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EDITOR

KAIKHUSHRU JAMSHEDJI DASTUR, M.A., LL.B.,

THE DISCIPLE OF HIS DIVINE MAJESTY,

SADGURU MEHER BABA

ANNAS FIVE

REVIEWS

PRACTICAL GITA Pocket Edition: (pp. 200; price 4 annas) by Narayana Swaroop, B. A., L. T., Second Master, Aminabad High School. Can be had of the author, Aminabad, Lucknow, U. P.

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HEART OF RAMA (Pocket Edition: pp. 222; price 8 annas) Edited by R. S. Narayana Swami and published by The RAMA TIRTHA Publication League, Aminabad Lucknow, U. P.

In editing this book R. S. Narayana Swami has done his duty by his Master as well as by the public. It is a collection of gems of high spiritual thoughts culled from the treasury of the works of Swami Ram Tirtha of the hallowed memory. Swami Ram once said: "Vedanta, printed in books and placed on shelves to be eaten up by worms, won't do. You must live it." Swami Ram Tirtha was not an ordinary yogi, but, according to Shri Meher Baba, a spiritually perfect personage. He did not merely preach Vedanta, but, to use His own words, He lived it, God-realized as He was. Those who cannot afford to buy the complete works of Swami Ram should avail themselves of the opportunity of buying this dirt cheap book, which is instructive from cover to cover.

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CONTENTS

SAYINGS OF HIS DIVINE MAJESTY SADGURU MEHER BABA	1
GOD, CREATOR AND CREATION VII	
<i>By The Divine Lord, Shri Meher Baba</i>	2
ON DESIRES AND BINDINGS and ON SERVICE	
<i>By Shri Meher aba</i>	6 & 7
THE LOVE DIVINE (A poem) and LORD GOD (A poem)	
<i>By Shri Meher Baba</i>	8 & 9
<i>The Editorial</i> : THE CHILD MARRIAGE RESTRAINT BILL AND RELIGION	10
TO THE DIVINE LORD YAZDAN SHRI MEHER BABA (A poem)	
<i>By the Editor</i>	17
WHAT IS TRUTH	
<i>By C. V. Sampath Aiyangar</i>	18
RELATIVITY	
<i>By Narayana Swaroop, B.A., L.T.</i>	19
TO THE BLESSED LORD SHRI MEHER BABA (Two poems)	
<i>By Meredith Starr</i>	21
BACKBITING	
<i>By Baily J. Irani.</i>	22
TO SHRI MEHER BABA (A poem)	
<i>By Sijier Margaret Ross</i>	24
TO MY LORD MEHER BABA (A poem)	
<i>By C. Sampath Aiyangar</i>	24
THE SPIRIT FLOWS THROUGH ME (A poem)	
<i>By Herbert Porter</i>	25
SOMEWHAT SHOCKING, BUT QUITE TRUE	26
THOUGHTS SUBLIME	29
SPIRITUAL ANECDOTES	32
HERE AND THERE	34
THE EDITOR'S DIARY	39
FROM OUR FRIENDS' LETTERS	42
A FAIRY STORY	49
REVIEWS	51

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THE
MEHER MESSAGE

Vol. I]

December, 1929

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SAYINGS OF HIS DIVINE MAJESTY
SADGURU MEHER BABA

(56) Most of the so-called religious ceremonies performed by the Parsis, the Hindus, and followers of other creeds, are unnecessary and worthless. For these useless ceremonies it is the avaricious worldly priests who are responsible. Prophets, Sadgurus and Saints have nothing to do with them.

(57) Worldly-minded priests, though they may mutter prayers throughout the livelong day and may perform this and that ceremony, can do no spiritual good to anyone. Poison-trees may be watered with nectar, but they will not produce fruits worth eating.

(58) The priest, whose principal motive is to serve himself and not others, should be called a minister not of God but of his low self. Disinterestedness and eagerness to serve others should be the chief characteristics of a genuine priest, to whatever creed he may belong. He should be like a river that does not drink its own waters but is useful to others, irrespective of their caste, creed and colour.

(59) The virtue that is the outcome of vanity is not real virtue, just as valour that is prompted by desperation is anything but bravery.

(60) If it be true that hypocrisy is the homage that vice pays to virtue, then it may safely be said that self-interest is the homage which materiality pays to spirituality.

(To be continued)

GOD, CREATOR AND CREATION

IX

(By The Divine Lord, Shri Meher Baba)

Simultaneously with the clash between *Prana* and *Akasha* or energy and emptiness, fire, water, air and earth became manifested. Stones, metals and vegetables, during their organic evolution, have chief connection with earth ; fish have connection with water, birds with air, animals with fire, and human beings have connection with all the four elements.

Earth is found everywhere in the world, since not only dry land but also the beds of seas, rivers and lakes contain it. Similarly water, though visible only in oceans, rivers, lakes, etc is everywhere,—if not on the surface, under the earth in large or small quantities. In other words, just as earth lies below the water in seas, rivers, etc. so water lies everywhere under the dry earth. There is no question of air being not present anywhere, in this world. Good or bad, air is all over the world. As regards fire, if we understand it in the broad sense, viz. a kind of blaze or *tej*, as it is called in Gujarati, it is certainly everywhere in the world, but it is covered under the layer of ether.

This blaze is the fire that, as said above, has connection with animals, and it is owing to this that the hunger-heat is so very intense in animals. Almost all animals eat horribly much,—as if they were born for the sole purpose of eating.

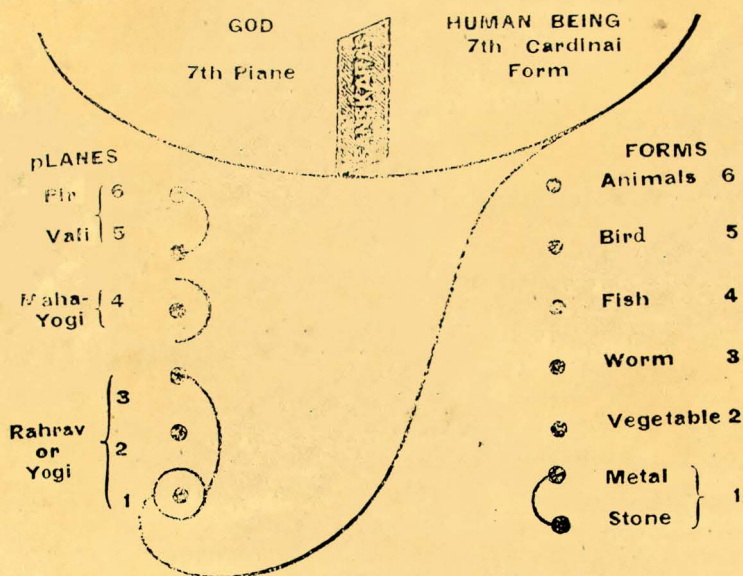
The first form after the last vegetable form is of an insect, which is so green that it is not possible to recognize it on a tree. The most evolved form of insects is that of a worm. Though the worm is found on dry earth, it frequents moist spots, and this fact shows that it is on its way to becoming a fish or going into water. In other words, the insect form in the shape of a worm begins having connection with water from the dry earth, and the connection becomes complete when it becomes a fish. In the same way the last form of the fish, viz. crab, from the water begins leaving connection with it.

The form next to the crab is of a water-fowl,—the first form that begins connection with air. There are many kinds of fowls, including ducks that like to swim in water. Just as the first form of bird has connection with water, so their last but one form, viz. cock has connection with earth. In spite of its being a bird, the cock has little connection with air. The last form of birds is of a big burly one with a long peak and a lolling piece of flesh by the chin. The manifestation next to the last bird form takes place in kangaroo, in the animal kingdom, the last form of which is monkey, if we exclude human beings.

The five turns, referred to in the article, published in the August number, are implied in the above cursory description : (1) From under the ground to its surface ; (2) from the surface of earth to water ; (3) from the depths of water to water surface ; (4) from the surface of water to air ; (5) from air to the surface earth.

Out of the infinite numbers of forms, in which the latent human form manifests itself, prior to its complete manifestation, those mentioned in the following figure are of cardinal importance, in comparison with the spiritual planes :

THE MEHER MESSAGE



The seventh plane means Godhood, and so it is final, for what can there be besides and beyond God? And just as the seventh plane is the final Goal of the Path, the seventh cardinal manifestation of the form-body, viz. the human body, is the last manifestation of organic evolution. There is no higher form than that of a human being. It is perfect. But there is the curtain of sanskaras = a'mal = impressions between God and man, as shown in the above figure, and because of it the average human being knows not God. In order to do away with this curtain, one has to travel backwards through the six stages—the plane stages instead of the form stages through which one advanced to manhood. Unless and until one goes reverse in this direction, one has to take birth again and again. There are exceptions to this general rule, but persons who escape

from the wheel of births and deaths without experiencing the cosmic planes are certainly few and far between. Therefore let God-realization be your ideal and do not vaguely talk of *mukti*.

THE MEHER MESSAGE does its best to serve you, in every way it can, without murmuring and without grumbling. In other words, it does its duty by you zealously and cheerfully. Now the question is: what are **YOU** doing for **The Meher Message**? Don't you think it your duty to do something for it? Yes, you do, and so please note that

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FRAGMENTS

from

THE SPIRITUAL SPEECHES OF HIS
DIVINE MAJESTY SADGURU
MEHER BABA

(13) ON SPIRITUAL ACHIEVEMENTS

<i>Sfruti</i>	is	Low Inspiration.
<i>Antar Drashti</i>	is	High Inspiration.
<i>Antar-Dnyan</i>	is	Low Revelation.
'Sight'	is	High Revelation.
<i>Advait Experience</i>	is	Realization.

The difference between *Antar-Drashti* and 'Sight' is great indeed. The former means seeing the subtle universe, whereas 'Sight' means seeing God and seeing Him everywhere.

With the gross eye, gross things are seen ; with the subtle or internal eye the spiritual world and planes are seen ; and with the mental or spiritual eye, God is seen.

But be it noted that seeing God and becoming one with God do not mean one and the same thing. Becoming one with God and not merely seeing God is Spiritual Perfection. The seer of God is still in a state of duality, he has still to achieve Advaita Experience, which means God-realization.

The seer of God is still a jivatman, though you may call him a Pir or a great saint ; but he who has realized God should be called Shivatman (Realized Soul) and not

a jivatman, which term should be used for an individual unrealized soul.

There is nothing but God.

In Paramatman state He does not see anything.

In Jivatman state He sees the world.

In Shivatman state He sees the Self.

In Sadguru state He sees both the Self and world.

What counts is Experience and not merely dry knowledge. Everybody is a drop in the Ocean of God. Every drop is the Ocean, really speaking; but only a few drops out of millions realize that state. All unrealized drops feel that they are bubbles and not the Ocean. You are God, but you have to realize that. And remember that to believe in the existence of God is one thing, to know that there is God is quite a different thing, feeling God is higher than knowing God, seeing God is higher than feeling God, and realizing God is the goal of spiritual life. Do not, therefore, call yourself God, simply because you are acquainted with the Advaita philosophy.

(14) ON FEAR

God is to be loved and not feared. As a matter of fact nobody fears God. What many people fear is hell or some punishment which they expect to undergo for their sins, and not God,—just as schoolboys fear the cane and not the teacher himself.

Fear none and nothing except maya, on which the material world is dependent, *kam*, *krodh* and *lobh* (passion, anger and avarice).

O THIS WORLD !*

(*By Shri Sadgurus Meher Baba*)

(Translated from Gujarati by the Editor)

- 1 This world to some is like a thorny waste,
It seems to others paradise of rest.
- 2 E'en seers knew not the secrets of Lord God ;
How then can I explain this world so broad ?
- 3 But this I know : this world is full of throe,
And there's no man nor beast that has no woe.
- 4 In prayer to Lord God true pleasure lies ;
True love is love to God, which never dies.
- 5 Whatc'er the world be,—paradise or hell,
Just as you sow, you reap : 'tis said so well.
- 6 The world is maya, but say not, 'tis bad ;
'Tis tired of those who after it are mad.
- 7 Don't suffer maya to seduce, ruin you ;
Alas ! its knick-knacks are withstood by few.
- 8 Do you desire to crave for anything ?
Crave love to God and e'er God's praises sing.

*This poem was composed by the Holy Master, when He was a school boy, studying in the English sixth form. It was later on published in the Sanj Vartman under the non-de-plume of *Iluma*.

