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MAJESTY IN SERVITUDE



EDITOR
KAIKHUSHRU JAMSHEDJI DASTUR, M.A., LL.B.,
THE DISCIPLE OF HIS DIVINE MAJESTY,
SADGURU MEHER BABA

ANNAS FIVE

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*Editor:—Kaikhushru Jamshedji Dastur, M.A., LL.B.,
the disciple of His Divine Majesty Meher Baba.*

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THE MEHER MESSAGE

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SAYINGS OF HIS DIVINE MAJESTY SADGURU MEHER BABA

(16) All those, who experience the gross world as *real*, are asleep. Only those, who experience it as *unreal*, can realize God and become awake, in the broad sense of the word.

(17) Although the one Sun (God), who is without a second, shines at all times without a moment's break on all forms animate as well as inanimate, you are unable to see Him,—unable even to catch a glimpse of Him just for a moment. And why? Because you are locked up, so to say, in a cell of ignorance coated with desires.

(18) The Real Beloved (God) is ever ready to enter your house (mind), but He cannot, as there is no room for Him, as it is occupied by your numberless unreal beloveds (desires).

(19) You yourself are the cause of your separation from the Beloved. Annihilate your what is called the self, and you will thereby gain the union with Him.

(20) As a single object seems to multiply itself to one who is drunk to excess, so unity appears as plurality to those who are intoxicated with the wine of egoism.

(To be Continued)

GOD, CREATOR AND CREATION

(By The Divine Lord, Shri Sadguru Meher Baba)

There is nothing but God. This sublime truth, this fact of facts is believed in and admitted by millions of people all over the world. But how many are there who actually *feel* that there is nothing but God? Only a few. Fewer there are who experience God and nothing but God. And still fewer there are who realize God and see for themselves that there is nothing except Him.

Though millions say that there is nothing but God, the fact is that for them it is everything but God. To most of the human beings this gross world is all in all, and God is unreal or a phantom. No doubt they worship Him but that worship is not of the heart. They forget Him, when worldly temptations beset them. For one who worships God, there are thousands who worship Mammon and Moloch, lust and dust.

What do we mean, when we say that there is nothing but God? It really means that God is everything and everywhere. It also implies that God is but one without a second, and that the *nothing*-is also there. The *nothing* is there, but the pity of it is that this nothing is felt as everything, as the all, by the humanity at large. This *nothing* is really nothing. But it exists. It cannot be denied. But it is not

beyond everything. Everything includes nothing, but nothing does not and can never mean everything.

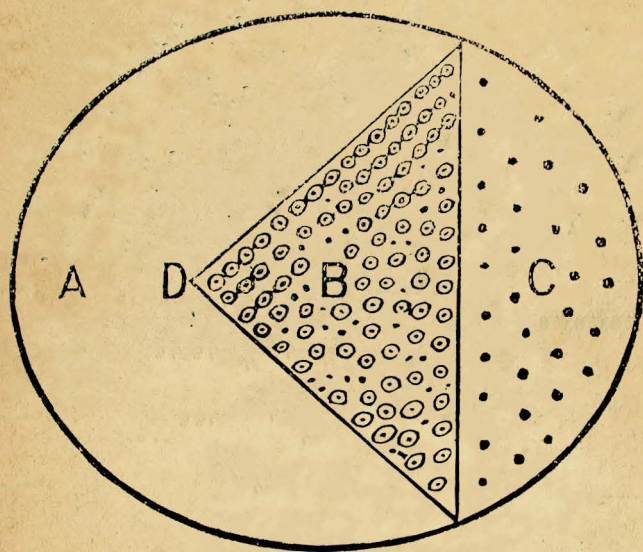
The Almighty is everything including nothing. The entire creation has come out of nothing, is made up of nothing, is created out of nothing, and hence it is *nothing*. The Soul of the creation has come out of everything, has manifested Himself out of everything, and so He is *everything*. To put what I mean in simple words :—

| | | |
|------------|----------------|------------------|
| God | is opposite to | Maya (illusion), |
| One | “ ” | Many, |
| Everything | “ ” | Nothing, |
| Real | “ ” | False. |

God is one, is everything, and He alone is real; whereas the universe is the outcome of nothing, is under the influence of maya, is full of *many*, and so it is false. As long as “many” are seen, the one cannot be seen. For the one to be seen, “many” must go. The one God is seen, when this phantom of universe disappears; and this universe ceases to exist for one, when the lower self of that one is annihilated. This is Truth, but intellect cannot grasp it, wisdom cannot weigh it, space cannot hold it, time cannot check it, cause cannot affect it, heavens cannot compass it, angels cannot fathom it, but human beings can realize it through love, the divine love, the love for the Almighty except whom nothing is.

Let us now, for the sake of illustration, regard the Almighty as the Infinite Ocean and take the following diagram, which should be considered one indivisible whole by way of introduction :—

THE MEHER MESSAGE



The portion A of the Ocean is still or motionless. That is God in the state which is beyond even superconsciousness. In this state God, with latent consciousness, has been experiencing and sustaining infinite powers, eternal existence, unfathomable bliss and universal knowledge. But He neither knows Himself— Infinite Ocean, nor the universe— nothing that is latent in Him. God in this state is Brahman or the Soul of souls.

The portion B (please see the diagram) of the Ocean is in motion. In it you notice countless numberless drops, each having a bubble about it. Every drop is

Ocean Itself; but though like the Ocean in portion A it does not know that it is Ocean, still it is not quite unconscious. Its consciousness consists only in knowing that it is a drop surrounded by a bubble. It is not at all conscious of Self = Ocean. God in this state is *jiva* or individual soul.

The third portion C stands for the same Ocean with drops, each of which is quite conscious of Self = Ocean. Those drops are Krishna, Zoroaster, Moses, Jesus the Christ, Buddha, Mahomet, Tukaram, Nanak, Kabir, Hafiz, Ramakrishna and such others. The drops in this portion of the infinite Ocean are many, but every drop is one indivisible whole, and is completely conscious that it is Ocean and not a mere drop. God in this state is Shiva or the Enlightened Soul.

The point D in the diagram denotes the Creator. The same Ocean, that was still, began to roll, and as soon as It began rolling It began creating and thus became the Creator at the point D. In other words, the point, D, through which the creation manifests itself, is the Creator.

The point (the Creator) is one but it manifests itself as or creates innumerable shadows. Before we proceed further, let us first understand how the one God can have millions of billions of shadows by taking an illustration of terms that are opposite to each other.

Suppose.

A (Infinite) has its opposite term E (Finite)
 B (Light) " " " " F (Shadow)

C (Yes) " " " " G (No)
 D (One) " " " " H (Innumerable)

Now taking $B \times D = \text{One Light}$, we get $F \times H =$ innumerable shadows. As the opposites are always the outcome of the originals, it is as clear as daylight that innumerable shadows are the outcome of the one Light = God.

The shadows are innumerable,-countless, numberless. Let us first consider the lightglobes with millions of light-points in each. The light-globes are innumerable and their existence is not a matter for idle speculation. Some of them are actually seen by one who, entering upon the Path, reaches the first cosmic plane. What scientists with their powerful telescopes worth thousands of dollars are unable to see, the spiritual aspirant, though advanced as far as only the first plane beholds with his spiritual sight, without the help of any earthly instrument. Be it noted that it is in these lightglobes that the aspirant witnesses the real swarup or divine form of living perfect Masters in their true glory. Though these lightglobes are but shadows of the real Light (God), still they are so very ineffably enchanting, brilliant and beautiful that those aspirants,—very few in number—who succeed in advancing a little along the Path by self help, without the guidance of a Sadguru or perfect Master, remain fixed or stuck there and then, entranced with joy and wonder. Hence their progress comes to a full stop.

Each of these lightglobes (= shadows) again have their own shadows,—And what are these shadows of the shadows? They are the various worlds, including this gross world. Some of the other worlds we see at night in the shapes of twinkling specks (stars) on the sky.

The stars and planets, suns and worlds, which are the shadows of shadows, though seen from a tremendous distance, appear so bright and dazzling. Then just imagine—can you?...the brilliancy and splendour of the Real Light (God)!

(*To be continued*)

Love is my teacher: He can tell
The wonders that he learnt above
No other Master knows so well
'Tis love alone can tell of love.

Madam Guyon.

O Lord, Thy heavenly grace impart
And fix my frail unconstant heart;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be
To dedicate myself to Thee,
To Thee, my God, to thee.

Anon.

SPIRITUAL SPEECHES OF HIS DIVINE MAJESTY SADGURU MEHER BABA.

(3) ON GOD-REALIZED PERSONAGES

The state of a Mujzooob is like that of (a) a child; (b) a madman; and (c) a ghost.

(a) Just as children are quite innocent, have no attractions for wealth and grandeur and know not what lust is, so also Mujzooobs have no attractions for woman and wealth and know not what *kam*, *crodh* and *lobh* are.

(b) Just as madmen have no consciousness of their body and mind, so Mujzooobs are totally unconscious of everything except their Divine Self.

(c) Just as ghosts wander here and there, so also these Mujzooobs wander without caring for the world of which they are unconscious. They are quite lost in the enjoyment of eternal bliss.

The Mujzooobs, the Saliks, and the Acharyas are all God-realized; but unlike the Mujzooobs, the Saliks and the Acharyas are conscious of the universe. The difference between the Saliks and the Acharyas is this that where-as the Saliks are indifferent to the world, the Acharyas or Sadgurus do their best to serve humanity. The Sadpuroshas and Sadgurus, who have "come down" after enjoying the Nirvikalpa Samadhi, are quite awake, and conscious not only of their high state and bliss but also of their body, of the state of the world, etc. Therefore they can do immense good to the world by rendering great services to humanity.

SPIRITUAL SPEECHES

(4) ON SAMADHIS

There are four kinds of Samadhis; (1) Ordinary sound sleep (unconscious Samadhi); (2) Yoga Samadhi; (3) Nirvikalpa Samadhi; and (4) Sahaj Samadhi.

