustain the pleasure that good eating produces; if he did, he would die. The sensation of eating endures as long as the food is on the palate; but the mind alone is the enjoyer of that sensation. The mind alone, likewise, enjoys the pleasure of intoxication, which the driest and highest priced champagne can afford. A little while and the pleasure of the daintiest of food and the most delicious of drinks is over, giving place to the pain of its loss and the restlessness in the search again for such pleasure!

The man who has solved the mystery of true pleasure that needs no re-eating and re-drinking to keep itself up, does not seek to find it in any food, or in any drink, or in any form or means of material enjoyments, knowing that it is the mind alone, affected by material objects, that cognizes pleasure or pain. The pleasure or the pain which the mind feels on being brought into contact with the thought or influence of material objects is derived from those objects themselves; and so long as the mind is habituated to draw pleasure from such objects it cannot but come in for sorrow, too, for objective pleasure is short-lived, and its cessation is sorrow in the least pronounced sense.

But we all want only pleasure or happiness; we hate pain or sorrow in any shape. If that is true, and nobody can say it is not, then what we practically want is eternal, unending pleasure; but we seek to find it in objects whose very constituents partake of changeful materials born more of pain than of pleasure.

If we can make the mind dwell upon some object which is eternally lovely and lovable, nay, even if we can imagine such an object, mentally *create* such an ideal object, and concentrate our mind exclusively upon it, then we can have a taste of that unending happiness which we all are seeking in vain to find in material objects. Then, dwelling on this changeless idea, the restless mind becomes fixed and calm; and calmness of mind being happiness, the mind is thus made happy by itself. Then it has known that happiness lies within itself, and within means independent of any concern with outside objects; then it finds that the coarsest meal gives as much pleasure as the daintiest of dinners, and that Adam's Ale is a more delicious drink than the highest-priced champagne. It has then learned to drink the champagne of the soul, the least taste of which makes one think the taste of the most delicious wine and food to be tasteless.

But from such transcendental nonsense, as the materialist would call it, let us come down for awhile to analyze matter, the God of the materialist. Let us for awhile examine the making and the mechanism of the universe, and try to trace in the grossest matter the existence of this perfect love or happiness.

I have already told you of the making of the universe, that it is made up of twenty-four principles; namely, love, universal consciousness, ego, mind, the ten senses, the five objects, and the five elements. I have also told you very briefly the process of creation from love to earth. I need now tell you that every succeeding principle, as it is developed, contains the preceding principle or principles. A grain of earth therefore is as good as the whole universe in regard to its composition. There is but this difference between the universe and an atom of it, that in the universe all the passages of its twenty-four principles are fully opened, while in the atom all these passages are closed. But motion is the principal law of creation, of all creation, as every particle of it is ever moving in the form of change. The atom of earth, which is the smallest form of moving manifestation of love through finer and grosser matter, moves backward now through grosser and then through finer forms of love-manifestation into the ocean of love again, from which it had originally started.

The process of this backward motion of material atom is the opening of the passages of its composing principles through repeated reincarnations. To develop from a grain of earth into a blade of grass is the first step, in which only one passage, that of feeling, is opened. The blade of grass draws by the opening of this passage juice from the earth for its sustenance. Upward through myriad forms of life — shrubs, plants, vegetables, trees, lower animals, etc. — that atom travels, to develop into the first savage man, in whom the principle called mind is for the first time opened, and along with it are opened the passages of ego and intelligence (called intellect in individual souls); for all these three principles are close co-workers.

The most important stage of evolution is man himself, for in man alone are the passages of all these twenty-four principles more or less open. And hence it is that man is called the miniature universe. From savage man to civilized man, from civilized man to religious man, from religious man to spiritual man, from spiritual man to perfect, all-loveful man, the process involves again innumerable incarnations. It is the perfect, all-loveful man, that reaches the original starting point and merges in the ocean of love called Kṛṣṇa.

I am now about to put before you a proposition which at first sight may perhaps shock you; but I assure you that, if you can manage to get over the first shock, by the aid of an open mind and calm consideration, you may find that proposition to contain the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. My proposition is this: if this “formful” universe — if that word may be allowed — formful in every detail, has come out of God, or Kṛṣṇa, or Love, can it be possible that that source of the universe is perfectly formless? If formless, whence have these form-manifestations of that formless deity come? How can

forms come out of anything void of all forms? That is a hard nut to crack for Western theologians; while material scientists do not care to call that a nut at all, for they have learned to see nothing beyond matter.