EDITORIAL

SADHU CHRISTIAN LEIK

After winning golden opinions from many, Sadhu Christian Leik closed his simple and pure life, on this physical plane, at the age of fifty-nine. His name will always stand high on the roll of the Holy Master's disciples, and he will ever be remembered with sweetness by all those, who came into contact with him, in general, and by the devotees and disciples of His Divine Majesty, in particular. In him his fellow-disciples have lost a sincere and affectionate friend, and the Holy Master an enthusiastic disciple.

This world would be a paradise, if it were full of men like the late Sadhu Christian Leik. He combined in himself the goodness of heart with the keenness of intellect. He inhaled peace and exhaled love. He destroyed lust and conquered mind. He shunned pleasures and walked with God. He renounced the world and tried to embrace the Infinite. His world was so full of tenderness that bitterness found no room to step in. Falsehood he threw to the winds and Truth he did his best to approach. He destroyed his own sweet will and submitted himself to the will of the Divine Mother. He lived in love and 'died' in service. He forgave those who hurt him and blessed those who cursed him. He died a thousand deaths while living, and now lives peacefully after laying aside his corporeal frame.

We are ignorant of many facts of his life. Probably Sister Mary Treumann and Mr. Meredith Starr will supply us and our readers with some noteworthy facts of his life which they may be knowing. We must therefore content ourselves with dwelling on a few points pertaining to his life and giving vent to our feelings which his passing away has gushed up in us.

We have reason to believe that Sadhu Christian Leik, though for some time he belonged to the Salvation Army, was never an orthodox Christian, by which we mean an unreasonable Churchian, as orthodox Christianity is nothing but absurd Churchianity. Sadhuji's conception of religion was high and he believed in Jesus as one of the many Christs and not the only Christ. No wonder that he was attracted to the Vedanta philosophy! Indeed, he seems to have taken to it as naturally as ducks take to water and Churchills to politics. He declared in the April number of this Magazine that when he first read the lectures of Swami Vivekananda, he was much surprised, for the Swami seemed to have given expression to his own (Sadhuji's) thoughts. Though Swamiji was then no longer the denizen of this dense world, a bond of sympathy and love was created between Him and Sadhuji. Noren, as Sadhuji called the Swami, became a living presence to him and was his friend, philosopher and guide, till he came into contact with Shri Meher Baba.

After imbibing the Vedanta philosophy Sadhuji longed to come to India and stay at one of the Ramakrishna Ashrams, in company with monks. His longing was fulfilled, but alas! he did not find the monks equal to his expectations, which were certainly modest.

The Brahmin monks, with whom his lot was cast, talked of Vedanta but did not live it. They babbled about universal religion, but were slaves to their creed and customs. They treated Sadhuji as an untouchable; and when Sadhuji remonstrated with them against their narrow-mindedness, they threatened him with expulsion. If all the Ramakrishna Ashrams are like the one, in which Sadhuji had the misfortune to live, how do they justify their existence? If sectarianism and caste prejudice are their guiding principles, then they certainly badly need reform. Is Vedanta merely to be preached and not to be lived? Are the ideals stated by the Swami Vivekananda in his Song of the Sannyasin merely to be sung, and not to be translated into practice? The sooner the bigoted Brahmin inmates of Ramakrishna Ashrams are driven out, the better.

In the July of last year, when the Holy Master's Ashram was at Toka, Mr. Meredith Starr wrote a letter to Sadhuji, informing him about his contact with Shri Meher Baba, and giving him some particulars about the Holy Master and His Ashram. Sadhuji had never before heard of His Holiness, but he resolved there and then to see Him, and, if the permission was granted, to stay with Him. He wrote a letter to the Holy Master, expressing his eagerness to see Him and requesting Him to do him the favour of allowing him to join Him in the middle of October.

When Sadhuji informed the monks of the Ramakrishna Ashram, at which he stayed, that he would leave them in October and join Shri Meher Baba, they were thunderstruck. The bigoted Brahmins of the Ashram could scarcely believe him: their wish being father to the thought, they believed that he was joking

and was needlessly frightening them. But when they became convinced that Sadhuji actually meant what he said, they put themselves in a pitiable flutter. They became sore afraid, lest Sadhuji, after going out, would expose their bigotry and the way they passed their days. So they tried to persuade Sadhuji not to leave them. They had the impudence to tell him that Shri Meher Baba would hypnotize him, that though at first he would be full of enthusiasm he would soon get disgusted, and that there was no need for him to go anywhere for a Guru. Sadhuji understood their motives very well, and so their ill-meant and pernicious advice fell on deaf ears.

Sadhuji joined the Holy Master's durbar in the middle of October with an open mind, with the determination to see things for himself and form his own conclusions. He came, he saw, and he admired. He found the whole atmosphere of Meherashram congenial to his taste. On the very first day of his arrival, Sadhuji could not help observing that the disciples lived Vedanta, though they talked little about it, and that Hindus of all castes, Parsis, Mahometans and Christians, lived like brothers. He was agreeably surprised to observe that the Brahmin disciples of the Holy Master were quite unconscious of their caste and freely mixed and even dined with the so-called untouchables. To the Holy Master Sadhuji was drawn, as iron to a magnet; and when he got some wonderful experiences at His hands, he began looking upon Him, as a Christ. The Holy Master's spell fell upon him and he responded to it spontaneously. His faith in Him increased week by week, and by the month of March it reached to such a height that he became

anxious to share the happiness and fortune that were his. Let it be noted that Sadhuji was as unselfish as he was spiritually minded. His conception of duty was very high. He always listened to and obeyed its call. And so no wonder that when duty called him to serve others by acquainting them with Shri Meher Baba and His teachings, he responded to that call nobly! Accordingly, on the 1st of April, as our readers know, he left the Holy Master's durbar with a view to touring in various parts of India and propagating the message and teachings of Shri Meher Baba. Our readers are aware of the work he did as an itinerant monk. We shall not dwell on it at present. Suffice it to say that though there are numberless devotees of Shri Meher Baba, he was the first missionary disciple of His Divine Majesty and he did excellent work in this capacity.

Though physically far away from the Holy Master during his self-imposed missionary tour, Sadhuji went on growing in faith and love. To him, in those days, Shri Meher Baba was a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night, going before him wherever he turned his footsteps. In a letter, dated 21st May, he wrote to us: "My love for and faith in Shri Baba grow day by day, as Swami Vivekananda and Shri Ramakrishna recede as the highest ideals in maya. Our Master has shown a higher ideal of cosmopolitan universal religion, and the lesser ideals have become merged in the greatness of Shri Meher Baba as the universal Saviour. The more I love Baba, the happier I am."

In Sadhuji's passing away we feel a personal loss. We feel that he has been snatched away cruelly from

us, but we should not grumble. He has done his Master's work, and he succumbed to a cruel malady while doing that work. The malady did not spare him, and so he could not live for his Master in this world. His thoughts, even when about to drop his corporeal habitation, were of the Holy Master. Just ten minutes before he breathed his last, Mr. Noshir N. Satha, who was then near his death-bed, asked: "Do you remember Shri Baba, Sadhuji?" "Yes," was the prompt and clear reply.

O dear Sadhu Christian Leik! How scorning delights thou livedst laborious days! How spurning pleasures thou ledst a pure life! How thou endeavouredst to follow Shri Meher Baba, even as thy dear Noren followed Shri Ramakrishna! How thy heart chords vibrated in unison with the harmonies of nature! How thou keptst thy mind open to spiritual convictions and thy heart to divine love.

O dear, dear Sadhu Christian Leik! Thou didst not sacrifice the spiritual monitions of thy real Self to the petulant demands of thy unreal Self! It is beyond our power to measure thy worth! By the way thou playedst thy part on the stage of life thou hast set an imperishable example to many! Thou didst not allow thy refined sentiments to be reduced to maudlin sentimentality, even as thou didst not suffer the load of thy learning to lumber in thy head! Though thou didst not gain the summit of the steep mountain of Mysticism, thou certainly didst make good progress!

O dear, dear, dear Sadhu Christian Leik! True to thy name thou wast a true Christian, even as thou wast a true Sadhu! Thou wast not false to Jesus the Christ, because thou believedst in Meher Baba the

Christ! Thou wast true to Jesus of Nazareth, because thou followedst the Jesus of Ahmednagar! Thy name shall ever remain connected with Meher Baba the Christ, even as the name of St. Paul has remained connected with Jesus the Christ! Thy memory shall ever be cherished with affection by the numberless devotees of the Holy Master! Verily, verily, thou hast not lived in vain, for thy life shall be an inspiration to many!

TO SADHU C. LEIK

(*By The Editor*)

How sweet with smiles is every angel's face
 To have thy solace in his lovely place!
 Thou child of God, thou angels' friend and guide,
 What help didst thou, when here, to men! provide
 Thou servedst e'en those that rough from thee withdrew,
 Thou good, thou pure, thou great, thou straight Sadhoo!

We shall send the next issue of *The Meher Message* **PER V. P. P.**, to those of our subscribers whose subscription expires with this issue and who will not send us their subscription for the next year before the end of this month.

We request our *Foreign Subscribers* to send us their subscription as early as possible.

As Nasik has now become the headquarters of Shri Meher Baba, *The Meher Message* Office will be removed there, soon after this number is out.

Subscriptions should therefore be sent to the following address: The Meher Message Office, near Sarosh Motor Works, NASIK, W. India.

ORTHODOXY IN ISLAM

(*By Dr. Shaikh Abdul Ghani of Lonavla*)

Agitation is being set afoot against the 'Sarda Act' by the orthodox section of the Mohamadans represented by the Ulama ('religious divines'), who form the paraphernalia of numerous quasi-religious organizations existing in India and the so-called leaders of the people, who are out as usual to advertise themselves and justify their existence in the eyes of those whom they profess to represent.

As usual the cry of "Religion in danger" is being raised and this to a great extent does succeed in rousing the fanaticism of the masses because of their illiteracy and ignorance in matters religious and temporal. We are not concerned here with the political leaders who, with few exceptions, have got some axe to grind and this kind of agitation and propaganda is a part of their game which anyone can see through.

It is the Ulama, the self-appointed and doubtful exponents and custodians of Islamic religion that are required to be dealt with and exposed in this article. Why it becomes imperative to pay serious attention to this class of 'Divines,' is the influence they wield over the uneducated masses, in the name of God and Religion and this influence, more often than not, is successfully utilised for the achievement of private and political ends.

It is for this reason that the Ulama constitute a serious menace to the path of social and spiritual progress of the Mohamadans. The recent happenings in Afghanistan are a glaring proof of what mischief and colossal ruin the Ulama can give rise to by exploiting the fanaticism of the masses in the name of God and Religion. The cheap and mercenary Fatwas (Religious verdicts) issued wholesale by the Ulama all over India during Gandhiji's Non-Cooperation days, is proof positive to what extent religious tenets can be stretched and distorted for political ends. According to them it was unlawful (haram) to wear English-made cloth and to serve or remain under the 'Satanic Government.' The miseries and hardships that these mandates entailed upon easy-believing Moslems, some of whom actually prepared to leave India for neighbouring Moslem states, is a matter of history. Only a few years have elapsed since then and we find the Ulama playing quite a different role. They are to be seen vieing with each other to win for the Moslems special favours and privileges from the same 'Satanic Government,' just to spite the 'Heretical Hindu.'

This tomfoolery with the religious beliefs of the people will continue, so long as the demon of ignorance and illiteracy rules supreme. It is education only that will enable people to think independently and tackle successfully all problems relating to this world or the next. The uneducated masses hopelessly mix up and cannot differentiate between Spiritual laws and Secular laws that go to form every Religion. They attach the same sanctity and infallibility to the latter as to the former. It must be clearly impressed upon them that spiritual laws or

observances given by any Prophet or sage, never can lose efficacy or undergo any charge or mutilation till eternity; they remain true for all times to come. Secular laws meant primarily for the organization of Society and guidance and conduct of worldly affairs are the result of surroundings and then existing circumstances. Surroundings and circumstances never remain the same for an indefinite period, hence Social or Secular laws, born of such surroundings and circumstances must undergo change and adaptation according to the exigencies of the time. Rightly speaking Religion in its true sense, comprises of those laws only which relate to the spiritual well-being of man. All other laws are secondary and any change therein does not in any way affect the beauty of that religion or detract from the dignity of its founder. If only people would understand the relative importance of the various rules and tenets comprising religion and view them in their proper setting, much of this bigotry and schism will vanish. The present day Ulamas are not, however, expected to help in bringing about this happy state of affairs and that for two reasons. Either they have not themselves assimilated or realised the true spirit of Religion which they profess to teach, or it pays them to keep the masses misguided.

