



CHAPTER VII.

[This chapter delineates the Lord's mercy to the scholar Ballava. Ballava was proud of his scholarship. He did not accept the comments of Swami Sridhara on the Bhagavata but he tried to establish some comments of his own. He would explain even to the Lord the meaning and significance of the name "Krishna". And he challenged the very basis of Vaishnavism by his attempts to establish that the Vaishnavas should not utter the name "Krishna". All his theories were, however, exploded. The Lord made him see his error. Ballava repented and got the mercy of the Lord.]

I bow to those holy saints who taste the sweetness of the holy lotus-like feet of the Lord. For holy is their mercy. And it can turn even devils to gods.

Glory unto the Lord and to the blessed Nityananda; glory also unto the preceptor Advaitachandra and to all those who follow the ways of the Lord.

And again at the end of a year all the followers of the Lord at *Gauda* came to the holy *Nilachala*. And the Lord met them again as he did in previous years. And thus he disported with them all.

Now, it so happened that at that time the sage Ballava Bhatta came. And he fell at the feet of the Lord. And the Lord embraced him. For the Lord knew that Ballava was a great sage. And paying due respects, the Lord seated him near himself.

And Ballava now spoke in soft supplicating words to the Lord, 'Long did I desire, Oh Lord, to see your Holiness. To-day the Lord *Jagannatha* has fulfilled my desire. I have been able to see you to-day. And whosoever meets you, is fortunate indeed; for *you are the Lord God himself. He who meditates on you is pure.* What wonder is it then that your holy sight would make man blest.'



For it is written. * 'Holy indeed are these devout personages ; for the very remembrance of them purifies the homes of man. What wonder is it then, that their touch, their sight, their association, the washing of their holy feet and their sitting near man and the like would purify man !'

And the sage Ballava continued saying, 'The very religion of the Kali, Oh Lord, is the holy singing of the name of the Lord Krishna. And nothing but the might of the Lord Krishna could preach his truth. You have preached the truth ; and this very fact proves you at once to be the Lord Krishna himself.

Indeed, none need doubt, Oh Lord, that you possess the might of the Lord Krishna. So it is that you have been here among us to spread the religion of love for the Lord. For whosoever sees you, Oh Lord, is at once flooded with the love for the Lord Krishna. And this could not be if you were not endowed with powers of the Lord Krishna Himself. The scriptures say that Krishna is the sole giver of love.

And so it is written, † 'True it is that there are many incarnations of the lotus-navelled Lord Krishna. And they are all good and givers of love. But who, Oh, who else but the Lord Krishna Himself, that supreme giver of love, can give the sweet feeling of love even to creepers ?'

Thus spoke the sage Ballava. And the Lord said, 'I was only a Sannyasin, Oh sage, one with faith in *Maya*. And I knew nothing of faith in the *Lord Vishnu*. The blessed Advaita Acharya is the God himself. And it is the

* Srimat Bhagavata I-19-33

† Laghu Bhagavatamrita, Purba 5-37



contact of the preceptor Advaitachandra that made my heart pure. The preceptor is supreme in his knowledge of scriptures as well as in his deep faith in the Lord. And he is, therefore, known as 'Advaita Acharya.' Indeed, so devout is the soul of the preceptor that even a non-Hindu will attain faith in the *Lord Vishnu* by his mercy. So who could describe the power of devotion of the holy preceptor.'

And the Lord now narrated, one after another, the virtues of his great devotees. And he said, 'The recluse Nityananda is the God himself. And he is drunk with the mad ecstasy of love. Verily, he is an ocean of *holy love* for the Lord Krishna. And I have learnt, Oh Ballava, from him that faith in the Lord is the essence of all religion. And he is often over-powered with ecstasy of love. Yea, he is a veritable ocean of love from whom man may receive any amount of love for the Lord Krishna.

And the savant Sarvabhauma is another great soul. He is a master of all *the six systems of philosophy*. And he is a great devotee; and he is fit to be the preceptor of the whole world in the *six Darshanas*. He showed me the sublime limits of the religion of faith. And from him did I know that the loving faith in the Lord Krishna is the only truth.

And another great man is the sage Raya Ramananda. He taught me much. For he taught me all the different kinds of loving sweetness for the Lord. He taught me that the Lord Krishna is the Lord God himself; and that loving faith is the supreme object of ambition. And he also taught me that the loving faith in the way of loving attachment for the Lord excels all other things. He told me of the different species of love, of loving obedience, and of loving friendliness, of loving filial affection, and of loving sweetness.

And he also taught me that he who serves the Lord through loving sweetness, as it includes all other species of love, surpasses all. And of the two, the knowledge of the Lord's splendours and of pure love for him, the latter is the better: for the son of *the king of Vraja* cannot be attained through the knowledge of his splendours.

And so it is written, * 'The easiest way to attain the holy Krishna, the son of the milk-maid Jashoda is through loving faith; for neither the hermits who are proud of their austerities, nor the scholars who think that they are the very courtiers of God, can get the holy feet of the Lord as easily as the faithful can.'

And the word *Atmabhuta* Oh Ballava, here means courtiers. And yet these so-called courtiers cannot reach the Lord Krishna. For even the Goddess Lakshmi herself could not attain to the holy feet of the Lord Krishna, the son of *the king of Vraja*. She could not, because she wanted to realise the Lord through the knowledge of his splendours.

And so it is written, † 'Sweet indeed was the pleasure that the *Gopis* enjoyed during the holy *Rasa dance*. For then the Lord embraced them to the neck with his long loving arms. And from this embrace they obtained the very object of their desire. No other women could ever enjoy such holy sweetness. Yea, not to speak of others even the Goddess Lakshmi, who rests on the lap of *the Lord Vishnu*, so lovely and so dear unto her Lord, could not enjoy it; nor could other women of heaven whose limbs emit fragrance like the lotus and are soft and beautiful as that lovely flower, ever enjoy the same holy grace of the Lord.'

* Srimat Bhagavata 10-9-21.

† Srimat Bhagavata 10-47-63. Speech of Uddhava.



For the friends, Oh Ballava! climb on the neck of the friend Krishna in the pure spirit of friendliness and the *mother-queen of Vraja* binds the Lord Krishna in the pure spirit of loving tenderness. While the friend thinks, 'This is my friend,' the mother thinks, 'This indeed, is my child.' And such is the pure feeling in worship. So, the *sages Suka and Vyasa* prefer highly such simple and sincere attachment for the Lord.

And so it is written, * 'To the people of the world of *Maya*, the Lord seems as a man ; to the people of the world of knowledge, he is without any shape, and to them, he is a supreme object of deep experience. To those devotees that would serve the Lord through 'loving obedience', the Lord is the supreme God, to whom they would pay their hearts' devotion. But the *Gopa boys* have, indeed, infinite merits ; for they play with the Lord Krishna in the pure spirit of loving friendliness.

And so it is written. † 'What holy merit did Nanda, the father of the Lord Krishna, earn in another life ? And what holy work did the fortunate mother Jashoda do, that the Lord himself sucked milk from her breast ?'

The pure devotees of the Lord, Oh Ballava, would not in the least be affected by the knowledge of the Lord's splendours, even if they see them ; for their own feeling of pure devotion is superior to the mere realisation of the splendours of the Lord.

And so it is written, ‡ 'The *Vedas, the Upanishads, the Sankhya, the Yoga and the Sattvatas*, all sing the holy glory

* Srimat Bhagavata 10-12-11. Sri Suka to Parikshita

† Srimat Bhagavata 10-8-46. Parikshit to Sukadeva

‡ Srimat Bhagavata 10-8-45. Sri Suka to Parikshit



of the Lord Hari. And yet the mother Jashoda got the holy Lord as her child.'

And all these, Oh Ballava, the sage Raya Ramananda taught me. And they all seemed sweet to me.'

And the Lord continued saying, 'Indeed, I cannot, Oh Ballava! narrate in full the glory of the sage Ramananda. It is from his mercy that I have known all pure loving attachments of the holy *Vraja*. And the saint Svarupa, is also love and *rasa* personified. He, too, taught me much. And from his contact I came to know the sweet *rasa* of loving association of the Lord at *Vraja*. For pure is the love of the *Gopis* for the Lord. It is free from all touch of sexual meanness. And the distinctive mark of it is, that it fulfils itself by rendering happiness to the Lord Krishna. And so is it written of the *Gopis*.

* 'How softly, Oh dear one, do we touch thy tender lotus-like feet with our breast. We fear lest they should receive pain. For our hearts, Oh Lord, are hard. And they may cause pain to thy tender feet. Dost thou not, Oh Lord, feel pain as thou walkest here in the forests on foot? Do not the fine particles of stone pain thy soft tender feet? As we think of this, Oh Lord, we grow impatient; for, thou art the very life of us all.'

And this feeling of the *Gopis*. Oh Ballava, is pure. And it is free from all sense of the Lord's splendours. Out of pure love they sometimes rebuke the Lord. And such rebuke is a sign of love.

So the *Gopis* once said unto the Lord, † 'Thou refusest to entertain us, though we have come to thee at night. Thou

* Srimat Bhagavata 10-31-19. The *Gopis* said to the Lord Krishna

† Srimat Bhagavata 10-31-16.



must be a cheat. For thou knowest who we are and why we are come here to thee. Moreover, thou knowest that we were enchanted by the sweet song of thy holy flute. We abandoned the company of our husbands, our brothers, our friends and our kinsmen, our all. And we did all this for thee'.

And on another occasion a *Gopi* went with the Lord to another forest and she said unto the Lord out of pride, * 'I can go no further, Oh Lord, so take me whithersoever thou likest'.

And all *this is deep love*, Oh Ballava. And holy love excels all other forms of worship. So the Lord himself says that he is deeply indebted to *the Gopis*.

So it is written. † For the Lord once said to *the Gopis*, 'With pure loving devotion have you served me, Oh Beautiful Ones ! And I can never repay your wonderful and devoted services to me. You have cut off all strong domestic ties of relationship for me. And these ties are so hard to sever. So, your loving services are their only reward. And I remain indebted to you for good ; for never can I repay what I owe to you all.'

And again Uddhava says, 'Oh ! *I crave for the holy dust of the blessed feet of the milkmaids of Vraja*. They have abandoned their kith and approved rules of conduct. And they have adored the blessed feet of the Lord *Mukunda*, which are sought after by *the Vedas* ; and to that end I long to be born anew as a shrub, creeper or any plant in Vrindavana, so that I may be trodden upon by *the Gopis*.'

* Srimat Bhagavata 10-30-31

† Srimat Bhagavata 10-32-22



And the Lord continued saying, 'So, pure devotion, Oh Ballava, is better than meditation on the splendours of the Lord. Hence Uddhava was the best of the devotees of Lord Krishna. But Uddhava himself would desire to have *the holy dust of the feet of the blessed Gopis*. I have got all these truths from Svarupa.

And I have known the powers of the name from the great saint Haridasa. *He sings it three lacs of times a day*. And it is from his grace that I have known the glory of *the holy name*.

And I have obtained faith in the Lord Krishna from the company of certain other holy persons also. And they were all preaching the glory of *the holy name* and *the holy love for the holy Lord Krishna* at Gauda. These are the preceptor Advaitachandra, the scholar Gadadhara, the devotee Jagadananda, Damodara, Sankara, Bakreswara, Kasiswara, Mukunda, Vasudeva and Murari. And the devout Acharyanidhi is also one of them.' And thus the Lord spoke unto Ballava Bhatta. And he spoke in this strain, for he knew that Ballava was very proud.

And proud the Bhatta certainly was. For he imagined that he knew *all the truths of the Vaishnava faith*. And he always thought that he knew best the explanation of the *holy Bhagavata*. And this pride the Bhatta had for many years. But he now heard the speech of the Lord. And all his pride was gone. For as he heard of the deep devotion of the followers of the Lord from the Lord himself, he desired to meet them all.

And so he said, 'Where are those devotees, Oh Lord ! How may I meet their holinesses ?'

And the Lord replied saying, 'Some, Oh Ballava, are here, some are on the bank of the Ganga. All of them

have come here to see *the holy Car festival*. And they have their houses in different places. So, if you like, you may meet them all here.'

And Ballava now spoke in all humility. And he humbly invited the Lord to his house. And on another occasion when *all the Vaishnavas* came to the Lord, the Lord introduced Ballava to them all.

And Ballava saw the glory of these *Vaishnavas*. And he was surprised to see it. For, it seemed to him that he was to them as a glow-worm is to the moon. And Ballava now had much of *Prosada* brought for him there. For he would feed the Lord and his devotees with the *Prosada*.

And they all now sat down to eat. All the sannyasins sat with the saint Paramananda Puri. And the Lord sat with the preceptor Advaitachandra on one side and with the blessed Nityananda on the other. And the followers of the Lord sat with the Lord at the centre. And some sat behind the Lord and others in front of him. Thus, all the followers of the Lord of *Gauda* sat down. Their number was large. And they all took their seats in rows in the yard.

And Ballava now saw all the followers of the Lord. And he was surprised to see them all. And he bowed at the feet of one and all. And Ballava had much more of the *holy food* brought. Svarupa and Jagadananda, Kasiswara and Sankara, Raghava and Damodara were the servers of food.

As for Ballava himself, he served the Lord and the sannyasins. So all the *Vaishnavas* were served with the *holy food*. And repeatedly they cried out in one voice the *holy name Hari*. And their voice seemed to fill the universe. And Ballava also had many garlands, betel-nuts, betel-leaves

and sandal-paste supplied there. And he served all with them. And as he showed respect to them all, he himself was pleased.

And now the day of *the holy Car festival* arrived. And the Lord would now sing the *Holy song* with his devotees. And as before, the holy company of the followers of the Lord were divided into seven groups. And there were the preceptor Advaitachandra, the blessed Nityananda, the saint Haridasa, the devotee Srinibasha, Raghava and the scholar Gadadhara. These holy seven led the dance in seven different places.

And the Lord, too, danced. And as he danced, he sang *the holy name Hari*. And as all were dancing, fourteen *Madals* were sounded. And they all sang the holy song in a very high pitch. And the love of each of the dancers was sublime ; yea, each could flood the earth with it. As Ballava saw the love-dance of the devotees, he was struck with wonder. And he was besides himself with joy as he saw it, so that he could hardly control himself.

And the Lord now stopped the dance of his devotees. And he himself began to dance as he had done every year. And Ballava saw the beauty of the Lord. He also saw the Lord's ecstasy. And as he saw these, he was convinced that the Lord himself was *the holy Lord Krishna*. He saw all the ceremonies of the *holy Car festival*. But what surprised him most were the ways of the Lord.

Now, when the *holy festival* was over, Ballava once went to the Lord. And he supplicated unto him saying, 'I have written, Oh Lord, some comments on *the holy Bhagavata*. May I read it to your Holiness ?'

And the Lord replied, 'No, for I do not understand

comments on *the holy Bhagavata* ; nor am I fit to hear them. For all I know is to sit and to pray with the *holy name*. And I have not yet said the prescribed number, although I say it day and night.'

And Ballava now said, 'I have written comments on *the holy name Krishna*. May it please your Holiness to hear it ; for the comments are elaborate and full'. The Lord now said, 'I do not admit, Oh Ballava, that the *holy name Krishna* may admit of any comments. The only comment possible is that it means, *the pretty Lord Shyama, the holy son of Jashoda*.'

And so it is written,* 'The chief meaning of *the holy name Krishna* is the blue Lord, who is blue as *the Tamala-tree* and he is the son of Jashoda, from whose breast he sucked milk. And this is admitted in all the scriptures.'

And this is the only meaning of *the holy name* that I know, Oh Ballava. And I have no right to know more about it.' And the Lord spoke thus, because he knew all the comments that Ballava might make. They were all nonsense. And so the Lord looked down upon them all.

And Ballava was now a little disappointed. He went back to his place. And his faith in the Lord diminished a little.

And he now went to the scholar Gadadhara. He went again and again to him ; and he tried to please him in many ways. He tried to please him by frequent visits also. But all the devotees of the Lord at Nilachala knew that the Lord regarded him not, much less his comments. So, they did not condescend to listen to these comments.

* Nama-kaumudi: Krishna-sandaiva.

Ballava was now much ashamed ; for he felt himself insulted. And so he went to the scholar with a heart laden with sorrow. And he said in humble words to the scholar, 'I seek your protection, Oh Scholar ! Be merciful unto me and save me. Hear you the comments on *the holy name Krishna* made by me ; for then alone will the mud of shame cast on me be removed.'

And the scholar was now in a great difficulty. He hesitated as to what he should do. For he could not at once determine his duty. At length he decided. And he did not agree to hear Ballava's comments. Nevertheless Ballava would tease him still. And once upon a time he began to read his comments before the scholar quite against the latter's will.

And at last the scholar agreed to hear Ballava's comments. And he did so, because Ballava was superior in position to him. But within his heart he prayed unto the Lord saying, '*Save me, Oh Lord, save me. For I throw myself entirely under thy holy protection. And I know that what I do is wrong.*' And he thought within himself, 'I do not fear the Lord. He knows the heart of all, and so he knows my heart too. But I fear his followers ; for they are all dangerous critics.' The decision of the scholar was nothing wrong. But the followers of the Lord showed anger against him out of their attachment for him.

Now Ballava continued coming to the presence of the Lord everyday. And he went on arguing with the preceptor Advaitachandra and other followers of the Lord. But whatsoever his conclusions were, the preceptor gave lie direct to them, and that, too, at the very moment he heard them expressed. And Ballava had always to court defeat. Hence, Ballava looked among the followers of the Lord as a heron among swans.



Now, on one occasion Ballava asked the preceptor Advaitachandra saying, *The individual soul (Jiva)* is woman and she regards the Lord Krishna as her husband. You know that a chaste woman would never utter the name of her husband. And yet you utter the name of the Lord Krishna. What manner of religion is this?

And the preceptor Advaitachandra heard it. And he replied saying, 'Before you, Oh Ballava, there is the Lord. He is religion personified. So ask him and you will get the true answer.'

And the Lord now spoke. And he said to Ballava, You know not the truth of religion, Oh Ballava. And therefore do you speak thus. For the chaste woman always obeys her Lord. If the Lord will command her to utter his name, she will do it. For she cannot go against the command of her Lord. She will utter the name and get the merits of it. And from the merits of *the holy name*, love for *the holy feet of the Lord Krishna* will take root in her soul.'

And Ballava now heard the answer. And he was silent. And with a heart full of disappointment he went to his house. And there he thus meditated, 'Always the table is turned on me in this assembly. I must win at least once. For if I can once win in arguments, the shame of my defeat will go. Myself too, shall be satisfied. But alas, what shall I do? How shall I establish the truth of my own theories?'

Thus did Ballava think. And on another occasion he came before the Lord and bowed to him. He sat down to speak. And with a heart full of pride he spoke on in the assembly. And thus he spoke, 'In my comments on *the holy Bhagavata* I have shown, Oh Lord, that the comments of Swami Sridhara are wrong. Yea, they are wrong and cannot be accepted as true. I cannot accept these interpretations. For who-so-ever would read those



comments would see contradictory statements there. So, I do not agree with him.'

And the Lord now laughed. And he said, 'Who-so-ever does not agree with *Swami* or 'husband' is a *prostitute*. The Lord spoke thus and he was silent for a time. And all in the assembly heard the speech of the Lord. And they were all pleased.

But the Lord was the Lord Krishna. *He came among us for the salvation of the world*. He knew the pride that possessed the heart of Ballava and he wanted to correct him by giving defeats. And so he did with Ballava what the Lord Krishna did with Indra, the king of gods.

But man knows not his own good. And indeed, what is good for him he often takes for evil. Only when his pride is gone, are his eyes opened. And he then sees the truth. So Ballava came home.

And he meditated at night, 'The Lord had been kind to me at Prayaga. And he accepted my invitation with all his followers. But now he is otherwise. And his heart is turned away from me. But probably he does all this for my good; *for the Lord God always does good to men*. And he, perhaps, wishes that the pride of victory that is in my heart should be gone.'

For the Lord knows that I am proud, that I would like to teach all. He perhaps insults me thus to kill my pride. If so, he certainly does good to me. But so foolish am I, that I take my defeat as a cause of grief. This, *Indra, the foolish king of gods*, also did. And he did it with the Lord Krishna.

Thus Ballava thought all night. And in the morning he came again before the Lord. And he supplicated unto

the Lord in all humility and prayed unto him for his pardon. And he also prayed for protection.

For he said unto the Lord, 'I am a fool, Oh Lord. All that I did was foolish. For I showed before you the foolish pride of learning. *You are the Lord God himself.* So you were merciful to me. And mercy, as we know, is your own gift. And I say you are merciful; for you killed pride in me by defeating me time and again. And whenever you did me good, fool as I am, there exactly did I feel insulted. And I thought ill of you as the foolish king of gods did of the Lord Krishna. But now my pride is gone, Oh Lord. The collyrium which is your mercy has done away with the blindness of pride in me. And I have now known how kind you have been unto me.

Pardon me, Oh Lord, pardon me. For I committed a sin at thy holy feet. And I now seek protection from thee. Be merciful unto me and place thy holy feet on my head.' Thus did Ballava speak. And the Lord heard it.

And the Lord heard it all. And he said unto Ballava, 'You are a scholar and a saint, Oh Ballava. But know it that *where-ever there are true scholarship and piety, there the mount of pride cannot stand.* Why do you then decry on the comments of the holy Swami Sridhara? Why do you try to put your own comments in their places? Why are you so proud? Why do you not admit the superiority of Swami Sridhara? For myself I may say, that all that I know of *the holy Bhagavata*, I know from the favour of Swami Sridhara.

And Swami Sridhara is indeed a teacher of the whole world. I regard him as a preceptor. And who-so-ever, out of pride, writes anything on *the Bhagavata* rejecting the comments of the holy Swami, the same shall find no readers



His comments will be haphazard and men will not accept them.

But who-so-ever would follow the comments of Swami Sridhara, will surely be respected. Follow the comments of Swami Sridhara, Oh Ballava. And then your comments of *the holy Bhagavata* will find acceptance. Give up your pride, Oh Ballava, Oh give it up. Serve the holy feet of the Lord Krishna. Give up this sin of pride and sing *the holy name*. And you will ere long attain the holy feet of the Lord Krishna.

And this the Lord spoke. And Ballava was impressed. And he said to the Lord, 'If you have really been kind to me, again, Oh Lord! do please accept invitation at my house once again'.

And the Lord agreed. For he would satisfy the desire of his devotees. *He was incarnate to save the world. And he must do good to the world.* And it was for this, that the Lord punished Ballava and corrected his heart. So Ballava invited the Lord with his followers to his house once again. And the Lord was gracious unto him.

The scholar Jagadananda had pure and deep love for the Lord. But his love was of piquant nature like the love of Satyabhama. So he indulged in love-quarrels with the Lord time and again. And each accused the other as the quarrel went on.

The scholar Gadadhara, too, had pure and deep love for the Lord. But his love was of yielding nature like the love of Rukmini. And the Lord wished, he could see the angry mood of his love. But the scholar could not be made angry; for he knew the supreme glory of the Lord, and could not be moved. And noticing this peculiarity, the Lord once showed feigned anger. The moment the

scholar Gadadhara heard it, he was sore afraid. And his fear was like the fear of Rukmini. For Rukmini was so much afraid to lose the love of the Lord Krishna, that she feared to lose it, even when the Lord spoke to her anything unfavourable in jest.

And Ballava so long had served the Lord Krishna as a child. And with *the holy Mantras* of the worship of the child Krishna, he invoked the Lord. But his heart changed in contact with the scholar Gadadhara. And he now resolved to worship the Lord *as Kishore Gopala*.

And Ballava wanted to know *the holy Mantras* of the new method of worship from the scholar. But the scholar said, 'Pardon me, Oh Ballava, I can not do it, for I am entirely at the hands of *my Lord Gaurachandra*. So he must command me before I initiate you into the new line of worship. Again, I must tell you another thing. The Lord does not like your association with me. And he takes me to task for it.

Ballava heard this and went away. He now passed his days in disappointment. But the Lord was soon merciful to him.

Now, the day of the feast came. And on this day the Lord sent the saint Svarupa, the scholar Jagadananda and servant Govinda for the scholar Gadadhara. The scholar Gadadhara came. And on the way, the saint Svarupa said to him, 'The Lord did slight you, Oh Scholar. He examined your faith. Why did not you take him to task for it? Why did you take it, lying down like a coward?'

And the scholar replied, 'The Lord is omniscient. Oh Svarupa, yea, he knows more than anybody else. So I do not like to be rude to him. Whatever he says, I obey.



And whatever he does, I bear with reverence. He himself will judge, whether I do right or wrong. He will, I hope, pardon me and grant me his grace.

And as he thus spoke, the scholar arrived at the place of the Lord. And he wept and fell at his feet.

The Lord smiled as he saw this. And he embraced the scholar. He now spoke unto the scholar in sweet words. And everyone present heard it.

And the Lord said, 'I tried to move you to anger, Oh Gadadhara, but you did not become angry. You bore everything with patience. And you spoke not one single angry word unto me. I could not move your heart even with a trick. I do, therefore, proclaim before all, that you have bought me for your simple and deep devotion'.

The nature of the devotion of the scholar was, indeed, unspeakably deep. And so the Lord is sometimes surnamed *Gadadhara Pranānātha* or *The Lord of the soul of Gadadhara*.

Sweet, indeed, are the *Lilas* of the Lord Chaitanya. Yea, who could understand them? For they are as the *holy Ganga*. And from one of them, flow hundreds of streams of love in different directions. And the Lord showed to the world the devotion of the scholar Gadadhara, his wealth of deep love for the Lord and his large-heartedness and his Brahmanic virtues.

So, the Lord cleansed off the mud of pride from the heart of Ballava. And he made his heart pure. And by the example of Ballava, he taught the falsity of pride to all his other followers. But at his heart the Lord was all along merciful unto Ballava, although his outward conduct indicated contempt. So, we should not take his external



conduct towards Ballava into consideration. Deep, therefore, are *the Lilas* of the Lord Chaitanya. And very few persons have the power to grasp them. But he surely will grasp them, who has deep devotion for the Lord.

And on another occasion the scholar Gadadhara invited the Lord to a feast to his house. The Lord with all his followers accepted the invitation. And he and his followers ate the feast in the house of the scholar. And there it is that Ballava took the permission of the Lord and got the object of his desire—*the Mantras*, from the scholar Gadadhara.

I have now narrated the meeting of Ballava Bhatta with the Lord. And whoever would hear it, would receive the wealth of love for the holy Lord Chaitanya.

Thus, I, Krishnadasa, all whose hopes of success are at the holy feet of the saints Sri Rupa and Raghunatha narrate the sweet career of the Lord Chaitanya on earth.

[END OF CHAPTER VII]



CHAPTER VIII.

[This chapter delineates a salient feature in the character of the Lord, The Lord accepted good advice even from bad superiors. He never spoke ill of those who spoke ill of him. Saunyasini Ramachandra was a disciple of the Madhavendra Puri. He was a bad man. It was his habit to find fault with others. But the Lord did not ignore even his remarks. Nay, he followed the Saunyasini's advice to a degree for a good length of time.)

And I bow to the Lord Krishna-Chaitanya. For he would not violate the rules of conduct. Hence, for fear of the saint Ramachandra Puri he lessened the amount of his food.

Glory unto the Lord Chaitanya ; for he is the very ocean of mercy. And so supreme is he, that even *the Lord Brahma and the Lord Siva serve his holy feet.*

And glory unto the blessed recluse Nityananda ; for he bound the whole world with the tie of love. Glory also unto the preceptor Advaitachandra, that incarnation of holy God-head ; for it was he, who invoked the Lord Krishna and thus saved the world. And glory also unto Sribasha and other followers of the Lord ; for the Lord was to them as dear as their life.

Thus did the Lord live at the holy Nilachala. And he disported there with his followers in his joy of love for Krishna. And it so happened, that at that time the saint Ramachandra Puri came to Nilachala. And he met the saint Paramananda Puri and the Lord there. And the saint Paramananda Puri bowed down at his holy feet. And he too closely embraced the saint in affection.

And the Lord bowed to the saint Ramachandra Puri. And the saint embraced the Lord. And as he embraced the Lord, he uttered the name Krishna. And all the three persons now conversed with one another for sometime. And



the scholar Jagadananda at this time invited the saint Ramachandra Puri to his place.

And the scholar had much of *Mahaprasada* brought. And he fed the saint Ramachandra Puri with it. And he ate much for he wanted, that people should speak ill of him, calling him a voracious eater. And when he finished his meal, he said to the scholar Jagadananda, 'Sit here now, Oh scholar, and eat you all that remains for yourself'.

And thus the saint seated the scholar. And he himself served him with food with all eagerness. And again and again did he serve food to the scholar and the scholar ate. But when they washed their mouths, the saint Ramachandra Puri began to criticise the followers of the Lord.

For he said, 'I heard, Oh scholar, that the followers of Chaitanya eat too much. But I did not believe it. Now I see for myself that this is true. But remember, you only spoil the religion of the sannyasins by feeding them with so much food. And if you *Bairagis eat so much, I should say, you have not the least faith in renunciation.*

And this was the nature of the saint Ramachandra Puri; for he would sumptuously feed one with all eagerness, and then he would schold him for eating much.

And he was by nature a little impertinent; for when the saint Madhavendra Puri was about to breathe his last, this saint Ramachandra Puri went to him. The saint Madhavendra Puri was then saying *the holy name*.

And as he sang, he began to cry out 'Alas! Alas! I have not attained to *the holy Mathura.*'

And the saint Ramachandra Puri heard it. He went to advise his preceptor. He did not fear the saint Madhavendra, although the latter was his spiritual preceptor.

And he said unto the saint Madhavendra, 'Why do you weep ? You are Brahman, full joy and you are supreme wisdom !

When the saint Madhavendra heard this. he was much disappointed.

And he said to Ramachandra Puri, Be off, be off, thou wretch ! I die of my own grief ; I have not got the mercy of the Lord Krishna, nor have I attained to *the holy Mathura*. And thou comest here to add to my grief, Show me not again that accursed face but go whither-so-ever thou likest ; for if I die seeing thee before me, I shall go to hell. And foolish certainly thou art, for while I die of my own grief for not getting the mercy of the Lord Krishna, thou talkest to me all nonsense about thy Brahman.

And this is the same Ramachandra Puri who was slighted by the saint Madhavendra. And for this piece of sin, worldly desires have once more taken hold of him. And thus is the dry-souled man talking merely of Brahman. He can have no attachment for the Lord Krishna. And so he speaks ill of all. And he was an expert in doing it.

But the saint Iswara Puri was otherwise. He too was a disciple of the saint Madhavendra. But he served the saint Madhavendra with his own hand ; sometimes he cleansed the stool and urine of the saint of that *holy name*. And he spoke unto him of *the Lilas of the Lord Krishna*.

So the saint Madhava n d r a was pleased with him. And out of satisfaction he embraced the saint Iswara Puri.

And he granted Iswara Puri a boon saying, Thou art fit. And thou will obtain *holy love for the Lord Krishna*.

And from that day forth the saint Iswara Puri became

an ocean of love, while Ramachandra Puri became an object of derision to all.

And of the two, one is a proof of the effect of the favour of the saint; another is a proof of his displeasure. And through these two of his disciples, the saint Madhavendra gave a lesson unto the world. The saint Madhavendra was a preceptor of high rank. He gave love to his disciple Iswara Puri. And when he breathed his last he recited a *Sloka* of deep love for the Lord Krishna.

And lo! this was the *Sloka* *; for he said, 'Oh My Lord, Oh Thou Merciful One that givest thy mercy unto the poor, Oh Thou Lord of the *holy Mathura*! when shall I see thee? What shall I, Oh Dear One, do now? For my heart has been quite overcome with the grief of separation from thee? And yet, it yearns for thee.'

And through this poem the saint Madhavendra gave us precepts of love for the Lord Krishna. For he revealed through this sloka the true feeling of the devotee in separation from his dear Lord. And thus he sowed the Seed of love on earth. And out of that seed grew the mighty tree, the Lord Chaitanya himself.

Thus have I described to you, Oh Readers, in course of the narrative, the *Nirjan* (demise) of the saint Madhavendra. And who-so-ever would hear it is fortunate indeed.

But let us now proceed with our story of Ramachandra Puri. So, this Ramachandra Puri stayed on at the *holy Nilachala*. And as he was unattached to the world, he dwelt whither-so-ever he liked. And he observed no rules of conduct; for he accepted food even from persons from whom it could not be accepted. But he was sure to know

* Padyavali, 334.

whence others obtained their food and he criticised others for it.

Now, one meal of the Lord required *four panas of cowries*. And even of this meal three persons partook. And they were the Lord himself, the devotee Kasiswara and the servant Govinda. And everyday somebody invited the Lord somewhere. If any one brought the price of the meal, the value was determined *at four panas of cowries*. Ramachandra Puri once began to enquire of this. And he enquired where the Lord went, and where he stayed ; where the Lord laid for sleep and how he conducted himself. And himself he also enquired where the Lord obtained his food from.

And yet he did not see any of the virtues that were in the Lord. He tried to pick holes in the conduct of the Lord. He however found none. But once upon a day he noticed that the Lord ate much sweetmeats. And he began to criticise the Lord for it before all.

For he said, 'Yea, this man is a Sannyasin, indeed. He eats so much of *Mistanna* (sweet rice). How could he control his passions ? Such full feeding certainly does not help him'.

Thus he criticised the Lord. And yet he came to see the Lord everyday.

And the Lord took him as a superior. And he showed much respects unto him. But Sannyasin Ramachandra Puri only sought holes in the conduct of the Lord. Indeed, this seemed to be his only task there."

And the Lord heard all that Ramachandra Puri spoke about him. Yet, he always welcomed him with the utmost respect

And it so happen on one occasion that Ramachandra Puri came in the morning to the place of the Lord.

And he saw certain ants there and said artfully, 'Look here ! here was sugar left at night : so the ants are creeping. Alas ! Alas ! why should Sannyasins, unattached to the world possess such a desire for satisfying their senses ?'

And thus Ramachandra Puri spoke. He then rose up and left the place. And the Lord himself heard the remark.

And the Lord had heard before this criticism of his conduct by Ramachandra from others. And he now heard this fanciful criticism himself. And fanciful the remark certainly was. For ants by nature creep about hither and thither. Yet, Ramachandra Puri argued from it at random. And from it he criticised the conduct of the Lord.

But the Lord heard it, And he was a little ashamed of his conduct. He at once sent for the servant Govinda.

And he said to him, 'Look here, Govinda, I will make a rule for my food. And do you mark it. From to-day I shall take only a fourth of the *Pinda* offer and vegetables worth five *Gandas* of cowries. So, never give me more than this. For if you give me more food, you will see me here no more'.

The servant Govinda heard this. And he spoke about it to *all the Vaishnavas*. As they heard him, it seemed to them, as if they were struck with a thunderbolt. And they all now began to scold Ramachandra Puri.

And they said one and all, 'This wretched fellow has brought this calamity upon us.

And it so happened that on that very day a Brahmin

invited the Lord to his house. Now, the servant Govinda told that the Lord would not take more than a fourth of *the holy Pinda-offer* and vegetables worth more than a pice. And the Brahmin, as he heard this, struck his head with his hands. And he cried out 'Alas ! Alas !'

