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## AKRURA'S CRUELTY - PART THREE

THE PRAYERS OF AKRURA

*Srila Sukadeva Goswami*

THERE IS NO GUARANTEE

*His Divine Grace*

*A. C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada*

AKRURA'S CRUELTY

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THE PRAYERS OF AKRURA  
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Sri Akṛura said: I bow down to You, the cause of all causes, the original and inexhaustible Supreme Person, Narayana. From the whorl of the lotus born from Your navel, Brahma appeared, and by his agency this uni-verse has come into being. Earth; water; fire; air; ether and its source, false ego; the *mahat tattva*; the total material nature and her source, the Supreme Lord's *puruṣa* ex-

pansion; the mind; the senses; the sense objects; and the senses' presiding deities—all these causes of the cosmic manifestation are born from Your tran-scendental body. The total material nature and these other elements of creation certainly cannot know You as You are, for they are manifested in the realm of dull matter. Since You are beyond the modes of nature, even Lord Brahma, who is bound up in these modes, does not know Your true identity. Pure yogis worship You, the Supreme Personality of Godhead, by conceiving of You in the threefold form comprising the living



entities, the material elements that constitute the living entities' bodies, and the controlling deities of those elements. *Brāhmaṇas* who follow the regulations concerning the three sacred fires worship You by chanting mantras from the three Vedas and performing elaborate fire sacrifices for the various demigods, who have many forms and names. In pursuit of spiritual knowledge, some persons renounce all material activities and, having thus become peaceful, perform the sacrifice of philosophic investigation to worship You, the original form of all knowledge. And yet others those whose intelligence is pure follow the injunctions of Vaishnava scriptures promulgated by You. Absorbing their minds in thought of You, they worship You as the one Supreme Lord manifesting in multiple forms. There are still others, who worship You, the Supreme Lord, in the form of Lord Shiva. They follow the path described by him and interpreted in various ways by many teachers. But all these people, my Lord, even those who have turned their attention away from You and are worshiping other deities, are actually worshiping You alone, O embodiment of all the demigods. As rivers born from the mountains and filled by the rain flow from all sides into the sea, so do all these paths in the end reach You, O master.

Goodness, passion and ignorance, the qualities of Your material nature, entangle all conditioned living beings, from Brahma down to the nonmoving creatures. I offer My obeisances to You, who as the Supreme Soul of all beings witness everyone's consciousness with unbiased vision. The current of Your material modes, produced by the force of ignorance, flows strongly among the living beings who assume identities as demigods, humans and animals. Fire is said to be Your face, the earth Your feet, the sun Your eye, and the sky Your navel. The directions are Your sense of hearing, the chief demigods Your arms, and the oceans Your abdomen. Heaven is thought to be Your head, and the wind Your vital air and physical strength. The trees and plants are the hairs on Your body, the clouds the hair on Your head, and the mountains the bones and nails of You, the Supreme. The passage of day and night is the blinking of Your eyes, the progenitor of mankind Your genitals, and the rain Your semen. All the worlds, with their presiding demigods and teeming populations, originate in

You, the inexhaustible Supreme Personality of Godhead. These worlds travel within You, the basis of the mind and senses, just as aquatics swim in the sea or tiny insects burrow within an udumbara fruit. To enjoy Your pastimes You manifest Yourself in various forms in this material world, and these incarnations cleanse away all the unhappiness of those who joyfully chant Your glories. I offer my obeisances to You, the cause of the creation, Lord Matsya, who swam about in the ocean of dissolution, to Lord Hayagriva, the killer of Madhu and Kaitabha, to the immense tortoise [Lord Kurma], who supported Man-dara Mountain, and to the boar incarnation [Lord Varaha], who enjoyed lifting the earth. Obeisances to You, the amazing lion [Lord Narsimha], who remove Your saintly devotees' fear, and to the dwarf Vamana, who stepped over the three worlds. Obeisances to You, Lord of the Bhrgus, who cut down the forest of the conceited royal order, and to Lord Rama, the best of the Raghu dynasty, who put an end to the demon Ravana. Obeisances to You, Lord of the Satvatas, and to Your forms of Vasudeva, Sankarsana, Pradyumna and Aniruddha. Obeisances to Your form as the faultless Lord Buddha, who will bewilder the Daityas and Danavas, and to Lord Kalki, the annihilator of the meat-eaters posing as kings.