Mohamadans generally are given to understand that the Prophet's verdict is final on all phases of life dealt by him and any the least departure therefrom would be sufficient to damn them forever in the eyes of men and God. Instead of trying to eradicate such false notions about religion, the Ulamas on the contrary help to foster them, thereby making the task of reformers not an easy one. To illustrate by concrete ex-

amples, as to how matters of secondary and local importance have come to be looked upon as a fundamental part of religion itself, the following instances will suffice :—

1. A typical Mohamadan from India cannot look upon Islam as a Religion without its necessary adjunct, the *purdah* system. The lifting of the veil in Turkey by legislative force has come as a rude shock to Indian Moslems in particular and has set many of the Ulama and theologians a-thinking over this question.

2. The problem of accepting interest on monetary investments is receiving the serious attention of many who are trying to ameliorate the economic condition of Muslims faced with modern conditions of trade and its concomitant competition. The Ulama forget that if their interpretation on this subject is followed to the letter, it would be *haram* or unlawful to send children to schools and colleges or to go for medical relief to hospitals, which are almost all run on moneys realised as interest from Trusts created for the purpose.

3. Islam was born in Arabia, a land where vegetation is practically nil. One can therefore understand the extensive use of meat as food in that country and the tacit consent attached thereto. In India where vegetation of every description abounds, the use of meat is not necessary. But for a Moslem the use of animal food has almost become a sign of his Faith and hence his uncompromising attitude towards the Hindu over the question of cow-slaughter.

It will thus be seen that the Ulama are either deliberately misguiding the people in matters religious or it is a case of the blind leading the blind. Their latest stunt consists in the staging of conference at Delhi to protest against the Sarda Enactment, which

has according to them violated the sanctity of Shariat (Religious law). Is not the Indian Penal Code a gross affront to the Shariat and have the Ulama ever tried to destroy it? The Mohamadan Shariat recommends marriage after puberty; the Sarda Act has only attempted to be more exact and definite by fixing the minimum age at fourteen. How does this constitute an interference with Shariat, as the panicky Ulama would have us believe?

Do the Ulama ever care to follow the march of events in other Islamic countries, where the Shariat, if desired, could be enforced to the letter? In the face of the wholesale upheaval wrought in the domain of 'Shariat' by Turkey, are the Indian Ulama still determined to remain incorrigible?

Have the Ulama forgotten their agitation against the learning of the English language when Sir Syed Ahmed was trying to found a college for Mohamadans at Aligarh? Are they not then in a way responsible for the backwardness in education of the Mohamadans as compared with other communities?

Take heed, oh Ulama, and cease to lead astray and betray Mohamadans in the name of Religion, lest those very hands which feed and sustain you, should for ever stifle your voice, which is raised in season and out of season, against necessary reforms, bringing ultimately nothing but ruin on the heads of easy-believing Moslems.

[Our Moslem as well as non-Moslem readers must have read the above article of Dr. S. A. Ghani, with great interest. We think it right to inform our readers that Dr. Ghani is one of the most deeply devoted followers of Hazarat Qibla Meher Baba. He is one

of the few fortunates who have been in contact with the Holy Master since His childhood days. Born in the same year and in the same locality in which the Holy Master was born, Dr. Ghani was a playmate of the Holy Master, in His childhood days and one of His most intimate friends during His school and college career. Though the news of the spiritual perfection of Mervan, as Dr. Ghani used to call Him, came upon him like a thunderclap—so much so that he could not believe it—he became His devotee and disciple as soon as he got proofs of the saintliness and spiritual perfection of the Holy Master.

Editor, *The Meher Message.*]

Reply to a Correspondent

A Devotee. Received your letter, in which you have done great injustice to us as well as shown your ignorance. The person you refer to in your letter underwent hardships of his own accord. He was indifferent to physical comforts ; but money was sent to him, whenever he required it. Moreover please note that a Perfect Master may have to put a disciple under some sufferings in order to wipe out his peculiar sanskaras..

The conclusion, to which you have jumped, is simply childish. We admire your heart but pity your head. No sensible person has felt the shock, to which you refer, in your letter.

Editor, The Meher Message.

MIND CONTROL

(By C. V. Sampath Aiyangar—Principal Subordinate
Judge, Guntur)

Says our beloved Sadguru : “ It is the mind that makes one the slave to worldly desires. It is also the mind that releases one from the clutches of the worldly desires and makes one the realizer of the Supreme Self and the master of destiny.” Very few realize this important truth. The earnest Sishya Arjuna found it very difficult to restrain the mind *even* in the presence of the then Sadguru. But the ultimate God-realization is not possible unless the mind is brought under control. When the Sadguru explained the Yoga of equanimity (Sankhya) that earnest Sishya exclaimed : “The mind is restless, impetuous, strong, hard to curb. But the Lord compassionate said, “It is true the mind is hard to curb. But you can control it by practice and Vairagya (Dispassion or Desirelessness).”

We preach to others: “Control your temper, never be angry or impatient.” But if any one of the audience asks a question, we fly into a rage ! That is not what the Lord did, when Arjuna put him the question about the unsteadiness of the mind. His answer began with the words, ‘It is true.’ We should practise patience. The more we become impatient, the greater should be our effort to become patient. We should reduce our moments of anger to a minimum, and finally conquer Anger (krodha). Did not our beloved Sadguru direct that nothing should be said against those who

carried on mendacious propaganda against Him? He said that they also served Him.

The physical body is so gross that it is not as sensitive as it ought to be. The poor jutka horse is beaten almost to death by the ignorant jutkawallah, because his gross body is not sensitive to the injuries and pain he inflicts on his mute helpless brother. How many passers-by *feel* its sufferings? Very few. We must therefore try to control our nerves. A Master observes that it is difficult to control our nerves, and tells us: "You must do your best" We, who wish to go on the Path, must be sensitive and able to control our nerves.

Let us slowly give up impatience and anger and control our nerves: And then only can we become masters of our mind. The more our mind wavers, the stronger should be our effort to rein it in. But let us do this slowly, and our unsteady mind will be brought under the control of self.

There will come the courage to bear with equanimity the problems and difficulties which beset the Path. They are the effects of our past Karima. If we bear them now with courage, which is the result of the Yoga of equanimity, our Sanskars will be reduced to a minimum, and eventually, as our Lord Sadguru Shri Meher Baba assures us, we will realize Parabrahmam.

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Subscribe and persuade others to subscribe to
The Meher Message.
Remember that there is no substitute for
The Meher Message

MAN PROPOSES GOD DISPOSES*

(By Sadhu C. Leik)

The truth of this popular proverb I had to experience quite recently, when everything turned out differently from what I had planned. I stayed at Rikhikesh, at the foot of the Himalayas and intended to go to Hardwar, 20 miles off, to be the guest of Dr. Swami Nischayananda of the Ramakrishna Mission Sevashram, at Kankhal, near Hardwar. But in the middle of August I was suddenly attacked by a serious illness, which placed me on the hospital sick bed for two months. And instead of being the guest of Dr. Swami Nischayananda, I became his patient and it was only due to his loving care towards me and his medical skill, that I was able to leave for home so soon. At my advanced age (59 last May) one as a rule recovers from illness much slower, than a younger person. With the illness my missionary tour also came to an end. This was to include the cities of Lahore and Delhi in the Punjab, Ahmedabad and Baroda in Gujrat, Bombay and Poona in the Deccan. How remarkable that the Master, His Divine Majesty Shri Sadguru Meher Baba, had remarked a couple of months ago to the Editor of this Magazine : " Sadhuji (meaning me) will not now be able to work ! " How true this prophecy proved ! It will take months before I regain my former strength.

*Sadhuji wrote this short article just three days before he shuffled off his mortal coil.

TRUTH AND PEACE

(*By K. P.**)

Knowledge of external and ever changing facts, however much gathered from books and observation, does not relate to the vital experiences of the human heart and life ; it is quite separate from ethical conduct ; it is not a sure sign to stick to and does not bring peace. But there is a knowledge of internal truths or realities, which is carefully and patiently built up by living stones cut out of the rocks of human experience : and this is the knowledge that brings peace. There is no possible way of attaining this knowledge except by daily practice in purifying one's self from within. There is no other way to wisdom and peace except by eradicating the inward errors and impurities. These alone will help you to acquire a knowledge of truth.

Men have not that 'peace which passeth understanding' and which cannot be broken by any event or circumstance. It is not as is the midway between two poles, but it is the centre itself which has no length and breadth but has only circumference around it. Men have not this peace because they do not understand, because they do not know ; and they do not understand and know because they are misguided by their own errors and impurities which make them stick to the line of circumference of a circle rather than to go out into the deep ocean that lies between the line and the centre in order to acquire the true knowledge of truths

* ' K. P. ' is a Parsi Gentleman of Bombay.

and peace which alone saves them from the unending rounds of births and deaths. Privations, troubles, hardships there are : but they are nothing as compared to the attainment of everlasting peace and truth.

Men should renounce lust, covetousness, and vanity and self-indulgence which are also the powerful magnets that draw them towards them and thereby hinder their progress towards knowledge of truth and peace. But remember, if once you make up your mind to seek out the path of peace and truth, I say it that no power, however great, can move you or disturb you from that path. If you think you cannot do it, and with majority rightly so, do take the help of a Sadguru. Our age is fortunate in having a true and real Sadguru in Shri Meher Baba. Go through his teachings and preachings and try to acquire as much knowledge of truth and peace as possible and act upon it. Just as we wash our bodies to appear clean and tidy in the eyes of the mortals, so we must necessarily wash ourselves from within to appear purified in the eyes of the immortals. Such a man is wise and it may be truly said of him that he knows. For him anxiety, fear, disappointment and unrest have disappeared. Nothing will cause him grief. Peace, an abiding peace, is a willing accompaniment to purity.

THE PRAYER OF THE FLOWER

(By *Harry J. Strutton**)

[DEDICATED TO HIS HOLINESS MEHER BABA]

O I God I Thou art our Sun. and we Thy flowers, planted in the garden of Humanity.

Help us to grow like the flower; to live like the flower; to be as pure, as beautiful, as innocent, as graceful as the flower

Help us to become as unconscious of self as the flower is, shedding forth tenderness, pity, love and sweetness as spontaneously, as naturally, as unconsciously as the flower sheds its fragrance on all around.

*Mr. Strutton, who is the editor of *The Occult Review* of London, informs us that he wrote this fragment many years ago. It is an intimate revelation of his inner life. *Editor—The Meher Message*

THE SONG OF A LOVER

(By *Meredith Starr*)

[TO SHRI MEHER BABA, THE BELOVED]

When my eyes weep, the feet of my soul are dancing.

When my body is quivering with sobs of love, my soul is laughing in ecstasy.

When I am dumb and stiff and downcast, leave me alone, for I am drunk with love.

When I first saw Him, His beauty smote me senseless, and I rolled like a log at His feet. But for His mercy, I should have never recovered my sight.

Who can resist such a Lover? I am but the dust of His feet.

When He kissed me, my soul flew up into the seventh heaven, where millions of years flash past like a smile in the dusk. Yet when He called through the spheres, I returned like the bird to its nest.

In mine eyes salvation is worthless, no better than hell at the best.

Not His gifts, but Himself, I desired. The Beloved Himself is my heaven. Salvation without Him were Hell.

For such is the nature of love.

THE BARK

(*By Sister Hedwig Burke (of Locarno)*)

The small Bark of my Soul
Rests lazily on muddy waters-
The sails are slack
Like tired wings of swallows-
I was under the law
Which lay on me like wintry time's grey sky
When sun has died away-
My journey stopped.

Then God's Whirl took me.
It took me strong and deep
And now I started.

Away from muddy waters
Through lively rivers and speedy rapids
My Bark balanced itself
On great majestic currents
And rushed through beautiful strange lands of spring
Where riverbanks, adorned with flowers,
And lovely bells were ringing out to greet me
And splendid is my journey.

And now my Bark has reached the open sea.
It seems as if it stands quite still,

Alone

With its reflected image in the ocean
Hanging in God who mightily vaults around me
Like His blue globe of sky so far away,
And like the watery depth mysterious and clear.

Cherished by sunny splendours
 My Bark unmarked and easily
 Is hastening onwards.
 Followed by leaping foam.
 The world has vanished
 Far behind
 And God blows in the sails.

When God's storms roar,
 Then jubilate, my Soul!
 For He is good
 And beautiful
 Like waves and wind and storm,
 And faster goes my Bark,
 Trembling and fluttering
 To meet Him

And there where Ocean meets with Heaven.
 Where one Eternity the Other greets,
 There is a door majestic and high.
 An angel holds the guard.
 And Death.

