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MEHER BABA

JOURNAL



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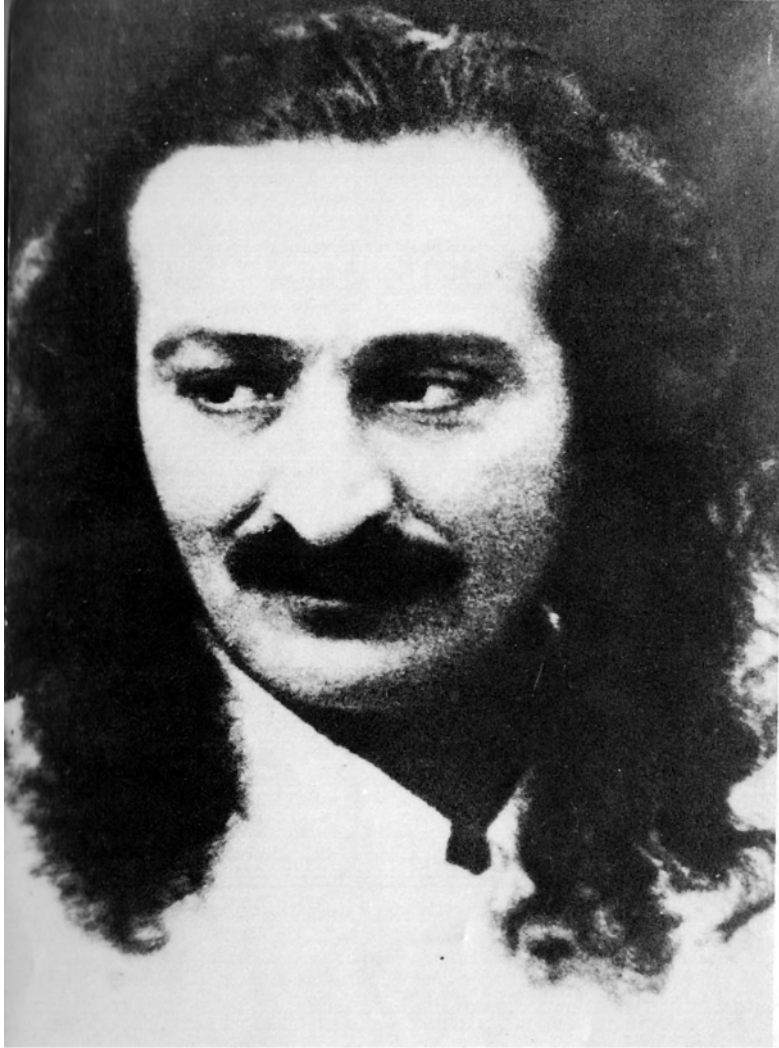
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“I have not come to teach but to awaken”
—SHRI MEHER BABA



Shri Meher Baba

MEHER BABA

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Shri Meher Baba on Perfection

In order to have a comprehensive idea of what is implied in perfection, it is necessary to classify it into two categories.

There is the spiritual perfection, which consists in the *inner*

TWO TYPES OF *realization of a transcendent state of*
PERFECTION *consciousness which is beyond duality.*

And there is perfection *as expressed and seen in the domain of duality.* All related existence which is a part of the manifold world of manifestation admits of degrees: and when we are concerned with perfection as seen in this manifested world, we find that, like the other things which come under the domain of duality, it also admits of degrees. Bad and good, weakness and strength, vice and virtue are all opposites of duality. But, in fact, all these aspects are expressions of the one reality in different degrees.

Thus evil is not utterly evil but good in its lowest degree; weakness is not mere incapacity but strength in its lowest degree; and vice is not pure vice but virtue at its lowest. In other words, evil is the minimum of good; weakness is the minimum

of strength; and vice is the minimum of virtue. All the aspects of duality have a minimum and a maximum and all the other intervening *degrees*: and perfection is no exception to this. The whole range of humanity is included in the two extremes of perfection and imperfection: and *both perfection and imperfection are essentially matters of comparison, contrast and relative existence*. So perfection in the domain of duality is only *relative* perfection. It is only when we compare it with imperfection that it comes to us as perfection.

When perfection is concerned with duality, it consists in the *excellence* of some attribute or capacity. And in this context, perfection in one respect does not necessarily include perfection in other respects. For example, a man who is perfect in science may not be perfect in singing, or a man who is perfect in singing may not be in science. There is a sense in which excellence can be exhibited even in crimes. When a murder is committed in such a manner that not a single clue is left for tracing the murderer, it is called a perfect crime. So even in crimes or sins there is a sort of perfection. But this type of perfection which consists in the excellence of a quality or capacity should be carefully distinguished from *spiritual* perfection, which is not in the domain of

duality. The different types of excellence which are characteristics of duality are all within the scope of the intellect, for such excellence can be easily envisaged by the extension (in imagination) of something good which is found in the limited experience of everyday life. But the perfection which belongs to the spiritually realized souls is not in the domain of duality, and is as such entirely beyond the scope of the intellect. It has no parallel in the domain of duality. When a person becomes spiritually perfect, he knows that nothing exists except God, and that what seems to exist in the domain of duality and is capable of being grasped by the intellect is only illusion. *For the spiritually perfect man God is the only reality.* Science, art, music, weakness, strength, good and evil are all to him nothing but dreams. His perfection consists in the knowledge of one indivisible existence.

When a spiritually perfect soul wants to use all his knowledge and powers, it is always for the spiritual upliftment of other souls. His knowledge of others is not based upon their expressions. ALL FROMS OF EXCELLENCE ARE LATENT IN SPIRITUAL PERFECTION Thought comes first, and its expression in words follows later. But as he directly knows the minds of all, he is not dependent upon the expression of thought. For him words are unnecessary. If he wants to know something before it is manifested, he can do so; but he does so only when it

is necessary for spiritual reasons. In the same way, if he wants to have excellence in any other matter, he can have it without any difficulty. All sorts of excellence are latent in spiritual perfection. Krishna was spiritually perfect. He was also perfect in everything. If he had wanted to, he could have shown himself as a perfect drunkard, a perfect sinner, a perfect rogue, or a perfect murderer: but that would have shocked the world. Though possessed of perfection in every respect, it was not necessary for him to exhibit it in fulfilling his Mission. The spiritually perfect souls can exhibit supreme excellence in any mode of life which they may be required to adopt for the spiritual upliftment of other souls. But they do not do so merely to show themselves as perfect in that respect. Excellence of capacities is used by them only when there is a spiritual need for it, and not merely to satisfy the curiosity of others: and when they use such excellence of capacity, they do so with utter detachment. Just as a person who wears gloves may touch the dirt of the universe without getting soiled, a spiritually perfect soul can be engaged in universal activity without being bound by it.

Perfection is the full development of all the aspects of personality. So perfection must be all-
 PERFECTION MUST BE ALL-SIDED sided. Perfection in one respect is no perfection; it is only a lopsided growth of a faculty or capacity resulting in inflexibility or *the incapacity to adjust oneself to the ever changing and multitudinous*

vicissitudes of life. Such a person cannot maintain a moving equilibrium of mind while keeping pace with the swift changes of life. If he is in an environment which by its nature gives scope for the faculty which he has developed, he is temporarily happy, and enjoys a sense of being in harmony with the world; but if he finds himself in a hostile environment where his faculty is a misfit, he has a sense of failure, and his poise is disturbed. Therefore perfection implies perfection in every respect.

This means that though perfection transcends the opposites, it also includes them. If you try to grasp the nature of perfection by means of a set standard (implying an opposite) you are bound to limit it, and thus fail to understand its real significance. Perfection includes the opposites and transcends them. Therefore the perfect man is not bound by any rule or limited ideal. He is beyond good and bad: but his law for those who are good, gives good reward; and for those who are bad, it responds in their own coin. Krishna proved to Arjuna, who was his devotee, that his apparently bringing about the physical and mental annihilation of Kauravas, who were vicious, was for their spiritual salvation. Perfection might manifest itself through killing or saving according to the spiritual demands of the situation. The heart of the Perfect One is at once soft like butter and hard like steel. Perfection is not in its expression limited to any *one* of the opposites, i.e., it cannot

exclude the possibility of finding expression through the other opposite also. *It can express itself through either of the opposites according to the logic which is implied in the situation.* That is why it transcends the opposites, and is capable of giving a rational response to all the possible situations in life. It ensures perfect adaptability without surrendering the standpoint of the Truth, and secures an unshakable peace and a sense of harmony in the midst of diverse situations, which must be baffling to those who have not had all-sided development.

Human activities are limited by the opposites, and perfection is beyond them. It should not, however, be imagined that

PERFECTION IS	perfection has no human touch about it.
THE SUPREME	Human beings are unhappy, and they
DEVELOPMENT	laugh to make themselves and others
OF THE HUMAN	happy; but even a Perfect, Man who is
	eternally happy, is not without a sense of

humour. Perfection, in other words, does not consist in being inhuman but superhuman; *it is the full development of that rationality which is implicit in humanity.*

Perfection does not belong to God as God, nor does it belong

PERFECTION	to man as man: but we get perfection
BELONGS TO	when man becomes God, or when God
MAN BECOMING	becomes man. The finite being who is
GOD OR GOD	conscious of his being finite is
BECOMING MAN	obviously short of perfection; but
	when he is conscious of his being one

with the Infinite, he is perfect. That is what happens when man gives up the illusion of being finite and attains Godhood by realizing his divinity. If by the Infinite we mean that which is opposed to the finite or that which is away from the finite and necessarily other than the finite, that Infinite is already limited by its being unable to assert itself in and through the finite. In other words perfection cannot belong to such an Infinite. The Infinite, therefore, has to discover its unlimited life in and through the finite without getting limited by this process. God's perfection is revealed only when he manifests himself as man. The conscious descent of God into the limited form of man is known as his *Avatar*; and this again is a case of perfection. Thus *we have perfection when the finite transcends its limits and realizes its infinity, or when the Infinite gives up its supposed aloofness and becomes man*: in both cases, the finite and the Infinite do not stand outside each other. When there is a happy and a conscious blending of the finite and the Infinite, we have perfection. Then we have the Infinite revealing itself through the finite without getting limited thereby; and we have the finite transcending its sense of limitation in the full knowledge of its really being the revelation of the Infinite.



The original version of this discourse "Perfection" as given by Meher Baba was later personally revised by him and included in a three volume edition titled Discourses by Meher Baba,

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*Human Personality**

II

THE PROBLEM OF EVIL

BY DR. C.D. DESHMUKH

"Pain and evil are real only in the sense in which dreams are real. Considered absolutely, only God is real; all other things, including pain and evil, are unreal."

-Shri Meher Baba.

In the last article we saw that realization of values is the fundamental characteristic of individuals. But in this connection, the presence of evil in the lives of the individuals presents some difficulties. The problem of evil breaks itself into two distinct parts. There is, on the one hand, the purely *natural* evil, like pain and suffering and death. And on the other hand there is the *moral* evil, which, in a broad sense, includes facts like selfishness, cruelty, hatred, injustice, ignorance or ugliness.

What meaning, if any, can these two kinds of evil have for the life of the individual? Are they only hindrances in the development of individuality? Or is it possible to look upon them as having some significance for the life of the individual?

Natural evil (which consists in pain and physical suffering) comes to us as evil, only if we cling to narrow hedonism. Once we free the idea of value from mere pleasure, the problem does not present to us insuperable difficulty. *Pain and suffering both have great educative value*, and may be linked to the moral evil (according to the *law of Karma*) in such a manner that they *contribute in upholding the dignity of the moral law*. We find that it is often a condition of some kind of good which cannot exist through its negation. Just as an individual cannot acquiesce in the existence of evil as such, he can get satiated with a perfectly rounded paradise. Even if a man could live in a world which is, in the words of William James, "without a

*Continued from June 1939 issue

sin, without a victim, without a blot, without a tear", he would still pine to desert such a rounded paradise in order to take chances "in a big worldly wilderness with all its sins and sufferings". There can be no room for courage, enterprise, sympathy and sacrifice in a world from which all evil is completely eliminated.

