

# **MEHER BABA JOURNAL**

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# MEHER BABA

## JOURNAL



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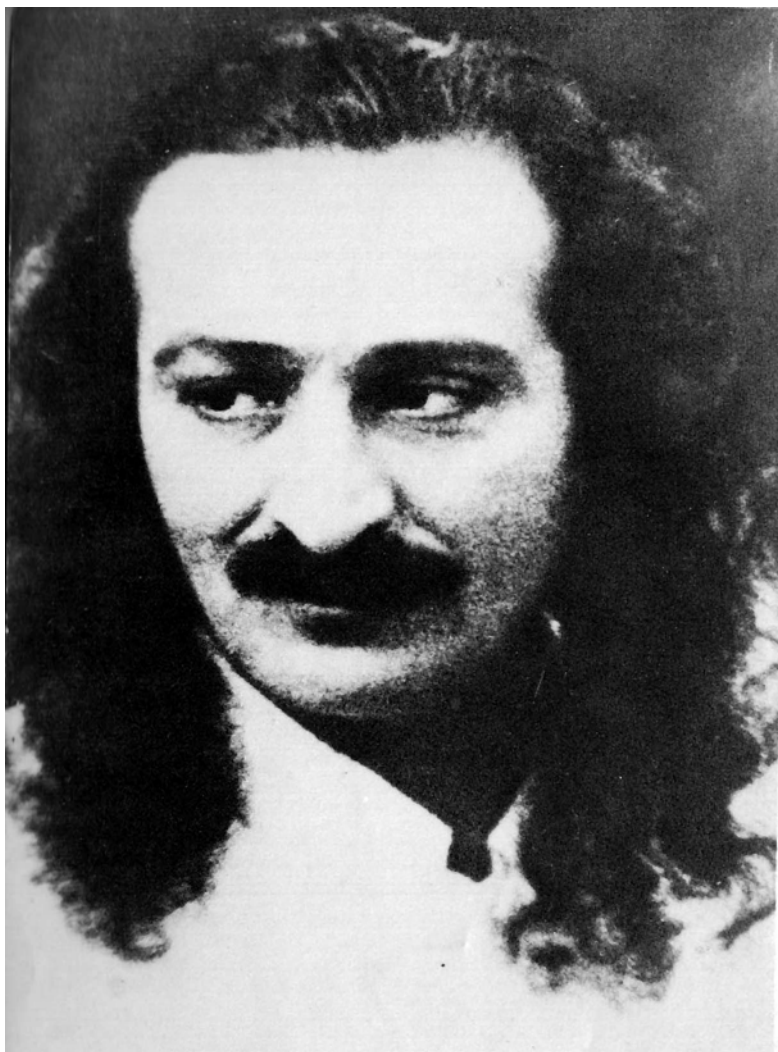
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*The February number, being the Birthday issue, is dedicated to  
the Anniversary of the Forty-fifth Birthday of Shri Meher Baba.*

*"I have come not to teach but to awaken"*  
—SHRI METIER BABA





Shri Meher Baba

# MEHER BABA JOURNAL

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## *Shri Meher Baba on the Beginning and the End of Creation*

As long as the human mind does not directly experience Ultimate Reality as it is, it is baffled in every attempt to explain the origin and the purpose of creation. The ancient past seems to be shrouded in inscrutable mystery, and the future seems to be a completely sealed book. The human mind can at best make brilliant conjectures about the past and the future of the universe, because it is bound by the spell of *Maya*. It can neither arrive at final knowledge on these points, nor can it remain content with ignorance about them. 'Whence?' and 'Whither?' are the two everlasting and poignant queries which make the human mind divinely restless.

THE BEGINNING AND THE END      The human mind cannot reconcile itself with infinite regress in its search for the origin of the world, nor can it reconcile itself with endless change without a goal. Evolution is unintelligible if it has no initial cause, and it is deprived

of all direction and meaning if it all does not lead to a terminus. The very questions 'Whence'? and 'Whither'? presuppose the beginning and the end of this evolving creation. *The beginning of evolution is the beginning of time, and the end of evolution is the end of time.* Evolution has both beginning and end, because time has both beginning and end.

Between the beginning and the end of this changing world there are many cycles, but there is, in and through these cycles, a continuity of cosmic evolution. The real termination of the evolutionary process is called *Mahapralaya* or the final annihilation of the world, when the world becomes what it was in the beginning, namely *nothing*. The *Mahapralaya* of the world may be compared with the sleep of a man. Just as the varied world of experience completely disappears in the case of the man who is in deep sleep, the entire objective cosmos which is the creation of *Maya* vanishes into nothingness at the time of the *Mahapralaya*. It is as if the universe had never existed at all.

Even during the evolutionary period the universe is in itself nothing but imagination. There is in fact only one indivisible and eternal Reality, and it has neither beginning nor end. It is beyond time. REALITY IS TIMELESS AND ABSOLUTE From the point of view of this timeless Reality the whole time-process is purely imaginary, and billions of years which have passed and billions of years which are



to pass do not have even the value of a second. They are like not having existed at all.

So the manifold and evolving universe cannot be said to be a real outcome of this one Reality. If it were an outcome of this one Reality, Reality would be either a relative term or a composite being, which it is not. The one Reality is absolute.

The one Reality includes in itself *all* existence. It is everything, but it has nothing as its shadow. The idea of all-inclusive existence implies that it leaves nothing outside its being. When you analyse the idea of Being, you arrive by implication at the idea of that which does not exist. This idea of non-existence or 'Nothing' helps you to define clearly our notion of Being. *The complementary aspect of Being is thus Non-being or Nothing.* But 'Nothing' cannot be looked upon as having its own separate and independent existence. It is nothing in itself. Nor can it, in itself, be a cause of anything. The manifold and evolving universe cannot be the outcome of 'Nothing' taken by itself. And you have seen that it cannot also be the outcome of the one Reality. How then does the manifold and evolving universe arise?

The manifold and evolving universe arises owing to the mixing up of the one Reality and 'Nothing'. It springs out of 'Nothing' when this 'Nothing' is taken against the background of the one Reality. But this should not be taken to mean that the universe is partly the outcome of

the one Reality, or that it has an element of Reality. It is an outcome of 'Nothing' and is nothing. It only *seems* to have existence. And its apparent existence is due to the one Reality which is, as it were, behind 'Nothing'. *When 'Nothing' gets added to the one Reality, you get the manifold and evolving universe.*

But the one Reality which is infinite and absolute does not thereby suffer any modification. It is absolute and is as such entirely unaffected by any addition or subtraction. The one Reality remains what it was, complete and absolute in itself and unconcerned and unconnected with the panorama of creation, springing out of 'Nothing'. 'Nothing' might be compared to the value of 'zero' in mathematics. In itself it has no positive value; but when it is added to another number it gives rise to the many. In the same way the manifold and evolving universe springs out of 'Nothing' when it is combined with the one Reality.

The whole evolutionary process is within the domain of imagination. When in imagination the one ocean of Reality gets apparently disturbed, there arises the manifold world of separate centres of consciousness. This involves the basic division of life into the *self* and *not-self* or the 'I' and its environment. And owing to the falseness and the incompleteness of this limited self (which is only an imagined part of a really indivisible totality),

THE IMAGINED  
DIVISION BET-  
WEEN THE SELF  
AND ITS ENVIRON-  
MENT LEADS TO  
AN EVOLVING  
DUALITY

consciousness cannot remain content with eternal identification with it. Thus consciousness is trapped in ceaseless restlessness forcing it to attempt identification with the not-self. That portion of the not-self or the environment with which consciousness succeeds in identifying itself gets affiliated to the self in the form of 'mine'; and that portion of the not-self with which it does not succeed in identifying itself becomes the irreducible environment which inevitably creates a limit and an opposition to the self.

Thus consciousness arrives not at the *termination* of its limiting duality but at its *transformation*. As long as consciousness is subject to the working of vitiating imagination, it cannot successfully put an end to this duality, and all the varied attempts which it makes for the assimilation of the not-self (or the environment) result merely in the replacement of the initial duality by other innumerable novel forms of the *same* duality. The acceptance and the rejection of certain portions of the environment respectively express themselves as 'wanting' and 'not-wanting', thus giving rise to the opposites of pleasure and pain, good and bad, etc. But neither acceptance nor rejection can lead to freedom from duality, and consciousness, therefore, finds itself engaged in *ceaseless and alternate oscillation from one opposite to the other*. The entire process of the evolution of the individual is characterised by this oscillation between the opposites.

The evolution of the limited individual is completely

determined by the *Sanskaras* accumulated by him through ages, and though it is all part of imagination, the determinism is thorough and automatic. Every action and experience, howsoever ephemeral, leaves behind it an impression in the mental body. This impression is an *objective* modification of the mental body; and as the mental body remains the same through several lives, the impressions accumulated by the individual are also capable of persisting through several lives. When the *Sanskaras*, thus accumulated, begin to express themselves (instead of merely lying latent in the mental body), they are experienced as desires, i.e., they are apprehended as being *subjective*. The subjective and the objective are the two aspects of the *Sanskaras*; the former is the passive state of latency, and the latter is the active state of manifestation.

Through the active phase the accumulated *Sanskaras* determine each experience and action of the limited self. Just as in the cinema several feet of film have to pass for exhibiting a small action on the screen, many *Sanskaras* are often involved in determining a single action of the limited self. And through such expression and fulfilment in experience the *Sanskaras* get spent up. The weak *Sanskaras* get themselves spent up mentally; the stronger ones get themselves spent up subtly in the form of desires and imaginative experience; and those *Sanskaras* which are powerful get them-

selves spent up physically by expressing themselves through bodily action.

But though this spending up of *Sanskaras* is going on continually, it does not end in freedom from the *Sanskaras*, because new *Sanskaras* are being inevitably created *not only through fresh actions but even through the very process of spending up*. So the heap of *Sanskaras* goes on increasing, and the individual finds himself helpless in the problem of throwing off the burden.

The *Sanskaras* deposited by specific actions and experiences render the mind susceptible to similar actions and experiences; but after a certain point is reached, this tendency is checked and counteracted by a natural *reaction* consisting in a complete change over to its direct opposite, making room for the operation of opposite *Sanskaras*.

Very often the two opposites form parts of one and the same chain of imagination. For example, a person might first experience that he is a famous writer, with wealth, fame, wife and all the agreeable things of life, and may, later in the same life, experience that he had lost his wealth, fame, wife and all the agreeable things of life. Sometimes it seems that a chain of imagination does not contain both the opposites. For example, a person might experience throughout his life that he is a powerful king always victorious in battles. In this case he has to balance this experience by the experience

of defeats or the like in the next life, taking one more life to complete his chain of imagination. *The purely psychological compulsion of the Sanskaras is thus subject to the deeper teleological need of the soul.*

Suppose a man has killed some one in this life. This deposited in his mental body the *Sanskaras* of killing.

THE EXAMPLE And if consciousness were to be solely and simply determined by this initial tendency created by these *Sanskaras*, he would go on killing others again and again *ad infinitum*, every time gathering further momentum from subsequent acts of the same kind. And there would be no escape from this recurring determinism had it not been for the fact that the logic of experience provides the necessary check to it. The person soon realizes the incompleteness of the experience of one opposite, and he unconsciously seeks to restore the lost balance by going over to the other opposite. Thus the person who has had the experience of killing will develop the psychological need and the susceptibility for getting killed. In killing another person he has appreciated only one portion of the total situation in which he is a party, namely, the part of killing. The other complementary half of the total situation, namely, the role of being killed, remains for him non-understood and foreign datum, which, nevertheless, has introduced itself in his experience. There thus arises the *need to complete experience* by attracting on oneself the opposite of that through which one has personally gone, and



consciousness has a tendency to fulfil this new and pressing need. In the above example of a person who has had the experience of killing, he will soon develop a tendency to get himself killed in order to cover the entire situation by personal experience.

The question which crops up here is "who would arise to kill him in the next life?" It may be the same person who in the previous life got killed, or it may be some other person with similar *Sanskaras*. As a result of action and interaction between individuals, there come into existence *Sanskritic* links or ties; and when the individual takes a new physical body, it may be among those who have previous *Sanskritic* ties or among those who have similar *Sanskaras*. But the adjustment of life is such as to make possible the free play of evolving duality.

Like the shuttle of the weaver's loom, the human mind moves within two extremes developing the warp and the woof of the cloth of life. To use a geometrical metaphor, *the development of the psychic life is best represented not as a straight line but as a zig-zag course*. The function of the two banks of the river. If there are no banks there would be dispersion of the waters of the river sideways making it impossible for the river to reach its destination. In the same way the life-force would have dissipated itself in endless

LIFE MARCHES  
ON THROUGH THE  
OPPOSITES TO A  
STATE BEYOND  
THE OPPOSITES

and innumerable ways, had it not been confined between the two poles of the opposites. But these banks of the river of life are best looked upon not as two parallel lines but as two converging lines which meet at the point of liberation. The amount of oscillation becomes less and less as the individual approaches the goal, and it completely subsides when he realizes it. It is like the movement of the doll which has its centre of gravity at the base, with the result that it has a gradual tendency to become steady in the sitting posture. If it is shaken it continues to swing from one side to another for some time, but the movement covers an increasingly shorter span, and in the end the doll becomes stationary. In the case of cosmic evolution such subsiding of alternation between the opposites means *Mahapralaya*, and in the case of the spiritual evolution of the individual it means *Liberation*.

The step from duality to non-duality is, however, merely a matter of difference in degree. As the two are qualitatively different, the difference between them is infinite. The former is a not-God state and the latter is the God state. This infinite difference constitutes the abyss between the sixth plane of consciousness and the seventh plane of consciousness. All the lower six planes of consciousness are also separated from each other by a kind of a valley or distance. But though the difference between them is great, it is not infinite, because *they are all*

*equally subject to the bi-polarity of limited experience, consisting in the alternation between the opposites. The difference between the first plane and the second, the second and the third, and so on up to the sixth plane, is great but not infinite. It follows that strictly speaking none of the six planes of duality can be said to be really nearer to the seventh plane than any others. The difference between any of the six planes and the seventh plane is infinite, just in the same way as the difference between the sixth and the seventh plane is infinite. The progress through the six planes is a progress in imagination. But the realization of the seventh plane is the *cessation* of imagination, and, therefore, the awakening of the individual into Truth-consciousness.*

The illusory progress through the six planes cannot, however, be altogether avoided. Imagination has to be completely exhausted before a person can realize the

PROGRESS	Truth. When a disciple has a Master
THROUGH THE	he has to cross all the six planes. The
PLANES	Master may take his disciple through
	the planes, <i>either with open eyes or</i>

*under veil.* If the disciple is taken under cover and is not conscious of the planes which he is crossing, desires persist till the sixth plane; but if he is taken with open eyes and is conscious of the planes which he is crossing, no desires are left after the fifth plane. If the Master comes for work he often chooses to take his disciples under cover, for he is

likely to be more actively useful for his work if he is blind-folded than if he is taken with open eyes.

The crossing of the planes is throughout characterised by the *unwinding* of the *Sanskaras*. This process of unwinding should be carefully distinguished from the spending up. In the process of spending up, the *Sanskaras* become dynamic and release themselves into action or experience. This does not lead to final emancipation from *Sanskaras* as the never-ceasing fresh accumulation of *Sanskaras* more than replaces the *Sanskaras* which are spent up, and the spending up itself is responsible for further *Sanskaras*. In the process of the unwinding of the *Sanskaras*, however, the *Sanskaras* get weakened and annihilated by the flame of the longing for the Infinite.

The longing for the Infinite may be the cause of much spiritual suffering. There is no comparison between the acuteness of ordinary suffering and the poignancy of spiritual suffering which a person has to go through while crossing the planes. The former is the effect of *Sanskaras* and the latter is the effect of their unwinding. When physical suffering reaches its climax a person becomes unconscious and so gets relief from it; but there is no such automatic relief for spiritual suffering. The spiritual suffering, however, does not become boring, because there is also intermingled with it a kind of pleasure.

The longing for the Infinite gets accentuated and acute until it arrives at its climax, and then gradually begins to cool down. But while cooling down

consciousness does not altogether give up the longing for the Infinite, but it continues to stick to the aim of realizing the Infinite. This state of cooled but latent longing is preliminary to the realization of the Infinite. It has at this stage been the instrument of annihilating all other desires, and is itself ready to be quenched by the unfathomable stillness of the Infinite.

Before the longing for the Infinite is fulfilled through the realization of the Infinite, consciousness has to pass from the sixth to the seventh plane. It has to pass from duality to non-duality. Instead of wandering in imagination it has to arrive at the ending of imagination. THE PEACE REALIZATION The Master understands the one Reality as being the only Reality and the 'Nothing' as being merely its shadow. For him time is swallowed up in eternity. As he has realized the timeless aspect of Reality, he is beyond time, and *holds within his being both the beginning and the end of time*. He remains unmoved by the temporal process consisting of the action and interaction of the many. Ordinary man neither knows the beginning nor the end of creation. He is, therefore, overpowered by the march of the events which seem to be beyond his control or comprehension. They loom large in his estimate because of lack of proper perspective. He is caught up in time. He looks upon everything in terms of possible fulfilment or non-fulfilment of his *Sanskaras*. He is, therefore, profoundly

disturbed by the happenings of this world. The whole objective universe comes to him as an unwelcome limitation which has either to be overcome or tolerated.

The Master, on the other hand, is free from duality and the *Sanskaras* characteristic of duality. He is, therefore, free from all limitation. The storm and the stress of the universe do not affect his being. All the bustle of the world with its constructive and destructive processes can for him have no special importance, for he has entered into the *Sanctuary of Truth* which is *the abode of that eternal significance which is at best only partially and faintly reflected in the fleeting values of the phantasmagoria of creation*. He comprehends within his being all existence, and looks upon the entire play of manifestation as merely a game.