TO SHRI MEHER BABA

(*By Sister Margaret Ross*)

A misty veil dims all the light of day
 For light is darkness since I know not Truth;
 The singing of the birds seems far away,
 Like half-forgotten haunting songs of youth.
 O take the heart that ever cries to Thee
 Though it be ground to dust beneath Thy feet:
 T'were better for Thy lifeless dust to be
 Than to live on a life so incomplete.

TO SHRI SADGURU MEHER BABA

(*By K. S. Srinivasan*)

O My Lord Shri Meher Baba, with joy I hail Thee as Avatar!
Let Thy grace descend on me and, O Lord, wound my heart with
Divine love whose charms Thou knowest.

Thy art Love-incarnate, my Lord! How I long to tread Thy path!
Teach me to so love Thee, that I may surrender myself to Thy will,
with my heart bubbling over with joy. Teach me to so think of Thee
that my heart may cry out (to use the words of Dr. Rabindranath
Tagore): "Every moment and every age, every day and every
night, you come, come, ever come. Many a song have I sung in many
a mood of mind, but all their notes have always proclaimed, "You
come, come, ever come."

ABOVE THE CREED SITS GOD

(*By Herbert Porter of Barrow-in-Furness*)

Above the creed sits God--
He wields the chastening rod:
No power can Him withstand
He rules both sea and land.

From Sphere to Sphere He moves
The Creatures whom He loves:
From Height to flaming Height,
They pass in pure delight.

Our Father God is love,
He rules the heaven above:
And on our starry way,
He leads us day by day.

SOMEWHAT SHOCKING BUT QUITE TRUE

We admit that the Sanskrit writers were great. But why should we suppose that Marathi writers fall below the mark? Have they not tried, in their own way, to deliver the same message? Is a gold lotus more precious, only because it is old? One cow gives milk, but does another yield water? If the same ideas are imparted through a different medium, what do you lose? You say, Sanskrit is the language of the gods? But is not Marathi also the same? Or is it the language of thieves and robbers? The fact is that it does not matter whether Sanskrit imparts religious knowledge to people or Marathi, so long as the ideas are the same.

Shri Eknath.

Where a living being is undergoing* torments, forcibly inflicted upon it, it ceases to be humane scientific research and becomes vivisection, which has rightly been called the greatest blot and shame of present-day civilization and its greatest crime. We anti-vivisectionist doctors fight against this malignant growth on free research and demand its legal prohibition. We demand complete abolition of vivisection and would demand it, even if suffering humanity derived great benefit from it, which is not the case. The end does not justify the means. In moral questions of fundamental importance our conscience forbids us to make concessions. This principle must be upheld, or also

every injustice, exploitation, cruelty and divilry may claim its justification.

Dr. Gustav Riedlieu.

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I believe university life does more harm than good to most men.

Ramsay Macdonald.

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The intellect by itself moves nothing.

Aristotle.

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That which our religious and ethical teachers were wont to call 'mere emotion' is now acknowledged to be of the primal stuff of consciousness. Thought is but its servant: a skilled and often arrogant servant, with a constant tendency to usurpation. At bottom, then, we shall find in emotion the power which drives the mental machinery; a power as strong as steam, though as evanescent unless it be put to work. Without it the will would be dormant, and the intellect lapse into a calculating machine. As for its transitoriness, incessant change has been defined by Bergson as a necessary condition of consciousness, indeed of life.

E. Underhill.

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We have seen in our own country a recrudescence of the blind faith that makes no discrimination between the spiritual significance of a religion and its outer crust that not only obscures it, but gives it a materialistic grossness of structure. Men who follow such

paths of indiscriminate acceptance, go to the length of defending their position by a philosophy according to which all conceptions and representations of the infinite have a uniform value, being all equally inadequate or irrelevant. Such sophistry makes it easy for us to confine our devotion within the boundaries of our own sect, and unthinkingly allow our minds to confuse customs that are inert, with the wisdom that has eternal dynamic force.....Sectarianism is materialistic. It ever tries to build its tower on external observances. It breeds in the minds of its members a jealous sense of separation that gives rise to conflicts more deadly than conflicts of worldly interests. It is a worse enemy of the truth of religion than atheism, for sectarianism proudly appropriates as its own share the best portion of the homage that we bring to our God.

Rabindranath Tagore.

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If the priests have been so incapable all these years and it took us 'youths' to show them up, surely the priests cannot be up to much. It is no use blaming the laity for its religious actions when the religious teachers of the laity are no other than these priests themselves.

D. R. D. Wadia.

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Does it not seem strange that peace cannot come to the departed soul of friend or relation until elaborate ceremonies, costing anything from Rs. 1500 and over, be performed according to our Parsi priests for the average middle class person? We (Parsi) certainly must be mentally cramped, if this is one of the ways of

satisfying our conscience, about the loved ones who have departed.

C. S. Dinshaw.

* * *

Owing to ignorance of '*religion*' the priest has had long innings and it is time that he is "bowled out." I believe that to the extent the priest—who is a religious sponge—is kept out, religion can be kept unadulterated. His presence pollutes it and it can well be said that when the priest comes in, religion goes out.

L. R. Tairsee.

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With regard to the sartorial side of the question, it is a fact that most people think one is not a true Zoroastrian, unless one wears a long coat. A long coat is no more Zoroastrian than the short coat, overcoat, or the shirt. It is a mixture of European and Hindu that confronts the eye at any Parsi function. And it is sheer hypocrisy to don this apparel on ceremonial occasions when the rest of the year one is able to save one's soul in more practical and less hypocritical garb.

A. F. S. Talyarkhan.

* * *

It is just the negation of the sublime Zoroastrian monotheism or belief in one single supreme God, so impiously included in the Yashts that makes them un-Zoroastrians. The Yashts commit the unpardonable sin of placing their gods on an equality with Ahura Mazda. In the Yashts a hundred godlings are venerated equally by turns or simultaneously, and sometimes exalted above the Creator.

G. K. Nariman.

THOUGHTS SUBLIME

What the little firefly is beside the brightness of the sun, what a grain of sand is beside the vastness of Mount Meru, so is the life of a householder when compared with that of a *sannyasin*.

Swami Vivekananda.

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To make the individual soul universal whereby the meanest creature in this world becomes only a manifestation of the Almighty and therefore a meast object of worship is the highest form of devotion compared to which the offering of incense and flowers to Him in the privacy of your room or the solitude of the temple, though helpful, is far less elevating.

Bal Gangadhar Tilak.

* * *

Love cannot be made to fulfil desire, for its nature is renunciaticn.

Shri Narad.

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Every man, it seems to me, belongs to the Brotherhood Movement who trys to look on the people round him, not merely as members of a special class, the followers of a certain religion, as belonging to a particular nation or race, but as fellow human beings born in the same way as himself, dowered with the same affections liable to the same infirmities, and destined to leave the house of this life by the same door in other words one who tries to forget as much as possible wherein he differs from other and tries to remember wherein he and they are alike. Friends, I believe in the Brotherhood Movement very much as I

should believe in an earthquake, because I see in it the beginning of a spiritual upheaval which will bring about the collapse of the old separative order.

E. A. Michell.

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When the good and faithful servant enters into the joy of his Lord, he is inebriated by the riches of the house of God; for he feels, in an ineffable degree, that which is felt by an inebriated man. He forgets himself, he is no longer conscious of his selfhood; he disappears and loses himself in God, and becomes one spirit with Him, as a drop of water which is drowned in a great quantity of wine. For even as such a drop disappears, taking the colour and the taste of wine, so it is with those who are in full possession of blessedness. All human desires are taken from them in an indescribable manner, they are rapt from themselves, and are immersed in the Divine Will.

Suss.

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With Thy Sweet Soul of mine
Hath mixed as Water doth with Wine.
Who can the Wine and Water part,
Or me and Thee when we combine?
Thou art become my greater self;
Small bounds no more can me confine.

Thy Love has pierced me through and through,
Its thrill with Bone and Nerve entwine.

Jalaluddin Rumi.

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If you ask, 'Who is the traveller on the (spiritual) path? It is one who is aware of his own origin. . . . He is the traveller who passes on speedily; he has become pure from self, as flame from smoke.

Mahmud Shabistari.

SPIRITUAL ANECDOTES

One night Chokamela, who was a Mahar, felt as if Vithal had presented himself before him, and allowed himself to be driven to the nearest temple-hall. There he heard God saying to him that his was the worship that pleased Him best. A temple-priest, who slept outside, awoke, and, calling to the other priests, said, "See, Chokamela or some other Mahar, sits in the shrine with Vishnu's Avatar. The outcaste has tracked his prey through the locked doors. God is defiled. O thrice-cursed deed ! Fled is the faith and fouled the Brahmin's creed !" They seized Chokamela and turned him out, saying, " Get thee gone, you Mahar dog." Whereupon Chokamela smiled and said, " Now if a Mahar should bathe in the Ganges' tide will his pollution in her stream abide ? Or when the wind sweeps over the plain, is it infected by the outcaste's breath ? Base though I be, no evil have I done Him, in Whose eyes all creeds and castes are one. Indeed, your speech ill-befits the wise." The temple priest blazed up and shouted, " Shall the Mahar unto the thrice-born teach ? Shall we, the Brahmins, hear sermons from the lowest of the low ?" The wily priest then took steps with a view to harassing the Mahar saint.

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When asked on one occasion why Pavhari Baba, a great yogi as he was, should perform *Karma*, as pouring oblations into the sacrificial fire, and worshipping

the image of Shri Raghunathji, which are only meant for beginners, the reply came, "Why do you take for granted that everybody makes *karma* for his own good? Can one not perform *karma* for others?"

* * *

Al-Jahiz says that some of her friends said to the saintess, Rabia al-Adawiyya, "If we were to speak to the men of your kinsfolk, they would purchase a servant for you, who would look after the needs of your house." But she said, "Verily, I should be ashamed to ask for worldly things from Him to Whom the world belongs, and how should I ask for them from those to whom it does not belong?"

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It is related that at one time Rabia al-Adawiyya saw someone who had a bandage bound about his head. She said, "Why is this bandage bound round your head?" He said, "My head is paining me." Rabia asked him how old he was. "Thirty years old," was the reply. She then asked him, "Were you in pain and trouble for the greater part of your life?" "No," he answered. Then she said, "For thirty years God has kept your body fit and you have never bound upon it the bandage of gratitude; but for one night of pain in your head you bind it with the bandage of complaint."

THE EDITOR'S DIARY
OR
THE NEWS ABOUT THE HOLY MASTER
YAZDAN MEHER BABA

A short Account of the Holy Master's Persian Tour

On the 26th September the Holy Master with His party, as stated in our last number, reached the Persian port of Mahomerah. He stayed there for five days; but only a few outsiders were allowed to approach Him. The Holy Master declared Himself inaccessible and ordered His party not even to mention His name to anybody. His magnetic personality drew the attention of many, but the disciples had to give evasive replies to the many inquiries made of them about His Holiness.

The Holy Master left Mahomerah on the first day of October for Kom via Avaz. The disciples fully expected that the Master would proceed to Teheran, which is nearer to Kom than Poona is to Bombay. But they were disappointed. After a day's stay at Kom the Holy Master turned back, and, instead of going to the present capital of Persia, went to its former capital, viz. Ispahan, which He reached on the 22nd of October.

A Miracle and Sensation in Ispahan

The Holy Master put up at the Hotel, Asre-Talai in Ispahan. Scarcely a few hours elapsed after His arrival at the Hotel, when there came to it the son of Arbab Sohrab, a distinguished merchant prince of Yezd. The Arbab had somehow come to know about the Holy Master's visit to Persia, and believing that He would surely pay a flying visit to Ispahan and to his own city, sent his own son with a servant to Ispahan. He had asked him not only to pay homage to His Holiness, but to entreat Him to go to Yezd, and had instructed him that as soon as the Holy Master left Ispahan for Yezd, he should at once write to him. The name of the Holy Master being well-known in Yezd, the Arbab's intention was to make arrangements to enable the people to give a warm welcome to Him on His arrival in Yezd. The son did as he was told, but it will be seen that he only partly succeeded in his mission.