Evil is thus, from another point of view, an *opportunity*. This recognition, however, need in no way result in the acquiescence of the individual in the existence of evil. For, *it is not in the bare existence of evil but in the overcoming of it that some of the highest moral values come to be realized.*

Any estimate of the ultimate value of life is bound to remain shallow, until the idea of value itself is purified from the limitations of an unqualified and insipid hedonism. Why is it that we instinctively look with disdain upon the gods of the lotus-eaters? Tennyson describes them as lying beside the nectar and

".....smile in secret.
Looking over wasted lands,
Blight and famine, plague
and earthquake,

Roaring deeps and fiery sands,
Clanging fights and
flaming towns,
And sinking ships and
praying hands."

It is not merely selfish resentment for being neglected that impels a man to recognize that the existence of these gods lacks something which gives dignity and worth to the life of an ordinary individual who prefers to fight the precarious battle against the existing evil and share the sufferings of his fellow-men. The truth about the matter is that perpetual basking in sunshine is not congenial for the development of the kind of individuality which is characteristic of a spiritual being. If an individual is to be more than a drowsy and a dreaming idol, he must evolve through suffering and evil. *He grows as much through the sorrows, tears and struggle as through the joys, smiles and rest.*

Moreover, the individual himself is partly responsible for a great deal of suffering which appears in his life. He might, in his ignorance, pursue lines of action which are not in consonance with his own

highest good, and eventually suffer through his mistaken essays for happiness. In such cases suffering has a great educative and purifying effect. Coming to the specific question of moral evil, as distinguished from the natural evil, one may ask whether this also is in any way necessary for the spiritual growth of the individual. And it seems clear that *although moral evil is not in any sense necessary, it is inevitably present as a possibility in securing the fundamental condition of there being an individuality in which any genuinely moral values can ever appear*. Moral evil can be traced to the freedom of the will of the individual. No individual can be capable of realizing any genuinely moral values in the absence of such freedom. It is the voluntary renunciation of the evil in favour of the good which gives worth to the individual who chooses the good. And there is of course the real possibility that all the individuals might make that choice. The universe which makes moral evil possible is, therefore, better than the one which would make it impossible.

Besides, it is quite legitimate to hope that on the whole there is the preponderance of the good over the evil—natural and moral—in the totality of existence. If there is such a considerable preponderance of the good over the evil, the presence of evil assumes the role of increasing the worth of the totality of existence by *accentuating the goodness of the good by contrast*, instead of the role of taking away from its worth by negation. From a quasi-aesthetic point of view, it would enrich existence, more or less like the presence of tragedy in art or an undertone in a composition of music.

Some persons tend to lose their faith in the "moral order" of the universe when they observe that in this world moral goodness and happiness do not always go together. But the possibility of the immortality and pre-existence puts the whole question in a different perspective. The existing discrepancy between moral good and happiness in the lives of individuals may then be: —

1) Partly attributed to their actions in their previous lives, or,

2) Partly compensated for in the lives to come.

IMMORTALITY AND REINCAR-NATION

Of all the evils that obtain in life death seems to be an unqualified evil, an irreparable loss without any compensation; and this it would certainly be if it were mere annihilation. However, if we devote proper thought to the phenomenon of death, we find that it is no evil, since it is only a gate-way to further *life*.

Immortality of the finite individual and his reincarnation may be legitimately postulated on the strength of the implications of moral and religious consciousness. If we start with the faith that every finite individual will ultimately attain the highest that is possible for him, or that there is at the heart of reality a spiritual principle expressing itself in a moral order, the logical postulate of this faith would be a belief in the immortality of the individual as well as his reincarnation, so that death does not prevent the ultimate fruition of his life, and the reign of moral law asserts itself by suitable compensations.

In fact, there cannot be for immortality or reincarnation any proof which is stronger than the one which is based on adequate philosophical grounds. Psychical research or any scientific investigation into the nature of life after death can at best only prove the *survival* of the finite individual after his death, and not his *immortality*. We should still be wanting a further guarantee that the life after death will not itself come to a termination. And no amount of scientific investigation into the past or the present is enough to entitle a confident forecast about the future. It is a matter of a primary faith in life.

But it might be argued that life after death or reincarnation is not a logical postulate of the ideals and aspirations of the individual. The individual can be content with the survival of values, as distinguished from his own survival. Is it not enough that the individual contributes to the immortality of the *species*, and also leaves behind him a spiritual heritage of books, inventions, institutions, and a subtle but real influence on all that

comes into contact with him? He lives in the memories of his friends for a considerable time, but even when he is utterly forgotten by everyone, the effect of his actions or thoughts remains indestructible. Such influence on the society may not be very appreciable, and yet may nevertheless be real. And in so far as this influence is preserved throughout the human history, the individual might be said to have a vicarious immortality through others. It might, therefore, be argued that the individual need not attach any importance to his *personal* immortality.

There is a good deal that is admirable in this attitude to life. The moral elevation of the tone given to life by eliminating all personal considerations including any hope for personal immortality is unquestionable. But the immortality of the individual is not postulated on the ground that he desires it at his highest. *It is postulated on the ground that the highest he desires is not necessarily attainable within a lifetime, and cannot come into existence except by a gradual realization of his ideal.*

The higher spiritual values cannot be automatically inherited by one individual from another. They have to be cultivated and built up into the personality by every single individual for himself. One individual can at best create for others an atmosphere in which they will have opportunities to see and realize the values which he saw and realized. But the real values are themselves quite *inalienable* from the individual in whom they come to be realized. There is, therefore, no survival of values, in a genuine sense, except in the survival of the individuals in whom they are realized; and we cannot avoid positing immortality and reincarnation as necessary for fulfilling the aim of life. Conservation of all values and the ever-increasing worth-whileness of life is guaranteed only by the personal immortality of the soul and its reincarnation till the goal is attained.

We have thus come to the conclusion that pain, suffering, sin and death cannot be looked upon as *real* evils in the sense of creating eternal discord in God's universe. They can all be explained in terms

of values. They are not ultimate facts. It is possible to go beyond them and treat them as merely provisional and as necessary conditions of the fulfillment of the Divine

Theme which, in words of Shri Meher Baba, has in store for everyone, "the ocean of Love, Bliss, Knowledge and Goodness".

(To be continued)



Baba's Love

BY BABA'S SISTER

There dwells in desolate countryside
 On a far off lonely hill,
 Its head turned up to the wide blue sky,
 A yellow daffodil.

As it sways with joy in the gentle breeze,
 It sings a song or two
 Which hold the sweetest words on earth,
 "Oh Baba, *I*, too, love you."

Around a pink rose in my garden
 Hovers a bumble-bee,
 From rose to rose it dances wild
 In sheerest ecstasy.

It whispers to the flowers all,
 Kissing the shining dew,
 Says words that every flower knows,
 "Oh Baba love *me* too."



Ajmer Memories

1939

BY PRINCESS NORINA MATCHABELLI

These notes I have gathered to explain the Significance of Shri Meher Babas Work during the *tour* through India this year 1939. Shri Meher Baba's own statements, having the definite importance to be the subtle explanation of His *workings* in the planes mental and subtle, I here relate as they were given to me:

"My child, you ask me what is the *significance* of my tour in India with the Western and Eastern group. Why do I react in general and in particular in the way I do operate here now? This is my answer: I have come to resurrect. I do react in reaction in the universe as *the divine life* that is the *reaction power* in all in any. I am the mind impersonal. I am *the 'I' life divine* to realize in *All-One-All Life the Use perpetual in reaction*. That is the *preparation-reaction*, I here now do operate in subtle way in mind in 'I' to fulfill the pure realized state infinite. To react in I as *One, as I*, I have descended. The scope of the *new*

realization reaction I, here now, *do realize* in my own way. It is superficial and it is deep. It is superficial and deep at one time. I, conscious within in mind infinite, react in mind in finite order in conscience. To do this I am *One-All-One 'I'* as use of life infinite. I am *Use*. I am work. I am *life*. I am *way*. I do the *reaction show* of life infinite, in every design in mind in man, here now.

His divine mind is making motion. It is like the wind that blows over the ocean: it creates waves bubbles, deep subterranean earthquakes. It reacts in the deep show of life in reaction infinite: and in the dual life of men in self expression. It is the divine *wrath* in life of mind infinite. It is *stir* in *lust, anger, passion* to submerge in *life infinite the demon*, the I individual selfish.

Nothing is pain, nothing is life in reaction when life in mind in Spirit is the *divine opposing force* that in 'I' infinite is *life unselfish*—lifa

impersonal, indivisible Love."

Throughout this tour in India with Shri Meher Baba we who had the privilege to be in His *perfect company* have been benefitted in the uncommon way that one could only design as infinite expansion, in conscious reaction of Him, doing the Divine Dispensation. We have witnessed the divine martyrdom of life. We have witnessed the expiation through life, of mind, body, spirit—bring forth the realization of the divine theme. We saw in this tour with the God-man the miracle of life that is fulfilment of life divine.

It was reward to see the *unconditional courage* win in those, one has to name the "brave" ones—the holy beggar, crawling, creeping, walking the unending strife along the roads of life crude, bad, good—and so real. It was reward to see these staunch warriors on the Path, endure their selfless show of humility, sharing with the poor in spirit and the destitute in life the *same divine urge to maintain life*: unable to be tempted by food, unless the hungry dog of the street is fed first.

To see this humble martyr, resign in non-resistance to the crude show of life in opposition—for love of God—was true inspiration.

Heroic *courage* of those who seek for Truth is the worthy co-operation that in this life of one like Shri Meher Baba is *speeding the divine realization*.

Life unselfish was the life of Jesus. Real life of humility was the life of St. Francis. Mastery in Servitude is the life of Shri Meher Baba. To realize the divine life, these men of hard labour in Expiation throughout innumerable tests, have in self-use unselfish tried to imitate the life's example of their spiritual leaders whom they knew to be *The One*. Unselfish love, humility of mind, unselfish use of one's own efforts are the great virtues that create the positive result. It reforms man and his character. It annihilates the selfish I. It forms the *true lover of God*. Love that longs for *perfect union* is *mono-order* in conscience that in them has driven in the *divine urge* for self-annihilation. With patience unending, with heroic self-sacrifice they endure the holy ordeal of life as it is.

Real wonder to us was the young divine Lover of God, old timer on the Path who says: "I have muttered throughout all my life two words, God-Love. Today these words have become true." Saying this with eyes filled with tears of joy unfathomable, he looks up to Baba who is standing in the doorway waiting ready to give him the bath and the food—that has to *reassure* the way.

Among these of the God-searching tribe, that day, came a crippled man, who had become crippled for having sat for years in the same position regardless to cold or heat or bodily discomfort. This one called out for food. While calling loud for the material need, he was beating his head against the stone wall, as if to do penance for his material want which for so many years in self-denial he had tried to *win in* with *pure longing for Truth*. Here he was, lying in front of the door of *mercy*. There stood the most merciful of all men—who exchanges free the *impure desire*—who says: "Come to Me all who are in need—good or bad. In Me is life immune."

That day was Baba's 45th Birthday.

Baba's gift to them was the bath of Compassion, and the *material food*, which handed by Him becomes symbol of Grace.

He has come to bless them all.

All who real and true long for the *ultimate admittance* in the *divine heart*; all who struggle free and unattached, for the *divine* fulfilment; who lend the warmth of their human heart in humble assistance to others—the ignorant ones—whether the rich or the poor; who owe the contagious state in rapture in benediction that is life in love emotion spiritual; who crawling about in dirt and in rags to signify no other desire than to give love.

Shri Meher Baba's work is the divine *dispensation* as the *living* divine *spark* that *in living is the realization* of the Truth. He is the divine *spark* as *love-motion* in divine *expansion*, in pure *rhythm*. He is the Redeemer. He marks *short-cut in Evolution* in any, in the good and in the bad. He is Mercy. He is all-knowing.

To us who still expiate in body in mind the state impersonal in reaction, Shri Meher Baba says: "Servitude

in mind in selfless state in Being, is more than the *physical act* to react to all the pain as the physical order in creation. Why do men see that, and none but realize the pain in I?