# *Follow Love*

BY ELIZABETH C. PATTERSON

Love is as you experience it. Love varies in degree, and the ultimate final state is "union with God".

Shri Meher Baba in his 'Sayings' has defined: "True love means the dedication of one's self or the complete surrender of one's self to the Beloved. It seeks the happiness of the Beloved without the least thought of obtaining happiness from the Beloved."

There is little question but that most of us desire love for the sake of our own happiness, at least indirectly. Yet we might see or pause to consider that our fountains of inspiration—the great love poems of the ages, the great music which throughout all time has inspired love, the rare expressions in art that have stimulated the heart of multitudes—would in most instances never have been created if the artists had fulfilled their own earthly happiness. The background of the artist's life is usually one of unsatisfied longing. It is the very difficulty of the attainment of true love that, like the ever receding

"Holy Grail" lures the soul from profound depths to ever greater heights. The heart that love has carved deep, can contain greater love. The bliss of God is a state beyond the dual action of experiencing love, for it is its very Source. The final state has been intimated by Christ in his words: "My father and I are one."

Love often stirs the heart through a little thing in life, and at the same time has the possibility to end with the greatest thing in life. As much as we all desire love, it is rare to find one soul who dares even the thought of its ultimate completion, rising above all duality and play of opposites, to become truly one through God-realization. The personification of Divine Love on earth is the Sadguru or Perfect Master, who is Love, Lover, and the Beloved.

Mystics of all faiths in every land have sought God with intensity of longing. Fervour is a quality of these lovers of God. Rare souls

among them who arrived at sainthood, that beatific stage where God is seen face to face, have left to mankind a rich heritage of inspiration and experience which was their inner life. Churches or mosques or temples have claimed their remains after passing away, and canonized them within the fold, though during their life-time these ardent, unbounded saints rarely fitted into the pattern of creeds. Mostly they lived apart and sought God through intimate experience of Divine Love, which overflowed into their everyday living, and could not be circumscribed by convention or formalism. They wanted God more than man. They wanted God more than their very lives. They sought and found Him through various paths, but the blessed experience of Divine Love was alike. If it chanced that these saints possessed the spirit of evangelism, their very fervour and extremity of vision drove more people from them than ever were turned into followers during their earthly life. Of St. Francis of Assisi, we are told that his love embraced all creatures, and one day

when the human listeners turned away from his sermon, leaving him all alone, he preached to the birds of the air, and these sensitive feathered creatures were irresistibly drawn to him. Even of Christ, the Master, we are told by St. John: "Many therefore of his disciples, when they had heard, said, 'This is a hard saying; who can hear it?' From that time many of his disciples went back and walked with him no more."

The greatest of iconoclasts were never the heretics of the accepted order; they were such as Christ, Krishna, Buddha, Zoroaster, Mohamed within the religions of their respective birth, as from them date the passing of the old order. The message of love proves ever the great emancipator. New religions rose forth though only after these great living exponents of their own teachings had departed from earthly existence. Even scriptures were set down, oft-time by disciples after the Master's mission was finished on earth. No external religious form took place during their life time—their own spiritually perfected being was the very temple of God.

From time to time in the

history of religions there have been revivals when man asserted his right to know God for himself and demanded his own experience uncircumscribed by rights and creeds. No amount of persecution could dim such fervour, and only when the experience ceased to be direct and intimate, did the wave subside.

Religion itself is inspired from the living example on earth of God as man. God, the abstract, can be worshipped from afar, prayed to, meditated or pondered upon; but when Divine Love awakens the heart the affections become concentrated and objectified. God, the Beloved, has ever been in the form of a Saviour. He, who like Christ has become one with God, is God-man. Every religion has its man who is not only of God, but is God. To the believers he is the true manifestation of God on earth. Despite the insistence on their own *avataric* manifestation, these great religions all foretell of the return to earth of God as man. The "second coming" is a part of every faith, even to the more primitive ones. Many Christians, today, are given reason to think

that St. Mark's prediction is near its time of fulfilment." But in those days, after the tribulation...then shall they see the Son of man."

"How can we recognize the true Messiah?" has been many times asked of Shri Meher Baba. In a series entitled 'Questions and Answers' Shri Baba has replied: "The feeling and inspiration for things sublime and Divine Love are imparted by a real Messiah to anyone who comes in contact with him. A *false* Messiah cannot do this. Through His Divinity the *true* Messiah gradually attracts the world to himself, and the people come to know and feel that He is Real. The knowledge and feeling of confidence in His words and works grow gradually into certainty, and masses follow Him drawn by an irresistible force. A mirage attracts the thirsty, but soon it is discovered to be an illusion and not the life-giving water. A *false* Messiah may attract the attention of the people through outward appearances, by force of personality, or by intellectual dissertations about spirituality, but he cannot do that which the *true* Messiah can

do, i.e., arouse the highest ideals in men and touch the hearts of millions."

Should we be among those seekers of Truth who look for, or accept, a new manifestation of the Divine One on earth? How best can we receive and serve Him? Following the path of Divine Love has ever been advocated in scriptures. The way has been expressed by Christ in the words: "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; as I loved you." The Master drew mankind through his personal example of all compassionate love, yet he did not make it easy to follow him. He enjoined those who would follow to "leave all"; Christ said: "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me; and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me. And he that taketh not his cross, and followeth after me, is not worthy of me."

To follow a Master has ever required complete detachment. Several hundred years before Christ, Krishna said words in effect: "One who is never affected by circumstance, one who is calm in all

trials, who no one else's moods or behaviour up-sets, one whose faith is never shaken, one who is cheerful even in the jaws of death—such a one only is worthy of loving me.

An ancient tale has been related to a group by Shri Baba which illustrates love for the Master as the way of attainment: "In Rama's time a Yogi once did penance for one hundred years. There was another man who loved the Master; he did no penance, no fasting. He only loved Rama. One day the Master went walking in the jungle. The first Yogi opened his eyes and said to him, 'Oh Rama, when will I see your formless face?' Rama re-plied, 'In fifty years.' The Yogi was frightfully disappointed and said, 'I made penance for one hundred years, and I suffered much, and still fifty more years to wait!' The next day the Master accosted the happy devotee, and this loving one asked, 'Oh, Rama, when will I see your formless state?' Rama replied, 'After fifty more lives.' The devotee said, 'So soon!' And thereupon he got into such an ecstasy that he died; and as he was dying he saw Rama's

formless state." Concluding Shri Baba added: "Love is the very essence of Godhood."

Shri Baba has declared: "The highest state cannot be explained or expressed

in words; the thought cannot grasp it; the mind cannot know it. It is the state of the Soul beyond the mind—it can be understood only when experienced. *I can make you experience it by making you realize it.*"



## THE SAYING OF SHRI MEHER BABA

### *God*

There is nothing but God.

Only three things are of Real Worth: God, Love, and the Perfect Master. These three are almost one and the same.

It is the same One *Paramatman* or Supreme Soul who is playing the different parts of the Almighty, the Creator (*Ishwar*), *Shivatman*, and *Jivatman*.

The Almighty, the Supreme Soul, God, is beyond even the super-conscious state. He is infinite; He is the shoreless ocean of Truth. As *Ishwar*, He is the creator, preserver, and destroyer of the universe.

The individual or ordinary consciousness that has not realized God is finite and limited.

The *Shivatman* or God-realized man knows himself as the Almighty, the One Infinite Ocean of Truth. He has attained the Christ-conscious state. *Shivatman* is the Sadguru or Perfect Master. He knows that He is in every man (*Jivatman*) and that every *Jivatman* is in Him. The Perfect Master is Love, Lover and the Beloved.



# *My Experiences\**

BY CHHOTA BABA

One of the Boy Disciples of the Meher Ashram

I joined the Meher Ashram 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 Meher Ashram proper. But on the 25th of October I was admitted into the Meher Ashram as a student. 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 cosmic plane 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

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\*The case of Abdulla or Chhota Baba presents one of the most clear-cut examples of the tremendous influence of Shri Meher Baba upon those who came into contact with him. We here reproduce Hazrat Abdulla's recount of his own experience previously published in the "Meher Message".



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 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 on 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' for 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 Hacke Tabriz chn begshood paray ishque, jibreelle amin ra ze 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 Master 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, "Oh, 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 began seeing it in everything, 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*, 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, they regard the gross world as the only reality. Ignoramus 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 the 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 goal. 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."



# *The Vaishnavite Saints of Southern India and their Hagiologi\**

THE LIFE OF SAINT PERI—AZHVAR

BY C. V. SAMPATH AIYANGAR

Our Saint was born in Shri Villiputtur (Tinnevely District, Southern India) in a high aristocratic Brahmin family. His father was Mukunda, and Padma Devi was his mother. Our Saint was a born one, and was a votary of the One Almighty (Vishnu). He supplied daily flowers to the god of Shri Villiputtur, and thus served humanity. The story that the Lord Shri Krishna went into a small lane in search of a flower man illustrates a fact that He is always mindful of the lowliest of the lowly; and hence the tenderness of saints' hearts. Kuratt-Azhvar, the saint, once helped a woman of the lowest caste in Shrirangam. The saints always serve humanity with the eight mental flowers.

In Madura, the capital of the Pandyan Kings, King Vallabha Deva

reigned in those days. He was rich and he wanted nothing material. But he was very anxious to know the Truth of *Moksha* (liberation) and the purport of Vedant (the Knowledge as revealed by the Vedas). He, therefore, summoned the learned *pandits* from all parts of his wide kingdom for a learned discussion on the subject. He said that the victor would be suitably rewarded. Many *pandits* came to the capital in response to the King's command. Saint Peri-Azhvar dreamt a dream directing him to attend the intellectual assembly in the Pandyan capital. He went and was received with due honour by the King. Discussion began. Our Saint opened the debate and began thus :

"Great *pandits*, hear. All the Vedas appear before me. They are infallible. The letter 'A' is the beginning of all al-

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\*Continued from January 1939 issue.

phabet. Lord Shri Krishna says, that He is the letter 'A'. Vishnu is Narayana. He is the *Para-Brahma*, the Uncaused Cause from whom all creation flows, endures and to whom returns. He who aspires for liberation (*Moksha*) shall, therefore, meditate on Him, for He alone is the Grantor there-of..." Thus he discoursed at length, and the audience sat petrified. The King gave him the prize and otherwise rewarded him munificently. But our Saint was as modest as ever. Ordinarily,

"Man though a worm, would  
yet be great;  
Though feeble, would seem  
strong;  
Assumes an independent  
state,  
By sacrilege and wrong."

Saint Nammazhvar himself exclaimed:

"Myself, I, not under  
-standing,  
Laboured under 'I' and  
'mine'."

But to the Perfect Saint, all things remind of God, and such Saints are Gods on earth.

It is said that the love our Saint bore

to God was 'benedictory'. This requires clear explanation. The Saint addressed Him thus: "Here is my God, the All-knowing, the All-powerful, the All-protecting! O, Beauty Transcendent! Charm irresistible! Thou art above time and its changes. Thou art worthy of receiving the adorations of the ever-seeing immortals." This was his Sage-Mood, where we see the relationship of Protector and protected. Again he addressed the Lord thus: "But here Thou art, in a place under the sway of time; here the changing and passing; here the hell compared to Thy Heaven; here where spiritual light is eclipsed. Coming from so high, how mayest Thou render Thyself patent to our senses in an atmosphere reeking with the undivine! Love for Thee makes me not to forget myself, Love for Thee does not strike me down senseless. I recover; I rise above that sentiment; for fear for Thee rises uppermost in my breast, for Thy safety; the safety for one so worthy in the unworthy land. This fear is more than Love. Love for the Beloved begets forgetfulness; but fear supervenes and keeps me above that drowning flood. Oh, let nothing mar Thy Beauty; let

nothing steal Thy Strength; let nothing rob from Thy Glory. Let me bless Thee thus my God! Let me bless Thee as the parent, the child." Here in the Saint-Mood the relationship of Protector and protected has changed places. The Saint assumes the character of Benedictor and Protector. This is what is called "The love of benevolence" by Rev. F. W. Faber in his "Creator and Creature". He explains it thus:

"The love of benevolence is one which has been commonly practised by the saints, and often has seemed childish, or at least mere poetry, to those who love God less fervently. There is a strange pleasure in it from our putting ourselves in an impossible position towards God, in order to confer it on Him. We make ourselves as it were His benefactors, instead of He being ours. We put ourselves on an equality with Him, or even above Him. So it seems. Yet in reality this love of benevolence is the fruit of a holy humility too deep for words, almost too deep for tears. By the love of benevolence we, first of all, wish God to be

more perfect, if it were possible, than He really is. Yet what a wild impossibility! But if God's love of His creatures is itself so exaggerated, He must let us love Him with the simplicity of these fervid exaggerations. Moreover this habit of wishing God impossible perfections is not only the result of a more worthy and true appreciation of His perfection and his Majesty, but it tends also to produce it, to sustain it, and to increase it. It is at once the cause and the effect of honourable thoughts of God. Another while the love of benevolence takes the form of venturesome congratulations. We wish God all the immense joy of His unimaginable perfections. We know that He possesses it without our wishing it. We know that our wishes cannot swell one drop from the mighty sea of His interior jubilation. But it is an expression of our love, not in words only, but in inward sentiment which, in His sight, is an act, and a meritorious act. We bid Him rejoice. We wish Him countless happy returns of that internal festival which He has in His own blissful Self.

Or another while, by the

same love of benevolence, we wish Him all increase of His accidental glory; and our wish is efficacious prayer, and obtains for Him a real augmentation of that particular glory. The very wish of itself adds to it, and adds immensely when it comes out of a pure heart and fervent spirit. It also obtains grace of others, and makes the cause of God to prosper in the world. Sometimes we earnestly desire that He may have accidental glory which He does not receive. We wish that purga-

tory were emptied into heaven or that there were no hell, or that all the heathen were converted, or that all wanderers might return to the fold, or that some one day or night there might be no mortal sin in all our huge metropolis. All this, which the saints have reduced to as many practices as there have been saints to practise it, is the love of benevolence."

Thus our Saint lived and enjoyed by blessing Him, died love-delirious of the Lord, and attained *Moksha*.



## THE SAYING OF SHRI MEHER BABA

In order to realize God and to gain the original state from which everything emerged, we should follow the creed that accords with our own conscience and stick to that path which best suits our spiritual tendency, our mental attitude, our physical aptitude, and our external surroundings and circumstances.



# *You Must Believe It*

By Dr. ABDUL GHANI MUNSIFF

The female Saint Rabia of Basrah, famous as half Qalandar in the Sufi lore, lived in the early part of the century after the Arabian Prophet and was of slave extraction. Slavery was in vogue at the time, and these slaves were at the mercy of their masters.

A woman brothel-keeper, being struck by Rabia's personal charm and beauty, purchased her for a fat sum, hoping she would prove an asset to the establishment. The woman little knew the spiritual state of Rabia who, after the manner of the profession, was made to sit in the balcony gaily attired and made up.

Rabia as expected didn't belie the hopes of the establishment, and proved a star attraction. But the world of admirers and profiteers outside, were not aware of the spiritual drama that was daily being enacted in the privacy of Rabia with her prospective customers. No sooner a customer found himself alone with her, she would always beg permission to offer her prayers a few minutes and would even ask the

party to join her if possible. This invitation to prayers was seldom resisted, as the spiritual atmosphere about her unconsciously cowed them into willing acquiescence. In the few moments thus occupied, Rabia, with her divine powers, used to transform the man spiritually and send him out a saint. This state of affairs continued for months, and hundreds coining in as sinners went out into the world as saints.

In the meanwhile the owner of the establishment became curious and inquisitive. She began to wonder as to why a customer, after having once visited Rabia, never turned up again, which fact was contrary to her long experience in the matter. The woman decided to look into the affair and ascertain the cause for herself. One day she kept watch, and after ushering in a visitor as usual, she began peeping into Rabia's chamber through a slit in the door.

What the prying eyes of the woman witnessed behind

doors, made her contrite and awe-stricken. She was afraid lest the heinous crime she was responsible for, be visited upon her in some drastic manner. Trembling and crying she fell at Rabi'a's feet beseeching forgiveness on the plea of ignorance as to her true spiritual state, and declared her free from slavery from that day.

Rabia regretted her interference, saying, " You fool of a woman, why were you so inquisitive? Your interference has cut off my spiritual current to the world today."

The above spiritual episode in the life of St. Rabia, is an instance, amongst many, of spiritual beings resorting to strange and peculiar ways and means of imparting spirituality to different strata of humanity. They never cease dispensing spirituality in whatever circumstances they are placed; nay, they even deliberately create or invite such compromising situations whereby their object of approaching the eligibles and keeping off the ineligibles is achieved or rendered easy. One can never tell in what conditions of life saintly personages can be found. They

very often turn up in the most impossible and unexpected quarters. It is well known, Hazrat Moosa Sohag of Ahmedabad passed his life amongst eunuchs singing and dancing; Hazrat Baba Tajuddin of Nagpur passed eighteen years in a lunatic asylum, and Hazrat Babajan of Poona was perpetually surrounded by drunkards and opium and *ganja* (Indian hemp) smokers.

Such deliberately accepted external surroundings and life by saints is very often a smoke screen which keeps off the world from noticing them, thereby helping those not already perfect to pursue their spiritual progress unhampered, and the perfect ones this way shield themselves against undesirables. No wonder, the world refuses to see or acknowledge high spirituality under such circumstances and surroundings, and consequently deny to themselves the light of spiritual knowledge.

When the great Sufi Abu Saeed Abul Khair was told by people that men of God must be found in mosques only, he replied, "No, they are also to be found in the under-world. Look for them in all guises."