I want you to think over this question with a view to draw the right deduction. Meanwhile, I beg to submit a few suggestions which may be of help in drawing these deductions. Forms coming out of anything formless is as absurd to common sense as it is to higher, otherwise called divine, or spiritual science. Therefore the producing cause of the universe, the first principle, is not *formless*, but *has* a form. It has even a form like the form of a man, a form most perfect in every feature, a form of which the most exquisitely beautiful and divine human form is but a coarse, crude counterpart. Man has been made after the image of his maker, say the Bible. The idea has been borrowed from the Hindu scriptures, which in their principles are nothing if not scientific in propounding principles.

The Veda says that the supreme deity is both formless and with form at the same time. Just as the sun in its orb is the concrete center of its abstract, infinite self in its manifestation of light and heat, so is the supreme deity, of which the sun is but a physical reflection, the concrete center of his abstract, infinite self of his effulgence, called love, which pervades the whole universe and all space, as the basic principle of all existence. As the sun (the orb) taken together with its light and heat should be called the sun, and not the mere orb should be called the sun; so Kṛṣṇa, the supreme deity, should be taken together with his central form and his all-pervading effulgence — love — to be called Kṛṣṇa. It will be as wrong to regard the orb only as the sun, that is, the orb minus its effulgence and heat, to be the sun, as to regard this form of Kṛṣṇa (the center of himself) minus the effulgence — all-pervading love — to be Kṛṣṇa. Thus Kṛṣṇa, like his physical light-reflection, the sun, is infinite, even though he has a finite-looking form-center.

The fear entertained by most people in the West, that the form carries with it an idea of finiteness, is not true in regard to Kṛṣṇa's form. Not only is Kṛṣṇa infinite in his effulgence, but the image of his central form dwells in every particle of that effulgence, called love. Besides, nothing in this universe is finite.

I shall, in succeeding pages, try to prove to you the fact that the supreme being has a concrete-looking form-center, for two reasons. One is to support the proposition that no form can come out of anything formless, and the other is that all forms in creation, from the blade of grass to a divine man, are more or less imperfect manifestations of the central form from which they have sprung. From the blade of grass upward, the process of evolution discovers more and more outward resemblance and inward affinity to the form and attributes of the



author of the universe. Hence it is true that man is made in the image of his maker.

In the upward evolution of the man-form, the refinement of mental, intellectual, and spiritual attributes contributes more and more towards the man-form being made a more and more perfect image of his maker, both externally and internally.

Kṛṣṇa in form and in love-effulgence is present as much in a grain of earth, in a blade of grass, in a beast, as in man. Only that form is more or less covered in the lower life-forms, on account of many of the composing principles of their bodies being unopened; while in the man, all the principles being opened, the man-form looks more like the form of God. Some people refuse to believe that the supreme deity has a form like that of man, because God, with a human form would be lowered in their estimation. These devout people forget that the human form is but an imperfect picture of God's form, instead of God's form being a copy of the human form. So God need not take the trouble of assuming an imperfect reflection of his own perfect form.

Dear Reader! Some of you may say that it is foolishness and temerity on my part to try to prove that God has a form before people who are in the vanguard of civilization, and many of whom think that the very idea of God is but a diseased fancy of weak humanity. Yet, for all that, I do preach a form-god along with a formless god with all the boldness my ancient, truly scientific conviction commands, because that boldness is backed by truth, the only truth.

You here in this country are all of you great lovers and admirers of science; you want everything to be scientific in order to be acceptable. The food you eat, the air you breathe, the medicine you use, must be scientifically supplied and applied. But if you want science in everything, why do you not demand science in religion? Why is your religion so unscientific? Forms coming out of a formless God is the most unscientific assertion imaginable.

The root of this belief in forms coming out of the formless is buried in conceit which the new civilization has developed in its average votary. People here do not care to bow in reverence to anything that has a form, hence is a formless deity so readily believed in. If God had a form, they say, he would be human, and therefore not worth worshiping. Nor do they believe in making an image of God or bowing to it. They will bow to man; they will idolize man, but not God. Every man here idolizes his lady-love, and every lady idolizes her lover, with more or less abject worship. They will worship the picture of a lover or a lady-love day and night, but they will not worship the image of God, even in a picture. They will pay homage to a moving form of wealth

and physical beauty or sensuality, but hate to think of, much less worship, and image of God. They are worse idolaters than the Hindus whom they affect to hate as "heathens." They worship idols of money and human flesh; the Hindus worship idols of God. They worship material forms of mere matter; the Hindus worship sanctified forms of the divine spirit or its attributes. Let them raise their standards of idol-worship first in order to be worthy to talk of the purely transcendental idolatry of the Hindus.