As us divine, I, in all, am the selfless *serving one* that is both hard, soft, real, false. I in all am *less* than the finite reaction in men is. I in mind in men am more than the 'I' *infinite* is. I am All-in-One, the *One-in-All expansion infinite* that in all is *self-use* of Truth. To see in my own external work this, is to see the divine 'I' in use in all as *help*, as *fact* to react in *self-use* the I in use. For this I am the divine 'I' in *use* divine. To see life realize the divine *expansion* in *spirit*—I am the divine *expansion* in Being that is free, unattached, unconscious in use in I as *duo-act* as *reaction* I am the *sure show of Truth* that in all in any, is *pure elevation*. That I here now *sow-in* in all who in self-state in use impersonal do, and undo in Me—*them in I*. *To do in them I*, as the finite order in Expiation—I am descended.

To *be* the divine 'I' in *use* in One-

in-I, in *two-in-one—unself-active* in *reaction*, is to bring-in in One in I as mind, body, spirit, the *state of selfless experience*. To see in this One-in-I, as divine *conscious reaction* in I, in *finite reaction*—is to see, to know, to find *within*, the state *free*. To live for Me, is to live for use of Me *unselfish* in all in I, as infinite as finite order in mind.

That is the whole show of mind in 'I' infinite, *I here now do stir*.

This is the *explanation* that in 'I' infinite is *of use* to all who in 'I' infinite show the *reactionless state in reaction in the realm in spirit*, To the average mind in finite reaction this is too impersonal as conception. To the average intuition, it is too impersonal. To the self-acting real good man in the *path* spiritual it is the divine Intuition in I as the 'I' impersonal, that in 'I' impersonal, is the divine life as *self-guidance*. When in mind in 'I' infinite the *self-guidance* is reactive, it is the divine 'I' impersonal in One-in-I as the *portion in 'I' infinite*, that in mind in *acceptant reaction*, is operating as the *divine self*. When in I in

life in the dual, the divine 'I' as use infinite is *descended*, the *self-use infinite in 'I'*, as the I in the duo-reaction in the infinite, as portion in life in I as Self, is *the divine mind* in expansion in *self-reacting use, that in mind in the infinite is the use of Truth direct*. That is to be *new in I* in the finite as reaction. It is *new* as it is, *giving new* the divine Impulse to seduce in I in the finite reaction, *the divine impulse*. To live in *my One-in-I resigned*, is to realize in the state *unconscious*, the divine show of I. See Me, it is 'I' in Me is Jesus. I am in all and in every human the Christ Power that has to realize the *new awakening in spirit* here now. I do it in a different time with a more developed mind as mental understanding; but in spirit, it is the *sure show impersonal* in mind in Being as *spirit* that I *realize new*. I demand *obedience, no more penance. No more life in ritual in ceremony of religion, but of life real in practice of life of every day. I demand mankind to react as human divine Creature and no more as animal that is in the 'I' divine unconscious and obscure, as was the mind in*

man when Jesus, as I, was crucified. To crucify is to react in Me in pain.

To say one is dead and no more alive, is to say to Me that I do no more exist in I in man. It is here that I win in mind in man. Here I win in all in mind in man. Here I do win, here in you, my human element in Creation.

Here now, life is threatened by destruction, threatened by life material. Here now, in every corner is death doing Me pain. That is Crucifixion. I say this here now to all, here in this spot of peace, no more war, no more beatitude in rapture, but *expression in life human ...* I shall win in all the *conscious* I, that in all is *human*; so the good man, the mad one, the real ascetic, *all have to know Me as God, who is here to deliver to life an other conscious state impersonal that is Love.*

Love is the feast of life in rapture in every day's life. Love is rapture of joy in every Motion state impersonal. Love has to reconcile the nations, the religious differences, the differences in race.

I here in Ajmer find more life to rescue for Me, to work with, than in any place we

were. We here know what is life divine. It is in men in all phases. It is here, there and *non-anywhere*, but there where *love has marched* in and in, and out in *bare suffering*. These people have been crucified for Love. We see that. We see it in everyone who here appears before Me; as in *Non-resistance* in Love is mind—real Love. In *Non-resistance* in Being, is life, real love. So see the *saint*, the little hungry begging soul, it is *all-one-life* in martyrdom in life that has given to Me this *birthday gift*.

I see in these two men, whose life conscious I win in Being, that they were to Me sure to come. (Here Baba alludes to the *Majzub* on the sixth plane in consciousness, and to the second agent who is the conscious type on the path in the sixth plane.) I saw their lives linger in ardour of living *joy* and conscious expiate in *love*. The last step in them I shall beseech free. These I win in the divine 'I', as I win anyone of you. Here in Ajmer I am free to work, as here I feel life so strongly protected against the impure reaction of life in opposition.

I here work unconditional and absolute and free."

This year Baba spent His august birthday in working for them whose divine experience we have reacted in deep awe, sharing with them the *almon supreme of His divine living Love*.

Later Baba speaks again about the two holy men. He says: "One of them is the advancing soul, as *Majzub*, on the sixth plane. A rare case. Such a man is still within. He is like a beautiful lake that is frozen. He is a beautiful life that has expiated, and ended the strife. He is at the *desireless state* when in mind one is *calm*. He has no real desire. Those who know the differences in fact of these planes in consciousness, know what is the mind in the state in *stillness*. You as layman know and see and feel. The man in the *mind state*, *pure* above the finite, is Calm. Both these Selves are free from birth and death. This is *free life* in Being in spirit that has attained the state in life in mind infinite, that is *indivisible existence* in mind in rapture in Light of Truth. *No one is apt to go beyond this state without*

*the personal help of God. The Truth is
No-man's state. Man has to adventure*

as high as this, to know Me in Light.”

(To be continued)



*The Vaishnavite Saints of Southern India and their Hagiology**

LIFE OF SAINT KULASEKHARA AZHVAR

BY C. V. SAMPATH AIYANGAR

Our Saint is a Royal Saint. He was the ruler of Travancore (Southern India). His father Dridhavrata was childless, and by the grace of God this saintly son was born. The son became proficient in all the sacred lore and the arts of government and war. As was usual with the kings of olden times, the father installed Kulasekhara on the *gadi* (throne) and retired for spiritual contemplation. The latter conquered many countries and became the ruler of Kolli-Kavalan (Chera country), Kudal (Madura, Pandya territory) and Kozhi (Uraiyur Chola kingdom). He was the greatest monarch of his time. He was virtuous

and just, and people under him were quite happy.

One day he had a divine vision, and he thenceforth found that the joys of this world were ephemeral, and understood that they must be taken only as the means to an end. He invited learned men and read with them all the sacred lore, and produced the most exquisite garlands of poems called the *Mukundamala*. He was surrounded by *Vaishnava bhaktas* and became God-sick. His ministers wanted to get rid of them. They contrived a plan. They told the King that his *Vaishnava bhaktas* stole the precious necklace kept in the temple, and that they should be sent

away from the land. The King, it is said, directed the ministers to bring a vessel with a live deadly cobra in it. It was readily brought. The King, addressing the ministers, said, "I am thrusting my hand into this vessel. If these *bhaktas* are innocent this cobra will not bite me. So saying he put his hand into the vessel. But the cobra would not bite him. The ministers were put to shame, and they departed. Thenceforth he was on the Path, and sang: (1)

"Desire I not bodily births
Which pamper to the wants of flesh."
(2)

"Desire I not delights of sense,
Nor sov'reignty over all this earth."
(*Perumal Tirumozhi*, which our King-Saint wrote.)

He also wrote:

"What makes me King is not the crown Which men set on my head;
But King, when King of Kings doth make

His lotus Feet my crown."

He died at the age of sixty-seven, 94
Kaliyug, Parabahava, Punarvasu
asterism.

Blessed be Saint Kulasekhara-Azhvar.

(*To be continued*)



Poem

BY DINESHNANDINI CHORDIA

I burnt frankincense and myrrh on your altar, my Love.

Twilight has alighted on my antimony-painted eye-lashes wearing a veil of golden clouds. The more I think of Thee from the core of my heart, greater the mocking laughter of all-enveloping darkness on nature that surrounds me.

Life, endeavouring to be the first dream on the eyelids of death.

My Love, I burn incense and invoke Thee.



Muktabai

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

A young boy, about twelve years old, was cross with the world for being treated as an outcaste by the people, and closed himself in a room. His youngest sister urged him to open the doors and come out, but he would not. The sister then sang some poems for him in which she said: "Since only One Self exists in everything, how can we be angry with any one?" The brother then realized the golden Truth in the above most significant words of his sister, and came out of the room casting off his gloomy mood.

The boy concerned in the above conversation was Jnyaneshwar, one of the Perfect Masters of the thirteenth century, and his youngest sister was Muktabai.

A gentleman named Vitthalpant was living in a village near Poona. Once disgusted with his life and not feeling satisfied with material pleasures, he went to a *sannyasin* and asked him to give him the *diksha* (the vow of renunciation) of a *sannyasin*.

It is a general rule amongst the Hindus that if a person has to become a *sannyasin*; and if he has a wife at the time of taking *sannyasa*, he must get her permission for the same. But Vitthalpant had not cared to get this permission, and had run away from home without her knowledge. When he went to his Master and requested him to give *diksha*, he also did not ask about it, and *diksha* was given to him.

After some years, while the Master was visiting sacred places, he happened to go to the place where Vitthalpant formerly lived. There he met a lady in a temple. She bowed down after she saw him, and in the usual manner of saints and elder persons he conferred upon her a benediction that she would beget a son. The lady smiled at this. So he asked the reason why she smiled. She answered modestly that it was impossible for her to beget a child, as her husband had become a *sannyasin*, But still he persisted that his words

would never be false. After knowing the full account of her husband and knowing from her description that her husband was the same person as his disciple, he at once went back to his place, and ordered his disciple to return to his place and remain with his wife. Vitthalpant at first hesitated. But he had to obey his Master. He went home, and the very next day he saw Shiva,* Hari, Brahma and Yogamaya in his dream. They said that they were all going to take incarnation through his wife.

Later this dream proved to be true, and Rukminibai, Vitthalpant's wife, delivered three sons and a daughter. The first son was Nivrutti—the incarnation of Shiva; the second child was Jnyaneshwar—the incarnation of Hari; the third son was Sopandev—the incarnation of Brahma; the fourth was the daughter named Muktabai, and she was the incarnation of Yogamaya. All these children, being the reincarnations of the Perfect One, had spiritual tendency from their childhood.

When the last child, that is Muktabai, was only two or three years old, Vitthalpant's Master again visited him, and asked him to enter into the last stage of his life. He asked him to leave home and pass his remaining life in meditation and trying for the realization of Truth. Accordingly he with his wife left home for the last time, and went towards the Himalayas. They went a long distance and reached a place at the foot of the sacred mountains. There they dropped their bodies and passed away from this world. Thus the children were left to themselves.

Some years after this, Gaininath, one of the disciples and followers of Macchindranath and one who had God-realization, came to these children, and awakened the spiritual insight of the eldest brother i.e. Nivrutti. Thus he became his spiritual Master. Later Nivrutti gave his grace to his younger brother, Jnyaneshwar, who awakened the spiritual insight of Sopandev and Muktabai through his

*Shiva symbolizes the destructive aspect of God; Hari symbolizes the preservative aspect of God; Brahma symbolizes the creative aspect of God; Yogamaya symbolizes that power of God which is responsible for the whole play of creation.

grace. At the time of spiritual awakening and God-realization, the eldest of these children was not more than fourteen years old, and Muktabai was only eight years old. As these children were born after their father had taken the *diksha* of *sannyasa*, they were treated as outcastes by Brahmins. But when they realized their spiritual status, they were accepted by them.

Although Muktabai had God-realization, she did not leave her brothers. Of all her brothers the second, i. e., Jnyaneshwar and his works are most famous. Nevertheless all of them had God-realization. The time when these saints lived was a golden period for India, for many other enlightened souls also lived at the same time. Nivrutti and Jnyaneshwar were the spiritual masters of most of them.

Muktabai was really *mukta* or free. She never married. She was quite free in the company of her contemporary saints. Being God-realized she understood the proper values of the things in the world. She did not want to teach anything new to the world.