And the Lord ate on that day half of what was offered to him. And what remained on his plate, the servant Govinda and others ate. Thenceforth the Lord only ate half of what he usually ate. So did the servant Govinda. And all the followers of the Lord, as they saw this, promised that they would not take food.

And the Lord said to the servant Govinda and to the devotee Kasiswara, 'Go elsewhere and get your food.'

And thus did the days of the devotees of the Lord pass. And they passed in great sorrow. Sannyasin Ramachandra heard this. And he came to the Lord. And the Lord saw him. And he bowed to Sannyasin Ramachandra.

And Ramachandra now laughed and said, 'Look here Oh Chaitanya ! Sannyasins should never satisfy their own senses. If they eat, they eat only to keep their body and soul together. But I see, you are emaciated. And I hear, you eat half of what you formerly ate. This is not good. And this forced renunciation is certainly not for Sannyasins. For *Sannyasins should eat only to preserve their bodies. And they should not eat nor enjoy too much.* And this will make them fit for the path of *Jnana*.

So the Lord Krishna said to Arjuna, 'Yoga is not for those who eat too much, nor again for those who would not eat at all ; neither for those who sleep too much, nor it is for people, who would keep too long awake. For *Yoga* would

* Srimat Bhagavat Gita 6-16-17. The Lord Krishna to Arjuna.

remove the sorrows only of those who eat, enjoy, work and sleep, but who do all these in a very moderate measure'.

Thus did Ramachandra speak to the Lord. The Lord now said, I am a fool, Oh Saint! I am only fit to be your disciple. And it is really fortunate that you have condescended to teach me.

And Ramachandra Puri heard this. He then left the place. But the Lord soon heard to his dismay that all his followers were eating only half of what they usually ate.

And on another occasion the saint Paramananda Puri came to the Lord with other devotees.

And they all supplicated unto the Lord saying, 'This Ramachandra Puri, Oh Lord, is by nature given to speak ill of others. What will you gain by fasting for his word? For it is his nature to eat his fill and feed to others, too, their fill. But he feeds others only to speak ill of them afterwards. For he says to the eater, "Why dost thou eat; so much? How rich art thou? And why dost thou feed Sannyasins thus and drive them from their duty? Now I see thou hast no common sense whatever'.

And thus he speaks, Oh Lord. Thus he always seek the faults of others. And therefore he always does these two things which the scriptures forbid.

For the Lord Krishna says to Uddhava,* 'Man should neither praise nor blame the conduct or works of others for he should look upon the wide world with its worker and the work as all one'.

And of these two rules again, Ramachandra Puri abandons the first rule which is *praising*, and he takes the second which is *blaming*. And he thinks that *blaming* is better.

* Śrīmat Bhagavat, 11-28-1

Panini, † indeed, says in one of his aphorisms, 'Of the two rules, the latter one is stronger. And he who would point out the place where sin may safely be committed, does himself incur the sin. Perhaps, Sannyasin Ramachandra, Oh Lord, follows him literally'.

And they continued saying, 'He does not, Oh Lord, see the good qualities in a man, though they may be many. But he can on some pretence or other find some faults even with the qualities of others. We know, we should not, Oh Lord speak anything on the conduct of this man. And yet we cannot help. For he has given us much pain by his conduct. And indeed, he is a bad fellow. Why should you then fast for the words of a man like him? Hear our prayer, Oh Lord, and eat as you had done before'.

But the Lord replied, 'Why are you all angry with Ramachandra Puri! He speaks the truth; he is *not to blame*. For it is a sin for a Yati to be an eater; and if *the Yati* eats, he eats very little for keeping his body and soul together'.

Thus did the Lord speak. But the devotees were not satisfied.

So, they brought food to the Lord as usual. And the Lord, when he saw their earnestness, agreed to eat half the measure. Henceforth *two panas of cowries were required for a full meal of the Lord*. And of this meal, too, sometimes two and sometimes three of the devotees partook.

So, if an underved Brahmin would invite the Lord, he had to pay *two panas* of cowries only for value. If a deserved Brahmin invited, he brought a little of the

holy food. And the rest he would cook at his own house for the Lord.

Sometimes Pandita Gadadhara, sometimes Bhagawan Acharya and sometimes again the savant Sarvabhauma would invite the Lord. And they sometimes invited the Lord, when the Lord was already invited elsewhere. And yet the Lord ate from their house at their will ; for with these devotees the Lord asserted no independent will. And he always did what they desired.

For the Lord came to give satisfaction unto his true devotees. And his conduct was always agreeable to time and place. And sometimes the Lord observed social rules as common folks do ; and sometimes again he revealed his divinity. At these moments he always had his will. Sometimes he served Ramachandra Puri as a servant ; sometimes again he did not care Ramachandra Puri and took him lightly as a piece of grass. *For the Lord was the Lord God himself. And his ways were beyond the reach of our wisdom.* Yet, whatsoever he did, was right, indeed.

And thus Ramachandra Puri stayed for a few days at the holy Nilachala. And he then left the place for pilgrimage. When he left, all the followers of the Lord were pleased. And they felt as if a stone had been removed from upon their head. They now invited the Lord at their will ; they danced and sang freely *the holy song.* And freely did they eat the *holy food.*

And this indeed is the fruit that a man, who is slighted by his spiritual preceptor, reaps. He is hated by all. And so serious is the effect of it, that the man becomes ultimately responsible to God himself. But the Lord regarded him as a superior. And he did not slight him. on the otherhand, he



taught other people the rules of conduct by respecting Ramachandra Puri's desire.

Thus, we see that the career of our Lord is sweet as a stream of nectar. Yea, it is sweet both to our ears and to our hearts. And so it is that I write the career of our holy Lord. Hear ye all, ye devotees, with attention, For if you hear, *you will attain with ease holy love for the holy feet of the Lord Lrishna.*

Thus I, Krishnadasa, all whose hopes of success are in the holy feet of the saints Sri Rupa and Raghunatha narrate the sweet career of the Lord Chaitanya on earth.

[END OF CHAPTER VIII]

CHAPTER IX.

[This Chapter gives a description of the Lord's feeling of separation and his mercy to the family of Raya Bhavananda. The whole family was about to perish in those days when criminal law was so severe and so much at the will of the king. The Lord saved them, as they were his devotees. And he promised them mercy from 'life to life.']

Blessed, indeed, were the followers of the Lord. Infinite were they in number. And they flooded with eternal water of love the hearts of others and made them blessed too.

Glory unto the Lord, the holy merciful One. And glory also unto the blessed Nityananda, whose heart was all full of softness. Glory unto the merciful preceptor Advaitachandra and also unto the followers of the Lord. For it was from them that all loving sweetness had its birth.

So, in this way the Lord stayed with his disciples at the holy Nilachala. And he passed his days in the joy of love for the Lord Krishna. Waves of the feeling of separation swelled both within and without him. His heart and his limbs were overwhelmed with loving emotions. So, the Lord *sang the holy song*, danced and saw *the Lord Jagannatha* during the day. And at night *he tasted the loving sweetness of his love for the Lord Krishna* with the saint Svarupa and the sage Ramananda.

And men came there from all the three worlds to see the Lord. And whoever saw the Lord, attained *holy love* for the feet of the Lord Krishna. And Gods as well as *Gandharvas* and *Kinnaras* came in the guise of men to see the Lord. And the demons and serpents of the seven lower worlds also came in the same guise to meet the Lord Chaitanya. The inhabitants of the seven islands and nine

Khandas all came. And they came in various disguises to visit the Lord. And the sages also came. For Prahlada and Vali, Vyasa and Suka all came to visit the Lord. And as they saw him, they were besides themselves with joy in the holy emotion of love.

And those that could not enter and see the Lord shouted from outside. And the Lord came out. And he said to them all, *Sing, sing the holy name Krishna.* All who saw the Lord were flooded with love at the sight of the Lord. And it is in this way that the Lord passed his days and his nights at Nilachala.

And it so happened that on one occasion a man came all on a sudden to the Lord. And he said unto the Lord, Alas ! Alas ! Gopinatha, Oh Lord, is almost dead. For the chief prince has forced Gopinatha to stand on a scaffold. And he will be thrown down from there on sharp swords below. You alone, Oh Lord, can save him. And we all hope you will save him. For Raya Bhavananda and all his family are your devotees ; Gopinatha is his son. And Gopinatha too, Oh Lord is one of the faithful.

And the Lord heard this. And he asked saying, Why does the King punish him ?

And the man then narrated the whole story. And he said, 'Gopinatha, O Lord, is a Pattanayaka. And he is a brother of Raya Ramananda. And he has long been an officer of the King. And the King made him a collector in the province of Malajathya. And he collected rents in kind from it and gave the proceeds of the sale to the King. But as ill luck would have it, two lacs of kahans of cowries fell in arrears. The King wanted to have the sum from him. But Gopinatha, Oh Lord, could not pay it.'

And he said to the king that he had no goods to sell.



He however agreed to pay up the sum gradually by some transactions of sale and purchase. And he presented before the King ten or twelve horses. He asked him to buy them for value. And he himself took the horses to the gate of the King.

Now, it so happened that one of the princes knew horses and their value. And so the King sent the Prince with his ministers and friends to see the horses. The Prince came. And he put very very low prices for the horses of Gopinatha. Gopinatha, O Lord, got angry as he heard the price. And he noticed that the prince had a habit of turning his neck up again and again. And the Prince also used to turn his face upwards and downwards.

Now, Gopinatha in his anger forgot that the King loved his son. So he said unto him in a tone of contempt. 'My horses have not the habit of looking up and down. Nor do they turn their necks at random. So, why do you put such trifling value to them ?'

And this the Prince heard and he boiled in anger. He went to the King and spoke many things against Gopinatha. And he said unto the king, 'This man, Oh Father, will pay nothing ; he only pretends to pay. So give orders that I may get the money from him by extortion. And I shall put him to the scaffold.'

And the King agreed to this. For he said unto the prince, 'Do as you like best. Anyhow, get the amount from him.' So the prince came and he placed Gopinatha to the scaffold. And he has placed swords below the scaffold, so that he might throw Gopinatha down upon them.'

The Lord heard all this. And he said unto the man, in a pretence of anger, 'How is the King to blame ? For

Gopinatha has not paid the King his dues. And he himself has misappropriated the arrears. He spends money on luxury and on dancing girls. And he spends it for many other purposes. Why should a man like him take on him responsibilities? He is not at all clever; for a clever man always pays up the dues of the King and spends the rest.'

And at this very moment there came another messenger. And he said unto the Lord that Gopinatha and all other members of the family were under arrest. But the Lord said, 'What shall I do? The King will exact his dues. How could I, a Sannyasin, unattached to the world, interfere in a matter like this?'

Now, the saint Svarupa and other followers of the Lord came and they supplicated unto the Lord saying, 'All the members of Raya Ramananda's family are your own servants, Oh Lord. And you should not be indifferent to them.'

But the Lord was angry when he heard this. And he said in disgust, 'Do you all ask me to go to the King and beg money of him? Is that what you all desire? Why should the king give me so big an amount as *two lacs of Kahans* even if I beg? Brahmins and Sannyasins are hardly worth five 'Gandas' of cowries.'

Now, at this moment another messenger came before the Lord. And he cried out, 'Alas, Alas, they are throwing Gopinatha on swords, Oh Lord.' And the followers of the Lord heard this. And they all began to entreat the Lord once more. But the Lord said, 'I am a beggar: so I can do nothing. But if you all desire to save him, go to the Lord Jagannatha and pray unto him. For the Lord Jagannatha can perform everything. All objects of all desires

are in his hands. And the Lord is able to do and undo anything that he desires.'

And lo, when the Lord spoke thus, a minister of the King went to the King. And his name was Harichandana. And he said unto the King, 'Gopinatha, Oh my Lord, is a servant of your own. He should not be punished with death. And what good do we derive from punishing him. If you would punish him with death, a great sum will really be lost. So I would advise you, Oh my Lord, to buy his horses for proper value. Let him pay the remainder in instalments. For, what is the good of killing a man for money?'

And the King now said, 'I do not know all this. For why do I put a man to death? All that I want is that he should pay my dues. Go soon and do what is best. I now save him from death; but see that I get my money all right.'

The minister Harichandana now came to the Prince. And he informed the Prince of the command of the King. So Gopinatha was now brought down from the scaffold.

Harichandana then asked money of Gopinatha. And he said unto Gopinatha, 'Give unto the King his dues; for the King demands it.' And Gopinatha said, 'Yes, I shall do it. Buy these horses for proper value. And the balance I shall pay in instalments. Yes, I shall surely pay as much as I can to the King.'

And he continued saying, 'I was willing to pay money; but you want to take my life. So, I am quite helpless.' The minister Harichandana now bought the horses for proper value for the King. And for the balance he made engagement for the payment in instalments. And he then sent Gopinatha back to his home.

But here at his place the holy Lord asked the messenger, 'What did Vaninatha do when the King's men tied him?' And the man replied, 'He was quite fearless, Oh Lord. For he uttered *the holy name Krishna* and obeyed. Again and again did he say *the holy names, Hari and Krishna*. He counted names on the fingers of his hands; for he must anyhow count the prescribed numbers. And when he has said *the holy name a thousand times, he would draw lines on his own body to remember this number.*' Thus did the messenger speak. And the Lord was pleased to hear it.

Merciful, indeed, was the holy Lord. And none could understand the secret ways of his mercy. For he became merciful unto Gopinatha and saved him

Now, it so happened that Kasi Misra came to the Lord at that moment. And the Lord spoke unto him in anxious words. For he said to him, 'I cannot stay here, Oh Kasi-Misra! No, I cannot. So I must go to the place of the *Lord Alalanatha*. For I find no peace here. People disturb me here with so many things. Of late they came to me; and they asked my aid to save some members of Bhavananda's family from the anger of the King. But how could I help them? They are officers of the King and they spend the goods of the king in various ways. Yet, they cannot pay the dues of the King. And the King punishes them for it.

Why should we then blame the King? He would only have his own money; but they could not pay. And the King had placed Gopinatha on the scaffold. And four times messengers came to me to inform me of it. But why?

And what could I do in matters like this? I am a Sannyasin, yea, beggar. I like solitude. And yet they tell me of their sorrows to give me pain. *The Lord Jagannatha*

however saved them this time. But who will save them in future if they would not pay the dues of the King ? I am pained at heart. Oh Misra, to hear the news of these worldly people here. So, I do not like to stay on !

Thus did the Lord speak. And Kasi Misra now held the holy feet of the Lord and said, 'Why do you, Oh Lord, feel pain for this ? What connection have you with these people ? You are a Sannyasin. You are free from all attachments to the world. And he must be blind, Oh Lord, who would serve your holy feet for worldly advantages. For the fruit of your holy service Oh Lord, is love for your holy self. And only fools would serve you for worldly objects.

For you, Oh Lord, Ramananda renounced his kingdom : for you Sanatana renounced all attachments. And it was for you, too, that Raghunatha abandoned all worldly pleasures. And his father sent wealth for him here also. But he begs his food from the holy sheds. And he did not touch his father's money. He has now obtained, Oh Lord, the holy mercy of your feet.'

And the Misra continued, 'And Gopinatha, Oh Lord, is a brother of Ramananda. So he could never have any desires to have any worldly advantage from you. It is his servants who came to you for help. They saw the danger of their master. And as they knew no other places of shelter, they came unto your holy self. The true devotee, Oh Lord, is he who serves you to attain your holy grace. He enjoys his pleasures and suffers his pains by himself. And he serves you always for holy love ; and he prays always for your holy grace. Only such a man, Oh Lord, attains your holy feet before long.

And so the Lord Brahma said unto the Lord Krishna.*
'One and no second is thy devotee, Oh Lord. And it is he who 'is unattached to world, who reaps in patience the fruit of his own action, who bows to thee with all his heart and soul, who lives for thee, and hopefully prays unto thee saying, 'Oh Lord, when wilt thy mercy visit me !'

And the Misra continued saying, 'Stay here, Oh Lord ! for none will talk to you anymore of matters of the world. Stay here and go not to the place of *Lord Alalanatha*. And even if your heart be anxious for saving Gopinatha, you need not be afraid ; for the same Lord who has protected Gopinatha to-day will certainly protect him in future.'

And thus Kasi Misra spoke. And he then went home. Now, at midday, the King Prataparudra came to the house of Kasi Misra. For it was usual with him to visit Misra at that time. As long as he stayed at Purusottama, he came every-day to clasp the feet of Misra. And he also came there to know all the details of the cooking and worship of *the Lord Jagannatha*. And on this occasion, too, King clasped the feet of Kasi Misra and sat down.

The Misra, now said artfully unto him, 'Listen Oh King, listen to a piece of striking news. The Lord is leaving the holy Nilachala. For he will go to the place of *the Lord Alalanatha*'. As the king heard this, he was shocked. And he asked Misra the reason of it.

The Misra now told the king all that happened. And he said, 'When your orders, Oh King, raised Gopinatha to the scaffold, the Lord was informed of it. A servant of Gopinatha came and informed the Lord of it. The Lord was

* Srimat Bhagavata 10-14-8. Brahma to Krishna.

pained at heart to hear it. And out of anger he severely scolded Gopinatha.

And he said, 'Fie, Fie, to this man. He serves the King. And yet he has no control over his passions. He squanders the wealth of the King for many sinful purposes which he ought never to do. And yea the wealth of the King is sacred as the wealth of a Brahmin'.

And Gopinatha must be a great sinner, to misappropriate so sacred a thing. He gets his pay from the King and yet he steals ; for such conduct according to the scriptures, he deserves severe punishment from the King.

Nor is the King who is virtuous to blame. He only asked his own money ; and he never wanted to punish him. But he would not pay the King. And now he invokes my aid to help him. I cannot bear all this injustice. So, I must go to *Alalanatha*'. And the Lord. Oh King, also said, 'I shall rest there in peace. For I shall hear nothing good or bad about worldly people there.'

When the King heard all that the Misra said, he was much pained at heart. And he said unto the Misra, 'I can abandon all, Oh Misra, if the Lord would stay here. For if I see the Lord for a moment, I feel as if I have received millions of pearls. What is that poor amount of two hundred thousand *Kahans* of cowries from Gopinatha? For *I am ready to dedicate my kingdom, my life, yea my all, to the holy feet of the Lord.*

Thus did the King speak. And the Misra heard him. And he now said, 'It is not, Oh King, the desire of the Lord that you would abandon your interest in the amount. No, the Lord does not mean it. But he cannot bear that Gopinatha and his family should suffer so much for it.'



And the King again said, 'I did not give him any pain, Oh Misra ! indeed, I knew nothing of his being put to the scaffold nor of his being thrown on swords. All this the prince Purusottama did, because Gopinatha spoke discourteously with him. But the prince threatened him with a false punishment. Go now, Oh Misra, to the Lord. Keep him here by all means. And I say, I renounce at this very moment all my interest in the money.'

But Kasi Misra said, 'That is not the desire of the Lord, Oh King. He does not wish that you should abandon your dues. And if you would do so, the Lord might take a greater offence.'

Now the King said, 'Tell me then what I should do. Tell him that I do not give up the amount for his sake. Tell him, I give it up, because they are my dear relations. For Raya Bhavananda, Oh Misra, is a superior. And he is a man whom I revere. I have, therefore, a natural affection for his sons.' Thus the King spoke, And he then bowed to Kasi Misra and returned to his place.

And the King then sent for Gopinatha. And he said unto him, 'I renounce all my interests in your dues, Oh Gopinatha !

And I appoint you once more in charge of that place. But do not misappropriate King's money anymore, I shall double thy pay from today.' And thus the King spoke. And he also made over to Gopinatha a piece of silk cloth as an insignia of his office. And he, further, said to him, 'Pay a visit to the Lord, Oh Gopinatha, when you go home.

The mercy of the Lord can indeed, give us the supreme object of our desire after death. And infinite, indeed, are the fruits of that mercy. But far be it now from our mind. We



see here the effect of a small mercy of the Lord. And that is in a matter of this life. For mark the fate of Gopinatha. He was forced to the scaffold. And he was about to be robbed of his wealth and his life. But the King, so effective was the favour of the Lord, absolved him from payment, invested him with honour and doubled his pay.

The Lord did not desire that Gopinatha should be absolved from payment, nor did he desire that his salary should be doubled. But when the servant of Gopinatha came and said to the Lord all about his calamity, he was aggrieved at heart. And out of this grief that the Lord felt, accrued so much of good, although the Lord had no desire to grant any boon for any worldly objects to any body. So great was the result of a mere prayer unto the Lord. Wonderful, indeed, was the power of the Lord ! Oh, who would describe it in full ? For even the Lords Brahma and Siva could not delve into the secrets of his soul.'

And Kasi Misra now came to the Lord. And he said all about the King's interview with him. But the Lord said, 'Alas ! Alas ! what have you done, Oh Misra ? You have caused a loss to the King.

But the Misra said, 'Hear, Oh Lord, the words of the King. He does not take it as a loss. He has prayed to me saying. 'Do not let the Lord know that I have absolved Gopinatha for his sake, that for his sake have I absolved him from payment of two lacs of *Kahans of cowries*. Tell him that all the sons of Raya Bhavananda are dear unto me. For they are my relations. And I look upon them, Oh Misra, as such. So I would give them any right they desire. I would allow them to eat and drink, squander and distribute my money as they like. And I would not mind it.'

And he also said unto me, 'I made Ramananda, lord of Rajmahendry. How much money he appropriated to

himself and how much he paid I know not. Yet I do not mind it. So let it be with Gopinatha !

• He serves me. And at times he would appropriate to himself two or three lacs of *Kahans of cowries*. Sometimes he would pay and sometimes he would not. But I shall not take all this into account. Tell the Lord, Oh Misra, that if he has suffered this time, he has suffered not for me but for displeasing the prince. I myself do not know that the prince went so far punishing him ; for the sons of Bhavananda are to me as my own sons. I could not allow such severe punishment being meted out to them. Much rather would I renounce all my interests in the goods for their sake ; so much is my natural affection for them all.' Thus, Oh Lord, did the King speak.

So, the Misra now spoke unto the Lord all about the King. And the Lord, as he heard of this kindness in the King, was pleased.

Now, it so happened that Raya Bhavananda came before the Lord at that moment. And with all his five sons he fell *at the holy feet of the Lord*. And the Lord raised him from the ground. And he embraced him. And there came then Raya Ramananda, too. And he met there all his dear ones.

And Raya Bhavananda now said unto the Lord, 'All my descendants, Oh Lord, shall be your servants. For by keeping us from our present calamity, you have bought us once for all. You have, Oh Lord, shown your affection for your devotees. *And you have saved us as you saved the five Pandavas of old.*'

Now, Gopinatha came. He had the silk cloth of investiture tied to his head. And he fell at the feet of the Lord.



And he told the Lord all about the King and his grace. And he said how the King absolved him from paying the arrears and how he doubled his pay. He also told the Lord how the King gave him again an office and how as an honour he gave him the *silk cloth* to wear.

And he continued saying, 'What a difference, Oh Lord ! I was going to die on the scaffold ; but now have I got honour and so much of favour from the King. And I verily believe, Oh Lord, all this flowed from thy grace : I thought of thy holy feet when on the scaffold. And verily, have I reaped all that fruits thereof.'

'All wonder, Oh Lord, as they see my changed condition. They praise *your mercy and sing the glory of your holy self*. And yet I know, Oh Lord, that these are not the *chief fruits of your holy name*. No, those are far superior.'

And these are but a shadow of the real fruits ; for the object gained from these is wealth ; and wealth is fickle. So, I pray unto you, Oh Lord, kill in us all attachment for worldly objects as you have killed them in Vaninatha and and Ramananda. Be as merciful unto me as you have been unto them. Grant me your holy grace, and drive out from my heart all desires for the objects of the world ; I already feel that I am unattached to the world and it is beyond my power to dabble in worldly affairs.'

But the Lord said, 'You five, Oh Gopinatha, desire to be Sannyasins ; but who will maintain so many of your relations if you do so ? Know this therefore from me. *From life to life you shall be my devotees*, no matter however much you be attached to the world or whether you turn Sannyasins or not. I would now ask you to obey one command of mine. And that is this.



'Never appropriate to yourself your dues to the King. Spend the gains from profits for good and meritorious works. And never spend money in evil ways. For that would ruin your happiness both in this life and in the next'. Thus the Lord spoke and he then bade good bye to them all.

I have now narrated the infinite mercy of the Lord on the family of Raya Bhavananda. And from it may be seen the Lord's affection for his dear devotees. And the Lord then embraced all present. And he gave leave to them to depart. And all the devotees now left the spot singing the *holy name Hari*.

They all wondered at the mercy of the Lord. But they could not understand why the Lord so acted when all of them asked for like mercy from the Lord. For the Lord had said unto them, 'I am powerless. And nothing that you see is from me.'

I have only touched on the Lord's scoldings to Gopinatha and Gopinatha's repentance. I cannot, however, see in their secrets. For the Lord made no request either to the King or to Kasi Misra. Indeed, he tried nothing. And yet, so much was done for his devotees. Deep, indeed are the secrets of the life of the Lord. And he alone can understand it whose heart is devoted to his holy feet. And whoever hears this story of the Lord's affection towards his devotees, the same shall attain love and faith. And all his dangers and calamities of life would be gone.

Thus I Krishnadasa, all whose hopes of success are in the holy feet of the saints Sri Rupa and Raghunatha narrate the holy career of the Lord Chaitanya on earth.

CHAPTER X.

[This Chapter narrates a visit of the Lord's devotees of Gauda to the holy Nilachala, It incidentally mentions the simple gift of food sent by Damayanti, sister of Pandita Raghava for the Lord. They were all sent in Jhalis or bags. And these are known in Vaishnava literature as "Jhalis of Raghava."

When the devotees reached Nilachala, the Lord disported with them. And he ate different kinds of food offered in the Jhalis by Damayanti, sister of Raghava. And both the brother and the sister were devotees of the Lord.]

And I bow to the Lord Chaitanya; for the Lord is always so eager to grant his holy grace unto his devotees; and he is pleased with whatever his devotees might offer him with faith, however small the offer might be.

Glory to the Lord and to the blessed Nityananda. And glory also unto the preceptor Advaitachandra and to all the followers of the Lord.

And so another year passed. And the rainy season came again. And all the devotees of the Lord gladly prepared themselves for the holy journey to Nilachala again to see him.

And so they all started, all these blessed followers of the Lord, Sribasha, Acharyaratna and Acharyanidhi and others. And the preceptor Advaitachandra led them all.

And the Lord had commanded the blessed Nityananda to stay at Gauda. And yet he could not do it. For his love for the Lord compelled him to go to see the Lord.

And this indeed is the nature of loving attachment; for it knows no rules. And it breaks the commands of its own beloved to get his holy contact.

And the Gopis too did this. For the Lord Krishna during the holy Rasa-dance commanded the Gopis to go home. But they refused to do so. And they stayed on with the Lord.

And the Lord is indeed pleased when his command is observed. But he is much more pleased when any of his devotees breaks his command *for the sake of his holy love*.

And all the followers of the Lord started. And their number was large.

And Vasudeva Dutta and Gangadasa went. And so did Murari Gupta and Sriman Sena and Sriman Pandita, Krishnadasa of amiable nature. So did Pandita Murari, Pandita Garuda and Buddhimanta Khan. And Sanjaya. Purusottama and the scholar Bhagawan also did the same.

And with all of them went Suklambara and Nrishimhananda. And many others too went with them to see the holy feet of the Lord.

And the people of Kulingrama and Khanda assembled together for the pilgrimage. Sena Sivananda led them all.

And the scholar Raghava too started with his *Jhalis*. These *Jhalis* contained prepartions of his sister Damayanti ; and he took them all for the Lord.

And she prepared many fine and sweet foods for the Lord. All these were the things that the Lord liked. And the Lord could use them for about a year.

And she gave *Amkasundi*, and *Adakasundi* and *Jhal-kasundi*. And she prepared them with mangoes, ginger and pepper. And she also gave other prepartions of oranges, ginger and *Amrakoli*.

And she also prepared *Amasi*, and *Amrakhanda*, *Tailamra* and *Amta* for the Lord. And she also gave with care powders of *old Sukuta* for the Lord.

Think not, Oh Reader, that *the Sukuta* is a contemptible thing ; for the Lord himself was much more pleased with it than with all the five sweet objects.

And the Lord saw the hearts of the givers and he saw not the gifts the givers. For he accepted only affection from his beloved ones. And so he was much pleased even with such petty articles of food as *Sukuta* and *Kasundi*.

And Damayanti took the holy Lord to be a man. And so she was afraid lest the Lord should suffer from indigestion by taking rich food. And so she sent *Sukuta* for the Lord ; for *Sukuta* would cure dysentery.

And the Lord when he received the gifts, thought of the affection of Damayanti. And he was overjoyed to think of it.

And so the poet Bharavi writes in his epic. * “Affections dwell in heart and not in external objects. So even a woman would not refuse to accept a garland made and sent by her beloved, besmeared as it might be with mud, and to wear it on her breast.” Yet, these were not all. For Damayanti powdered *Dhania* and *Mauri*.

And she made balls out of these things with sugar And she prepared *balls of Sunthi* too for the Lord which could cure biles and dysentery, too. She tied them in small bags and then put them in *the Jhalis*. And she also prepared many species of sauces like *Kolisunthi*, *Kolichurna* and *Kolikhandasara*. And I cannot name all the kinds of *Chatni* that she sent for the Lord.

And she also prepared *Narikelkhanda* and sweet *Laroos* called *Gangajali Laroo*s. And she also prepared *Khirasara* and many kinds of *Mandas* of milk and all these would continue fresh for a good length of time ; she prepared *Amrite* ; and she also gave for the Lord camphor and other articles. And she also prepared *Chira* from the unboiled *Sali paddy*. And she put them into big bags of new cloth,

* Canto 8th—20



She then sent them all for the Lord. And a little of *Chira* and *Mudi* she fried in ghee. With sugar and camphor she mixed them. And she prepared sweet balls out of them. And she powdered fried *Sali rice*. She soaked this powder in ghee. And she then mixed the whole in sugar; she put camphor, pepper and cardamom and cloves and sweet scents into it. And out of this mixture, she prepared some sweet-scented *Laroos* for the Lord.

And she fried the *Khali* of the *Sali paddy* in ghee. And she made *Ukhra* out of it by frying it again in sugar and putting camphor and other sweet-scented articles into it. And she powdered *Phut-kalai* and soaked it in ghee. And she prepared sweet balls out of it with sugar and camphor. And thus she prepared thousands of eatables for the Lord. And so great was their number that I could not recount them all.

The scholar Raghava had asked Damayanti to prepare all of them. And Damayanti prepared them all. For both loved the Lord dearly. And their love for the Lord was their only strength. And they had holy mud from the mother Ganga brought. And they cleansed it through a piece of cloth. And they then mixed scents and prepared *petals* from this mud.

And then they filled an earthen pot to the brim with it. But all other articles they put in bags of cloth. And they made *Jhalis* of double the ordinary size. They filled these fully and tied them tight. They then put seals on them with great care. And all these *Jhalis* were carried by three bearers one following another. Thus have I spoken in brief of the nature of *Jhalis* which Raghava carried to the Lord. For the *Jhalis* of Raghava are famous in literature as *Raghava's Jhalis*. And the care of the *Jhalis* was given to



one Makaradhvaja Kara. And to him they became dear as his life. And he protected them with great care.

And so *all the Vaishnavas* started. And they reached the holy Nilachala. And it so happened that the day on which they reached was a holy day. It was the day of the holy *water-game* of the Lord Jagannatha. And in the waters of *Narendra*, the Lord Govinda was then playing in a boat. And he played with all his servants and devotees there.

At that moment the Lord had gone with his followers to the holy tank ; for he too would see the *holy water-game* of the Lord Govinda there. And at this very moment the Lord's followers arrived from *Gauda*. And they met the holy Lord at *Narendra*. They all fell prostrate at the holy feet of the Lord. And the Lord raised them all ; and he embraced each one of his followers.. And the band of singers from *Gauda* now danced. And as all met the Lord, they began to weep in the ecstasy of love. And the *holy water-game* proceeded.

And as the Lord Govinda played in water, the devotees all sang and danced, beat drums and other instruments of music. On the bank there was a great uproar, while in water there was the *holy game*. And the uproar, of the singers of *Gauda* who sang the *holy song* mixed with the cry of lamentations of love ; and both together made one huge uproar that filled the creation.

And the Lord now went down into waters with all his followers. And he played with them all in great joy. The poet Vrindavanadasa has described this *holy water-game* of the Lord in detail in his *Chaitanya Mangala*. So it would be sheer repetition to speak of it in detail here again. And the body of the book also would swell if I repeat it here.

Now the Lord Govinda went back to the *holy Temple*

after the holy water-gang. And our Lord followed him with his followers. And he saw the Lord Jagannatha there and came back to his own place. And the Lord had the holy food brought. And he fed his followers with it. And he then conversed with them all for sometime. And after the conversation was over the Lord sent them all, each to his own place.

The scholar Raghava now offered his *Jhalis* to the servant Govinda. And the servant Govinda kept them in a corner of the room. And he emptied the *Jhalis* of the previous year and he put this year's articles in that place, while the empty *Jhalis* he kept in another room for other uses.

On another occasion the Lord took his followers with him. And he saw the Lord Jagannatha just as the holy Lord would rise from his bed. And there they began song in chorus. And all the seven batches of singers sang. And one danced in each of the seven batches. And the dancers were the preceptor Advaitachandra, the blessed Nityananda, the scholar Sribhasha and the devotee Narahari. And the other two of the seven were Vakreswara and Achyutananda.

And the Lord walked into all the seven batches. And each batch thought that the Lord was with them. And the sound of the holy song penetrated the sky. And all the people in the place of the Lord Jagannatha came to see it. And the king Pratapa Rudra, too, came with his people. And he saw the sight from a distance. The queens also saw the sight from the top of the palace. And the earth itself, seemed to tremble in the ecstasy of holy song. All in a voice now cried out the holy name *Krishna*, so that the uproar was really huge.

And thus the Lord made them all sing for sometime. He himself had intended to dance. And all the seven



batches danced and sang in seven places. And in the middle of them all, the Lord danced in the great ecstasy of joy. And the Lord then remembered a line from a Oriya song. And he asked the saint Svarupa to repeat it.

And lo, this was the meaning of the line, "Oh, how wonderful is the glory of the Lord Jagannatha, who enchants the hole creation !"

And as the saint Svarupa sang the line, the Lord danced in great joy. And people, as they saw it from all sides were flooded by waters of the holy love. And the Lord raised his hands and uttered *Bole, Bole* again and again. And the people floated in the water of joy and they all shouted forth the name *Hari*. All on a sudden the Lord fell down on earth in ecstasy. His breath seemed as gone ; but suddenly again he stood up. And he roared time and again as he did so.

And again and again the Lord was filled with joy. And indeed, he was as a *Simula tree* with its thorns. For as the *Simula tree* is all covered with thorns, so were the limbs of the Lord all filled with thrills of joy. Sometimes his limbs swelled and sometimes again they became lean and thin. And from every pore of the Lord's skin perspiration flowed, yea, sometimes blood, too, came out.