O Supreme Lord, the living entities in this world are bewildered by Your illusory energy. Becoming involved in the false concepts of "I" and "my," they are forced to wander along the paths of fruitive work. I too am deluded in this way, O almighty Lord, foolishly thinking my body, children, home, wife, money and followers to be real, though they are actually as unreal as a dream.

Thus mistaking the temporary for the eternal, my body for my self, and sources of misery for sources of happiness, I have tried to take pleasure in material dualities. Covered in this way by ignorance, I could not recognize You as the real object of my love. Just as a fool overlooks a body of water covered by the vegetation growing in it and chases a mirage, so I have turned away from You. My intelligence is so crippled that I cannot find the strength to curb my mind, which is disturbed by material desires and activities and constantly dragged here and there by my obstinate senses.

Being thus fallen, I am approaching Your feet for shelter, O Lord, because although the impure can never attain Your feet, I think it is nevertheless possible by Your mercy. Only when one's material life has ceased, O lotus naveled Lord, can one develop consciousness of You by serving Your pure devotees. Obeisances to the Supreme Absolute Truth, the possessor of unlimited energies. He is the embodiment of pure, transcendental knowledge, the source of all kinds of awareness, and the predominator of the forces of nature that rule over the living being.

O son of Vasudeva, obeisances to You, within whom all living beings reside. O Lord of the mind and senses, again I offer You my obeisances. O master, please protect me, who am surrendered unto You.

— Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam (Bhāgavata Purāṇa) » Canto 10: The Summum Bonum » Chapter 40 » Verses 1–30 » Translations by Disciples of His Divine Grace A. C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada.

### THERE IS NO GUARANTEE

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It is stated in the *Bhagavad-gītā* that worship of demigods is also indirectly worship of the Supreme Lord. But such worship is not orthodox, because the worshipable Lord is the Supreme Personality of Godhead, Narayana. Demigods such as Brahma and Shiva are incarnations of the material qualities, which are also emanations from the body of Narayana. Actually, there was no one existing before the creation except Narayana, the Supreme Personality of Godhead. The worship of a demigod is not on the same level as worship of Narayana. Akrura said, "Although the minds of those who are devotees of the demigods are fixed on a particular demigod, because You are the Supersoul of all living entities, including the demigods, worship of the demigods indirectly goes to You. Sometimes, after flowing down from the mountains during the rainy season, small rivers fail to reach the sea; some reach the sea and some do not. Similarly, the worshipers of the demigods may or may not reach You. There is no guarantee. Their

success depends on the strength of their worship." According to the Vedic principles, when a worshiper worships a particular demigod, he also conducts some ritual for Narayana, Yajñeshvara, for, as it is mentioned in the *Bhagavad-gītā*, the demigods cannot fulfill the desires of their worshipers without the sanction of Narayana, or Krishna. The exact words used in the *Bhagavad-gītā* are *mayaiṣa vihitān hi tān*, which mean that the demigods can award some benediction after being authorized by the Supreme Lord. When a demigod worshiper comes to his senses, he can reason as follows: "The demigods can offer benedictions only after being empowered by the Supreme Lord, so why not worship the Supreme Lord directly?" Such a worshiper of the demigods may come to the Supreme Personality of Godhead, but others, who take the demigods as all in all, cannot reach the ultimate goal.

— Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam (Bhāgavata Purāṇa) » Canto 10: The Summum Bonum » Kṛṣṇa, The Supreme Personality of Godhead » By His Divine Grace A. C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada.