A couple of days after the Holy Master's arrival at the Hotel, a wonderful event happened. A servant of the Hotel seemed to be woe-stricken and was found in tears. Mr. K. E. Afsari, a disciple of the Holy Master, could not help asking him the cause of his sudden sorrow. The servant replied, "My son is dying, sir. Only a few days ago he was all right, but today he is in the jaws of death. He is my only child and his death will simply paralyse me." Mr. Afsari went at once to the Holy Master, and, after informing Him about this matter, requested Him to take pity on the servant and do something to save the child. He asked him to bring the servant near Him. After making some en-

enquiries about his dying son, the Holy Master asked the servant not to worry and giving him a cardamom said, "Give this to your son, make him eat it, and he will be all right." The servant's joy knew no bounds: he flew to his home and did what he was told. No sooner did the youngster partake of the cardamom than he seemed to be snatched from the jaws of death, and in a few hours, to the surprise of his relatives, who were anxious for him, he left his bed and was himself again. The news of his miraculous cure soon spread from mouth to mouth, and as all persons believed that the Holy Master had cured the boy miraculously, they became eager to see and pay homage to His Holiness. So great was the rush of the new devotees, most of whom had never before even heard of His name, that He thought it proper to leave the town on the following day, and to go to its suburb, Djolfa, a beautiful village which is inhabited mostly by Armenian Christians.

But the citizens—both Mahometan and Zoroastrian of Ispahan flocked to Djolfa, and, to be sure, His Divine Majesty did not disappoint them. He not only allowed them to pay their homage to Him, but also allowed them to ask Him questions. The Armenian Christians of the village did not lag behind. Several of them of both the sexes drew near Him and adored Him. The Holy Master imparted spiritual instruction to some of these new devotees, including the Police Commissioner of Ispahan, whose devotion, though a Sayed, knew no bounds.

In Yezd: Roses roses all the way

The Holy Master with His party left Djolfa at 11 p. m. for Yezd thus giving a slip to the nose of the Arbab, who was daily making enquiries

about His visit to Yezd. The morrow when the youth learned of His departure, he became very sorry but did not forget to wire to his father about it. Before the Arbab received the telegram the Holy Master had arrived in Yezd, and so his hope of giving a rousing welcome to Him was blighted. Arbab Rustam Khusrav, a rich merchant of Yezd, offered his bungalow to the Holy Master for His stay in it, and his offer was accepted. No sooner did His Holiness occupy the bungalow than visitors began pouring in. He allowed them to take darshana of Him and imparted instruction to some of them.

It is no exaggeration to say that the news about the Holy Master's arrival in Yezd spread like wildfire and the enthusiasm of the people knew no bounds. On the second day of His arrival in the city hundreds of people might be said to have followed Him from dawn till night. He was invited to various places, but He could not accept all the invitations. In the morning He went to the house of Arbab Sheheriar, who is on the Path and who has already made fairly good progress. His joy knew no bounds and he shared it with hundreds of people, who wanted to worship His Divine Majesty, by allowing them to enter his house. The Arbab drew up an address of welcome as hastily as he could, and in the presence of the crowd, standing near His Holiness, he read it. From the start to the finish the address contained high eulogy of the Holy Master, Whom the Arbab regards as a Prophet. Mr. K. E. Afsari made a suitable reply to the address on behalf of His Holiness.

In the afternoon, the same day, an at-home was given to Yazdan Meher Baba by Arbab Sorab. Nearly

irty guests were present. All of them were distinguished citizens of Yezd, but they unhesitatingly paid their respects to the Holy Master. The Arbat delivered an eloquent lecture in which he warmly praised the philanthropic work and sainthood of his renowned guest. Mr. Afsari made a suitable reply on behalf of His Holiness. Tea then began to be served; but while it was being served the Mahometan Inspector of Finance of the Persian Government stood up and delivered an extempore lecture in praise of His Divine Majesty, and in the course of it, he said: "I am awed by the personality of Hazarat Meher Baba. Probably all of you may be feeling just what I am feeling. By merely seeing Him, we know that Hazarat Meher Baba is a great Saint and Master. I believe that He will teach real religion to all of us and that He will revolutionize the world." When he finished his lecture, he refused to take tea unless his cup received the sacred touch of the Holy Master. His Holiness touched his cup and then he took it with joy writ large on his face.

The Divine Lord then went into the heart of the city, where thousands of people, mostly Mahometans, had gathered together to welcome Him and where, as arranged beforehand, He visited the city inn, school, etc. Afterwards He went to the bungalow of Arbat Rustam Bahajan; the host and his family became extremely glad and worshipped Him with reverence, but they became very sorry as He refused to take tea or partake of anything. As soon as He stepped out of the bungalow a Zoroastrian lady, named Gauher, who was waiting for Him with many other persons, fell at His feet and entreated Him to grace her home by His presence. She said to

the Holy Master: "Overnight I had a wonderful dream. In it I saw You surrounded on all sides by dazzling light which was flowing right from Your lustrous face. In the dreaming state You graced my house; now I entreat You to grace it in the waking state." The Holy Master pleased her and went to her house. In the evening He went to the village of Allabad and Jafrabad, where a number of people welcomed and worshipped Him. When he returned to the city, the streets, where His car was to pass through, were crowded, and as arranged beforehand, He was taken to the Zoroastrian Girls' School. Besides the school-girls, the leading citizens of both the sexes, as they were invited by the School authorities, were present. The Holy Master was given a royal welcome and after He seated Himself, Mr. K. E. Afsari delivered a brilliant lecture upon Him. After the lecture was over, all the school-girls stood up and entertained the Holy Master by singing soul-stirring religious hymns. He then gave a *prasad* of sweetmeats to all the girls, each of whom took it after reverently bowing and kissing His hand.

Though it had grown dark, the street, in which the above School was situated, was overcrowded, and so when His Holiness stepped out of the School, He was literally besieged by the people. It was with some difficulty that He was taken to His place of rest, viz., the bungalow of Arbab Rustam Khusrav.

The third day of the Holy Master's stay in Yezd was as noteworthy as the second. The devotion and zeal of Yezdians, whether they were Mahometans or Zoroastrians or Bahais or Babis, knew no bounds. Wherever He went, there were roses, roses all the way. He was invited at various places, but He could accept

only a few invitations. In the morning He went to the bungalow of Arbab Khodabaksh Gudarz, who was all humility before Him and was so glad that he said to Him : " I feel as if my father has been brought back to life."

In the afternoon Shri Babaji went to the village of Mubarakha, where many people revered Him. Among those who worshipped Him was one Mr. Faredun Irani, the father of Mr. Behramji Irani, who is one of the most deeply devoted disciples of the Holy Master and who accompanied Him on His Persian tour. Mr. Behramji was simply taken aback, when he saw his father adoring the Holy Master, for not only was he known not to believe in Him as a Saint or a Sadguru but was considered hostile to Him. Indeed he was previously so hostile to the Holy Master that he became hostile to his own son, Behramji, as Behramji was His disciple. What happened then that made the aged gentleman go to the length of adoring the Holy Master? He himself mentioned the cause of his conversion. He said to His Holiness : " I never believed in you, but now I do. Day before yesterday I dreamt a beautiful dream. In the dream I saw You with halo around Your face. You kindly touched my hands and at once my hands began giving off extremely powerful fragrant odour. The fragrance continued for some time even after I woke from the dream. It was midnight when I woke up, but to assure myself that I was not under any delusion I woke up my son, the brother of Behramji, and asked him whether my hands were not fragrant. He replied in the affirmative and asked me the cause of it. When I narrated the dream to him, he was thunderstruck. From today I am Your devotee, O Babaji. I shall

now never speak against You, but shall inform all of my friends about this wonderful experience."

As soon as the Holy Master reached the above village, Mr. K. E. Afsari left Him and went to the village of Taft in order to bring the Premashram boy Aga Ali (Syed Ali Haji Muhammed) who was and still is staying there with his relatives. Mr. Afsari was successful in his mission, but his relatives also accompanied the boy; and so the poor boy, who is practically a prisoner of his cruel relatives, was allowed by them to sit near and talk with his Beloved for only a few minutes.

From Mubarakha the Holy Master went to the village of Khoramsha, where among others, but unlike others, several Bahais with their local leader came merely to see Him. The leader was a proud man and he was determined not to revere and not to allow any of his followers to revere His Holiness. But his pride melted away on merely seeing the lustrous face of the Holy Master. To the surprise of his followers he bowed His Holiness and asked them to do likewise. After five minutes he asked his followers to kiss the hands of His Holiness and after ten minutes he said to them: "You may, if you like, fall at the feet of Hazarat Meher Baba." Thus the Holy Master's personality works wonders.

When the Divine Babaji returned to the city in the evening, the Yezdians once more took the opportunity of paying their homage to Him. Among those who approached Him was the leader of Bahais of Shiraz, who had come from his native city to Yezd in an aeroplane, with the express purpose of seeing Him. He was so much struck by the Holy Master's personality that tears trickled down his cheeks. Soon after leaving

Him, this good and worthy man delivered a lecture before a big crowd, in which he talked what very orthodox Mahometans would call blasphemy, for he went far as to declare: "If you want to see God, see Hazarat Meher Baba. In Hazarat Meher Baba God has manifested Himself." Late in the evening the Holy Master said to those who were then present before Him: "If I were to sit in seclusion for four months anywhere in Persia, I would break my vow of silence and speak first in Yezd. But if I don't sit thus and break my silence elsewhere, whether in Persia, or out of Persia, still I will certainly do, what I deem best, for the spiritual betterment of Persia." On the fourth day hundreds of people flocked to the bungalow of Arbab Rustam Khusrao to revere the Holy Master for the last time, early in the morning, as it was made known that He was to leave Yezd at 11 a. m. There was great demand from them for the Holy Master's photographs and lockets, a number of which had to be given away free of charge.

Prohibition of Darshana

From Yezd the Holy Master went to Kerman where He stayed for only two hours in a Motor garage. Arbab Rustam-e Sohrab, the Chief of the Zoroastrian Anjuman of Kerman, invited Him to his luxurious bungalow, but the Holy Master preferred the humble garage. Soon after He entered the garage its doors were closed, as His Holiness did not want the people to approach Him and adore Him. The news of His arrival in Kerman spread like wildfire, and hundreds of people gathered together near the garage; but despite their clamour and entreaties, the doors were not opened. Mr. K. E. Afsari approached the Police

Commissioner of the city and requested him to disperse the crowd. The Police Commissioner, who is a Mahometan and who himself was eager to see His Holiness asked : "What sins have we, the people of Kerman, committed that your Master does not want us to approach and pay our respects to Him?" The disciple made a suitable reply and, at his request gave him a locket of the Holy Master. The Police Commissioner then issued orders to disperse the crowd.

Return to India

From Kerman His Holiness went to Bam, where, though He stayed for four days, He remained inaccessible to outsiders. From Bam, which He left on the 5th of November He proceeded to Duzdab, where He ordered the disciples to make preparations for leaving Persia. It was expected that the Holy Master's passport would not be vised readily, and the unpleasant expectation was fulfilled. The Pathan Vice-Consul of the British at Duzdab, whose duty it is to vise passports, at first resolutely refused to vise the passport of His Holiness without the permission of the British authorities. He said again and again : "Meher Baba is a British subject, He somehow came here as a Persian subject; therefore, if I were to vise His passport, I would simply bring myself in trouble." As the Holy Master had warned His disciples that if He and His party were not allowed to leave Duzdab in a day they would have to stay there not less than eight months, Messrs. Dadachanji and Afsari went to his office and house again and again to persuade him. Though he was not the man to be coaxed into doing

anything against his will, their efforts were not without any effect. They somewhat softened his iron resolution, and it melted away by the note which the Governor of Duzdab wrote to him at the request of a local devotee of the Holy Master. In the note the Governor requested him to give all facilities to His Holiness and His party for their departure from Duzdab. A Pathan though he was, he acceded to the request and vided the passport of the Holy Master.

By rail the Holy Master left Duzdab for India via Quetta (Spezand). On the 15th He came to Lahore and on the 16th to Nasik.

In the September number of this Magazine the writer of these lines hinted that Arangaon would not probably remain the headquarters of the Meherashram Institute and that most probably Dhulia would gain what Arangaon would lose. But Dhulia has proved to be as unfortunate as Arangaon, for the grace of the Holy Master has descended upon Nasik,—Nasik where the Holy Ram and the chaste Sita are said to have lived for some time during their glorious life on the physical plane. As Nasik has now become the headquarters of the Holy Master, *The Meher Message* office will doubtless be removed there, and it will be removed soon after this number of the Magazine is out. All communications to us and to the Holy Master must, therefore, henceforth be sent at: The Meher Message Office, Near Sarosh Motor Works, Nasik, G. I. P. R.

ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN
PLEASE NOTE OUR NEW ADDRESS :

The MEHER MESSAGE OFFICE

NEAR SAROSH MOTOR WORKS

NASIK W. INDIA
G. I. P. R.