And the Lord uttered, with his voice almost choked, the first syllables of words as *Ja* and *Ga* and *Pari* from his lips. And his teeth seemed as loose in their places. And they shook as if they would fall on the ground. And thus by fits and starts the ecstasy of the Lord increased. Thus the third division of the day passed and yet the holy dance did not end ; for an ocean of joy swelled in the bosom of each of the devotees there ; so they all forgot themselves, their houses, their bodies, and their all.

So, the blessed Nityananda now thought upon a means of ending the dance. He called one after another almost all the singers to rest. Only the chief singers of each batch now sang with the saint Svarupa in a low tone, so that the uproar considerably decreased.

And the Lord now recovered his senses a little. And the blessed Nityananda informed the Lord, of the labour of all. When the Lord came to know of this he ordered that the holy song should cease. The Lord now went with them all to the sea. And there they all bathed. And the Lord then returned to his place with them all. And there he ate the holy food with them. And the Lord would now go to sleep. So he bade adieu to all for the night. And he laid himself at the gate of the *Gambhira*. And the servant Govinda now clasped the holy feet of the Lord.

And this was one of the fixed services of Govinda. For after the Lord's supper, when he went to bed, the servant Govinda would clasp his holy feet. And after this he would take the remainder of the Lord's food.

And it so happened that as the Lord laid himself down that night, he occupied the whole front of the room. So the door-way was closed. And the servant Govinda could not enter. And he therefore said unto the Lord, 'Move a little Oh Lord, so that I may go in.' But the Lord replied, 'No, I am tired. So, I cannot move my limbs.' And again and again did the servant Govinda entreat the Lord to move aside. Again and again did the Lord say, 'I cannot, for I am too weak.' But the servant Govinda now said 'I would clasp your feet. So, please move a little, Oh Lord.' But the Lord again said, 'Do what-so-ever liketh thee, I cannot move.'

The servant Govinda now put a piece of cloth on the

body of the Lord. And he crossed him over and went to the other side. And on this other side, that is in the interior of the house, he clasped the feet of the Lord. And he also pressed his waist and his back. The clasping was pleasant. It drove off the fatigue of the Lord. And the Lord fell asleep. But the servant Govinda pressed on the limbs of the Lord still. And for about an hour he did this.

And at last the Lord awoke from sleep. And the Lord saw his beloved servant sitting still. He seemed angry and said, 'What! what a fool art thou sitting here so long? Why didst thou not go to take thy food when I fell asleep?' And the servant Govinda replied, 'You have lain at the door, Oh Lord. And I had no way to enter.' But the Lord retorted, 'How couldst thou come here inside the room then? Why didst thou not go to take thy food in the same way?'

But the servant Govinda said to himself, 'It is my holy duty to serve you, Oh Lord. And for this I shall do anything. I would not care for sins, no, not even for imprisonment in hell for thy holy service. Nay *I can commit a crore of sins for thy service, Oh Lord. But for myself I would commit none.* Yea, I would be afraid of the very shadow of sin, if I were to commit it for my own sake.' But he made no reply. And thus did the servant Govinda think and he stayed on to his place.

Now Govinda used to take his food everyday when the Lord fell asleep. But he did not do so today. And he pressed on the limbs of the Lord; for he knew that the Lord was tired. And he found withal no way to go in. So how could he go? He would take it as a great sin if he were to cross the holy body of the Lord for his own sake.

And all these are the secrets of the scriptures of faith.

And the servant Govinda knew them all, For the Lord was merciful unto him and gave him all knowledge. And the Lord played all these tricks with him to reveal the divine gifts of the heart of his devotee to all ; for the Lord took a great pleasure in doing so. Thus have I narrated in brief the Lord's *Parimunda* dance at the time. And the followers of the Lord sing this kind of song even now.

In this way the Lord dwelt on at Nilachala with his followers. And when time arrived he washed and cleansed the holy *Gundicha temple of the Lord Jagannatha*. He danced and sang as he had done in previous years. And the Lord enjoyed the holy picnic at the garden as he had done before. And he saw also on this occasion the holy festival of *Horapanchami*.

And on this occasion the Lord's followers of *Gauda* stayed for the four months of the rainy season at the holy Nilachala. And they saw the holy *Janmastami* and some other festivals there during the period. Now, when the devotees came from *Gauda*, each of them wanted to feed the Lord with something of his own. So each gave some holy food to the servant Govinda. And as he gave it to him, he said unto him, 'Do please see that the Lord eats it.' And some gave the cocoanut and some sweet *Laroos* for the Lord. And others again gave cakes and syrups.

Thus they gave him for the Lord foods of various kinds. And all these were precious and good. And the servant Govinda said unto the Lord. 'This man, Oh Lord, has given this for your Holiness.' He named the man and the article. But the Lord said, 'Keep it in store now. I shall not take it now.' And the Lord did not eat it then.

So, all these articles were kept in deposit in a corner of the house and they filled a whole corner. For food given

by hundreds of followers was kept in store there. And all those devotees who gave food to the servant Govinda asked him with eagerness, 'Have you offered the food to the Lord ? Oh Govinda !' But Govinda gave them evasive replies. He said something to everyone of them. But he spoke not of the fact.

And on another occasion the servant Govinda spoke unto the Lord in words of dejection. 'The preceptor Advaitachandra and others, Oh Lord, gave so many articles of food for your Holiness. They brought these with great care. But you have not taken any of them, Oh Lord. And now they ask me again and again if you have eaten these things. How long, Oh Lord, shall I give them evasive replies ? Tell me what should I now do.'

And the Lord said, 'Why art thou so sorry, Oh Fool ! fetch all those articles to me.' And thus the Lord spoke. And he at once sat down to eat. The servant Govinda offered him the articles one after another. And as he offered each article, he told the Lord the name of the devotee who had given it.

And he said unto the Lord, 'This cocoanut is from the preceptor Advaitachandra, so are this syrup and this Sarapupi. And these sweet *Laroos*, *Mandas* and *Karpura pupis* too, Oh Lord, are from him. The scholar Sribasha also offered some articles. Here are his sweet *Laroos*, his cakes, his *Padma* sugar and his syrup.

And he also pointed out other articles to the Lord and said, 'These are, Oh Lord, from the Acharyaratna and those from the Acharyanidhi. These are from Vasudeva Datta and these from Gupta Murari. And these are from Khan Buddhimanta and these again from Sriman Sena.

And these are from the scholar Murari. Oh Lord, and these from Sriman Pandita and these from the son of the preceptor. And all these are from your devotees, Oh Lord ! So, do please eat them all.

And thus the servant Govinda spoke unto the Lord. And he also said, 'All these articles before you, Oh Lord, are from the people of Kulinagrama and these again from the people of Khanda.' And he named every giver. And he put all articles before the Lord. And the Lord was pleased. And he ate them all.

The cocoanut, the sweet *Laroos* and the syrup had all been stale for about a month. And yet their taste was fresh as that of new ones. This was so because the Lord would eat of them ; they could neither be stale nor be tasteless.

And the Lord ate. And he ate *in a Danda* what a hundred men could hardly eat. And he asked the servant Govinda if anything was left. And the servant Govinda said, 'Yes, Oh Lord, only *the jhalis of Raghava* are left.' And the Lord said, 'Let them remain today. I shall eat from them on some other occasion.'

And the Lord on another occasion sat down to eat in secret. And he opened all the bags of the scholar Raghava and saw what was within. And he ate a little of every article that was there. And he found them all sweet and fragrant. So, he praised them all. And he kept the remainder of them in store for the year. And whenever he ate from these bags, the saint Svarupa opened the bags for him. And he served the Lord with the contents. Sometimes the Lord ate something from these bags at night. He ate them so eagerly ; for he knew that all these were affectionate offers of a devotee. And he must eat them all.

And thus did the Lord pass his days with his devotees. And he passed the *Chatur masya* with them in the joy of talks about the Lord Krishna. And at times the preceptor Advaita chandra and others invited the Lord. And they boiled rice and prepared vegetables for the Lord in their own houses. And they prepared *Saka* and *Sukuta* and *Nimbavartaki* for the Lord. And they also prepared for him fried *patol*, fried *phulvari*, *mudga-dala* and soup. And they knew the articles that the Lord liked. And so they prepared them according to the taste of the Lord.

And they prepared soup with pepper. And they also prepared sour soups. And sometimes they prepared things that were both sweet and sour. And ginger and salt, orange and milk, curd and *khandasara*, all these they give unto the Lord to eat. And the preceptor Advaitachandra went to the holy temple to bring the holy food, so that he might mix it with his preparations. And the Lord accepted invitations sometimes for himself alone and sometimes also for his devotees.

Sometimes Acharyaratna and Acharyanidhi invited the Lord ; so did Nandana and the scholar Raghava and Srinibasha. And so also did all other Brahmin devotees of the Lord invite him to their places. In a similar way all the devotees of Kulinagrama and Khanda invited the Lord with great devotion. So did Gadadhara and Murari and Vasudeva. And the devotees of Kulinagrama and Khanda brought holy food of the Lord *Jagannatha* for the Lord.

And I shall now narrate the story of Sivananda's invitation to the Lord. Now, Sivananda had a son whose name was Chaitanyadasa. And he was the eldest son of Sivananda. And when he came to the holy Nilachala he brought Chaitanyadasa with him. For he would introduce his

son to the Lord. When the Lord saw him he asked his name. And Sivananda said that the name of the boy was Chaitanyadasa or the servant of the Lord Chaitanya ; when the Lord heard this, he said, 'What name is it, Oh Sivananda, I myself do not follow the meaning of it.'

And Sivananda replied, 'He who knew the meaning Oh Lord ! gave the name.' And as he spoke thus, he invited the Lord to his place. And he had the holy food of the Lord *Jagannatha* brought from the holy temple for the Lord. And fed all his devotees with it. And the Lord ate his fill at the house of Sivananda though he did not like much eating. And he did so on account of his affection for Sivananda.

And on another occasion Chaitanyadasa invited the Lord. And he brought preparations that the Lord liked. And he also brought orange, ginger, salt, *phulbari* and curd. And all these the Lord liked. And as he saw them he was pleased.

And the Lord said, 'This boy knows my mind. And I am pleased with him for his inviting me.' And as he spoke this, the Lord began to eat. And he ate rice with curd there. And he then gave the pot with the remainder to Chaitanyadasa to eat.

And the Lord attended invitations of the kind thus for full four months. Yet, some of the *Vaishnavas* could not find a time to invite the Lord. For the Lord ate on fixed days from the houses of the scholar Gadadhara and the scholar Sarvabhauma.

And from time to time he ate from the the houses of the Acharya Gopinatha, the scholar Jagadananda, and also from the houses of Kasiswara, Sankara, Vakreswara, Bhagawan and the Acharya Ramabhadra.



And whoever else invites the Lord, had to pay two panas of cowries as cost for the feeding ; for the Lord only accepted two panas of cowries for his feeding instead of four and this he began to do for fear of Ramachandra Puri. Thus Ramachandra Puri made the expenses of feeding the Lord less by two panas.

And in this way the Lord stayed in the midst of his followers of Gauda for four months. He now bade them adieu. So, he dwelt once again with those of his devotees who were all along his companions at the holy Nilachala.

Thus have I narrated the Lord's invitations and his acceptance of them. And I have also narrated with what supreme pleasure the Lord accepted the articles of food offered by his devotees. And I have, by the bye spoken of the *Jhalis* of the scholar Raghava ; and while speaking of all these, I have also narrated the Lord's circle-dance with his devotees.

And whosoever hears all this with devotion, will have holy love for the feet of the Lord. And indeed, the very realisation of this, is sweet ; for it soothes the ear and pleases the heart. Only the fortunate few can taste of this.

Thus I Krishnadasa, all whose hopes of success are in the holy feet of saints Sri Rupa and Raghunatha, narrate the sweet career of the Lord Chaitanya on earth.



CHAPTER XI

[This chapter delineates the death of the devotee Haridasa. The devotee knew that the Lord would soon depart from this world. So he prayed to the Lord for permission to go before him. The Lord was kind and he granted the permission to him. Haridasa died with the holy name "Hari" in his lips before the eyes of the Lord and his other devotees. And the Lord who dearly loved Haridasa, danced in the ecstasy of love with the dead body of his devotee in his arms. The feeling of separation from the Lord Krishna gained in intensity day after day]

And I bow to the devotee Haridasa and to the Lord Chaitanya ; for the Lord loved Haridasa so dearly that he danced with the corpse of Haridasa in his lap when the latter died.

Glory unto the merciful Lord Chaitanya. He is the beloved Lord of the preceptor Advaitachandra and the blessed Nityananda, he is also the Lord of the saint Sribasha and of the devotee Haridasa. And the Lord is dear to the scholar Gandadhara, and is dear as his very life to the saint Svarupa.

And he is also dear unto Kasiswara and the scholar Jagadananda. And he is also the Lord of the saints Rupa and Sanatana and Raghunatha. And the Lord is indeed, the Lord God. And he is the Lord Krishna Himself. And his body is of bright complexion. And I pray, Oh Lord, unto you to grant me your holy feet.

And glory unto the blessed Nityananda ; for he is dear as life to the Lord. And I pray, Oh Lord, to you also to grant me your grace in the form of faith in your lotus-like feet. And glory also unto the preceptor Advaitachandra, for he was worthy of respect to the Lord himself. Oh ! may you, the holy preceptor, grant me the grace of faith in your holy feet.

Glory unto all the devout followers of the Lord ; for the Lord was to them dear as their very lives. May ye, all the



devotees of the Lord grant me faith in the holy feet of the Lord.

And glory unto the saints Rupa, Sanatana, Sri Jiva. Gopala, Raghunatha Bhatta and Raghunatha Dasa. For, all these six are my preceptors. I write of the *holy Lilas* of the Lord Chaitanya from the power of grace received from them. And I write this all at random only to purge and purify my own soul.

Thus the Lord continued to stay on *at the holy Nilachala*. And he had with him here all his followers. And he passed his days with them in the pleasure of singing the holy songs. And he danced and sang during the day and he saw *the Lord Jagannatha*. And at night the Lord tasted the loving sweetness of the Lord Krishna in the company of the saint Svarupa and the Raya Ramananda.

So the Lord passed his days in great joy. And yet he could not contain within himself his deep feeling of separation from his Lord Krishna. And this feeling gained in intensity day after day. It was specially strong during the night. So the Lord was ill at ease all night. At times he meditated. At times he was in deep anxiety. At times again he was in delirium. Thus all that is found in the scriptures became visible in the Lord. And day and night the saint Svarupa and the sage Raya Ramananda did their best to give the Lord consolation.

Now, on one occasion it happened that the servant Govinda went to the devotee Haridasa with holy food. And he went with much ado to offer the food to the holy devotee. And the servant Govinda saw the devotee Haridasa lying on the ground. The devotee was then slowly chanting the prescribed number of *the holy name*.



And Govinda now said unto him, 'Rise up, Oh Haridasa, come and eat *the holy food*.' But Haridasa said, 'I have not been able to say the prescribed number of *the holy name* as yet. How shall I take my food? I have accordingly resolved to observe these day as a day of fast. But I must not show any disregard to *the holy food*.'

And thus the devotee spoke. And he then bowed to the holy food. And he took a particle of it and ate.

And on another occasion the Lord himself came to the place of the devotee Haridasa. And he asked the devotee, 'Are you well, Oh Haridasa. And the devotee bowed at the holy feet of the Lord. And he said, 'Yes, I am well in body Oh Lord, but my heart is sick and sick also is my soul', And the Lord again spoke saying, 'Tell me what disease thou sufferest from.' And the devotee replied, *I cannot chant the prescribed number of the holy name everyday*. And this Oh Lord, gives me a deal of pain.'

And the Lord said, 'You are old, Oh Haridasa, so make the number less. You are already liberated, why are you then so anxious for prayer? You are incarnate among men to save them. For through you the glory of the holy name has been known. You may now chant a smaller number of the *holy name*, Oh Haridasa.'

And the devotee Haridasa now replied. And he prayed unto the Lord to listen to his supplications. And he said, 'I was born in low caste, Oh Lord, and my body was despicable. And I was a wretch, a sinner given to sinful modes of life. Indeed, I was one unfit to be seen and unfit to be touched. And yet, Oh Lord, you granted me your holy grace. And you dragged me from hell to the holy height of Heaven, from *hell Raurava* to the *holy heaven Vaikuntha*. And you are the Lord God Oh Lord, and you know your own will and ways.

You act as it liketh you. And you make all the world dance according to your own pleasure. And me too, Oh Lord, have you caused to dance out of your holy grace, for you offered me food from the obsequious offers of a noble Brahmin, a non-Hindu though I am.

But I have yet a desire unfulfilled in my soul, Oh Lord. And it has been in my soul for a long time. My heart tells me that you will soon cease to disport on earth. I therefore pray unto you not to show me your passing away from among us. Allow me, Oh Lord, to pass away before you. And I *shall, when I die, hold thy holy lotus-feet on my heart and see thy holy moon-like face with my eyes, I shall utter the holy name Krishna Chaitanya with my tongue.* Thus would I, Oh Lord, pass away from the world. For lo, this is the desire of my heart. And the devotee continued saying, 'Yes, this is my desire, Oh Lord, Give me my desire. Be merciful. And let this wretched body of mine fall before you pass away. And I depend, Oh Lord, for the realisation of this my hope on your holy grace.'

And thus the devotee spoke. And the Lord heard it. And the Lord now said unto him, 'Whatsoever thou prayest, Oh Haridasa, the merciful Lord Krishna will grant thee. But all my joy here on earth I owe for to thee. So it does not behove thee to pass away leaving me behind.'

And the devotee Haridasa now clasped the holy feet of the Lord and said, 'Give me this favour, Oh Lord, be merciful unto me, wretched though I am. For I know crores of devotees that help you in your love-games. And they are all fit to be the very jewels on my head. If a poor fellow like me die, it would cause no loss to your Holiness; for what loss does the earth suffer by the fall of a petty insect? I know, Oh Lord, you are always affectionate towards your devotees,



And I am but a very small servant of yours. Yet I hope you will grant me this favour, this the object of my desire.' Thus did Haridasa speak. And the Lord now would go to do his midday duties. He said he would come to see him next day after paying his visit to the *holy Lord Jagannatha*. And the Lord now embraced the devotee ; and he went to the sea to do his midday ablution.

And the next morning the Lord saw the *holy Lord Jagannatha*. And he then came to the place of Haridasa to see the devo'. And the Lord came before the devotee Haridasa. And Haridasa too *bowed at* the holy feet of the Lord. And he bowed at the feet of *all the Vaishnavas* there.

And the Lord now said to Haridasa, 'Tell me now how you are, Oh Haridasa !' And Haridasa replied, 'I am as thy mercy has kept me, Oh Lord.' And the Lord now commanded all to sing the holy name in the yard. And the scholar Vakreswara danced and began to sing in the yard accordingly. And the saint Svarupa and other devotees of the Lord surrounded the devotee Haridasa. And they sang the holy song round him.

And the Lord now began to speak of the gifts of the devotee Haridasa to the scholar Sarvabhauma, to the Raya Ramananda and to all. And the Lord spoke as it were with five mouths when he spoke of the gifts of the devotee Haridasa. And as the Lord spoke, his joy increased and all who heard the Lord speaking gaped in wonder. And all the devotees of the Lord bowed in reverence at the feet of the devotee Haridasa.

And the devotee Haridasa now seated the Lord before him. And he fixed his two eyes that were as two bees on the holy lotus-like face of the Lord.

And he held the holy feet of the Lord to his bosom. And he filled his head with dust from the feet of all the devotees of the Lord. And again and again did he utter the holy name Krishna-Chaitanya. And he drank all along with his eyes the sweetness of the face of the Lord. And as he did this, tears flowed in torrents from his eyes. And in this mood *the devotee Haridasa breathed his last with the holy name Sri Krishna Chaitanya in his lips.*

And thus passed away the great devotee Haridasa like a great master of Yogis. And all who saw this wonder remembered the death of the great *Yogi-warrior Bhisma*. All the devotees now shouted the holy name Hari. And the Lord himself was overwhelmed with the joy of ecstatic love. The Lord now took up the dead body of the devotee in his arms. And he danced in the yard with it in the ecstasy of love. And all the followers of the Lord saw this ecstasy of the Lord. And they, too, danced and sang in the ecstasy of love.

Thus the Lord danced for sometime. And the saint Svarupa now made sign to the Lord to restrain his emotion. And they all now raised the corpse of the devotee Haridasa on a bed. They sang the holy song and they took the corpse to the shore of the sea.

And it was the Lord who led the whole party. And he sang as he proceeded. And behind the Lord the scholar Vakreswara danced with the other followers of the Lord. And they now bathed the corpse of the devotee with water from the sea. And the Lord said, *'Holy, indeed is this sea from to-day.* And the followers of the Lord drank the holy water purified by the touch of the feet of the devotee Haridasa. And they all covered the limbs of the devotee with the holy cloth. And they dug a grave in sand and laid the body there.

And on all the four sides devotees sang the holy song and the scholar Vakreswara who led the song danced in joy. And again and again did the Lord chant the holy name Hari. And he himself poured sand on the body of the devotee Haridasa. And an altar was made on the grave with sand. And on all the four sides of the altar they raised walls of sand.

And the Lord still danced with others and sang, so that the whole earth was filled with the uproar of the holy name Hari. And the Lord now bathed in the sea with all his followers. And he played in water there with them. And the Lord now went once round the grave of the devotee Haridasa, and he then came to the Lion-gate. And the whole town was now filled with the uproar of the holy song sung by the followers of the Lord.

And the Lord went to the Lion-gate. And he spread the end of his cloth and begged the holy food of the grocers there. For the Lord said unto grocers, 'Give me holy food, Oh grocers ! for I shall hold a great festival in honour of the devotee Haridasa.

And the grocers all heard this and they raised their basket and offered the holy food unto the Lord in joy. And the saint Svarupa saw this. And he forbade them to do so. And so the grocers sat down with their baskets to sell the holy food there. And the saint now sent the Lord to his place. And he sent four *Vaishnavas* to follow the Lord and to accompany him to his place.

And the saint Svarupa now said to the grocers, 'Let me have one heap of each kind of the holy food.' And the grocers obeyed. For they had loads of holy food of various kinds brought there. And four carriers carried these to the destination.

And the Pattanayaka Vaninatha also brought much holy food. And Kasi Misra too sent a large quantity of it. And the Lord now seated the *Vaishnavas* in rows. And with four persons to help him the Lord himself served food to them all.

And the Lord never took a small amount in his hands ; and on the plate of each persons the Lord served food that could satisfy the hunger of five.

And the saint Svarupa now said to the Lord, 'Sit here, Oh Lord, and see the sight. Let me serve food with all these men.' And the Lord stopped. And the saint Svarupa with three others now went on serving food to all. These three were Kasiswara. Sankara and the scholar Jagadananda. So all the *Vaishnavas* were served with the *holy food*. But they did not eat it ; for the Lord had not yet taken his food. Now it happened that the Lord accepted invitation from Kasi Misra on that day and so he could not eat with them. But Kasi Misra came soon there. And he brought the holy food with him for the Lord. And he fed the Lord with devotion. And the Lord ate the holy food with the saint Puri and Bharati Brahmananda. And when they had eaten, the other *Vaishnavas* too ate their food. And the Lord fed all the *Vaishnavas* to their fill. And as they were eating, the Lord cried out, "Serve food, yea, serve much more of it."

Thus all the *Vaishnavas* ate their food. And they then washed their mouths with water. And the Lord gave unto them garlands and sandal-wood paste to wear. And the Lord was now overcome with love ; and he uttered blessings on them all. And as the devotees of the Lord heard these blessings, their ears and their hearts were soothed.

Holy indeed was the celebration of the departure of the devotee Haridasa. Whosoever saw it, attained ere long

to the holy feet of the Lord Krishna. And whosoever saw the holy demise of the devotee Haridasa and danced and sang, the same was sure to reap the same fruits. And so too must those who went to cover his grave with sand, and those who partook of the great feast held in honour of the great devotee. For great was the power of seeing the devotee Haridasa.

And the Lord now said, "The Lord Krishna is merciful. So he gave me the company of the devotee Haridasa. The Lord Krishna would have his will; so he has parted us. When Haridasa wanted to leave me, I could not therefore keep him. And the devotee expired at the moment he desired to do so. And he expired as the warrior Bhishma had done of yore."

And the Lord continued saying, 'And Haridasa was indeed, the very jewel on the head of the mother earth. He is no more. So the mother earth is without her jewel. Sing ye all the glory of the devotee Haridasa; yea, sing ye the same again.' And as the Lord thus spoke, he danced. And all round him cried, 'Glory unto Haridasa the holy devotee, who preached on earth the power of the holy name.' And the Lord now bade good bye to all his devotees for the day. And he went to rest with his heart filled both with distraction and joy.

Thus have I narrated the demise of the devotee Haridasa. And whosoever hears it obtains loving faith in the holy feet of the Lord Krishna. And from it we know the affection of the Lord Chaitanya for his devotees. The Lord, the supreme Yogi, fulfilled the desire of his devotee. And he granted him at the time of his demise his holy sight and holy touch. And he danced with the corpse of the devotee in his arms. And the Lord also covered him with sand with



his own hands. And he himself begged holy food for the holy festivity in honour of the demise of his devotee. The devotee Haridasa was a saint and a learned man. And he breathed his last before the Lord to enjoy all these blessings after death.

Sweet, indeed, is the career of our Lord on earth. Yea, it is an ocean of nectar. For, one drop of it can soothe our ears and our hearts. And who-so-ever would cross the ocean of worldly life should hear with devotion the sweet career of the Lord on earth.

Thus I Krishnadasa, all whose hopes are in the holy feet of the saints Sri Rupa and Raghunatha, narrate the holy career of the Lord Chaitanya on earth.

[END OF CHAPTER XI]

CHAPTER XII.

[This chapter describes the Lord's pang of separation from Sri Krishna and the faith of the Sena Sivananda in the power of the Lord and his devotees. The blessed Nityananda was a devotee of the Lord. He once kicked Sivananda and uttered a deep curse on him. Yet he was pleased ; for he thought that curses and kicks of holy man are blessings in disguise.

The scholar Jagadananda made an offer to the Lord of sweet-scented Chandana oil. The Lord did not accept it. So the devotee was offended and he did not take food for two days in anger. On the third day the Lord went to his place and persuaded him to take food.]

1. Hear, hear, always, Oh Devotees, the sweet career of the Lord ! Sing it in joy, Oh sing it. And contemplate again and again on this holy theme, *Chaitanya Charitamrita*.

Glory unto the merciful Lord Chaitanya ; glory unto the blessed Nityananda, that ocean of mercy. Glory unto the preceptor Advaitachandra, who is a sea of love and also unto other devotees of the Lord, whose hearts are all full of mercy.

Now, at Nilachala the heart of the Lord was sometimes deeply sad. For he felt the deep pang of separation from the Lord Krishna. And the effect of this pang of separation was always visible. And the Lord from time to time cried out, 'Alas, Alas, where is my Lord Krishna, the Lord of my life, the son of *Vrajaraja* ? Oh, where is he ? Where shall I go ? How shall I find that holy one with that sweet flute in his lips.'

And thus the Lord exclaimed. And he had no peace of mind whatever. Thus passed the days and nights of our Lord. And the Lord passed the nights in the company of the saint Svarupa and Raya Ramananda.

Now the year came. And all the followers of the Lord at *Gauda* made arrangements to see the Lord once more at Nilachala. So all of them assembled at Navadvipa. And the preceptor Advaitachandra and Sena Sivananda led them all. And all the people of Kulingrama and Srikhanda came. And they too, assembled together at Navadvipa.

And on this occasion the blessed Nityananda also started for the holy Nilachala. He had no permission from the Lord to do so. And yet he started. And Srinibasha also with his four brothers and with Malini now left for the holy Nilachala. And with Acharyartna proceeded his wife. And so did the wife of Sivananda with her three sons. And the scholar Raghava once more had his *Jhalis* ready. And he too, started. And Dutta, Gupta, Vidyanidhi and other two to three hundred followers of the Lord started for the holy Nilachala.

And they all saw *the holy mother Sachi at Navadvipa* before they left. And they took leave of her. And all of them now sang the holy song. And all of them left Navadvipa for Nilachala in joy. And Sena Sivananda led them all. And he took care of them all. And under his guidance the pilgrims were all happy. For he offered all help to all. And he gave them all places to rest in. And he could lead them as he knew the secret roads of the Oriyas.

So they all proceeded. And on one occasion it so happened, that Sivananda had them all crossed over a river, But he himself stayed behind. And all other pilgrims marched on. And they took shelter under a tree ; for they could find no house for them to stay in, because Sivananda was not with them. And the blessed Nityananda was hungry. And he found no house to halt in. And in the



weakness of hunger he began to curse Sivananda saying, 'He does not come even now yet : and I die of hunger. He has not found a house for me. I must pronounce a curse upon him. All his three sons shall die a premature death.'

And the wife of Sivananda heard this and she began to weep. At this very moment did the Sena Sivananda arrive from the *Ghati*. And his wife who was weeping said unto him, 'The blessed Lord Nityananda has found no place to halt in. And he has pronounced a curse upon my sons.'

But Sivananda now said, 'Why ! thou art mad indeed. For why dost thou weep for nothing ? What would it matter if thy three sons die for the sake of the Lord ?'

And thus Sivananda spoke. And he then went before the blessed Lord Nityananda. And the Lord stood up. And he kicked Sivananda in anger.

And yet, Sivananda's joy knew no bounds ; for he received the blessing of a kick from the holy feet of the Lord. He went very soon at *Gaude-ghara* and arranged there for a residence for the blessed Lord. And he clasped the feet of the Lord and escorted him there. So the blessed Nityananda was now provided with a residence.

And Sivananda now said to the Lord with his heart full of joy, 'To-day indeed, have you recognised me as your servant, Oh Lord ! And you have been favourable to me. And you have fitly punished your servant for his fault today. For you have, Oh Lord, given me your mercy in the form of punishment. Yea, you have done it. Oh, who in all the three worlds would understand the secrets of your conduct ? The dust of your holy feet, Oh Lord, is dear even unto the Lord *Brahma*. And yet this my mean body has received



a touch of such a holy foot. So my birth, my lineage and my sect are all blessed to-day. And I have obtained to-day all my desire. For your kick has given me faith in the Lord Krishna. And this faith is the very best of all objects of desires.'

And the blessed Nityananda heard it. And he was indeed pleased to hear it all. And he now stood up and embraced Sivananda in love. And Sivananda was now fully satisfied. He now arranged for the residence of all. And he gave to the preceptor Advaitachandra and to all other *Vaishnavas* places to halt in for rest.

And so the ways of the blessed Nityananda were indeed all peculiar and uncommon : for he kicked Sivananda in anger. And through his kick he did him a great good.

Now it so happened that the Sena Sivananda had a nephew. And his name was Srikantha. And he was Sivananda's sister's son. And he spoke this once in the absence of Sivananda, 'My uncle is famous as a favourite of the Lord Chaitanya : and yet *the Gossain is so proud* of his superiority that he kicks him.'

Thus the ignorant boy once spoke. And he left his company. And he went before all to the Lord at Nilachala. And Srikantha fell prostrate before the Lord so much so that his *Petangi* (a kind of dress) was on *his body*. And the servant Govinda saw him, and said, 'Oh Srikantha, take off your *Petangi* from your body.'

And the Lord said, 'He has come to me ; but he has received a wound in his heart. So tell him nothing. And let him do whatever he likes.'

And the Lord now talked to Srikantha. And he asked him news of all. And Srikantha told the Lord the news of all the pilgrims one by one.

And Srikantha heard the Lord saying that he, Srikantha, had come there with a grief in his heart. And so he understood that the Lord knew everything. And yet he did not speak to the Lord that Sivananda had been kicked by the blessed Nityananda.

Now *all the Vaishnavas* arrived at the holy Nilachala. And the Lord met them all as he had done before. And all the female pilgrims saw the Lord from a distance. And the Lord arranged for the residence of them all, as he had done before. And when the holy food was brought, the Lord sent for them all. And he asked them all to eat it.

And Sena Sivananda now brought all his three sons before the Lord. And the Lord saw them. And as he loved Sivananda, he blest them all. And the Lord saw the youngest son of Sivananda. And he asked the father what the name of this child was. And Sivananda told the Lord that his son's name was Paramanandadasa.

This name had a history of its own. And this was the history of the name of this son of Sivananda. Long ago, once when Sivananda had come to the Lord, the Lord had said unto him, 'You will have a son this time : call him Puridasa ; for the name means the servant of the saint Paramananda Puri.'

And Sivananda's wife was then pregnant. And when Sivananda went home, she gave birth to this child. And he named this son as Paramanandadasa, for the Lord had commanded him to do so. So the Lord now saw this boy. And

he said to him in jest, 'This indeed is Puridasa, the servant of the saint Paramananda Puri.'

And now, Sivananda took this boy before the Lord. And the Lord became kind to him, And out of mercy he put his thumb into the boy's mouth. Great indeed, was the fortune of Sivananda. And great as an ocean was it. And no one knew its bounds. For the sons of the Sena Sivananda and his descendants are the Lord's own people.

And the Lord now ate the holy food with all his devotees. And when he washed his mouth, he said unto the servant Govinda, 'As long as Sivananda's *prakriti* (wife) and sons are here, see that they get the remainder of my food everyday.'

Now, there was in the company a man of Nadia. And his name was Parameswara. And he used to sell *Modakas* at Nadia. And his house was near the house of the Lord at Nadia. And the Lord in his childhood used time and again to go to him. And he once gave unto the Lord a *Modaka*, called *Dugdha-khanda*; and the Lord ate it. He had great affection for the Lord even from the Lord's childhood. He, too, came that year to the holy Nilachala to see the Lord.

And he said unto the Lord, 'I am that poor Parameswara, Oh Lord, And as he said this, he fell prostrate upon the ground. And the Lord was pleased to see him. And he asked him saying, 'So you, too, have come? Very well, how are you all now?'

And Parameswara replied, 'Yes, good'; and in addition he said to the Lord, 'Mukunda's mother, Oh Lord, is still living.'

And the moment the Lord heard the mention of

Mukunda's mother from him, he was a little abashed. But the Lord did not take him to task for the matter : because the Lord loved him. And Parameswara moreover knew no duplicity. And he was a simpleton, pure and simple. And so he knew no courtesy. The Lord saw all these gifts in him And he was pleased at heart as he saw them.

And on the occasion of this visit of the devotees, also the Lord cleansed *the holy Gundicha* with all, as he had done before. He danced before *the holy car* as he did of yore. And he saw with them all the holy festivals that occurred during the four holy months.

And Malini and others invited the Lord to their places. And they had brought many objects of food from their country for the Lord. All these foods the Lord relished so highly. And they also prepared curries and rice at their abodes. And they fed the Lord with them.

And thus the Lord lived on. The day he passed in joy with his devotees. But at night he felt deeply his separation from the Lord Krishna. And so he wept all night. And the four sacred months passed off. And the Lord would now bid adieu to his devotees of *Gauda*. He asked them all to go to their own country. But before they left, each of the devotees of the Lord invited the Lord to dine with him.