### AKRURA'S CRUELTY

Srila Jiva Goswami

As Vraja's monarchs, Nanda and Yashoda, were worrying about finding an auspicious moment for the departure to Mathura, the gatekeeper announced the arrival of some learned astrologers and some sages expert at understanding good and bad omens. Within the palace, Nanda and Yashoda explained the situation, gave gifts to their guests, and, asking them to keep all they would say a secret, said to the soothsayers: "What do you, who directly know everything, think of this journey to Mathura?" **The soothsayers said:** "Why, while staying in this secret place, do you ask of these very joyful events? You should ask of them in the presence of everyone. "Don't be afraid, O king and queen of Vraja. Your son will kill Kamsa and then become the master of all the wealth in the three worlds. His glories always dancing on their tongues, the eternally-manifest-in-all-the-three-worlds four Vedas, accompanied by the fifth *Veda* and the sacred *Tantras*, all bear witness to your son's wonderful glories. As, after giving away many gifts to their guests, Nanda and Yashoda, feeling great joy in their

hearts, took shelter of Lord Narayana and became rapt in meditation on His feet, Sri Krishna and Sri Balarama, who both fill the demons with fear, having already completed Their morning duties, entered, accompanied by Their friends and kinsmen, the assembly. Krishna and Balarama approached, bowed down before the lotus feet of Yashoda and Rohiṇī, were hugged by them, and both wept, for a long time tears sliding from Their eyes, then, coming singly or in pairs, more than a hundred intimate associates of Krishna and Balarama quickly entered that room within the palace. As Krishna and Balarama, Their eyes filled with tears and Their faces like fully-bloomed lotus flowers, and as everyone else stood, stunned, around Them, from outside cruel Akrura again and again called, “Now is the auspicious moment! Why do You not begin the journey now, at the auspicious moment?” Then Krishna and Balarama, who are the first of chivalrous heroes, and who thirst to kill Kamsa, bowed down before the feet of Their parents and other elders, who were all stunned and motionless like a great painted picture, and then, speaking many words in voices choked with emotion, pushed aside everyone’s worries and begged for permission to begin the journey. When They began to move Their lotus feet there was a joyful tumult of music with splendid sounds of dundubhi drums and other musical instruments.

Sri Krishna was then praised with the following: When, in order to kill Kamsa, Sri Krishna departed from His home, the demigods sounded hundreds of dundubhi drums. Even though they were withered with worries, Sri Krishna’s father and mother felt at that moment the joy that is the root from which the tree of auspicious bliss grows. When, accompanied by the chanting of auspicious Vedic mantras, Krishna and Balarama stood on the chariot, all the people of Gokula became overwhelmed. One by one, Vraja’s King Nanda and all the cowherd men and women gathered around Krishna and Balarama. When lotus-eyed Krishna folded His hands and requested permission to depart on His journey, all the people of Vraja said to Him: “Because we are always rapt in thinking of You, we feel that we will now all accompany You as You depart. “O Krishna, O killer of Bakāsura, Your mother, Your

father, and all the people of Gokula are sighing in the same way a bellows sighs, sighing overcome with great love for You. You always stay in our hearts. Without You, what is the use of the homes, wealth, and life’s breath of us, the people of Gokula?” After speaking these words, the people of Gokula were stunned. Tears filled their eyes. Then lotus-eyed Sri Krishna said to them: “You are all more dear to Me than My own life. For your sake I drank up a forest-fire as if it were a nectar-drink and I lifted Govardhana Hill as if it were a toy-ball. It is not right for Me to express all this in words. Still, seeing how you all are suffering, I speak now in this way. “My father, who is to My mother like her very life, and My dear friends the cowherd boys, who to their parents are like their very life, will now depart with Me. By taking care of the cows, the cowherd ladies, the mothers of the cowherd boys, ladies who must stay now in Vraja, will ensure that I will remain alive. “My father’s two elder brothers will now stay in Vraja and take care of things as My father’s representatives. My father’s two younger brothers, who are like two limbs of My father’s body, will accompany us.” Sri Krishna carefully asked from His mother, aunts, and cousins, permission to depart. What need is there for an elaborate description of these activities?” Because Sri Krishna could not soon return to Vraja after He had killed Kamsa, the people of Vraja were all very sorrowful at heart. Then concluding his narration, Snigdhanakāṇṭha said: Please remember, O King Nanda, that this is a narration of past events. Your son Krishna, who kills all the demons, at this moment hugs You, pressing you to His chest. Hearing these very pleasing words, Vraja’s King Nanda hugged Sri Krishna. Father and son anointed each other with tears that flowed from Their eyes. After seeing all this, the people of Vraja very joyfully returned to their homes. Calling Him into her room, Vraja’s Queen Yashoda hugged Sri Krishna, hugged Him as if she had just then regained His association. Later, at the beginning of the nighttime narration of pastimes, Snigdhanakāṇṭha said to Sri Sri Radha-Krishna: O girl eternally devoted to Sri Krishna, O girl whose khanjana-bird eyes dance when they see Sri Krishna’s effulgent handsomeness, O best of all girls, O Sri Radha, now please place my descrip-