The Hindus rarely paint a picture or carve an image of a human being; a human being is not worthy of it, except a saint or a guru (spiritual guide); but they paint their God and make his image, and worship it with all internal and external homage.

We are all denounced as idolaters; but we are idolaters today, in spite of all the influence of civilization and Christian bigotry brought to bear upon us, as good idolaters today as we were ten thousand years ago. The idols and idolatry of ancient Greece, Rome and Egypt have been swept away; but the idols of the Hindu God still flourish and will flourish to the end of time, as they flourished time out of mind.

What is the reason? Whence is this extraordinary vitality of Hindu idolatry? Because it is not idolatry in the sense it is understood by "civilized" Westerners. We worship the images of the attribute-manifestations of the one God, of the one Deity, of the one supreme being, who pervades the universe, who originally is with form and formless at the same time. We worship Kṛṣṇa, above all, in his image as he manifested himself and walked on earth among men 5,000 years ago; Kṛṣṇa, whose miraculous deeds of love, power, and valor no incarnation, either in the West or in the East, ever could enact or even imitate, before his time or even after his ascension to heaven, up to today. We love this Kṛṣṇa, the seed and soul of the universe, the basic principle of creation; we believe in him and in the potency of his name.

Love him, dear reader, because he loves you more than anyone you meet here on earth.

May Kṛṣṇa bless you all!

## **Part I**

# **Śrī Kṛṣṇa: the Lord of Love**



## Chapter 1

# The Concrete and Abstract God

See you that sun, beloved reader, shining radiant in the blue space above? Ancients worshipped it as a god, and the Hindus, the most ancient of all peoples, worship the sun as a god still. With joined hands filled with flowers and water and trembling with homage, the Hindus daily pray to this "Outer Eye of the Deity," this parent of all light and nature. "O Thou Parent of the Three Worlds! I meditate upon thy power divine which directs my intelligence!" prays the brahman morning, noon and evening, as he bows in all reverence.

This sun is the physical expression of the spiritual sun, Kṛṣṇa. As the sun (the orb) is the concrete center of its abstract self, in its diffused manifestation of light and heat which pervades the universe, so this, the spiritual sun, Kṛṣṇa, the source of the sun, is the concrete center of the diffused effulgence of His body which pervades even the sunlight and its heat. Kṛṣṇa has a form, a form of which the most exquisite human form is but a crude counterpart. The effulgence of Kṛṣṇa's body is the substance of all space and creation. This Effulgence-Kṛṣṇa, with the Form-Kṛṣṇa for its center, from which it radiates — is Love.

As the physical sun's effulgence embodies or is co-existent with heat, so the spiritual sun's effulgence embodies and is co-existent with Intelligence. This co-existent absolute Love and absolute Intelligence forms the Being of creation. Kṛṣṇa is, therefore, called the embodiment of Being, Intelligence, and Bliss, or Life, Truth, and Love. Every particle of this radiance of Kṛṣṇa's form-body is

not only instinct with these three attributes in one, but has within it the germ of Kṛṣṇa's form and power.

The belief that the First Cause of the universe has no form is based partly on error of its conception and upon ignorance of the laws of nature. It is a delusion to think that all forms are human, material, and finite, and that to acknowledge that this supreme being has a form is to take away from him his absolute divinity, spirituality, and infinity.

That which is not in the seed cannot appear in the tree which comes out of it, says an aphorism of the Vedānta philosophy. This being an undeniable truth, even from a common sense standpoint, it may be asked: if God is formless, and if that formless, abstract God be the source from which the universe has come, then how can that creation contain any form? If man's creator is formless, to put the question another way, wherefrom has he his form? If God has no form, then he can have no idea of form, and having no idea of form, how can he then create form, for creation is but an expansion of idea.

Creation has sprung from God's will, says the Holy Bible, as also the Veda. These tell us — and both the Christians and the Hindus are agreed on this point — that God has a Will. What is will? It is but the function or attribute of the mind. Just as where there is no fire there can be no smoke, so where there is no mind there can be no will. Once we admit that God has a will, we cannot escape admitting that he has a mind, the function of which — will — he exercised in order to create the universe.

Now then, it being established that God has a mind, the question may be asked: Is that mind encased in a body? If so, what sort of body is it? Is it physical; that is to say, is it formed of the same material of which the human body is made? Or is it a body made of abstract spirit? This is not possible, for mind is defined by the Vedas to be that principle within us which has the power of willing and non-willing. Scientists and modern philosophers define mind with practically the same purport. This vibration of the mind, willing and non-willing, is brought about or induced by the reflections cast upon it by external or internal objects, through its channels of communication, the five cognizing senses, the physical counterparts of which are the eye, the ear, the nose, the palate and the skin, which cognize respectively form, sound, smell, taste, and touch, under which five heads the Vedas have classified all forms of matter or objects. A mind without these five channels cannot exist, for, having no channels, it receives no impressions of objects, and has therefore no chance of either willing or non-willing, which is its attribute and its only substance and composition.