And the Lord now said to them all in sweet words, 'You come here every year to see me. And I know, you suffer much on your way here and back. I know that you suffer. And yet I cannot ask you not to come. For my heart yearns for enjoying the pleasure of your company. And the more it enjoys it, the more it yearns to do so.'

And the Lord continued saying, 'I asked the blessed Nityananda to stay at *Gauda*. And he has broken my

command and come here. Yet what can I do ? And with you has also come the preceptor Advaitachandra ; he loves me so much that I am bound to him by the debt of love. And I cannot pay it back. Because *for me, he, the holy preceptor, abandoned home.* He left his wife and his children, And he came here crossing many impassable roads on the way ; while I sit here idle at Nilachala and do nothing for him and for you all. I am a Sannyasin, so I have no wealth to give you. I cannot therefore repay the debt of your love. So I offer unto you all this my body which is my only property. Sell it where-ever you like and release me from debts.'

And all the devotees heard these pathetic words of the Lord. And their hearts melted in them as they heard it. So they all began to weep. And the eyes of them all became full of tears. And the Lord now held them all round the neck. And he wept. And weeping he embraced them all. And so they all had to stay on for some time ; for they could not start soon after this event. And they passed five or more days with the Lord.

And the preceptor Advaitachandra said unto the Lord, 'Precious indeed are thy gifts, Oh Lord. And for them a whole world may be bought. If you again bind us with such words of affection, who will move from here leaving you behind ?'

And the Lord heard this. And he now bade good bye to all his devotees. And he said unto the blessed Nityananda, 'Don't come here to me again and again ; for you will enjoy my company in your own place *at Gauda.*'

So all the devotees of the Lord departed. And they all wept when they left. And the Lord, too, was deeply sad.

The Lord indeed, bound them all, these devotees, with the cord of his own mercy. And none could pay back the debt of holy love of the Lord for him. For the Lord is the Lord God himself. And he knew his own will. And he made them all dance as he liked. And yet they left him. And they went to a different place. Indeed, we are as so many wooden puppets in the hands of the Lord. And as the magician makes the puppets dance, so does the Lord with us. And we know nothing about the deep secrets of these deeds of the Lord.

I narrated before how the scholar Jagadananda went in the previous year to Nadia. He went there at the command of the Lord to see the mother Sachi. And he saw the holy mother there and bowed down at her feet. And he offered her the holy food and the *holy cloth of Lord Jagannatha*. And he fell prostrate before the holy mother on behalf of the Lord. And he told her all about the submissions and supplications of the Lord.

The mother Sachi now saw the scholar Jagadananda before her. And she was glad. And the scholar spoke to her much about the Lord. And day and night did the holy mother hear his words.

And the scholar once said to the holy mother, 'Sometimes the Lord comes here to you, Oh Mother. And he eats food from here. And he eats from your offers. And he tells us all about it. And he tells us, Oh Mother, how you feed him his fill. And he also tells us that you do not know when or how he eats food. Though he comes and he eats before your eyes, you do not follow it. On the otherhand you take the whole affair as a dream.

All this the holy mother heard. And she said unto the scholar Jagadananda. 'Yes, I cook good food for the holy

offer. And I sometimes feel that my Nimai eats it. And yet a few seconds after, I take the whole experience as a dream.'

And thus the Scholar Jagadananda conversed with the holy mother Sachi. And he spoke to her day and night of the peace that the Lord enjoyed at Nilachala.

The Scholar now met one after another all the devotees of the Lord at Nadia. And all of them were glad to receive him. And he then went to meet the preceptor Advaitachandra. And the preceptor too, was highly glad to see him. And Vasudeva and Murari too, saw the Scholar. And they kept him for sometime in their house. And they would not easily let him go. For they heard the secrets of the soul of the Lord from him. And as they heard these, they forgot themselves in the deep pleasure that they gave.

And one after another the Scholar Jagadananda went to meet all the devotees of the Lord. And whosoever saw him was overwhelmed with joy. And the Scholar was blest. For the blessed Lord loved him. And whosoever met him, felt as if he met the Lord Chaitanya himself.

And the Scholar then went to the house of Sena Sivananda. And there he prepared one *Matra* of oil called the *Chandanadi* oil. And he made the oil scented, filled one jar with it and took it for the Lord to Nilachala. And he brought it to Nilachala with great care. And when he reached the holy place, he kept the jar before the servant Govinda. And he said unto the servant Govinda, 'Besmear this oil on the limbs of the Lord, Oh Govinda, for the Lord will need it.'

And the servant Govinda saw the oil. And he went before the Lord and said, 'The scholar Jagadananda, Oh Lord,



has brought some *Chandanadi* oil. And he desires that you should use a little of this for the head ; for the oil will cure any complaint bilious or nervous. And he has brought over all the distance from *Gauda* one full jar of the scented *Chandanadi* oil. And he has brought it with great care.

The Lord heard this. And he said, 'I am a Sannyasin ; so I have no right to use oil, far less this oil which is scented. Give this oil to the *Dip* (lamp) in the *holy temple of the Lord Jagannatha*. For that will make the labour of the Scholar blest.'

The servant Govinda heard all these words of the Lord. And he recited them all to the Scholar Jagadananda. And the Scholar as he heard it was silent. And he said nothing ; for he was extremely disappointed. A few days passed off. And the servant Govinda once more told the Lord that it was the desire of the Scholar that the Lord be pleased to use the oil.

So, the Lord once more heard of the Scholar's request from the servant Govinda. And he said to Govinda in anger, 'Get a man now to besmear oil on my body. Yes, do it. Now I require one. I have renounced the world only to enjoy these pleasures. Let it therefore be so.'

And the Lord continued saying, Yes, you all have resolved to ruin me. What is ruin to me is a mere matter of joke to you all. For whosoever will get scent of the oil as I pass, will take me to be a sensuous Sannyasin and will hate me.'

Thus the Lord spoke. And the servant Govinda heard all this. But he said not a word in reply.



Now in the morning of the next day the Scholar Jagadananda again came to the Lord. And the Lord saw him and said to him, I understand you have brought some oil from *Gauda*, Oh Scholar. But I cannot use it : for I am a Sannyasin. I would advise you, Oh Scholar, to take the oil to the temple, so that it might be burnt there in the lamp of the Lord. For all your labours will then be really blest.'

The Scholar Jagadananda heard this. And he now reported saying, 'Who spoke to you this, Oh Lord ! I never brought any oil from *Gauda*.

And thus the Scholar spoke. And he then brought the jar of oil from the room, took it in hand and broke it in the court-yard before the very eyes of the Lord. And thus did the Scholar break the jar. And he then went away. He went to his place ; he laid himself down there. And he shut the doors of his room against all.

And on the third day the Lord went to his place. And he called out to the scholar again and again saying, 'Rise up, Oh Jagadananda for I shall eat to-day from your house. So rise up and cook. I shall come at noon to you. And I am now going to the holy temple of Lord Jagannatha.

And thus the Lord spoke. And he then left the place. And the Scholar rose up. And he then bathed ; and he cooked various curries for the Lord. And the Lord after doing his midday duties, came to his place. And the Scholar washed the holy feet of the Lord; and he gave unto the Lord a seat to sit upon.

And the Lord now sat down to eat. And the Scholar put a heap of *Sali rice* on a plantain-leaf before the Lord. And he filled it all with *Ghee*. And in small pots of plantain-leaf he put curries for the Lord on all the four sides of



the big leaf on which rice was placed. And on rice and on curries the Scholar placed the holy flower of the *Tulasi*. But he gave unto the Lord the holy food from the temple first. And he then put before the Lord cakes and sweet drinks for the Lord,

And the Lord now said unto the scholar Jagadananda, 'Take rice and curry on the second leaf, Oh Scholar, for we two now shall sit together and eat.'

So, the Lord spoke thus. But he sat down with his hand up. And he did not eat food. The Scholar was now moved. He spoke unto the Lord in soft loving words saying, 'Take you the holy food, first, Oh Lord. And I shall take food a little while after. For how shall I set your command aside and disobey you ?'

So the Lord now ate in glee. And he relished the curries. And he said unto the Scholar, 'You were angry, Oh Scholar, when you cooked. And yet your curries are so sweet. From this also I can know that the Lord Krishna is very kind unto you. And the Lord Krishna would himself eat the food. He has therefore cooked all this through you and made them so good. Now, Oh Scholar, you are unspeakably fortunate. For you offer such sweet rice to the Lord Krishna everyday.'

But the Scholar said, 'The eater himself is the cook, Oh Lord. As for me I am only a gatherer of articles for his food.'

And thus he spoke. And he again and again served the Lord with various curries. And the Lord now did not speak to him. And he ate with relish all that the Scholar gave him. And the Scholar fed the Lord with great enthusiasm. And the Lord ate much more than he used to eat on

other occasions. The Lord tried again and again to rise up. But he could not. For at the very moment of his attempt the Scholar again served the Lord with curries. The Lord said nothing. And he ate up all in fear. For he knew that if he did not eat all that was given, the Scholar would fast on that day also.

But the Lord could eat no more. So, after a while he said to the Scholar in soft and sweet words, 'You have fed me enough, Oh Scholar. You have made me eat ten times more than what I eat usually. So don't give me any more food.'

Thus the Lord spoke. He rose and washed his mouth with water. And the Scholar gave unto the Lord some scented substances for the mouth. And he also gave unto him sandal-wood-paste and garland to wear. And the Lord accepted all these from him.

And yet the Lord would not move. He sat down there. And he said unto the Scholar, 'You must eat your food now before me, Oh Scholar.'

But the Scholar said, 'Go to your place now, Oh Lord, and rest there at ease. For I shall eat afterwards. For I have yet much to do, Oh Lord. Ramai and Raghunatha were cooks to-day. And I must first give them food. I must give them rice and curry to eat.'

And the Lord heard all this. And he said unto the servant Govinda, 'Sit here, Oh Govinda. and inform me when the Scholar eats his meal.'

And the Lord then left the place and went away. So the Lord left. But the Scholar now said to the servant Govinda, 'Go soon to the Lord and clasp his holy feet.'

This the Scholar spoke. And he then sat down to eat.

And he also said to the servant Govinda, 'I shall keep some remainder of the Lord's food for you. Come here when the Lord sleeps and eat it. And the Scholar now divided rice and curry equally for Ramai, Nandai, Raghunatha and the servant Govinda. And he ate from the holy food which had been offered to the Lord.

But the Lord was anxious for him. And so he sent the servant Govinda to the place of the Scholar once more. And he said to Govinda, 'Go there and see if the Scholar has eaten food. Go soon, and inform me of this'.

And the servant Govinda went again to the place of the Scholar. He saw the Scholar and came back. And he told the Lord that the Scholar had eaten the holy food. And the Lord was now at peace. And he now laid himself down to sleep.

Thus the love between the Lord and the Scholar Jagadananda prospered. It was like the love between *the Lord Krishna and his beloved consort Satyabhama* as narrated in the holy *Srimat Bhagavata*. So the Scholar was fortunate indeed. And his fortune knew no bounds. He alone is the best example of his faith. And whoever hears these turns of love of the Scholar Jagadananda for the Lord, will know the nature of holy love. And he shall obtain the holy wealth of love for the Lord Krishna.

Thus I, Krishnadasa, all whose hopes of success are in the holy feet of the saints Sri Rupa and Raghunatha narrate the sweet career of the Lord Chaitanya on earth.



CHAPTER XIII

[The saint Jagadananda left for Vrindavana with the permission of the Lord. He met Sanatana there and he visited many holy spots with that great saint. But he returned to the Lord at Nilachala after a short period of stay in these holy places.

This chapter refers in brief to the pang of separation and the episode of a maiden singing Gita-Govinda and the Lord's experience of the song. And it also refers to the deep faith of the son of Tapana Misra. His name was Raghunatha. He came to visit the Lord at Nilachala and he became a staunch follower of the Lord.]

And I bow to the Lord Gauranga. His heart was woe-begone and his body was emaciated on account of the deep pang of separation from the Lord Krishna. And yet his soul was full of holy emotions. And these gave unto him a lovely appearance. Let me take shelter under the mercy of the holy Lord.

Glory unto the Lord and to the blessed Nityananda. Glory unto the preceptor Adyaitachandra and to all the devotees of the Lord. And thus the Lord stayed on at the holy Nilachala. And the Scholar Jagadananda was with him. And as the waves of love swelled in his bosom, he tasted loving sweetness of various kinds with the Scholar. Now his mind and body were both weak. His body was lean on account of his deep feeling of separation from his Lord Krishna. And yet at times he seemed overjoyed on account of the deep emotion of love in his soul.

And the Lord now used to lie on a bark of the plantain-tree. And his body was gradually growing more

and more lean and thin. And so he felt pain even when his bones touched the soft barks of the plantain-tree.

And all the devotees of the Lord saw this. And they were much affected at heart. And the Scholar Jagadananda also saw it. He could not bear it. So he thought of a means to do away with all these sufferings of the Lord.

And he brought a piece of fine cloth which he made red with red colours. And he filled it with cotton of the Simula kind. And he made over a pillow of the cotton of Simula to the servant Govinda. And he told the servant Govinda to give it unto the Lord to lay his holy head upon when he would sleep.

And the Scholar also said unto the saint Svarupa, 'Go, Oh Saint, to the Lord to-day and persuade the Lord to lay his head on the pillow.'

And the saint heard this. And he stayed near the Lord when the Lord would go to bed. And the Lord now saw the pillow. But when he saw it, he became angry. And he asked the servant Govinda of the man that it made. When however the Lord learnt that the Scholar Jagadananda had made it, he hesitated. And he said nothing more. But he asked the servant Govinda to throw the pillow away. And he laid himself down on barks of the plantain-tree as he did so long.

Now the saint Svarupa saw this. And he spoke unto the Lord saying, 'We know not thy will, Oh Lord. And yet I know the Scholar Jagadananda will be pained at heart for your declining the offer of a pillow.'

But the Lord said in derision, 'Very well, why a pillow? Get a bed-stead now for me. The Scholar wants that I should

enjoy the luxuries of the world. Let me do it, because this is his wish.'

And the Lord continued saying, 'I am a Sannyasin ; and I should sleep on the ground. I have got my head clean and shaven. Would you ask me to lie on a sofa or a pillow ? This is absurd, indeed.'

And the saint Svarupa heard this. And he now went to the Scholar Jagadananda. He told all this to the Scholar. And when the Scholar heard this, he was much pained at heart.

But the saint Svarupa now devised a new means to give ease unto the Lord. And he had many dry leaves of the plantain tree brought. He tore them with his nails and made them very fine. He put all these into the two outer garments of the Lord. And he made with these a mattress and a quilt for the Lord. The saint prayed in all earnestness unto the Lord to accept them. And the Lord agreed.

So the Lord lay on this new bed. And the devotees saw the bed. And they were satisfied. But the Scholar was sad. And his heart was full of anger.

Now it so happened that the Scholar Jagadananda once desired to go to the holy Vrindavana. But the Lord did not grant him permission to do so. So, he could not go. He was much angry although he did not express his anger before the Lord. And he now asked permission of the Lord to go to the holy Mathura. But the Lord said, 'Would you go to the holy Mathura now that you are angry against me ? And there you will only be roaming as a beggar. And all will accuse me.'

But the Scholar now held the holy feet of the Lord. And he said 'I have long been anxious to visit the holy Vrindavana, Oh Lord. But I could not go ; for your Holiness did not permit me. Be gracious now and permit me. For I have resolved to visit once that holy place.' And thus the Scholar prayed again and again to the Lord for leave. But the Lord for his own love for the Scholar did not permit him to go.

And the Scholar then went to the saint Svarupa. And there he said to him, 'I have long been anxious to visit the holy Vrindavana, but the Lord permits me not. But he says that I leave him now out of anger.'

And he continued saying, 'I have a natural desire to visit the holy place, Oh Saint ! So pray unto the Lord for me and take permission of him on my behalf.'

Now the saint Svarupa heard this prayer of the Scholar. And he went to the Lord and said, 'The Scholar Jagadananda Oh Lord, is very anxious to visit the holy Vrindavana. And he repeatedly begs permission of you for it. Be pleased to permit him, so that he may once visit the holy place. As he went to visit the holy mother at *Gauda* and came back, so will he visit the holy Vrindavana once and come back to his Lord again.'

The Lord heard these words of the saint Svarupa. And he gave his permission to the Scholar. But the Lord now sent for the Scholar. And when the Scholar came, the Lord gave him certain instruction for the journey.

And he said, 'The way up to Baranasi, Oh Jagadananda, is easy. But be careful on your journey along other portion. Go with the *Kshatriyas*. For the way is full of danger. And

any man of Gauda is taken there as thief. There he is arrested and is robbed of his all.'

And the Lord continued saying, And when you reach the holy Mathura, stay there with Sanatana. And pay reverence to all the Swamis of the place. Stay always at a distance from them to pay respects. Nay, never go very near them. For you will not understand their ways. And visit there the holy forests with Sanatana. Never leave his company. And don't stay there very long ; but come back to me as early as you can.

And I would tell you a little more in this matter, Oh Scholar ! Never climb up the holy mount *Govardhana* to see the Lord Gopala. *And tell Sanatana that I too shall very soon be with him there.'*

And the Lord now gave formal permission to the Scholar Jagadananda. And he also gave him his parting embrace.

And the Scholar bowed down at the holy feet of the holy Lord. He begged permission : of the devotees of the Lord to depart ; and he then departed for the holy Vrindavana.

So the Scholar Jagadananda started. And he followed the advice of the Lord and took the route through the forest. And he reached the holy Baranasi in time. And there at Baranasi he met Tapana Misra and Chandrashekhara. And there too he heard from them all about the old history of the Lord there.

And in due course the Scholar reached the holy Mathura. And there he met the saint Sanatana. And each was highly pleased to meet the other. And the saint Sanatana



showed Jagadananda all the holy forests. And their number was twelve.

And both of them visited the Mahavana and both styed at Gokula. And both now dwelt in the cottage of Sanatana. The Scholar cooked his food in the temple. While the saint Sanatana begged his food sometimes of the people of the Mahavana, sometimes of the people of the temple, and sometimes again of some Brahmins of the place. And the saint sometimes gave food to the Scholar. He begged food and drink for him from the Mahavana. And a portion of them he gave unto the Scholar.

And on one occasion the Scholar Jagadananda invited the saint Sanatana to dine with him. He said his daily prayers and began to cook food for his guest. And the saint Sanatana now came to the place. And he sat at the door of the room where Jagadananda cooked. He had a red outer garment tied round his head. And this he got from a Sannyasin whose name was Saraswati Mukunda.

Now the Scholar Jagadananda saw this piece of cloth on the head of Sanatana. And he was over-powered with the ecstasy of love to see it. For he thought that it was a gift from the Lord.

And he asked the saint about it saying; 'Where could you get this fine piece of red cloth, Oh Saint?' And the saint Sanatana heard this question of the Scholar. And he replied, 'I have got it as a gift from a Sannyasin, Oh Scholar. And the name of the Sannyasin is Saraswati Mukunda.'

When the Scholar Jagadananda heard this, he was much afflicted at heart. He was about to throw the pot in which he cooked at the saint Sanatana. But Sanatana knew who the Scholar was. And so he was much ashamed.



And the Scholar now placed the pot on the hearth. And he said unto Sanatana, 'You are a great friend of the Lord, Oh Sanatana. And we know there is none so dear unto the Lord as you. Who could think that you will accept and wear on your head a piece of cloth given by another Sannyasin.'

Thus the Scholar spoke. And the saint Sanatana heard this. And he therefore said to the Scholar, 'You have spoken the truth, Oh Scholar. But none is so dear unto the Lord as you yourself. So deep a devotion to the Lord therefore becomes you. And you have shown it today. You have indeed done well by showing it before me; for how could I otherwise learn it? I have now seen with my own eyes that unique love of a devotee for the Lord, which I longed to see. And it is for this reason that I tied this piece of cloth round my head. Now I shall give it away to some man. For what shall I do with it? A Vaishnava should not put on a piece of red cloth on his head.'

Now the Scholar Jagadananda cooked food. And he first made an offer of it to the holy Lord Chaitanya. Both the saint and the Scholar then sat down to eat. And they ate the holy food which was formally offered to the Lord. And after meal they embraced each other. And both wept on account of their separation from the holy Lord who was now far away at Nilachala.'

And in this way the Scholar stayed at the holy Vrindavana for about two months. But he could no longer bear the sorrow of separation from his holy Lord who was at Nilachala. And so he gave the message of the Lord now to the saint Sanatana. And he said unto him, 'The Lord would soon be here. And he has asked you, Oh Saint, to keep a place ready for him.'

And the Scholar now begged permission of the saint to leave. The saint Sanatana sent some presents for the Lord through the Scholar. He sent *dust from the holy place of the Rasa-dance* and *stones from the holy mount Govardhana*. And he also sent for the Lord some dry and ripe *Pilu* fruits and some garlands of the *Gunja flowers*.

And the scholar Jagadananda took all these. The saint bade him farewell with a heavy heart. And the Scholar now started for the holy Nilachala.

And the saint now thought of place for the Lord. And he found out a Matha among the Twelve Aditya peaks. And he himself cleansed the place, And he built a shed there before the Math for the Lord. And he kept the place reserved for the Lord.

Now in course of time the scholar Jagadananda reached the holy Nilachala. And the Lord and his devotees were much pleased to see him back. The Scholar now bowed down at the holy feet of the Lord. And the Lord embraced him. And the Scholar now met all the devotees of the Lord there. And all were pleased at his return.

And the Scholar bowed once more to the Lord in the name of the saint Sanatana. And he gave all Sanatana's gifts to him. And they were from the place of the *holy Rasa-dance* and other like objects. And the Lord kept all articles in deposit. But he distributed the *Pilu* fruits among all. And all ate the fruit in glee knowing it to be a holy fruit of the holy Vrindavana.

And he, who knew how to eat the fruit swallowed it whole with the stone. But he who did not know it, chewed it. And his mouth was burnt. And from his mouth spittle flowed in streams. So this eating of the *Pilu* fruits from

the holy Vrindavana Dasa was yet another *Lila of the Lord*. So the Lord continued his *Lilas* at the holy Nilachala.

And on another occasion it so happened that the Lord was going to a place called Yamesvara Tota. And he heard at the moment a *Devadassi* singing in a sweet tune called *Gurjari*. She sang a few lines from *Joydeva's Gita-Govinda*. And so sweetly did she sing that the whole world seemed to be enchanted by her song. And the Lord heard the song from a distance.

And he was overpowered with emotion as he heard it. But he knew not who sang the song, nor whether the singer was a man or woman. The Lord ran towards her to meet her. And as he ran, thorns of the *Sheja* plant pricked into his feet. And yet the Lord felt it not. The servant Govinda saw all these.

And he ran after the Lord in haste. The Lord was till running till the maiden was only at a short distance from him. And the servant Govinda overtook the Lord, held him in his arms saying, 'It is a woman that is singing, Oh Lord'

The Lord heard the word '*Woman*' and he at once recovered his sense. So he came back by the route which he took in going.

And the Lord now said to the servant Govinda, 'Thou hast saved my life today. Oh Govinda ! for if I had touched the woman, I would most assuredly have died.' So I shall never be able to repay thy debt'.

But the servant Govinda replied, 'It is the Lord Jagannatha that has saved you, Oh Lord ! I am too poor to do so noble a thing for myself'.



And the Lord said, 'Be with me and save me with care where-ever I may be'.

And thus the Lord spoke. He then left the spot. And he went to his own place. And when the saint Svarupa and others heard this, they were struck with great terror.

And on another occasion Raghunatha, son of Tapana Misra left all his works. For he wanted to pay visit to the Lord at the holy Nilachala. And so he started from the holy Baranasi. And he took the route that passed through Gauda. And he had with him a servant who carried his bags. Raghunatha now met Visvasa Ramadasa who was versed in all the scriptures. The latter was a Professor in *Kavya-Prakasa*. He was a Kayastha by caste. And he was a trusted officer of the King's office. He was a great Vaishnava and the Lord he worshipped was the *Lord Rama*. All the *eight Praharas* of the day and night Ramadasa spent in chanting the holy name Rama. He had renounced all worldly attachments.

And now he was on his way to Puri to see the holy place of the Lord Jagannatha. So Raghunatha, son of Tapana Misra, met Ramadasa on the way. And Ramadasa took the bags of Raghunatha on his head and carried it alone. And he served Raghunatha with different kinds of service. And he clasped his feet. And Raghunatha when he saw it felt a great delicacy.

And Raghunatha, son of Tapana Misra, now said to Ramadasa, 'You are a great scholar of the holy Bhagavata, Oh Visvasa. So you need not serve me. Let us both go as companions to the holy place of the Lord'.

But Ramadasa said unto him, 'I am a wretched fellow of a low caste. The worship of Brahmins is therefore my duty. So I feel no delicacy, Oh Brahmin, to serve you ! But I consider me as a servant of your. I do myself find a great pleasure in your service.'

And thus Ramadasa spoke ; and he carried the bags of Raghunatha himself and did him all service. And he muttered day and night the holy *Mantras* of the Lord Raghunatha that could grant him salvation.

And so Raghunatha son of Tapana Misra journeyed on. And he reached the holy Nilachala. He met the Lord there bowed to him and fell at his holy feet. And the Lord recognised him. And so, embraced Raghunatha.

And Raghunatha conveyed to the Lord the obeisance of his father Tapana Misra and also the obeisance of Chandrashekhara. And the Lord asked him the news of them both.

And the Lord also said unto him, 'You have done well by coming here, Oh Raghunatha. Visit here the Lord Jagannatha and take holy food from my place today'.

And the Lord then introduced Raghunatha to the holy saint Svarupa as well as to his other devotees. And he then commanded his servant Govinda to provide Raghunatha with a house, which he did.

And Raghunatha, son of Tapana Misra, stayed with the Lord for eight months. And as the Lord's affection for him increased day by day, his joy knew no bounds. And he invited the Lord from time to time to his place. And he made rice ; and he also cooked various curries for the Lord. And whatever he cooked was sweet as nectar ; for



he knew how to cook well. And the Lord ate with great satisfaction from his house. And Raghunatha too, used to eat the holy remainder from the Lord's leaf.

But the Lord was not so kind on Bisvasa Ramadasa when he first saw him. For the Lord, who was the Lord God himself, knew all; and he knew the hearts of all men. So he knew that Ramadasa was proud of his learning; and that at heart Ramadasa bore a desire for Salvation. But Ramadasa also stayed on at the holy Nilachala. And he began to teach *Kavya-prakasa* to the members of the family of the Pattanayaka. And the Lord after eight months bade adieu to Raghunatha. He forbade him to marry.

And he said unto him, 'Serve your old parents. Read the holy *Bhagavata* from a *Vaishnava*. And come again to Nilachala, to this holy place of the Lord Jagannatha.

And this the Lord spoke. And he then made over his own garland to Raghunatha. And he put it round his neck. He embraced Raghunatha and bade him adieu. And as Raghunatha left the Lord, his soul was filled with love. And he began to weep.

And Raghunatha now begged leave of the saint Svarupa and other devotees of the Lord. And he then took final leave of the Lord; and he left for Baranasi. And when he reached home, he served his parents for four years. And he also read the holy *Bhagavata* from a *Vaishnava*, as the Lord had commanded.

And when his parents breathed their last at the holy Baranasi, he became altogether unattached to the world. He renounced his home and his all. And he went back again to the Lord at the holy Nilachala. And he stayed with the Lord as he had done before for about eight months.

And at the expiration of the period the Lord again commanded him saying, 'Go to the holy Vrindavana, Oh Raghunatha! Go there and stay there with Rupa and Sanatana. Read there *the holy Bhagavata* and chant always the holy name of the Lord Krishna. And the Lord Krishna will ere long be merciful unto you'.

And this the Lord spoke to Raghunatha. And he then embraced him. And from the mercy of the Lord, Raghunatha became overwhelmed with love for the Lord Krishna.

And the Lord gave unto Raghunatha *a garland of the Tulasi* that was seven yards long. And he also gave unto him the betel-leaves that he received in course of a great *Mahotsava*.' And Raghunatha revered the garland as much as he received his own spiritual preceptor.

And Raghunatha now begged leave of the Lord and started for the holy Vrindavana. And he reached the holy place where he took shelter under saints Rupa and Sanatana. And at Vrindavana he used to read the *holy Bhagavata* from the saint Rupa. And as he read it, his heart ran mad in love ; for he had already obtained the mercy of the Lord. And tears flowed from his eyes as he read.

And at times he shook in emotion. And his voice was choked. At times again his eyes and his voice were so much choked that he could not read. His voice was sweet as the voice of the Cuckoo. And he knew the different musical pitches. So when he read one verse, he changed his tune with it ; and he sang the same sometimes in three and sometimes in four tunes.

And whenever he heard or read of the beauty and sweetness of the Lord Krishna, he was overwhelmed with love. And he forgot all that he was reading or hearing. For

he dedicated himself to the holy feet of the Lord Govinda, so that the holy lotus-feet of his Lord became the very treasure of his soul.

Now Raghunatha had many disciples. And by one of them he had a temple constructed for the Lord Govinda. And he gave unto his holy Lord a flute and an ear-ring of the shape of the crocodile. And he heard not gossips and spread them not. And he spent all the *eight Praharas* of the day in talks and worship of the holy Lord Krishna. And he never agreed to hear of any sinful act that a Vaishnava would commit. He only knew that all were devoted to the Lord Krishna and served the holy Lord.

And lo, his last work was this. When the holy devotee was breathing his last, he tied the holy garland that the Lord gave him round his neck with the holy garland. And he sang incessantly of the glory of the love for the Lord Krishna. And all this Raghunatha did from the mercy of our Lord Chaitanya. So I have now narrated the fruits of the mercy of the Lord on the devotee Raghunatha

Thus I have narrated in this chapter the visit of the scholar Jagadananda to the holy Vrindavana, And our Lord's experience of the song of a maiden. I have also narrated here Lord's mercy to Raghunatha and the devotee's love for the Lord Krishna. So I have narrated in one chapter all these three subjects. And whosoever will hear these with devotion, shall attain love for the Lord Krishna from our holy Lord.

Thus I Krishnadasa, all whose hopes of success are in the holy feet of the saints Sri Rupa and Raghunatha narrate the sweet career of the Lord Chaitanya on earth.

[END OF CHAPTER XIII]

CHAPTER XIV

[The holy delirium of the Lord begins from this chapter. So deep and all-absorbing was this love-delirium that in the intense ecstasy of it, the Lord became unconscious, his limbs became taller, his joints separated and in this unconscious state the skin seemed any how to cover up his limbs,]

And the Lord was beside himself with the deep feeling of separation from the Lord Krishna. And I shall now narrate a little of the signs of this feeling, which were visible on his body, in his brain and his heart.

Glory unto the Lord Chaitanya, who is the Lord God Himself. Glory unto the Lord Gaurachandra, who to his devotees was as dear as life. And glory unto the blessed Nityananda, who was so dear to the Lord; glory also unto the preceptor Advaitachandra, whom the Lord so dearly loved. And glory unto the saint Svarupa, Sribasha and other devotees of the Lord. May they all grant me power to narrate the holy career of the Lord on earth.

The ecstasy of love in the Lord for his separation from the Lord Krishna was a deep passion. And even sober-minded person cannot realise what it was. So how could I, who understands it not, do justice to it. And yet some will understand it and will delineate it too. And it is they whom the holy Lord will grant his power for the purpose.

The saint Svarupa and Raghunatha Dasa were at this time with the Lord. And they delineated these *Lilas* of the Lord in their writings. All other writers were then far away from the Lord. And these two shared from time to time the deep emotion of the soul of the Lord. And they



described it. And they described it sometimes briefly and sometimes at some length in their own diaries.

They recorded these feelings as they observed them from time to time. And the saint Svarupa kept them in the form of aphorisms; while Raghunatha Dasa elaborated them. And I now only expand upon the comments of Raghunatha Dasa. And my comments are like *Panji* comments. And yet, I would ask you, Oh Readers, to have faith in my delineations of these deep emotions of the Lord. For, from them you will obtain a knowledge of the Lord's emotions. And you will also obtain from it holy love for the Lord Krishna.

The grief that the Gopis felt when the Lord Krishna went to the holy Mathurá, did our Lord feel for his separation from the Lord Krishna. The delirium of the Lord's beloved Radha was repeated by the Lord. For the Lord's feeling too, like hers, gradually passed into delirium. He raved as his beloved Radha had raved when she saw the devotee Uddhava.

And the Lord was always in the frenzy of holy love as Radha was. And out of this deep frenzy he always considered himself as Radha. Sublime indeed, was this supreme frenzy of love in the Lord. And out of this sublime frenzy all these happened. So these are no wonders. And this sublime madness and this delirium came out of "Settled emotion" of love in the soul.

And so it is written,* 'Sometimes the emotion *Mohana* progresses through an unspeakably subtle route. It thus loses itself entirely in a unique condition of the soul' This condition, is called *Divyonmada* or 'supreme frenzy'.

* Ujjvala-Nilamani Sthayee 137.



And this, too, has many varieties, one is called *Udghurna* and another is called the *Chitra Jalpa*.

I shall now give examples of these emotions in the Lord.

And lo, one is this. On one occasion as the Lord lay on his bed, he dreamt that the Lord Krishna was disporting in the holy love-dance. And he saw the Lord in the dream with the holy flute in his lips. The body of the Lord was gracefully divided into three bends as he stood. And he put on a piece of yellow cloth; and he had a garland of the wild flowers of the forest round his neck. And so beautiful was the Lord Krishna, that he could enchant the God of love himself with his beauty. And the Gopis all danced in a circle round the Lord Krishna. And the Lord Krishna himself was dancing in the middle with his beloved Radha. As the Lord saw this vision he was overcome with loving ecstasy. And he thought, he obtained the sight of the Lord Krishna at the holy Vrindavana.

Now, the servant Govinda saw that the Lord was rather late in rising from sleep. And he therefore awakened the Lord. And the Lord awoke. And he recovered his senses. But he was much afflicted at heart when he found that he was awake. And as was usual with the Lord, he performed his daily duties. And he went as usual to see the Lord Jagannatha.

And in the morning the Lord saw the Lord Jagannatha from behind the image of *Garuda*. And a great number of people were in front of him.

Now, it so happened that a woman of Orissa could not see the Lord Jagannatha in the press. And so she rode on the image of *Garuda*. And she placed one of her feet on

the shoulder of the Lord and saw the holy Lord Jagannatha in that position.

And the servant Govinda saw it. And he made much ado to pull the woman down.

But the Lord forbade him to do so saying, 'Pull not the woman! for she is beside herself in her love for the Lord. Let her therefore see the Lord Jagannatha to her satisfaction.'

Thus the Lord spoke. And the woman now came down in haste. And she saw the Lord below. And she fell at the feet of the Lord and begged his pardon.

The Lord saw her attachment for the Lord Jagannatha and said to his devotees, "Fortunate indeed is this woman! for so much of attachment the Lord Jagannatha has not granted me. And the Lord continued saying, "And this woman has dedicated her body, her soul and her all to the Lord Jagannatha. So, even she put her foot on my shoulder, she could not know it. So fall, ye all, at her feet. Let her bless me. I myself hope to be like her if she would grant me her blessing."