(1) This is quite ordinary, and every ordinary human being experiences it, when asleep.

(2) This Samadhi is enjoyed by ordinary yogis by awakening the "kundalini" through *pranayam*, concentration, etc.

(3) This Samadhi is real, and is enjoyed by a person in the seventh plane. It is the state of perfect forgetfulness and realization of Truth.

(4) This also is real and can be enjoyed only by God-realized persons both during the process of "coming down" for regaining the consciousness of the world, and after regaining gross and subtle consciousness.

When you see a good man, think of emulating him;
when you see a bad man, examined your own heart.

CONFUCIOUS.

EDITORIAL

PLANES AND SAINTS

I

A poor ignorant boor, who was apparently very humble, one day happened to get one thousand rupees. No sooner did he find himself worth this sum than he considered himself the chosen darling of the goddess of wealth. The one thousand rupees seemed to have brought one thousand faults upon him. He who was humble as a saint became proud as Lucifer; he who was poor as Lazarus imagined himself to be rich as Croesus; he who was an embodiment of simplicity became addicted to sensual pleasures. The paltry sum of a thousand rupees, instead of doing him any good, brought about his downfall spiritually. Rightly has it been believed that for a thousand persons who can stand adversity, only one can stand prosperity. It is certainly far easier to stand adversity than prosperity. Paradoxical as it may seem, this dictum is applicable not only to worldly-minded persons, but figuratively also to raw spiritual aspirants. A materialistic person, without due preparations, takes it into head to make spiritual progress. He cares not to acquire the virtues of humility and magnanimity neither does he like to lead a life of renunciation but remaining in the midst of maya, he begins practising meditation regularly, a couple of hours every day. If he is able to concentrate his mind even :

little on the Almighty, his meditation will doubtless produce some fruit. Sometimes he will see effulgence ; sometimes he will behold visions ; sometimes he will taste a little spiritual bliss. If he is ignorant of even the A B C of the path, effulgence combined with visions and bliss will simply serve to turn his head. If the wish is father to his thought and he is imbued with vanity side by side with ignorance, he will forthwith consider himself an out-and-out saint, a spiritual giant, and perhaps an incarnation of God. We know a number of fools, European as well as Indian, who, beholding some visions and tasting a little bliss, regard themselves as perfect saints and world-teachers, though they are personifications of a thousand and one weaknesses. We know another class of fools, who are quite materialistic but who call themselves essentially spiritually-minded, simply because they go to churches or temples regularly and do not rob or murder anybody. Such fools, just as much as spiritual charlatans and miracle-mongers, bring the real spiritual life into contempt and destroy the faith of people even in genuine saints and Sadgurus.

But just as despite quack doctors genuine medical men flourish, so despite spiritual charlatans real saints are found existing. Just as Cagliostros are the excrescences of the medical profession, so Rasputins are the excrescences of the spiritual life. Just as despite quackery medical science and physical culture science continue to flourish, so despite the folly of those whose heads are turned by beholding visions and enjoying a little samadhi, supernal cosmic awe-inspiring planes or states of spiritual consciousness continue to exist, and in every generation several persons actually

experience them and a few attain to the highest pinnacle of divinity.

The supernal cosmic planes are beyond intellect. Then just think how can God, who can be realized only by attaining to the highest or the seventh plane, be comprehended or even apprehended by mere intellect? Mere intellect of a man can no more fathom God than a rat can fathom the Mediterranean Ocean. When the poet Simonides was asked by Hiero, the king of Syracuse, about the characteristics of God, he desired one day to think upon the subject; when it elapsed, he desired two days; and after the lapse of this period, he desired four days; thus he continued doubling the number of days within which he desired to think of God, before he would give any reply. The king was very much vexed at this behaviour and sternly asked the poet what he meant by it. Thereupon the poet answered, "Your Majesty, the more I think about God, the more dark and unknown He appears to me." Intellectual feats, even though practised by the greatest intellectual giant, needless to say, are of no avail, so far as actual realization is concerned. They cannot enable him to be one with the Reality or even to go nearer to God. The late Professor William James of the Harvard University had to admit explicitly, "For my own part, I have finally found myself compelled to give up the logic, fairly, squarely and irrevocably. It has an imperishable use in human life, but that use is not to make us theoretically acquainted with the essential nature of Reality. Reality, life, experience, concreteness, immediacy, use what word you will, exceeds our logic, overflows and surrounds it." The Professor, proceeding further,

observed that if one liked to employ words enlogistically, one might say that Reality obeyed a higher logic or enjoyed a higher rationality. But he declared himself of the opinion that even enlogistic words should be used rather to distinguish than to commingle meanings; so he preferred bluntly to call Reality at least non-rational in its constitution. The German philosopher, Kant, after realizing the futility of comprehending the Absolute called upon his brother-philosophers, in no uncertain terms, to cease their discussion regarding the nature of the world and the principles of existence until they had arrived at some conclusion regarding the nature of the knowing process. Just as the knowledge of the theory of logic does not tend to make one a good reasoner, so intellect, no matter however powerful it may be, has no tendency whatever to drive one nearer to God. That is why in the Bible it is written, "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart and lean not on thine own understanding." We are laying ourselves open to ignorant criticism, but we are sure of it, when we say that from the purely spiritual standpoint intellect is no more a proof of wisdom than a rapid flow of words.

It is a dangerous but common practice to exaggerate the importance of intellect, quite out of proportion to its value. Higher than intellect is insight, and higher than insight is inspiration. Inspiration is one of the most commonly abused words in the English language. An Arafura, when perversely taught by a Christian missionary about God, said to him, "Then this God is certainly in your arrack, for I never feel happier than when I have drunk plenty of it." Doubtless this Papuan islander believed that inspiration was

nothing but intoxication. The viewpoint of some persons about inspiration is not at all better than that of the Arafura, and is positively worse than that of the Tahitians; who believe that the priest, when inspired, acts or speaks not voluntarily by himself, but under supernatural influence. Let it be borne in mind that just as instinct is lower than intellect, so intellect is lower than inspiration. Inspiration may be defined as super-insight grasping at supernal truths. A man becomes really inspired only when he experiences the first two or three cosmic planes or makes an equal amount of spiritual progress along a way that has no direct connection with planes. Coleridge and Tennyson were not inspired, but Wordsworth and Shelley were possessed of inspiration, for the first two had experience only of the gross world, whereas the last-mentioned two enjoyed the first two cosmic planes. Bacon, though a great philosopher, was not an inspired man, but Pythagoras was substantially inspired, for the former never crossed this gross plane, whereas the latter was a yogi and was in the fourth plane when he laid aside his tabernacle. Ishwar Chandra Vidyasagar was not inspired, but Swami Vivekananda was not only inspired but perfect, for the former, though well-versed in scriptures and an erudite person of sublime character; had no personal experience of even the first state of cosmic consciousness whereas the latter was God-realized.

Now to come to the planes. Let it be carefully borne in mind that by *plane* we mean nothing but the *state of spiritual consciousness*. Just as with the help of intelligence and energy the mind enjoys this gross world through the gross body, so with the help of love and inspiration combined with energy, the mind enjoys

the cosmic planes which are seven in all, but only the last of which is real. Every cosmic plane has its abode of charms which, for the want of a better word, we may call *sky*, but one can make spiritual progress only either by going from one plane to another or by a way that has no direct connection with planes, as it is impossible to go from one sky to another. The skies or abodes of charms are not stepping-stones, but stumbling-blocks. It would be next to impossible for a man in the first plane to go into the heart of the second, if he allows himself to enjoy all the time the sky beside it. The constant enjoyment of the sky would bring his spiritual progress almost to a full stop. Such a man can no more realize God than a man, who goes into every city and every village he sees, can travel all over the globe. It is far better to make spiritual progress under the guidance of a God-realized personage than by self-help, for a perfect Master will not allow his disciples to lose themselves in the pleasures of the sky of any plane.

It is noteworthy that it is not impossible even though not assisted by any perfect saint, for those who have ceased to be materialistic and the load of whose *sanskaras* is not very heavy, to pass through the first three cosmic planes. But persons who when their minds were in the first or in the second or in the third plane, shuffled off their mortal coils, will reincarnate with their minds in the gross world, if they made spiritual progress without the direct help of a Sadguru. In their new lives they will have to make fresh efforts to reach the Goal. But if they made spiritual progress with the grace of a perfect Master they will take their birth with their minds in the plane which their minds were enjoying at the time of their passing away.

The aspirant, who succeeds in spanning the gross world and entering into the heart of the first supernal cosmic plane, gets some insight, enjoys some spiritual bliss, and from its sky he gets the power of reading the minds of those who are worldly and not far away from him, and also of seeing things, though far off, of the gross world. If he exercises these powers in moderation, they will not do him any harm. The poet Wordsworth had probably the first plane in his mind, when he wrote :—

“Ah! then if mine had been the Painter’s hand
 To express what then I saw; and add the gleam,
 The light that never was on sea or land,
 The consecration and the Poet’s dream.”

(to be continued)

To

HIS HOLINESS MEHER BABA

(By John Caldwell-Johnstone,
 Author of “The Book of the Beloved”)

Farthest from Thee I depart, nearest I come to Thee,
 Most forgetting Thee, most I remember Thee.
 Rose of the world, whatever nightingale singeth,
 Sing what he may, that nightingale singeth to Thee.