tion of past events upon Your ears. What Sri Krishnas gopi beloveds felt as Vraja's Prince Krishna and His companions departed, traveling on the chariot-pathway, is beyond the power of my intelligence to know. How can I have the power to describe it? "Look! By using a person named Akrura as its tool, destiny has given us folly, loss of intelligence, cruelty, mercilessness, and inauspicious omens, and has now taken Sri Krishna away from us." Speaking these words, the always wise, saintly, and peaceful people of Vraja are now bewildered and distraught. Their sufferings make me again and again burn with sufferings also. "We should not blame our destiny. Nor should we blame the person named Akrura. We should only blame Nanda's son, Krishna, who is the master of our every breath, and who is now arranging His separation from us." The memory of these words spoken by the delicate and gentle girls of Vraja, words like glistening flames that lick those girls' hearts, makes great flames now torment my thoughts at every step.

When I think of the gentle girls of Vraja, who thought, "The girls of Mathura, who soon will gaze on Sri Krishna, are very fortunate. Ah! We yearn to be able to go to Mathura and there gaze on Sri Krishna also", and who, in private places felt great embarrassment when they looked at the limbs of their own bodies, I tremble. At first the gopis did not believe that Sri Krishna would go away to Mathura City. Then, when they heard talk that Sri Krishna would soon step onto the chariot, that talk was like a multitude of thunderbolts falling on their heads. Then the gopis spoke many bitter words denouncing King Nanda and the cowherd-elders in his assembly. The sorrow the gopis felt then now makes my heart feel also overwhelmed with sorrow. "O life-friends, there are many millions of us. Let us all together bring back Sri Krishna, the master of our lives. What will our elders do to stop us?" Speaking these words, the gopis ran to the place where Sri Krishna was about to depart. Although they were very gentle by nature, now the gopis had become very hard and harsh. The thought of the gopis so filled with distress in this way and then running to try to forcibly stop Sri Krishna from departing and then abjectly failing in that

attempt is like a great blow struck to my life's breath. "Alas! Alas! Alas! Where have the eternal *rāsa-līlā* pastimes gone, pastimes filled with the bliss of newer-and-newer meetings of Sri Krishna and the gopis? Alas! A host of cowherd men, all of them initiated in the art of cheating by the king of cheaters, a king who bears the name Akrura, have now destroyed all those *rāsa-līlā* pastimes." Hearing the gopis bitterly lament in this way makes me burst into flames of sorrow.

"Alas! Those playful and graceful *rāsa-līlā* pastimes have now come to an end! Ah! Where do these cowherd men now quickly take Krishna, moonlike Krishna, who, accompanied by His elder brother, Balarama, and by His cowherd friends, enjoyed pastimes of herding the cows from morning to night, Krishna whose sublime and glorious handsomeness filled our eyes?" These words of the gopis are like a great blow that strikes me now.