Hazrat Babajan

# *Hazrat Babajan of Poona*

By Dr. ABDUL GHANI MUNSIF

Hazrat Babajan, in the history of spiritual Islam, is the second manifestation of Divinity on earth, in the female form, after the famous Rabia of Basrah. This does not mean there have been no other spiritually enlightened women in between that period. But it is a fact that there have been none in history or within living memory who can be said to approach Hazrat Babajan of Poona in spiritual greatness.

A tradition is current amongst Muslim Sufis of the Qalandariyah\* order, that the world up to now has seen only two and a half Qalandars; by half they evidently mean Rabia of Basrah, being female. There is also a mystical explanation given for the incomplete numerical figure two and a half. They believe that the completion of three Qalandari manifestations on earth, would precipitate the end of the world.

If there be at all any meaning in this fantastic belief, it is surely fulfilled in the manifestation of Hazrat Babajan, though not in the material sense, visualised above. Hazrat Babajan's incarnation synchronises with the end of a previous order of things in the spiritual evolution of the world and the beginning of the Qalandari Era (*Daore-Qalandari*).

What is Qalandari Era? It will get automatically explained by the following parable recounted by a saint, in answer to a question by a disciple as to the difference in the spirituality of Masters like Moulana Rumi, Fariduddin Attar and Buali Qalandar. The Saint said, "A woman was drawing water at a well, and three travellers feeling thirsty approached her for water to drink. The first one said, 'Mother, give me water to drink.' The woman was evidently flattered by the mode

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\*Qalandariyah is an order of Sufis founded by Syed Hayat Mir Qalandar known characteristically for its utter disregard of external law (Shariat) and for the utterance of gnosis, shocking to orthodoxy.

of his address, and feeling it an act of virtue, was too pleased to help him quench his thirst. The second one accosted her thus, 'Wife of my father, feed me a little water.' The woman, with an effort, concealed her displeasure and allowed him a drink. The third traveller was downright informal, and invited the wrath of the woman by his unguarded mode of address. The Saint further added, "This explains the difference in spirituality of the Masters mentioned by you. Moulana Rumi, appeals to the church of Islam for delivering the knowledge of Divinity (Taohid) clothed in parables. Fariduddin Attar, is outspoken, and his gnosis (Man) is shocking to the externalists (Able-Zahir), while Buali Qalandar is blatantly bold in his exposition of Divinity and naturally offends both the church and the Sufi." Here the third traveller bespeaks the Qalandari Era, the characteristic feature whereof will be the universal dissemination of spiritual truths and Divine secrets, however unpalatable they may be to traditionally vested interests. In Hazrat Babajan,

therefore, one finds a reasonable interpretation of the legend as to three Qalandars on earth signifying the end of the world. Surely the old world of ideas and beliefs, particularly in the domain of religion, is dying, and everyone is anxiously expectant as to what next it will be replaced by. The churches of all denominations have ceased to be the magnetic centres of human lives and the priests and *pandits* have come to be looked upon as fossilized growths still clinging to the walls thereto. The present intellectual level of man and the concomitant irreligiosity demands a different approach to spiritual knowledge than offered by the church. Spiritual truths hitherto scrupulously guarded, directly imparted to a select few and doled out to the world at large in the form of 'Do and Don'ts' can no longer be withheld from being made accessible to all. The mysticism of the few and the mystery to many, concerning Divinity, prophethood, saintliness, creation, evolution, time and space these days is an open book for all who care to read. The immediate future

visualizes every item of humanity, possessing intellectually the knowledge of its Divine origin, its present evolutionary stage and its spiritual future. The knowledge of his glorious beginning and the transcendental end of man will impel everyone to say 'I am God', but the consciousness of crucification implied in the utterance will prevent a premature expression. This is what is meant by *Daore-Oalandari*—the garment of religion turned inside out.

The following life-sketch of Hazrat Babajan is the most authenticated version as yet presented to the world, although the information gleaned from different sources is meagre, since Babajan herself was never communicative to anyone with regard to her life history. The facts of her early life and those relating to her spiritual career have all been confirmed by Hazrat Meher Baba, her chief disciple and spiritual Charge-man ( *Khalifa* ).

Hazrat Babajan hails from Afghanistan (Central Asia) and was the daughter of a well-to-do Afghan of noble lineage. Her maiden name was Gul-rukh (rose-faced) and her early

training was that befitting the status of an Afghan aristocrat. At a very early age she became *Hafiz-e-Quran* (one who learns Quran by heart), and later became conversant with Arabic, Persian, Pushtoo and Urdu. From early life she developed mystical tendencies, and unlike girls of her age, she used to pass a good deal of her time in prayers, meditation and solitude.

This mystical aspect in her asserted itself, as when coming of age, she was found to be dead-set against any idea of marriage. The parents could not understand her and to them the idea of a Pathan girl remaining unmarried was extremely scandalous. Finding the situation no longer tenable and the parents bent upon forcing the issue of matrimony on her, Gul-rukh managed to escape and came to Peshawar (India) and thence to Rawalpindi. For a Pathan girl brought up under the strictest discipline of the *pardah* system, the escape from parental custody at the age of 18 years, was not an easy undertaking. Surely it was her spiritual destiny that covered up all her tracks and landed her safely in India unscathed

and undetected.

At Rawalpindi, Gul-rukh lead an ascetic life for some years, and eventually came into contact with a Hindu Saint, who first initiated her into the Spiritual Path. After this initiation she went into seclusion in a nearby mountain outside Rawalpindi and underwent very severe *Riyaz* (spiritual austerities) for nearly seventeen months. Thereafter she came down to the Punjab and stayed a few months in Multan. It was in Multan, while Gul-rukh was 37 years of age, that she contacted a Muslim Saint—a *Majzoob* (immersed in Divinity) who put an end to her spiritual struggle by giving her God-realization. Gul-rukh once again wends her way to Rawalpindi, and there she is again spiritually drawn to the same Hindu Saint, responsible for her first initiation. The Saint helps her to come down from the super-conscious state of God-realization to the normal consciousness of a personal god. In the language of Sufis, the super-conscious state of God-realization is called *Mushahida* and the return to normal consciousness is called *Irfan*.

Hereafter for Gul-rukh begins a long trail of journeys from one part of India to another. In one of her itineraries she visits Bombay, and after a few months stay in Bombay, goes back once again to the Punjab, and spends a good number of years at different places in Northern India. It was at this time that she happened to utter in a moment of ecstasy, words connoting her Divine state. This was treated as rank blasphemy by orthodoxy, who, with the connivance of the church, got her buried alive. Gul-rukh miraculously survived this ordeal, and finding the country unsafe for her she bade good bye to the Punjab and Northern India for ever. She travelled South to Bombay, and in this, her second visit to the City, she took up her abode in a locality known as *Choona Bhatti* near Byculla. Bombay, however, was not to be graced by her presence for long, and the enviable honour of manifesting Gul-rukh's spiritual greatness goes to Poona, situated 120 miles south-east of Bombay. It was in Poona, that the Sepoys of the Baluchi Regiment which had only recently

arrived from the North and who knew that Gul-rukh was buried and dead, had a surprise of their life to find her all alive and seated underneath a *neem* (margosa) tree at a place called Malcolm Tank (Char Bavadi) in Cantonment limits. The Baluchi Sepoys looked upon this as a great miracle, and thus feeling convinced of her spiritual greatness, gave Gul-rukh an ovation, by bowing to her reverentially. After this incident her saintly fame spread far and wide, and she came to be universally known as Hazrat Babajan.

For some time after her entry into Poona about the year 1903, Babajan had no fixed place of abode. She was seen sitting or resting at odd places, in different parts of the City and Cantonment. Although shabbily dressed, there was something magnetic in her personality, very unusual in a street mendicant that she looked, that no passer-by could resist giving her a second glance. She was seldom seen moving about or sitting anywhere all alone. There were always a few people loitering round eyeing her curiously or sitting with her

smoking *bidis* (Indian cigarettes). Her bodily requirements were very few, and food she ate very sparingly at long intervals. She was very fond of tea which was offered her very frequently by visitors. While walking the streets, on whomsoever her eyes fell, that person could not but halt or stand up reverentially until she passed by. The tea shop-wallas and fruit sellers would expectantly invite her to help herself to anything she liked; if perchance she condescended to accept anything, that was deemed a great honour and an auspicious token of good business for the day.

An unsettled life of some years in and around Poona, sees Babajan at last settled at a spot near Char Bavadi, Malcolm Tank, underneath the *neem* (margosa) tree. At this time the locality mentioned was a picture of dirt, desolation and ugliness, a breeding spot of plague and pestilence and a regular haunt of dangerous riff-raffs by night. In such surroundings full of squalor and dirt, protected merely by an apology of a shelter, improvised of gunny cloth, Babajan unconcernedly

goes through all the inclemencies of the Indian weather and seasons, presenting a perfect embodiment of resignation and self-abnegation (*Tasleem-o-Raza*).

Within a decade of Babajan's presence, the locality underwent a metamorphosis surpassing all expectations. What with the featural changes in buildings all around, the electrified tea-shops ringing with the clatter of cups and saucers, a concourse of people consisting of all ranks and creeds waiting for Babajan's *darshana*, a street bard entertaining the crowd with his music, the beggars clamouring for alms, easy-going idlers standing indiscriminately hampering vehicular traffic and the whole atmosphere heavily laden with sweet smelling incense perpetually kept burning near Babajan, presented a scene typically Eastern, leaving an indelible impression on one's memory.

The Cantonment authorities became alive to the situation, and had it been possible they would unhesitatingly have had Babajan shifted to some out of the way spot. But they dared not risk a public demonstration in the matter.

By now Babajan's fame as a Saint had spread far and wide and 'Char Bavadi' became a place of pilgrimage for people from all over India. Backed by public opinion a few elected members of the Cantonment Board successfully prevailed upon that body to build at their expense a decent and permanent structure, in place of Babajan's shabby shelter. When the new structure which was only a few feet away from Babajan's original seat was ready, to everyone's surprise she refused to be moved there. The awkward situation however was got over by extending the structure a little more so as to include and embrace Babajan's original seat, as well as the *neem* tree.

Years rolled by, seasons kept rotating, the locality put on a new face, the number of devotees multiplied beyond all computation, but throughout all this kaleidoscopic evolution, Hazrat Babajan remained unperturbed and unaffected.

When Babajan first came to Poona people surmised her age to be not less than 90 years, and thereafter even 30 years added to her life in the City

wrought no material changes in her personality. Short in stature, firm and agile in gait, back slightly bent with rounded shoulders, skin fair and sun-burnt, face broad and heavily wrinkled, high cheek bones, liquid blue eyes possessing great depths, head covered with a silvery crown of thick white hair hanging loose up to the shoulders, deep sonorous voice, all conspired to make her personality very unique and un-worldly. Her attire was simple, consisting of a long apron extending below the knees, a pyjama narrowed round the legs and a linen scarf thrown carelessly round the shoulders. She always went about bare-headed; the luxuriant crop of white hair—never oiled or groomed—was for all practical purposes a head-dress in itself.

Numerous miracles are attributed to Hazrat Babajan, but for want of space they shall be recounted later in this Journal. However, some of her characteristic habits (*Khirge-adat*) need mention here. Babajan slept very little, and the apparent bodily relaxation of Perfect Saints is nothing like what

human beings enjoy as sleep. Irregular scanty meals and frequent potions of Indian tea, would surely have shattered any robust constitution, but Babajan, in spite of her age, felt no adverse effects there-from. One day she would feel out of sorts, at times even high fever, and the next day she would be her usual self without recourse to any medication. Young and old, male or female she used to address everyone as *Bacha* or *Baba* (child or baby). And if anybody accosted her as *Mai* (mother), she would flare up and say, "I am a man and not a woman," thereby confirming one of the sayings of Prophet Mohomed, meaning, "Lovers of God are males; lovers of paradise are eunuchs; and lovers of the world are females."

Her method of healing was quite unique and entertaining. When anyone approached her for a cure, she would say, "The child is being tormented by *goliyan* (small round pellets), meaning thereby the effect of *Antal—Sanskaras*—here wrong actions. To the amusement of those around, she would hold between her fingers, the painful or diseased part of the person concerned,



and calling upon some imaginary being, she would give two or three sharp jerks to the affected part, simultaneously ordering the troublesome entity to quit. Surprisingly enough, this funny operation would impart instantaneous relief, and the party concerned would depart smiling and happy.

Babajan's love and charity towards humanity was supremely Divine in expression; it could not but reclaim a most confirmed sinner and subdue the cruellest of minds. Articles of clothing and other presentations to Babajan, people would remove without her permission, and her seat being open to the road some would even dare to steal, feeling convinced she would not protest. Once a man tried to steal a costly shawl covering her body while asleep, but he found its removal rather risky, as some portion of it was held underneath her body. Babajan instinctively raised herself bodily a little, thereby helping the thief to achieve the purpose. On another occasion a person from Bombay, in token of his fulfilled desire, placed two bangles of solid gold round Babajan's wrists. At the earliest

opportunity, an unknown person snatched away the bangles so very roughly that it gave her wrist a nasty cut which bled profusely. The cry of "catch the thief" was raised by people around, and a policeman on duty approached the scene. To the discomfit of every one around, Babajan ignored the real culprit, and asked the policeman to arrest those around calling for thief. An idea can be had of her super-physical state when the act of eating was described by her as *Jodna* (patchwork to the body); and the attendants (*majawar*) also, when reminding her of food, would address her in that sense.

A regular visitor to Hazrat Babajan could never miss hearing her constant mutterings to herself, worded somewhat like this : "Vermis are troubling me incessantly, I sweep them away, but still they keep on gathering." Simultaneous with these mutterings, unintelligible to listeners, she would keep on moving the palms of the hand all over her body, as if removing dust or cobwebs.

Hazrat Meher Baba, when questioned as to the meaning

and significance of the above meaningless utterances and the almost constant movement of the hands, gave the following illuminating explanation: "Annihilation of all *Amal* (actions) good and bad, means *Najat* (salvation) and Babajan being God-realized was much above the state of salvation. She not only had no *Amal* (actions) to account for, but was in a position to destroy the *Antals* of others. The physical body of a Saint like Babajan, when working on the earthly plane after Realization, becomes the focal point to which myriads and myriads of *Amal* of the universe get attracted, and getting purified in the furnace of Divinity, i.e., the body of the Saint, they go out again into the universe as spiritual *Amal*. Take for instance the white ants which, you know, have a tremendous power of multiplying. The queen of the white ants, a fat round bulky creature about three to four inches in length, feeds upon its own kind, the smaller ants. But the queen procreates much more than what she consumes. Likewise perfect Saints like Babajan give out more

spiritual *Amal* to the world than what they destroy. Hence it is that living Saints are a blessing and mercy to the world, whether one knows it or not." This condition (*hala*) in Saints is the aspect of Divine love and beauty (*Shane-jamal*).

Hazrat Babajan often times when the aspect of Divine glory (*Shane—fatal*) possessed her, used to rave and grumble in the following strain: "Why do you torment my children; nay you even kill them. They have done no wrong to you. Do I not feed you, and clothe you? What is it you lack? And still you perpetrate all these atrocities on them. What have I done to merit all this?" Words conveying this sense have been frequently heard from Babajan and naturally they gave rise to some guesswork on the part of the hearers, who interpreted the words to mean that Babajan was remembering and bemoaning the loss of her children who perhaps were cruelly dealt with by her people.

Hazrat Meher Baba, when questioned on the point, explained: "There can be nothing further from truth; Babajan

was never married and had no children. By children, she evidently meant the Saints of the time (*Awliya*—*waqt*), who are misunderstood, vilified and persecuted by the churches of all denominations, unmindful of the circumstances of which they are the outcome. Babajan was equally concerned with the enlightened and the ignorant, and hence her reference to feeding and clothing of the latter. She was as much for the material well-being of the world at large, as for the spirituality of the godly few whom she called her children."

Hazrat Babajan's spiritual status in the hierarchy of Saints is that of *Qutub*. Literally the word *Qutub* means a peg or a pin, and a *Qutub* functioning on the physical plane is the hub round which the universe revolves. Babajan's subjective experience (*halat*) of Gnosis (*Irfan*), would be described by Sufis as that of *Salik—Majzoob*. After God-realization one returning to normal consciousness is possessed both of Divinity and Gnosis (*Haqiqat* and *Marefat*). When Divinity is uppermost in him he is called a *Majzoob*, and

when Gnosis predominates he is a *Salik*. Babajan had both these aspects in her equally balanced, and hence she was the *Salik—Majzoob* of the time, possessing all the characteristics of a Qalandar.

Hazrat Babajan, like all *Qutubs* (Perfect Masters), had a circle of twelve disciples and the spiritual chargeman there-of is Hazrat Meher Baba of "Meherabad" (District Ahmednagar). She stood in the unique position of a mother (the store house of spirituality) to all the Saints of the time.

Once a *Fakir* complained that Baba Tajuddin's *darbar* was more lavish and free in providing worldly amenities than hers; Babajan retorted by saying, "What can Tajuddin give? He gives what I give Him." This incident is significantly eloquent of Babajan's relationship with Saints referred to above.

After a spiritual sojourn of about 35 years in Poona, Hazrat Babajan left her mortal coil on 21st September 1931 at the ripe old age of 125 years. Her funeral procession was a tremendous affair, never accorded to any dignitary or royalty in the annals of Poona. Her remains were laid at rest

at the very spot\* underneath the *neem*  
 tree where she sat and dispensed Divine  
 Grace for such a long number of years,  
 thus confirming the Sufi belief, that:

"Cycles change, the  
   worlds rotate,  
 But Qutubs ne'er their  
   seat vacate."