And Lord again continued saying, "Once I saw the Lord Jagannatha. I saw the Lord as the Lord Krishna himself. And I saw him in a dream. And the dream clung to my soul; so that I saw the Lord with the holy flute in his lips, withersoever I might cast my eyes."

Now the Lord saw the woman; and he now recovered his external senses.

And he saw before him the Lord Jagannatha, the Lord Balarama and Devi Subhadra.

And as he saw them the memory of the holy war-field Kurukshetra revived in his mind. And he felt as if he himself was on that old field of battle.



And so the Lord cried out, "Alas! Alas! I am now at Kurukshetra. And far away from here is the holy Vrindavana"

And the Lord seemed impatient. And it seemed as if he had lost a jewel that he got through luck. So the Lord was sad. And he returned from the holy temple to his place. And here in his cottage the Lord sat down upon the ground. And he began to write something on the ground with his nails.

And as the Lord did so, tears flowed in torrents from his holy eyes

And the Lord cried out time and again, 'Alas! I got the holy Lord of Vrindavana, but now I have lost him. Alas! who has taken from me my Lord Krishna? Oh where is he? And where am I now?'

And thus the Lord exclaimed. And he was still under the spell of the dream. And his heart was still filled with love. But the moment he returned to consciousness, he felt as if he had lost a great jewel.

And the Lord danced; and he sang like a mad man. But he bathed and prayed and ate his meal as usual. And all these he did, as it were out of habit. And all night the Lord sat with the saint Svarupa and Raya Ramananda. And he opened to them both the secrets of his heart.

And the Lord thus spoke at night to the saint Svarupa and to Raya Ramananda. He had lost a jewel that he got; he remembered the virtue of it. And he was deeply sorry that he had lost it.

And so he said to Svarupa and Ramananda. Alas! Alas! I have lost a jewel that I got. And for it my heart

left this home, this body of mine ; it became a *Yogi*. And with my senses as its disciples, it is now roaming at large in the holy Vrindavana.'

And the Lord spoke in this strain with his arms round the neck of Svarupa and Ramananda ; 'Alas ! Alas ! where is my dear Lord Hari gone ? Oh where is he ? My patience is gone and I have been restless.'

And he continued saying, 'Listen ye, Oh friends, listen, the loving sweetness of my Lord Krishna is unique. For it, my heart yearned ; it abandoned the Vedic religion, the religion of society. And for it, too, has my heart been a *Yogi* and a beggar. For holy are the *Lilas* of the Lord Krishna. And they are pure as earrings made of conchshell.

And the holy artisan Suka has made these earrings. And I have worn these earrings in my ears ; and I have held the *gourdshell* of desire for the Lord in my hand. And also I carry the bag of my hope on my shoulders. And I have covered my limbs with the wrapper of thought. I have besmeared my body with ashes and dust and have made it dirty.

And I now cry out in delirium, 'Alas ! Alas ! where is my Lord Krishna ?' And the Lord continued complaining in this strain. And he said, "And the stick of anxieties is on my hand and the bag of my yearnings for the Lord is on my head. Still, I do not receive the desired alms.

And my body has therefore grown lean and thin for want of them. Yes, *the sages Vyas and Suka have described the Lilas of the Lord Krishna at Vraja in the holy scriptures like the Bhagavata*. The Lord Krishna is the supreme God and the supreme soul of all. And my heart today reads without ceasing those holy descriptions of the scriptures. And my heart is a great preceptor today.



And with *the ten senses* as its disciples, it has left its home which is this my body; yea, it has renounced all precious worldly enjoyments and has left for the holy Vrindavana. Alas, how supremely mad is my heart today?

And in the holy Vrindavana there are many householders. They are the trees and creepers, all that move and all that move not. And the disciples of my heart which are *the ten senses* beg food of them. And they receive roots and fruits and leaves as their food from them. Yet, in the holy Vrindavana *the Gopis taste the sweet nectar of the Lord's attributes*, his beauty, his sweetness, his fragrance, his voice and his holy touch. And what remains of this nectar after the *Gopis* have tasted it, the *five senses* give unto the heart. And the heart tastes it and lives upon these remainders. Yea, my heart dwells with its disciples in an empty bower in a nook of the holy Vrindavana.

And there it practises concentration; and there, too, it meditates on the Lord Krishna; and there it rests with its disciples. The holy Lord Krishna is the supreme self and supreme Lord.

And there it keeps up all night in holy contemplation to see the holy self of the Lord Krishna. Alas, it is separated from its Lord Krishna. And out of grief it has become a *Yogi*. And out of the separation, my heart has suffered all *the ten conditions* of the sorrow of separation; nay, it has been overwhelmed by them. And so it has fled from its home this body of mine, And the poor home is now altogether empty."

Once *the Gopis* suffered from all the *ten* painful conditions on account of their separation from the Lord Krishna. And all these *ten conditions* now showed themselves in the holy self of the Lord.

So, it is written.* “Out of the grief of separation *ten* painful conditions are born. And they are thought and anxiety, disease and delirium, madness and emaciation, dirtiness and insomnia, delusion and death.

And the Lord was overwhelmed with all these *ten conditions* day and night. And the time of appearance of none of these could be foreseen. And all these made the heart of the Lord always restless. Thus the Lord complained for a while. And he was then silent for sometime.

And Raya Ramananda now began to read the verses; while the saint Svarupa sang *the song of the Lilas* of the Lord Krishna. They both helped the Lord towards his return to external senses. And thus they passed half the night on that particular occasion. And now they laid the Lord down in the inner compartment. And Raya Ramananda went home; while the saint Svarupa and the servant Govinda lay at the door.

But the Lord kept up the whole night. And he sang in a loud voice *the holy name*. After a while, the saint Svarupa did not hear the voice of the Lord. So he opened the door. And he saw that all the other three doors were shut. And the Lord was not to be found within.

So the saint did not see the Lord within. He became extremely anxious. And he and others now lighted a fire and began to search the Lord.

And they went to the northern side of the Lion-gate seeking him. And there on a spot they found the Lord laying down. And as they found the Lord, they were pleased. But they became anxious at the very next moment when they observed the condition of the Lord.

* Ujjvala Nil-mani-64, The verse of the saint Rupa.



For the Lord was lying down to the length of five to six feet. And he was prostrate there. He was unconscious. And no breath was to be found in his nostrils. And each hand and foot of the Lord seemed as three cubits long. Only his body seemed a little warm. And his bones and joints were all separated. His skin seemed to cover them anyhow. And the joints of his hands, of his legs, of his neck and waist were all divided; and each bone in them seemed about half a cubit off from the other. Yea, the joints were all separated. Only the skin rested on them. And all these the seekers saw. And as they saw this condition of the Lord they were much aggrieved at heart.

And they saw much more. For the Lord had spittle and foam in his mouth. And his eyes were turned upwards. And as the devotees saw this they were almost dead for sorrow. Now, the saint Svarupa with all the devotees of the Lord uttered the holy name Krishna unto the ears of the Lord in a very loud voice. And this fortunately had its effect.

For after a while *the holy name* reached the heart of the Lord; he stood up all at once and thundered forth loudly uttering *the holy name Hari*. And the moment the Lord returned to consciousness all his joints were restored. And his body was what had been before. Thus unique love-games of the Lord, Raghunatha Dasa has narrated in his book *Chaitanya Stava*.

And the holy book is, as it were, another *Kalpa tree*. And thus the event is narrated there.* 'Once in the house of Kasi Misra the Lord felt the deep pang of separation from the Lord Krishna. The joints of his system became loose. And his hands and feet seemed abnormally tall. And the Lord wept with his voice choked and his heart laden with

*Stavabali—Dasa Goswami-4.

grief. And he felt down on the ground crying out, "Where, Oh, where is my Lord? Oh, that divine picture still flashes up in depth of my heart. And it pleases me beyond all measure'.

And the Lord now saw the Lion-gate before him. And he was surprised to see it. And he asked the saint Svarupa, 'What is this? What are you all doing here? But the saint Svarupa said, 'Rise up, Oh Lord! let us now go home. And there we shall tell you all that has happened.'

And thus he spoke. And he held the Lord and took him home. And he then told the Lord all that had happened to him.

The Lord heard it. But he was very much surprised. And he said unto the saint Svarupa, 'I remember nothing. I only see the Lord Krishna before me from time to time. And he comes as lightning; and he passes off to as lightning.'

And at this very moment the holy conch-shell of the Lord Jagannatha was blown. And the Lord heard it. He bathed and went to see the holy Lord.

Thus have I narrated an occasion on which wonderful symptoms were visible on the body of the Lord. And whosoever hears it, is struck with wonder. For the Lord revealed symptoms that were 'uncommon. These symptoms can not even be found in the scriptures. And yet the Lord, the very jewel of the Yogis, revealed them all. And common people will no believe in these symptoms; for they are so uncommon. And they, are not to be found even in the scriptures. But I Krishnadasa believe in them all; for I heard them from the saint Raghunatha Dasa; and so I narrate them here.

On another occasion it so happened that the Lord went to the sea. And on his way he found suddenly the mount



Chataka. And he was overwhelmed with love. And the Lord ran towards it. For he had taken it for *the mount Gobardhana*.

And so *the Gopis* said with reference to the Lord Krishna.* 'Oh Ye Sisters, this mount is certainly the best among the devotees of the Lord. For it has been blest with the touch of the holy feet of the Lords Krishna and Balarama. And it offers due worship to the Lords with drink, with sweet herbs and roots and also with its cows and its cowherds'.

And this poem our Lord recited. And he ran with the speed of wind towards *the hill Chataka*. And the servant Govinda saw this ; and he followed the Lord. But he could not overtake him. And so there was a big shout ; and a great uproar was heard. And whoever heard followed the Lord.

And all ran towards the sea-shore. And among these followers there were the saint Svarupa, the scholar Jagadnanda and Gadadhara, the saint Paramananda Puri and Bharati Brahmananda. And there also were in the company Ramai, Nandai and the scholar Sankara. And the Acharya Bhagawan too, who was lame, walked slowly towards the sea-shore.

And the Lord had so long run with the speed of the wind. But all on a sudden he became still as a statue. He could move no further. At every pore of his skin the flesh seemed swelled. *And each pore seemed as high as boil.* And with hair on it, *each of the pore looked like a fine Kadamba flower.* And from each hair perspiration flowed down. And the streams of it were as streams of blood. And the Lord could not utter anything. For the sound was stopped at his throat. And only a gargling voice came out of it. Both his eyes were

*Srimat Bhagavata 10-21-18.



filled with tears ; and tears flowed down in torrents. And the flow seemed like meeting *the holy Ganga* and *the holy Jamuna* with the sea. The limbs of the Lord became white as a conch-shell. And they shook like waves of the sea. They shook in intense emotion. And thus shaking, the Lord fell down on the ground.

By this time the servant Govinda came near him. And he scattered water on the limbs of the Lord from his jar. And he also put off the outer garment of the Lord and began to fan his limbs.

And in the meantime the saint Svarup and others also arrived. And they saw the condition of the Lord ; and they began to weep. Any they saw all the eight *Satvika* expressions on the limbs of the Lord. And as they saw this unique sight they were struck with wonder. And they sang the holy song aloud so that it might enter into the ears of the Lord. And they also washed the holy limbs of the Lord with cold waters.

And this process they repeated. And as they did this, the Lord suddenly jumped up with *the holy name Hari* in his lips. And all the Vaishnavas saw this. And they were now satisfied. And they too sang out *the holy name Hari*, so that the four directions seemed filled with the sound of the holy name.

So, the Lord now stood up. And he seemed as surprised. And he looked this way and that. And it seemed as if he looked at something, but could see it no more. But the Lord saw the Vaishnavas before him. And so half the external sense returned in him. He now began to speak to the saint Svarupa.

And the Lord said unto the saint, 'Who has brought me here from the mount Govardhana. Oh Svarupa? Tell me who has done it. For I could see there the love-games of my Lord Krishna. But I could not see them for long. I went from here to the holy mount Govardhana. And there I saw the Lord Krishna tending cows that were grazing round the mount. And I also saw the beloved one of the Lord, Radha, who heard the music of the flute and came near the Lord. Unspeakable, Oh Friends, was her beauty. And I cannot describe it.

And the Lord continued saying, 'And I saw the Lord entering a bower with his beloved Radha. And I saw the female friends going to gather flowers for the Lord and his beloved. But, Alas! at this very moment that you made an uproar and dragged me here from that holy place. I could not therefore, see all.

And the Lord now lamented saying, 'Alas! Alas! why have you brought me here? For here I find only pain and sorrow. I got a glimpse of the holy Lila of the Lord Krishna. And yet I could not see it all. And thus the Lord complained. And as the Vaishnavas saw this condition of the Lord, they also began to weep.

At this moment the saint Paramananda Puri and the Bharati Brahmananda came to the spot. And when the Lord saw them, his heart was filled with reverence for them. And the Lord wholly regained his senses. He bowed down to them both. And both of them embraced the Lord in love.

And the Lord now asked them saying, 'Why have you come so far?' And the saint Paramananda Puri replied, 'we have come here to see your dance'.

The Lord heard this. And he felt much ashamed. And the Lord now went to the sea-shore with all his devotees. And there he bathed. And from there he returned home and ate the holy food.

Thus have I spoken of the unique ecstasy of the Lord. Even the Lord Brahma could not fully describe the glory of it. And Raghunatha Dasa has also narrated *this Lila of the Lord*, namely, this visit of the Lord to *the hill Chataka* in his *Chaitanya Stava Kalpa Briksa*,

And lo, this is how he describes it. 'So the Lord saw the *mount Chataka* near him. And he said unto his friends, 'Oh Friends, how I see *the holy mount Govardhana* today at the holy Vrindavana'. And thus the Lord spoke. And he then ran like one mad towards it. Oh, the same holy Lord has now risen in my heart ; and he makes me mad like his holy self'.

All these *Lilas of the Lord* are full of wonders. Who will describe these ? And I have only indicated them in brief. And whosoever would hear them will attain holy love for the Lord Krishna.

Thus I Krishnadasa, all whose hopes of success are in the holy feet of the saints Rupa and Raghunatha, narrate the sweet career of the Lord Chaitanya on earth.

END OF CHAPTER XIV.



CHAPTER XV.

[Description of the holy love-delirium is continued here. And instances are given of some occasions on which it visited the Lord. In the course of this holy frenzy the Lord liked to listen to songs and slokas sung and recited by Svarupa and Ramananda. Sometimes, he himself sang in passionate language the glories of his Lord Krishna and lost himself entirely in the spirit of his own song. The Author quoted verses of his Govinda Lilamrita bearing the same spirit.]

And the soul of our Lord was immersed into an unfathomable ocean of love for the Lord Krishna. And yet it floated. And so the Lord completely proved the glory of the holy love for the Lord Krishna to all.

Glory unto the Lord Chaitanya, the Lord of us all ; glory unto the blessed Nityananda, who was joy incarnate ; glory unto the preceptor Advaitachandra, whom the Lord Chaitanya loved most. And glory also unto Srinibasha and other devotees of the Lord.

In this way the Lord passed his days. And he was absorbed day and night in his love for the Lord Krishna. And he was unconscious of his ownself. And the Lord had now three conditions. At times he was altogether absorbed ; on other occasions he was half conscious. And at times again he was in full consciousness. And the Lord bathed and ate and performed his duties as it were by a habit. For he was not his master. And he seemed like a machine turning always by itself like the wheel of the potter.

It so happened that on one occasion the Lord went to see the Lord Jagannatha. And as he looked at the Jagannatha it seemed to him, *that the Lord Jagannatha was Lord Krishna himself*. And all the five attributes began to attract all the

five senses of the Lord. But the mind was one. And yet the five attributes pulled it in five divergent directions. And so strong was the pull that the Lord fell down unconscious on the ground. At this moment *the holy Upala*-offer to the Lord Jagannatha ended. And all the devotees took the Lord home.

But the Lord now lamented, holding both the saint Svarupa and Ramananda round the neck. For his heart was like *the heart of Radha* overwhelmed by her separation from the Lord Krishna and speaking to her female friend Bishakha the reason of her grief. And the Lord recited the poem in which Radha spoke to Bishakha. For he felt great agony in his heart. And he wept; and he recited the poem to the saint Svarupa and to Raya Ramananda.

And lo, this was the sloka in which Radha spoke*, 'The beauty of the Lord, Oh Friend! is as an ocean of nectar. And with the waves of it the Lord overflows the hills that are the hearts of the maidens. His words, all full of humour, give joy unto the ear: his cool limbs surpass in coolness crores of moons. His lips are fine and sweet as nectar.

And the holy fragrance of his lips floods the whole world, Oh Friend! it is that holy Lord Krishna who attracts with all force all the five senses in me.' And the Lord sang saying, 'Sweet indeed is the beauty of the Lord. So are his speech and his touch. And sweet too is the fragrance of his lips. The five senses in me feel the sweetness of all these. And all these five senses are like five riders who ride one single horse that is my mind. And they drive the poor horse, my mind., in five different directions at a time.

Hear ye, Oh Friends, the cause of my grief. These five

* Govinda Lilamrita—8-3. Radha's speech to Bishaka.



senses in me are as five reckless robbers all intent on robbing other people's property. And they all have resolved to rob a thing that is not their own. And they drive my mind each in a different way in five directions at the same time. And they drive it at the very same moment so that the horse is about to die. Alas, I cannot bear so much of grief.

And yet I do not blame my senses; it is the beauty and sweetness of the Lord Krishna that attract them so fast. So why should I blame the senses? Five different sweetness of the Lord attract my five senses. So they run. And they are about to kill the horse they ride upon which is my mind, so that my life is about to depart from my body.

And the beauty of the Lord Krishna is as an ocean of nectar. Yes, one drop from that ocean will overflow the whole world. And it covers the hearts of all the maidens of the world which are so many high mountains. And it overflows them all.

And the speech of the Lord is sweet too. And it is full of much sweet humour. But the mischief that it does is unspeakable. For it enters by force the ears of all the maidens of the world. And by the cord of its sweetness it ties them all. And it pulls them so hard that the ears can hardly bear it.

And the limbs of the Lord are cool. And their power is unspeakable too. For an atom of this coolness surpasses in coolness sandal-wood paste even if it be billions of times cooler than the moon. It is able to attract the hearts of the maidens with bosoms swelled as hillocks.

And the limbs of the Lord are full of fragrance. And they surpass in fragrance, the fragrance of the musk. And they also defeat the power of the blue lotus in colour and

fragrance. And this fragrance dwells in the nostrills of all the maidens of the world. And by its help the Lord draws the hearts of them all.

And the nectar of the Lord's lips is sweet too. And when mixed with the sweet camphor of the Lord's smile, it grows still sweeter. This sweetness enchants the hearts of all the maidens. It causes all other yearnings to cease in the hearts of the maidens of Vraja. Yea, this sweetness is their chief wealth; and they feel deep despair if they cannot enjoy it.'

And thus did the Lord sing; and he held round the neck of both Svarupa and Ramananda as he sang. And he then exclaimed, 'Alas ! Alas ! what shall I do ? Where shall I get my Lord Krishna ? Tell me, Oh, tell me the means of getting my Lord.'

And thus the Lord lamented. And he lamented every day. And the saint Svarupa and Raya Ramananda who were with the Lord gave him consolation. And the saint Svarupa sang songs, while Raya Ramananda recited verses from the scriptures. And they sang songs and recited slokas from the *Karnamrita*, the *Gita-Govinda* and also from the works of the poet *Vidyapati*. And by their songs and recitations both of them gave joy unto the Lord.

And on another occasion the Lord saw all on a sudden a garden of flowers on his way to the sea. He was then going to bathe. And the Lord took the garden for the holy Vrindavana and ran into it. And there in the ecstasy of love the Lord began to seek his Lord Krishna.

In *Vraja lila* Lord Krishna fled with his beloved Radha from the holy love-dance. And the *Sakhis* sought Him when the Lord Krishna had gone away with her. And in the same sentiment the Lord was seized with the ecstasy of search.

And he looked at every tree and every creeper wheresoever he found them. And he talked unto them all reciting slokas from the speech of the Gopis.

For the Gopis addressed the trees on the bank of the Yamuna saying.* “Oh Chyuta, Oh Privala, Oh Asana, Oh Kovidara, Oh Jamboo, Oh Arka, Oh Vilva, Oh Vakula, Oh Amra, Oh Kadamba, Oh Nipa. Oh ye trees of the forest, you all dwell on the bank of the holy Yamuna. And benefit to others is your task ; and it is for this purpose that you are born. We all, Oh trees, are besides ourselves on account of our separation from the Lord Krishna. Tell us, Oh tell us, whither our Lord has gone. Show us the way to him.”

And they also said to the Tulasi, † ‘Oh holy Tulasi ! thou lovest the holy feet of the Lord. And the Lord Krishna accepts thee even with the black bees upon thee. Have you seen that beloved one of yours today ? Have you, Oh Malati, Oh Mallika, Oh Jati, Oh Joothika, seen your beloved Lord Krishna ? Has he with the sweet touch of his palms entertained you and taken this route to the forest ?’

And the Lord recited these poems. And he said, ‘Oh Amra, Oh Priyala, Oh Jambu, Oh Kovidara, you all are dwellers of this holy place ; you all do good to others. Did the Lord come here ? Did you see him ? Tell me where my Lord Krishna is and save my life.’

And thus the Lord complained. But he received no reply. And he therefore meditated in himself, ‘All these are of the male type. And they are so many friends unto the Lord Krishna. So why should they tell me where my Lord is ? Let me go to these creepers. And they are like female

* Srimat Bhagavata 10-30-9

† Srimat Bhagavata 10-30-7, 8.

friends to me. So they must tell if they have seen my Lord.' And the Lord thus cogitated. And he began to ask the holy *Tulasi* and other plants and creepers the news of his Lord.

And the Lord said unto them, 'Oh *Tulasi*, Oh *Malati*, Oh *Juthi*, Oh *Madhavi*, Oh *Mallika*, have any one of you seen your favourite *Krishna*? Did the Lord come to you? You all are friends unto me. So tell me the news of my Lord and save my life.'

So the Lord thus complained. Yet he received no reply. And he now thought within himself, 'They are all serving maids of the Lord *Krishna*. So they fear to speak out the truth. And the Lord now saw number of roes in front of him. And he obtained from them the fragrance of the limbs of the Lord. And he saw their faces. And he felt sure that they saw the Lord *Krishna*.

And so the Lord asked them saying, *'Oh My Friends! did you see the Lord *Krishna*? Were your eyes soothed by the holy sight of the Lord's beautiful face and arms? Has the Lord come here with his beloved *Radha*? For I feel here even now the fragrance of the sweet wreaths of the *Kunda flowers* of the Lord. And I know these flowers are red by the saffron on the bosom of his beloved *Radha* after their loving association.'

And the Lord also said unto the roes, 'Tell me, Oh, tell me, if my Lord came here; if he came here with his beloved *Radha* to give you joy; Oh, tell me the truth. Do not hesitate. Yes, '*Radha is indeed the beloved of the Lord*, but *we too are not strangers but her dear ones*. And we know the fragrance of his limbs from a distance.

And we see that the wreaths of the Lord made of the Kunda flowers have left their fragrance to the air. And these wreaths are always adorned by the colour of the saffron on the bosom of Radha with whom the Lord so lovingly associates.'

And the Lord again said to himself, 'Alas ! Alas ! what reply will they give ? They too are in deep despair for separation from the Lord. They do not hear my words. So what reply can I expect from them.'

And the Lord now saw some trees before him. And they were bent down with flowers and fruits. Their branches touched to the ground. And the Lord thought *that they all bowed down to the Lord Krishna as he passed.* And the Lord inferred from this, that the Lord Krishna had certainly passed by that route. And so he addressed these words to them.

And the Lord asked them in words that *the Gopis* of yore had used. And he said, * 'Oh Trees ! did the Lord take this route ? Did he bless your humble bowers with his loving look ? Did you see him followed, as he was, *by the black bees of the holy Tulasi ?* For these bees were enchanted by the sweet fragrance of his limbs ? He went with his left hand round the neck of his beloved Radha and with his right hand carrying a full-blown lotus.'

And the Lord again asked the trees saying, 'Tell me the truth, Oh Trees ! tell me ; tell me if the Lord noticed your obeisance or not ; for he might have been inattentive ; he might then have been busy striking off with the lotus in his hands the enchanted black bees, because the bees had

* Srimat Bhagavata 10-30-12



been falling on the sweet face of his beloved Radha to enjoy the dewy sweetness of her face.

And the Lord continued saying, 'All these servants of the Lord are much aggrieved on account of separation from the Lord : so they know not what reply to make.' And he then proceeded forward. And it seemed to him as if he reached the holy bank of the Yamuna. And here the Lord seemed actually to see his Lord Krishna.

And here he saw him under the boughs of a Kadamba tree. And his beloved Krishna then had the sweet flute in his lips. And the beauty of his Lord transcended the beauty of crores of *Madanas*. And it knew no bounds. It could enchant the eyes and hearts of all the creation of the world.

And the Lord saw their beauty. And as he saw it, he fell down senseless on the ground. At this very moment the saint Svarupa and others reached the spot and saw the Lord there in that condition. And they saw again all the Sattvika symptoms on the limbs of the Lord as they had seen before. And the Lord was overcome physically by the loving ecstasy. But his heart was filled with the sweet experience he had with his Lord Krishna.

And all of them now brought the Lord back to his senses as they had done before. And the Lord stood up. He looked in all the four directions. And he cried out saying, 'Where is my Lord Krishna, Oh, where is he? I saw him only now ; and his beauty enchanted my eyes and my heart. Why do I not see now my Lord who has the holy flute in his lips. Alas ! Alas ! my eyes are looking this way and that yearning pitifully for the sweet presence of my Lord, Oh, where is he ?' And thus the Lord complained. And he then recited the sloka in which Radha spoke to her friend Bishakha.

For Radha said,* 'Oh Friend ! prettier than the new nimbus is the soothing colour of my Lord ; and prettier than lightning is the beauty of his cloth. So, too, prettier than the autumnal moon is the Lord's moon-like face, And the face of my Lord is rendered prettier still by the fine flute in his lips.

And a pretty wreath of fine jewels bright as stars adorns his neck. My Lord is, moreover, adorned with the fine feathers of the peacock on his head. Oh Friend, my eyes yearn for a sight of my Lord who could enchant the very God of love with his beauty.'

And the Lord now sang,—'Beautiful, indeed, is the complexion of my Lord : it is blue as the new cloud and fine as the melted collyrium. The limbs of the Lord are softer than the petals of the lotus. Nay, the beauty of the Lord is beyond all comparison. And it enchants the eyes of all. Tell me, Oh Friend, what shall I do ? My Lord is a pretty cloud and my eyes are *the Chatakas*. And if they would not see him, they would almost die for fear of draught. Bright as lightning is the yellow colour of my Lord's cloth. And the colour of the Lord's cloth is as the steady lightning. And beautiful as a row of white heron is the row of pearls in his wreath. And the crest on the Lord's head-dress made feathers of the peacock is beautiful as a rainbow.

And yet another rainbow is the garland on the neck of the Lord. And the sound of his flute is sweet. And the peacocks of *the holy Vrindavana* as they hear its sweet music dance in joy. The face of the Lord is as a spotless full moon, bright and beautiful with its soft and sweet splendour.

And the face of the Lord is like the moon in the centre of a piece of blue cloud. And the Lord who is as the blue cloud showers the nectar of his *Lilas* on all the fourteen



worlds. But also, the moment this cloud was visible, the storm of my misfortune came and it swept it far away from me, so that my *Chataka-like* eyes could not drink of it; and they now die of thirst'. And thus the Lord sang.

And he said again with his voice choked, 'Alas ! Alas ! read on, read ye on, Oh Ramananda.' And Ramananda recited another sloka. And the Lord who had his heart both full of joy and sorrow at the same moment himself explained it.

And Ramananda read on the speech of *the Gopis* to the Lord Krishna. For the Gopis said,* 'Oh Thou Beautiful One ! we see thy sweet face ; it is covered all over with locks of hair. Thy lips are full of sweet nectar ; and thy eyes bear a smiling side-glance. Thy cheeks are bright and shining. And the croco-rings in thy ears hang beautifully. Thy arms drive all terrors of our souls. And thy breast which is beautiful is adorned with pieces of fine hair. And these hairs, we know are the Goddess Lakshmi who had thus transformed herself to dwell always on Thy breast.

And as we see your heart and your face, Oh Lord, our hearts yearn to serve thy beautiful self.' And this was the verse and the Lord explained it by a song. And lo, the song was this, 'The face of the Lord Krishna is more beautiful than the lotus or the moon. And it is a trap for the roes. His sweet smiles on the lips are as food for them. And the roes enjoy them as the Gopis of Vraja did. And the roes came and they are caught in the trap. And so they leave their husbands, their houses, their sense of shame and their all behind, And they are turned unto so many loving maids of the Lord.

* Srimat Bhagavata 10-29-30

The Lord is their friend and yet his conduct is as the conduct of the hunter. For he cares not the rules of conduct in hitting them. He enchants the hearts of *the Gopis* who are as so many roes ; yea he devises many means for it. He enchants these *Gopis* with his shining cheek and with his croco-rings dancing gracefully from his ears. And with his sharp side-glance full of smile, he aims at the hearts of them all.

And he fears not to kill these women in love. And the breast of the Lord is broad and high. And it is adorned with hairs which are the Goddess Lakshmi herself transformed. And yet this breast of the Lord is a veritable robber ; for it enchants the hearts of the innumerable *Gopis* of Vraja. And it is able to make loving maids of them all. And the arms of the Lord are soft. And they are as two bars of wood.

And yet they are more like the black cobras than arms. For they enter the bay between the two mount-like breasts of women and bite them in the hearts. And the bitten ones suffer the deep pain of the venom. And the palms of Lord's hands and feet are cool as moon, yea, are a crore of times cooler.

And they are cooler far to touch than camphor and the Sandal-wood-paste. And once they touch a woman they kill her with the poison of love. And yet all women yearn for a sweet touch of them, these palms of the Lord. And thus the Lord lamented. And he recited a sloka in this state of ecstasy. And the sloka bears on the theme. And it was one, in which Radha opened freely the sorrows of her heart to her friend Bishakha.

And lo, this was the sloka, in which Radha spoke to



Bishakha, * 'Oh Friend ! the bosom of my Lord is broad and beautiful as a door of sapphire ; his arms are as bars that shut out grief for love from the hearts of young maidens. His limbs are cool as the moon, as the lotus, as camphor, or as yellow Sandal-wood paste. Oh it is this Lord Krishna, the very enchanter of the God of love, who creates in my bosom a yearning for his loving self.'

Thus the Lord complained. And he now said to Ramananda and others, 'Oh ye Friends ! I got my Lord only now. And yet, as ill luck would have it, I have lost him. Alas ! Alas ; what shall I do ? For the Lord is fickle. He would not remain for long on one single spot. He comes before us, enchants us and he vanishes all on a sudden from our sight.'

And so the sage Suka, 'Oh Friend ! said to the king Parikshit † 'The Lord Krishna vanished. And he vanished even from the place of the *holy circle-dance* : for the Lord saw the pride in *the Gopis* on account of their good fortune. He also saw their loving attachment. He would kill their pride and increase their loving attachment, and he vanished.'

And the Lord again said to the saint Svarupa, 'Sing a song to me, Oh Svarupa ! a song that would console my heart.'

And the saint sang in sweet tune a line from the *Gita-Govinda*. And the Lord heard it.

And lo, this was the line that saint sang, ‡ Oh friend Bishakha ! my mind now remembers the Lord Krishna. He disported in *the holy circle-dance* on the bank of the holy

* Govinda Lilamrita 8-7 Radha to Bishaka.

† Srimat Bhagavata 10-29-48

‡ Gita-Govinda 2-2.



Yamuna at Vrindavana with a heart all full of the joy of humour.'

And when the saint Svarupa sang the line, the Lord heard it. And in the ecstasy of love he stood and began to dance. And all the eight Sattvika symptoms were again visible on his limbs. The feelings of joy and wantonness all swelled. And these feelings rose and combined; and they became supremely high. And they fought with one another and all of them were strong.

And the Lord asked the saint Svarupa time and again to sing a *pada*. And time and again he tasted the sweetness of the song. And as the saint sang, the dance of the Lord became all the more intense. And the Lord danced thus for a long time. At length the saint Svarupa sang his song.

But the Lord cried out again and again saying, *Bole, Bole*. But the saint did not sing; for he knew that the Lord was extremely tired. And yet the Lord cried out *Bole, Bole*. And all the devotees heard this. So from all sides they sang out *the holy name*.

And Raya Ramananda now seated the Lord. And he fanned him for a time till the strength of the Lord was restored. And Ramananda took the Lord to sea, where he and the Lord bathed. And Ramananda then brought the Lord home. And he fed the Lord and made him lie down for sleep. When the Lord laid down for rest, all devotees went to their respective places.

Thus have I narrated the Lord's *Lilas* in the garden where he had entered and which he had taken for the holy Vrindavana. I have also narrated the Lord's holy delirium together with the supreme frenzy of his soul. And all these the saint Rupa has also narrated.

And the saint Rupa thus narrates it,* 'Oh, shall I ever see the holy Lord Chaitanya again? Will the Lord ever again walk before my sight? Oh, I remember my Lord. I know how at times he was overwhelmed with love at the thought of the bowers on the shore of the sea which he mistook time and again for the holy Vrindavana. And I also know how his tongue trembled as uttered with it the holy name of 'Krishna' in the sweetness of loving faith.

Infinite indeed are the *Lilas of the Lord*. And it is impossible to narrate them all. And so I only touch them here to introduce the readers into their truth.

Thus I, Krishnadasa, all whose hopes are in the holy feet of the saint Rupa and Raghunatha narrate the sweet career of the Lord Chaitanya on earth.

END OF CHAPTER XV.

*Stavamala Chaitanyastaka 1-6.

CHAPTER XVI.

[This chapter describes the devotion of Kalidasa, a follower of the Lord. He used to eat the 'Uchhista' or remainder of food of Vaishnavas irrespective of caste or creed. And *this very step was enough to give supreme love for the Lord Chaitanya*. He got the mercy of the Lord when he came to Nilachala.

The Lord makes a seven years' old son of Sivananda utter a Sanskrit sloka ; and the Lord beautifully describes in his holy delirium the sweetness of the 'lips' of his Lord Krishna.)

And I bow to the holy Lord Krishna-Chaitanya ; for the Lord tasted the sublime sweetness of love for the Lord Krishna. And he also taught others and initiated others into love for the same holy Lord by making them taste of it.

Glory unto the Lord and to the blessed Nityananda ; glory unto the preceptor Advaitachandra and to all the devotees of the Lord.

Thus the Lord lived at the holy Nilachala. And he was always besides himself with love. And so too were his devotees. And at the end of one year, came again from Gauda to the holy Nilachala the followers of the Lord, And they came as usual and met the Lord. And the Lord now enjoyed their company. And as he did, so he returned step by step to the thoughts of the world outside. And he danced as he had done of yore *before the Car during the holy Car festival* with them. And with those devotees of the Lord from Gauda there came another man on this occasion. And his name was Kalidasa. And to him nothing was so dear as the holy name of the Lord Krishna.