Although Radha had fainted, the sight of Sri Krishna standing on the chariot was manifest before Her in Her heart. When Sri Krishna cast a glance at Her, She did not see Him, for She already saw Him within Her heart. The gopis cried out, "O Govinda! O Damodara! O Madhava!" Even now, when I remember their words I become filled with grief and no longer do I wish to carefully protect my life.

Following the path by the Yamuna River, the cruel-hearted charioteer Akrura took Krishna away. In this way Akrura struck a violent blow against the beautiful gopis. He caused them great pain. First the gopis saw Sri Krishna. Then, as the sight of Him and the cowherd men receded into the distance, the gopis could not see the group of cowherd men as a whole. After some moments the gopis could see only their chariot-flags in the distance, and then at the end they could see only the dust raised by the moving chariots. With unblinking eyes the gopis watched. It was only the hope that Sri Krishna would return that prevented the gopis from ending their lives. Even if Krishna did not return immediately, the gopis had faith that Krishnas promise to return, expressed in a letter He wrote to them, would prove to be true. Although he well knew there would be a delay in His return to Vraja, a delay already predicted by *Devarṣi* Nārada, and although he deeply yearned

to return as soon as possible, Sri Krishna did not say anything about the delay in His return. Sri Krishna and the gopis exchanged letters, letters carried back and forth by Madhumaṅgala, letters the gopis wrote using ink that was red kuṅkuma mixed with their perspiration and black kajjala mixed with their tears. Sri Krishna wrote to the gopis: “When I have killed Mathuras King Kaṁsa I will quickly return. After all, how far is Mathura City from the land of Vraja, where I killed Vatsāsura and a host of demons? Why are you all so unhappy? Please clearly saw what you desire. You are all queens and the realm you rule is My life’s breath. What do you think of all this? Please tell Me.”

The gopis wrote to Sri Krishna: “O beloved, now You are departing. After You have killed Kaṁsa and You have accepted a kingship, why would You return to Vraja? Therefore we now place this request before You: In the glorious-in-many-ways holy city of Mathura, a city that grants all kinds of benedictions, please offer, in our memory, three palmfulls of water. Sri Krishna wrote to the gopis: “I do not desire a kingdom. I speak the truth. When I have killed Kaṁsa and I have pleased the Yādavas, I will certainly yearn to return to Vraja. If a black stag is tied up, honored like a king, and kept away from the forest and from his doe-beloveds, will he be happy?” The gopis wrote to Sri Krishna: “In Mathura City are a great variety of pastime-gardens. There many glorious and fortunate princesses will, attracted by Your glories, become Your beloveds. Why would Your heart, after attaining all this good fortune, wish to stay again amongst us gopī-girls? Will a person who, after performing many austerities, attains very wonderful pleasures, wish to place his body again within the forest?”

Sri Krishna wrote to the gopis: “It is true that in Mathura City many pastime-gardens grant all that could be desired. It is also true that many supremely virtuous and praiseworthy princesses gloriously stay in Mathura City. I speak the truth when I say that all the three worlds and all the beautiful goddesses residing in the three worlds do not please Me as much as the forest of Vṛndāvana pleases Me and as much as you gopis, who are the goddesses that reside in

Vṛndāvana forest, please Me.” The gopis wrote to Sri Krishna: “In the past our eyes were rapt in gazing at the handsomeness of Your body, our ears were rapt in hearing the music of Your flute, and our bodies attained the glorious wealth that is Your touch. Now our eyes see that You are far away, and our ears hear the horrible news that You have departed from us and our bodies are now far away from You. Alas! Alas! Wretched is our life! Fate has now become our tormentor!”

Sri Krishna wrote to the gopis: “My eyes have dragged Me away from the chance to gaze at your beauty. My ears have dragged Me away from the chance to hear your words. My body has dragged Me away from the chance to touch your bodies. My senses are not submissive to My wishes. Alas! Alas! O gopī-friends dear as life to Me, How can I tolerate the actions of these rebellious senses?”

The gopis wrote to Sri Krishna: “Akrura was cruel to us. fate was unkind. Our friends acted like enemies. What more shall we say? Our lives are now about to enter the realm of death. O master, even after waiting for a kalpa we will not obtain a medicine to cure our disease.”