THE EDITOR'S DIARY
OR
THE NEWS ABOUT THE MASTER, HIS
DIVINE MAJESTY MEHER BABA

(15th February to 14th March 1929)

15th February. The Master delivered a very interesting speech before the disciples on the subject of egoism, in the morning from 7 to 9-30. The following is its summary. There are many who speak and write about egoism and about the ways of killing it. But most of them do not understand what it is, and therefore the so-called ways of killing it are really the ways of maintaining or increasing it. Egoism does not merely mean systematic selfishness and self-opinionatedness. To be conscious of your individual existence, of your body and intellect is also egoism. Did you not get sleep overnight? To think about it today is egoism. Do you feel hungry? To be conscious of it is egoism. Did anyone call you bad names? To feel offence for that is egoism. Egoism is certainly hydra-headed, but its main branches are four, viz. (1) anger, (2) lustful joy or joy arising out of the gratification of passions; (3) avarice, and (4) slander. It goes without saying that the average person is imbued with egoism, and to kill it root and branch without effecting substantial spiritual progress is next to impossible. But every spiritually-minded person should do his level best to control it and diminish it. There are two ways of substantially diminishing it, viz. (1) the divine love,

and (2) complete surrender of one's self to a Sadguru.

While the above discourse was being delivered, a few Parsee devotees from Bombay came here. They will leave the Master's durbar after His birthday.

Late in the evening the Master again delivered a discourse on the subject of the illusion of creation. A disciple remarked, "Baba, by your miraculous powers erect a big tower during one night, higher than the Kutub-minar." The Holy Master, upon this, said, "Have you ever heard of the performance of such a miracle by a Sadguru or Prophet? Every God-realized personage would consider it childish to perform such a miracle. For the effect of such a miracle would be just the reverse of what you expect to be. You believe that hundreds of thousands of people would then come to me, and they would lead spiritual lives. Certainly there would be no limit to the number of people who would come to revere me, but almost all of them would be worldly-minded, and would ask me to gratify or fulfil their materialistic desires. Those who are in need of money would say to me, 'You erected this tower in a minute. Why can you not give me a few thousand rupees by miraculously producing money?' Even those who are likely to lead lives of renunciation would not do so, on hearing of such a miracle. They would come to me and ask me to relieve them from all their troubles and effect their spiritual salvation at once." Here the Master paused for a while. Continuing He said, "This world is an illusion. It follows therefore that miracles are illusions of illusions. Therefore, as a rule, God-realized persons do not perform great miracles before the public, though in the Avatic period one of the Sadgurus, who has to play the role of the Avatar,

has to perform miracles, such as raising the dead, restoring sight to the blind. There is nothing but God. What you call existence is really non-existence. Sat-Chit-Ananda is the only reality. All things and all persons are but forms of God. The difference between ordinary persons and Sadgurus is this that what the former experience unconsciously in the sound sleep state, the latter experience throughout in the waking state. When you are in sound sleep you feel conscious of nothing; but when you wake up owing to your desires and sanskaras, you become conscious of this so-called creation. But God-realized persons, though conscious of the gross world, experience the sound sleep state in the waking state. To them this world is maya, and the only reality is Paramatman Who is Sat-Chit-Ananda *Swarup*." A disciple remarked, "Baba, I wish that all this creation may be destroyed. Will not this sun ever burst and the earth be destroyed?" The Holy Master replied, "The sun, that gives you light at present, will burst after many years, but another sun will forthwith take its place. This earth is getting cooler and cooler, and will eventually turn into a moon; but another earth, just like the present one, will take its place. What has been in the past will be in the future. Evolution and involution will go on forever. Ignorance and creation go hand in hand." The Master finally said, "Realize God, be one with the Self, and then you will understand everything. I am ready to help you and guide you, but do as I tell you."

16th February. As tomorrow is the Master's birthday, the devotees and disciples of the Master, who are not staying here, have already begun to come. Today in the morning a few Hindu and Parsi devotees of

both the sexes came here. The Master was garlanded, and presented with fruits and sweetmeats by them. In the afternoon the Master's aged parents came from Poona and they talked with their beloved Son for about an hour. In the evening the Master distributed comfits among those present.

17th February. To every devotee and disciple of the Holy Master this day is auspicious to the last degree. From the early hours of the morning, aye from one o'clock midnight till the night was far spent, i. e. for nearly twenty-four hours the Master's Hindu, Parsi, Mahometan and Christian disciples of both the sexes came here today to revere or worship Him. Those who could not come—the devotees who are staying at Karachi were ordered by the Master not to come—for some reason or other, must have worshipped Him at their own places. It was the Master's wish that this birthday should be celebrated with great simplicity, but so great was the enthusiasm of His disciples that this wish of His could not be properly respected. He, who is worshipped as an incarnation of God by the thousands of persons, cannot act according to His own wishes on this day. In order to please His devotees, He has to respect their wishes. The Master may govern His disciples on other days, but on His birthday He has to be governed by their enthusiasm, for the Master and His devotees, by virtue of a tacit but solemn agreement, have decided that His birthday is not so much His concern as theirs.

The Holy Master had to get up very early. True to His motto of 'Mastery In Servitude,' He Himself served out tea and breakfast to fifteen of the Premashram boys, who were allowed to come here and who

would now continue to stay here, and a few grown up disciples. At about eight o'clock in the morning the Master, seated in a carriage which was drawn by a couple of disciples, in accordance with arrangements previously made, went to the village temple. In the temple about two hundred Hindus of both the sexes worshipped Him. The Master was made to put on the garb of Shri Krishna, and afterwards about a dozen Hindu ladies with the assistance of a few members of the sterner sex, performed a special religious ceremony in honour of the Master. At about 9-30 the Master returned to His place, and no sooner did He return than His feet began to be washed by the devotees one by one with tepid water. Every spiritually-minded person considers it a privilege to wash the feet of a Perfect Master, for a few of the sins or bad sanskaras of his are wiped out by so doing. About two hundred devotees were fortunate enough to wash the feet of the Holy Master. The Master then took bath. No sooner did He come out of the bath-room than He was oaded with garlands. A well educated Hindu devotee, Mr. D. N. Angal, who is a lawyer, delivered a very interesting and instructive lecture in Marathi on Sadgurus. After the lecture was over the Master and His devotees took dinner. From 2 p. m. till 8 p. m., i. e. for six long hours, the well-known Mahometan singer, Piyaroo Quawall, who came in the morning from Calcutta, entertained the Master with quawalli. After supper the Master seated on a *palkhi*, was taken to the village in procession. The village devotees entertained the Master with *legime* and the city-devotees with *tipri*. Religious hymns were chanted, at the end of each of which the shouts of *Meher Baba Maharaj ki jai* rent

the sky. There were dancing, singing, acting, popping of fire-works and what not. Till two o'clock midnight the Hindu devotees of the city and of the village thus entertained the Master. Needless to say that the night was far spent, when the Master and devotees went to bed.

18th February. The well known Hindu musician, Master Krishna, who came here yesterday from Baroda, entertained the Master today with scientific singing for four hours in the morning, and Piyaroo Quawall with quawalli for six hours in the afternoon and evening. The Master, who is very fond of music, appreciated the singing of both of them, and liberally lavished eulogy upon them.

I received today a very interesting letter from Dr. Ram Narayan, with whom the readers of this Magazine are now well acquainted. The learned Doctor writes, "In my previous letter I wrote to you how I wished I could come and have a *darshan* of your Sadguru. It appears that my wish was so strong and earnest that it brought the spirit of your Sadguru to me in the form of the diagram in the February issue of your Magazine, 'The Meher Message.' It has remarkably confirmed my own ideal of a Sadguru. The diagram has thrown a great light upon my ideal. I felt quite elated with joy when I read Shri Meher Baba's answer to the question, 'What is God?' with the help of the diagram. Now I will tell you what my ideal is. Taking the analogy of a river and using the same symbols as in the diagram, I picture the Creator or Ishwar (B), standing on the bank of the river (Sansar or His Own created world), and the created beings, jivatmans (C) are struggling to cross the river to reach the opposite

bank, where (D) the Sadguru, who has already crossed the river, is standing. Both (B) and (D) are quite calm and safe, standing as they are on either banks of the river, and not in the water like jivatmans. In their knowledge of the ultimate Reality, both (B) and (D) are alike and equal. The great struggling multitude (C) jivatmans have their faces towards (D) Sadguru. They can see and hear him on the bank opposite; but they cannot see or hear (B) Ishwara towards Whom they have their backs. Both (B) and (D) are personalities in life and so are the jivatmans (C). The only difference between (C) and (D) is that the latter has crossed the river and knows and remembers all the troubles that he experienced in crossing the river. He takes pity on the struggling multitude (C) coming behind him, and tries and is anxious to show the path, he has himself followed and found best and easiest to cross the river, only to those, of course who ask him and seek for his guidance. The Almighty or Paramatman, represented by A in the diagram, is impersonal and is therefore infinite and all-pervading

To say that (A) is unconscious and resembles the sound sleep state, are the points that impressed me most. By what word in any language are we to designate that which is beyond the law of Opposites and is neither conscious nor unconscious has always been a great mystery to me, and you too had to explain this puzzling question in the foot note on page 31. I am afraid your explanation, also, will not be understood except by one who has realized the underlying truth."

19th February. A few Parsis and Hindus came hereto revere the Master. A Parsi gentleman, who came here from Bombay on the 16th of this month for

the first time and left the Master's durbar today said to me about an hour prior to his departure, "Despite the various worries with which my mind has been troubled, I experienced great peace of mind during the last three days that I spent here. It would have been a great misfortune, had I not come here. I now understand Shri Baba's spiritual position. Yesterday tears spontaneously trickled down my cheeks, when I gazed at His luminous face. I never dreamt when I left Bombay for coming here that I would have such experiences." Most of those, who came here to be present on the Master's birthday, left His durbar today.