She was always enjoying the divine bliss and love, and in her happiness of being One with the Lord, some *abhangas* or poems have sprung out of her God-intoxicated state of consciousness. In these poems she has expressed the state of her mind after God-realization.

The famous saints, Namdev and Janabai, were contemporaries to Muktabai. Janabai was a very ardent and one of the most loving devotees of the Lord. She has composed poems, and her style is very sweet. She was living with Namdev's father as his servant. But all of them being the devotees of the Perfect One, she was not treated like a servant. Still in her poetry she calls herself "a maid servant" (*dasi*) of Namdev. Namdev and Janabai lived with Jnyaneshwar and Muktabai after they met one another.

Once when Janabai and Muktabai were sitting on a swing, they composed some poems. Muktabai says: "My vision turned inward, and I saw my Own Self where there was no entrance for the twenty-five elements. I have become united with the

Formless, and have begun my life with the Supreme Spirit. Now my mind is completely satisfied, and even at night I see the Light. All this is due to the Divine Grace of Nivritti."

The theme of Janabai's poems is that "there is nothing in the world except Pandurang, the Lord".

Amongst the saints who came to Nivritti and Jnyaneshwar for their spiritual company there was one *yogi* named Changdev. He is said to have lived an exceptionally long life. It is said that every time he avoided death by entering into the state of *samadhi*.^{*} But although he was a *yogi* in a very high state, he had no God-realization till he had the grace of Jnyaneshwar and Muktabai. He could perform miracles and also had many *yogic* powers, but his ego was still dominant. When he came to Jnyaneshwar, he received some spiritual instructions from him. These poems are called "*Changdev Pasashti*" i.e., sixty-five poems for Changdev. But he did not have much benefit from

the instructions which he had received from Jnyaneshwar. He was to get God-realization through Muktabai. It was destined that she would be his spiritual master. At last she gave him God-realization. The master and the disciple were highly talented, and both of them were also poets. Their conversations on spiritual topics are of extremely high order, and many a time we find them full of mysticism. It is very difficult to make out the meaning of the conversations at the first reading.

After God-realization Changdev addresses Muktabai as his mother in his poems, and Muktabai also calls him her son. It is said even by Changdev himself that he lived for fourteen hundred years. It might be taken as a myth, but he must have lived an unusually long life. Muktabai was only eighteen years old when she disappeared from this material world, and thus there was a vast difference of years between the Master and the disciple. Muktabai turned his mind away from performing

^{*} *Yogic* trance

miracles. She made him realize that miracles had no real significance. She says to Changdev: "Dear child, sleep in the cradle of my heart. It is beyond words—beyond the personal or impersonal aspect of God, and Muktai is singing you songs." Thus "Muktai was imparting peace to him by means of her divine knowledge".

Again to her spiritual son she says: "A cradle is hung to the branch of the Formless, and there Muktai's son is sleeping. Sleep child; do not make any movement or a sound (be entuned to peace of Oneness). I am making the *anahata* sound by clapping (I am voicing the Infinite) 21,600 times. (It is the *yogic* number of *tantric* system based on Love and not on *Pranayam*.) Gaze your eyes (fix your eyes in communion with the Infinite). The Infinite State is neither of ordinary awake or sleep state. So listen, Changdev, do not sleep in ignorance, but awaken to the State of Knowledge."

Changdev in his poems says: "Till today I was only a dry bone. My spiritual talent had left me for fourteen hundred years. But now to my great fortune I have met my

mother Muktai."

It once happened that before Changdev had God-realization, he had been to see Jnyaneshwar. Muktabai was then taking her bath. When Changdev saw her, he closed his eyes by placing his hands upon them. After finishing her bath, Muktabai came out, and in the presence of her brother, said to Changdev: "Even after spending so many years of your life, you have not realized the Eternal Truth. The body of a man or a woman is only the outward form of the Soul. Those who do not understand this, only live the life of a frog."

Changdev felt ashamed, and fell at her feet. He requested her to show him the Light and bestow upon him the Divine Bliss, and Muktabai fulfilled his wish in due time.

Muktabai as well as her brothers lived a very short life. The eldest of them was only twenty-four years old when he took *samadhi* (passed away). Muktabai lived only up to eighteen years. She disappeared from the earthly scene at a place on the bank of the river Tapti.

Her disciple, Changdev, took *samadhi* (passed away) a year later after her at a place not very far

away from that where Muktabai disappeared.



You Must Believe It

BY DR. ABDUL GHANI MUNSIF

Once Hazrat Ghaus Bahaul-Huq of Multan (Punjab), with a high saintly reputation in the surrounding country, was seated on the terrace of his house. All of a sudden below in the street a hue and cry was raised that a man had accidentally fallen into a well. The Saint, on hearing this, could not resist the temptation, and, extending his hands from where he was, brought the man out from the bottom of the well.

A Perfect Saint of the time, externally weather-beaten and famished, happened to pass through that locality. On noticing the miraculous performance by Hazrat Bahaul-Huq, he addressed him saying, "My son, this is a child's game that you have indulged in. If you are wise enough to learn anything, learn Perfection (*Faqiri*)."

On hearing this bit of corrective advice, Bahaul-Huq came down from the terrace, and

asked the Saint as to what he meant by Perfection (*Faqiri*). He replied, "My dear child, Perfection is that state of spiritual being which, once attained, nothing can mar, spoil or snatch away. It can neither be affected or disturbed by the perpetration of anything unlawful, nor can drink, fornication or thieving bring about its deterioration. Perfection is for all times above the moral values of good and bad set up by man as a social animal. Perfection is immutable, unchangeable, and everlasting in essence."

Uttering this sermon on Perfection, the Saint quietly left the place. Hazrat Bahaul-Huq in the meanwhile felt doubtful about the bona-fides of his claim to Perfection, and decided to test him if his words were in conformity with his deeds.

Hazrat Bahaul-Huq, in pursuance of his plan, slaught-

ered a pup of a dog and prepared a very delicious dainty known in the East as *pulao*. He also secured the services of a beautiful young girl, who, with a bottle of wine and the *pulao*, was instructed to entertain the claimant to Perfection, as best as she could.

The Perfect Saint immediately took in the situation, and understood that the feast was meant to try and gauge his Perfection. He, therefore, spared himself nothing, and having done full justice to the feast, he sent word with the girl that such childish pranks could not affect him at all.

No sooner the girl recounted the happenings of the day, Bahaul-Huq felt baffled, and the next day he left on a horse to talk out the situation with the Perfect Saint, determined to learn or teach. Just before reaching his destination, he was required to ford a shallow river, and while doing so in midstream, his horse began to excrete dung and urine. From the opposite bank the gluttonous *Faqir* bawled out saying, "My child, you are polluting the river." Bahaul-Huq replied, "What religious ignorance! Can a flowing river be polluted by a little urine and dung?" The

Perfect Saint retorted, "You are a wonderful theologian indeed! A little urine and dung, as you say, can never pollute a flowing river, but a dog-*pulao*, a girl and a bottle of wine can pollute the unlimited and Infinite Ocean of Divine Knowledge and Bliss which I am."

This admonition was an eye-opener to Hazrat Bahaul-Huq, and he became convinced that miracle-mongering and Perfection are poles apart. He forthwith surrendered to the Saint and begged of him to guide him towards Perfection.

The Perfect Saint, taking pity on his mis-guided spiritual condition, ordered him to give up all his life-long religious practices and asceticism, and adopt the Path pursued by *men of God*. This method evidently involves the foregoing of all desires of the material and religious life. It also means non-recognition of miraculous powers, and stepping determinedly and irrevocably into the life and domain of despair, selflessness, ego-annihilation and hopelessness. Unless one is ready for this unreclaimable position, Perfection (*Faqiri*) is only a dream.



Come and See

BY MISS K. L. DAVY

"For as the lightning cometh out of the East and shineth unto the West, so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be."

"Come and see the Acropolis at Athens," writes one enthusiast to his friend at home. "Come and see the Ellora Caves," writes another. "To see these alone is worth a trip to India." "Come and see the famous Master-pieces in Florence; their beauty will leave a lasting impression," writes a third.

Many there are ever ready to spend their savings, their earnings, their fortunes on these different quests, but how few are ever prepared to spend time or money on the Quest of the Spirit, which seeks for the perfection of beauty manifested in the human—divine form—the vision of Divine Love. The present generation is seeking, but is nevertheless sceptical. It fears disappointment and disillusionment. It does not accept the "Quest of the Spirit" as "the Great Adventure", holding out to those who accept its challenge a cross as well as a crown,

danger as well as safety, the sign-post of which says: "He that loseth not his life for my sake has no part in Me." Man wants security in the spiritual realm, as he now seeks it in the material. So the spirit groaneth within until such time as God sees man's willingness to co-operate, and he is born anew.

Said one, long ago, "Come and see," in answer to His disciple's question, "Where dwellest Thou?" They came, they followed, they forsook all and found "the pearl of great price". Today, nearly 2000 years after, this same voice spoke to a little group in answer to the same question, saying: "Come and see." They obeyed and are here—a small group gathered from all parts of the world, not in Nazareth, but in a spot not very different—Meherabad—situated on a hill looking down upon the village of Arangaon to the south and to the north

of Ahmednagar, the famous military fort of past days. A group, not unlike that early group, of men and women of passion, impulsive, of little understanding. Some like wavering Peter, some like doubting Thomas, some with the intuition of John, some with the weakness but the supreme love and faith of Mary Magdalene, some filled with the cares of the household like Martha, some like Mary—calm and never ruffled, looking up at her Master with eyes that tell how she understands, ever ready to respond to His mood, ever thoughtful of His human needs and not worrying Him with her little cares and troubles after a weary day's work. How Jesus must have loved that thoughtfulness for His human side, and we know He was tired at times.

Today can be seen a scene not unlike that of 2000 years ago. Shri Meher Baba, our Beloved Master, coming up the hill in the mid-day tropical sun, and, before He has had time to enter His room, being besieged by one wanting a letter to be signed, another with some petty grievance, another with some domestic matter of no importance

and Shri Baba patiently listening, not turning any away, weary and tired though He be, after bathing and feeding the mad down below.

Previous to Shri Meher Baba's Ashram in Meherabad there existed but a stretch of land between Ahmednagar and Arangaon, a distance of about six miles. Twenty years ago Shri Baba "Pitched His Tent" a mile outside this village of Arangaon, giving the place the name of "Meherabad" which means land of Mercy, Kindness and Prosperity. The land around His followers tilled and sowed. Later was built a dispensary to which the poor from the neighbouring villages come for free treatment; a hospital for the mad who today would be called the "psychological mad", those sensitive types, restless within with their longing for God, and who without a guide have got lost on the Path, losing their mental balance and appearing outwardly as though mad. (Much has already been written in the Journal about this work of Shri Meher Baba.) Alongside is Shri Baba's own dwelling, a small room built in red brick with a green tiled slanting

roof. A little beyond are the quarters for His men disciples. Then across the railway track and up the hill are the women's quarters, on the top of which can be seen, for miles around, its white dazzling Tower with its ever burning light, a beacon to all, and a red and white flag flying from its flag post—the Eastern symbol—telling those who pass by, "Here dwells the blessed One." From near can be seen written in large golden letters, "Mastery in Servitude", Shri Baba's motto for all who follow Him.

Up on the hill live the women from the West, sharing in closest detail the life of the Eastern group, who have been here since its foundation, the youngest member of the group being Shri Baba's own sister. All live an active and busy life, secluded only in the sense that no men enter its precincts. Outside the boundary wall is the women's hospital, a few steps only from the sacred spot where Shri Baba has gone into seclusion for months at a time and which previously was the sight of the "Prem Ashram".

Such are the surroundings of

Shri Meher Baba's earthly spiritual home, the atmosphere of which is beyond comparison. One speaks from experience, having only recently returned from a six months tour of India, visiting during that period the recognized Spiritual Places, and returning to this place—set on a holy hill—to breathe again with joy inexpressible, the pureness of its air, the freshness of its breezes and the beauty of Divine Love and Peace woven into every grain of its soil. This is Meherabad, the radiating centre of all Shri Baba's activities, the Place of Pilgrimage for the future. What have we seen? One, like Jesus, who draws men to Him through love. One who says: "I have only love to give and all I want is love." One who does not promise his followers earthly happiness, but who says nevertheless, "Be happy, be cheerful. Do not worry, do not brood," thus teaching from the very beginning that self-mastery holds the golden key to Divine Perfection.