And he was a great saint ; and he was benevolent too. He was straight-forward in nature. And in his manners the holy name of the Lord was his guide. For even when he played at dice for amusement, Kalidasa would utter the holy name ; he would throw his dice with the name in his lips. And he was an uncle of Raghunatha Dasa. And all his life till to his old age *he ate the remainder of Vaishnava's food.*

And he ate the remainder of the food of all the Vaishnavas of Gauda. For he went to all the Brahmins and Vaishnavas of the place great or small, presented them with good articles of food. When they ate the food, he would beg the pot with the remainder of them. And it so happened that he could not on certain occasion get such a remainder. He would then conceal himself somewhere and would see *where a leaf with a Vaishnava's remainder might be thrown.*

And from these would he take the leaf and lick the little remainder that might be there. And he did the same also with Vaishnavas of the Sudra caste. And he went to them with articles of food as presents. And he secretly ate the remainder of their food. There was a Vaishnava at Gauda whose name was Jharoo. And he was a *Bhuimali* (sweeper) by creed. And one day Kalidasa went to his place with some mangoes as present. And he offered the mangoes to Jharoo and bowed at his feet. And he also bowed to the wife of Jharoo.

And Jharoo was then sitting with his wife at home. And when he saw the devotee Kalidasa he stood up. And he showed high respects to the devotee Kalidasa. And he talked with the devotee for sometime. And when the talk ended Jharoo spoke thus to him in sweet words. And he said to the devotee Kalidasa, "I am a man of low creed.



You are a respectable guest. How shall I serve you? If you would be so pleased, I may make arrangements for your food in a Brahmin's house. For if you take food, then alone can I be satisfied."

And thus Jharoo, the Vaishnava spoke. And the devotee Kalidasa now said, 'Be kind to me, Oh Vaishnava. For I am a wretched fellow; and I have come to see you. And your very sight has purged me of my sins. I am now blessed; and I take my life as blessed indeed.' And the devotee Kalidasa continued saying, 'Yet I have a desire unfulfilled. I pray you that I grant it out of your mercy. Hold your holy feet on my head and put on it the dust of your feet.'

And Jharoo was surprised. He now said, 'You should not speak thus to me, Oh Devotee! for I am of a very low creed, while you come of a higher caste. And you are a holy personage also. And the devotee Kalidasa now recited a verse to Jharoo. And Jharoo was pleased as heard it.'

And lo, this was the verse. And the Lord Krishna spoke it to himself,* 'The followers of the four Vedas are not my only devotees. For even a *Chandala* may be my favourite, if he would have faith in me. And to him should things be given, and from him should things be taken. And he is as much an object of reverence as I myself.'

And so also it is written,† 'A *Chandala* who is a *Vaishnava*, and who by speech and heart has dedicated his works and wealth to the Lord Krishna is better than a Brahmin, who has all the twelve attributes in him, but who is averse to the holy lotus-feet of the Lord. For the *Chandala* would

* Haribhaktivilasa 10-91.

† Srimat Bhagavata 9-9.



purify his creed, while the proud Brahmin will not even purify his ownself.'

And so, too, it is written, 'Even a *Chandala*' 'Oh Lord' *in whose tongue the holy name dances, is great.* For those, who utter the holy name of the Lord, obtains the merits of performing all penances and of offering all kinds of sacrifices unto the Lord.

Now Jharoo, the Vaishnava heard this. And he said to the devotee Kalidasa. 'All this is true; and the scriptures speak of them all. He indeed is low who has no faith in the Lord Krishna. But I am of a low creed. And I have no faith in the Lord Krishna. Others may be holy, but I have known I am not.'

Thus Jharoo spoke. Still the devotee Kalidasa bowed to him and begged his leave to go. And Jharoo came a distance to see the devotee off. And he bade him good bye and went back to his house. And the devotee Kalidasa now saw the foot-prints of the Vaishnava Jharoo on the ground. And he took dust from there and besmeared all his limbs with it. And he concealed himself in a place close by.

And Jharoo now went home. And he saw there the mangoes brought by the devotee Kalidasa. And he dedicated them all with a devoted heart to the Lord Krishna. And his wife now took out the mangoes one by one from the basket, made of plantain leaves.

And Jharoo began to suck the juice from the fibres. And, after sucking he put the stones of mangoes into the basket. And when he had eaten, his wife also began to eat the mangoes. And she also sucked juice from the fibres and

* Srimat Bhagavata 33-7.



left the stones in the basket. She now filled the basket with the stones and she threw it into the ditch for refuse outside.

And the devotee Kalidasa saw this. He picked up the basket. And he began to suck the stones. And as he sucked them, he felt the exhilaration of holy love. In this same way the devotee Kalidasa ate the remainder of the food of all the Vaishnavas of Gauda.

And the same Kalidasa was now at Nilachala. He came to pay a visit to the Lord. And the Lord saw him and was merciful unto him.

Now the Lord used to see the holy Lord Jagannatha everyday. And when he went there the servant Govinda followed him with the jar. For the Lord used to wash his feet in a low place under, of the temple behind the door, which was to the north of the Lion-gate. And he used to do this every day before he visited the holy Lord. And the Lord commanded the servant Govinda, 'Take care, see, Oh Govinda! that no one takes the water with which my feet are washed.' So none could procure this holy water. Only the staunch devotees of the Lord whom the Lord loved dearly could get it sometimes under some pretence or other.

And on one occasion when the Lord washed his feet there with water, the devotee Kalidasa came. And he placed his hand below the feet of the Lord to hold water. And one by one the devotee drank three handfuls of water. When he took the third handful, the Lord saw it. And he forbade the devotee to do so saying, 'I have given you enough of the desire of your heart, so do not take any more of that water.'

And the Lord knew all. And he was supreme among

the 'Seers'. So he knew at heart that the devotee Kalidasa had supreme faith in the Vaishnavas. It was for this faith in him that the Lord was kind unto him. And it was for this gift again that the Lord gave him so precious a thing that few could secure.

Now there was the Lord Nrisimha behind the *Baishpasha* on the left side of the path. And the Lord used to bow to it everyday. And as he bowed to the holy Deity, he recited a verse.

And lo this was the verse : *I bow to thee, *Oh holy Lord Nrisimha*, thou wert the charitable Lord who gave joy unto the devotee Prahlada ; thou wert the powerful holy Lord, who with his nails pierced the stone like breast of the Hiranyakashipu. Thou art here with us in this life. And thou wilt be with us in the next. And indeed where-so-ever we might go, thou art always with us there.'

The Lord then saw the Lord Jagannatha in the temple. And he returned home. He performed his midday duties and ate his meal. But all along the devotee Kalidasa was waiting outside in hope to obtain the remainder of his food. And the Lord could know it.

And the Lord spoke to Govinda by sign that Kalidasa was waiting outside. And the servant Govinda could understand it. For he knew the secret of all the signs of the Lord. And the servant Govinda now gave the leaf with the holy remainder to the devotee Kalidasa.

And the devotee accepted this in joy. So great is the power of eating the holy remainder of Vaishnava's food. It secured for the devotee Kalidasa the boundless mercy of

* Nrisimhapurana.

the Lord Chaitanya. Eat ye, Oh Readers ! the holy remainder of the Vaishnava's food. Yea, give up all hate and hesitation and shame and eat it. *For from it you are sure to obtain all objects that you desire.*

The remainder of the Lord Krishna's food is called *Mahaprasada*. And equally holy is the remainder of the food of a devotee of the Lord. The remainder of the food of a devotee as well as water touched by his feet are both holy. And so too is the dust of the feet of a devotee.

All these three have great powers. For through these three one may obtain love for the Lord Krishna. And the scriptures also mention this truth with all emphasis. And I too repeat it to you time and again, Oh Devotees, *Have faith in all these three holy things* and revere them. And through them will love for the holy name swell in your heart ; and you will secure the grace of the Lord Krishna. Look at the fortune of the devotee Kalidasa and have faith in my words ; for he, Kalidasa, was a living example of this truth.

And thus the Lord lived at Nilachala. And he granted his mercy unto the devotee Kalidasa. And he did it in such a way that other could not see it. And it so happened that Sena Sivananda too came to Nilachala that same year. He had his wife with him. And youngest child whose name was Puridasa also came. And he went before the Lord with his son. And he made his son bow at the holy feet of the Lord.

And the Lord saw the boy. And he said to him time and again, '*Say the holy name Krishna, Oh say it.*' Yet the boy did not utter it. And Sivananda tried his best to



persuade the boy utter the holy name. And yet the boy could not do so.

And the Lord said, 'I have made the whole world utter the holy name, yea, even the dumb objects have uttered it. But I cannot make this boy utter the holy name. What a wonder is this ?'

And the saint Svarupa heard this ; and he laughed. And he said unto the Lord, 'You have given him. Oh Lord, the holy name as his *Mantra*. And he has accepted it. How would he now utter that sacred *Mantra* before any other person ? All the same he mutters the holy name in himself ; only he would not utter it in words. And this, Oh Lord, I take to be the secret of his soul.'

And on another occasion the Lord asked the boy Puridasa to recite a poem. And Puridasa made a poem and recited it to the Lord. And this was the poem : * 'My Lord Hari is beautiful indeed. He is adorned with blue lotus on his ears, with collyrium on both his eyes, with wreath of the best of pearls on his breast. And my Lord is the central glory of the females of Vraja. And thus shines my Lord Hari with all his supreme glory on him.'

And all the persons there heard it. And they wondered ; for *Puridasa, a boy of seven, could compose such a splendid poem*. And the boy, withal, was not initiated in his study. But this was due to the mercy of the Lord Chaitanya. And the mercy of the Lord will seem immeasurable even to Gods like the Lord Brahma.

And in this way the followers of the Lord stayed with him for four months. And when the Lord commanded

* A sloka by Kavikarnapura.

them to go to Gauda, they all did it. And as long as the Lord was in their company, he knew a little of the external world. But when they left Nilachala, the holy delirium of the Lord returned and became all the more powerful. And day and night was the Lord enchanted by the beauty and sweetness of his Lord Krishna.

And on another occasion it happened that the Lord went to see the holy Lord Jagannatha. And he saw the guard of the Lion-gate in front of him. And there the porter bowed down to the Lord. And the Lord asked him saying, 'Dost thou know, Oh Warder ! Where my Lord Krishna is ? Dost thou know it ? Take me to my Lord, Oh Friend. And thus the Lord spoke. And as he spoke he held the hand of the porter.

And the porter now said unto the Lord, 'Yes, I know it. Lord Krishna is here, follow me and we both shall see the Lord together.' And the Lord was overjoyed when he heard this. And he said to the porter, 'Thou art my friend ; show me, Oh Friend, the Lord Krishna, who is the Lord of my life.'

And thus the Lord spoke. And he went hand to hand with porter near the holy Lord Jagannatha. And the warder now said unto the Lord, 'Here is thy Lord Krishna, Oh Lord. Look at him and see him to the full satisfaction of thy eyes.'

So they both stood behind the image of Garuda. And from there they saw the holy Lord of the temple. And the warder again said unto the Lord, 'Look there, the Lord Krishna is there with the holy flute in his lips.' This *Lila* of the Lord, Raghunatha Dasa has narrated. And he has narrated it in his book *the Gauranga Stava Kalpa Briksa*.

And this is how he narrates the speech of the Lord to the warder, *'Where is my Lord Krishna, Oh Friend, where is he? Take me soon there and show me my Lord. The Lord thus spoke to the warder like a mad man. And the warder said, 'Here is your Lord. Go and see him soon.' When he thus spoke, the Lord took him by the hand and told him to guide him. Oh, may the holy Lord Gauranga who did so, appear in my heart and bless it with holy joy.'

And just at this moment *Gopala Ballava Bhoga* was offered to the Lord Jagannatha. And bells and conches were sounded. The holy offer was finished before long. And the worshippers of the Lord Jagannatha now came before our Lord with the holy food. And they also put a garland on the neck of the Lord. And they gave him holy food on his hands.

And the food was excellent; for not to speak of its taste, its very fragrance satisfied the heart. And the holy food was precious; and it was an excellent thing. So the worshipper of the Lord Jagannatha prayed unto our Lord to taste a little of it then and there. The Lord was agreeable. And he tasted a little of it with his tongue there. And the rest of it the servant Govinda tied to the end of his cloth and took home.

So the Lord tasted a little of it; and he got in it a sweetness crores of time sweeter than the sweetness of nectar. And his heart was filled with joy. And tears flowed down from his eyes. And the Lord wondered how the food could have so much of sweetness; and he thought that the sweetness of the lips of Lord Krishna was certainly added to it. And as the Lord thus thought he was overcome with

* Stavabali : Gauranga Stava-kalpa Briksha.



loving ecstasy. But he restrained himself ; for he saw the worshippers of the Lord Jagannatha before him.

Yet he said time and again, 'Indeed, one single particle of this holy remainder could be obtained only by virtues of the deepest kind.'

As the Lord thus spoke, the worshipper asked him what he meant. And the Lord replied saying, 'What you have given me, Oh Worshipper, is nectar from lips of the Lord Krishna. It defeats all other nectars in sweetness. And so precious is it that even Gods like the Lord Brahma could hardly obtain it. And the name of the remainder of the Lord Jagannatha's food is called *Phela* or the holy remainder. Whoever could get a particle of it was indeed blessed.'

And the Lord continued saying, 'It is no ordinary fortune that could give such a thing, Oh Worshippers. For he alone, on whom the Lord Krishna is entirely merciful, could secure it. The word *Sukriti* means merits earned from the mercy of the Lord Krishna. And he alone, who has earned such merits, will secure a little of this holy remainder. Such a person is blessed indeed.' And thus the Lord spoke. And he then bade good bye to all the worshippers there.

And the Lord now saw the holy *Upala* (morning food) offer to the holy Lord of the temple and he then returned home. And at home he performed his midday duties and ate his meal. But at his heart the desire for tasting the sweetness of the lips of the Lord Krishna always swelled. Yea, his heart was full to the brim with love even when he did other works.

And he felt the force of loving ecstasy again and again.

Yet he restrained himself although he did this with much ado. Now when it was evening, the Lord said his vespers. And he sat in the assembly of his followers. And he passed his time with them in the pleasure of holy conversation on his beloved Lord Krishna.

And the servant Govinda brought holy food at the instance of the Lord. And the Lord sent a little of it for the saint Paramananda Puri and for Brahmananda. And the Lord distributed the holy food among the saint Svarupa, Raya Ramananda, the scholar Sarvabhauma and others; and they all tasted the sweetness and fragrance of the holy food. The taste was unique. And they were all surprised how this could be so.

And the Lord now said to them all. 'All these objects of the offer are objects of nature; for they are but molasses, camphor, chilli, cardamom and cloves and cinnamon. And here is also in this sweet food cinnamon. And they should all have their natural taste, but here they have all got a unique taste. Each of them is wonderfully sweeter and more fragrant. Taste them and you will feel it: yea, not to speak of tasting, their very fragrance is charming. And this fragrance makes us forget all sweetness but their own.'

And the Lord continued saying, 'All these are so, because the Lord Krishna has touched them all with his sweet lips, because these objects have all been blest by the virtues of the sweet lips of the Lord. For unique, Oh Friends! are the taste and fragrance of the lips of the Lord Krishna. They are both intoxicating. They make forget all other sweetness and fragrance. So it is from much merits that this sweetness has been transmitted into these objects. Taste ye all these sweet objects with much reverence.'

And all the devotees of the Lord heard this. And they tasted the articles. But before they did so, they chanted the holy name *Krishna*. And as they tasted them, their hearts were all filled with loving ecstasy. And the Lord also was overwhelmed with ecstasy. And he commanded Raya Ramananda to recite a verse which he did.

And lo, this was the verse, * 'Oh Dear, give unto us the sweetness of your lips ; for it would increase in us the desire of loving association, it would kill all our sorrows. It kisses the singing flute so gracefully. And it will certainly make women forget all their desire of enjoying other sweetness'.

And the Lord heard this verse. And as he heard it, he was completely overwhelmed with loving ecstasy. And he himself repeated a *sloka* that paints the sorrow of Radha, the beloved of the Lord krishna for the Lord.

And lo, this is how Radha spoke unto her friend Bishakha : † Oh Friend, sweet, yea, incomparably sweet is the nectar in the holy lips of my Lord ; it kills the desire for all other sweetesses in the heart of the women of Vraja. And none who has not enough of merits could ever get a particle of this sweetnees. Yea, even a small particle of betel-leaf chewed by the Lord defeats in taste the sweetness of nectar. So my tongue, Oh Friend, yearns for this sweetness in the lips of my Lord, who can enchant the very God of love by his beauty.'

And thus the Lord spoke. And he was overcome by loving ecstasy. And in that state of holy delirium the Lord sang the inner meaning of the two slokas. And the Lord

* *Srimat Bhagavata* 10-31-14, Gopis to Sri Krishna.

† *Govinda-Lilamrita* 8-8

sang this, 'Sweet, indeed, are your lips, Oh Lord. For they create an yearning in our body and soul for you: they increase our desire of loving association with you. And they infuse in us the feelings of joy and sorrow at the same moment. They make us forget all other sweetness, Oh Lord, yea, they make the whole world their own. They kill all sense of shame and duty, yea, even the very quality of patience in us.

Hear, Oh Lord, the conduct of your sweet lips. Hear it. They enchant the hearts of women. They attract their tongues. And the more we think of them, Oh Lord, the more they reveal their uncommon qualities. And we feel at times ashamed, Oh Lord, to speak of them. For your lips are the cleverest among rogues. And not to speak of women, they attract even the hearts of men. They make even men forget all other species of sweetness. And they excite a desire even in men to taste their sweetness.

Not to speak of animate objects, your lips, Oh Lord, enchant even objects that are not animate. They infuse life in them and thus they work wonders like the magician. And as for your flute, Oh Lord, though it is but a dry piece of a bamboo-stalk, it creates in these inanimate objects mind and heart and all the senses. And it makes them taste of its own sweetness day and night.

And your flute, Oh Lord, is also like a clever man. It tastes the sweetness of your lips. And it also lets the Gopis know that it does so. It sings to *the Gopis* of this sweetness. For it says unto them, 'Oh, look here, Oh Gopis! I have drunk here your own things. If you feel any envy come here and show it. Give up your shame, your fear and all your sense of duty. Come here then and drink this sweetness. For then alone shall I allow you to do so'.

And the flute continues saying, 'Come here and drink, otherwise I shall drink it to my fill. I don't fear you. And as for others, I regard them as straw'.

And sublime indeed is the tune of the flute itself. It infuses into our heart the sweetness of the Lord's lips. And it obtains power from the sweetness of the lips to attract the hearts of the people of all the three worlds. And if we forbear with patience from approaching the lips of the Lord and if we do not do it for fear of breach of duty, it annoys us all the more.

For it slackens the tie round our waist before our superiors ; it forces us to abandon all senses of shame and all regard for duty. And it draws us, as it were, by hair and then forces us to be your maids, Oh Lord. And as people hear it, they scoff at us. Such indeed is the power of a simple flute.

Alas ! Alas ! should a piece of dry wood insult us like this. Have you brought us to so pitiful a condition, Oh Lord ? And what else can we do but bear all these insults with patience ? For we are like so many *Mothers of thieves*. We cannot cry aloud for shame nor can we remain silent.

So, this is the conduct of your sweet lips, Oh Lord. Hear now of another of their evil ways. The moment a food or a drink receives a sweet touch of them, the same becomes sweet as nectar. And it is called the holy remainder of the Lord's food.

And one bit of this holy remainder is really precious. Even the Gods cannot procure it, so precious it is. And yet who would believe in the pride of so poor a thing ? For it says, '*He alone succeeds in getting a bit of it who has earned sufficient merits during many previous births*'.

And your lips, Oh Lord, give conceit even to the betel-leaves that you chew. For tney say that they are invaluable. And they are very proud. The chewed betel-leaves as they are spit off are eaten by the Gopis. They consider themselves to be as sweet as the essence of nectar. And *the mouths of the Gopis* are as it were so many spit-toons for the Lord Krishna.

And all these we know are your tricks, Oh Lord : give them up ; for why should you take our life with a flute ? Would you, Oh Lord, kill so many women merrily in jest ? Would you do so, Oh Lord ? But give us now the nectar of your lovely lips.'

And thus the Lord spoke. And his heart was now changed. And as the force of his loving wrath abated, his desire increased all the more. And the Lord thought thus, Precious, indeed, is this nectar of the lips of the Lord ; yea, it is precious beyond measure. And whoever might taste of it would be blest. And ye, who is fit for it and yet would not drink of it, leads a fruitless life. And he ought certainly to be ashamed of it.

And some who are unfit are more fortunate ; for they sometimes can drink of this sweet nectar ever and anon, while even a fit person sometimes will not get it and will only yearn for it. And yet the Lord would sometimes give sweet nectar of his lips to unfit persons. This perhaps is due to the strength of the merits of those fortunate people earned in some other life'.

And the Lord now said to Raya Ramananda, 'Tell me something more about my Lord. And Raya Ramananda who knew the heart of the Lord now recited a *sloka* from a speech to the Gopis.

So, a woman said to the Gopis, * "What merits has this flute earned; Oh Gopis? How is it that it is so powerful? The Lord Krishna is your own and the nectar in his lips is also your own. How is it then that this flute enjoys so much of it to its heart's content and leaves only the remainder for you? And see, Oh Gopis, how fortunate is the flute. Streams that nursed it and the trees that fed it are shedding tears of joy as parents do, when they see their children shining in life."

And the Lord heard this verse. And he was once more overwhelmed with loving ecstasy. And in his holy delirium that was a product of his yearning for the Lord Krishna, he sang out the meaning of the sloka. And lo, this was the song, 'Surely that prince of Vraja will marry some girls of Vraja. And it is for this all the Gopis take him as their own. And yet how wonderful is this? How is this nectar enjoyed by others?

Tell me, Oh Gopis, tell me then how is this possible? Tell me what merits the flute earned in a previous birth? What holy place did it visit? What penance did it perform? And what holy incantations did it mutter? How is it that it drinks the sweet nectar from the lips of the Lord, which transcends in sweetness all other species of nectar? The Gopis keep their life for this nectar. And yet, this flute, an inanimate object that belongs to the male sex, unfit as it is for so great a thing, drinks it day and night.

But what is worse, the flute drinks the sweetness as it were by force. It does not care those to whom this nectar rightly belongs. For when it drinks, it calls aloud to them and lets them know it; Oh, what a holy sacrifice did the

* Srimat Bhagavata 10.21-9.



flute perform ? How fortunate is it ? For even holy persons would consider it a blessing to eat the remainder of this drink.

And holy are the two rivers, the *Manasa-Ganga* and the *Kalindi*. And they can purge the world of its sins. And yet when the Lord Krishna bathes in them, these two sacred rivers drink the remainder of the sweetness of the Lord's lips after the flute has drunk it. And they yearn for it and drink it with joy.

And yet these are but rivers. Let us not speak of them. What do the saintly trees on their bank do ? They always do good to others. And yet even they through their roots draw the remainder of the sweetness of the lips of the Lord after the rivers have drunk it. Oh, all this is mysterious indeed.

And as the trees drink of the holy sweetness, their hearts show joy through budding leaves and laugh through blooming flowers. And through their streams of honey these trees also shed tears of joy. For all of them take the flute to be their own kinsman. And they are pleased as a father or a grand-father is, when they find a scion of the family adopting the life of a *Vaishnava*.

Alas, we would like to know the penance of that the flute performed. For if we could know it, we would ourselves do the same. For the flute is unworthy ; while we, who are women, are worthy of getting this sweet nectar. We cannot bear that this flute, so unworthy, would drink of it ; and we would therefore know what holy penance it performed for so sweet a gift.



And in this way the Lord lamented. And in his loving ecstasy he sang and danced with the saint Svarupa and Raya Ramananda. At times he fell down senseless, so strong was his holy emotion. And thus he passed his days and nights at the holy Nilachala.

Thus I poor Krishnadasa, all whose hopes are in the holy feet of the saints Svarupa, Rupa, Sanatana and Raghunatha which I hold on my head, narrate the career of the Lord Chaitanya on earth. And the holy events of the holy life of the Lord are sweeter far to hear than streams of nectar are to the tongue.

[END OF CHAPTER XVI.]



CHAPTER XVII.

[This chapter describes the transformation of the Lord's body into the shape of a turtle on the occasion when the Lord was possessed with his holy delirium of love. It also narrates how the heart of the Lord was filled with the sublimest frenzy and how the saint Svarupa read out to him 'Slokas' from different scriptures corresponding to this sublime emotion.]

Some of the devotees of the Lord saw the Lord's unique and wonderful delirium of love. And all that I write here I heard from their lips.

Glory unto the Lord and to the blessed Nityananda. Glory unto the preceptor Advaitachandra and to all the devotees of the Lord.

Thus the Lord lived at the holy Nilachala. And he passed days and nights in the holy delirium of love and in this holy frenzy which was caused by his sublime loving ecstasy for the Lord Krishna. And on one occasion it so happened that the Lord passed half the night with the saint Svarupa and Raya Ramananda in the pleasure of talks about the Lord Krishna.

The saint Svarupa saw the emotions of the Lord. And he sang songs according to the natures of these emotions. He sang verses from the great poets Vidyapati and Chandidasa. And Raya Ramananda recited verses from the Gita-Govinda corresponding to the holy emotions of the Lord. And at times again the Lord himself repeated a verse; and he elaborated the sense of the same lamenting all along.

And in this way half the night passed off on that occasion in a variety of moods. And both the saints Svarupa and Raya persuaded the Lord to go to bed. And they both went back to their respective places.

And the servant Govinda laid himself down at the door of the *Gambhira*. But the Lord did not sleep. He sang aloud the holy song all along. And all on a sudden it so happened that the Lord seemed to hear the sweet song of the holy flute of the Lord Krishna. He was presently overcome with loving ecstasy.

And he hurried at once to the source of the song. And the doors on all the three sides were shut. And yet in the frenzy of his loving ecstasy the Lord went out. And he ran to the south of the Lion-gate where there were some cows of Telenga. And there he fell down unconscious on the ground.

Here at home, the servant Govinda heard no longer the voice of the Lord. And he opened the door and found him not. He at once called the saint Svarupa to the spot. And the saint Svarupa came ; and he began with all other devotees to seek the Lord with a light. And they sought hither and thither till they reached the spot near the Lion-gate. And here they found the Lord in the midst of the cows.

Alas ! what an appearance had the Lord then ! The hands and the feet of the Lord seemed to enter into his belly. And the highly compressed body of the Lord looked like a turtle. And he was foaming in the mouth ; and tears were flowing from his eyes. And yet his limbs looked as filled with the very self of joy.

And the Lord was unconscious. And he looked as a gourd. He looked like an inanimate object ; but his soul was all overwhelmed with holy ecstasy. And the cows surrounded the Lord on all the four sides. And they smelt the holy limbs of the Lord. And even when they were driven off, they did not leave smelling the fragrance of the holy limbs of the Lord.

Now the devotees tried their best to awaken the Lord from the holy trance. And when their attempts failed, they carried the body of the Lord back to his home. Here they sang aloud the holy name in the ears of the Lord. And after a long while the Lord rose from the holy trance. And the moment the Lord awoke, his hands and feet assumed their former shapes. And they were exactly as they had been before.

And the Lord now arose and he sat down. And he looked this way and that. And he said at last to the saint Svarupa, where hast thou brought me, Oh Svarupa ? So long I was at holy Vrindavana, whence the sound of the holy flute reached my ears. And I saw there my Lord Krishna turning his merry note with the holy flute in his lips.

And there my Lord called his beloved Radha by secret calls through the flute. And he then went with his beloved one to the holy bowers where he would play with her in holy association of love.

And I ran with my Lord following him. And my ears were charmed by the sweet sound of the Lord's ornaments. And I saw my Lord there making merry with his favourite Gopis and enjoying humour and jokes. My ears were thrilled in joy, Oh Friend, as I heard the sweet speech of the

Lord proceeding from his throat. Alas, it was at this very moment that you all made a noise and brought me here by force. Alas ! Alas ! I could not hear to my fill the sweet speech of my Lord : nor could I hear enough of the sweet tune of his holy flute and of the sweet sound of his small ornaments.'

Thus the Lord spoke unto the saint Svarupa in the ecstasy of holy love. His voice was choked as he spoke. And he asked the saint to read a verse that would satisfy with the sweetness the piercing thirst of his ears.

And the saint Svarupa recognised the holy emotion the Lord then had. And he therefore recited sweetly a sweet sloka from the holy Bhagavata. * And lo, this was the sloka in which the Gopis spoke, *'What woman in all the three worlds, Oh Lord, will not be moved from her social duties when she hears the sweet tune of your holy flute as it keeps tune with your nectar-like songs ? For your beauty, Oh Lord, will enchant all ; yea even cows and deers, trees and creepers and birds are filled with joy when they look at you.'*

And the Lord heard this verse. And he was overwhelmed with the loving ecstasy of the Gopis. And he elaborated the sense of this verse from the holy Bhagavata in the following song.

And the Lord sang in this strain ; for he was then seized by the loving ecstasy of the Gopis. It seemed to him that he had entered the holy circle-dance. And he seemed also to have heard words of slight from the lips of his Lord Krishna. And he also seemed to have heard words uttered

* Srimat Bhagavata 10-29-37. Gopis to the Lord Krishna.



in joke by the Lord Krishna. He took the words in earnest. And he then scolded the Lord thus in the depth of disappointment.

'Tell us, Oh Dear, tell us the truth; who in all the three worlds will not be enchanted by the sweet tune of your flute? Oh who is there among the worthy women that can escape the enchanting call of it. For the tunes of your flute, are as messengers of your call. And they enchant the hearts of all females. Yea, these messengers of your flute are like those able females well-versed in the knowledge of *Mantras*. They carry the yearnings of our hearts beyond all bounds and they force us away from the beaten path of duty. And they make us over unto your holy self.

And you deprive us of our sense of duties by your flute; and you throw arrows of love from your enchanting side-glance at us. And thus you force us to forget all our sense of shame and fear. But now you seem wise. And now are you angry. And now you tell us that it is a sin to leave our husbands. And now again you seem pious; and you teach us the rules of religion.

And you are one in your words, Oh Lord, and quite another in your heart. And your conduct seldom coincides with your heart. All these, Oh Lord, are tricks found only in the worst class of shrewd people. You are indeed full of humour. But your humour does havoc among us, young females. Give up all these tricks we pray.

And the tune from your flute emits nectar and like nectar too are your sweet words. And the sound of your ornaments are also sweet to hear. All these three sweet-

nesses, Oh Lord, enchant our ears, our minds and our hearts. So we, who are but women, are rendered helpless. How shall we then be patient ?

And thus the Lord spoke. And he was now all overcome with wrath. And yet he floated on the waves of loving emotion. Yea, his heart was steeped into the very ocean of yearnings and desires. And the Lord now recited the words of Radha filled with loving desire for the Lord Krishna. And the Lord praised them as he recited them. And he tasted through these words the loving sweetness of the Lord Krishna.

And the Lord recited the following verse, * 'Oh Friend ! deep indeed is the tone of the Lord Krishna. And deep it is like the sound of the new cloud. The sweet music of his ornaments enchants the ears. And his words all full of sweet humour may have various meanings. The sound of his flute enchants the hearts of all ; yea even of such heavenly ladies as *Roma*. It is he, Oh Friend ! who redoubles the yearnings of my ears for the sweet tune of his flute ; yes, it is that glorious Lord Madana-mohana who can enchant the very God of love by his sweetness.

And the loving emotion of Radha now swelled in the heart of the Lord. And he sang thus : 'Sweeter than the cuckoo is the tone of the Lord. Yea, it puts the tune of the cuckoo to shame. And it is deeper than the new cloud. And the music of a syllable of the Lord floods the ears of all in the world. And so enchanting is the music of it, that no ears would cease to hear it.

* Govinda Lilamrita 8-5, Radha spoke to Bishakha.

Tell me, Oh Friend ! tell me what should I do ? The words of the Lord, all full of the sweetness of his self, enchant my ears. But I hear them no more. And my ears are dying of thirst. Sweet too are the sounds of his ankle and his waist-bells. Sweeter are they than the sounds of the swan and the crane.

And the sounds of his bracelet puts the sound of the sparrow to shame. So that whoever hears them once has his ears soothed. And his ears would be deaf to all other sounds. The words of those beautiful lips are sweet as nectar ; yea, they are far sweeter than nectar itself. The smile of the Lord is sweet as camphor.

And the power of the words of Lord is twofold :— the power of the words themselves and power of their meanings. And both express idea full of various sweetness. And every syllable of the Lord is, withal, full of sweetness of humour.

An atom of that nectar, Oh Friends ! is the very life of my ears which are as the *Chakoras*. They thirsting for moonlight live upon this sweetness. And they always live in hope of it. And sometimes due to fortune they secure it.

And sometimes again, as ill luck would have it, they cannot get it. And as they do not get it, they die of thirst. And the Lord has his flute also. And once the women of the world hear its music, they are maddened by it. The tie round their waist is loosened. And they become slaves unto the Lord for love : yea, they madly run to the side of the Lord Krishna in the frenzy of love for him.

And not to speak of other women, even the Goddess Lakshmi becomes mad for it. For the moment she hears the

sound of the Lord's flute, she runs to the Lord. But she does not obtain the association of my Lord. Waves of yearnings swell in her bosom and through them she does severe penance for attaining the Lord of love; but all these are in vain.

And these sounds are sweet. And they are sweet as nectar. And he alone, who is highly fortunate, can drink them with his ears. And for those that can not hear those sounds, Alas! why were they born at all? For they are no better things than perforated cowries which have no value whatsoever.

And thus the Lord lamented. And there was a strong agitation in his soul. And the Lord found nothing to quiet it. For in him emotions swelled all at once; and gloom and anxiety, fear and eagerness, memory of things past and things present, all mingled. And they swelled all in a body. So, all these feelings struggled in the soul of the Lord.

And the Lord remembered the word of Radha in the following verse. And the verse came in the course of his love-games as inspiration came to *Lila Suka*. And out of thefulness of his feeling, he recited a verse from the book *Krishna-Karnamrita*. And by the very force of the holy delirium, the Lord expanded the meaning of the verse. And the meaning of the verse all cannot follow.

And lo, this was the verse, *'What shall I do, Oh Friend! to whom shall I say this? All my hopes for attaining the Lord are in vain. And you too are aggrieved like me. So to whom shall I speak of these sorrows of my heart? What I have said in the hope of attaining the Lord, I have said. I shall utter those things no more.

* *Krishna-Karnamrita* 42. Speech of Bilvamangala.

Let us now abandon all talks of him. Let us talk of something else. But Alas ! Alas ! how shall I myself abjure all talks of him ? How shall I do it ? For my Lord is now in my bosom which is as a cave for him. Alas ! Alas ! how far shall I abandon these talks ? My thirst for them increases ; it clings for ever to my soul.

And my Lord Krishna with his face, flushing in sweet smile, increases the joy of my eyes. Yea, he is the very joy of my soul.'

And the Lord sang thus the meaning of this verse.