20th February. The Holy Master received today a very interesting letter dated 21st January, 1921 from Dr. Bolestaw Bilski of Poland. As the Doctor is not quite well acquainted with the English language, his letter is written in broken English, but it is intelligible. In the course of his letter Dr. Bilski writes, "Already at September last I got from You a letter written by Your order by the brother Meredith Starr with instructions. This letter opened before me a small part of the mystery of the personality of You, my dear Master and I am saying in my mind, Blessed without end, blessed in the heaven and on the earth, take in Your possession our hearts! I did not answer so long a time, because I was occupied with the organisation of the Committee, which now contains 12 men, and between them very considerable ones. . . . I personally am suffering more than others, for all my mind, all my aims, and all my wishes are concentrated to become disciple of You, the Master, to proclaim Your learning, Your truth. I suffer mostly for I have awaked in the hearts of men the flame of love to You. I am responsible before my

conscience for these men which I collected in the name of you. I am responsible for the Great Master for the promises. I am responsible before the West, from where I receive askings to give news about the Master."

With the above letter the Holy Master also received a letter written in French and signed by ten Polish gentlemen. They write in the course of their letter: 'Nous voulons nous perfectionner sous Votre propice protection et constituer la base sur laquelle reposera l'édifice de Votre doctrine dans notre pays natal.

Nous avons formé un comité et Vous prions de bien vouloir nous envoyer l'enseignement et les instructions nécessaires. Nous joignons tous pour Vous transmettre, l'expression de notre considération la plus respectueuse.

21st February. As announced by the Master overnight, from today He will not receive in audience any of His visitors, regardless of the purpose with which they may come here,—whether for *darshana* or for asking any question—till further notice. Some devotees, who came here today to worship the Master, had to go away without even seeing Him. Needless to say that till the Master declares Himself accessible to outsiders, all visitors, from whatever part of India they might come,—whether from Bombay or from Burma, from Kashmere or from Cape Comorin—will have to go away without seeing Him. It is to be hoped that the Master will have mercy on His devotees and will, in a few weeks, if not in a few days, allow them to approach Him.

22nd February. The Master formally re-opened the Premashram today. It contains at present twenty boys, all of whom, if nothing adverse crops up, will be turned into saints. The Master imparted instruction to them in the evening.

23rd and 24th February I was too unwell to write anything.

25th February. The Master imparted spiritual instruction to the Premashram boys, in the morning. In the evening, with the boys and most of the grown-up disciples staying here, He went on foot to the city of Ahmednagar and put up at the place of Mr. Noshir N. Satha.

26th February. The Master and the disciples got up at 4 a. m. and after two hours they left Mr. Satha's house with a view to go to Happy Valley, which is situated in the village of Dongergon and which is replete with spiritual historic memories. The village is eleven miles away from the city, but the Holy Master and the disciples went thither on foot and put up at the Dawk bungalow.

27th February. The Master with the Premashram boys left the bungalow in the morning with a view to make a promenade through the place. Some time after the Master went out, five of the grown-up disciples also left the bungalow and went to the hill of Manjor Subhs which is about one thousand feet high. There is a safe sloping way to climb this hill, but, for some reason or other, they did not take advantage of it. They tried to climb it by the steep way and, strange to say they succeeded in scaling it. Those who have seen this hill will admit that while it is simply foolhardy to scale it by the steep way, it is one hundred times more foolhardy to descend it by that way. Throwing all discretion to the winds they tried to come down by the same dangerous way. Scarcely did they make the descent of a few feet when they became conscious of the folly. But it was now too late. They could not tu

their backs and again go up, nor could they stand stock-still. Though fright had taken possession of them, they did not forget their beloved Master. They invoked Him at this their time of peril, as never before they had invoked Him. Jointly taking His holy blessed name on their lips they resumed the dangerous descent, and succeeded in coming down without the slightest injury to any part of their tabernacles. Those who have seen this hill would admit that it was miraculous that while coming down they did not lose their lives or receive any injury. Needless to say that for this miracle the credit goes to the Holy Master, out of Whose mind they certainly were not, when their lives were at stake. He had returned to the bungalow in the meantime and no sooner did He come back than He began to speak about the five disciples, who were busy endangering their lives on the said hill, before those grown-up disciples who were present there. The Master railed at those five disciples, and again and again remarked, "Do they mean to die?" Needless to say that the disciples to whom the Holy Master was speaking were at a loss to understand why He was speaking like that and reprimanding those five of their gurubandhus. It was when this party of five returned to the bungalow and narrated their wonderful experience that it dawned upon them why the Master had spoken like that. It is the Holy Master's wont that when any devotee of His is in danger and He means to save him from it, He summons some of those staying with Him and speaks about that person in violent language. Internally He sends out help in some form or other to save the person in danger, and externally He rails at him before others.

28th February. The Master with all the boys and disciples came back to His durbar in the morning. From 12 to 4 in the afternoon He conversed with about four of His disciples on various matters pertaining to the Ashram and durbar. In the evening the Premashram boys got the benefit of His company and teachings.

1st March. The Master devoted five hours to imparting instruction to the Premashram boys. Persons still continue to come to revere the Master, but they have to go away without even seeing Him. Those who come from a long distance get very much disappointed, and if they belong to what is called the respectable upper middle class, also become vexed, when they are told that since the 21st of February the Master has been inaccessible to all outsiders,—to whatever class or creed they may belong.

2nd March. A Parsi devotee, whose name I am not free to mention, sent me a letter which was dated 26th January 1929, and which he had received from his brother. In the letter it was written "Last night I saw a dream that a thief attacked me, with a knife, to murder me, whilst I was sleeping. Immediately Meher Baba descended from Heaven and the thief was paralyzed on the spot. I at once woke up and saw a shadow of Meher Baba. But then it disappeared."

From 8 to 10 in the morning the Master delivered a spiritual discourse before the Premashram boys.

From 3rd to 8th March. I was too unwell to write anything.

9th March to 14th March. On all these days the Master devoted most of His time to the Premashram boys.

MY EXPERIENCES

(*By His Holiness Chhota Baba*)

I joined the Meherashram Institute on the 9th August, 1927. For the first two and a half months I stayed with the grown-up disciples of the Master and could not mix with the boys of the Meherashram proper. But on the 25th of October I was admitted into the Meherashram as a student. It is not necessary for me to go into details on various matters pertaining to the Meherashram, but I will touch upon only the main points pertaining to myself. Besides secular instruction spiritual instruction was imparted to boys by competent teachers, in accordance with the commands of Shri Meher Baba. From about the middle of November, the Holy Master Himself began to feed us on spiritual knowledge. Though we (boys) were not out of our teens, the Master instilled into our minds great spiritual facts, of which even yogis of the fourth cosmicplane are unconscious; intellectually acquainted us more and more with the Path; and gradually went on imparting spirituality to those of us who were fit for it. One night, after delivering a spiritual-scientific discourse, the Master said to me, "Child, have faith and try your best; I will make 'gold' of you." These words of my beloved Master produced a great impression on my mind, quite out of proportion to what one would expect. The above words were surcharged with spirituality, and they made me restless.

A great spiritual longing took possession of me and every moment of my waking state I said to myself, "When will this dust of myself turn into gold?" A great revolution was effected in me, Boys and disciples wondered at my changed state. I myself wondered at it. Sound sleep I could not get and all relish for any kind of food vanished. One day, in the month of December, while partaking of dinner, I felt a sort of great sensation in my body, from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet. Tears rolled down my cheeks and I could not restrain myself from crying loudly. Everything around me seemed to whirl and then vanish. My blood became extremely hot and heat pierced my body from inside. Then I swooned. When I recovered, I saw my beloved Master sitting near me. I could not help crying, and pressing His lotus feet to my eyes. I kissed them now and then. He calmed me and gave me a cup of milk.

I could now think of nothing and nobody but the Master. I simply could not help meditating upon Him continuously. Even in school hours when I was apparently reading, my heart was with my Beloved. Sometimes while meditating, I used to see Him with my subtle eyes sitting near me, with His right hand on my head. Mere sight of Him, whether gross or subtle used to make me weep. By the middle of December on account of my devotion and constant meditation such love took possession of my heart that it made me so to say mad after my Beloved. Separation from Him made me suffer intensely. I was contented only when I was with Him. This love was divine love, a gift from the Master—the love about which Shams-e-Tabriz says: "*Shamsul Hake Tabriz chu begshood paray ishqu*

jibreele amin' ra xe paye kheesh davan kerd," i. e. "When Shamsul Hacke Tabriz opened the wings of Love, it made the Angel Gabriel run after Him." Needless to say that by gaining this love, I became entirely free from the snares of worldly maya. Nothing seemed to interest me, not even my existence. It was through the divine love that by the grace of my Beloved I was transformed into my present state, which only a few in the world experience. One day, in January, 1928, when the Holy Master was imparting instruction to boys and disciples, I began feeling that I was losing my consciousness, and after blurting out, "O Baba!" I actually lost it.* I became unconscious of everything, except the Divine Form of the Master. For four days I continuously remained unconscious of the gross world, but conscious of the Master's Divine Form which I was seeing in myself. On the fifth day my gross consciousness was restored to me, but with its restoration, the Divine Form of the Master, which, be it remembered, has nothing to do with His body, did not vanish. Since then I have been seeing it in everything and in everybody, and enjoying ineffable spiritual bliss, for which I have paid a heavy price. Before I attained to my present blissful state, I had oft read and heard that this gross world is nothing but maya. I could not understand properly why it was called maya,

*No sooner did Chhota Baba lose his gross consciousness than the Holy Master, who was then delivering a spiritual discourse, abruptly stopped imparting instruction, commanded a couple of disciples to carry Chhota Baba to the Meherashram hospital which was just opposite to His room and commanded all those present to leave Him forthwith. For half an hour His Divine Majesty remained alone in His room. Then He summoned some of His disciples. It was extremely cold then, but the Master had taken off His coat and despite that was profusely perspiring. It seems to us that it was during this period of half an hour that the Master spiritually raised up Chhota Baba to the position of a Pir or a saint in the sixth plane.

but now I see for myself that it is really so. God is real, everything else is unreal. Ignorance is the cause of all miseries, of scepticism, hatred and egoism. All the various kinds of impressions, all attachments and errors of man have for their sources ignorance and non-discrimination. Many persons confuse the dream with the reality, take bad for good and, forgetting the soul, regard the gross world as the only reality. Ignoramuses look at the mirage and think they are the body which is a mere instrument, and not the glorious effulgent Self or Atman. When discrimination makes its appearance, the net of ignorance disappears and the Reality is seen through the eyes of discrimination. Finally, in the words of sages, I say, "Neither despise any being, nor look with contempt on others; but attempt, if ye can, to give all a helping hand; for oneness is the secret and the journey is towards the same goal. Believe in the splendour and glory of thine own shining soul. There is the treasure of infinite freedom, power and purity; so avoid throwing an evil thought into the world. Don't think that thou art born a bound slave full of impurity, for it is forbidden. Weakness never existed but strength; darkness never existed but Light and Love from the beginning and so for ever."