Once we acknowledge that God has a mind, we cannot help acknowledging these channels of the mind, the five senses. God has therefore not only a mind, but the power of seeing (eye), the power of hearing (ear), the power of smelling (nose), the power of tasting (palate), and the power of feeling (skin). The mind has also five other powers called its working senses; viz. the power of speaking, the power of holding, the power of moving, the power of excreting, and the power of generating, otherwise called the vocal organs, the hands, the feet, the excretory organ and the generating organ. Thus God, possessing a mind, is bound to possess the ten senses, without which the mind cannot act, and inaction of the mind is its destruction or non-existence. God, having a mind, has to have an ego, too, for mind is but a product or channel of the ego, which means I-ness or self-consciousness. So that God has all the principles of which man is formed, once it is admitted that God has a mind. And there is no sane man who can deny to God the possession of a mind of which the universe is the design and creation of which man is but a tiny part.

The Christian Bible says that God has made man in his own image, which means that man is the reflection, more or less imperfect, of God. Is it then possible that what is not in the original is present in the reflection? If the human soul, according to this scriptural saying, is a reflection (image) of the Deity, has not that Deity a mind and body, as its reflection, the human soul, has?

The answer is: it has, only the divine mind, being consummately pure in its state and perfect in its working, is absolutely powerful to create, preserve and destroy; and the body in which the divine mind is encased is composed of a substance not of any material make.

But what does this body of God look like? Is it like a human body? The answer is: yes, but of a perfection of shape, symmetry and beauty, with which no human body can be compared; it is the original body, of which the human body is a poor imitation.

The question will be asked: has God then as good a finite body as any of us? The answer is: NO, in capital letters. God's body is no more finite than the human body is. There is nothing in nature which is finite, not even a blade of grass, or the tiniest speck of earth.

All is infinite — all that you see around you, or perceive within you. There is no such word as finite in the dictionary of nature, in the lexicon of creation. All, all that looks ever so small and circumscribed to the fleshly eye of ignorance, is vast and endless to the eye of spiritual wisdom. All that to the physical sight is limited in shape and life is before the vision of the soulful student of creation's mysterious laws limitless beyond grasp.

Take a grain of earth, and try to trace its origin by the light of the discoveries made by sages who probed into the inmost depths of nature with the needle of pure spiritual concentration, and you will find that that grain of earth has sprung from water, water from fire, fire from air, air from ether, and ether from sound, sound from mind in its effort to cognize outside of it objects projecting from within itself, mind from ego, ego from consciousness, and consciousness from the infinite love-ocean, the basic principle of creation.

Can you call this grain of earth finite by any means or chance, especially when you come to know the mysterious laws by which that grain of earth develops into a blade of grass, and then, through myriads of reincarnations of different life-forms, goes back and merges into the ocean of love, from which it had originally sprung?

From love to earth and earth to love, thus is made up the circle of creation, and every point in its circumference is but a moving phase of the infinite in manifestation.

Man being but a stage in the upward evolution of the atom or a particle of earth, and his soul being a part of the universal soul — a wavelet of the love-ocean — he is as immense in every way as the universe itself, as infinite as the essence of infinity. His form is but the center of his abstract self, called soul. This form is concrete-looking, but it is so only to the circumscribed vision of the fleshly eye of ignorance.

The body of the supreme deity, Kṛṣṇa's body, is concrete-looking like man's, but infinite in the expansion of its radiance or real self, just as, to repeat the simile, the orb of the sun is the concrete-looking center of its abstract self in the manifestation of its light and heat. The orb, its radiance and its heat must altogether be called the sun, and not the orb alone. Kṛṣṇa, the spiritual soul of the sun as well as of the universe, has likewise a form-center, from which radiates to limitless infinity his effulgence called absolute love, which pervades all creation and space.

This body of Kṛṣṇa, the parent cause of the universe, is made up of concentrated absolute love, and is the home of the very finest ideas (potencies) of the sense-principles and the ego, mind, and intellect, which form the main factors of creation.

The beauty of the body of Kṛṣṇa changes, like the shifting colors in a kaleidoscope, into more and more soul-entrancing loveliness at every second, for it reflects the concentrated beauty and sweetness of the whole universe, charms warring with charms for supremacy — bubbling foam and froth of the sweetness of the nectar of love.