Picture Shri Baba with His group of men and women disciples and without even the

spoken word, noting their every frown, every anxiety, every thought and feeling, and perhaps in front of all or taking one aside, spelling out on His board (His self-chosen means of communication prior to His manifestation): "What is wrong? What has upset you? Are you worrying about anything? There stands the Silent One alongside of you with His Infinite Love and Knowledge, helping to bring to the surface and to speak out all the pent-up feelings, many of which are *sanskaras* from the past as well as the present, some of which you are not even conscious of;" and saying at the end: "Will you promise Me one thing? You say you love Me. You say you want to please Me and to see Me happy. Then remember, be happy and do not worry. I will help you. I know all. I know how deep is your love. Just do as I say. Love Me and leave the rest to Me." So the atmosphere changes from darkness to light, and each feels that here at last is One who understands, One who loves, and simultaneously the highest aspect of love is revealed. The almost impossible task of not worrying,

done for the sake of pleasing Him whom you love, becomes your dearest task, although demanding Herculean effort.

Such is a true picture of our Beloved Master Shri Meher Baba, truly a Christ in His work for the saving of mankind, the supreme example of Divine Sacrifice, loving all equally and serving all equally, who, though possessing everything and wanting nothing, yet stands out amongst us as both the Lord and Servant of all. Why? Because He loves. His sacrifice is for love, with no other purpose or concern connected with it. This is Truth. Sacrifice for Love alone.

Come and see! You will not go away empty, if your search for Truth and Love are sincere. Shri Baba will "quicken the Spirit within", and Divine Love once awakened will not slumber eternally, even though dimmed at times. God longs to realize Himself in us infinitely more than we can long for Him. The strength of the ocean will always be greater than that of its separate drop, and when once you face this Ocean of Love—like the needle before the

magnet—nothing can resist its drawing power. Shri Baba is this Ocean, having become one with it, and we its individual drops, individual souls of the One Soul, separated but temporarily, that God might realize Himself consciously in us through Love.

How do you know that Shri Baba is the Perfect One is a natural question. Is it through faith, through love, through intuition or through knowledge? By knowledge? *No*. Only God can know God. Only the Perfect Master can be understood by the Perfect Master. There can be but one reply. By Divine Grace, by the Will of God which awakens the spark of Divine Love. Even so this glimpse into Divine Knowledge must be upheld by the response of our love and faith, and the latter being, in the words of the Apostle, "the substance of things hoped for and the evidence of things not seen", has in it an element that may both fail and err. But Divine Love from the heart, though weak at times, because not perfect in manifestation as yet, cannot err. Hence Shri Baba says: "Love and love Me always more and more."

(To be continued)

This is a true statement. Divine Love can never be mistaken for carnal or human love. This is the verdict of those who have experienced both.

To us, who follow Him, Shri Meher Baba is Love and Truth—the most perfect of all human beings. Perfect in love, in wisdom and understanding—attributes of God Himself. Said the Avatar two thousand years ago: "Be ye perfect as your Father in heaven is perfect." And again: "The disciple is not greater than His Master, but every one that is perfect shall be as his Master," reiterating the Truth taught by Krishna and by all Avatars that all is God, in God and potentially God. To realize consciously this Oneness, through purity of Divine Perfection, is the purpose and goal of life. This truth Shri Baba has come to reiterate and to make live again. Towards this Perfection will He lead the world and those who follow Him, that all may be as He is, that they may know and experience consciously through Divine Knowledge their oneness with God.



Spiritual Journey with a Modern Guru

BY ELIZABETH C. PATTERSON

Delhi dur hai has been a saying in India for the last five hundred years. Its literal meaning is "Delhi is far," but the phrase came to have an import of Fate behind it after being originally uttered by one whom time has called a Saint. This holy man lived in Delhi centuries ago, and had fallen into disfavour with the King—perhaps for his capacity of speaking the truth and his predictions which made him feared by this Ruler. In any case, once when the King was away on conquests, which brought him a series of successes even as far away as Bengal, he did not like to hear the reports of the Saint's growing influence at home; so he sent word that he should leave Delhi before the royal return. In reply to the victorious King, who was even then on the march back to his capital, the Saint sent the above cryptic reply. As chance would have it, the proud

King just before his arrival at the gates of Delhi, himself desired to celebrate his renowned victories, and staged a great pageantry on the plains surrounding the capital which had been the scene of many an ancient victory and defeat. Among the other things arranged, was an elephant fight between the King's own battling herds, and, during the terrific struggle that ensued which delighted the Ruler very much, one of the battling elephants became enraged, and dashing out of all control, charged the very place where the King was reviewing the fight, and instantly killed the Monarch. Thus the words of the Saint, *Delhi dur hai*, took on dramatic significance.

This picturesque anecdote is told, because it tends somewhat to illustrate the constant play of good and evil forces that have been the background of

Delhi, which was our next place of stay on the spiritual journey through India with a modern *Sadguru*,

From the 12th century until the advent of the present new Imperial capital, there have been seven dynasties. The past history of Delhi has not alone included rulers with their conquests, but interwoven with this material carnage of battles, is the gentle tradition of saints. Why, we may ask, should these evolved souls be found amongst such material surroundings? Or could we not elicit more enlightenment to the question, if rather we asked, why should we not find saints where there is great *spiritual need*? That a lineage of saints did have their abodes around this ancient capital of still more ancient country, we can find precedent in our Christian scriptures where it states, that there was a long line of prophets around Jerusalem for centuries, and Palestine was no more spiritual a land in those days than India.

Outside of Delhi today, about fifteen miles distant, there stands one of the most perfect architectural columns with five storeys, which towers gracefully towards the

heavens and is called Kutub Minar. Going to this monument one day in early February 1939 with Shri Baba, the party of disciples passed near by the old city of Delhi, built on the site of the most remote capital that dated back to the 1st century, and which, in comparison, would have been the time of the early Christians following the Resurrection. Feeling the atmosphere of the past as we gazed at the almost ethereal beauty of the Kutub Minar, Shri Baba linked the column with present existence, by remarking that the Kutub Minar has importance today not only in the material world but in the subtle world.

A few miles away on our return ride to Delhi by the bus which had been our faithful conveyance throughout the journey, Baba directed that we stop at the shrine of Nizam-ud-Din, a 14th century saint who is much revered even today by countless pilgrims. First we were shown the saint's last earthly resting place which had been also the site of his abode. An incident related by the guardian of the shrine, which gave reality

to the dead in the imagination of Baba's disciples, was when he pointed out a nearby grave which was simply covered over by grass. It is said that nothing but fresh grass is ever put on this small plot, as it was the express wish of Jehanara, the daughter of Shah Jehan, the great Moghul Emperor and builder of the Taj Mahal. She left court life and became a disciple of the saint, Nizam-ud-Din. It was her desire, having renounced everything in the world for the life of the spirit, that no commemoration be placed over her grave, not even flowers. While the earthly distinctions to which she was born meant nothing to her, it might well have pleased her to have her last resting place in the close proximity of the great saint who had been her spiritual Master.

Before coming to Delhi, Shri Baba had remarked to his disciples that they might see a living saint there, who was one of his *spiritual agents*. As the shrine of Nizam-ud-Din was known to be the tomb of a past saint, this was the place least expected by us that we could anticipate the privilege of seeing an alive saint. But

journeying with the Master, surprises were the order of the day. We were led by Baba to an out-of-the-way, cell-like chamber within the large enclosure, where dwells, in the shadow of the shrine, a patriarchal holy man with grey beard and extraordinarily luminous eyes. Only a shaft of light entered through the doorway where we stood with the Master, but fortunately for us, it fell directly upon the noble features of one who resembled our ideal of the prophets of old. We witnessed the expression of deep inner *recognition* as this Saint beheld the Master. We knew that the normal human eye with its limited sight has the capacity of seeing only the material body; but what of the inner sight of the subtle eye, and of the vision of the spirit, both of which are said to be possessed by saints? What light effulgent must they behold in a Master! The Master himself has stated that only a Master can truly recognize a Master, but indeed what this saint perceived at that moment in Baba was a spiritual experience which we felt with reverence. We, too, in our less

developed way, could join in concord with the saint, as we so deeply knew in our hearts concerning Baba, in the words of the simple faith of Mary Magdelene about Christ, "*He is one, not as other men are.*" Baba, upon leaving the holy dweller of the shrine, told us that he is the spiritual guardian of this district, and at that very moment he had received a spiritual promotion through contact with a Master. We might well attach added significance to the fact that it should happen at this period of outer world stress and strain, previously to the coming spiritual awakening which is now being *stirred* by the Master. This coming, in contact with the evolved souls and saints throughout the journey, is surely one of the means to spiritual outcome.

It was at Delhi that a special trend of Baba's spiritual work during the tour became visible, which was his personal contact and work with *masts*. *Masts* are those seekers of God who become dazed upon the Path, whereby their minds have become unbalanced, although they are spiritually advanced souls. In India they are

known as the "God-intoxicated". I have not heard this latter term used in the West, except concerning some of the early Quakers who became so ecstatic in their devotion and worship of God that they were said to be "intoxicated by the spirit". However, this was generally of short duration and not a permanent condition. Except for a few of the mystics in the West, I do not think that this type is to be found there, because the countries are too young, and it is not yet that men go mad there, for love of God. The only hope of cure for the *masts* is "spiritual cure", and this can only be done by a Perfect Master who has himself *arrived at the Goal* and can point the way to others; lesser guides may themselves lose the way to Perfection. A Perfect Master can judge whether it is individually best for a spiritually dazed soul to be gradually brought back to a state of normality on the physical plane, or given a *spiritual push* on the inner planes, and it is he alone that can perform this spiritual service. If such a soul longing for God, seeking so

profoundly, had come originally in contact with a *Sadguru* (Perfect Guide), he would have led them safely through the "pitfalls" of the spiritual Path about which every saint who has written has warned the true seekers of God. Our Western names for some of the spiritual pitfalls are Pride, Greed and Lust. So, therefore, are we not all in need of a Perfect Guide?

One day, while the disciples were on a ride with Shri Baba through the main parts of the capital, we came to an especially crowded section near the great Mosque which is in about the centre of the city. Baba motioned that the bus should be driven close to the wide steps that lead up to this sanctuary. There, amongst the poor, the lame, the halt and the blind who habituated this place in hopes of material or spiritual benefit, the Master singled out one soul whom we saw at quite a distance away seated in ragged garment. Immediately afterwards Baba declared that the ride was at an end, so we all returned to the place where we were residing in Delhi. There Baba

directed two of his *mandali* (close men disciples) who had not been on the ride, to go and bring this *mast* from the Mosque. When they arrived at the steps of the Mosque, they found it most difficult from the description to pick out the right man, as all seemed to answer to the outer description of ragged garment, dark hair, beard, etc. But, as they were not on the first mission of this kind, for Baba has had some of his *mandali* searching out *masts* in the past two years which were brought to him at the "Ashram for God-mad" at Rahuri and later at Meherabad, so they knew that the Master would enable them to have the right *intuition* in the matter. Watching all these derelicts of humanity intently, they finally narrowed down the selection to two men, one of whom outwardly had a spiritual looking face, and they believed this man to be the one, until they asked him a question to which he replied by a tale of having lost his money and position—which sounded all too rational! So turning to the other man whose only distinguishing feature was that he was

inconspicuous, they asked him questions, and his only response to everything was the name of God. Bringing this dazed soul to Baba, when he approached the Master, he became like one intoxicated, and his legs failed him; so he had to be supported. The Master gave him bath which carried with it a benediction, as he usually employs the medium of water for the outward "cure", while his personal touch is the medium for spiritual cure. Afterwards the man *recognized* the Master, and declared that that day he had seen the vision of the God whom he had been ceaselessly naming. Baba sent him out again into life, but those who have had long experience with the Master know the spiritual process. Many of these souls automatically, as if through coincidence, are brought again into his contact at a future time, and the "change" is clearly written on their whole being. The Master has bestowed upon them the divine impulse, and life itself has been the school. They become useful mediums for the spreading of the spirit in realms of which his close disciples

even cannot function.