SWAMI VIVEKANANDA

(*By Sadhu C. Leik*)

To avoid possible misunderstandings regarding what Swami Vivekananda was to me in the past, I want to remind the kind reader of the Bhagavad Gita, where Shri Krishna says to Arjuna, that He appears to the devotee under whatever name the latter worships Him. And in that sense Swami Vivekananda was to me an aspect of the Divinity in the days of probation. To this day He remains my ideal of a Sannyasin and disciple. The Sadguru trains His disciples in a mysterious way and up to last, when they are to be realised, they are unaware of belonging to His circle and having made any headway on the spiritual Path. Various are the aspects of the Real Self, through which one is drawn nearer and nearer to the Fountain-head. And reaching the goal, all ideals become merged in the One without a second. My beloved Noren has become my own Self and has ceased to exist as a separate personality in that Realization. But returning to the world of illusion the same Noren is alive again and His spirit becomes manifest in me and His other followers. And thus I recall the summer of 1904, when for the first time I came into touch with that Spirit in the works of Swami Vivekananda. A friend of mine, now deceased, had lent me Swami Vivekananda's Jnana Yoga lectures, which He had delivered in America. When I read them I was much surprised, for the Swami seemed to have given expression to my own

thoughts. All seemed so clear, so matter of course. I had read a little before that all the works by Yogi Ramacharaka, which had been published in English in America, but though written in a clear and homely style, they did not sound as familiar to me, as the utterances of Swamiji. At first I was over-awed by Swami Vivekananda's super-personality, but as years went on, and I had read all that His Eastern and Western disciples had published about Him in English, Swamiji Himself seemed to help me to understand Him more and more and gradually I lost that feeling of awe and learned to look upon Him as one dearer than brother. Naturally I could not think of Him then as the distant Swami Vivekananda, as the world at large knew Him, but as my own beloved Noren, nay, part and parcel of my own better self. All that concerned Him, affected me so much and there were moments, when I used to feel, that I understood the inner Noren even better, than His gurubhais. Noren Himself had revealed His innermost nature to me. There was some similarity between Him and me. We had lived a lonely inner life in a world of our own and were not understood by those around us. Noren in the public glare and I in obscurity. We had to fight our inner battles unknown to others, and had to struggle for light and understanding through the darkness of doubt and uncertainty. While reading His published 'Life' I seemed to know, how the real Noren felt and what prompted Him at such and such a period. I suffered with Noren in His sufferings and rejoiced with Him in His joys. For was He not my own Noren, my beloved Noren, my highest ideal? And thus Noren and His Jnana Yoga were for sixteen long years the highest

I could aspire to. He had become a living presence to me and all these years I was conscious of His unseen presence. When looking at His photo, it seemed to fill me with renewed strength to struggle on. When He used to inspire me with His loving messages, it was like food to my thirsty soul. His spirituality, that purity of thought and feeling, that love for the down-trodden masses, for whom His heart bled, how they endeared Noren to me !

Noren was and remains my ideal of a Sannyasin and a disciple. We need only read His famous 'Song of the Sannyasin' to understand, what Noren meant by that term. And I have often wondered, how few, even among His own followers, live up to that ideal! Renouncing everything from his mind, having no attachments whatever, being ever free and yet working incessantly for the salvation of others, who could surpass Noren in submission and service? As a pioneer He went to the West; like a caged lion He was restless, till He could deliver His Master's message to the West, steeped in materialism and religious intolerance. In letters to His gurubhais Noren would tell them, that He was working like a lion, often delivering three lectures a day during His first visit to America and added, that no other nature could stand such a strain. He was the paving of the way and those who followed Him afterwards, had a much easier task to perform.

It is said, that one should surrender one's self completely to a Sadguru. In that sense I had submitted to Noren's tuition and guidance in those early days of probation. She, who was my guardian angel and had to leave this world so soon, used to urge me to go wherever Noren would lead me to and follow no other

than Him. I remember how in December 1920 Noren had made it clear to me to leave London on no account and though I was puzzled, why I should not spend Xmas with my dear, old friends in the midlands, I simply stayed where I was, because Noren had told me not to make a move. And the months that followed, proved to me that Noren had good reasons for my remaining in London. I was to enter upon a new phase in my inner training and the home of my pal in London was the best place for it. Need I dwell upon what Swami Vivekananda has done for the world at large and his native India in particular? Volumes upon volumes have been written and will no doubt be written in the future about His public activities and as He appeared on the world's stage. He, though once abused and persecuted by those, who failed to grasp His lofty state of divinity, is known and honoured to-day all over the globe. To many, like myself, He is an ideal to strive for and a pioneer, in whose footsteps we should follow. Above all He is to me my own beloved Noren, though I may not be looked upon as His gurubhai nor disciple. I am quite content to know that Noren loves me as dearly as I love Him and no one can banish Noren from my heart nor make Noren forget me, whom He used to call in the hours of silence and inspiration by the simple name of 'Christian.' It was Noren Himself who prepared me for His own Master, Sri Ramakrishna, who became my Master till I met my second Master, Sri Sadguru Meher Baba. And as one of my beloved Baba's disciples I look upon Noren as my ideal of such discipleship—disciple and real Sannyasin in one. May I become more like Noren as a Sannyasin and disciple!

SHRI MEHER BABA AS I SEE HIM.

(By " M. Radhakrishna. ")

I have not yet seen Shri Meher Baba, that is with these fleshly eyes; but my spiritual intuition apprehends Him to be a dynamic Personage. This is an inner experience more or less incommunicable. Our impure matter-soaked minds cannot conceive of the tremendous power of love and its transfiguring miracle to change the whole course of our lives, when brought in contact with it. Mr. Editor, your ambition was envisaging brilliant career in the West, but Shri Meher Baba planted your feet on the path of God. The philosopher's stone, so to say, has worked the wonder. and Meredith Starr, and Rosses poetise over it—in other words, the souls from the East and from the West witness it. The boys of Premashram are bewitched of the Baba Soul. They would brave dangers, these pure unsullied souls, and bear all the obloquy but cannot bear separation from the Baba. It reads like the leela of Sri Krishna, that transcendental revelation of Divine Love,—the human souls irrevocably anchored to the Divine. It is fortunate, Mr. Editor, that Shri Meher Baba has picked you up for His divine purpose, just as Paramahansa Ramakrishna did the Swami Vivekananda, and with your life consecrated to the mission of the Master, we devoutly hope, you would broadcast His message and inundate the world with His Divine Love. And all shall rejoice and say, Amen!

MY FEELINGS
ON
MY BELOVED'S THIRTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY

On the Master's thirty-fifth birthday, which fell on 17th February, the Editor of this Magazine gave vent to his own feelings in the following poem,

- 1 Beloved mine! Beloved mine!
Let me not think that there's a way,
That's better than on love to dine.
To pass this thine great day.
- 2 Disciple thine myself I call;
But when my blots and spots I count,
Down, down my head in shame does fall
And nought my worth makes mount.
- 3 Thou art so great and I'm so slight;
Majestic pure art Thou,—I'm mean;
I light, Thou Christ; I stained, Thou right;
E'er meritless I've been.
- 4 But still, but still, Beloved mine,
Most kind Thou alway art to me;
With burning love that's pure, divine,
I'm gifted e'er by Thee.
- 5 The world may laugh at me and scorn,
But ne'er, Belov'd, from Thee I'll part.
And why? says God, 'For Thee I'm born
And Thou art mine heart's heart.'
- 6 Whate'er Thou dost, whate'er befalls,
With Thee 'tis shameful to be cross;
Thy chiding but great blessings tolls,
And wrath of mine is dross.

A ROUNDEL ON SHRI MEHER BABA

(*By Esther Ross*)

For You alone my soul awakes!
You come: and only joy is known.
You go: my heart with longing aches
For You, alone!

Thus nights and days of Love are shown,
Through both my soul her pathway makes
To find no rest but in Your own.

Make me a weed the world forsakes.
Or rose within Your garden grown,
My blossom still her perfume shakes
For You alone!

HAZARAT BABA JAN

(*By Meredith Starr*)

Thou art the Wisdom of Baba,
The Guardian of the Dove,
The Prophet, Mosque and Ka'aba
Of Life and Light and Love.
All this I find within the span
Of Thy name, O Baba Jan!

O Wisdom of the Father,
Illumine and inspire!
That men may seek Thee, rather
Than wallow in the mire.
One day when men are lost in Man,
The world will know Thee, Baba Jan!

SRI RAMAKRISHNA.