Sri Krishna wrote to the gopis: “Soon I will return. In My heart I do not think anything to contradict these words. Whatever fate brings, I will never abandon You humble and glorious girls. When from time to time You see Me again even now, please do not think these are mere dreams, as before, when We only seemed to be separated, you thought the visions you had of Me were only dreams.” In this way the gopis exchanged letters with Sri Krishna. In this exchange Sri Radha was silent. She wrote no letter. The gopis were now peaceful. They accepted that Krishna would certainly return. They became rapt in thinking of hundreds of Sri Krishnas pastimes. Again and again they sang songs glorifying them. To Radha and the gopis in the assembly, who were all sorrowful because of the words the narrator Snigdhaṅṭha had just spoken, Snigdhaṅṭha said to sorrowful lotus-eyed Radha: O beautiful-eyed Radha, please do not take seriously the narration that has just entered Your ears. Please understand that this a narration of past events. These events are not happening now. Hearing these words, gazing at Sri Krishnas charming and delightful face, and Her sufferings now subsided, lotus-eyed Sri Radha washed, for a





long time, with the cool tears flowing from Her eyes, Sri Krishnas lotus-flower feet. After thus celebrating a great festival of blisses, the people of Vraja all returned to their own homes. Then Sri Sri Radha-Krishna entered Their enchanting palace.

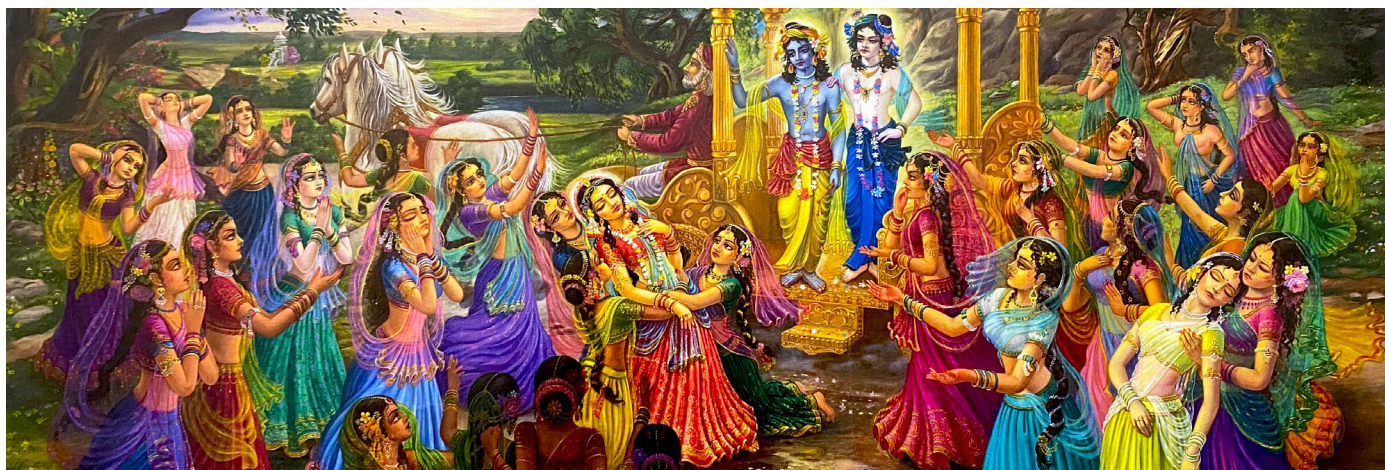
As Vraja's King Nanda and the other cowherd men were preparing their carts, Akrura quickly drove his chariot along the Yamunas northern bank until he reached a specific holy place by the Yamuna. By traveling on this path he cheated the people of Vraja if the opportunity to see him. Not understanding this crooked diplomatic maneuver, the righteous and upright people of Vraja traveled on the southern part when they departed for Mathura City. When he stopped to perform his midday religious rituals, Akrura had a vision of Lord Krishnas wonderful spiritual glories. Overcome by that experience, he could no longer proceed very swiftly on his journey. Meanwhile, worried and agitated, and thinking, "What happened to them?", the people of Vraja waited on the path (for Krishna, Balarama, and Akrura). Please hear from my mouth a brief description of what happened when Akrura entered the water and Krishna and Balarama stayed on the chariot. What glory of the city of Vaikunṭha was shown then to Akrura! What good fortune