And he said, 'I can no longer bear these pangs of separation, Oh Friends ! And I can think of no means of attaining my Lord. You are indeed my friends and can console me. But you too are afflicted. Your hearts also are mad in gloom. So whom shall I ask ? Who will tell me the way to my Lord. Alas ! Alas ! tell me, Oh Friends ! tell me, what shall I do ? Tell me, where shall I go ? Where shall I get my Lord Krishna ? For I cannot bear this miserable life without him.' And thus the Lord lamented.

And again he sang out the emotion of Radha.

And he said, 'I could find a means, if I could settle my mind for a moment ?'

And as he sang thus, the power of judgment sometimes returned to him. And the Lord remembered the words of the woman *Pingala*. These words gave impetus to his emotions.

And the Lord now sang out the full meaning of the verse as follows. And the Lord sang, 'Yes, I have found out a means now. I shall give up all hopes for Lord Krishna. I shall be happy if I could do so'.

And at the very same moment the Lord remembered the speech of a friend of Radha. She said to Radha, 'Let us do one thing. Let us abandon these cursed talks on Lord Krishna. Let us take to other blessed talks so that we might forget the Lord.'

And Radha, as the Lord remembered, heard these words of the friend. And the moment she heard them, she remembered the Lord Krishna again. For the Lord shone in her heart.

And she said in surprise to her friend, 'How shall I abandon my Lord. Oh Friend? He is lying fixed in my heart. And I can by no means move him from there.'

And the Lord continued saying, 'Unique was the loving emotion of Radha.

And to her deep emotion the Lord Krishna was the very God of love himself. And this impression was deep in her. And so she now feared separation.

And she said to her friends, 'The great enemy, Oh Friends! has entered into my soul. He kills other feelings. And he does not allow me to forget Krishna.'

And the Lord remembered all this.

And he remembered the supreme eagerness of Radha. It conquered the whole army of other emotions in her. And it established in her heart its own sovereignty. Yearnings now arose in her heart.

And she could not control them. And so she began to scold her own heart in deep dismay. For she said to herself, 'Unfortunate indeed is my heart. It has gone astray. And it is as a fish out of waters. For my heart dies in a moment,

if it would not attain the Lord Krishna. The sweet smile on the face of the Lord is as sweet collyrium to my eyes and a balm to my heart. And it redoubles the thirst of my soul for the holy Lord.

And she then exclaimed, 'Alas ! Alas ! where is my Lord Krishna. He is dear to me as life. Where is that lotus-eyed one now ? Ah ! where is that ocean of sublime gifts ? Where is he, my Lord, *Shyamasundara* ? Where is he that wears yellow-coloured cloth ? And where is that supreme lover who disported so lovingly in the holy circle-dance ? Wheresoever I may get you, Oh Lord, there shall I go. Tell me now where you are ?'

All these speeches of Radha and her friend, the Lord sang in his holy delirium. And as the Lord thus expressed the deep emotion of Radha for the Lord Krishna, he lost all control on his ownself. And he became, as it were, entirely mad and began to run away.

The saint Svarupa, who sat near him, saw this. He caught hold of the Lord ; and he held him by his arms and then seated him on his own seat. And in a moment the Lord returned to the world of sense. And he commanded the saint Svarupa to sing a sweet song. The saint obeyed. For he sang verses from the poet Vidyapati. And he also sang songs from the Gita-Govinda. The Lord heard these songs. And the songs were all soothing unto his ears.

Thus did the Lord pass his days and nights. And day and night he behaved like a mad man due to his holy delirium. And sometimes in the space of a day, millions of emotions of love swelled in the Lord. So that even Ananta Deva with his thousands of mouths could not describethem in full. I am a poor man. How shall I describe them all ? Only a little of the moon is seen from behind a

foliage. And so only a little do I indicate here about these holy emotions of our Lord here.

And yet, whosoever would read them or hear them read, will have his ears and his hearts soothed. And he will attain from them an insight into the ways of the deep and unique love for the Lord Krishna. For the love of our Lord for the Lord Krishna was wonderfully sweet. It was unique and it was something deep. The Lord tasted it himself and he taught the world the secrets of tasting it.

For the Lord was merciful. And his benevolence was wonderful to a degree. None, that I know of, was ever so kind and benevolent. So pray ye unto the Lord Chaitanya, Oh Ye Readers! with full devotion. And from such prayer you will attain the precious gift of sweet love for the Lord Krishna.

Thus have I narrated the Lord's assuming the shape of a turtle in the holy frenzy of love. And I have also narrated the Lord's holy delirium and his actions which were like those of a mad person.

And all this Raghunatha Dasa has narrated in his holy treatise, the Chaitanya Stava Kālpa Briksa.

And this is how he narrates of *the Lila* of the Lord.
* 'So the Lord was in the room. And he could not open any one of its three doors. And yet he could go out. And he crossed the walls that were very high and wide and fell in the midst of some cows of Telengi near the Lion's gate of Jagannatha Temple, Puri.

And on account of his deep feeling of separation from his Lord Krishna his body was shrunk. And it



was reduced to the shape of a turtle. Let that holy Lord now rise in my heart and give me joy.'

Thus I, Krishnadasa, all whose hopes of success are in the holy feet of the saint Sri Rupa and Raghunatha narrate the sweet career of the Lord Chaitanya on earth.

[END OF CHAPTER XVII.]



CHAPTER XVIII

[This chapter describes the Lord's jump into the blue sea in the holy delirium of love. After the Lord had been for one full night in water, a fisherman caught his body in his net, raised him to the shore. When the Lord recovered his sense, he delineated in a song a vision that he saw in course of his holy ecstasy. This was nothing but a vision of the holy picnic of the Lord Krishna with the beloved Gopis, after a lovely bath in the water of the Yamuna,]

One bright autumn night when the sea was filled with the light of the full moon, the Lord went to see it. And as he took the holy sea for the holy river Yamuna, he ran towards it. And he was then immersed into an ocean of grief for separation from the Lord Krishna. He jumped into the sea and he was unconscious for one full night.

The saint Svarupa and other devotees of him got him only in the morning of the next day. So unique was the loving emotion of the holy Lord. Oh, may the Lord, the son of the holy mother Sachi protect us.

Glory unto the Lord and the blessed Nityananda. Glory unto the preceptor Advaitachandra and to all the devotees of the Lord.

Thus the Lord lived on at the holy Nilachala. And he floated day and night on the ocean of grief for separation from the Lord Krishna. And at Nilachala the Lord used to walk with his followers all night in autumn.

And the nights of autumn are all bright with the light of the moon. And the Lord walked from one garden to another to see sights. And sometimes he himself recited

verses and songs from the "*Rasa-Lila*." And sometimes again he heard others reciting them.

And at times the Lord sang and danced in loving ecstasy. And at times again he mimicked the events of the holy circle-dance. Sometimes again his delirium overwhelmed him. And he ran hither and thither as if he were mad. And sometimes he fell down senseless on the ground. And sometimes again he rolled on the surface of the earth. And when he heard some verses from the *Rasa-Lila* recited, he himself explained and sang the sense of it as he had done before.

And thus the Lord expanded one by one the sense of all the verses of *Rasa-Lila*. And sometimes he felt joy; and sometimes again he was in sorrow as he did this.

And I cannot describe the meaning of all those verses as explained by the Lord here. Nor can I describe all the changes in the motions of the Lord caused by his deep loving ecstasy. For descriptions of those will increase the volume of the book.

And the Lord disported time and again during a period of twelve years. And I cannot write of all his *Lilas*; for it will increase in great measure the volume of the book. So know ye these, Oh Readers! from my previous indications of *the Lord's Lilas*. Know ye from these of the Lord's holy delirium and of the changes on his body caused by this holy emotion. For the *Lilas of the Lord* are infinite. And even the God Ananta could not do justice to them with his thousand mouths. Nay, he could not describe *the Lord's Lilas* of one single day. Yea, even if the God Ganesha himself would write for crores of *Yugas*, he could not end *the Lord's Lilas* of one single day.

And the Lord Krishna himself was surprised to see these wonderful revelations of love in his devotee. And he himself could not realise the bounds of it. So how will a poor man like me narrate them all? For even the Lord Krishna himself could not know all the sorrows and joys, all the various changes caused by the loving ecstasy in his devotee.

And he himself would gladly be a devotee to taste them all. For the holy love made the Lord Krishna dance; it made the devotee dance, and it danced itself. And all these three sometimes danced together in a unique and holy dance.

So whosoever would attempt to describe the changes brought by love in the Lord, his efforts shall fail. For they would only be like the efforts of a dwarf to reach the moon. And as air can contain only a few atoms of water from the ocean, so will a man touch only the fringe of the love of our Lord for the Lord Krishna. For by fits and starts the infinite waves of love swelled in the Lord. How shall I, a poor man that I am, reach the bounds of it. And what the Lord tasted of the love, only the saint Svarupa and such other devotees of the Lord realised.

And if I, a common man describe it, I touch only an atom of it to purify myself. So the Lord recited one by one all the verses of the *Rasa Lila*. And he recited at last a verse that describes the water-game of the Lord Krishna.

And lo, this is the verse the saint Suka mentioned unto the king Parikshit. * So the Lord Krishna was now in the course of his enjoyment of the holy circle-dance. And in

* Srimat Bhagavata 10-33-22.



company of his beloved Gopis, the Lord Krishna now went to water to play. And he was in this, like a mighty elephant that goes with some female elephants to play in water. And the Lord in his march was followed by the black bees. And these bees sang as sweetly all along as the very king of the *Gandharvas*.

And they were coloured red with the red tinge on the wreaths of the Gopis. For these wreaths were blest by the touch of the sweet limbs of the Gopis ; and they were turned red on account of their constant contact with the saffron that covered the breasts of the Gopis. And as a mighty elephant tramples a bridge under foot, so did the Lord Krishna trample all consideration of human criticism under his holy feet.'

And thus the Lord marched on. And now he saw the sea all on a sudden from Aitota (*Aitota Gopinatha Garden*). And the waves of the sea were bright. And they shone in the moon. And they swelled. And these waves glittered with ripples like those on the water of the holy Yamuna.

And the Lord at once took the sea for the holy Yamuna. And he ran towards it. And unseen by anyone the Lord jumped into water.

And the moment the Lord jumped into the sea, he became unconcious. And he knew nothing of what happened to him. The waves drowned him and floated him at will. He was wafted by the waves as a piece of dry wood. And he knew it not. Mysterious indeed were the ways of the Lord.

So the waves wafted him. And he was wafted by the waves towards Kolark (*Kanaraka*). And he was quite at the mercy of the waves. They drowned and floated him



at will. And the Lord, who was deeply absorbed in the joy of that holy game that the Lord Krishna played with the Gopis in the water of the holy Yamuna, felt it not.

And the saint Svarupa and others did not see the Lord. And they were surprised where the Lord could go. For they could not keep their eyes on the Lord who ran in his ecstasy towards the sea. So they wondered where the Lord could be. But they saw him not. And various doubts agitated their minds.

They knew not whither the Lord had gone ; whether he had gone to the holy temple or to the mount Chataka or to Kolark or to Narendra pond or to some other place. Nor could they be sure if he were once more in holy delirium in some place. Each conjectured as it pleased him. And all in a body they began to search their Lord.

And the saint Svarupa now came with a few people to the shore of the sea. And they searched the Lord there. The search continued for the whole night. And the devotees felt almost sure that their Lord had vanished. And so deep was their sorrow for separation from the Lord that they seemed to live in death. Each one was afraid of an evil to come. And each had nothing else in his heart but his fear.

And so it is written in the Abhijnana Sakuntala, *
'The hearts of friends are deeply afraid of dangers to come upon friends'.

And all of them now met on the shore of the sea. And there they all took counsel. And some of them went towards the mount Chirai.

* Famous Drama of poet Kalidasa.



And the saint Svarupa went to the east with a few persons. And he searched the Lord in the water of the sea from the shore. And all of them were deeply overcome with grief. They had lost all sense of judgment. And yet they spoke out of their love for the Lord; and they searched the Lord out of this deep love of their heart.

At length they saw a fisherman coming. And he had a net on his shoulder. And he laughed and wept and sang and danced as he came. And he sang the holy name 'Hari' all along. The devotees of the Lord saw the conduct of the fisherman. And they were amazed to see it.

And the saint Svarupa now asked him if he had seen a man in that side. And he also asked the fisherman as to why he was so besides himself with ecstasy.

Now the fisherman made his reply. And he said to the saint, "No, I have not seen any man on that side; but as I cast my net, a corpse was caught in it. I took it for a great fish and dragged it ashore with much ado. But when I found it to be a dead body, I was much afraid. I freed it from the net. I touched the body. But Alas! the ghost of it at once entered into me. I was at once seized with fear and began to tremble. And tears flowed from my eyes; and all my hairs stood on their ends and my voice was choked.

And the fisherman continued saying, "And I could not make out what it was; whether it was the ghost of a Brahmin or a ghost of any other kind; for it entered in me as soon as it saw me. The man is about five or six cubits long: each hand and each foot of it is about three cubits in length. And his skin is loose; and it seems to be separate from his bones and his joints. And one must be

horribly afraid to have a look at it.

And this ghost feigns death ; and his eyes are turned upwards. And at times he groans ; and at times again he is entirely unconscious. I have seen him myself, Oh Friends ! And it is that ghost who has possessed me”.

And the fisherman exclaimed, “Alas ! Alas ! how will my wife and children live if I die ? I cannot speak to you enough of the mischief done to me. Alas ! what shall I do ? I must go to an exorcist to see if he can save me from the malady”.

And he continued saying, “I walk hither and thither and catch fish all alone. As I always mutter the holy name Nrisimha, no spirit or ghost ever touches me. But this ghost is peculiar ; for the more I mutter that holy name, the stronger is his grip on me. And his appearance is frightful. It strikes terror in my soul. So I ask you not to go that side ; yea, I forbid you to go there. For, you will also be possessed with that spirit, if you go thither”.

And thus the fisherman spoke. And the saint Svarupa heard him. And he could now know the real truth of the matter.

And the saint now spoke to the fisherman in sweet words saying, ‘I am a great exorcist, Oh Fisherman ! and I know how to drive out spirits from man possessed.’

And the saint muttered some holy incantations. And he put his hand on the head of the fisherman. The saint then slapped him thrice and said, ‘The spirit has fled from thee. So be no longer afraid of it now’.

Thus the saint spoke and he made the fisherman steady. The man was so long under the delirium of love ;

and he was terror-stricken. The agitation in him was therefore twofold. But now the fear was gone. And he mustered patience.

And the saint Svarupa again spoke to the fisherman saying, "What you take to be a spirit, Oh Friend, is the Lord Chaitanya. And he is the Lord God himself. He fell into the water of the sea in the holy ecstasy of love. And him you raised ashore in your net. And as you touched the holy body of the holy Lord, love for the Lord Krishna swelled in your soul. But you feared and your fear was great. For, you took the holy Lord for a ghost. Your fear is now gone and your heart is steady. So take us to the spot where you have raised our Lord ashore".

And the fisherman heard this. And he said to the saint Svarupa, 'But I have seen the Lord time and again Oh Saint. He is not like this. For this body does not look like him'.

But the saint replied, 'Yes, so it is. And the change is due to the overwhelming ecstasy of love in the Lord. For in holy ecstasy the Lord's body becomes taller. And his joints become loose'.

And the fisherman heard all this ; and he was satisfied. He took all the devotees of the Lord to the spot where the Lord was left on the shore. And the Lord was then lying on the ground and his body was unusually tall and long and big. His limbs were white, because they were immersed long in water. And they were all covered with sands. All his limbs were loose and the body was unusually tall. His skin seemed as all aloof from his bones. And as the distance was long, the devotees could not easily carry the Lord home.

So they put off the wet *kaupin* from the Lord. And they covered him with a dry one. And they put off all sands from the limbs of the Lord and laid him on a piece of "Bahirbasha". And they all sang aloud the holy song together. Some again whispered the holy name into the ears of the Lord.

And after a while the sound of the holy name entered into the ears of the Lord. And he stood and all his joints were once again in their natural positions. And the Lord with his consciousness half-restored looked sometimes this way and sometimes that.

For the Lord always remained in one of the three conditions. Sometimes his soul was deeply absorbed in ecstasy ; sometimes he was half-absorbed and sometimes again the Lord was in his own natural condition.

And even when absorbed in ecstasy, the Lord sometimes retained a little of external consciousness. And this condition the devotees termed as the condition of half-consciousness. And the Lord was now in this condition. He spoke in this holy delirium. And he spoke as it were to the sky. And the devotees heard the speech of their Lord.

And the Lord said, 'I saw the river Kalindi. And from there I went to the holy Vrindavana. There I saw the Lord Krishna playing in water. The Lord had his beloved Radha and other Gopis with him. And they all played in great joy in the water of the holy Yamuna. I saw them all. Yea, I saw them as I stood on the shore with the female friends. And one of the female friends showed me all their game with great satisfaction'.

And as the Lord saw this he sang in the following way:

“So the Lord Krishna and Radha and the Gopis put off their silken clothes and their ornaments. And they made them over to their female attendants. They then put on pieces of white clothes and those were very fine. And thus with his beloved ones the Lord now bathed in water. He then began his pretty game in water with them all.

See, Oh Friends! see ye all the Lord's game in water in joy. For the Lord is like an ichor-emitting elephant. And his hands are like the trunks of it. And the Gopis are all to him as so many female elephants.

And they are playing in water now. And each is throwing water at the other. They are wrestling in joy in water so that water is scattered in showers all around. And sometimes the Gopis win and sometimes they are defeated ; for the result is uncertain. And thus they all fight a mock-fight in water. And their fight appears to be great.

The Gopis are bright as lightning made steady. And they throw water at the Lord Krishna, who is blue as a beautiful new cloud ; while the Lord in his turn is throwing water at the Gopis. And thus the new cloud throws water at the steady lightning. The eyes of the female friends are as thirsty *chatakas*. And they drink the sweetness of the game in glee.

At first they fought with water ; and then they fought with their hands ; and then again they fought with their lips. And then they fought with their teeth and then with their bosoms ; and then again they fought with their pretty nails. And thus the mock-fight went merrily on.



The Gopis with thousands of hands threw water at the Lord. And they gazed at him with thousands of eyes. They advanced towards him on thousands of feet. And they kissed the Lord, too, with thousands of lips ; and they embraced him with thousands of breasts. And they heard the words of the Lord full of the spirit of humour with thousands of ears.

And the Lord Krishna now took his beloved Radha by force into water neck-deep. And he then let her go in a place where water was very deep. And she, the Lord's beloved, held the Lord round the neck and floated on water. And she looked like a lotus uprooted by an elephant but hanging still round the neck of the spoiler.

The Lord Krishna then became as many in number as the Gopis. And he stole the clothes of them all. And as the water of the Yamuna was transparent, the Lord saw in joy the limbs of the Gopis which glittered all along in water.

And at this very moment some of the female attendants who were as so many stalks of the lotus helped the Gopis with their leaves. And the Gopis covered their limbs with leaves. And some of the Gopis again covered the lower parts of their bodies with hairs. And they made them a cover for the lower portions of their bodies. And some again covered their breasts with the palms of their own hands.

And at this moment a quarrel of love took place between the Lord Krishna and his beloved Radha. And the Gopis availed themselves of the moment. They hid themselves in clusters of the lotus which were bright as gold. And they kept their bodies in water up to the neck so that their faces alone were visible. And so beautiful were the faces of the Gopis that they could hardly be distinguished from the beautiful lotuses there.

And the Lord now did what he so much desired with his beloved Radha. And the Gopis began to search the pair then out. And Radha who was clever knowing as she did her timely duty, now lost herself in the company of the Gopis.

But who could escape the loving influence of the Lord? There were as many blue lotuses as there were of yellow ones. And there was one blue by the side of each of the yellow ones. And each of the blue ones touched each of the yellow ones so that there was fight of love among them. And the female attendants who served all the Gopis viewed all this from the shore in glee.

And the breasts of each of the Gopis were pretty as Chakrabakas. They now rose above the surface of the water. And at this very moment the two lotus-like hands of the Lord rose all on a sudden near each of them. And the two hands of the Lord touched the soft breast of each of the Gopis.

Now, the hands of the Gopis stood two and two above water. And they were red as the red lily. They tried to set the lotus-like hands of the Lord Krishna aside. But the hands of the Lord were obstinate; they would loot the sweetness of the breasts of the Gopis which were pretty as Chakrabakas, while the hands of the Gopis would protect them. And thus the two sets of hands fought. And the cause of the fight was the touch of the breasts of the Gopis.

Now, the lotus and the lily are themselves inanimate. But the Chakrabakas are living beings. And it is the Chakrabaka that drinks the sweetness of the lotus. Here the law was different. Here the lotus-like hands tried to taste the sweetness of the Chakrabaka-like breasts, while

the lily-like hands tried to save them. So the process here was unnatural. And such indeed, is the law of the realm of the Lord Krishna.

Friends live in amity with friends ; but the law in the realm of the Lord Krishna is otherwise : for there friends fight with friends. So the lotus-like palms of the Lord Krishna looted the sweetness of the Chakrabaka-like breasts of the Gopis. And in that realm an unknown enemy becomes a friend : for there the red lily protected the Chakrabakas from the lotus, though the lotus and the red lily are enemies. Friends therefore are made enemies, while strangers become friends. Such is the wonderful and paradoxical nature of the love of our Lord Krishna.

And none before could put side by side the two figures, hyperbole and paradox. But the Lord Krishna showed them in course of his holy game in water. And I myself relished the sweetness of it. My heart was satisfied. And my eyes and ears were all soothed by it.

And the Lord Krishna played prettily in water. And he then came to the shore with all his beloved ones. And when they all were on the shore, the female attendants besmeared their bodies with fragrant oil ; and they also rubbed their limbs with the paste of Amalaki.

And they all now bathed over again. And they put on dry clothes. And they now went to the golden temple set with gems. And there, they adorned themselves like forest-girls with scented flowers collected by Vrinda Devi.

And unique, indeed, are the creepers and the trees of the holy Vrindavana for they bear flowers and fruits throughout the year. So all the nymphs of Vrindavana and the female



attendants of the bowers plucked various kinds of fruits for the Lord and presented them to him.

And they washed the fruits well and brought them in big plates. And they placed these plates in rows on the pedestal of the golden temple. And near these plates they placed seats for the guests to sit upon.

And there were many fruits there, many species of mangoes and cocoanuts and plantains. And there also were flowers of various kinds. And there were jack-fruits and dates, oranges and lemons, jambus and samtaras. And there were on the plates grapes and almonds of various species.

Indeed, the infinite species of the fruits of the holy Vrindavana were all there. And they are known in different countries by different names. So there were palmyra fruits and water-chestnuts there. And there also were kharmuja and khiram, kesari and vilva, pilu and pomegranate. And there were roots of the lotus also.

And Radha, the beloved of the Lord Krishna, also prepared at home many kinds of sweet food for the Lord. And she had prepared Gangajali and Amritakeli, Piyusha-granthi and Karnapurakeli, Sarapupe and Padmachini, Amriti and Khanda. And she had also prepared for the Lord cakes with thickened milk having the shape of trees. And all these she now brought for the Lord.

And the Lord Krishna saw that the dishes were sumptuous and full. And he was highly pleased to see them. He sat down and enjoyed the holy picnic there. And Radha too, the beloved one of the Lord, sat down with her female friends to eat. When the dinner was finished both the Lord Krishna and his beloved Radha went to bed in the golden temple.



And some waved breezy fans over the Lord and his beloved one. And some clasped their holy feet. And some again gave them the betel-leaf to chew. So the Lord fell asleep with his beloved. And the female friends all went to bed. And I saw all these ; and my heart was filled with joy.

And it is at this very moment that you made a great uproar. And you caught hold of me and brought me here. Alas ! alas ! what have you done ? Where is my Yamuna ? Where is my Vrindavana ? Where is my Lord Krishna ? And where are the Gopis ? Alas ! alas ! you have destroyed so supreme a joy."

And thus the Lord sang. And as he sang, his consciousness returned. And he saw the saint Svarupa before him. And he asked him saying, "Why have you all brought me here, Oh Svarupa ?" And the saint Svarupa replied saying, "You took the sea for the holy Yamuna, Oh Lord. And you fell into its water. You have come so far floating on the surface of the sea. And this fisherman, who stands close by, raised you on the shore in his net.

And this man, Oh Lord, was mad in loving ecstasy as he touched your holy self.

We searched you here for the whole night. We came here when the fisherman told us of you. You, Oh Lord, saw the holy game at Vrindavana under cover of a trance. But, we all were deeply distressed to see you unconscious. And we sang the holy name, that restored half your consciousness. We have heard all your delirious speeches in that condition."

And the Lord now said, "I dreamt that I was at the holy Vrindavana, Oh Svarupa. And there I saw my Lord



Krishna disporting in the holy circle-dance with the Gopis. There I saw the Lord and his game in water. And there too, I saw his holy picnic. And I think I was in delirium, because I saw all these holy sights”.

And the saint Svarupa now bathed the Lord in the sea. And they all brought the Lord home. And they were now all satisfied.

So I have narrated the Lord's jump in holy delirium into the sea. And whosoever hears of it, attains the holy feet of the Lord.

Thus I, Krishnadasa, all whose hopes of success are in the holy feet of the saints Sri Rupa and Raghunatha, narrate the sweet career of the Lord Chaitanya on earth.

[END OF CHAPTER XVIII.]

CHAPTER XIX

[This chapter gives a few more examples of the Lord's holy delirium. On one occasion the Lord was so much besides himself with his holy frenzy that he rubbed his face against the ground of his room most mercilessly so that blood flowed in torrents from his face. On another occasion the Lord happened to see his Lord Krishna in a vision, when he visited a beautiful garden filled with the 'Sheen of the moon.' But as ill luck would have it, the vision vanished in a moment leaving as it seemed to our Lord, the unique fragrance of the limbs of his beloved Krishna behind.]

And the Lord rubbed his face against the ground. There, too, he raved in holy delirium. And the Lord disported in spring in a garden. And the Lord was, indeed, the most famous of them who revere their mothers. And I bow to our holy Lord in reverence.

Glory unto the Lord and to the blessed Nityananda. Glory unto the preceptor Advaitachandra and to all the devotees of the Lord.

In this way the Lord continued to live at the holy Nilachala. And day and night he was in his holy ecstasy of love for the Lord Krishna. And day and night he raved and wept on account of this holy ecstasy. But even in the midst of ecstasy, the Lord did not forget his mother. So he sent once a year the scholar Jagadananda to his mother. And the Lord was always pleased with the conduct of the Scholar. So the Lord sent him to his mother at Nadia to console her in her grief for separation from him.

On one occasion the Lord said to the Scholar, 'Go ye



to Nadia, Oh Scholar, and convey my obeisance to my mother, and clasp her holy lotus-like feet on my behalf and tell her that as she remembers me, so do I remember her. For I go to her everyday to bow at her holy feet'.

And the Lord continued saying, 'And tell her, Oh Scholar, that whenever she wants to feed me, I invariably go to her. And tell her that I was mad when I renounced the world and abandoned her service; for my taking that step I only broke my duty.

And tell her, Oh Scholar, to pardon me for it. Tell her that I am her son and am always at her command. And tell her also that if I stay at Nilachala, I stay here at her command. And tell her also that as long as I am alive, I shall never forget her.

And thus the Lord spoke one year to the scholar Jagadananda. And he then made over to the Scholar some food and a piece of cloth that he obtained on the occasion of *Gopa-lila*. And the Lord sent this piece of cloth because the saint Paramananda Puri had asked him to do so.

The Lord gave the Scholar sweet holy food of the Lord Jagannatha with much care. And he gave it in separate bundles for his mother and for his devotees. And the Lord was supreme among all who revere their mother. And he paid all respects to the sentiments of his mother even after he renounced the world.

So the Scholar went to Nadia. And there he visited the holy mother. And he spoke unto her all that the Lord had spoken unto him,



And he also met the preceptor Advaitachandra and the other devotees of the Lord. And he gave holy food unto them all.

And the Scholar stayed at Nadia for a month. And he then prayed to the holy mother for leave to go. And he got the leave.

And he also begged permission of the preceptor Advaitachandra and of the other devotees of the Lord. And the Preceptor sent news through him to the Lord.

But he spoke through signs and riddles; and his signs and riddles none but the Lord could understand.

And he spoke in signs to the Scholar, 'Tell the Lord, Oh Jagadananda, that I bow a thousand times to him. Tell our mad Lord on my behalf that people here are all indisciplined and that his commodity is no longer in demand. Tell him, 'Oh Scholar, that there is no negligence in our work here. Tell him also that these informations are all from another mad man.'

Now, the scholar Jagadananda heard the speech of the Preceptor. And he laughed as he heard it. He came back to the holy Nilachala. And there he conveyed the news of the Preceptor unto the holy Lord.

The Lord heard the riddle of the preceptor Advaitachandra and he smiled. And he said, 'Let it be as it pleases him.' And the Lord became silent for a moment.

And the saint Svarupa also heard the riddle. And he said unto the Lord, 'We cannot understand the riddle, Oh Lord. Do please explain it to us.'

And the Lord replied saying, 'The preceptor Advaita-chandra, Oh Svarupa, is a great worshipper. He is well-versed in the rules of Tantras. He prays unto the God and invokes his aid for his worship. And he keeps him for some time to worship. And when the worship is over, he no longer keeps the image but throws it off. All he does is mysterious. I do not understand his riddle, nor do I know what he means by it. For the Preceptor is a great Lord of the Yogis and he is a master of riddles. His riddles I can not explain'.

And all the devotees there heard it. And they were surprised. But the saint Svarupa was disappointed and he was gloomy.

From that day forth the condition of the Lord changed. And his grief of separation for the Lord Krishna was redoubled. Day and night he was in delirium. And in this holy delirium he raved day and night. He felt the deepest pangs of separation as Radha did of yore. And by fits and starts his grief increased.

On one occasion the Lord remembered all on a sudden the journey of the Lord Krishna to Mathura. And as he remembered it, his head whirled. And he was like a mad man. For he held Ramananda round the neck and raved as such. And he took the saint Svarupa for a female friend and asked him questions.

And as the Lord raved in his holy delirium, he recited a verse. And the verse was one that Radha addressed unto her female friend Bishakha. And this was the verse: * 'Tell me, Oh Friend ! tell me where that moon of the family of Nanda is ? Tell me where is my Lord adorned so finely with fea-



thers of the peacock ? Alas ! alas ! tell me where is my Lord ? Where the tune of his flute is pouring sweetness.

Tell me of him whose complexion is bright as the jewel Indranilamani ? Tell me of him who dances in the sweet circle-dance with his beloved Gopis ? Oh, tell me of that holy tonic that saves my life ? Tell me of that dear Friend who is the dearest to me ? Tell me where is he now ? Alas ! alas ! what hast thou done Oh Creator !

And the Lord then sang thus, 'The line of the king of Vraja is as an ocean of milk. And the Lord Krishna is as the full moon on it. The Lord made the world bright with his own effulgence by his sacred birth in the line.

The eyes of the people of Vraja are as *Chakoras*. They drink the sweetness of the complexion of the Lord day and night : yea, they live upon this very sweetness. Tell me, Oh Friend, where that moon is ? Take me to him soon. For my heart bursts in grief, if I do not see his sweet face even for one moment. Oh, take me to my Lord ; for without him I cannot bear this life. We, the women of Vraja, are so many lotuses burnt by the scorching rays of the sun, who is the God of love. And the Lord is the moon who saves us with the sweet touch of his palms and keeps us blooming in beauty. Oh, where is he ? Take me, Oh Friend, to him and save my life.

Alas, where is that beautiful crest ? Where is that flying feather of the peacock fine as the rainbow on the new cloud ? Where is my Lord in yellow cloth, bright as sparks of lightning ? Oh, where is he with his wreath of pearls that are white as rows of white herons ? Oh, where

* Lalit Madhava 3-25, Radha to Bishakha.

is my Lord, with his fine complexion that is blue as a new cloud ?

The sweetness of the complexion of my Lord, Oh Friend, is like the gum of the mango : once it sticks to the heart, it sticks there for ever ; yea, it enters into the hearts of women and is not easily to be removed. And it stricks fast there like the very thorns of the *Sihakul*.

The complexion of my Lord defeats the colour of the Tamala. Indeed, it is bright as the colour of the blue pearl Indranilamani. The whole world is enchanted by it. And it seems as if the Creater has made it by solution of the sweetness of *Sringara* made in moon-light dissolved.

Tell me, Oh Friend, tell me where is that sweet tune of the flute sweeter than the sound of the new cloud ? For that tune attracts the hearts of the whole world. And the people of Vraja run as mad towards it as they hear it. And like the thirsty *Chatakas* they drink the showers of sweetness that emanate from the beautiful complexion of the Lord.

My Lord, Oh Friend, is an expert in all sweet arts ; he is the only cure of my life ; yea, he is the only dear object of my life. Alas ! alas ! he is not with me ; and I am still alive. Fie, fie to this life, Oh God, how cruel art thou to me ? For I do not want to live, Oh Friend. And yet God would keep me alive.' Then again in his sorrows, his heart revolts against the Lord Krishna,

And the Lord scolded him as Radha did. And he scolded the Lord Krishna also with a verse from the holy Bhagavata.

And this was the verse. And the Gopis directed it to the Creator.*

‘Alas ! alas ! art thou altogether merciless, Oh Creator ! for thou tiest us with the chain of friendship and love, but thou partest us both before we have enjoyed the sweetness of the relation. Thou art, indeed, a fool. And thy conduct like that of children is entirely meaningless.’

And when the Lord thus recited the verse he sang song again. And this is how he sang, ‘Thou knowest not the secret of love, Oh Creator. All thy efforts are therefore foolish. Indeed thy efforts are like the efforts of foolish children. And if I could once catch hold of thee, I would teach thee a lesson so that thou mightst not henceforth act so pitifully like this.

Thou art so merciless. Thou makest strange people meet in love. And thou makest people meet who could otherwise be far from one another. And yet thou dost not allow them to enjoy the sweetness of love. For before they have enjoyed it, thou partest the lovers. The same hast thou done with me, Oh Merciless One ! Thou showed me the sweet face of my Lord Krishna ; yea, thou charmed my eyes and my heart with it. But thou didst not allow me to drink the sweetness of it for a second. Thou hast snatched him away elsewhere from me. And thus hast thou committed the serious sin of revoking a gift already given.

And if thou sayst that thou hast not done this, but it is Akrura who has done it, then too must thou be blamed. For it is thou, who, in the person of Akrura, has taken our Lord Krishna from us. None else we are sure, could do so cruel an act.

* Srimat Bhagavata 10-39-19.

Alas ! alas ! why do I blame thee, Oh creater. Thou art far away from us. And if I suffer, I only reap the fruit of my own action. For the Lord himself who is so dear to my life and the very companion of my heart has been cruel to me.

I have renounced my all for him ; I serve him with all my heart. Yet, he kills me with his own hands. He fears not to kill women. For I die for his sake ; and he turns not his eyes towards me to see me once. By one cruel touch has he broken the holy bond of love.

Yet, I do not blame my Lord. For the fruits of my sins are ripe. And it is all due to my misfortune that I suffer. It is my own misfortune that has made my Lord so indifferent to me. My misfortune is strong indeed."