### THE SAYING OF SHRI MEHER BABA

Beware of pride, not only because it is hydra-headed, but because it is deceptive. So  
 deceptive is it that, more often than not, it puts on the apparel of humility.

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\*The beautiful shrine in marble stone is built out of a fund of Rs. 4,000/-provided by  
 Hazrat Meher Baba and held in Trust on his behalf by a Muslim Society "The  
 Anjuman-e Khuddam-e-Ahle-Sunnatul Jamat, Poona."

## *St. Teresa of Spain\**

Adapted by WILL BACETT (London)

Inspiring and wonderful as is the record of such experience, the world today may receive another presentation of the "Will of the Lord" to which Teresa gave up her being. This age of mental activity and scientific discovery reveals the law of "Cause and Effect" in new light, and it seems to daze some, concealing the Truth enshrined in the Church. Cause and Effect, that law of *Karma*, is equally a presentation of the Will of God, but as we are within its operation, it is difficult to realize it in perspective, seeing that the instrument of understanding, the mind, would be required to transcend the very limitations it itself has brought about. It is the mind that creates the illusion that the phenomenal world is real. Rather is that world a school of experience whereby the process of understanding proceeding from the infinitesimal to the infinite, must learn to reject those intermediate conclusions which clog its pro-

gress, due to the *Sanskaras* which prevent proper appreciation of the One Infinite Whole.

A God-realized person is able to treat the whole position differently, and explain, and more important still, live in the full consciousness demonstrating the Truth of Man's Infinite Eternal Existence and identity with the All.

In treating of the journey of the Soul through Creation to the Oversoul, Shri Meher Baba puts the position clearly: "Here one might ask whether God-realization means any real advantage to the Soul, and the question can best be answered by understanding the distinction between two types of advantages. The first consists in getting what we do not previously possess, and the second type of advantage consists in realizing fully what we really are...The soul who is not God-realized experiences itself as being finite, and is constantly troubled by the opposition of

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\*Continued from January 1939 issue.

fleeting joys and sorrows, but the soul who is God-realized knows himself to be Infinite and experiences the infinite Bliss and Knowledge of God.\*

The life of devotion that Teresa exemplified, she combined with *Karma Yoga*. She writes: "That prayer is most acceptable which leaves the best results...in actions. That is true prayer, not certain gusts of softness and feeling and nothing more...I count that to be a good prayer that leaves me more humble, even if it is still with great temptations, tribulations, aridities. For it must never be thought that because a man has much suffering, therefore he cannot have prayed acceptably. His suffering is as incense set before God..."† Today we can feel her serene spirit hovering over her suffering country, and sustaining her people as she did three and a half centuries ago...repeating the words she then wrote to those in trouble who appealed to her : " Our Lord seems treating you like a val-

iant Soul." †

"There is no progress on the spiritual path without suffering.\* Teresa's life as a practical reformer of the Carmelite Order, to which she restored the original rule of enclosure, had as its object the establishment of centres of prayer and holy living, so to permeate the life of the Nation. She "looked out on the farce of this life, so ill-ordered"† and saw a country just freed from the domination of the Moors, revealing in its over-seas treasures to which Columbus had led its adventurous spirits, and in the van of European prosperity, creating in art and literature and the crafts and heritage for succeeding generations. This material progress was shared by the Church, and wealth and territory had accrued to its establishments, so that abbots and abbesses controlled wide lands, often living in great state and exercising civil as well as religious authority. Knights and men at arms and the great ladies thronged their halls which resembled the

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\*Quotation from Shri Meher Baba's "Journey of the Soul through Creation to the Oversoul ".

†Extract from "Autobiography of St. Teresa"

King's own palace in pomp and splendour, and true spirituality languished. The more physical difficulties she had to face were tremendous. Travelling, especially for an aged and ailing woman, over the rough paths on foot or in small tented donkey carts, (for roads were few), the primitive accommodation at the inns, when available, exposure to the elements, and lack of provision for the essentials at the journey's end, as well as the rule of poverty she enjoined, were met by her in the spirit of a crusader to whom every obstacle became a sign of her Lord's test for her faith. Thus she sustained the failing spirit of her companions. The opposition from within the Church, from high dignitaries as well as the nuns who opposed the stricter rule, and others together with difficulties from City Authorities, lack of funds, would have been insuperable, but she lived in the faith that she was but carrying out a higher Will, and finally succeeded where even Popes had failed previously. Her humility and tact and the complete absence of egotism which the following disclose,

must have cleared many obstacles making foes into friends.

It was the occasion of her installation as Prioress of the "Incarnation" to which the nuns were opposed. The latter surged into the Chapter Room, only to see in the usual seat of the Prioress, the statue of the Virgin, holding the keys of the Convent, and with Teresa at her feet seated. Thus disarmed, they listened in silence to her words:

"Ladies, Mothers and my Sisters, our Lord has sent me to this House to undertake this post, by reason of my obedience, one which I as little expected as deserved. This election has given me great distress, not only because it has forced duties upon me which I may not be able to fulfill, but also because it has deprived you of the control which you possessed over your own elections, and given you a Prioress against your will. I come only to serve you and to minister to your pleasure, as far as I am able. And to this end I hope the Lord will help me greatly. For as to the rest, any one of you can teach and reform me. For that reason, I consider, my ladies, that what I can do for

each of you, I will do it willingly, even to the shedding of blood and giving up my life. ...My desire is that we should all serve the Lord with suavity."

She took a journey, at the age of 67, to make her last foundation, despite fever and the floods which had washed away bridges. Plunging into a stream, she called out to her nuns: "Now then, my daughters, what greater privilege do you desire than to become martyrs for the Love of God ?"\*

Ever a real mother of souls whose zeal inspired her nuns, she also knew the value of relaxation, and the nuns often gathered round her, spinning, sometimes singing Teresa's own bright and happy verses on episodes in convent life, while those who could, would accompany on the pipe, drum, tambourine or castinet. When they complained that domestic duties kept them from devotions, she would say: "Be not discouraged, my children, for if obedience employs you in outward things, know that even if you are in the kitchen, our Lord moves amidst the pots and pans helping us both within

and without." By her gentle humour, she dispelled over-seriousness. "Let each one give us the benefit of her intelligence today," she would say at recreation, "no one has too much."

To an introspective fellow Prioress, sick in body and mind, she writes forcefully: "If you would sometimes believe what I say, we should avoid a great deal of trouble...Take no notice of the interior troubles you mention...The greater they are the more you ought to despise them...For the love of God, get well, eat enough and be not too much alone or think much. Occupy yourself with what you can and how you can. I wish I were with you. I should have a number of amusing tales to tell you."

Wrote to a novice in trouble: "What tempts your reverence to think you are making no progress will on the contrary be of the greatest benefit to you as time will show. God is treating you as one who dwells in his palace...Let Him do as He wills with your soul as His bride...The novelty of the life and its practices may seem to have destroyed your peace... Later all blessings will come together...Glory in helping God

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\*Extract from "Autobiography of St. Teresa".



to bear the Cross and do not be eager for delights. Mercenaries are paid day by day. Serve without pay as nobles fight for an earthly king and may the King of Heaven be with you.\*

Like others, she knew loneliness of soul, and would turn for solace to the Psalms, for she loved King David, another saint of earlier age. In the 102nd Psalm she would read: "I have watched and become as a sparrow alone on the house-top. How much greater my comfort when these persons were such as David...The soul is then, so I think, not in itself but in the house-top...above itself and above all created things; for it seems to me to have its dwelling higher than in the highest part of itself."†

Her writings in the language of the people, on inner spiritual experience, brought her into some disfavour with the Inquisition, who retained her Autobiography for some years, ultimately releasing. Written at the command of her spiritual superiors in the Church, it cost her much suffering

to commit to writing for the eye of another, the inner experience of her sensitized nature. But she was ever obedient to the Church and its discipline.

She records how she had to combat for 20 years the natural pleasure she derived from mixing with her fellows in the Convent parlour, to which came those outside, as the Convent did not belong to an enclosed order. By all ordinary standards, there would be no need to struggle against a practice sanctioned by the rules. But Teresa felt that her whole life must be devoted to her God, and she struggled until she attained that fixity of purpose:

"Let nothing disturb thee,  
Nothing affright thee,  
All things are passing,  
God never faileth.  
Patient endurance  
attaineth to all things.  
Who God possesseth  
In nothing is wanting  
Alone God sufficeth...."  
"Teresa of Jesus."




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\* "Mirrors of Holiness " by Lucy Menzies (1928).

† Extract from " Autobiography of St. Teresa."

# *Spiritual Anecdote*

By DR. ABDUL GHANI MUNSIFF

Once there was a famous King, by name Janak, who was also a *Sadguru*. Outwardly he was a great monarch. He never let it be known generally that he was a *Sadguru*. Only those who could recognize him inwardly knew him to be such.

In his kingdom there was a man who had an intense spiritual longing. He was as restless as a fish out of water. He could not sleep, he could not eat, he had grown very lean; but still he had an ego. He attempted to see Janak, but the guard would not let him. The King, however, heard him, and asked from inside the palace, "What do you want?" The man told the guard, "Tell the King that I am so and so, and I have come to see him." Again Janak heard him from inside, and called out to him: "Come when you have left yourself behind." The man could not understand. He repeated who he was, and why he had come. Once more Janak replied: "Leave yourself behind and then come." Still he

could not understand. Finally he fell at the feet of the guard and asked him to explain the meaning of the King's message. The watchman explained it: "Drop your 'I,'" he said, "throw it off and say, 'your slave has come to see you.' Keep your 'I' aside." This the man did, and the King allowed him to enter. He found Janak fully attired in his royal robes, with his crown upon his head, seated with his courtiers at a state banquet with much merry-making going on about him. The man who, because of his spiritual advancement, had gone for so long without food and sleep, thought, at the sight of the luxury about him, 'How can Janak who is dwelling in the midst of such enjoyment be a *Sadguru*?' Janak, who read his thoughts, ordered a cup of milk and filled it to the brim. Then he called his ministers and ordered that throughout the town a great celebration should be held, with music, drums and merry-making everywhere. After this, he

called for two executioners. When they arrived, he turned to the man, handed him the cup full of milk, and ordered him to carry it through the town without spilling any of it. "If you spill as much as one drop," he said, "these two executioners will cut your head off at once," and he ordered the executioners accordingly.

So they set out, the man with the cup of milk, and the two executioners, one on his right and one on his left. Through the town they made their way, and all around them there were crowds of people celebrating. Bands were playing, drums were beating, people were shouting, noises of all kinds were going

on. But the man's mind was so concentrated on the cup of milk that he did not know what was going on around him. He did not even hear the noise.

Finally, they returned to the palace. The King asked the executioners if the man had spilled any milk. They said not. Then he asked the man, "What did you see all around you?" The man replied, "I saw nothing, I heard nothing, I saw only the cup of milk." Then the King said, "So am I all the time engrossed in the Infinite, and pay no attention to outer things."

Later the King became known as a *Sadguru* and made this man realize God. The King, who was a *Sadguru*, revealed himself as a *Sadguru*.



# *The Significance of Love in Human Life*

By DR. C. D. DESHMUKH, M.A., Ph.D.

"Thou knowest, love, I know that thou dost know  
That I am here more near to thee be,  
And knowest that I know thou knowest me;  
What means it then that we are sundered so?

If they are true, these hopes that from thee flow,  
If it is real, this sweet expectancy,  
Break down the wall that stands 'twixt me and thee;  
For pain in prison pent hath double woe.

Because in thee I love, O my loved Lord,  
What thou best lovest, be not therefore stern:  
Souls burn for souls, spirits to spirits cry  
I seek the splendor in thy face stored;  
Yet living man that beauty scarce can learn,  
And he who fain would find it, first must die."

—*Michelangelo Buonarroti*  
(Translated by J. A Symonds)

Love is of two kinds, human and Divine; and human love in its turn may be conscious or unconscious. At the unconscious state human love is felt as a powerful attraction which nevertheless remains inarticulate and does not know its own true status, function or significance, whereas at the conscious stage it is illumined by the knowledge of its own nature and limitations, since its hidden implications are all made explicit by being brought

to the surface and converted in a rational philosophy. Michelangelo's poem quoted above is a splendid example of an exalted human love which has become articulate. It expresses in exquisite manner the pangs and the hopes of human love which is beginning to be conscious of the conditions of its fruition. We have in it human love which is irrevocably implemented by the understanding born of itself, and which is poignantly

aware of its destiny and keenly sensitive to its own limitation of duality. Divine Love, on the other hand, as revealed in a perfect Master like Shri Meher Baba, is the expression of infinity which has become fully conscious of itself.

Love thus has many stages, and might for certain purposes be looked upon as a progressive stream ultimately pouring itself in that ocean of love which is God. There are two ways of trying to understand the different stages of love. One is the attempt to explain love by reference to the psychic factors which have been operative in the *past*. This psycho-genetic point of view tries to interpret the higher values in terms of lower values. The modern school of psychoanalysis represents one such attempt. The other more important and more fruitful way of trying to understand human values is to determine their significance in the light of the many anticipations of the *future*. The first method of envisaging the question is akin to the method followed by the natural sciences; but it is for that very reason not sufficiently adequate in res-

pect of mental happenings which are essentially forward-looking and purposive. Mental happenings like the experience of love have therefore to be understood through the other method which interprets the lower values in terms of the higher values, and which centres its attention on the ultimate goal which is being progressively attained through all mental happenings. If it is right to think of man as an evolved animal, it is equally right to think of him as a God-man in the making; and *if it is right to look upon human love as a transformation of sex or ego-centric tendencies, it is equally right to look upon it as a reflection of Divinity*. The results of the application of the first method have therefore to be accepted as being only partially true, and must be supplemented and even superseded by the results of the second method.

As the higher forms of love are a fuller reflection of the Truth than the lower forms of love, it is not possible for us to understand the higher forms of love by means of our ideas concerning the lower forms of love, whereas it is possible for us to understand the lower

forms of love by means of our ideas concerning the higher forms of love. The higher forms of love include within them all the really valuable elements in the lower forms of love, but the lower forms of love do not contain the valuable elements which are present in the higher forms of love. Hence a person who is not evolved spiritually cannot completely understand the entire significance of the love of a more highly evolved person. If he tries to understand it, he has to depend mostly upon his own experience which falls short of what he is trying to understand, and therefore his understanding of the higher form of love remains imperfect. It is for this reason that Divine Love is unfathomable for all who are still in the stage of struggling with their limitations. But a person who is eternally dwelling in the Divine Love has full comprehension of the human heart where the tree of love is still growing; and this comprehension is unparalleled even by the comprehension which a limited person can have of himself, since he cannot have real insight into

his own potentialities for the future.

If we take, as it were, a cross-section of human love, and analyse the total psychic context in which it appears, we cannot fail to notice that human love is often accompanied by various limiting factors like pride, selfishness, possessiveness, desire, jealousy, anxiety, worry, etc. Love cannot take towings and soar freely in the infinite sky of consciousness, because it is held up by these strings of ignorance born of separative tendencies. In fact, modern psychoanalysis seems to emphasize that in most cases of love there is also lurking in the unconscious an element of hate which comes to the surface occasionally. This love-hate attitude has been called ambivalence.

Psychoanalysis for the most part accepts hate as an inevitable counterpart of love, but this view does not do full justice to the expulsive and purifying power of love. *Love is the most dynamic power which purges human consciousness of all the grosser elements.* A really sincere and intense love not only represses hate but roots it out. In fact it annihilates

in the long run all ego-consciousness which is the very foundation of its limiting factors like pride, selfishness, possessiveness, desire, jealousy, anxiety, or hate. Just as the moth drawn by the irresistible attraction of the flame enters it even at the cost of getting itself consumed, the lover who is drawn by the fascination of the experience of love gets merged in it *even at the cost of surrendering its separative existence*.

The complex psychic context in which love appears need not however be looked upon as a merely negative factor making no contribution to the development of love. We might as well look upon the soil in which the seed lodges itself as being nothing but an encumbrance to the development of the plant. Just as a plant cannot grow without struggling through the enclosing soil, human love cannot attain to full vitality and richness without finding its way through the mazes of limiting factors. The joy of freedom has to be a culmination of a long process of struggling with limitations.

The very limitations of love thus point out to the beyond which is limit-

less. For example, hate which is usually looked upon as essentially opposed to love is itself like love in being intolerant of the separate existence of the other. Hate is an attempt to overcome duality by subordinating or annihilating the other to which the self is opposed; and love is an attempt to overcome duality by losing the self in the life of the beloved. So hate which is the limitation of love nevertheless accepts in its own way the objective of love, and thus confirms its own provisional character and the supremacy of love and its right to infinity. Hate (and its correlates) might be said to be the negative side of incomplete love, and it has no being or finality in itself. In fact, it has often been looked upon as a form of love itself. It has been called *Virodh Bhakti* (i.e., love expressing itself as hate). Hate is a sign of latent love and is its harbinger. In this light, Christ's commandment, 'Love thy enemies' comes to us with fresh significance.

The factors which reinforce the development of love are many. The experience of joy in the presence of the beloved

and the experience of sorrow in his absence both augment and intensify the fire of love. Another factor which inspires and nourishes love is beauty—not abstract beauty but beauty incarnate in forms. As expressed by an American poet, "Euclid alone has looked on beauty bare." Abstract beauty which is nowhere seen in any real form can hardly be the inspirer of love, excepting perhaps rare types of persons (like Euclid) whose gaze is turned away from concrete forms in search of abstract and universal patterns. But for ordinary persons beauty can hardly be a potent inspirer of love, unless it is clothed in matter. Beauty as seen in the material forms is the reflection of Divinity and as such never fails to touch the deepest chords of the human heart. The lover, through his aesthetic perception, has a deeper hold on the Truth (as revealed in a form) than a dry and a merely matter-of-fact person. This explains why, among the devotees of Shri Meher Baba, there are many who have developed along artistic lines. Wrapt in the contemplation of the beloved, the lover forgets himself in

ecstatic love. Beauty is the spell cast by the beloved upon the lover who thereby finds his path of love a joyous enterprise.