(*By Sadhu C. Leik*)

When some fifteen years ago I was gazing at Sri Ramakrishna's photo I felt very sad, because I could not love and trust Him as Noren had loved and trusted Him. Noren understood His Master, but I did not. He was too far removed from me in spirituality. No wonder that I was overawed, when Noren made clear to me in December 1920, that the Master Himself would lead me. I could not believe that Sri Ramakrishna the avatar would take so much interest in me, a non-entity. But it became a fact. The Master did lead me and in the end led me to His Divine Mother. It was a hard school of training though, which the Master put me through during those seven years that followed and till I met my second Master, Shri Sadguru Meher-Baba. There are Masters in the flesh and unseen Masters as well. Some may wonder and doubt, that Sri Ramakrishna, who entered Maha-Samadhi in August 1886, should have retained his Ramakrishna form for so long, but the fact remains that He led me and appeared to me as late as June 1928 in the Himalayas. Not in a dream, but early one evening as I was lying on my bed, not thinking of Him and with eyes wide open, He and Noren also appeared to me, the Master to the right and the disciple to the left of my bed.

First of all the Master put me in January 1921 through all the successive stages of one slowly dying and gradually losing all interest in His surroundings.

This lasted for over three weeks. I had written even farewell letters to my nearest and dearest and left them in the evening on the table, lest anything should happen to me through the night. Then followed what for the want of a better term I used to call my 'Yoga period,' lasting up to June of that year. I used to lie awake half of the night during those five months and felt next day as fresh as ever. This was quite unusual with me. A sleepless night made me feel sick for two or three days afterwards. Things transpired then, which at times filled me with terror and at other times with joy too great for words. But these experiences were the means of creating within me an implicit faith in the Master and made me feel, that I was well protected against any internal and external dangers. Noren had given me to understand, that the Master would rule me to earn my living in such a way, as to fill me with repulsion at first. And one day in July I left my old friend's house, where I had been staying since the previous October, just leaving a letter on the table in my room and asking them not to worry about me. A public conveyance brought me to the famous Epping Forest, 14 miles outside of London, and here I spent two days and nights without any food, not knowing which way to turn or what to do. On the third morning a hare ran against me and woke me. -At the same time came like a flash the answer: go back to London and apply to the Salvation Army. Back I walked and told those in charge at the International Headquarters, that they must find me work or else I would jump into the Thames. And they did give me work and I spent two years among the down-and-outs in one of the Army's Hostels. As time went on I began to like and

love those companions in misfortune, whose lot I learned to share with a joyous heart. I had grown quite contented and become resigned to the idea of ending my days there. Thrice my heart had grown so weak, that I felt like dying and though I yearned for death, yet thrice the Master gave me a fresh lease of life. Not in the least did I like the idea of going to my old home, yet once it became clear to me that it was the Master's ruling, I silently submitted. There was no question of ever disobeying the Master, Who knew best what was beneficial to His child. Though I had returned to my kin, yet the heart was with those submerged ones in the Salvation Army Shelter.

Many have been the ups and downs and whenever despair would drive me to putting an end to all the misery, a sudden change for the better would take place. It was the Master's way of training, that through endless suffering one should become fit for Eternity. Up till March 1927 I had no idea of going to India for the third time. I was wondering what direction to take. But in the following month the journey to the East became a settled fact. It was always the same dark night of doubt, fear and despair, which preceded a new change under the Master's rule. It was so on my arrival in Bombay; it was so before leaving the Himalayas for Meherabad. Seven years earlier the Master had given me in London the direction I had to take from the Himalayas, to reach my Master in the body. In a day vision I was shown a sheam of light shining from Almora District across the plains of India towards Bombay. Of this vision I was reminded last September as the direction to take. And about the same time, as the vision was given me in London, my second Master had told

His disciples in Bombay, that I would join Him in the near future. Noren had prepared me for Sri Ramakrishna, my unseen Master and the latter had put me through all kinds of sufferings and thus made me fit for the Master in the flesh, Shri Sadguru Meher Baba, by Whose grace I shall reach the ultimate goal by becoming one with God.

And now, when looking back upon the past, all seemed suffering and nothing but suffering—from the very earliest years of childhood up to the time of tasting spiritual bliss. What are all these sufferings though in comparison to that rare good fortune of having obtained liberation from the endless rounds of births and deaths and that knowledge which comes in Realization. In that Realization my unseen Teachers, Noren and Sri Ramakrishna are not separate personalities, but my own Self, the Self of all. I had often felt, that many who called themselves the children of Sri Ramakrishna, had lost the Master's spirit and were His children in name only. But on the other hand I have met some beautiful Souls, who live and labour in Sri Ramakrishna's spirit. And it has filled my heart with boundless joy. I could not help loving and admiring them. And I know for a certainty, that Sri Ramakrishna's blessing rests upon such noble ones.

FLASHINGS AND SLASHINGS

A Parsi Lady's Effusions.

Miss Baiai Palamkote, a Parsi journalist, has flared up after reading the first two numbers of *The Meher Message*; so much so that she seems to have lost—not permanently, we hope—her mental equilibrium. We have tried much to understand why she is so much imbued with rabid hate against not only ordinary sadhus and fakirs, but also against genuine saints and Sadgurus. In these attempts we are sorry to say that we have hopelessly failed.

In the February number of her vernacular magazine, "*Hindi Graphic*", Miss Palamkote, who no doubt dearly loves to be called a lady, has given a totally false account of the Meherashram Institute, which she visited some months ago, and has made a spectacular display of her mentality. She complains that there are only a few pieces of furniture in the Master's durbar, that the female disciples of the Master generally squat on floors instead of sitting on chairs, that they feel no shame in doing the most lowly manual work, and that they put on cotton instead of silken saris. She affects to pity especially the Parsi ladies who are staying here, and appeals to her co-religionists to take steps to remove them from this holy place and compel them to lead worldly lives. What do our readers think of the mentality of this lady? They will doubtless chime in with us, when we say that as she regards manual work as menial,

as she hates simplicity, as she does not hesitate to distort facts, as she is ignorant of the A B C of the Path that leads to Nirvana, *she must pity herself*. We assure Miss Palamkote that there is not the slightest necessity for her to worry herself about the pious Parsi ladies who are staying in the Master's durbar. They are so very happy that even her imagination cannot plumb the depth of their happiness.

Miss Palamkote again and again says, "O dear readers I am writing nothing but the truth!" Truth, O dear truth, what sins are committed in thy name! They deceive themselves who try to suppress thee! In all matters thou must reveal thyself and gain victory! How cleverly does Miss Palamkote distort facts! She contrives by both *suppressio veri* and *suggestio falsi* to convey to the minds of her readers that there are a number of Parsi women in the Holy Master's durbar, and that they are allowed to mix freely with members of the sterner sex. The facts, the stubborn facts are that scarcely half a dozen Parsi ladies are staying here, special huts have been built for all female disciples, and even conversation between males and females (if not related by blood) is strictly prohibited by the Holy Master. Miss Palamkote—how she loves truth, O heavens!—also insinuates that, though Shri Meher Baba, is said to hold peace, He occasionally speaks by word of mouth with one woman. What does she mean by stating this black lie? By this deliberate perversion of truth, we daresay she has made her late brother, Sohrab, who was a true karma yogin, so to speak, turn in his grave. For nearly the last four years, the Divine Lord, Shri Meher Baba, has been holding peace. He speaks not a single word by word of mouth, nor ejacu-

lates any sound expressive of any human emotion. He communicates His ideas with the help of a board on which the letters of the English alphabet are painted and by gestures and signs.

Needless to say that Miss Palamkote does not regard Shri Meher Baba as God-incarnate. And why? Let Miss Palamkote herself speak. She explicitly asserts, "You must be knowing that an incarnation of God has no need of not only any people or darshana, but also of air, water, clothes and food: How can a God-incarnate stand before you or the nation? A God incarnate is he who, after giving his soul to God, disappears in a cave, away from the sight of man." Are our readers laughing at this open exhibition of crass ignorance? Please don't laugh, for it is a sight fit for angels to weep over.

Miss Palamkote seems to have much concern about ourselves. She requests us to leave our beloved Master once for all, to plunge into materialism, to enter into wedlock, and to make a name for ourselves by doing something extraordinary. We are glad to say that we cannot see our way to accede to this request, for we are no longer attached to the world. To her appeal that along with other things pertaining to the Meherashram we must write about pecuniary matters, we also cannot respond, not only because it is a private institution but also because our readers are not vulgar.

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Our Policy.

The Meher Message shall never do any wrong, any injustice to anybody,—be he our friend or foe, admirer or

opponent. If ever we unconsciously do any wrong to anybody, let the offended person draw our attention to it, and we shall only too willingly do justice to him. We sincerely declare today that there is no mortal in the whole world, to whom we bear the slightest ill-will. Consider, as we do firmly, all human beings as children of the one Father, as forms of the one Self, we hate none and we love all,—foes as well as friends, opponents as well as admirers. True, we feel indignation against the person who writes anything against the Divine Lord, Shri Meher Baba. *We are not so spiritually advanced* as not to feel righteous indignation against the person who attacks our beloved Master. But, to be sure, that indignation is transient. As early as possible we change that indignation into pity mixed with love. It is not with a view to give vent to our indignation that we reply to the person who adversely criticizes Shri Meher Baba in public. Our only motive is to prevent gullible persons from being misguided by scurrilous propaganda against the Holy Master. A friend recently advised us not to defile the precious pages of this Magazine. But is it not childish to say that by replying to our adverse critics we are defiling this Magazine? We must do our duty, come what may, by gullible persons and we must therefore reply to our adverse critics as gently as we can. The friend, alluded to above, mistakes cowardice for dignified silence. The silence that is prompted by fear or by reluctance to perform our duty is not dignified. Our friend considers all the adverse critics of the Master as nonentitis. He asks contemptuously, "Why do you care to reply to such nobodies?" Well, we do not care whether our critics are *some-*

bodies or nobodies. We hold no one in contempt. We love all, irrespective of their class, caste and creed. The question with us, when we think of the propriety or impropriety of replying to a critic, is not whether he is a somebody or a nobody, whether he is rich or poor, cultured or uncultured ; but whether some or all of those who read his article, have been misguided or not. If we believe that some persons have been misguided, then we take it upon ourselves to reply to that person, not minding his class, caste or creed.

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His Divine Majesty.