FROM OUR FRIENDS' LETTERS

In a post card, dated 10-10-29, *Prof. Wincenty Lutoslawski* (of Wilno, Poland) writes: " I have received the Meher Message No. 8 for August 1929, and I see we agree in many points : pre-existence and reincarnation, the coming of another world war, which will be so to say the continuation of the last world war, considerable improvement of social and political conditions after that war, religious unity of mankind with the utmost reduction of ritual and race prejudice and sectarian propensities. ... I wish very much to know more about Meher Baba and I invite him to be my guest, if he comes to Poland."

In a letter dated 28-10-29, *Mr. M. Vadivelu* (of Madras) writes: " The sight of the visage of His Divine Majesty touched the very core of my heart. Every day my love, divine indeed, grows strong, unbounded and unfathomable. His magnetic personality attracted my devoted attention and drew my wavering mind close to Him. My craving for coming in contact with His Divine Majesty grows very prominent in my mind. I am really benefitted by the valuable spiritual sayings of Meher Baba and other interesting and instructive articles contained in *The Meher Message* which really does useful and wonderful service to humanity and provides mental pabulum to those who are hankering after eternal spiritual bliss. The teachings given in *The Meher Message* lead us to the high road of happiness

and Self-realization. I do not like to be selfish in enjoying this everlasting happiness for myself, but endeavour to the best of my ability, to introduce to my friends the existence of Meherashram Institute, of His Divine Majesty and the publication of *Meher Message*. There are many people who are very eager to have *darshan* of His Divine Majesty. We will all be benefitted by His presence in our midst. His Divine look and His majestic personality will draw us to the path of righteousness, which lead us to the goal of Self-realization."

In a letter, dated 10-11-29, *Sister V. T. Lakshmi* (of Madras) writes: "From what I know, I feel only too strongly that one can near the Goal after one detaches one's self from the world of allurements. The farther one is from it, the nearer one is to the Destination. This process of detachment is no easy game. It is short of a ceaseless battle between 'spirit and flesh': if the spirit brands the flesh, the victory is won; but, if the flesh gets the better of the spirit, the battle is lost. The average man, ever launching out into the Ocean of life and death, scarcely reaches the Goal of life. The world of today is full of vices of all kinds. This is an age of pure and simple materialism and gross selfishness, where neither implicit faith nor innate intuition has a place. People, following the Epicurean philosophy, run amok into inglorious vices, which only keep them far away from the Divine Love, through which alone we can attain Godhead. How many people, least caring to do any service to humanity, live for their own selves and fully give themselves up to Lust, Greed and Anger, — the three woeful gates of hell! When will these people, bidding farewell to their vices, turn over a new leaf in their lives and try to understand

the true purpose of life? Something in me tells me strongly that with the advent of our Lord, Sadguru Shri Meher Baba into this world, their redemption is also at hand. For, I believe our Lord Babaji has come, with the banner of Love and Truth to change the foul atmosphere of the world and thereby see that all is right with the 'Earth and Heaven.' Does not our Sadguru Meher Baba teach us to make our worldly minds rise up into celestial regions, far away from the materialistic world in which we live? Does not He proclaim the Truth that no 'Dharma' no fasting, no mantras by themselves will take us to God; and that we must ourselves persistently and faithfully endeavour to reach the Path, with implicit trust in Him and with the aid of a Guru Maharaj, who stands for God intangible on the Earth? Further does not His Divine Lordship instil into our minds, often and on, that there is only one God and that there is nothing but God?"

In a post card, dated 11-11-23, *Mr. Katan N. Tamboli* (of Navsari) writes: I have almost resolved to translate the sayings, articles, etc. of Shri Meher Baba published in *The Meher Message*, into Gujarati and publish them in a book form at a low price." The same gentleman, in a letter, dated 14-11-29 writes: "I have seen from personal experience that Parsis are now tired of the speeches on trite subjects, such as, power of prayer and glory of fire. What they crave for is knowledge about the soul. I myself am a member of the Theosophical Lodge and seeing the enthusiasm of the Navsari Parsis of both the sexes I can safely say that they no longer require the superficial knowledge about their soul, and they are bent on awakening that which lies within Considering the quality of paper

and the number of pages you supply every month to your readers. I am afraid you must be conducting the Magazine with some financial loss. I therefore suggest that you open a special fund for the maintenance of The Meher Message."

In a letter dated 15-10-29, *Mr. George W. McCalla* (of Philadelphia) writes: "I thank you for *The Meher Message* which I enjoyed reading. Without drawing any comparison, I see we are both working to the end, of helping our fellows, toward a life of entire surrender and devotion to the Divine Will. . . . I published a monthly magazine for 52 years, but on account of my physical illness and consequent breakdown in bodily powers, I am obliged to suspend publication of the same with the Dec. 1927 issue."

In a letter, dated 19-11-29, *Mr. Chundolal Chawelwala* (of Delhi) writes: "I do not know whether I am qualified to do what I am proposing, but I wish that the message of the Sadguru Shri Meher Baba should also be propagated in the Urdu language, which is the chief language in the Punjab and U. P. If Lord wills and the idea suggested above meets with your approval, I offer my humble services for translating the Life and Teachings of the Messenger of Lord, Shri Meher Baba. . . . Reading and writing about Saints is the only source of my happiness in my present stage. I have written the life and teachings of Shri Ramakrishna Paramahansa in Urdu; besides I have lately revised the second edition of the Buddhist book, Dhammapada, edited and translated by me in Urdu."

In a letter, dated 4-11-29, *Sister Mary Treumann* (of Esthonia) writes: "I shall do my best to acquaint our people with The Meher Message, though it is diffi-

cult to work in our dark materialistic and superstitious atmosphere. Superstitious are our so-called occultists. Everywhere they see or pretend to see dark influences. I consider it my duty to write an article on the Holy Master for publication in our greatest Esthonian newspaper."

In a letter, dated 15-9-29 *Dr. Boleslav Bilksi* (of Warsaw, Poland) writes: "I love you, my best Master and Teacher. I want to come to You, so that I may attain to your quality and be fit for dedicating my life to spreading your Gospel."

In a letter, dated 5-11-29, *Mr. Meredith Starr* (of N. Devon) writes: "Please assure our beloved Baba, when He returns from Persia, that my house (which is beautifully situated in the country and is very quiet) is entirely at His disposal, and so are my services and those of the sisters, Margaret and Esther. We only live to love and Serve Him. Ah, my dear brother, if the whole universe were to chant Baba's praises for millions and millions of years, even then only the tiniest fragment could be told! Beyond speech and beyond imagination is the Holiest of Beings, God incarnate in a human form, Man and God joined everlastingly, uniting heaven and earth in the kiss of Love."

FLASHINGS AND SLASHINGS

The Meher Message

With this issue our dear dear child, The Meher Message, completes the first year of its life. The services that it has been rendering to humanity have made thousands of persons the world over jubilant to a degree, while its rapidly increasing power, has struck terror into the hearts of its enemies. It has already made a name for itself throughout this wide, wide world. But we take no credit for its present prestige and power, for we could have done little without the help and blessings of our beloved Master, His Divine Majesty Meher Baba. We cannot be too grateful, we cannot thank His Divine Majesty too much, for what He has done for us. If anyone has been benefited by *The Meher Message* in any way, let him be grateful to His Divine Majesty and not to us.

From the day it was born, or rather from the very day we decided to give birth to it, a number of persons have been serving this Magazine in some way or other. We cannot name all of them here, but we would be failing in our duty were we not to mention the following persons, to whom we owe a debt of gratitude: 1 Mr. K. S. Shrinivasan; (of Madras); 2 Mr. Ardeshir S. Baria (of Bombay); 3 Mr. Navroz H. Dadachanji (of Bombay); 4 Mr. Vishnu N. Deorukhkar (of Meherabad); 5 Mr. A. K. Abdulla (of Talegaon); 6 Mr. Meredith Starr (of England); 7 Mr. Max Gysi (of U. S. A.); 8 Miss Mary Treumann (of Esthonia); 9 The late Sadhu Christian Leik; 10 Mr. Baily J.

Irani (of Meherabad); 11 Mr. Framroz H. Dadachauji (of Meherabad); 12 Mr. N. N. Dastur (of Bombay); 13 Mr. Navroji C. Talati (of Nasik); 14 Mrs. Khorshed-banoo S. Mistry (of Karachi); *and above all* 15 and 16 Messrs. R. B. Hiray and Noshir N. Satha (of A'nagar) and 17 Mr. Rustam K. S. Irani (of Nasik).

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“God, Creator and Creation”

In this issue the last of the series of articles under the above caption, by the Divine Lord Shri Meher Baba is published. These articles were not actually written or dictated word by word by Him, but were adapted from the speeches which He delivered before His disciples, a year ago. The work of adaptation, was supervised by the Holy Master, Who asked us to make changes here and there. In these articles the Holy Master cannot be said to have treated the subject exhaustively, but there is no gainsaying that He has broken the ice, in public. We use the words, in public, advisedly, for our readers will be glad to know, He has already written an exhaustive thesis on the subject. He wrote it during 1925-26, when, though He was not speaking by word of mouth, He was putting pen to paper. The thesis is extremely interesting and instructive. When it will be published, it will create a great sensation throughout the world. It will be universally regarded as authoritative, and, strange as it may seem, materialistic scientists will be the first to appreciate it, and they will be able to make a good many discoveries after reading it, or rather, they will be in a position to demonstrate the truth of the assertions which the Holy Master has made therein. Why

does not His Divine Majesty allow it to be published at present? Well, we do not know the reason why, but there must be sound reasons, which He Himself knows, for preventing it from seeing the light of day, for the present.

Our readers will be glad to learn that from the next issue of *The Meher Message* practical courses on the spiritual life by the Holy Master will be published. Immense spiritual benefit will accrue to those who will follow the practical hints of the Holy Master.

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“ *Teaching of Zoroaster* ”

We have been requested to express our opinion on the controversy that was very recently carried on, under the above caption, by the renowned Parsi scholar, Mr. G. K. Nariman and his colleagues on the one hand and Mr. M. P. Madon on the other, in the columns of our esteemed contemporary, *The Bombay Chronicle*. All those who followed this controversy will unhesitatingly admit that logic and common sense were on the side of Mr. G. K. Nariman and his colleagues, and that consequently, Mr. M. P. Madon, in his strenuous efforts to bolster up materialistic orthodoxy, had to take recourse to vituperation. It was not so much the sound arguments of his opponents as his own rotten arguments that made Mr. Madon look silly. Some straight questions were put to this aged gentleman, but not one question did he answer in a straightforward and reasonable manner. He seemed to be under the impression that by showing contempt to his

opponents and throwing mud at them he would score a success, that his statements would be taken at their face value, and that his filthy language would evoke admiration. Mr Madon is so antediluvian that he identifies religion with dogmas and rituals, mistakes piety and service for asceticism, and muddles spirituality with superstition. His opponents steered clear of ungentlemanliness and gave wide berth to laughter-provoking blunders. Mr. A. F. S. Talyarkhan, whom Mr. Madon pretends to pity but who may justly pity Mr. Madon's mentality, charged the Parsi priests that many of them pray for one's soul by preying on one's pocket, that the profession of a priest was like any other worldly profession, that many Parsi priests were not holy men or ministers of God, and that by pretending to be such they were preying on the ignorant illiterate and orthodox masses. Mr. Madon is a queer old gentleman, whose one ambition in life is to be universally regarded as the most learned scholar and the greatest authority on Zoroastrianism; and his way of replying to his critics is more queer,—so much so that none, except perhaps lunatics, regard him as an authority. This is the reply of Mr. Madon to Mr. Talyarkhan's accusations referred to above: "I will ask this youth whether to him finance is of no concern. Is he ready to live on the miserable pittance that the poor priests get? Is he ready to advise his worthy parent to reduce at least by half his fees as a lawyer? . . . who compels him to engage the priests." A fourth form school-boy would be ashamed to reply in this vein, but Mr. Madon unblushingly penned the above words and must have congratulated himself on being inspired to scribble them. Instead of affirming or denying the

accusations of his opponent, he asks him such silly questions. Mr. Talyarkhan rightly retorted: " You will see, Sir, that there is no denial from Mr. Madon of the accusation that many of the priests prey on the pockets of the laity and that money is their guiding principle of faith. In his reply he does not deny that that is so, but is at pains to point out why it is so. And he does it by way of questions to me. . . . And seems to argue that if I am not, why should the priests be blamed if they do the same! Without saying anything about Mr. Madon's wonderful logic, I will answer him and say that as a man of the world I do consider finance a matter of great concern to me and that I most certainly would decline to live on a miserable pittance. But, if I were a priest, that is, assuming that there is a class of holy men who can act as intermediaries between men and God (which, however, I don't for one moment admit) finance would be a matter of no concern to me and I would live on a pittance more miserable than that alleged to be earned by a Parsi priest. For, in that case, my life would be dedicated to my God and my labours to showing the ways of God to men. What have finance and money to do with such a life? " Eravo, Mr. Talyarkhan, bravo! May the Parsi community produce more and more youths like Mr. Talyarkhan! No matter however materialistic they may be, such straightforward and courageous youths of his type are far more fit for the real religious or spiritual life than antediluvian fanatics of the type of Mr. Madon.