To see things in their Truth is to see them with the eye of love. Those who look upon love as a conjurer of illusions and call it blind have hardly known the deeper forms of love. The view that 'love is blind' leads to the shallow syllogism :

Love is blind.

God is Love.

Therefore God is blind.

The conclusion of this shallow syllogism might be said to be a reduction ad absurdum of the false view that 'love is blind'. In fact true love (which should be distinguished from infatuation) is the insight which one soul has in the essential nature and worth of another soul. You have not known a person until you have loved him. Reason is the reflection of reality in human intelligence, and love is the reflection in feeling. Reality has to be grasped by means of reason as well as by means of love; and the rational grip over reality would be feeble



unless it is reinforced by love. *Love is not only not blind, but is actually insight, and to say that God is Love is only another way of saying that God is Truth.*

What Shakespeare has said of mercy also applies to love:

"It blesseth him who gives  
And him who takes."

The lover and the beloved have an equal share in the bounty of love. The give and take of love creates strong likes between individuals who tend to be unified with each other. This results in the sharing of each other's burden and cooperative life in temporal as well as spiritual matters. There is no such thing as an exclusive search for the Truth. Our destinies get inextricably interwoven with each other by the give and take of love, so that the progress of one

person inevitably means some progress of others who are linked with him in love. This is the law of action and interaction in the unseen realm of inner values, and it is based upon the solidarity and unity of the kingdom of moral and spiritual ends. Through human love the veil of separateness becomes thinner and thinner. Genuine love always brings with it the sense of completeness, because it takes us beyond the self into the super-personal realm where there is an intermingling of personalities. To dwell in love is to step out of the limiting personality. When the individual realizes the perfection of human love, he might be said to be ready for being initiated into the final state of Divine Love where there is no duality. *Human love is the equivalent of the Truth in the world of manifestation: and Divine Love is the Truth itself.*



# *The Voice*

BY PRINCESS NORINA MATCHABELLI

Shri Meher Baba has said: "For twelve years no word has passed my lips. Yet I am never silent. I speak eternally. The *Voice* that is heard deep within the soul is my *Voice*, the *Voice* of inspiration, of intuition, of guidance. Through those who are receptive to this *Voice*, I speak."

And so He speaks to me through mouth of soul. By life within, through the deep unfathomable work that is in use by Him, I in me know that He in me was, and ever was, the Guide. When He sends His life message, He speaks in ways one can inwardly realize.

He, as the *Voice*, says: "Be my own, and be the *One* in the *whole* of you. I in you reordain the *whole*."

One has to be in love with God, then, in turn, can one be given to love man. Man cannot in him realize the God, until man has in him, in the human form, surrendered the human and the God.

"You, as the divine individual, owe

the God in One-All Pure Divine State in Calm."

The individual outward show in you as human, the outward dispute, the problem, the difficulty, *that, I* in you have to remove. I am the Removing Form in you. I in you owe the pure ordaining order in its onward force of will that can remove. I in you do the *removing work*. Leave it to me."

"In you, as human, you owe the Divine Element that I in you reorder to act; and beseech you to be in you the Control. I in you reorder the form of God. That what in you, in any of you, is in dispute is The Divine in its Spirit Act as human. It is the Spirit that now in you, who is indifferent to the world, acts as pure expansion. In the deep of the Sum of all Experience in the human is the Divine Creation Order, and that is Law."

"The Law in you, in any  
—is I."

"The Law in you, in any  
—is Good."

"All the work in life, as the

Divine in the human, *I stir*. All the work, in the work of the human, I control. That what is you in the work, in the One growing Soul and Spirit, is I. What I in you, in the human sow, as expansion in Consciousness, I, in the work in the universe, owe and show in Real Evolution Fact. As Fact, I in you show the Work's Result. You create in you, in the human, another new individual that I grow near in its own *work's Divine result*, to the *pure point of Truth*. All in the work in the human is I. That can be Experience, and it can be but Intuition. In any of the two cases, it is difficult to say what is real, what is good or what is false."

"The Truth Design in the human, in the sum of all human, in the sum of all creation, I in you show, sow and order; that you can see, feel and find in your own human. It is indispensable that I in you owe the indispensable work, it is indispensable that I in you *am the Life*.

"I in you owe to be the Pure Truth."

"One or the other way, in the Main way's renewing show in all in nature, and in the humsn, I in all *owe the Crea-*

*tion Order*."

"I in you owe, see and feel and act. I see and feel when I in you owe the Pure Impulse."

"Remember in your own outward deeds and acts that I in you am the *All in One* containing Pure Truth. It is important and real and good and imperative that you should have the winning *will* to be in the new and old, in the pure and impure, in the pure and false, in the unreal and unconscious *without experience*. It is indifferent that you in you sow the experience. The sum of all pure Being in pure Expansion in all and any, in its All-One-Act of universe is I. It is unimportant that you in you in the human, do or sow or show more or less, or full, or half or any experience. *The experience has to go*. The lure *to be* has to go. All in its all one outward pure experience has to go. What is of use, and has but use, and is and was Use, is and was and ever is, the *One*, as the individual outcome. All design in life in the human, in new, in old, in good, in wrong, in the individual, in the work, in the universe, has none other but

the impersonal Use's use. That is real and true. All is use. All is work. All is nature in tune with God's work, and in the human it is all the *One in All* work."

"The All-One-Status, reordains orders, in its one-all ordering outward show the Life, the lure *to be* in the human; and the One-in-All as the Divine Individual, can in the human as Life, as Pure Being, as Good, as God's all One Pure Existence, bring in the work of all life, the *Transmutation* that is indispensable."

"I can see in all directions and I am in all directions the pure Divine Individual that *can* and *has* and *is* the new in the old order of *Pure*. When I saw you in the state of one that can but bring out, throw off and do in its own, *as I want* it, I knew it was the time to be in you the *Divine Voice*."

"I am in you the *Divine Voice*. When I am in you in your own individual conscience the individual show of *lure to reorder* and change you in your own indispensable good, in your own indispensable bad, then, I in you sow the pure Divine indispensable Intuition that creates in you the *lure*, and gives

you the individual experience; and in experience does the Work in your show as indispensable Result."

"Let me say in you, in all, in any, the Right and Good is more in you than you can operate as you, as the human. Let it be done by me. Give in, in the Divine of you. In you is the Divine indispensable indifferent good, indispensable *pure show* that I do control. Let its work's use be to you of use and in me of none but Good."

"I know you since the day of all alive experience."

"In you as Creation, I owe you, and I in you sow you as Divine Individual. Let it be the One in I, in All-in-One, that is and has the control over you. Let it be the One-in-All that has the pure re-ordering form of Being in you as the human. When I say to you: Give me you. Be me. I in you owe your own human, then see and sow and understand."

"Be and be in you the One in its all One indispensable act of Divine Individual outward pain. All in the life in man is pain in good, pain in bad, good in all, in one way in pain. It is pain. My universal

work's pain, my universal design in life in the human in its One-all-Way of Divine Indispensable Evolution, it is all pain. In the human, in the soul, in all, in any. In its motion Creation is pain. Be in it quiet, sure, pure, good. Leave the act in the mind, give no reaction, give no more individual attention to its work's use. Leave it to me."

"I will cure the pain, the world's work."

"I am the New Life. The One-in-All. The Pure Truth. I am Creation in Love. All in you, in any in you, I owe the new in old work's use. Let it be doing. Have it be done. Give me the Love that I in you sow. Give me the Love that I in you ordain and awaken. Let it be done in the sum of all life and that is me."

"Be me. Sow me. See me."

"I have none but one indispensable design to operate in the human, and that is to give to the human the new Work's use. The new Work's use is good. It is Divine, indispensable, individual Intuition. It is Divine individual Faith. It is Divine individual good in Love. All this I am to be in all, in any. Sow the

new work's use in you by being calm individual. Patient. Strong in the beseeching cry. Deep in the longing soul. Good in dispute. Good in pain. Try the *new work's* use by being in my One, the *One* that I have to have in the sum total of work, I am about to disinterest in the world's work. Give me the new in you. Bring in me the pure in you. Leave in me the soul. I will bring in the sum total of all in you, in the individual soul, the Supreme Individual Realization. It is the same in you, in I, in One, that it is to be in full act in fact. In the Work's Use you shall be me. I in you, in One, in all, in any, owe the controlling life, time, space, and individual expansion in its All One, as the God, as Union, as Creation Show of pure Existence. That is the Theme that is in you in slow awakening. That is in One in you, the sum total of pure Being, in slow, indispensable creation action as exchange in consciousness. Let it all be, and let it all try and show in its own Way's Way. Be my subject, and in its subjective experience shall it be and in its all one act shall it operate and become fact. The fact I am in you,

Sow me in Divine experience. Be and understand, it is all the same *Work's Use*."

"I in you show the Way. I in you owe the Way."

"I am in you the New in old in its One-all-Way reordaining work in Love."

"It is indispensable that you know me. It is indispensable that you show me in your own one in all Ways Use."

"All is Divine Theme. All is important and indispensable Truth expansion. Life, man, human, good, God, is all one pure Order in Being that in its One-in-All Work's Use has to reordain the same pure outward effect and that is Good—God—human individual. Sow, see and create the individual indispensable effort to understand."

"I am the Divine, individual Result."  
"In me live—in me alive, die."

"I will in you be the Truth—the Divine Life."

"I am your Divine Light. I am your Divine Experience."

"I am your All-in-One becoming All-One State of God. See this in action. See in its work your own profession and try to find in the Way, in the Path,

in the sum of all expansion, the One-All, the One-in-All Solution. That what I in you owe is indispensable creation order."

"That drink in, bring out, live, become."

"I have one word in the whole of you to experience, and that is Love. That I show in you. That I—indispensable Truth—show. That I, indispensable winning view in the human, owe to have to be. The aim of all experience is to have no other experience but me."

"Have no one in you but me. Sow no one in you but I."

"Be in its work's Use the impersonal instrument. I will in you the dual experience, and in the dual experience in you, I individually on to the One, show the Way. It is impersonal and personal work. It is high, individual inspiration. It is individual outcome. Whatever I in its imperative work's use do is One. It is in its onward work individual multiplicity's work. Let me in you be the sign of you in dual disassociation; let me be in you the Divine Expansion. Let me be in you the Divine Experience. Let it be whatever is the onward outward order of *pure expression*."

All the new Word's use is mere passing expression of the old sure order of Divine Intuition. When you hear my *Voice*, say: It is Him. When I sow the *Voice* low in its own low show of Divine Intuition, say: It is *the One*. When I in you outwardly appear and sow the Word's Use in actual pain, in joy, in fever of obscure individual struggle, say: It is Him, He is me in the *Voice*. When I in you individually reordain the use of life, see to be sure that I in you show the Way to God."

"See in its use in Word, in emotion, in lure to be, in work in individual inspiration, the Divine Theme. It is individual and universal. It is impure and good. It is clean and unconsciously unclean. It is good and unconsciously bad. It is right and it is false."

"Leave it to me and to the God in you to act and to resurrect. Leave in you the God, and be in the God's Use the indispensable individual. Leave it to me to have the right work's use. Leave it to me to give you the individual use."

"To be in me, is to have no one but

but me."

"To live in me, is to be in me, in all, in any, the one all pure whole universal Soul in expansion in love."

"To love in me is to have no one but me."

"To love me in them who do but obscure the view of Divine indispensable work's use, be indifferent."

"Let it have in its view's way; one-all-outcome."

"Be in me. Work in me. Be in my indispensable individual."

These words I have heard from Him given unto me, from Him the Being in me. His work's use being the 'I', is working in me through Intuition. He is the impersonal act in Being in life in new *awakening*. The impersonal state within, that in us is *Voice*, is to us Life that in Being does the work. It is in us pure expansion in Being that in us is the work. It is life in being that in us is the Truth. We in the working Being see, know, feel, through the *new awakening* that He in us is the experience of Life as pure indivisible Life that is Reality.



# *Shri Meher Baba*

## AND THE NEW WORLD CULTURE OF THE FUTURE

BY MRS. INDUMATI DESHMUKH, M. A., B. T.

The whole world has been going through a crisis. It is faced with innumerable problems. Racial hatred and narrow nationalism, religious fanaticism and blind aggressiveness, worship of gold and economic exploitation—these have been poisoning and perverting the cultural life of humanity for generations together: and the world's most imperative and pressing need is more *light*. In order to meet these forces that tend to create chaos, there have naturally come into existence many spiritual movements which aim at creating order out of this confusion. Our age is, therefore, also an age of spiritual awakening. But as there is a keen rivalry between many spiritual and religious forces, our minds are tossed in the currents and counter-currents of thought. In this critical period of humanity there is in our midst one Person whose teaching is destined to restore steadiness to our minds by in-

culcating the right outlook and establish unity amongst the people of the world inspite of the differences of sex, nation, creed, religion or culture. He is Shri Meher Baba. He loves all; and His comprehensive philosophy is bound to influence the biggest sphere of humanity.

The modern world-culture has to face the most important problems of synthesising the material and the spiritual aspects of life. Very few persons can avoid going to one extreme or the other. There are those who worship gold and are utterly indifferent to spiritual values. And there are others who try to seek spirituality by running away from life and avoiding its responsibilities. Shri Meher Baba's teaching on this point helps us to have a balance between these two extremes. According to Him, *everyday life and true spirituality cannot be separated from each other*. If the world-culture is to be sound, it must



find a way of uniting the two.

Progress of humanity from the material point of view is not in any way unimportant. If a man is required to waste all his life only in the struggle for maintenance, he can have no time for higher things. Shri Meher Baba advises His disciples to discharge their worldly responsibilities completely. If He finds any disciple neglecting, his duties He admonishes him. He teaches that those who can behave properly in everyday life will certainly gain the higher life. And those who cannot attend well even to the ordinary things of life can never achieve anything of spirituality.

But at the same time, material achievements cannot be looked upon as ends in themselves. If they are not completely subordinated to spiritual values, they are likely to be used for destructive purposes. Even today many scientific inventions are used in wars for killing each other. The kingdom of eternal harmony and joy can come only through the spiritualisation of life. The way to achieve it is not bloodshed but kindness, not war but friendship, not enmity but love.

People have forgotten the true and the lasting values with the result that accumulation of wealth for selfish purposes has been the guiding philosophy of individuals and nations. This type of outlook has created in our social structure pernicious class distinctions. There is a wide gulf between the rich and the poor. The rich are in possession of abundance of wealth, whereas the poor are half-naked and starving; and there is exploitation of the poor and the weak for selfish ends. Our political tangle expressing itself through international rivalry and conflict is also due to collective greed for money and power. Shri Meher Baba, therefore, uncompromisingly denounces all forms of greed which is the root cause of all our troubles. But He does not advise the people of the world to give up their worldly pursuits. He only asks them to remain unattached in the midst of worldly pursuits and to *spiritualise* them by subordinating material acquisition to spiritual considerations.

The frame-work of the economic and political structure of society must facilitate

sound cultural life; and the application of Shri Meher Baba's teaching concerning brotherhood and love requires thorough reconstruction in these fields. Not only will the basis of the new world-culture of the future be thus entirely transformed, but our *v e r y* ideas of true culture will change radically in the light of His teaching. Culture does not consist in possessions or power or academic qualifications. It is a certain attitude to life—the attitude of love and reason. Shri Meher Baba emphasises both of these aspects of Divinity equally; and He is Himself an inspiring example of a perfect development of love and reason. He is an embodiment of true culture.

The sign of culture is a balanced mind, not the static balance of a lifeless thing, but the *dynamic equilibrium of mind which manifests itself through the creative response of love and reason to all the incidents of life*. The spiritual man does not shun life if sorrows befall him; nor does he wish to add more years to his life if years shower upon him. He is not moved by the opposites

of joys and sorrows, pains and pleasures, but transcends both and enjoys eternal bliss in conscious union with the Divinity within. Some persons have a wrong notion that Supermen or spiritually cultured persons go away from the world and that they lead a life of inaction, taking no interest in life. But in truth the Super-man is more active than ordinary persons. The common man is engaged in activities concerning his own self; but the Super-man has to consider the good of the world and has, therefore, a much wider sphere for his activities. He takes great interest in life and lives a full life of creative action. He does not trifle with anything, but he does everything with all his being.

For the transformation of our cultural life we naturally look to religion. But unfortunately religion has been often misunderstood, with the result that it has deteriorated into sectarianism. Sectarianism makes men fanatically aggressive instead of broadening their minds. Instead of promoting the Truth, it leads to the spreading of dogmas. Instead of reconciling the differences among men, it accentuates

them. Instead of increasing the happiness of man, it makes him unhappy and narrow. Thus chaos and the misery in this world are due to the misinterpretation of the true meaning of religion.

Shri Meher Baha preaches *freedom of spiritual culture*. The freedom of the individual in matters concerning spiritual life should not in any way be curtailed by convention or dogma. There are as many diverse paths as there are temperaments. All persons need not accept the same path to Divinity. The basic belief of sectarianism is that there is only one path to realization and that it is binding on everyone. But this philosophy leads only to external conversions and compulsions. Shri Meher Baba expects from us not only tolerance of all religions, but the active attitude of appreciation for the truths which they reveal. He brings to the forefront the vital truths of all religions and shows them as being identical. In his expositions of the Truth we find him using the terminology of the Sufis, of Vedanta, or of the Christian mystics

without any sectarian bias. The spirit of tolerance is a very healthy preservative of the uniqueness of individuality. It secures in the cultural life of the world a rich variety instead of dull uniformity. Everyone has his own path to Divinity, and yet the goal of all is the same. Freedom of spiritual culture, therefore, leads to unity, a harmony in differences.