It has rightly been said that in things essential there should be unity, in things non-essential there should be liberty and in all things charity. Whether our Master should be called His Divine Majesty or His Divine Grace or His Divine Lordship or His Holiness or merely Shri is a matter unessential, and so there should be perfect liberty in it. Let every devotee or disciple call Him as he likes.

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An Earnest Appeal To Our Readers.

With the grace of God and God-men this humble Magazine, The Meher Message, is getting more and more popular, and more and more widely circulated. This number of The Meher Message will be read by at least five thousand and probably about ten thousand persons. But our readers will admit that it should be read by at least one million people, all over the world. We make an earnest appeal to our readers today to do their best to procure as many new subscribers for our humble Magazine as they can, and to persuade their

friends, who are still unacquainted with it, to read this number.

Be it noted that our rates of subscription are not rigid like the laws of Medes and Persians. A poor Indian gentleman may be eager to become a subscriber to this Magazine, but he cannot give as many as Rs. 3, the fixed annual subscription, for it. Let such a person assure us of his poverty and send us only as much money as he can afford. We shall be glad to enrol his name in our list as a subscriber, despite his inability to part with Rs. 3. A poor Englishman, residing in England, may be anxious to become our subscriber, but he cannot afford to give us as many as eight shillings. Well, let him send only as much as he can afford, and we will register his name as a subscriber. In every country, especially in India, there are monks who are leading lives of renunciation literally. Naturally if they have literally renounced all wealth, they cannot give us any money by way of subscription. Let such monks or sadhus assure us that they are eager to read our Magazine and that they are unable to get it from anywhere. We shall be glad to send them a copy of every number of it, absolutely free of charge. Let not our readers forget that it is not with a view to make money but with the purpose of acquainting the world with the sublime teachings of the Divine Lord, Shri Meher Baba, and of contributing our humble share to the bringing about of universal spiritual fraternity, that we have been conducting this Magazine.

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Revolt Against Both God and Satan.

From Erode, a town in the Coimbatore district of Madras, a weekly journal, which bears the name of *Revolt*, has begun to be published. Now what does this 'Revolt' revolt against? It explicitly declares that among other things it revolts against both Heaven and Hell, both God and Satan. We cannot understand the mentality of its Editor: We can understand it, if he revolts either only against God or only against Satan. But he revolts against both, and so what are we to think of him? What is the purpose which drives him to revolt against both?

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Devadasis.

The sooner the custom of Devadasi is eradicated the better. Whatever be its origin, it cannot be gain-said that it has long since become wicked and encourages prostitution. The poor girls, who are supposed to serve the temples to which they are said to be wedded are only made to degrade them. Now that the public attention is sufficiently roused against this custom, it is up to the Government of India to abolish this custom root and branch. The Government's task is all the easier, as there is no Shastric text which can be quoted in favour of this custom. The custom is quite against the spirit of Hinduism, and every Hindu, be he materialistic or spiritually-minded, dualist or Adwaitist, orthodox or heterodox, must contribute his share to the agitation for the abolition of this custom.

"Slaves of Gods"

"Slaves of Gods" is the title of a book which is written by that notorious American woman, Miss Katherine Mayo and which will be published in a few months. We are told that the book will contain stories about India, relating to child-wife, child-widow, untouchables, Devadasis, etc. The object of writing this book as declared by the notorious anchoress, is to release India's degraded souls. In other words, Miss Mayo's object in writing it is to do injury to India as much as she can, by distorting facts pertaining to this country, by manufacturing stories about her, by totally suppressing sublime facts pertaining to her religion and spirituality, and by describing harmful customs in lurid high-flown language. This book promises to be as scurrilous as "Mother India." It is to be sincerely hoped that the Government of India will prohibit the entry into India of this book, just as they banned Mr. James Minney's "Shiva or the future of India." Not a single copy of this forthcoming publication should be suffered to come into this country.

The title of the book is significant. A countless number of Indians are certainly slaves of God. Indians are not slaves of Mammon, as most of the compatriots of Miss Mayo are. India possesses a larger number of genuine spiritually-minded persons than all other countries combined. In Miss Mayo's country religion is mostly Devil's dance, in India it is mostly love to God.

THOUGHTS SUBLIME

They know no truth who dream such vacant dreams
As father, mother, children, wife and friend.
The sexless Self—whose father He? Whose child?
Whose friend, whose foe is He Who is but one?
The Self is all in all, none else exists;
And thou art That, Sannyasin bold! say,
Om Tat Sat, Om!

Swami Vivekananda

The greatest responsibility of man, most often neglected, is Man's duty to his fellow-man.

William Hardy.

Being ignorant is not so much a shame as being unwilling to learn.

Benjamin Franklin.

I disagree with what you say, but I will fight to the death for your right to say it.

Voltaire.

The Vedanta philosophy says that the dreamland or wakeful experience originated from the nothingness or chaos of your deep sleep. When the Hindus say that the world is nothing or the world is the result of Ignorance, they mean that the deep sleep state in which you had a kind of nothing, a chaos,—that chaos or nothing of your deep sleep state is ignorance, condensed ignorance.

Swami Ram Tirtha.

All the knots of the heart—the constant hankering and holding of the human mind to sense—enjoyments and little things of the world, all

doubts regarding God and future existence and all necessity of work for developing one's Self, vanish when the Highest is attained.

Upanishads.

The universe is like an everlasting fig tree having its roots away up into the bosom of the Infinite and its branches down below here.

Kathakopanishad.

Let us take refuge with Ahura Mazda from evil thoughts, which mislead and afflict us.

Desatir.

In that glory is no 'I' or 'We' or 'Thou',
'I,' 'We,' 'Thou' and 'He' are all one thing.

Hallaj (Mansur)

Reliance on miracles is one of the 'veils' which hinder the elect from penetrating to the inmost shrine of the Truth.

Junayad.

Ye who in search of God, of God, pursue,
Ye need not search, for God is you, is you!
Why seek ye something that was missing ne'er?
Save you none is, but you are—where, oh, where?

Jalaluddin Rumi.

He alone enters the Kingdom of Heaven who is not a thief of his own thoughts. In other words, guiltlessness and simple faith are the roads to that Kingdom.

Shri Ramakrishna.

For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for My sake and the gospel's the same shall save it. For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul.

Jesus the Christ.

To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.

Shakespeare.

SPIRITUAL ANECDOTES.

“Is there no path for a man of the world to enable him to make substantial spiritual progress?” asked Arjuna of the Blessed Lord. Shri Krishna replied, “Yes, there is a path which is a secret and let me impart that secret to you. Many are the births that have been passed by Me as well as by you; I know them all, but you don’t know them. The reason is that I am conscious of the fact that I am merely a dweller in the body, whereas you have identified yourself with it. You are confined in it, while I, knowing Myself to be formless, am perfectly conscious of my infinite nature. Being nameless and formless, all names and forms are mine. I am the sun, I am the moon, I am all the Gods, I am the one God of the universe, I am all-knowing and all-powerful. I am the Creator, Preserver, and Destroyer of the universe. There can be nothing bigger and greater than Myself. Although I am doing all things, still I am not the doer, for, being perfect, how can I want to do anything? I have no want in me. I have no beginning and no end temporally? I am above all time and space. I am one without a second; Then who can be greater than Myself? I am pleasure and pain, sweet and sour, good and bad, still I am none of all these. Again, goodness and love and purity and morality and whatever is ennobling and exalting are nearer to Me than badness, hatred, impurity and immorality and whatever is ignoble and debasing, for these latter, making a man more sensual and selfish, take him away from his real

divine nature, and hence keep him aloof from Me. Whereas the former, making him less sensual and more unselfish, gradually disentangle him from the meshes of body, and at last merge him into Me. Hence whatever is good, pure and moral, is a portion of My own infinite glory. In short, I am all whatever you see, nay even beyond that."

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Some persons, who were about to set out on a journey, entreated the Moslem Saint, Khurqani, to teach them a prayer that would enable them to remain free from the perils of the road. The Saint said, "If any misfortune should overtake you, take my name." This did not satisfy them, but they set off. While travelling they were attacked by brigands, One of them uttered the name of the Saint with great sincerity and forthwith became invisible, to the great astonishment of the brigands. The brigands could see neither him nor his camel and merchandise. Needless to say that the other travellers were deprived of everything that they possessed. On returning home they asked the Saint to explain the mystery. "We all invoked God," they said, "but without success; but the one man who invoked you vanished from before the eyes of the robbers." The Saint, upon this, observed, "You invoke God-formally, whereas I invoke Him really. Hence, if you invoke me and I then invoke God on your behalf, your prayers are granted; but it is useless for you to invoke God formally or by rote."

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Nanak one day was lying on the ground, absorbed in devotion, with His feet towards Mecca. A Moslem priest, seeing Him thus, cried, "Base infidel! how dar'st

thou turn thy feet towards the house of Allah?" To this Nanak replied, "And thou—turn thy feet, if thou canst, towards any spot where the awful house of God is *not*."

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The sage asked the spirit of wisdom thus, "Is wisdom good or skill?" The spirit of wisdom answered, "Wisdom that has not goodness with it is not to be considered wisdom; and skill that has no wisdom in it is not to be considered skill."

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Vishnu spake, "O Bal! take thy choice: With five wise men shalt thou enter hell, or with five fools pass into paradise." Gladly answered Bal, "Give me, O Lord, hell with the wise; for that is heaven where the wise dwell, and folly would make of heaven itself a hell!"

— Our Next Number —

(1) His Divine Majesty Sadguru Meher Baba will contribute the second of a series of highly interesting and instructive articles on God, Creator and Creation.

(2) Editorial: Planes and Saints. II

(3) The Divine Love. By His Holiness Chhota Baba.

And

VARIOUS OTHER INTERESTING

FEATURES.