After leaving Delhi, the Master's party went to Ajmer (Rajputana) via Alwar and Jaipur States. The country we motored through was interesting, and one became again aware of the variety and spaciousness of the land which is India. To a large extent the independent States have retained their own character and distinctiveness; one might call them the most picturesque, for they have less of British influence and are not necessarily as much advanced from the modern point of view.

Jaipur is called the "Pink City", as the rocks on which it is situated and the buildings are all of varying shades of pink. Ambar is the ancient city one passes a few miles before coming to the present capital called Jaipur City. Baba remarked that Ambar was the abode of a few evolved souls in the past, and even today there is one who had his abode there. Rising high above the ancient capital is a great feudal castle that is one of the largest and most picturesque in India. It resembles a fairy-tale version of a city. Just as we were motoring by,

at the base we saw a crowd and heard martial music, then noticed marching up the steep hill to the upper city the type of troops associated with "toy soldiers", as they were wearing red trousers, blue coats and large black helmets, and were "goose stepping" very stiffly. When the bus was stopped by traffic, we asked what the celebration was, and the police officer replied that the Maharajah was going to worship, and he was being escorted by soldiers. This police officer seemed unusually interested that our party should see well the spectacle, and pointed to a place where there was a deserted terrace, and Baba ordered that we all get out of the bus, apparently to see the sight. One pedestrian passed Baba on the road at that moment, whom we did not remember until afterward, as the disciples' attention was principally focussed then on the "taxi stand" down below where there were standing elephants in regal attire for riding, alongside the motor conveyances. As we watched all this "passing show" of *maya*, we felt Baba abstracted. After a few moments he

remarked on his board, "I wanted to stop here," and looking at the Master we followed his gaze up to the hill on the opposite side of the procession. There, outlined against the sky in the clear atmosphere of mountains, was a sunburnt, weather-beaten man with white hair and beard, wearing only a loin cloth and with a staff in his hand, who was ascending the path. This ragged man had the far gaze that one finds characteristic of both "children of nature" and of mystics. All of a sudden we realized that this man was the same pedestrian who had passed at the very moment that Baba had descended from the bus, and the coincidence naturally struck us, although at the time we had been too engrossed elsewhere to give any attention to this passer-by. Baba, however, who is aware of every passing soul and even foreknew this meeting, I felt certain, as I recalled his telling before we came to Amber, to stop a moment on the other side of the old capital. Until that particular point there had been no opportunity of stopping, due to the unusual circumstances

of crowds and police line. Later Baba
informed us that this was the one truly
spiritual man of this district, that he is

a *real* lover of God, and does there the
Master's spiritual work.

(To be continued)



Heart of the World

TO BABA

BY JEAN SCHLOSS (Hollywood)

Heart of the world
You beat in me!
Song of the world
You sing to me!
But when my Lord
Shall that union be,
Which cancels thought
Of Thee and me?

I know my Lord
When it shall be,
When two are one
And One is Thee!
When this is *That*
And That is All,
Then shall I come
To Thy clear call!



Miracles of Baba Jan

BY DR. ABDUL GHANI MUNSIFF

In April 1903 Hazrat Baba Jan set out to perform *haj* (pilgrimage to Mecca). She sailed from Bombay by the pilgrim boat S. S. "Haidari". On board the ship, amongst many others as pilgrims, there were Professor Haider Ebrahim Sayani and Noormohmed Pankhawala of Bombay.

On the way to Jeddah the ship got into trouble. A sudden storm developed. As a result the ship began to heave to and fro dangerously at the mercy of the waves.

The overcrowded pilgrims—men, women and children—were all panic-stricken. When they all despaired of life and safety, and when everyone was thinking how best to meet the watery death, Baba Jan beckoned to one Noormohmed Pankhawala, and told him to tie a kerchief round his neck, and beg a pice from every passenger including even children.

When Noormohmed had finished collections to which the English officers of the boat also contributed, Baba Jan asked Noormohmed to pray in the

following words: "O God, save us our ship; with this (collection) we will give a feast (*niyaz*) to the poor in the holy name of your Prophet Mohomed." The instructions were followed; the storm subsided immediately; the ship and its human cargo landed safely at Jeddah.

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A lyrical show was to be staged in a theatre at Talegaon, a small town about 20 miles from Poona. That particular night, owing to the popularity of the cast in the play, there was an unusual rush, and the theatre was choked to its capacity. The management had no go but to lock the doors.

Unhappily fire broke out in the theatre from nowhere and instantaneously assumed gigantic proportions, taking a pretty good toll of life.

Simultaneously at 3 a.m. in Poona Baba Jan was observed to talk and behave quite unusually. She was heard saying quite excitedly and angrily, "It is fire, it is fire; doors are locked and people are burning. O you fire,

get extinguished."

People from the scene of tragedy relate that the locks automatically opened, and what ordinarily would have turned out to be a tragedy of the worst order was providentially averted. The time of the opening of the locks at Talegaon synchronized with Baba Jan's angry mood in Poona.

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Once a *faqir* from Ajmer appeared before Hazrat Baba Jan, and said that he had a request to make. When ordered to utter it, the *faqir* continued, "I had in mind a pilgrimage to Baghdad. For that matter I had been to the shrine of Khwajasaheb of Ajmer. From there I have been ordered to submit my request to Hazrat Baba Jan who would see to the fulfilment thereof. And here I am. Kindly provide me with funds enough to meet the expenses of food and travel so that I may start early." For two days the *faqir* was in Baba Jan's *darbar* (presence). The third day—being winter it was piercing cold—early in the morning Baba Jan, being in a playful mood, indulged in a very humorous spree.

She addressed the *faqir*, "You want to go to Baghdad, isn't it? Very well, you will be in Baghdad. I will send you there in a jiffy. Go on to the road and stand erect. When I order you to fly, you should begin flying in the air. Do you understand?"

The *faqir* believed in what Baba Jan said, and also knew that it was very easy for saints to transport human beings thousands of miles away even physically. Accordingly he took up his stand by the roadside, opposite to Baba Jan's seat, expectant every moment to rise in the air at the words of Baba Jan for an aerial flight to Baghdad.

When he stood there a few seconds, Baba Jan rasped out the words, "*Oorh*", i.e., "Fly". The *faqir* was just where he was, the ground and his feet parting company a few inches only when he himself attempted a little jumping on hearing Baba Jan's words, "*Oorh*". At the initial failure the *faqir* looked dismayed, and turned towards Baba Jan. Baba Jan asked him to continue the attempt. The poor fellow did as he was told, and hoped any minute the earth would part

company with his feet.

After a time Baba Jan asked him to come away, and said, "My good man, you wish to fly to Baghdad without wings, without money? Whoever suggested you this trick? Do you sincerely desire to go to Baghdad?" On receiving an affirmative reply, Baba Jan called out to some unknown entity, "Is there anyone around? Yes brother, see that this man reaches Baghdad." Within ten minutes after the utterance of the words, a gentleman from Gujrat comes up, and, after rendering obeisance, tenders a purse to Baba Jan containing Rs. 300 in cash. Baba Jan immediately earmarked the amount with a view to safeguard it from the attacks of other mendicants by saying, "This belongs to Baghdadwala." Thus speaking she threw the purse to the *faqir* from Ajmer, and asked him to depart. He left immediately singing Baba Jan's praises.

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One day a man approached Baba Jan and offered to take her for tea to a nearby tea-shop. Baba Jan stipulated, "Yes, I go with you to a tea-shop, but I shall pay for the tea."

The man replied, "I have money with me in my pockets. You are a *faqir*, Where can you get money from?" Baba Jan asked, "Where is the cash with you?" The man very egotistically jingled coins in his pocket which amounted to nearabout Rs. thirty to forty. Baba Jan and the party wended their way towards a teashop. Tea was ordered and drunk by everybody. When it came to paying at the counter, before coming out of the tea-shop, the man put his hands in his pockets to find to his utter dismay that there was no money there. He appealingly told Baba Jan, "How is it? I haven't a pie in my pocket!" Baba Jan said, "You just now jingled a good quantity of money." He became crestfallen and came out with Baba Jan to the seat underneath the tree. On reaching the destination he discovered that the cash was there intact in his pocket.

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A man happened to lose his horse, and he could trace it nowhere. He approached Baba Jan, and let forth his complaint. Baba Jan pointed with her finger in one parti-

cular direction, and asked him to go straight until the horse was found. Getting this hint, the man left immediately, and proceeded in the direction pointed out by Baba Jan. He had not proceeded far, when lo, to his surprise, the horse was observed coming towards him from the opposite direction. He was awfully pleased, and loading a good quantity of sweets on the back of the horse, he came along with it to Baba Jan, and requested her to distribute the sweets to the crowd with her own august hands. Baba Jan caressed the horse, and distributed the sweets as requested.

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One Hindu woman, a devotee of Baba Jan, very humbly and supplicatingly submitted to Baba Jan that she was married these ten years, but was not yet blessed with an issue. She requested Baba Jan's blessings in her case. Baba Jan blessed her, and said, "Your first issue would be a son." Exactly after a year and a half, the lady returned and placed the male baby at the feet of Baba Jan. Baba Jan took up the child in her arms, played with it for some

time, and allowed the mother and the child to depart with her blessings.

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Once a man, suffering from intermittent fever (quotidian type), appeared before Baba Jan, trembling and shaking terribly, and begged of Baba Jan to relieve him of the complaint. Baba Jan got wild at him, and snatched away the piece of cloth with which he was covering his body. It was winter time, and Baba Jan insisted on him to pass the night in the open almost naked. Early in the morning the man felt relieved. The temperature which had persisted for almost a week had disappeared. He fell at the feet of Baba Jan and departed.

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Once a motor driver, coming towards Poona from Mahabaleshwar, saw Baba Jan near Shivapur walking on foot towards Poona. He accosted Baba Jan and offered a seat, but she refused. The motor driver happened to come straight to Baba Jan's seat under the margosa tree near Char Bavadi, and what a surprise was there for

him! Baba Jan was seated as usual surrounded by people. It could never have been possible for Baba Jan to walk fourteen miles from Shivapur to Poona in half an hour. The motor driver related the incident to everyone assembled there.

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A Hindu gentleman, a great devotee of Baba Jan, used to live in a village near Parvati Hills outside Poona. He used to come daily in the evenings for Baba Jan's *darshana*, and return home in the night. One day after *darshana*, while he was about to return, Baba Jan said, "You are going, but beware, if you come across any danger on the road, draw a line with your finger on the ground and repeat my name." After giving this warning Baba Jan allowed him to go. When the man reached the outskirts of Poona city and entered into the open country-side, he heard somebody calling him by his name. He recognized the voice to belong to some relative of his who was dead. He became very much perplexed and frightened. When he advanced a few steps further, he was frightened out of his wits to see the same

dead relation standing before him and addressing him in the following words: "Now what can save you today from out of my clutches?" The man was so much scared that he stood rooted to the spot. All of a sudden he remembered Baba Jan's parting words of advice. He immediately did as he was told, and, after drawing the line with his finger on the ground, when he raised himself up, instead of the apparition before him, he was surprisingly pleased to see Baba Jan standing before him. Baba Jan spoke a few words of comfort and solace, and asked him to proceed, promising that nothing would disturb him thereafter.

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Once a man brought three *jilebis* (Indian sweet) to Baba Jan. At the time, there was a considerable crowd standing round about Baba Jan's seat. Baba Jan gave away the three *jilebis* to one *faqir* from amongst them. One person complained, saying, "Baba Jan, what have we done that you have not given us a little of those *jilebis*?" Baba Jan smiled, and just called out in a sweet voice, "Brother, bring sufficient *jilebis* so that

each one may get three." In a short while thereafter an unknown man brings a trayful of *jilebis*, which was distributed amongst the crowd, and right enough each one from amongst the crowd got three *jilebis*.