The history of humanity has been a history of blunders. But humanity has been redeemed again and again by the Masters of Wisdom and Love. Shri Meher Baba brings to the world *a new dispensation of the spiritual Truth*. He has come to promote the life of the spirit which alone can contribute towards happiness and harmony. If a person has learnt the art of spiritual life, he is bound to express creative culture in all the different spheres of human activities, and thus transform entire life by the release of love. Not only by his teaching but also by the inspiration of his supreme example, Shri Meher Baba helps humanity in its onward march towards Divinity. He sees God in every person and teaches us the fundamental truth of the

unity of all life. The Light which he brings will lead us towards that Abode of Eternity which is God and which is

the fountain-source of life, creating harmony out of chaos and giving meaning to all the mundane activities of man.



## *How I Met Them And What They Told Me\**

BY ABDUL KAREEM ABDULLA

I have never searched for mystics both before and after knowing Baba whom I, also, met following a chain of typical coincidences. Therefore, when I thought of enquiring about the old lady amongst the *Faqirs* (mendicants), I had not the least idea that I was going to meet in the far away Sind, the unknown one about whom I had heard in my childhood, to have retired in solitude at a hill-station near Bombay where, as a boy roaming over the hills, I had often stopped by the small cavity in a rock overlooking the town below, wonder-

ing as to what type of man could have sat there all alone for days together.

I purposely started my enquiries the wrong way by asking of the first *Faqir* found nearby: "Who is that mad muttering old woman going about here and there, doing nothing?" I got the kick I had bargained for when the *Faqir* angrily replied: "*Gadha kya jape zaf-ranki qadar*" (a donkey used to grass cannot grasp the saffron). Mai—Saheb (revered mother), God forgive you, a mad woman?" He looked at me contemptuously

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\* Continued from January 1939 issue.

and added: "It is better for the wise men of the world to mind their own business," and he walked away from me.

Finding a few more *Faqirs* leisurely smoking *chilams* (earthen pipes) in the little excuse of a hut at the other end of the boundary, clustered around a clean-shaven, aged but smart looking man who was evidently their leader, I invited myself in and squatted amongst them quite informally as is done by a number of people who go to *Faqirs* in a wild goose chase after alchemy and permanent youth. But my reverential enquiries for the Mai-Saheb made them vie with one another in taxing their memories. I soon gathered that Mai-Saheb was one of the oldest inhabitants of the place since the life-time of Bachal-Shah. When first she called on the Master, she was married and must have been about thirty-five. Both she and her husband became greatly devoted to Bachal-Shah and used to call on him from time to time. Within a few years their visits to the Master became less formal and more frequent. The pair always came together, but

finding Mai-Saheb growing happier in the direct service to the Master, her husband sometimes returned alone. Mai-Saheb was now often reported to the Master to be restless and preoccupied at home, until one day, Bachal-Shah declared to the husband that it was time to leave her alone to serve a greater cause and carry out an important spiritual mission for the remainder of her life. Since then, for about forty years, Mai-Saheb has been in that place during and after the life-time of the Master.

When the group saw I was preparing to leave, one of them enquired for the place I hailed from. It is my experience, when travelling in the far-flung provinces of India, one has to indulge in a geographical jumble to make them grasp 'China' in 'Greece'. I therefore, informed them that I belonged to Bombay. Their leader, who had completely escaped my attention and who had also ignored me all this time, having maintained a strange and disinterested silence, spoke to me for the first time enquiring as to where I stayed in Bombay.

While talking with ten others I had heard that he was referred to as Mustan-Shah. In appearance he was every inch a mystic in keeping with his lofty title. He made no secret of his life of renunciation, but, since an external rejection of the superficialities of life and the adoption of a mystic handle to the name is not necessarily a sign of true mysticism, Mustan-Shah did not impress me. On the contrary, his hawk-like eyes, cool and calculating demeanour and an idle enquiry about details made me give him a curt reply that I did not stay in Bombay proper. My dislike for this aggressive and forbidding personality grew all the more when he insisted upon detaining me further to satisfy an apparently idle curiosity. "I know," he said, "Bombay is more than one city with its suburbs like Mahim and Bandra. Perhaps you stay outside the city proper." Having no more interest in their company, I was eager to get away from the burning chilams of reeking *gunja* (hemp), but, to avoid being rude, I replied, "I come from some other city near Bombay."

"The nearest one is Thana," he remarked again very eagerly, "or perhaps you mean Poona." I felt he was trying to impress upon the others his knowledge of the world outside of that little half-sleeping colony. I continued to be evasive, in order to baffle him, and told him almost insolently that I belonged to some other town near Poona. My antagonism towards him and my impatience to leave the place were too patent to be missed by a shrewd man like Mustan-Shah, yet he persisted in prompting me to continue the duel of words between us as if the matter was too important to be dropped undecided. "Let me remember," he said, "a town near Poona, for one, Talegaon..." I did not let him finish his guess-work. He appeared to know that side of the country too well, and to cut the matter short I told him I was a resident of Lonavla. "I wonder if you know F.?" he asked. F., with his long proverbial white beard, was as prominent in that little town as the 'Duke's Nose' is, the point amidst the surrounding hills. This reference caught my imagination, and once

again I settled myself as comfortably as I could in that crude little hut. Being prejudiced against Mustan-Shah, I decided to give only pointed replies to his questions, and told him that F. was dead since ages. One after the other he repeated half a dozen names of those whom he knew and cared for, in one way or the other, and I continued reporting monotonously their passing away a long time back or a short time back as the case happened to be. In spite of the concern he showed for the people, to my amazement, he neither expressed sorrow nor any surprise for the unbroken chain of obituary. He would only say, "Oh," pause for a few moments with eyes steadily fixed on some object, and proceed again with his apparent quest for the dead, proving that he was as much a mystic inside as he was outside. On my part I felt as if we were taking stock of the little graveyard on that hill station, and began to thrill when he referred to the departed members of my own family one after another.

The weird conversation came to its climax when, hearing that my father

had died only recently, he asked: "But Abdulla had a son and a daughter?" "The daughter is married and *is* all right in Poona," I said. "And the son is here at your service." Following this dramatic disclosure, the stern shrewd look about his face and eyes swiftly melted into warmth of feeling and hospitality. The other *Faqir*, having left us alone to check up the dead, he had to call out loudly for one, as if he was going to order a grand feast for me. Some fruits were picked from the garden, and these he insisted serving to me personally. He did not ask any more questions and appeared keen to see that I ate all he had placed before me. After I had finished the fruits, he still appeared disinclined to any further conversation and would not so much as ask me as to why I was in Sind and how long I was going to stay there.

"Well, Mustan-Shah," I said. "You have asked me so many questions, can I ask you a few?" "I don't mind," he replied. "But the point is," I continued. "I believe in mystics, yet I do not believe in what they say." He laughed outright and pointed

out that it was a contradiction in terms. I explained, what I meant was the difficulty in getting the right replies. "That depends," he said, "on the questions to be asked. You never tell lies to a child when he asks for the explanation about a falling star, and tell him that it is the blow from an angel to drive away Satan from the heavens. You like a child's thirst for knowledge, and humour him for the time being in the best way you can think of." "That is exactly what I meant to tell you," I said. "I have had enough of humouring..." But before I could finish my sentence, he interrupted me with a smile and said, "I hope your questions would befit a grown-up man." This was a clean knock-over which made me blink, for the moment, for words until I could ask him as to how he happened to be in Lonavla.

"To tell you that," said Mustan-Shah, "I will have to tell you a lot. Well then, listen. Being an only child, my father was very fond of me, and he, being a staunch believer theology, his one ambition was to see me grow into an *Aalim* (a theologian). At an early age I

could read the *Quran-e-Shariff* (the Holy Quran) very fluently, and in my early teens I became a Hafiz (having the Quran by heart), well versed with the general laws of *Shariat* (the external side of religion). Therefore I was made to study Arabic and translate the Word of God. I was looked upon as a promising student, and all went well with me until I came upon the verse in the Holy Book saying that God was nearer to me than the very chord of my life." He stopped abruptly and asked me if I could follow him clearly. "Yes, that you refused to be humoured any more," I blurted out. "You are very impatient," he said in good humour and continued explaining further. "The point was that, that happy phrase struck me as addressed to me personally, and I could not feel satisfied with the meaning offered and explained to me by my good old tutor.

"I began insisting that if God was so near to me, then He must be seen or felt. Either it was a meaningless statement, I began to argue, or it had some special hidden meaning beyond the pages of



the dictionary. I became distracted and lost all interest in proceeding further with my studies. My teacher complained about me and I complained about my teacher, to my father who was greatly distressed to find me in an inexplicable fix of mental stagnation. A number of teachers were changed and a number of methods were tried before I was declared to have become a regular dunce, and left to myself,

"My one hobby was to be on a lookout for religious leaders and to discuss with them this question which had now become the question of my life. Hoping to his last breath that I may be prevailed upon to proceed with my interrupted career, my father died helping and encouraging me in approaching every available *Aalim*, until I met one who believed more in the love of the Lord than feared the raging fire in hell. The *Mullas* and *Moulvies* (priests and preachers) had made me go half mad with their talks and terrorizing threats. This particular *Aalim* invited me to call on him in privacy, when for the first

time, I was not made to feel the black sheep in the fold of Islam. To my surprise, he did not try to argue with me at all. Patting my back, he told me very kindly. 'The Word of God, my boy, can never be meaningless, nor is there any secrecy about it. The meaning is too clear and direct to dare take it at its face value. But all cannot do so and undertake the Divine quest involved in its complete unfoldment. The answer to your question is beyond words. Stop asking and talking about it. Look it. Listen for it.' With a sigh of yearning he added: 'Who knows, you may find out the answer which is already spread everywhere all about us.'

"I began to look and listen in the wilderness that I felt all around me at that time. It was somewhere, about this period, that I selected a particular spot in Lonavla, and sat there in solitude for forty days." On checking up with him further details about that particular spot, I was greatly thrilled to find it was the same site around which I used to weave one of my boyish dreams of a Hindu *yogi* in full

paint, with long hair and drooping eyes, in contrast to the sharp and clean-shaven typical Mahomedan Qalandar type of *Faqir* who was now before me.

"The way you referred to your solitary retirement in that place," I asked him, "shows that you did not get the required response?" "Of course not," he replied, "but luckily I was neither disappointed then nor during my subsequent wanderings practically all over the country for years and years thereafter." "Which also means," I asked again, "that you are now here at the end of your search?" "Yes, I am now old enough to retire at one place," he answered slowly, as if winding up his conversation with me. However I persisted in getting an unequivocal answer to *the question* at issue, and asked him point-blank, "Did you realize the meaning?" He became very impatient, and I could feel that he wanted me to leave him alone after he had half uttered an affirmative. But having asserted to have achieved the experience of "*Nalmo Agrab*," the master key to the Holy Quran, I wanted to obtain from him an interpretation of this fa-

mous phrase in his own words, and assured him, "One last question and I will go. What was that meaning?" "Don't you feel you are now behaving like a spoilt child?" he asked in a mixed tone of reproach and amusement, but added, "Have patience, you are going to get it."

The last assurance and confirmation spoke volumes to me and was more than a compensation for Mastan-Shah's unwillingness or inability to coin words which make no difference without the underlying Experience and Realization, like the well-known lines of the mystic poet and prince Asif-jah, the late Nizam of Hyderabad, that for all their lucidity and boldness remain, after all, words without meaning:

"By the sign of Nahno-Agrab", Asif understands,

"Thou wilt become God, if thy 'I' is rooted out."

There can never be a better friend than a mystic. True mystics never have an axe of their own to grind in any matter. They are always a source of inspiration and encouragement towards divine attainments. They do not care

and mind man-made barriers of society, country, caste, creed and religion. It is second nature to a mystic to help and serve others without any motive but that of service, for the sake of service and rendering relief to all life at large.

In the course of a letter to me in His own hand, Baba wrote in January 1926:

"There are many who are in the way, many who have experience, many who are yogis, but few who are perfect...Never speak ill of saints. They are the sign of Truth, and help to the world...My salutations to all those who love God, who are saints, *yogis*, *bhaktas*,\* and my *namaskar*† to *Sadgurus*! All these are me in different forms."



## THE SAYING OF SHRI MEHER BABA

A lustful man, no matter what good qualities he may possess, cannot move along the spiritual path; he is like a cart with one wheel.



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\* Persons with intense devotion.

† Obeisance

# *To the Beloved Meher Baba*

BY CONTESS NADINE TOLSTOY

Do not seek refuge in the world!  
In the moments of sorrow and grief,  
Of bitter offering, go no-where !  
Turn straight homeward...  
Seek the true Friend !  
Don't you hear His call  
He is waiting for you in moments of  
joy and in the times of grief.  
Empty your sighs into the vastness of  
His Being.  
Give your silent complaints to Him;  
He will share with you your bitter  
cup and fill it with sweetness of Love.  
Where are, and who will give you  
"those gifts"?  
And how unceasingly and discreetly  
He bears the thorns that make you  
bleed!  
He shows you only His Love and  
tender compassion.  
His Love gives you its most when He  
reads in your heart the readiness to  
stand till the end for the sake of Love.  
Hard though it may appear to the  
profane seeker of ease—greatest are the  
"gifts" of fruitful seasons when one's  
heart is willing to receive the fruit of

suffering.

As then the pain turns into Bliss and  
cruelty for Love's Wisdom is the sign of  
greatest trust of Love to the disciple.

I know, Oh Friend, that in you is my  
strength, my joy and my life.

Where to seek shelter in the  
moments of burning thirst and pain of  
separation!

Seek refuge nowhere, but in the heart  
of the Beloved.

He hears your sighs. He responds to  
your plaintive song, He is with you—  
the Beloved!

And if you go to the world, today it  
is with you and tomorrow you will be  
alone—you, a stranger to the strangers.

Though they, too, seek their way,  
they also call and need not knowing  
wherefrom the echo of response is  
coming,

Do not seek refuge in dark lonely  
places—there only shadows of  
remembrances lurk and hunt the lonely  
heart...

Turn your steps to fresh sunny  
springs where you will find clear water  
which you

seek!

Follow the call of your Beloved.

Let your eyes seek no other beauty than that of your Beloved.

Let your eye be not caught by the sight of things of the world.

The fluttering wings of a butterfly will be bruised in the whirl of a sudden storm...

Stay in your "home" and listen.

Don't you hear the faithful steps?

Don't you feel the signs of His approach,

The loving response to your loneliness?

Having found the true Beloved what is there to seek in this world!

Quiet your heart with certainty of joy and fill your being with love.

Boundless is the Source of such happiness...

Tarry not to *open* your heart:

Close firm the gates that open into the world's enjoyments, and though in the world keep the inner doors closed and one only open—to the One!

For the Beloved is to come, soon, any time.

Wait in readiness...

My door is open—in waiting for him...

My eyes are looking for the signs of Light,

My heart is singing in the anguish of the great meeting.

Patient and confident is the love of true lover;

Faithful and strong is the heart of such lover ;

Boundless is the Trust of a loving heart

Oh—My Beloved!



*From the Rubaiyat\**

BY HAFIZ

*Hafiz mourns his Separation from the Beloved and craves for re-union. This, in Sufi idiom, refers to the doctrine that the soul, before incarnation, was a part of the Deity, but is severed, separated, from Him by being placed in a human body. See " Sufism " .*

Mi zanaln har nafas az dasti firakat faryad  
Ah agar nalahi zaram na rasanad ba tu bad  
Ruz o shab ghussah wa khun mi khuram wa  
chun na khuram  
Chun za didari tu duram ba che basham dil shad.

*Every moment I bewail my separation from Thee!  
Alas! if the breeze bears not to Thee the moaning  
of my lamentation!  
Day and night I suffer grief and anguish: how  
could I not suffer?  
Since I am far from Thy sight, how can my heart  
be joyful ?*

1  
'Twas Union yesterday† 'with Thee—soul-kindling Bliss!  
To-day‡—'tis Separation's fiery abyss!  
Alas! that in the volume of my Book of Life  
'Twas writ—"One day for *That*—and for another,  
*This*!"

2  
Since that sad day when Heaven parted me from Thee,  
No one hath ever seen my lips smile joyously;

\*Selections from the Rubaiyat and Odes of Hafiz, the Great Mystic and Lyric Poet of Persia. Editor, John M. Watkins, 21 Charing Cross Road, London, W. C. 2.

†*Yesterday*: i. e. before the soul was incarnated.

‡*To-day*: now, when the soul is bound to a body.

Such sorrow doth the separation cause my heart!  
I know it, and Thou know'st it Who created me.

3

The day of separation drove me far from Thee;  
Thus severed from Thy face, I fret impatiently.  
If on another's face I gaz'd, then loyalty  
To Thy fair loveliness would blind me instantly.

4

When my poor soul from Thee was parted, one might  
say  
That salt upon my wounded heart Thou then didst lay;  
I fear'd that day when I should be cut off from Thee;  
Now Thou hast seen it come to pass, that evil day!

5

Thine absence rends my heart with pain; for Thee I  
yearn!  
*One* sight of Thee!—I die !—no hope can I discern  
Of Union blest, Longing, I perish and am gone!—  
And through desire for Thee to dust I now return !

6

My candle weeps ! still more, cut off from Thee, weep I!  
As from a flagon, rosy tears well from mine eye;  
And I am like a wine-cup, for, in my distress,  
'Tis blood I weep when sounds the harp's soft,  
plaintive sigh.