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A Libel on Lord Zoroaster

Being matter-fed, sense-drugged, and worldly-minded, Mr. Madon in the very nature of things, cannot understand what such a dedicated life of service, as Mr. Talyarkhan has in mind, means. Affecting to pity this youth, the aged fanatic says: "This poor young fellow seems to believe in asceticism," and accuses him of betraying ignorance of what he, Mr. Madon, calls the Zoroastrian religion. There seems to be no limit to either the ignorance or the impudence of Mr. Madon. According to him, what he calls the Zoroastrian religion enjoins upon its followers to become worldly-minded and avaricious. This materialistic fanatic goes further and says that Lord Zoroaster actually prayed to God to make Him materially prosperous. Every person with even an iota of common sense in him, will agree with us, when we say that Mr. Madon has libelled Lord Zoroaster by imputing to Him the groundless charge of having prayed to God for material prosperity. This charge—Mr. Madon does not call it a charge but a paise-worthy fact—is as irreligious as it is idiotic. A sensible spiritually-minded man must go mad, before he can seriously believe that Yazdan Zoroaster prayed to God to make Him a rich man.

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Temple Entry Agitation

On the first occasion on which the Divine Lord Shri Meher Baba asked the Brahmin boys of His Ashram to sit close by the so-called untouchable boys and

dine with them, great consternation prevailed among His grown-up Brahmin devotees, though the Brahmin boys obeyed the Holy Master promptly and cheerfully. An aged Brahmin devotee, who was then with His Divine Lordship, was so much shocked that he became pale and then became so very indignant that blood rushed to his face. Pointing at him the Holy Master asked Mr. Noshir N. Satha, who was then with Him, "Does this man want me to respect the prejudices and arrogance of the Brahmins?" Then with fire in His eyes and giving a slight blow to His own body, He declared: "I have put on this body with a view to destroying the entire fabric of the caste system, and destroy it I will, despite the opposition of the bigoted Brahmins. The caste system is as absurd as it is tyrannous. It has nothing to do with religion, in the true sense of the word."

In the Holy Master's durbar and Ashram the Hindus, including the Brahmins, do not observe the rules of their caste, whatever it may be. They are above caste,—aye, they are practically unconscious of their caste. All regard themselves and regard all others as children of God.

The Holy Master has already done much to remove the barriers that divide man from man. But He has still to do far more, and after manifesting Himself as the Messiah, He will do what the Lord Buddha did with regard to the caste system. He will only be more thorough than the Lord Buddha, for He will destroy it root and branch, so that it may not grow up again.

What thousands of reformers cannot do jointly, the Holy Master will do individually. But we do not mean to discourage the reformers. We take great interest

in the present awakening of the depressed classes, and *The Meher Message* sends its blessings to all those who are fighting for their rights. The right of temple entry, which they claim, is a just and natural right. The Brahmins who refuse to grant it are only exhibiting their bigotry and arrogance. They are indeed free to suppress and oppress their so-called low-caste brethren, but they should be ashamed to do so in the name of religion, which they are fast degrading. A temple is a house of God, and to prevent anybody from entering it is un-Brahmin, un-Hindu, monstrous, shameful, and anti-religious.

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The Holy Master's Work

The following assertion, which we made in our August Editorial has caused some misunderstanding in certain quarters : " Though great, wonderfully great was the work that was accomplished by Shri Krishna, Lord Zoroaster, Lord Buddha, Jesus the Christ and Hazarat Mahomet it will almost sink into insignificance before the work that Yazdan Shri Meher Baba will do." Let it be borne in mind that as a rule we do not like to institute comparisons, and that it was only with a view to giving our readers an idea of the great work that our Beloved Master is destined to do that we compared it with the work of previous Prophets. We have great reverence for all the Prophets and Perfect Masters, and no matter however glorious the work that Shri Meher Baba may do, their work will continue to be appreciated.

The Annual Number of Revolt

The annual number of *Revolt*, which we have been requested to review, is the first number of its second volume. It contains many interesting and instructive articles. *Revolt* is published every Sunday and its object is to revolt against Brahminism and against all unreasonable customs. It does good work in the sphere of social reform, and we wish it hearty success in its chief purpose. But its able Editor, Mr. E. V. Ramaswamy, would do well to distinguish creed from religion, superstition from spirituality, and false beliefs about God from God Himself. The annual subscription of *Revolt* is Rs. 4, and its office address is: Post Box 350, Mount Road, Madras.

OUR SERIAL STORY

FROM DEGRADATION TO REALIZATION

(By the Editor)

CHARACTERS (All Fictitious)

- 1 *Madhavrao Maharaj* : A Sadguru.
- 2 *Rukmini Devi* : An unmarried Brahmin lady, who is a disciple of Madhavrao Maharaj.
- 3 *Gungabai* : The faithful servant and companion of Rukmini Devi.
- 4 *Mary Petch* : An unmarried English lady, who is a disciple of Madhavrao Maharaj.
- 5 *Evelyn Petch* : The unworthy sister of Mary Petch.
- 6 *Ganesh Chiplinkar* : A Brahmin scoundrel.
- 7 *Savitri* : The good and virtuous wife of Ganesh Chiplinkar.
- 8 *Mrs. Pirejbai Nalladaroo* : A Parsi widow, who is a devotee of Madhavrao Maharaj and a neighbour of Rukmini Devi.
- 9 *Waman Deshpande* : A materialistic and unscrupulous Brahmin youth, who has resolved to marry Rukmini Devi.
- 10 *Ebrahim Pirkhan* : A Mahometan ruffian, who is a friend of Waman Deshpande.
- 11 *Arthur Petch* : A Police Inspector, who is the father of Mary and Evelyn Petch.
- 12 *Elizabeth Petch* : The wife of Arthur Petch.
- 13 *William Cope* : An English disciple of Madhavrao Maharaj.
- 14 *Narayan* }
15 *Vishnu* } *Ishopatkar* : Two Kshatriya youths who are faithful devotees of Madhavrao Maharaj.

CHAPTER VI

“Do You Take Me for an Infant Wrapped in
Swaddling Clothes?”

The dwelling-house of the Police Inspector, Arthur Petch, was situated within the suburban limits of Poona. It was an old-fashioned villa without any storey. Coated with stucco outside, it did not look beautiful and might have looked positively ugly, were it not for a dainty looking green field surrounding it, and for its casement-windows with blue-black frames. With half a dozen well-ventilated rooms and a dark close kitchen, inside it was cosy and capacious, considering that it was occupied only by Mr. and Mrs. Petch, their two daughters and two servants.

Mrs. Elizabeth Petch was the star of this villa. She was very graceful and as modest as graceful. She was very tall and as solemn as was tall. I say she was solemn, but not a bit sulky. She appeared to be grave, but had certainly not a graveyard look. Her features were delicately-cut and well proportioned, and they did credit to her wonderful silky mass of jet-black hair, which she never allowed to hang over her shoulders. Her hazel eyes, which furnished an index to her other-worldliness, seldom seemed to look at the things of this world. She was, indeed, pious to a degree and her piety was attributed—I do not know how far rightly—to her being a member of the Society of Friends. She adored—though not as much as she used to do before—George Fox, and was proud—though not half as much as before—of being a Quaker. Had not her Quaker father been punished by law in England for

refusing to swear upon oath,* perhaps she would never have been a zealous Quaker. But whatever be the cause of her zeal, it failed to convert those who were near and dear to her as well as those who had no blood-relation with her. Apart from the fact that this disappointment had a healthy effect upon her, it was good that she had failed in her efforts of conversion: for had she succeeded, a Meeting-House would doubtless have been established, in Poona and all her precious energy might have been devoted to it. As it was, she spent her energy in a more worthy cause, viz. of uplifting the downtrodden and rescuing the fallen women, and she was irresistibly led to think of higher things and to read about Saints and Mystics. Sectarian zeal is apt to border upon fanaticism, and it was owing particularly to the study of Mysticism that she narrowly escaped from being taken in the toils of bigotry. Few Quakers can be so broad-minded as she was. At the time when our story opens she was more a seeker after Truth than a Quaker, and she belonged more to God than to the Society of Friends. Her piety sometimes overwhelmed her, so much so that she had no words to voice her thoughts that lay too deep for tears. The letter of Rev. John Falconi on the Prayer of Silence† must have

*Quakers strongly object to swearing upon oath and till 1833 they were punished by law for this refusal. Since then they are allowed merely to affirm.

†This letter, which was written from personal experience, to corroborate the truths contained in Madam Guyon's 'Short and Easy Method of Prayer,' was printed at Madrid from the original in 1557 with the sanction of the Church; then it was translated into Italian and printed at Rome, with the permission of the Pope, and afterwards it was translated into French and printed at Paris, not without the approval of the French Church dignitaries. Thus though its statements do not conform with the viewpoints of Orthodox Christianity, it met with the approbation of the ecclesiastical tribunals of three great nations.

appealed to her very much, for she practically knew it by heart, and in giving spiritual advice to others she used to quote the following passage from it again and again: "Establish yourself well in the presence of God; and, it is a faithful truth that His Divine Majesty fills wholly with His nature, presence and power, form an interior act of faith and be strongly persuaded of this important truth. Surrender yourself into His paternal hands; abandon your soul, life interior and exterior to His most holy will, in order that He may dispose of you according to His good pleasure and service, in time and eternity. That done, remain in peace, repose and silence, as a person who no more disposes of anything whatever. Do not think voluntarily of anything, however good and sublime it may be; and endeavour only to remain in the resignation that you have made to His holy will."

Mrs. Elizabeth Petch considered herself blessed in her elder daughter Mary. She loved her, not merely because she was her child but also because she was virtuous and spiritually-minded. On the other hand she felt humiliated at the conduct of her other daughter, Evelyn, whose flirtations and vanity caused a great deal of anxiety to her. She used to say about Evelyn, "If she were only one-hundredth as conscious of the fact that she has an immortal soul as she is of her perishable beauty, she would behave differently." As regards her husband, she had little influence with him. Arthur Petch no doubt looked upon her with veneration, but would not be controlled by her in any way. Each had affection for the other, but they were cast in different moulds. When Mrs. Petch reproved her husband for perpetrating any vile deed, he would only say with

foxy blandness : "My dear, you don't understand. You belong to the other world, but I am of this world—this world of rogues and fools. Don't worry about me, angel : I am well able to take care of myself." Thus Arthur Petch would silence his wife, whom he did not deserve. He was as cunning as a fox and as shrewd as a serpent. Had he been straightforward, he would have been a shining example in the police force of Poona. But his vulgar love for the baubles of this world made him avaricious ; his avarice drove him to be dishonest ; and his dishonesty was a curse to the city he was supposed to serve.

On the day on which Waman Deshpande had a dispute with the Sadguru Madhavrao, Arthur Petch got up at seven in the morning, as usual ; took his morning tea as usual ; picked up *The Times of India* as usual ; and while glancing over the fresh news it contained, ordered, not as usual, one of his servants to go to the place of his nephew, William Cope, and inform him that he was wanted by his uncle.

In an hour William presented himself before his uncle, who was surprised to see his face shine with self-reliance. He greeted him with the remark, "I was just meditating on you."

"I suppose, uncle, you were meditating on me like a crane."

Cranes appear to be meditating, when they are about to pounce upon their victims, the fish. But the Police Inspector was ignorant about it, so he took the sarcastic remark of his nephew for an innocent joke. Taking a deep breath and making himself as emotional as he could, he said : "I am as much worried on account of you."

"But why worry about me, uncle ? Do you take me for an infant wrapped in swaddling clothes ?"

"No; but it's my duty to look after you."

"I wish, uncle, that you may make your conscience elastic and crush this duty of yours to its death, for it is simply crushing my happiness. I'm afraid, you are looking too much after me, so much that I'm embarrassed and miserable."

"You are becoming ungrateful."

"Ungrateful? Not at all! I have no desire to be and shall never be ungrateful; but if you will drive me to desperation by your interference with me, by Jove, I'll rebel against you, like an animal standing at bay!"

"What do you mean, boy? Have you come here to quarrel with me? You talk as if you are intoxicated."

"I'm a staunch teetotaller, uncle."

"But you talk, as if you are drunken."