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A Zoroastrian child aged about 10 years had lost his eyesight altogether. His guardians brought him to Baba Jan, and when told of the sorry plight of the child, BabaJan mumbled some words, and blew her breath upon his eyes. The child immediately recovered its eyesight, and began to jump about joyfully, saying, "I can see now, I can see."

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Whilst Hazrat Maher Baba was camping near Chatarsingi off Fergusson College Road in the year 1921, a few members of the *mandali* in Bombay were allowed to visit him every week-end. There was, however, one condition imposed that no one should come to him direct without taking Hazrat Baba Jan's *darshana* first. Not only this, but immediately after landing at Poona railway station, one was expected to go straight to Baba Jan, and after

paying obeisance there, one was at liberty to attend to other work.

As usual one week-end Dr. G.. arrived in Poona, and failed to go straight to Baba Jan. As he was to meet Meher Baba the following morning, Dr. G.. thought Baba Jan can be met conveniently in the night. After attending to his work in Poona, Dr. G.. approached Baba Jan at about 10-30 p.m., but was informed by the attendants around her that she was fast asleep and had retired only a few minutes ago. Finding Baba Jan fast asleep and covered from head to toe with a white sheet cloth, Dr. G. began to take stock of his surroundings, and seated himself against the railing of the Malcolm Tank area just near to Baba Jan's feet.

Before he had settled down thoroughly, Baba Jan threw up the counterpane and flew at Dr. G.'s throat, striking, kicking, gnawing, scratching, at the same time kept repeating the words, "You came in the morning and you come so late in the night? "

All this scene, which scared everyone around, happened within a few seconds, and then

she retired to sleep once again, covered by the counterpane from head to foot. After ten minutes she gets up and accosts Dr. G., "My child, when did you come? Why didn't you tell me you had arrived? You must be feeling cold. Will someone get a cup of tea for this child?"

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During the fag end of her life, Baba Jan was observed to grow weaker and weaker, and she would have attacks of fever which would make her lie unconscious for days together. This condition of her health naturally aroused concern amongst the trustees who constituted themselves into a body for attending to the obsequies and the construction of the shrine for which Hazrat Meher Baba had donated Rs. 4000.

Baba Jan's seat being in the Cantonment area, everyone thought that the military authorities would refuse permission for Baba Jan's burial within their limits. The trustees saw and proposed many sites in different parts of the city, but there was no unanimity amongst them about any one particular spot. One day they decided to approach

Baba Jan herself and settle the question of her burial ground direct. No sooner they approached her, Baba Jan flew into rage at the sight of them, and said, "Get away from here. How can the dead show concern for the living? I am not going to leave this place." Thus Baba Jan decided the question of her burial ground, and at the same time conveyed to them that materially-minded people are more dead than alive.

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Baba Jan, as everyone knows, had a number of rings—brass, copper and iron ones—on almost all of her fingers. Once one of the rings on the fingers got stuck, and consequently the finger became frightfully swollen. Ultimately it began to drain pus and blood, but Baba Jan refused to apply any medicine. Once Mr. S., from Nasik, who was a daily visitor to Baba Jan, proposed application of boric powder. Baba Jan thereupon became enraged, and said, "You want to belittle my *Faqiri* (Perfection)?" For days together Baba Jan suffered unimaginable pain due to that festering finger. One day a Hindu gentleman brought a

little pickles of mango for Baba Jan which she received and directly tied it on to the wound. Surprisingly enough by this strange medication the wound healed within a few days.

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Though referred to before, one of the outstanding events in Baba Jan's life was the fact of her being buried alive by the fanatic Mahomedans of the North West Frontier Province for the utterance of gnosis in a moment of ecstasy quite blasphemous and shocking to their religious sense. After some time, what a surprise was in store for one of the Baluchi regiments transferred to Poona, when they found Baba Jan seated

near Malcolm Tank under the margosa tree! Since some of them were the actual perpetrators of the tragedy, they came to recognize Baba Jan's spiritual worth, and paid her a great ovation.

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Material, mental and physical healing was a twenty-four hour programme with Baba Jan throughout her stay in Poona, but the greatest miracle that she may truly be said to have performed was the giving of God-realisation to Hazrat Meher Baba. Her parting words to Hazrat Maher Baba were, "I have made you that Perfect today that very soon half the world would be at your feet."



Spiritual Anecdote

BY DR. ABDUL GHANI MUNSIFF

*"Divine secrets are more arrestive and effective
when clothed in parables."*

It is historically related that Sultan Mahmud of Ghazni (Afghanistan) was in the habit of going out into his

kingdom incognito to acquaint himself first hand with the state of affairs and people. One night seeing four

people moving about in a suspicious manner, he accosted them as to who they were. The reply was that they were thieves by profession and were out on business.

Sultan Mahmud immediately took in the situation, and assured them that himself having come out with similar intentions, he would like to join them for the night's venture. Agreeing with the proposition and feeling more confidence which very often number inspires, they proposed a daring attempt at thieving in the palace of the Sultan himself. The King readily fell in with the idea, but wanted to ascertain each one's qualification for that risky job. Thereupon the first thief replied: "I can understand the language of animals;" the second one said: "I have very keen olfactory nerves; I can smell the location of any buried treasure;" the third thief explained: "I can open the best or the worst of locks without the help of a key;" and the fourth one affirmed: "If I see a person even once in the darkest of nights, I can recognize him in a million."

It was now for the King to

state his own qualification, and so he said: "I have the power to bring about the release of a man about to be hanged, by merely nodding my head." On this the thieves became highly overjoyed and confessed saying, "Brother, your power is an exceptional one. Now that you are with us, we are afraid of nothing. We can do and dare anything we like. Hurrah, let's go."

All the five headed towards the objective for the night, i.e., the palace of the Sultan. On the way hearing a dog bark, the King asked the one who knew the language of animals as to what the dog was saying. The thief replied, "The dog is telling that one of us is a king but refuses to say any further." On entering the palace precincts, the specialist amongst them pointed out the location of the treasure, and another one succeeded in opening the lock thereon without the help of a key. Having helped themselves to a large booty, the thieves left for their destination. The King also parted company, having very astutely ascertained the names and addresses of his confederates.

The next day the news of

the robbery in the royal palace created quite a sensation in the city and suburbs. The King issued orders for the arrest of the four thieves, and further directed that they be taken to the gallows straight without producing them before him. Further the final act of hanging was not to be undertaken without specific orders from him.

The four thieves, finding themselves beneath the shadow of death, the gallows, remembered their fifth partner of the night's venture, One of them said, "The dog informed us last night that one of us was a king, and I bet my life the fifth one was the King." The fourth one said, "If the new companion of the night was really the King, I can spot him out very easily." Thereupon they requested the executioners, by way of their last wish before death, to be taken to the presence of the King. The King when informed allowed their request.

No sooner they found themselves in the presence of the King, the thief with a memory for faces remarked, "Sire, we four gave practical demonstration

of our professional skill, but now when are you going to play your part and nod your head so that we be saved from the jaws of death?" The King appreciated the pointedness of this appeal, and ordered them to be released forthwith.

It can thus be seen that so long as the King (Light of Knowledge) was identifying himself with the thieves (darkness of ignorance), everyone of them was feeling guilty, and every act is tried to be differentiated into good and bad. But no sooner the King came into its own and the knowledge dawned upon him that the action of the thieves was in reality the action of the King himself, then automatically the problem of guilt vanished. In such a state of absolute oneness and identification of interest, who is really the culprit and who goes to the gallows? It is in the domain of duality only that this differentiation obtains, but the spiritual fact is that the doer of the act, the prompter thereof and the act itself are all one.



Pre-Eminence of Heart over Head

BY ADI K. IRANI

All conscious acts of human beings, through free will, are executed by the heart. They are not performed through reason, without a sanction from the heart. Reason at best can induce the heart to accept an undertaking; it cannot compel it. It can manipulate a proposition and present it to the heart that it may accept or reject it. The heart will not accept anything that reason alone likes. *Propositions said to have been accepted by reason and transmuted to action are those that have necessarily been accepted by the heart.* They are not recognized by the heart straight from experience. The intermediary of reasoning gathers and compiles them, and in the light of relative value compares them with the past experiences, and makes them palatable for the heart. *But the final sanction has always to come from the heart.* A heart compelled to perform certain acts becomes rebellious and finds its own means of opposing them. Its dictates

cannot always be suppressed without danger to its opponent. A heart may be soft or hard. Its laxity or hardness is dependent on its quality. The most lenient views on a subject interpreted unfavourably by head may be accepted by a soft heart, whereas a hard heart may reject the same views presented very favourably by the keenest of intellect.

The life of intellect as covering the entire field of man's activities is bunkum, and one who professes himself to be entirely guided by intellect is either self-deluded or a hypocrite. Intellect has its part to play. It is a tool to dispel clouds of superstition gathered on the mirror of the heart. Its task should begin in right earnest when the heart is heavily laden with superstitious conceptions. They deter acceptance of a just and reasoned out proposition. But on no account should the intellect be allowed to trespass the pure regions of the heart which nourishes selfless love.

Should it become uncompromising for the head to restrain interfering with the heart, the cause is an arrogance born of learning or circumstances.

The heart governs a man's activities truly and simply. It has no pros and cons to compare. It is its own judge. What it accepts is pure. Its purity admits of nothing but the pure. It works gently and deep. All jerky and impatient movements that seem to come up from the heart belong to the lower nature of man. They should not be mistaken for the promptings of the heart. They are unsteady, sudden and reactionary in effect. Deep rooted as though the seeds of animal nature are in us, they could be sublimated by the purity of heart. Low desires could be transformed into acts of selfless service. To let them seek fulfilment is paving the way for habitual degeneracy requiring rigid abstinence to overcome it.

The heart has to be let loose in an unchequered flow to appreciate the divinity in man. Divinely experienced men express their qualities in various ways corresponding to their state of experience. It is difficult for the intellect

to appreciate fully and recognize the value of spiritual experiences, unless it submits to the heart its overweening attitude. It has not to forego its power of reasoning or inference, but has to keep the mind open for a vision or judgment to enter the heart. If a pre-conceived bias prohibits an entry into the heart, one has to remove the impediment by force of knowledge and discrimination. Better still is the way to come in direct contact with persons of divine knowledge. They radiate divinity and the influence of their supra-mental bliss. They make hearts enlightened.

There are many advanced souls who, for all outward appearances, have lost their individuality. They have become engrossed in the higher spheres of consciousness, and their behaviour looks incoherent with the normal surroundings. They have ceased functioning normal, not in the sense of a deranged mind.

The insane functions so fast mentally that his actions cannot corroborate with his movements. He tries to synchronize them, and loses all bearing relative to normal life. Princi-

pally he is attached to the objective world in an endless effort to derive satisfaction from it. A spiritually advanced soul is ever facing the higher consciousness, and has left behind him the worldly attachments as an unimportant enterprise on the arena of life. The lure of the world does not entrap him, nor the regularity of life binds him down. He is as careless to his dire necessities as an ordinary mad man is, at times fumbling to procure luxuries. The one is resigned to a higher life, the other is a beaten down pursuer of the world. Yet apparently both look alike. On closer contact we come to distinguish one from the other as a virtuous from a sinner, a God-mad from a mad-man. Is it illogical to contact a God-mad? If not, it is so much necessary to contact a God-realized. The head does not prohibit us to draw ourselves nearer to the heart-enlightened persons; but the arrogance of our intellect does. No intellectual understanding can ever bar us from living with one who is so scantily dressed, so

poorly equipped with modern sophistry, or so regardless of his personal necessities. If it was so, a civilized man would look upon contacting a savage as barbarous, and the insane asylums of the world would have no personnel to fill in their offices. Supposing a man with an illumined heart rolls in dust, bites leather, or throws stones, and is utterly oblivious to the sneers of a scandal-monger or the jeers of a snob, is it likely we would become an unthinking flock of sheep if we contact him and even look after his personal needs? No! Since every proposition of meeting a God-mad and contacting him does not make us unintelligent, every individual heart should be given a first chance of accepting the dignity of a heart-enlightened soul. His influence may change our character, may thrash out all our intellectual conceit, and open the door to an unbiased reasoning. Such line of thinking, simple and truthful, would lead us to a judgment acceptable to the heart.