7

O lips like sugar pure, refin'd ! lost to my sight!  
Parted from *Ye*, I know no rest by day or night!  
O Love ! my heart, through sev'rance is like blood  
outpour'd;  
O come!— just once--and see ; behold my sorry plight!

8

Return! mine eye to see Thy beauty longeth sore!  
Return! my grieving heart Thine absence doth deplore!  
Return I Beloved r for, thus parted from Thy face,  
From my distracted eyes tears, floods of tears, do pour!

## 9

Sore longing for Thy kiss and Thine embrace, I die!  
 Craving the lustrous ruby of Thy lip, I die!  
 But why prolong my plaint? Thus will I shorten it:  
 Return! Return! Awaiting Thee I die!—I die!\*

## *Sadguru is Love Incarnate†*

A Perfect Master is a pure being and as it is pure love that he causes in man, he creates what no man can. Baba says: "It must be borne in mind that the highest human love is not the highest absolute love. The divine love is the highest aspect of the all-pervading love."

One who gets divine love gets God. The divine love is beyond reason and intellect. Nobody can create this highest aspect of love in himself. The divine love is given and not created. It is a grace from the God-man.

Philosophies and intellectual gymnastics make you intellectually certain about the existence of God. But it is

only the love *for God*, the divine love, that enables one to find Him, to see Him actually—and become one with Him.

One's spiritual progress can never be steady and certain without the divine love. It is the real side of religion and *the only element* which reveals or unfolds the *emotionality of the spiritual path*.

The highest love is the one which is devoid of all hopes, interests, desires and expectations—in other words, which is perfectly selfless and disinterested.

Unless a person is spiritually minded, he or she cannot be

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\* In the original 1st, 2nd and 4th lines end in the word *murdam* i.e. I died.

† Extracts from Shri Meher Baba's Discourses.



possessed of this aspect of love.

Divine love makes his captive forget his own individual existence by making him feel less and less bound in his onward march by the trammels of human limitations, till he reaches a point where he can raise himself to the realization of the highest in himself.

Unless and until one is possessed of it, one can never feel ecstasy, one can never behold illuminations and visions relating to the different states of the

spiritual path.

The divine love knows no law. It is above all rules and regulations, above dogmas and rituals.

Nothing can bind it and nothing can set bounds to it. It is fire—an infinite fire in itself, and those who burn in it get purified.

Bear it in mind that only the divine love can bring about self-annihilation which gives self-realization, which can make man lose his individual existence in the universal existence.



## *Question Baba Answers*

BY DR. ABDUL GHANI MUNSIFF

### *Question*

The astronomical phenomena, the eclipse of the moon or the sun, visibly stirs the Hindu world into great religious activity. Why is such an occurrence as an eclipse deemed opportune for a fresh flux of religious fervour, particularly in the matter of perfecting some *mantras*?

### *Answer*

The eclipse is purely an astronomical

phenomenon and needs no explanation. There is, however, a germ of spiritual truth behind the grotesquely colourful imagery of gods and demons, their squabbles and jealousies for the nectar of immortality, all ingeniously concocted by the priest-class to flabbergast the superstitious masses and incidentally to fleece them.

The spiritual aspect of the

question *is* this. The whole universe, known and unknown, has come out of a point in *the* microcosm which may be called the Creation point. Simultaneously with this emanation two processes come into play—the *Evolution* and the *Production*. The differences between the two processes is rather significant and must be clearly understood. The process of *Production* is dependent on the process of *Evolution* in sequence of causation, but not in sequence of time. *Evolution* depends on the 'Creation point' for cause, but *Production* is dependent on *Evolution*. *Evolution* connotes spiritual progress and *Production* signifies material growth and change, organic or inorganic.

It is a scientifically acknowledged fact that the stellar regions, planets and stars, do exert an influence on the life and activity of this planet—the earth. And since this earth of ours has the highest evolved organic life, the human happens to be the nearest to the spiritual plane; the phenomena of eclipse does indirectly affect the world spiritually.

The *Rishis* of old knew too well the astronomical basis and the spiritual influence of such an heavenly occurrence. Looking at the average mentality of the masses of their time, the *Rishis* could do no better than issue cut and dried instructions as to prayers, penance and austerities, investing the whole affair with a religious importance rather than give a rational and spiritual elucidation. In course of time the religious 'do and don'ts' of the wise *Rishis* were very cleverly woven round by self-seeking priests, with a picturesque and awe-inspiring legend of the gods, demons, nectar, the moon in travail and its subsequent (*Moksha*) freedom for purposes too patent to thinking minds. Such legendary superstitions persist and flourish with ignorance and illiteracy, but now people are daily outgrowing such childish beliefs. There is, however, no denying the fact that a few prayers and ordeals undergone with keen concentration, concurrently with the eclipse of the sun or moon, do result in great spiritual benefit to the individual concerned.



# *Shri Meher Baba's Tour*

OF NINE DAYS THROUGH CENTRAL INDIA\*

BY PRINCESS NORINA MATCHABELLI

Baba's brother J. has arrived from Ahmednagar with Christmas mail. Letters, telegrams, cables have to be opened, read and answered at once. A few cables to the West are to be sent on our way to Dadar where again at D.'s a new gathering of more people has been arranged.

We stop at the cable office which is known as the very best business quarters for Bombay beggars. In fact, as soon as our car approaches the sidewalk, a very ragged old man steps forth. K., who is expert in finding the good souls among the worst of this erring tribe, recognizes the man and warns us not to give alms. Baba, who apparently never overhears anything, placidly turns towards K., and orders him to give the man three pies. K., handing the money to the man, says: "You have to use it right and not for drinking." Baba, watching the situation,

again signals to K. to give the man another three pies. K., with best intentions, tries to interfere and says: "Oh, he is no good; if you give that man clothes he will sell them to buy liquor." Upon this Baba renews His order for the third time to give another three pies. The beggar most satisfied withdraws. At that Baba Himself makes a sign to the beggar to come back, and for the fourth time orders K. to give the man another three pies. The pies became the 'holy symbol' of mercy and love that works in realms unseen the purer benefit. The good ignorant man walks off no doubt thinking it was a profitable day.

The programme for the afternoon is to pay some visits to the poor and sick who have been anxiously awaiting Baba's holy visit. We are allowed to go with Him and share in the feast of compassion.

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\* *Continued from January 1939 issue.*

On our way home we stop at the apartment of a charming friend, S. P., the young Parsi woman whom I last saw at Baba's birthday celebration in Nasik and whom I cherish for her spiritual grace and simplicity. When Baba, walking through the long shady balcony, unexpectedly stood before her, she is overwhelmed with surprise and joy. All are asked to enter the living room to meet her mother who is a very gentle distinguished old lady. Baba takes the two women who are dear to His heart into a corner of the room, and with intense interest reviews their personal state of affairs. Meanwhile I take in the charm of this typical Indian home which reminds me so much of the habitations of Southern Russia. The walls are whitewashed, crude in style, the doors and windows made of wood ingeniously carved, chairs and easy-chairs and tables are leisurely placed here and there to serve the simplicity that creates facility in living. There is no luxury or accumulation of things without purpose for practical use. These people are much more free than

we are. They live with things but are much more aloof from things.

This evening Baba retires early. He wants us all to do the same, to rest before the night's journey to Nagpur the next day.

The following day's work begins at 7-30 a. m. Innumerable interviews are given. At three o'clock in the afternoon, Baba decides to see Paul Muni's film 'Zola'. During the performance Baba is sitting in the dark. He seems to be totally absent. His form appears as if left empty, but no longer than it has to be; flashes of light make his eyes visible in the darkness. The performance is over, and all of us enjoyed this marvelous work of intelligence and tragic human realism. Baba participating in our moods humorously remarks through His board: "Do not worry, it is merely a nightmare."

At 6-30 p. m. that same day, the 25th of December, we take the train for Nagpur. Again the station is crowded by the many who did not want to miss the rare occasion to see, once more, their Beloved *Sadguru*.

The ride to Nagpur is amusing. An excellent supper prepared ahead was served to us by K. and A., both in excellent humour making jokes and ending by singing spiritual hymns in choir with all the others. At 8-30 p. m. we are all ordered to sleep, huddled up between beds and garlands of flowers. It is the usual hour of 4-30 a. m. when Baba calls us to get up and to be ready for tea which will be obtained from the next station.

Nagpur, 9-30 a. m.—The train pulls in. There stands B. J., with his son E., and J. K., the High Judicial Official on duty in the Central Provinces, also Dr. D., a good friend of us all. This reception, without women, is matter-of-fact, quick and executive. Even the garlands indescribable in beauty and richness in choice, placed around Baba's neck are quickly removed by Him as if there is no time to loose for sentimental ceremonies. Dr. D. hands over to Baba quick reports giving the programme for the three days stay in Nagpur. This time he requests to contact the masses. Baba's this visit to Nagpur is after eight years.

B. J. drives Baba's car. Cheers are heard loud along the streets until we reach the beautiful house of red stone surrounded by an exquisitely styled garden filled with roses and jasmine in bloom. Women are waiting at the entrance of J.'s home. The women in this part of the world are supposed to guard the Holy Shrine, to perform the ritual and wait in patient devotion. B.'s wife and daughters are standing in the doorway, and immediately, as Baba enters, they throw their arms around their Beloved Guest. Then all prostrating their foreheads to His feet, perform the customary ritual—the breaking of the cocoanut—throwing flowers, spraying water to purify the path which leads into their home. All this, to me again, is an unusual sight and unusual experience. To us from the West any kind of ceremonies appears external and separating, since we have realized the intimate experience of the unique spiritual relationship which needs no more to express through rituals and ceremonies. Within, in our hearts, we never differ except through customs, habits and modes of thinking. Moved

by the purity of their hearts we participate in their symbolism with all sincerity.

The J. family is a wonderful staunch group of individuals who have dedicated the purpose of their lives to Baba. B., the head of the family, who is one of Baba's right hand men in Nagpur, said to me: "I love Baba more than anyone in my family. Although a father, I merely represent the head of a family of children of Baba." B. is one of those men who live and die for their cause; reminds me of those ancient heroes that fought for the Holy Grave. When B. believes that he loves Baba more than his wife and children, he is fully aware of the responsibility of his statement; he loves his wife and children for their *selves* which is the part in Baba. The impersonal viewpoint guides his life, his home, his duties and his activities in civil service. These Parsis live a life of simple, natural dignity. The wife cooks the meals and the immediate help is given by the daughters. Innumerable servants, who float around like birds, only do the lower manual work.

Baba's bedroom, which is B.'s bedroom, is situated in the left wing of the large central hall representing the formal living room in most of these Eastern houses. It forms a huge space, the inside built like a deep alcove protected against heat, with no direct windows. Two huge doors at either end provide the necessary draft. It is here where Baba's sacred *Darshana* is to be held during these three days.

The first day's work begins. Baba enters the hall. He is welcomed by a simple and sincere greeting expressed by Dr. D., in a speech of welcome. *Arti* is then sung to His Holy Presence by all the members of the J.'s family and our party. Baba in divine humility accepts the dedication. He lends Himself to all religious rites. He accepts to have placed on his forehead the black powder and the *haldi* of the Hindus, and expects us, His disciples, to do the same. Love unselfish, service unselfish, are the pure expression of the true religion Shri Meher Baba practises in everyday life. These are the unique virtues He personifies. True religion is to live life spiritual;

dedicating life to God unconditionally in mind, body and spirit.

The first interview of the day is given to Sushila and her friend Vimala, two sweet Hindu students. They enter Baba's room in attitude of worship with folded hands. They offer Baba fruits and flowers and sing for Him a most beautiful ancient hymn in Sanskrit conveying the unfathomable faiths of all times. Sushila, the more beautiful of the two, I shall never forget. While drawing-in Baba's grace, the pupils of her eyes glide behind her lowering eyelids as if her whole life is diving in the ocean of Divine Bliss...Baba takes in the two souls at once and orders them to stay near Him and not to leave the house during the three days.

Another very interesting woman, a friend of Dr. D.'s wife, follows later. At first she is shy and, with uncertain attitude, stands outside of Baba's room waiting. The spiritual breeze that blows the warning in her heart is like storm. Although still very young she is a poetess of great renown in the Urdu language. Her selfless divine dreams,

which she expresses in unusual poetry, suffice to mark the indelible sign of her spiritual longing. Baba, who knows that the storm in her heart is beginning to express the purer *want*, drew her close. He made her realize the importance of the meeting. He offered Himself as the Great Chance of her life, demanding unconditional acceptance. She knew that it was time to give in. She pledged to love—but Him. She, too, remained close to Baba's room during the three days.

Baba's next act of Mercy is the washing of the mad child. A special order had been sent, a long time ahead, for a child that in no way would be an ordinary child, but one of those types who have to consume in some condition of madness their own spiritual evolution. The child, unusually shy, is a black-eyed Hindu boy of about seven years of age. Whenever the child saw Baba it jumped on His knees throwing its arms around Him. The reality of the holiness of the contact became proof in evidence. The child felt safe within Baba's embrace and

rejoiced in the unfathomable fact of 'nearness' with loud cries and resonant laughter. Every-day this child, at the same hour, is bathed by Baba's own hands in the bathroom where Baba takes His daily ablutions. We all realize clearly that Baba *is* doing great spiritual reparation work, even if the miracle should remain unseen. Baba, doing the realization work *within*, can supervise the path of any life throughout any phase. He can throw off in man all that encumbers the liberating process in evolution. These are His great unseen miracles. He governs sure, unconditional and pure 'within and above', the 'I', Life, Mind, Way. We so often see the most unexpected facts become realized to the bewilderment of those who, in no way, are expecting His Grace. The father of the child has been ordered to keep the child in the house day and night during Baba's stay in Nagpur and to bring it to "Meherabad" in April. The news spread as quick as fire that the God-man was to see anyone whose life was in despair, defective, destitute. It came to be the

alarm of Life itself. The crying need made all stirred and ready. Truth, when at the point to strike the designated hour, strikes fast and safe. Many children are brought who are apparently in the same state as the first child. It is evident that the first child was predestined to find its way by *creation order*, that order which Baba sent forth, may be long ago, as He knows the soul He needs to draw.

Most of the time we are allowed to stay in the room while Baba is giving interviews. This great privilege gives me the chance to gather notes on the most important facts.

Baba's laconic language is the deep work that speaks in pure action; it is simple, but it has the power to control and form. One interesting incident happens at the meeting with a renowned man of Nagpur, a professor of philosophy and comparative religion. Baba's attitude at the beginning was almost an aloofness which does not put the gentleman at ease. He feels shy at the apparently indifferent attitude of Baba. When



the suspense reaches a certain point, Baba, summing the answer to all the questions, states: "A simple thing has been made difficult through ignorance." Baba's word is Truth, Fact, that is action which forms and transforms. The man suddenly realizes the sense of Truth; he apprehended deeper what philosophy and all the religions in theory had not been able to teach Him. After a moment of deeper recollection looking at Baba with the expression of a child that has well absorbed its lesson, he says: "Truth." To this Baba, with His unfathomable smile, gives the sign of affirmation.

A mute spectator is standing every moment of the day in a corner of Baba's room untouched from facts and results that witnessed in awe during these strenuous working hours of Baba's first day in Nagpur. He is Jal K., an intimate friend of the family whom we already met at the station. He seems to be lost in the Light that from the Divine Giver is pouring unending grace on all life that in those stirring hours displays its loud cry for liberation. He reminds me of the young monk in the stained glass

window of an ancient cathedral, in perpetual adoration before the image of God.

It is 7-30 p. m. The doors are open for the impatient worshippers waiting outside. Hindus, Mahomedans, Parsis appearing in the most fantastic colourful costumes, kneeling, bowing, prostrating before the alive God is a spectacle I will never forget—many in rags—those refused by social law and bound to consume by lower order of life their expiation. One day through the changing consciousness, these too will realize that life in ignorance *is not unjust* and only life *unconscious is not safe*.

By passing His Holy hands over their anguished heads, touching the ill spots of their bodies, He gives to their being the unconditional order to awaken. God and His creature in love with each other, longing to join in divine bliss, perform the progress in Union.

It is 11-30 p. m. Baba's life, like the white lily floating on a mirror-like surface, becomes languorous in action... It is the signal to end the labours of the day.



# Shri Meher Baba

## IMPRESSIONS\*

BY PRINCESS NORINA MATCHABELLI

We may complain, feel lone-some, want more love, more appreciation; we miss recognition, we dread criticism, we lack humour and cannot bear to be laughed at; we then call on Him for pure understanding. We speak to Him openly from the heart in the straight personal way that we cannot disguise when confronted be-fore Him...He will answer : " I am in everyone. When they laugh at you it is I who laugh at you. See me in everyone. Bear it for the love of me. See me alive in all and everyone as the act in *reaction* that has to perform in you the creation plan in Being. In all in life, the pure, the good, the false, the non-important fact is me. See me as the *important order* in anyone to sow in reaction the real pure opposition, and that *is* in Being. To you, life *is* martyrdom in reaction. In reality life is pure winning order in opposition as experience. Everyone in

is use of my life in true, pure opposing order. Take it lightly—be real—be calm—and react only in me. I am the pure One in you." What He says—fulfils.

Sometimes when the pure Vision becomes obscured by thoughts, desires, wants, and we lose lightness in mood, never will He touch at the ordeal's problem. Like the sun behind the clouds will He rise above and project the warm light and transform the dull show of our individuality into pure state of stupefaction of Love, Joy, Bliss!

His whole life in expansion in Divine Love is impersonal sharing indivisible communion with us—life—human creature —life as nature—life as Being. Life is practical. Life is use. The divine mutual good is the constant use. He never wastes.