is manifested in Vraja! When I remember that glory and good fortune, my throat becomes again and again choked with tears. When, after a long time, Akrura's chariot, carrying Krishna and Balarama, appeared on the pathway of their eyes, glorious Nanda and the other cowherd men all became filled with bliss. After sitting down together, talking, and affirming that providence had always helped them, the cowherd men continued on their journey. Who had the power to describe the good fortune attained by the travelers that somehow or other saw Krishna and Balarama and the cowherd men As they proceeded on that journey?

Coming again and again on the paths converging on Mathura City, the travelers that somehow or other with their own eyes saw Lord Krishnas lotus like face became filled with wonder and stunned with bliss. They forgot their own bodies. Krishna and His entourage entered Mathura City from the south at the place named Devīkhara, which was so named because it had once been the residence of many asses. In that place Krishna and the cowherd men stayed.

Even today all who do parikrama of Mathura pass by that place in the south. Touching that place, they all feel wonderful bliss. Seeing a beautiful garden there, a garden that delighted everyone, Lord Krishna





personally descended from His chariot. Leaving their carts, the cowherd men again approached Akrura. Akrura, who is like a jewel among all who know what is their own true self-interest, invited Krishna to stay at his home. Krishna said to him: “At another time I will certainly visit your home.” Krishna then sent Akrura back to his home. Then, accompanied by His cowherd friends, and placing Balarama in front, Lord Krishna, who is— Always intent on protecting His saintly devotees, as evening approached, entered the wonderful city of Mathura, which was filled with celestial music. Then Lord Krishna saw the gates of Mathura City before Him, gates set with crystal that seemed to form a great smile. Above the gates were 100,000 great windows that seemed to be a host of eyes, unblinking eyes wide with wonder. Above the windows was a great jewel-mosaic roof that seemed to be a forehead above the eyes. The graceful and large topmost portion of the roof was like a great crown, a crown that was a festival of bliss for the eyes. The 100 arches that formed the gateway were like a series of gracefully raised eyebrows. A gentle breeze made everything tremble. It was as if, by seeing Lord Krishna, everything was trembling in the ecstasy of pure love for Him. The very splendid, beautiful, and artistically-fashioned-by-the architect golden doors in those gates were like a graceful row of teeth. When the doors opened, it seemed that opened so that the gate’s mouth could recite many prayers glorifying Lord Krishna’s handsomeness. The decorated-with-gold-and-sapphires crossroads and houses past the gates were like many heart-cakras all splendid with the handsome and effulgent presence of Lord Krishna. Those heart-

cakra crossroads and houses seemed to be filled with bliss and splendor by the people’s always gazing on Lord Krishna. The made-of-celestial-jewels roofs of the houses were like wonderful ornaments adorning that city. The charming cooing of the peacocks and doves was like the pleasing jingling of gracefully-moving ankle-bells. Built of a variety of building materials, the fences and the walls of the houses, which filled the creator Brahmā with wonder, were like a great variety of exquisite garments. Made of many effulgent colors, the walls of the houses glistened like silk garments. The effulgent gardens placed everywhere were like a great host of glistening bracelets and armlets. Those gardens always seemed to be offering great hosts of fruits and flowers to please Lord Krishna. Lined with many belemnite trees, fruit-filled banana trees, and auspicious fill waterpots, every road seemed to be filled with ecstasy, the hairs of its body now standing erect.

— Śrī Gopāla-Campū of Śrīla Jīva Gosvāmī » Translation by Kṣhākrathā Dasa.

!! Sri Sri Nitai Gaurchandra Jayati !!

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