"Auntie oft says that I should talk with you like a man, and not like a ninety-nine-year-old nervous haggard woman. I'm only following her advice."

"Has she advised you to quarrel with me? No good will come of being rude to me."

"I merely draw your attention to the fact that you interfere with me too much. If you take that as a quarrel, what am I to do? You may as well say I'm blind."

The Police Inspector was shocked at what he considered the audacity of his nephew, from whom he expected nothing but implicit obedience to himself and nervous namby-pamby talk. He wondered what had made his nephew so bold as to talk in that manner with him. He was accustomed to bullying him, and not to receiving unpleasant knocks from him. He had called him with a view to asking him to make preparations for his marriage with Evelyn and to cease his connection with Shri Madhavrao Maharaj. Seeing that his nephew...

was not to be browbeaten that morning, he thought it right to broach neither of the subjects, and dismissed him as politely as he could under the circumstances, after asking him to see him again on the following day.

(*To be continued*)

The Canadian Theosophist on Shri Meher Baba

In its October issue, noticing *The Meher Message*, *The Canadian Theosophist* says: *The Meher Message* for September is as interesting as any little magazine we have seen for years. It represents a mystical development through Zoroastrianism and is all the more welcome on this account, since so little of inner Parsi doctrine comes to the West. The Divine Lord, whose sayings the Message reports, is Shri Meher Baba, and those who have been reading the statements by Krishnaji will recognize the same vein of thought and teaching." After quoting some of the sayings of Shri Meher Baba, a few passages from the Editorial of our September issue and from the Editor's Diary of the same issue, *The Canadian Theosophist* further remarks: "Perhaps this narration will help our Western people to understand the Holy Men are not so rare in India and World Teachers are not an uncommon occurrence."

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

Reviews and Notices

JACOB BEILHART: LIFE AND TEACHINGS, Pages 170; price Dollar 1.00. Edited by Freedom Hill Henry. Published by Freedom Hill Pressery, Roscoe, Calif., U. S. A.

This dainty-looking book has been compiled from "Spirit's Fruit" and "Spirit's Voice", the two periodicals which Jacob Beilhart wrote, printed and distributed, during a period of eight years between 1899-1907.

No name is dearer to some spiritually-minded Americans than that of Jacob Beilhart, for it was he who taught them to open the windows of their souls and to lead real lives. Jacob Beilhart did not belong to any Christian Church, and this enabled him to practise the real Christianity. He did not regard Jesus as the only Christ or the only God-incarnate, but Jesus had never a more devoted follower than Jacob Beilhart.

Jacob was spiritually advanced, a real mystic—a greater mystic than not only Wordsworth and Whitman but also Emerson and Boehme.

O dear brother, Jacob Beilhart! Thou wast a wonderful man! With thee God was all in all! What an impersonal life didst thou lead! Verily, thy life was an oasis in the American desert of materialism! Thy memory will ever be cherished with affection by all those who will come to know of thee! And all those who want to know of thee should study this book, compiled by thy admirer, Freedom Hill Henry!

SPIRIT FRUIT AND VOICE. In two volumes. Volume I pages 219; price Dollar 1. 00. Volume II: pages 222; price Dollar 1 00. Compiled and edited by Freedom Hill Henry. Published by Freedom Hill Pressery, Roscoe, Calif., U. S. A

Freedom Hill Henry, be it said to his credit, did not content himself merely with publishing the life of his Master, Jacob Beilhart. He has undertaken to serve the public by publishing the teachings of Jacob Beilhart in book forms. Each volume will be complete in itself, and he has already published two volumes, under the title, 'Spirit, Fruit and Voice.'

The teachings of Jacob Beilhart are not so much the products of his brain as the effusions of his heart. He wrote what he felt and he preached what he practised. He appeals to the heart, but there is no maudlin sentimentality about his teachings. Written in simple language anybody can follow his teachings; and he who follows his teachings will be able to understand the teachings of Emerson, Whitman, Boehme and other mystics. But though it is easy to follow Jacob Beilhart, in order to appreciate him fully one must read his essays and articles at least twice. We agree with the compiler when he says; "The best commentary on a truly spiritual book is to read it over again. And he who is done with Jacob's book at one reading, need not have read it at all. If you are ready for Jacob's gospel of love and trust, hope and happiness, you will want to read it more than once."

Both the volumes are instructive from cover to cover and we heartily commend them to our Western as well as Eastern readers.

SUBLIME THOUGH BLIND. Pages 510. Reduced price Rs. 4. By M. M. Banaji, Journalist and Public Critic, Can be had of the author, 14 Tarachand Bldg, Hughes Road, Chowpatty Bombay 7

This is a work of fiction, depicting Parsi life, men and manners. Its worthy author has written several original novels and stories in the Gujarati language; but this work, though written in English, is his masterpiece. It is quite original, as interesting as original, and as instructive as interesting. Its great merit, from the spiritual standpoint, is that it makes little sex-appeal. Mr. Banaji has neither muddled love with lust nor degraded sentiment to sentimentality. In this work we happily find nothing abominably sensational and not a single farce prompted by passion that fools confound with love. It is undoubtedly a healthy novel which the old as well as the young, the materialistic as well as the spiritually-minded, may safely read. Time spent in reading it will be time well spent, for it at once entertains and instructs the reader. If you want innocent amusement in your reading and side by side with it some instruction, you should read this novel. Its original price is Rs. 8, but to the readers of this Magazine the worthy author has decided to give it away for the low price of Rs. 4 per copy. We would warn the would-be purchasers to buy it as early as possible, for a very limited number of copies now remain with the author. We heartily commend it to all of our readers and equally heartily congratulate the author on writing it.

(A number of books, received for review on our table. We shall review them by and by.)

CORRESPONDENCE

The Meher Message : An Appeal

To

The EDITOR,

The Meher Message.

Dear Sir,

It is a great pleasure or a great opportunity of one's life to read your esteemed periodical. The articles of Shri Meher Baba are very short: so I request you to devote more pages to His sublime teachings. For the sake of Gujrati-knowing readers I request you also to publish every month a Gujrati supplement containing the teachings of His Holiness. If that is not possible Mr. Sorabji M. Desai, the well-known devotee of Shri Meher Baba, may be advised to publish a periodical in Gujrati similar to *The Meher Message*. Many will be benefitted, if such a Gujrati magazine is published. It will be a good medium for reply to those who sometimes take it into their heads to criticize Shri Meher Baba, adversely without understanding Who He is. Of course those who speak ill of Him are selfish, pompous and hypocritical; but as the Gujrati newspapers of Bombay do not render proper justice to Shri Meher Baba and consequently many Gujrati-knowing persons remain ignorant about Him, a Gujrati periodical, run on the lines of *The Meher Message*, will enlighten them to a great extent.

Yours fraternally

Ratan N. F. Tumboly.

Navsari, 28th October, 1929.

SHRI MEHER BABA

Shri Meher Baba

BY PRINCESS NORINA MATCHABELLI

It is the end of a Cycle in Evolution. We know that the spiritual awakening of the world gives new evidence in exchange of consciousness. The urge in mankind to see and find Truth is deep and creative. The new intuition in man to know and find God within, is pure. The time in its divine outward phase is sure in pain, pure in lure to move out of darkness.

We need to rely on the alive performing example of God. We can no more be sure with the deluding impersonal experience within. We can no more rely on second-hand information. We have no further proof than our own self-deluding experiences of the mind. We have no further individual ambition in our own human than to be 'I' and to magnify the 'I' for the 'I's'

sake. We have exhausted ourselves in love emotion, and our love's motive is barren, cold, unsatisfied. The need in man to love more unselfishly is imperative.

We are stranded by established theological dogmas looking backwards on past Gods. Man is jealous, in competition of the Saviours of others. They create churches and religions to exploit individual devotion. Man's spiritual impulse has become sterile. Blinded and beaten by the outward sensationalism of life, and the mental creative tendency to exaggerate, man has lost the vision of simplicity of the heart.

We need to realize the Truth. We need to *see* impersonal devotion. We need to feel sincere kindness. We need to realize virtue without self-

satisfaction. We want to see true charity which is giving in full conscious accordance with the *knowing heart*. We need to see pure sacrifice which redeems. We have to learn how to render love for hate. We have to recognize the law's supreme pure work through the opposites. We have to recognize the mind's stagnant views of false and good. We want the free interpretation of good. The wonders of Divine Love have been brought down to us through the Gospels, but again and again mankind longs for the tangible example of that divine impulse of joy, like Krishna with His benign wonders of mercy, forgiveness, tolerance, and the selflessness of Jesus.

The reincarnation of the Love Master of all time is

alive amongst us. He is gradually unfolding in the immature heart of man, the divine immutable Grace of Love. Near Him, we, who come from all parts of the world, meet on the only unprejudiced ground—the merciful Heart of the Beloved. This Universal Heart that expresses its divine existence through the vehicle of the unselfish Perfect Human we need to worship.

Shri Meher Baba professes and practises today, in eloquent silence, the awakening of the consciousness of the heart. The indivisible bond in man will be aware in *Being*. The new design in *Being* is to unite in the One Only God. Men, of all castes and all religions, will see the manifesting 'Only God' in the new conscious form in *Being*.

(To be continued)

SAYINGS OF SHRI MEHER BABA

God, the Real Beloved, is ever ready to enter your house, the mind, but He cannot, because it is occupied by your numberless unreal beloveds—desires, and there is no room for Him.

Appreciation of Shri Meher Baba

BY PROF. FREDERIC KETTNER (New York)

I have met Shri Meher Baba only a few times. But gradually there has grown within me the glad certainty that in him is an intuitive power, and therefore a high spirit, that will help the progress of humanity and the merging of East and West.

Modern science has helped the average man gain comfort, but has fostered narrow-mindedness. Thus we admit the originators of spiritual sciences which will open human minds, so as to give souls their due share of happiness and bring forth that urge for positive soul-betterment which lies dormant in mankind. Modern sciences and spiritual sciences will carry on parallel to one another and form the track to world citizenship and to Peace.

The integration of mysticism, politics, ethics and economics into the new science of the life-eternal will originate a spiritual and ethical-social kind of engineering which will help to build bridges and thoroughfares between man's soul to

soul. Man must be helped to realize that the soul and the body, though entirely dissimilar, are equal, and that one is naught without the other. Separation of matter and spirit engenders the impulse for competition and war. The unification of matter and spirit in experience will bring the fruits of eternal liberty and peace

No doubt Baba as a spiritual engineer will attain pre-eminence. The world needs not merely civil engineers but also engineers of divine civilization. There is oil in the earth which man obtains and utilizes through engineering. We must have engineers who can recall the vast store of energy buried in our remembrance primordial—that is, man's urge eternal to mutual happiness. Real, spiritual benefit cannot be derived from magnificent edifices—through gilded priests or stately rites—where words are the law. It can be derived from the active reality of incorporating these verbal ideals into every day factors, actions

Poems

BY DINESHNANDINI CHORDIA

My estranged Lord! What peace-offering should I bring to win
Thee back to my bleeding heart?

There is prowess in Thy body; dazzling lustre in Thine eyes;
studied indifference in the sport to all else but for
the burning quest of One, who is the breath of my
breath, and the soul of my soul, and a strange
passionlessness in Thy love.

But, there is eternal restlessness in my youth, a maddening
attraction in my soul—ravishing beauty that may
set the heart of the universe on fire, red roses in the
apron of my sari.

Amrita, the drink of the gods, in my lips, dreams of a perfect
union in my soul and the essence of Parijat, the
flower that blossoms in the Nandan-garden of Indra
in my love, which colours all my attitude to life.

My testy Lover! What peace gifts would I bring to appease
Thy wrath?

The mad world imagine Thee to be a shady sandal-wood tree
from the far famed forest of scented Malabar and
mistakes me for a creeper bearing dead sea-fruit.

But, if Thou art the Himalaya wearing the white crown of
peace on Thy brow — I am the Ganges flowing
forth from that abode of virgin snow, on the top of
which Gauri (Shiva's wife) performed penance
stern to have Shiva as her Lord.

If Thou art that the Ocean of renunciation, I am the nectar of
Shanti (peace) that the gods and the demons churn-
ed out of it in days of yore.

If Thou art thousand petalled lotus that blossoms forth in the
light of Brahma (Maker of the world), I am the
sweet perfume that dwells within its bosom;

If Thou art Shiva, I am Shakti (power). If thou art
Purush (God), I am Prakriti (nature). If Thou
art Brahma, I am Maya (illusion).

And yet, the mad world imagines Thee to be a shady sandalwood
tree from the far famed forest of scented Malabar
and mistakes me for a creeper bearing dead sea-fruit.

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