Thus the Lord lamented. And in the depth of his sorrow he cried saying, Alas ! alas where art thou, Oh Lord ? And his heart was filled with this feeling of the Gopis. And he lamented in their words addressing the Lord by his various names—Damodara, Govinda and Madhava.

And the saint Svarupa and Raya Ramananda saw this condition of the Lord. And they thought of means to stop these lamentations. They gave him hopes. And they sang songs of the union of Radha with his beloved Krishna. As the Lord heard these songs, his heart was consoled. And he became a little steady.

But still the Lord lamented. And he lamented on that occasion till midnight. The saint Svarupa now took the Lord in the 'Gambhira.' And there he laid the Lord on his bed.

Raya Ramananda then went home. The saint Svarupa



and the servant Govinda laid themselves down at the door of the Gambhira. But the heart of the Lord was full to the brim in love. He kept up all night and sang the holy name.

And the Lord was at length so overwhelmed with the grief of separation that he could not even sit quiet. And so he rose up. And in deep delirium he began to rub his face against the wall of the house. His whole face was cut and was full of wounds. And the Lord received wounds on the face, on the cheeks and on his nose. Blood flowed in torrents from the wounds. But the Lord knew it not. For he was besides himself with the ecstasy of love. And the Lord rubbed his face against the wall all night. And he groaned as he did this.

And Svarupa now lighted a fire and entered into the room. And he and Govinda saw the face of the Lord full of wounds. And as they saw these wounds their hearts were filled with grief. And they then brought the Lord back to bed. And there they made him lie down. And the saint Svarupa now asked the Lord why he had so rubbed his face.

And the Lord replied, 'I could not stay at the room for grief, Oh Svarupa. I would go out. So I walked within seeking the door. But I could not find the door. My face touched the four walls. It was wounded. And blood flowed from it. And yet I could not find a door to go out'.

The Lord was still in a state of holy delirium. His heart was still impatient. And all he did and all he said seemed as ravings of the mad person.

This made the saint Svarupa anxious. And on the next day he called the devotees of the Lord unto him and took counsel. And the devotees now interceded with the Lord.

And they persuaded the Lord to allow the scholar Sankara to lie with him. From that day forth the scholar Sankara laid near the feet of the Lord on the same bed.

And the Lord placed his holy feet from time to time on the body of Sankara. People called the scholar Sankara, the cushion for the feet of the Lord. He was indeed, like the sage Vidura of old, of whom Suka says * 'Out of love the Lord Krishna stretched his feet on the lap of Vidura. Vidura in all humility put him questions about the *Swayambhuva Manu*. And as the sage Maitreya, who was then busy talking on divine themes heard this, his heart was filled with joy'.

And the scholar Sankara clasped the feet of the Lord. And by this process he lulled the Lord to sleep when the Lord went to bed.

Sometimes Sankara slept with his body all uncovered. And when the Lord saw this, he himself rose up and threw his outer garment on Sankara to cover up his body.

For Sankara was a sleepy fellow. He slept all the night. But he was easily roused. Sometimes when he rose he would not sleep. He would keep up all night and clasp the feet of the Lord.

So, the Lord could not now go out of the room for fear of detection by him ; nor could he now rub his lotus-like face against the wall.

These *Lilas* of the Lord, the saint Raghunatha Dasa has narrated in his holy 'Chaitanya-Stava-Kalpa-Briksha'.

And Raghunatha Dasa describes it thus.† "The holy *Gostha* was ten thousand times more dear unto the Lord

* *Srimat Bhagavata* 3-13 5. Suka to Parikshit.

† *Stavaval* .6. Raghunatha Dasa Goswami.



Chaitanya than his life. And the Lord raved incessantly in deep delirium on account of his sorrow for separation from there. Being overwhelmed with grief he rubbed his face for a long time against the wall. Blood came out of the wounds and covered his face. Oh, may that holy Lord swell in my heart and overwhelm me with loving ecstasy.'

Thus it is that the Lord passed his days and nights at Nilachala. And he was all along immersed into the ocean of love. Sometimes he sank into it and sometimes again he floated up. I shall now narrate another event of the life of the Lord. On one occasion in the month of Baishakha the Lord went to a garden at night. The name of the garden was *Jagannatha Ballava*. And it was a big garden. And the Lord entered into the garden with his devotees.

Beautiful indeed, was the garden. It was almost a second Vrindavana. It bloomed with the beauty of trees and creepers. Through it the wind from the mount of *Malaya* blew with the fragrance of flowers. The cuckoo, the bee and the parrot and the hornet sang there. And the trees like so many preceptors, taught dance to the lovely creepers hanging on them. The moon rained her rays on the garden. The garden shone bright in the sheen of the full moon. And the trees and creepers of the garden all glittered in moon-shine. There are six seasons in the year. The spring was the most noticeable in the garden. And as the Lord saw this garden, his heart was filled with joy. So the Lord sang in the garden a song with his devotees. And the song began with the words: *Lalita-lavangalata*. The Lord sang this song with his devotees and he went round the garden as he sang.

And the Lord went to every tree and every creeper in the garden. And he went at last near an Asoka tree.

Under the tree the Lord suddenly saw his beloved Lord Krishna.

And the Lord ran towards his beloved one as he saw him. As the Lord Krishna saw our Lord before him, he laughed. And at a moment he vanished from his sight.

So the Lord got his beloved Krishna, but he lost him immediately. He fell down at once in a trance on the ground there in that beautiful garden. For the garden was charming ; it was filled with the fragrance of the holy limbs of the Lord Krishna. The Lord got the fragrance and fell into a trance. But the sweet fragrance penetrated into the nostrils. And the Lord breathed it. So he stood up like one mad to taste the sweetness of it.

And the Lord now recited a 'Sloka' from the speech of Radha. He sang out the meaning of it. And Radha spoke in this sloka when she was charmed by the fragrance of the limbs of the Lord. Radha said, * 'Sweeter than musk, Oh Friend, is the fragrance of the limbs of my Lord. And this fragrance of his limbs flowing from them attracts the females of Vraja towards him. All the eight limbs of the Lord are as so many fragrant lotuses. And their fragrance is like the fragrance of the lotus mixed with that of camphor. My Lord besmears on his body all fragrant substances like musk, camphor, paste of the alore-wood and the white sandal-wood. Oh, my nostrils yearn for enjoying the fragrance of these limbs of my Lord who enchants the very God of love by his beauty.'

And the Lord thus sang out the sense of this 'Sloka,' Oh, sweet indeed, is the fragrance of the limbs of my Lord ; it is sweeter even than the fragrance of the blue lotus mixed with that of musk. It pervades all the fourteen

* Govinda-Lilamrita, 8-6. Radha to Bishakha.



worlds and attracts all of them towards it. And it blinds the eyes of all women. The fragrance of the limbs of my Lord, Oh Friend, are besmeared with the paste of white and balmy sandal-wood. And this paste is made more fragrant with musk, the paste of the *alore-wood* with fragrant saffron and with the spirit of camphor. The natural fragrance of the limbs of the Lord mixed with the artificial ones steals, nay, robs the hearts of all women at the same moment.

And this fragrance, Oh Friend, enchants the mind and body of all women. It causes a whirl in their nostrils; it opens the knots in their hairs; yea, it opens the very tie round their waists. It turns all women of the world mad and makes them dance in love. Such a robber, Oh Friend, is the fragrance of the limbs of my Lord.

And the nostrils, Oh Friend, like this fragrance much. They would always have it. But sometimes they receive it and sometimes they receive it not. When they receive it, they taste it to their fill and they would desire to have more of it. But when they cannot get more of it, they die of thirst.

And my Lord, Oh Friend, can enchant the very God of love by his beauty. As he dances, fragrance emanates from his limbs. Indeed, he sets up a very show of fragrance for himself. He offers it to the buyers who are the women of the world. To them he gives this fragrance for love. And as they receive it they are blinded. And they cannot see the way back to their homes.'

Thus the Lord sang and his heart was charmed by the fragrance of the limbs of his Lord. So like the hornet he ran this way and that. He ran sometimes to a creeper and sometimes to a tree to see if his Lord could be found once more. But he was disappointed, for he saw not his Lord; only he felt the sweet fragrance of his limbs.

And the saint Svarupa and Raya Ramananda now sang. And they brought him to conscious state. And the Lord danced in glee as they sang. And with their dance and song it was dawn. The devotees now used various means to have the external senses of the Lord restored ; and at last they succeeded.

Thus I have narrated here the Lord's reverence for his mother and his holy delirium. And I have also narrated how the Lord rubbed his face on walls and how he danced as he felt the fragrance of the limbs of the Lord Krishna. So in this one chapter, I, a servant of the saint Svarupa have narrated four events of the life of the Lord Chaitanya.

After a while the Lord recovered his sense. And he then bathed and visited the holy Lord of the holy temple. Unique indeed were the Lilas of the Lord Krishna. And their power was divine. They cannot be known through logic. And it is these love-games of the Lord Krishna that swelled incessantly in the heart of our Lord. So even wise persons fail to understand the nature of these Lilas.

So the saint Rupa says,* Even scholars versed thoroughly in the scriptures cannot understand the word and attempts of that blessed person whose heart swells in new love for the Lord Krishna."

So here ye, Oh Devotees of the Lord, these unique Lilas of the Lord : listen to this description of the holy delirium. Have faith in these. Be not deluded by lifeless logic. And for the truth of all these, consult the description of Radha's love-delirium in the *Bhromora-Gita*, in the holy Bhagavata. Read the pathetic songs of love of the beloved ones for their Lord Krishna in the tenth chapter of the holy Bhagavata. Yet it happens sometimes that even scholars cannot follow the significance of these truths.

* Bhakti-Rasamrita-Sindhu. The speech of the saint Rupa.



Those only, who follow the two holy personalities of Lords Chaitanya and Nityananda, will have this faith. And it is the mercy of the followers of the holy two, which can give us this faith. So, hear, Oh Readers, with devotion all that I have narrated here. You will feel joy as you hear it. And if you hear it, you will forget all the three kinds of evils of life and will be free from the trammels of vain logic. Moreover, the sweet career of the Lord Chaitanya is eternally new. And the more you hear it, the more will your ears and your hearts will receive joy.

Thus I, Krishnadasa, all whose hopes of success are in the holy feet of the saints Rupa and Raghunatha, narrate the sweet career of the Lord Chaitanya on earth.

[End of Chapter XIX]

CHAPTER XX

[This chapter is full of instructions for the devotees. It lays down the duties of a Vaishnava, the method of serving the Lord Krishna. Incidentally mention is made here of the nature of selfless love which Radha had for Krishna. The chief instructions are conveyed through 'Slokas' uttered by the Lord Chaitanya himself. The nature of Radha's love is described in a passionate poem which the Lord himself composed in course of a holy delirium.

So the Lord was in the holy delirium. And it was a product of his loving ecstasy. And in this holy delirium his speech was sometimes pathetic, sometimes full of humility and sometimes full of the spirit of envy against the flute; sometimes the speech was filled with anxiety for the beloved. And sometimes, again, it was full of joy. Only the fortunate few could hear these outbursts of our Lord.

Glory unto the Lord and to the blessed Nityananda, Glory unto the preceptor Advaitachandra and to all the devotees of the Lord.

Thus the Lord continued to pass his days at Nilachala. And day and night he was overwhelmed with grief for separation from his Lord Krishna. He passed his days with the saint Svarupa and the Raya Ramananda. And all three tasted day and night the sweetness of songs and verses on the holy Lord Krishna.

And the emotions that swelled in the Lord were many and various. Sometimes he was in joy, sometimes in anger; and sometimes again he was in the midst of deep sorrows. And sometimes the Lord was humble; and sometimes he seemed proud. Sometimes he was merry; and at times

again his heart seemed filled with extreme anxiety. All these feelings were in the Lord. And the Lord recited verses corresponding to the feelings that swelled in him. He tasted the sweetness of the sense of these verses with his two devotees. And the Lord recited verses on each day according to his mood. And sometimes it so happened that he kept up the whole night tasting the sweetness of the verses recited.

And on one occasion the Lord was in a mood of joy. And in this mood he spoke unto the saint Svarupa and Raya Ramananda. And he said, 'Listen to me, Oh Friend ! and listen ; for I speak the truth ; the best way to attain the Lord in the *Kali Yuga* is the singing of the holy name ; this is the 'Sacrifice' of *Kali*. Through this 'Sacrifice' alone, will wise people invoke the Lord in the *Kali Yuga* ; and through this alone will they attain his holy feet ?'

As the Lord spoke in this way he recited a verse. And it was this. * 'The wise people invoke the Lord Krishna even in the *Kali-yuga*. And the holy songs are the 'Sacrifice' to attain the Lord. And they worship the Lord, who is in nature black, but who has a yellow complexion outside. And they all worship him with his body and its parts and with his weapons and all his favourites.'

And the Lord, furthermore, said, 'All evils of life shall vanish by the power of the holy song. And from it, all that are good and beneficial, shall take their birth.'

And the Lord then recited the following verse of his own.† 'May *Krishna Sankirtana* prosper ; may it prosper in full. For it cleanses dust from the glass of our minds ; it quenches the great wood-fire of the worldly life ; it gives soft

* Srimat Bhagavata, 11-5-32

† Padyavali—Nama Mahatmya, 22



light to all good attributes to blossom forth like the water-lily : it swells to its utmost height the ocean of joy within us. It is as the very life of the lovely Goddess of wisdom. It satisfies all our senses. And it gives us a taste of the finest sweetness of love at every moment.'

For *Nama Sankirtana*, said the Lord, kills in us all attachments for the sinful world. It purifies our soul. And from it sprouts forth all faith and all attempts for the attainment of loving faith. And from it sprouts forth our love for the Lord Krishna ; and through it we get the sweetness of love for the Lord. Yea, we attain the Lord himself through it. And it immerses us into the ocean of the joy of loving service to the Lord.

And thus the Lord spoke. And as he spoke, sorrows and anxieties took possession of his heart. And he recited another verse. And so sweet was it, that it will drive out all sorrows and gloom from our hearts. And lo, it was this.* 'Thou hast, Oh Lord, yielded up all thy powers through thy holy names. And the names are many, each having a virtue and significance of its own. They are Krishna, Govinda, Mukunda and the like. And thou hast, Oh Lord, fixed no definite times or rules for muttering thy holy names. So one may mutter them whenever he likes. Oh thou Merciful One, thou hast been so merciful unto me. Yet, as ill-luck would have it, I have not been able to imbibe an attachment for the holy name.'

And the Lord continued saying, 'Different people have got different desires and inclination, Oh Svarupa. And my Lord has, therefore, out of mercy for them assumed so many different names to satisfy them all. And one may take the holy name whenever he likes and wheresoever it pleases him to do so. One may take it even when he eats or goes to bed,

* Padyavali 31—a verse of the Lord's own.

For there is no fixed place or time or rule for muttering the name. Moreover, it can give us any object of our desire. And the Lord has divided his whole power among the holy names, each name having a distinct power of its own. Alas ! alas ! I am unfortunate. For I have not yet imbibed any attachment for the holy name. But I shall tell you, Oh Friends, how the names give love : yea, I shall teach you the way to mutter it.'

And thus the Lord spoke. And he then recited this verse of his own.* 'That man alone is fit to sing the holy name, who is humbler than grass, who is forgiving like the tree, who has very little regard for his own respect and who, yet has respect for all.'

And the Lord continued saying, 'The devotee of the Lord, Oh Friends, should be good ; but he should yet be more full of humility than grass. And like the tree he should have two kinds of forbearance ; for the tree would say nothing even when cut through the body ; and even if it dies, it would not beg water of any : on the otherhand it would give any, who begs, its own wealth. Yea, it would bear heat and rain to give satisfaction to others. So too, a Vaishnava should be honest, but he must be free from all pride. He should show respects unto others knowing that his Lord is in them all. He alone, Oh Svarupa, who is such as I have said, is fit to take the holy name of the holy Lord. And such a man alone will attain love for the holy feet of the Lord of love, Krishna.'

Thus the Lord spoke. And as he spoke, the spirit of humility increased in him. And he began to pray unto his Lord Krishna for pure faith. For this is the nature of true love. He, who has it, thinks that he has not the slightest faith in the Lord Krishna.

* Padyavali 32, a verse of the Lord's own.

And the Lord now sang another verse, † 'I pray not unto you, Oh God, for wealth, either for issue or for poetic power or for a beautiful wife. I desire none of these. I only pray, Oh Lord, so that I may, *in every birth*, have faith, yea pure faith in Thee.'

And this is how the Lord explained the verse. 'I pray not for wealth, or for issue, or for a beautiful wife, or for poetic genius. I only pray to Thee, Oh Lord, for pure faith. Be thou merciful unto me and grant me pure faith in thee.'

And yet again the Lord's heart was filled with humility. And out of his deep humility the Lord prayed for the spirit of loving service to his Lord. And he took himself as a servant of the Lord Krishna. And he uttered this verse.

And the Lord spoke in this strain unto his Lord Krishna. * 'Oh Thou Son Of Nanda, I am a slave unto Thee. I am immersed into the deep ocean of worldly desires. Be merciful unto me and make me as the holy dust of Thy lotus-like feet.'

And the Lord continued saying, 'I am an eternal servant of Thine, Oh Lord, but I forgot Thee. And I am now immersed into the ocean of worldly desires where Maya is the queen. Be Thou merciful and do Thou take me as an humble particle of dust of your feet. I shall be Thy servant and I shall serve Thee all my life.'

Thus the Lord spoke. And again did he speak out of deep eagerness and humility of his heart. And he now prayed unto the Lord Krishna for power to sing the holy song as well as for love.

† Padyavali 95.

* Padyavali-Lord's own speech 71.

And he then read out the following verse : † 'Tell me Oh Lord, tell me when will it be so ? When will my heart be filled with joy as I shall mutter Thy holy name ? When will my voice be choked with Thy name and when will tears flow from my eyes, yea, will flood my cheeks as they flow for the deep love for Thee' ? And the Lord continued saying, 'Give me the wealth of love, Oh Lord, give it to me. For without it, life is all in vain. Make me Thy servant and as wages, give me only the wealth of love for Thee.'

And the Lord was now overwhelmed with another kind of emotion. And in it he felt the sorrows of deep separation from his beloved Krishna. And his gloom, his humility and his anxiety all brought the holy delirium to him again.

And the Lord read out another verse : * 'Oh, how deep are my sorrows for separation from my Lord : moments seem to me as ages. Tears flow from my eyes in showers. And the whole world seems to me as something stale and unprofitable'.

And the Lord continued in the strain of Radha, 'My days do not seem to pass, so overcome am I with sorrow. Moments seem to me as ages. Tears flow from both my eyes in showers as from the cloud flows rain. And the whole world, Oh Friend, seems to me as something altogether void. My heart burns like the secret fire within husks. And yet I cannot die'.

And thus wept the Lord Krishna's beloved Radha. And as she wept thus, her friends said, 'The Lord is indifferent to thee to examine your heart. So be indifferent to him in return'. But as Radha thought this, her heart was filled with deep love for her Lord.

† Padyavali 94.

* Padyavali-328



In her transparent soul her natural love for her beloved Krishna at once reappeared. Feelings of joy, of anxiety, of humility, modesty and zeal swelled in her bosom all at the same moment. And they made her impatient. And the Lord now recited that verse which Radha spoke in the zeal of love for the Lord to her female friend. And he too spoke out of the same feeling. As the Lord uttered the verse he was deeply immersed into love as Radha had been.

And this was the verse : * I am a serving maid of my Lord Krishna. He may embrace me, do anything he likes with me ; and he may make me all his own. He may, give pain to my soul by his absence or reckless as he is, he may do anything that he likes ; yet, he is my Lord, yea, the very Lord of my life but not of others or none other is so'.

And this verse, Oh Readers, contains much. And I cannot realise the bounds of its meaning. And yet I shall attempt to explain it in brief. And this was the sense of the verse that the Lord himself sang. 'I am a loving maid of the Lord Krishna And my Lord is a fountain of sweetness and joy. He may do with me as he pleases. He may embrace me and take me into his ownself or he may stay off from me and burn my mind and body with grief. Whatever he may do, he is the very Lord of my life and not of others.

Hear me, Oh Friend, hear me ; for I speak out my heart. Krishna is the Lord of my life. Whether he loves me or kills me with grief I do not mind. He is my Lord and none but he is so. Whether my Lord cares not for other women, or with his mind and body he is always my own, and thus he makes me wonderfully fortunate, and thus he gives pain to others, and he disports with me before the eyes of them

* Padyavali-341, by the Lord.



all. Or he might be reckless, cunning and shrewd and crafty. And for this reason he might be in company with other women sometimes and he might associate before me with them to make me jealous ; yet, he is my Lord ; yea, he is the very Lord of this very life of me.

And for him, Oh Friend, I care not my own sorrows. I only desire the pleasure of my Lord. For his joy is my joy. And if my Lord will be pleased by giving me pains, I shall not feel the pangs of these pains ; for even these pains are the sweetest pleasure for me.

My Lord, Oh Friend, may desire loving association with another woman. And the beauty of another may sometimes enchant his heart ; yet, I must not allow my Lord to suffer grief for that woman. I would fall at her feet and take her by the hand to my Lord ; and I would satisfy my own beloved one by making him associate with that woman.

My Lord, Oh Friend, is pleased when his beloved one is angry with him. And he is also pleased when she scolds him and takes him to task. For when the Lord's beloved one shows proper sense of loving self-conceit, the Lord is pleased. And he who gives up her own loving self-conceit soon, is a selfish woman, Oh Friend ! And she knows not the secret of the heart of the Lord Krishna. She is deeply angry with the Lord for her own sake. She takes her own happiness as the only end. Why should such a woman live ? Why should she not be struck with a thunderbolt on her head ? I am no such woman ; for all I desire is the happiness of my Lord.

A Gopi may envy me, Oh Friend. And she may yet please my Lord. The Lord himself may desire association with her. I would go to the house of such a Gopi, nay, I would serve her as a servant to please my Lord. For even such a service would give me joy.

This is, Oh Friend, what the wife of the Brahmin leper did. Her husband was suffering from 'leprosy. And she, supremely chaste as she was, served a public woman for his sake. So, she could make the sun still, she could make her dead husband alive. For her conduct satisfied all the three supreme Gods, Brahma, Vishnu and Siva.

And my Lord, Oh Friend, is my life ; for he is dear to me as life. Yea, he is the very life of my life. I shall hold him in my heart ; and I shall please him with service. Oh, may he ever be the sole object of my thought.

For it is my pleasure to serve him. And it is the pleasure of my Lord to have loving association with me. And I dedicate my body unto him. So, the Lord calls me his beloved. And he says I am dear to him as life. All the same I am proud of being only a female servant of my Lord.

For service unto him is sweeter. Yea, it is much sweeter than loving association with him. And the witness of this truth is the Goddess Lakshmi herself. She dwells in the bosom of the Lord. But her heart is devoted to the service of his holy feet. So, she is desirous of serving the feet of the Lord and of being a female servant to his holy self."

Thus the Lord sang. And he sang out the feeling in Radha's heart. The feeling was one of pure love. And as he sang from it, he tasted the sweetness of it too. And the Lord was now impatient in deep ecstasy. And the pure feeling of love pervaded him so that he lost all control over his mind and body.

The love of 'Vraja' is pure. And it is bright as the gold of river *Jamboo*. There is not one spark of selfish inclination in it. And the Lord composed the 'sloka' to teach

people the nature of this holy love. And he also made this poem following the sense of the sacred sloka.

In this way did the Lord sing. And he raved in this holy delirium when he was overwhelmed with loving ecstasy.

And the Lord composed eight verses. And through them he meant to teach the world. And he, also, tasted the sweetness of them all. And whosoever reads or hears these verses of the Lord by which he meant to teach people, shall gain love and faith in the Lord Krishna. And love and faith in him shall grow day by day.

The soul of the Lord was, indeed, as deep as the depth of a crore of oceans. And it swelled with various feeling as oceans swell with the rays of the moon; under the influence of different feelings the Lord spoke. And the spirit of his speeches has been embodied in the Bhagavata, in the poems of Joydeva and in the drama of Raya Ramana-
nanda and also in the Krishna-Karnamrita. The slokas of the Lord always corresponded to the feelings in him. And the Lord tasted the sweetness of them all in the ecstasy of these holy feelings.

The Lord passed twelve long years in this condition. And with his two devotees, he tasted day and night the sweetness of love for the Lord Krishna. So various are these *Lilas* of the Lord that even the God Ananta with his thousand mouths could not describe them all. I touch here only a fringe of these *Lilas* of the Lord to purify my ownself.

For the delirious speeches and ravings of the Lord were infinite. And if I attempt to narrate them all, the volume of the book will increase. I have therefore

summarised here those few *Lilas* of the Lord that the poet Vrindavanadasa narrated. I have also added in brief some events that holy poet Vrindavanadasa omitted. And yet the treatise has been so voluminous, so many were the *Lilas* of our Lord Chaitanya. Poor as I am, I can not describe all the *Lilas* of the Lord. So I bow in deep reverence to these holy *Lilas* and complete my book here.

All that I Krishnadasa have narrated in this book is a mere indication of what actually happened. And its sweetness is bound to be limited, it will be limited to the portions narrated. The *Lilas* of the Lord were deep. I cannot grasp them all. As I cannot see through them all, I cannot do proper justice to them. Yet, do I bow at the feet of the Vaishnavas who would favour me with the perusal of these *Lilas* of the Lord. And I complete here the history of the sweet career of our Lord Chaitanya here on earth.

The sky is infinite. And the birds fly there. And they fly as far as possible. So, too, the *Lilas* of the Lord are infinite. And no one man can narrate them in full. I have indeed narrated them, but I have only touched one drop of that vast ocean.

The poet Vrindavanadasa received the mercy of the blessed Nityananda. And he is the first poet, the Vyasa, of the *Lilas* of the Lord Chaitanya. He had the whole store of the *Lilas* of the Lord before him. And yet he narrated a little of it and omitted a good deal. And he narrated what he knew, in brief. And as the matter was boundless, he could not narrate it in full. Yet, he wrote of them in many places in his Chaitanyamangala. And you, may, Oh Readers I compare what he wrote with what I write here to know the truth.

He wrote, "I have narrated what I could in brief. I can expand them no more. But the Vyasa of the *Lilas* of the Lord has narrated them in greater details". And he wrote thus in his Chaitanya-mangala. I do not fear contradiction when I say that the Vyasa, I mean the poet Vrindavanadasa described before me much of the *Lilas* of the Lord.

The sweet *Lilas* of the Lord Chaitanya are as an ocean. And it is an ocean of milk. And he Vrindavanadasa, drank one glass of it according to the thirst that was in him. And a little of the dregs of that glass of nectar he left for me. Yet, what the old poet gave unto me was enough ; for it has quenched my thirst and I am satisfied. For I am a small sparrow. And as a sparrow can drink only a little of water from an ocean, so can I drink only a drop from the ocean of nectar that are the *Lilas* of the Lord Chaitanya. Know ye from this, Oh Readers ! how infinite are the *Lilas* of our holy Lord.

Ah, even the very thought that I write all this is a false pride in me. This body of mine is as wooden statue. I am old and decrepit, blind and deaf. And my hand trembles as I write. And my mind and heart are not steady. I suffer from many ailments. And I can neither walk nor sit. Ah, all the five diseases cause infinite pain to me day and night. I spoke of all these in the *Madhya Lila*. And I shall now tell you, Oh Readers ! how I have written this book inspite of all these hindrances and how the idea in me that I write these *Lilas* is a false pride.

I could write so much, Oh Readers ! because I received mercy from so many places. I received mercy from the Lord Govinda, from our Lord Chaitanya, from the blessed Nityananda and from the preceptor Advaitachandra. And I also received mercy from the saints Rupa, Svarupa, and

Sanatana and Raghunatha. I received mercy from the holy feet of the saint Sri Jiva and also from my Preceptor. And I received mercy from you, too, Oh Readers ! for you all are devotees of the Lord. It is the mercy of you all that could give me this power to write. And there is yet another, Oh Readers ! from whom I got mercy. He is infinitely merciful unto me. And he has commanded me to write the book. It is my Lord Madana-Gopala. I should not speak out this secret : but I cannot help it. For I shall be guilty of ingratitude if I do not express it. I speak all these not out of pride, Oh Readers ! so be not disgusted with me. I say again, that it is the blessings of the dust of your holy feet that made me successful in my attempts to write this little about the *Lilas* of the Lord Chaitanya.

Now I shall give you, Oh Readers ! a summary of all these chapters on the *Lilas* of the Lord. For such a summary will give us a better taste of the *Lilas* of the Lord.

In the *First chapter* of this *Antya Lila* the saint Rupa meets the Lord a second time. He reads out the plans of his two dramas to the Lord. And in this chapter, too, Sivananda comes to the Lord at Nilachala with a dog. And the dog attains salvation through the holy name which the Lord makes it utter.

In the *Second chapter* the Lord teaches a lesson to the second Haridasa. And in it Sena Sivananda saw the wonderful sight.

In the *Third chapter* the high glory of the devotee Haridasa is narrated. And here, too, is narrated how the scholar Damodara scolded the Lord. The Lord, as we know, brought the holy name on earth to save the world. And the devotee Haridasa established the glory of the name.

In the *Fourth chapter* of this *Antya Lila* the saint Sanatana meets the Lord a second time. And the Lord saves him from death. And here, too, the Lord tests his faith in the heat of the month of Jaistha. He inspires him with powers and sends him to the holy Vrindavana.

In the *Fifth chapter* the Lord gives his holy grace unto Misra Pradyumna. And the Lord asks Raya Ramananda to converse with the Misra on the *Lilas* of the Lord Krishna. And in it too we find how the drama of the foolish Bengali poet is slighted and how the saint Svarupa established the glory of the holy Lord Jagannatha.

In the *Sixth chapter* Raghunatha meets the Lord. And with the permission of Sri Nityananda Raghunatha holds a festival with chira. And here, too, the Lord gives the charge of Raghunatha unto the saint Svarupa. And he offers him as present a piece of stone from the holy Govardhana and a wreath of Gunja flowers.

In the *Seventh chapter* Ballava Bhatta meets the Lord. And the Lord insults him for his pride in various ways.

In the *Eighth chapter* the Sannyasin Ramachandra Puri meets the Lord. And the Lord curtailed food for fear of criticism.

In the *Ninth chapter* the Lord saves Pattanayaka Gopinatha. And the dwellers of all the three worlds see the holy person of the Lord.

In the *Tenth chapter* the Lord tastes the offers of his devotees, examines the faith of the servant Govinda and narrates the ways of the holy circle-dance.

In the *Tenth chapter* too, we find a description of the Jhalis of the devotee Raghava.



In the *Eleventh chapter* Thakura Haridasa breathes his last. And the Lord shows his great attachment to his devotee.

In the *Twelfth chapter* the scholar Jagadananda breaks his jar of oil and the blessed Nityananda takes Sena Sivananda to task.

In the *Thirteenth chapter* the scholar Jagadananda goes to the holy Mathura and the Lord hears the song of *Devadassy*. In this chapter, too, Bhatta Raghunatha meets the Lord and receives his holy grace and is sent to the holy Vrindavana.

In the *Fourteenth chapter* the holy delirium of the Lord begins. And while his body is with him, his heart travels in the holy Vrindavana. Here, too, is narrated the Lord's fall at the Lion-gate, the separation of his bones from the joints and the swelling of the holy emotion in him. It is in this chapter, again, that the Lord sees the *mount Chataka* and runs towards it. And here his ravings in holy delirium begin.

In the *Fifteenth chapter* our Lord's joys in a garden which he took for the holy Vrindavana are described. And here, too, are described the attractions exerted on all the five senses of the Lord and the Lord's holy search after his beloved Krishna in the holy circle-dance.

In the *Sixteenth chapter* the Lord grants his mercy to Kalidasa. And he tells to his disciples the wonderful effect of taking the remainder of a Vaishnava's food. Here, too, the Lord makes a son of Sivananda compose a verse. And here again the gate-keeper of the Lion-gate shows the Lord his beloved Krishna. It is in this chapter, again, that the Lord tasted all the verses bearing on the sweetness of the holy lips of the Lord.



In the *Seventeenth chapter* the Lord falls in the midst of cows. And here he reveals the sublime emotion that turns his body to the shape of the turtle. Here the virtue of the holy name Krishna attracts the heart of the Lord and the Lord sings out in holy ecstasy the meaning of a beautiful verse of Srimat Bhagavata. And here, too, the Lord raves in his overwhelming ecstasy and he explains the sense of a verse from the "Karnamrita".

In the *Eighteenth chapter* the Lord falls into the sea. And he sees in a vision the holy game in water of the Lord Krishna with the Gopis. A fisherman picks him up. And the Lord at last is brought back home.

In the *Nineteenth* the Lord rubs his face against walls. And again and again he feels the pang of grief due to his separation from the Lord Krishna and he raves in agony. And here, too, are narrated the Lord's walk in a garden of flowers by night in the spring. And here also, is expanded the meaning of the verse on the holy fragrance of the limbs of the Lord Krishna.

In the *Twentieth chapter* the Lord reads out the eight verses by which he means to teach people. And in his holy ecstasy he tastes the sweetness of the sense in all the eight of them. He composes these eight verses to teach loving faith to the people of the world. He now himself tastes the sweetness of all the eight verses. Thus I have summarised all the chapters of the *Antya Lila* of the Lord. And this summary will help you. Oh Readers! in remembering the contents of the book. Many and various are the events for each chapter, Oh Readers! and I mention only the chief among them in my summary. You will know these chief ones, if you would peruse the book.



Three holy Lords are the very Lords of their life to the people of Gauda. And they are the Lord Madana-mohana with Radha, the Lord Govinda with Radha and the Lord Gopinatha with Radha.

I hold on my head the holy feet of the Lord Krishna-Chaitanya, of the blessed Nityananda. I also hold on my head the feet of the preceptor Advaitachandra, and of the devotees of Lord Chaitanya and also of Rupa, Svarupa, Sanatana, Raghunatha and Sri Jiva. And I also hold the holy feet of my Initiator on my head. And I hold on my head the feet of all the above. For they can give me the object that I so deeply desire.

The Mercy of the holy feet of them all is as the holy Preceptor to me. And my speech is his disciple. He makes my speech dance as he wills. Now, the Preceptor has stopped the dance; for he sees that the disciple is tired. And as the Mercy stopped the dance, the poor speech stopped. Because the speech is inexperienced and cannot dance itself. So it stopped the dance as the Mercy made it do so.

Now, I bow again at the holy feet of all the Readers; for from their mercy all good emanates. I would drink the water that washes the feet of those holy people who would peruse the sweet career of the Lord Chaitanya. The dust of the holy feet will be ornament for my head. And if you, Oh Readers! drink the sweetness of the career of the Lord, all my labour will be amply rewarded.

Thus I, Krishnadasa, all whose hopes of success are in the holy feet of the saints Sri Rupa & Raghunatha have narrated the sweet career of the Lord Chaitanya on our earth.

THE END

And here I, out of deep gratitude, dedicate this Book to my friend Mr. Tucci and my sister Mrs. Giulia Tucci Nuvolony of Italy.

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