REVIEWS

THE NEW ORDER IN EDUCATION, (pp. 77) by Heret
(Author of 'Discipline'.) Publishers: The Rally Publishing Department,
39 Maddox Street, London, W. 1. England.

This charming little book on the subject of school education is interesting from cover to cover. The author severely criticizes the present system of education in England, that had its rise in 1870. He regards it as materialistic, spirit-crushing, mental-break-down causing and race-prejudice engendering. He believes that every year schools and universities of England send boys into the commercial world, who are afterwards found to be in the van of profiteers. The author sarcastically remarks, "Only six years ago they were teaching in the schools that two plus two equalled four. Who would believe that today? Then they were saying that the co-efficient of any number must be in the same denomination. Today the co-efficient of everything must be found in *money*, and if it won't come out in money that thing is worthless in the commercial world." The thoughtful author's criticism is not destructive. In order to redeem education from commercialism, he offers, directly as well as indirectly, several interesting suggestions, which are certainly not too Utopian to act upon. We heartily commend this book to all who take interest in the problem of education.

INTRODUCTION TO THEOU SOPHIA, (pp. 44) *by*
Holden Edward Sampson. *Publishers* : The Ek-Klesia Press, Tan-
ners Green, Wythall, Birmingham, England. *Price* 1 s. net.

This booklet is issued in response to the many enquiries the author received from the Brethren of the "Ek-Klesia." It is an introductory manual to the "Ek-Klesia Teaching," and those who desire information on the tenets of the "Ek-Klesia Teaching" may read it. It will be interesting to the student of Occultism, as opposed to pure Mysticism. It is written in elegant language, but the author has made a rather free use of occult technical terms. On page 20 we read, "The Seven Rounds of the First Cycle represent the passage of the Physical Body through the Twelve Houses of the Zodiac of the Seven Planetary Circles, whereby the Twelve Sensoria of the Physical Body are Purified, Transmuted and Conformed to the Seven Planetary Circles, and to the Sensoria of the Christ-Within, or the Seventh Nature; and the Sensoria of the Six cognate Natures of the constitution.

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WHAT IS INITIATION AND MY INITIATION, (pp. 16)
by Rev. Holden E. Sampson and Mrs. Pauline A. Valentine
Publishers : The Ek-Klesia Press, Tanners Green, Wythall, Birmingham, England.

In this booklet, which anyone can get free on application, the authors briefly explain the Path of Divine Mysteries, as they understand it.

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THE BHAGAVAD-GITA INTERPRETED, (pp 165,) by Holden Edward Sampson. (Received from the Ek-Klesia Press). Publishers: William Rider and Son, Ltd. 8 Paternoster Row, London E. C. 4, England. Price 3-6 net.

The learned author of this book is not one of those Christians who while admitting the high value of the Bhagavad-Gita, affect to be blind to historical facts and have the audacity to say that it owes a deep debt of gratitude to the Bible in general and to the New Testament in particular. We are very glad to note that Rev. Holden Sampson is a lover of truth; and therefore he cannot but admit that the Bhagvad-Gita was written hundreds of years before a single line of the Bible was penned. Indeed in his preface the learned auther goes so far as to declare, " So much so that it is manifestly evident that Jesus, the Apostles, and particularly Paul, were in possession of the Vedic-Scriptures and were themselves Adepts in the Wisdom Religion embodied in the Krishna doctrine." Believing as the author does in the great spiritual value of the Bhagvad-Gita and its philosophical profundity, he cannot but declare that the only way to know and understand it is to read it over and over again, so that its words become indelibly written on the tablets of the memory, and that in the assimilation of the Krishna Doctrine of the Wisdom-Religion, taught in it, may be found the Alembic that will heal the sore hearts of mankind, will rend the veil of darkness and will disperse the clouds of materialism.

The learned author's interpretation of this great sacred book of the Hindus, or rather of the humanity at large, is in what he calls the light of Christian tradition. One may or may not agree with all the opi-

nions of the author, but it cannot be gainsaid that his interpretation is thought-provoking, philosophical and spiritual. The whole book is worth perusing from cover to cover. We fully concur in the opinion of Mr. R. H. Hall, who has written a foreword to this book, that in it the author has given us an Exposition that will be a guide and help to many thirsty Souls along the narrow Path which all must sooner or later journey. We heartily congratulate Rev. Sampson on writing this splendid book and have no hesitation in commending it from the depths of our heart to our readers Eastern as well as Western.

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GOOD THOUGHT, GOOD WORD, GOOD DEED,
GOOD DESIRE, (pp. 9.) by N. D. Khandalawala, B.A., LL. B.
Can be had of the Author, Dubash House, Hughes Road, Bombay.

In this booklet the author explains the oft recurring trinity in the Avesta, Humata, Hukhta and Hvarshta (Good thought, good word and good deed) and besides desire, the Avestan words for which are akin to those of Sanskrit. We are glad to note that the author does not believe in that unwise doctrine, which lays down that in the beginning of the world there were two great Spirits—one Good (Spenta) and the other bad (Angra), which still exist and which have always been fighting against each other, and that the former made life and the latter death. Lord Zoroaster was a Christ, an incarnation of God. The above doctrine is imputed to Him, but it cannot be believed that He, the Divine Lord, taught, it to any one. It is probable that He taught the law of Polarity, but His ignorant followers could not understand it and so they mistook the above

doctrine for this scientific law. We agree with the author that this doctrine of Dualism has been the bane of Zoroastrianism, but he ought not to have blamed Zoroaster for it. We repeat that it was not Zoroaster but his ignorant followers who propounded it.

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PRE-EXISTANCE AND RE-INCARNATION (p-p 160)
 by Prof. Wincenty Lutoslawsky. *Publisher*, George Allen And
 Unwin. Ltd. 40 Muscum Street, London, W. C. 1. England
Price 6 s. net.

We have read a number of books on this subject but not one was better than this. Prof. Lutoslawski who is a living cultured Pole, by writing this book, has rendered great service to the West the so-called civilized people of which believe that they never existed before in this world and after dying will not return to it, that their souls were created by God out of nothing, and that after breathing their last they will go to either heaven or hell in which they will respectively enjoy themselves or terribly suffer eternally. The prof. may be said to have written this book somewhat authoritatively, for he is absolutely certain of his many past human lives extending over thousand and millions of years and of being reborn as many times, as shall be necessary for the fulfilment of his aims.

The author's treatment of the book is very systematic and worthy of admiration. It is divided into fifteen chapters, the first of which may be said to be historic. The doctrine of re-incarnation was first taught in India, and we are glad to notice that the erudite author has paid a warm tribute to the Rishis. Says

the Prof. "This unanimity of the sages of India in the course of more than three thousand years is striking, for India is the cradle of Aryan culture and asceticism. This peninsula has produced thousands of men devoted exclusively to the investigation of True Being, as distinguished from appearance and illusion." In the second chapter the author brings forward arguments in favour of palingenesis, and in the seventh he gives a crushing reply to the objections usually raised against it. The third chapter is devoted to True Immortality and the fourth to Romantic Love. The former is thought-provoking and interesting, but the latter is unsatisfactory and misleading. The fifth chapter which is the most interesting, is entitled, Reminiscence and Announced Rebirth. The author gives four motives for re-incarnation in the following chapter, and in the eighth he discusses the path of achievement. The author's dictum that there is no short cut to the highest spiritual knowledge, no initiation by a living human Master, may justly be called in question. As a Matter of fact none can reach the Goal without the grace and guidance of a living perfect Master. What sunlight is to plants, a Christ or a Sadguru is to aspirants. The ninth chapter, in which the author discusses the subject of matter and spirit, is the most instructive, but the tenth, which is entitled, The Quest for Truth, is disappointing. We take strong objection to the author's childish assertion that Monism is an essentially irreligious conception of all those who have not yet reached personal religious experience and disdain to accept blindly the revelation of others. The author needs to be informed that monism is not a mere speculative theory but a statement of facts, and it can be actually

realized only by one who attains to the highest state of cosmic consciousness. The author declares that unlike Brahminists Christian mystics insist on the difference between God and man. But those Christian mystics, who insisted on the difference between God and man, were not spiritually perfect, and so their insistence does not count much. Those who attained to perfection not only did not thus insist, but on the contrary justly claimed perfect Divinity, at which Dean Inge expresses laughter-provoking horror in his book on Christian mysticism. The German mystic Angelus Silesius declared,

"I am as rich as God : there's nothing anywhere
That I with Him (believe it) do not share."

And did not Jesus say that He and His Father were one ?

The author's belief that the discovery of the nation comes after the discovery of Self and of God is as childish as his viewpoint on monism. The eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth chapters respectively entitled, The fall of man, General Consequences of Death, The Parting of the Ways, and Order of Rebirth, are worth reading. The last chapter, written under the caption, Polish Doctrine of Palingenesis, deserves only to be condemned. The author is a staunch-nationalist of his country, and he has suffered himself to make a spectacular display of his nationalist spirit. He drags the political conflict between Slav and German into the field of philosophy. In the heat of narrow nationalism the author forgets himself and referring to this conflict declares, "It was the war between the spirit of the fallen earth and the spirit of Heaven, and the final victory is not doubtful, having been foretold by Christ in the Gospel, the highest revelation vouchsafed to

mankind. In this sécular struggle the attack of Polish Messianism on German philosophy ranks as a significant episode." O yes, significant episode indeed ! Thus does narrow nationalism drive even sensible and learned persons to make pitiable objects of themselves, We are not at all anti-Polish, but we cannot help saying that if Prof. Lutoslawski is a true representative of Polish Messianism, then this Polish Messianism is nothing but Polish nationalism, the objects of which are to run down and denounce everything German, and to laud to the skies everything Polish.

However when all is said and done, we must frankly admit that this book of Prof. Lutoslawski is provocatively interesting, and the way in which he has written it will extort admiration from all. Without the slightest hesitation we heartily commend it to our readers, and heartily congratulate the Prof. on writing it.

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