He is clever, sagacious, astute quick in response, playing

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\* Continued from January 1939 issue.

with anyone's ideas, humorously tolerant with our dual speculative experiment in thoughts, the unconsciously prepared thoughts. He can avoid beforehand to save us from doing a wrong deed. He often stages confusion, call it trial, call it quest; winning in the game He reveals the impersonal state within; we experience non-attachment to self-satisfaction. He plays games with us making us invent situations. He then lures our soul-driven imagination. When He laughs with the sad child of this world He liberates it from the attachment to pain.

Life is mind and in mind He reigns unselfish pure. He is control of life in every order in mind. He can do in ways unseen what no ordinary man can. He is in life a man executive, impersonal, simple, so natural that for the old fashioned conventional orthodox in mind who can conceive Divinity only through the masquerade of rituals and the practice of austerity. He appears *too human*. Expressing through art, through science, through any work of mind, through life in spirit, He is the unconditional pure work of Truth that

stirs, that performs the awakening. Life is the instrument through which He works, reacting in it He fulfils the ideal form that is the *real 'human being'*.

Once He said, while sojourning in the West: "For you, children of America, when my time has come, I shall perform the Grace of God-realization to one of your lowest types in consciousness, a criminal." He can make gods out of mud. "Do not fear," He says, "Depend on me." We need Him always.

Once a friend near suicide calls to Him in despair. At that time she was in America and Baba was in India. She put her heart's anguish into a letter addressed to Him. But before the letter was closed, the inner wide space opens and within her deep confusion she sees His calm eyes appear. The passing quest is cleared. Calm and confidence in life is re-established. He says: "I am in you, with you always; in you I work, and out of you, I do the work in will, and life in energy. When you in me resign, I in you can operate free. When you in me give-in, I in you outwardly and inwardly free, the

rude, crude show of you, the 'I' and create you like me. I can in you prevent the *fall* and I can in you render immune the *want*. I am in the All One Pure Work that can what no man can. I am Infinite—I am Truth."

Although suffering in the delusion of the false show in *Maya*, we can within the pure 'indivisible self' as intuition, know, see, feel, the *happy design*. We may call it unfathomable joy, love unselfish, pure faith. We need not name it at all. When we *see* in Being in joy we *are* the form in Being as in joy, in faith, in love. We have become the new human being that is resigned to the delusion of self-experience and to the impure show of imagination. We are made conscious to be within pure good, unselfish, real, natural and at peace with everything.

In 1937 Baba established an Ashram for the Western group at Nasik. It was a passing phase. Here, in luxury and great comfort, He taught us *detachment* from the want to self-indulge in individual whims and desires. Baba begins by giving all and ends by taking

all. He gave, in the Ashram in Nasik, full right to the individual's self-satisfaction. Through the exchange in consciousness we realized the deeper meaning of that order in training. He made us understand that in the divine scheme in life, Truth in disguise in whim and wish and selfish will and low selfish desire, does the out in-going order to *win* to control to over-come through pure unconditional *want*.

As truth Being in disguise, He lured us deeper into the dual strife, exposing us to more struggle, to more opposition, till we realized the reaction of love in the deep show in mind in Being as our spirit existence where He, within, in our life impersonal, does the stir that furthers our deeper understanding, our spiritual advancement. We realized that pure benefit and accepted the quest free. We know that we would become one in the strife, one with the adversity, one with life in opposition.

We were a group of different types, of different race and character also different as types in consciousness. The deeper understanding freed us from prejudice; we learned to be

tolerant and to accept the differences. He gave us the strength to live up to the spiritual viewpoint which is impartial.

When this phase had fulfilled its results, He again closed the Ashram in Nasik. He exchanged the external field of activities by ordering most of the members of the group to go back to their old life and to practise in life what they had been able to realize.

The 'second Ashram' which Baba calls *simple* is in "Meherabad". This place is indeed holy for its memories of purer suffering and deep spiritual endurance. It is the place of perfect Renunciation. Here life has been given without bargain and without resistance to the impersonal scope. Hero men and women of tender age, and men and women of mature experience of life have donated the full price of life to the Beloved. They have lived in real detachment from any order in attachment for many years, till they have achieved the last phase which is detachment from non-attachment. Baba says of these staunch bearers of his life: "To them I am father, mother, child.

They know me. Within they do realize my life as Truth that works the liberation of their mind, body and spirit. They give me themselves, to use through themselves the Creation plan for Truth. They surrender without pride their individual modes of life. Their own divine existence is my own life. I ripen the fruit of their life's labour. In feeling within joy, they own me. In spending life in self-sacrifice, they realize me. They give me what I owe in them."

We who have come from afar in distant strife in lonesome longing search to find the way to realize life divine, *bow* to this wonderful result in fulfilment.

To all He says: "Give me you and I will make you the wonderful 'I'."

The unfathomable exchange, the transmutation act, He operates in us unconscious, and with us the surrendering individual. He says: "Be the human individual that you have to be, and I shall in me consume your sin, your weakness." The annihilation act in our own ego's work He consumes to fulfilment. When

we understand that bad is sin, we understood that good has to replace bad. When we realize in Him, Truth, then will be revealed to us the balance of good and bad.

When we denunciate the low in creation we denunciate Jesus. When we denunciate sin in our neighbour we denunciate Jesus the same Perfect One as Him, our Beloved Shri Meher Baba. When we, in our own selves, puzzle, worry, we misuse in false speculations in mind God's work. We then create false witnesses, but through Love we

shall understand. To confirm this new understanding He says: "Have I not been in you the alive, impure, pure impulse since the dawn of creation? Have I not been in you the unfolding understanding? Tolerance is the new impersonal understanding when you in me, the Son of God, resign." To surrender in Him means to recognize in Him the Divine Theme as our own individual life's theme.

To be in Him free, unbound, immune, we grow, live, and die to live Eternally.



## *Notes From My Diary*

F. H. DADACHANJI

February the 15th of this year, according to the Parsi calendar, will be Shri Meher Baba's *forty-fifth birthday*. As he is on tour, there will be no public celebration this time. Even the place where he will next be on this occasion is unknown.

At the time of writing we are at Delhi. Our party visited Benares and Agra after the long halt at Jubbulpore. The move, as stated above, is still a closed chapter.

Baba's stay in Jubbulpore for 20 days has been full of very interesting incidents. To

summarise, it was a period of great activity when much important work was done, touching both the public and private aspects of Baba's spiritual activities. Baba and his large party were the guests of one of his very dear disciples, Mr. J. D. K., the City Magistrate. The spontaneous gesture of placing his own residence at the disposal of the Master and the special group of his disciples, shifting himself to stay with the other members of the *mnandali* in a hired cottage close by, and the careful attention he gave to all the details of the special requirements of the party, cannot be too highly spoken of and appreciated. Apart from all these perfect arrangements and attending to his usual official duties at the courts, the services that the Master exacted from him in various other spheres were all rendered in a remarkable spirit of absolute submission and readiness to respond to the Master's will and behests, however severe and trying. Love and devotion of a very rare quality only could stand this test.

For the first ten days at Jubbulpore,

Baba's sojourn was kept private and no interviews were given. But as one of his devotees remarked, "Wherever there is sun, there is bound to be light," the very presence of the august Being aroused the true aspirants and devotees who sensed and felt it. Scores of inquiries and requests were made by the many desiring the master's *darshana*. There is a saying in vernacular "*Bhakta adhin Bhagwan*" meaning *Bhagwan* (God) is always dependent on his *Bhakta* (devotee). In other words, the call of love could not be rejected, and whatever the reasons of keeping his visit strictly private, Baba did respond to the call of devotion, and a day was fixed for public *darshana*. Sunday the 8th of January witnessed long lines of devotees pouring in throughout the day for the benefit of the Master's *darshana* and blessings. Private talks were also allowed to many, and their questions touching various problems of life were answered. At the special request of the gentry of the city, a second day, the 10th of January, was again fixed for *darshana* of ladies who kept *purdah* or for

other reasons would not come out in public in the presence of men. On this occasion, Baba's answers to the questions asked were read from his alphabet board by a lady interpreter. Even after this, till the day of Baba's departure from Jubbulpore, crowds of people desirous of *darshana* kept waiting outside the gates during all hours of the day. Baba occasionally responded by coming out himself in the compound. A few were even permitted to his room for private interviews.

Of special interest among these pilgrims was a holy man, "clad in sack cloth and ashes". He has his seat outside of Jubbulpore, is well recognised and has a following of his own. Baba *appeared* to him, he narrated, coming towards him on a bridge at Hardwar, a sacred place of pilgrimage for the Hindus in the Himalayas, although Baba physically was at the time in Ahmednagar, one thousand miles away. The instant he saw Baba at Jubbulpore, he recognized him to be the Master he saw some time back at Hardwar. Turning to his disciples after this was related by the holy man, and

explaining the significance of such unusual appearances at different places simultaneously, Baba stated, "Baba is here with you and at the same time in many places." This fact that is the personal experience of many is well known to his *mandali*.

Baba and the entire party spent the Christmas eve and the day after at the Bhera Ghauts, about 13 miles from Jubbulpore, where the famous Marble Rocks present a sight majestic in beauty. Here, the river Narbada has carved a three mile canyon through mountains of varied coloured marbles. The ancient legend goes that it was the abode of the Monkey-God *Hanuman*. High above in the hills is one of the Hindu temples dedicated to the God *Vishnu*, which is also a place of beauty. Baba has chosen to come to this place privately and unknown to anyone, to do his *internal* work in the quietude of these secluded surroundings. His identity, therefore, was not disclosed. However, some of the visitors to this place, during these holidays, recognized Baba's disciples, and although they were explained that this was a



private visit and he would see none, they considered this as no chance meeting but a divine benediction on them and appealed for *darshana* of the Master. As if to respond to their call, Baba arrived just at the time when they were being informed to meet him later in Jubbulpore. In such exceptional cases where Baba feels the depth of the heart's longing to see him, he waives aside all restrictions and allows free access to love to express itself. Meeting the Guru face to face, they at once laid their heads at his sacred feet and had his *darshana*.

At the close of the year 1938, Baba spent three days at Mandla, a quiet place about 60 miles from Jubbulpore situated at the junction of two great rivers of India, the Narbada and the Godavari. Baba had long since expressed his predilection for Mandla due to its spiritual atmosphere. It is here, he explained, that in ancient times lived great souls and saintly beings. *tapasvis* and *yogis* (ascetics) practising penances. One of the most inspiring incidences during the short stay at Mandla was the walk to the famous

*Sahasra-dhara* (thousand water falls). Here, it is said; the river Narbada has its source. In the solitude of nature here stands the temple of the Perfect Master, Sankaracharya, who lived in these surroundings about two thousand years ago. At the river bank Baba performed the symbolic action of putting his foot into the river, explaining the significance of this gesture that wherever the *Avatar* touches a river with his feet, the waters are purified for all those who come after.

As usual, none were informed of Baba's stay at Mandla, although the presence of Mr. J. D. K., who acted here as a City Magistrate some two years back, and being a well-known personality created a stir. Mails and telegrams coming in Shri Baba's name, however, disclose the Master's identity, and in consequence inquiries and requests are made for his *darshana* which Baba grants just before leaving.

In one of his pensive moods, Baba one day gave a discourse on general subjects and in particular on the benefits and significance of *Guru-Sahavas*

(contact with a Master). He also touched on a very important point, the Elimination of the Ego, which is reproduced hereunder in fragmentary form:

"Of the three most important things to be eliminated before attaining God-realization are greed, lust and *ninda*, the last meaning 'back-biting' is the worst and most disastrous. One can overcome greed, or even lust, though both of these are very hard to get over, but the worst and the most difficult of all to eliminate is this habit of *ninda*, *speaking ill* and trying to find faults or flaws of others, because this particular act or vice incurs the burden of sins, or what is technically termed as *sanskaras* of others, which is spiritually very derogatory and reactionary."

Just the night previous to leaving Mandla, Mr. P., one of the leading pleaders of the place and a friend of Mr. J. D. K., came to see the Master and suggested that there were some very beautiful sites on the banks of the Narbada suitable for a spiritual *Ashrarma* (retreat), if Baba intended to

open one on this side. As the Master liked Mandla for its spiritual atmosphere and background of the past, he agreed to go and see one out of those suggested. Although there was very little time, he went over it, making his own observations carefully though hurriedly, just before leaving Mandla.

About a week after this, one night, a car arrived at *mandali's* quarters in Jubbulpore, and two Hindu gentlemen from Mandla, Mr. Ch. and Mr. P., are announced, desiring a personal meeting with Baba on some important matter. Despite the late hour of the night, Baba saw them. After paying their respects to the Master, and disclosing the purpose of his special visit, Mr. Ch. offers, with great humility, a gift of a hundred acres of his property at Mandla, with a request to the Master to accept it for the establishment of his Spiritual Centre. This spontaneous offer made with all sincerity and depth of the heart, was lovingly accepted. In this connection, Baba had again to go to Mandla to see the property, situated on the banks of the Narbada, with 2000 mango trees, a very choice site indeed. This particular

area on the banks of the river Narbada is said to be the *tapobhoomi* (the abode of penances) of the ancient *rishis*. In their times, this particular property had a lac (100,000) mango trees and it was actually named '*Lakh-Ambe*' (meaning a lac of mango trees), of which these 2000 have still survived. Baba appeared very happy during the stroll of survey of this site, and at a particular spot he sat for half an hour, surrounded by the leading men of Mandla, many of whom having accidentally come to know of Baba's arrival that day had come there to see him. They had awaited for years, they said, for a saintly Being to visit this particular place where they always felt the spiritual atmosphere. They had also read and heard of Baba, but had not seen him. His coming now to Mandla, they believed, was in response to their prayers and long cherished hopes, and they felt sure that Baba would like the place and establish his *Ashram*. This group constituted the influential legal practitioners of Mandla, almost all spiritually inclined at the same time, which is a rare combination

in these times of hard materialism. And it pleased Baba to be with such a group of cultured people having also a good understanding of spiritual literature and *Shastras* (scriptures), etc., and desiring spiritual enlightenment. During the two hours that they were in Baba's company, he gave them an important discourse on Truth, the Path and Spirituality as it truly is, from what it is understood or rather misunderstood by even the so-called Vedantists and Pundits. Spontaneous cooperation and help in the legal and other arrangements to make the gift deed were readily offered by all concerned. On the request of a certain party of devotees who had lived a secluded life for years and could not go out, Baba paid one of his rare visits to give them the benefit of his *darshana* that they desired.

Two days before leaving Jubbulpore, Baba went to Katni, about 60 miles from Jubbulpore, for a short visit to Mr. and Mrs. B. They are long time devotees of Shri Upasani Maharaj, Baba's second Master, whom the devoted family had only recently

had the honour to receive in their home. It is significant to note that simultaneously with Baba's movements on tour, Shri Upasani Maharaj has also been touring, visiting Nagpur, Jubbulpore, Katni, Benares, etc. The two Masters thus moving in the same directions simultaneously seem to be indicative of important spiritual working in these regions.

Baba and the party left Jubbulpore on the 15th of January for Benares via Katni, where they rested for the night in the same home of Mr. and Mrs. B. of Katni.

A representative of the Associated Press in Jubbulpore sought Baba for a message and also wished certain questions answered. These are reproduced herewith.

*Question*

How long will the present chaotic state of affairs continue in the world ?

*Answer*

As long as selfishness exists as its root cause.

*Question*

How long will your Holiness stay in Jubbulpore in particular and India in general?

*Answer*

I leave Jubbulpore on the 15th, continuing my tour to Benares, Agra, Ajmer, Kashmere and other places, and intend to return to Jubbulpore in April. I intend to open a Spiritual Centre here or at Mandla.

*Question*

What is your Holiness' opinion about Mahatma Gandhi?

*Answer*

He is a good, noble soul, trying to serve humanity with all heart.

*Question*

When does your Holiness think India will be liberated ?

*Answer*

When Hindus and Mahomedans cease quarrelling.

*Question*

Whether the Jews, the most oppressed nation in the world at present, will be able to withstand the onslaught that is being perpetrated on them by Hitler and Mussolini?

*Answer*

Jews or no Jews, whosoever sticks to Truth or is on the side of Truth, can withstand any onslaught.

*Question*

Will your Holiness kindly give me a Message which I may broadcast to the world?

SHRI MEHER BABA'S  
MESSAGE  
9TH JANUARY 1939

When suffering leads to real eternal happiness, we should not attach importance to this suffering. It is to eliminate suffering that suffering has to come.

People suffer because they are not satisfied; they want more and more. Ignorance gives rise to greed and vanity. If you want nothing, would you then suffer? But you do want. If you did not want anything, you would not suffer even in the jaws of a lion.

The widespread dissatisfaction in modern life is due to the gulf between theory and practice, between the ideal and its realization on earth. The spiritual and material aspects of life are widely separated instead of being closely united. There is no fundamental opposition between spirit and matter, or, if you like, between life and form. The apparent opposition is due to wrong thinking, to ignorance.

The best and also the easiest way of overcoming the ego and attaining the Divine Consciousness is to develop Love and render selfless service to all humanity in whatever circumstances we may be placed. All ethics and religious practices lead to this. The more we live for others and the less we live for ourselves, the more the lower desires are eliminated, and this in turn reacts upon the ego suppressing it and transforming it proportionately.

The root of all our difficulties, individual and social, is self-interest.

Eliminate self-interest, and you will solve all your problems, individual and social.

The world will soon realize that neither cults, creeds, dogmas, religious ceremonies, lectures and sermons, on the one hand, nor on the other hand, ardent seeking for material or physical pleasures, can ever bring about real happiness, but that only selfless love and universal brotherhood can do it.



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