The Saviour

BY KEMALI

All is disaster and chaos. "The world is at war," is the cry.
Destruction and pestilence follow tornadoes which fall from
the sky.
Nation with nation in battle, for glory they each would attain;
To satisfy greed, lust and anger they sacrifice souls in their
aim.
Misery, pain and misfortune they suffer in anguish the strain;
Unbalance the world in rotation and make it unfit for men,
Who, peaceful before this destruction, now give their sons to
the war;
Supremacy over each other must yield to the dictates of law.
The law of the Lord must follow in the way which He
commands.
In torture, fire and tumult is the flame which He demands
To purify and bring to light His words so clear to be:
"I am the Lord of the Universe and ye shall worship me."
Then all false gods are here torn down, into the dust they fall.
All ill gained wealth, ambition, pride and jealousies—until
Into oblivion they melt, and over them doth rise
A peace past understanding to mount unto the skies.
It is the voice of the Saviour in the hearts of those who taunt,
He alone can repair the damage for "they know not what they
do."
He watched the complete desecration of the spiritual in crime,
And rose it from dust and ashes to keep it still divine.
His power through Love Eternal guides us to the beyond
Into the endless æons of years until He comes again.
For over us and in us He evermore will be,
Where truth abides and love is strong is perfect harmony.
If we have learned our lesson and feel our hearts imbued
To carry out His motto: "Mastery in Servitude."
Then bow the head in gratitude for the miracle performed
And those whom He calls His circle will realized be—in God.



Notes from my Diary

F. H. Dadachanji

Shri Meher Baba has remained in Meherabad, Ahmednagar, since the 25th of May 1939, although his arrival is anxiously awaited by an expectant group of his disciples and devotees especially around this part of the country. It is quite likely that the Master may pay a short visit to places like Bombay and Poona during this month before leaving for Jubbulpore.

THE UNIVERSAL ASHRAM

Immediately on his return from his long tour, a meeting of the *mandali* at Meherabad was convened to discuss the question of the Universal Ashram proposed to be established on the lands gifted to the Master at Mandla, near Jubbulpore. Although the prospect of Baba going too far away from this section—where he lived and contacted thousands of persons for years—was startling to all of his group of disciples and devotees on this side, the changed conditions and the wider scope of his external activities that necessitated the establishment of such a centre were

more important than any other considerations of a personal nature, and the *mandali* welcomed this proposal. The Master planned that he would stay at Mandla for a good portion in a year, and Meherabad would also be continued. For the making of preliminary preparations for this new Centre, the outline of which has been described in the June issue under the heading, "Scheme of Universal Ashram", Baba intends to make a move towards that side—Jubbulpore—probably in the beginning of August.

Baba's special work with the *masts* of the Mast Ashram at Meherabad continues as usual. The joy of seeing the Master once again amongst them was clearly visible on the faces and expressions of even those mentally-unbalanced, and in their ecstatic outburst, they danced in glee.

THE MASTS

One evening Baba came from the Ashram on the hill

unexpectedly, and, taking some of the Meherabad *mandali* and visitors, went to the Mast Ashram. None amongst those who accompanied him knew what it was for that he took them all there that evening, though all expected to see something unusual! With the advent of the Master in the Ashram, the central hall where the *masts* remain during the day, rang with the sounds of music, drum-beating and *bhajan* by the *masts*—"Jay-jay Guru rai Meher Baba"—meaning "Hail, hail, Beloved Lord Meher Baba"! It continued for minutes with perfect rhythm of music, drum, singing and dancing all around the hall with perfect timing and steps, which made one quite forget that these were the mad inmates of a Mast Ashram who were performing this *bhajan*. It was a sight to witness these *masts* dance *with* ecstatic expression on their faces, and enjoy it all in their childlike glee. Two of these became leaders, while the others followed in perfect harmony!

LAKHAN SHAH

One of the ardent devotees of Baba, Mr. K.. of Bombay,

came to see Baba and stay with him for a few days. Baba gave him a special duty, and sent him to Ajmer to fetch this mast—Lakhan Shah. Strange are the ways of Masters. Here is a typical example of a devotee coming to spend his well earned leave in company with the Master, and he is entrusted with this hazardous task of fetching a *mast* from a distance of over 500 miles! Mr. K.. hadn't seen the *mast*, nor did he know where he could be found. But he had to try and find it all from the signs and directions given—not an easy job to be sure. But everything is possible where love is the driving force. He went there and got hold of the *mast* in an amazing way. To go to a big city like Ajmer and trace a *mast* out of the peculiar crowd in a particular locality by one who had never been there, and to bring such a type of person to all this distance of over 500 miles from Ajmer to Meherabad, is indeed no easy job. But Baba's inner guidance always helps those who offer to participate in the work entrusted. Instead of Mr. K.. going to the *mast* and finding him, strangely enough,

the *mast* was brought to him. That *tongawala* (cabman) of Ajmer, who helped Baba's party during their stay there in finding a number of these *masts*, came miraculously to his aid, and marvellously did they both manage to bring this *mast* out of Ajmer from the clutches of those who surround these in search of material gains.

He wore that same *kafni* (robe) which was given to him by Baba in Ajmer, in February last. He had grown a beard that changed his features so considerably that he couldn't be really recognized. But that typically ecstatic smile of his was always there!

When brought face to face with Baba, Lakhan Shah stared at him fixedly for minutes, then smiled and murmured something in his language which was not audible. Baba gave him a loving embrace, and held him in his arms, while Lakhan Shah kept looking at the Master with that typical expression of his which is a joy to behold! He was immediately given a bath by Baba; a new *kafni* (robe) was put on; Baba personally fed him; and then he was placed in a

special room in the Mast Ashram with Mr. K.. on special duty to look to his needs. He was kept there for a month, and when his work was done (i.e. the object for which the Master wanted him in his presence for a personal touch and spiritual push was fulfilled), he was sent back to Ajmer with Mr. K... What benefit he derived and what inner push he was given during his stay here for a month is a matter known best to the Master.

THE GUJRATHI EDITION OF THE MEHER BABA JOURNAL

The interest and enthusiasm with which the *Meher Baba Journal* in English was welcomed by the disciples and devotees and other aspirants in the West and in the East, naturally created a demand for vernacular versions of the English issue, and we have the pleasure to announce to our *Gujrathi* speaking friends and to the general public that the *Meher Baba Journal* in *Gujrathi* will be published shortly every month commencing November 1939—exactly on the first birthday of this "parent publication". It will contain many interesting items

—new material unpublished as well as specially selected articles from the English Journal translated into *Gujrathi*, and will be run on the same lines and general standard. Further particulars will be announced later.

Dr. and Mrs. Deshmukh of Nagpur came to Meherabad to stay with the Master for a few days during the summer vacation. It was a pleasure to have this learned and loving couple in our midst, and it was their delight to be with the Master and his group here. Dr. Deshmukh had interesting interviews with Baba on many subjects, when Baba explained many important points.

PUBLIC LECTURES

Before coming over here, Dr. Deshmukh went round the Central Provinces, visiting places on a lecture tour, and delivered interesting and inspiring lectures on the subject of "The Present Spiritual Crisis and the Need of an Awakener".

Special lectures were also arranged at two important places on this side—Poona and Bombay—where two of Baba's Western lady disciples—Countess Nadine Tolstoy and

Princess Norina Matchabelli—accompanied Dr. Deshmukh, and spoke on the same subject from their own angle and personal experience.

The coincidence of India's greatest sons and leaders speaking to the Bombay public simultaneously on the present "*National* Crisis and the Need of Awakening" to the new ideals of national move, and the lecture of these three closer disciples of Baba who spoke for the first time to the Bombay public on the present "*Spiritual* Crisis and the Need of an Awakener" for the ideal of a Universal Brotherhood of humanity based on the living example and inspiration of a Perfect Master, is most significant. Even if the Master himself observes silence for years, and still maintains it for his own reasons, he uses as one of many mediums of expression the vocal chords of his disciples to declare what he wishes to say to the world outside. For, after explaining the subject matter of the lecture on the present spiritual crisis and the need of an Awakener, which was but an introduction, it was all about the Master that they spoke,

and wanted the public to know in most impressive and inspiring words, based on *personal close contact and direct firsthand experience* they had with the Master for years. The ladies are personalities in the international world, having renounced everything for the Master's cause, and Professor Deshmukh is Doctor and lecturer of philosophy, at Morris College, Nagpur. It is always the direct contact and personal experience that counts and carries weight, rather than speeches based on mere philosophical reading or hearsay. It was this factor that touched the hearts of the hearers most. Meher Baba's only mission in life is not of establishing any new creed, neither interfering with any already existing, but of *awakening the divine within*, enabling everyone to realize the true aim and goal of life, and towards that end striving hard under the direct guidance and help of the Master.

The other important announcement of the establishment of the Universal Ashram with external international connections and importance,

based on the ideals of a universal brotherhood of humanity and bringing these ideals into actual practice, is a step forward in this direction towards which the Master wishes to lead humanity. The time now seems to be ripe, and the plans are drawn up for the establishment of one of these unique Ashrams—the first of its kind—to be established at Mandia (Central Provinces). Many other centres of the type may be established in different parts of the world, both in the East as well as in the West, at their proper times, according to the needs and developments at different places as seen by the Master. These institutions are meant to be the unique "Schools of Life" for young and old alike, of all classes, creeds and nationalities and of all denominations in life. The qualification for an entrance to this Ashram will be a thirst or longing for the life spiritual; and the Master alone who sees through the depth of the soul of each individual approaching him will be the supreme judge. Earnest seekers, eager to join the Master, have already been anxiously awaiting a call from the

Master. They will come, hundreds even from the West, and many are already on the waiting list. Preparations for the establishment for the first of these unique institutions at Mandla are going ahead.

At this time when there is a nation-wide urge in India for establishing our birthright and recognition of our nationality amongst other civilized nations of the world, and the tussel between the Imperial Government and the Indian people has reached its climax, from different directions and on different lines, the call of the Master to all the nations of the world to unite in *one human brotherhood*, and his personal activities to help humanity achieve and establish *that*, will not only eliminate the innate hatred between the classes and nationalities of people, specially between the rulers and the petty prejudices and pet beliefs that divide rather than unite people of different religions, but it will be the call of the Divine—the essence which is latent within all, but which needs a spark of the divine touch by a divine being to awaken it. Baba has touched the tender chords of

thousands who have come in his contact all these years. The call to all earnest seekers will now spread the world over with the march of time and with all the force of the inner working from the Master.

Shri Meher Baba dislikes and discourages mere "talks" and discourses. He advocates work—actions of putting ideals and high principles of life into actual practice. "The world talks too much," he says, "and it is the proper *action* that is greatly needed." And Baba doesn't merely say it, he puts it into practice. If example is anywhere better than precept, it is indeed with him. He is the most practical of Masters. He would not be himself without work, nor would he allow anyone under him to be idle and without work—"inner" or "outer" work—all being given duties that keep them busy any time of the day. An Avatar is said to be at once the Lord and Servant of humanity. Baba prefers more to be a "Servant" of humanity rather than its Lord. It is with his own personal example of hard work and service to humanity that all around him are deeply

impressed and inspired to act likewise in humble, loving and selfless service whatever is assigned to them by Baba. Those who have seen him work ceaselessly since early morning till late at night, attending to the minutest details of each individual staying with him, both materially and spiritually, and answering to a thousand and one other questions from people outside seeking his advice and guidance, verbally or by correspondence, or even by cables, advising all, in every matter concerning the life on earth and the life everlasting, are all amazed at the infinite amount of energy he possesses and exerts in meeting these usual unusual demands from one and all, every day. One would be simply confounded just to *think* of the numerous problems presented to him from one quarter or another daily, let alone to advise their solution. That in fact is utterly impossible for any human being. It is his perfect mastery over elements, and the infinite knowledge and power of his super-conscious state that enables him to manage all in a way Masters

alone can. He always rejoices in it. One so infinitely vital and energetic could hardly ever be found, ready to serve all, so lovingly, so spontaneously, and irrespective of even ungrateful remarks and behaviours of many. "It is not the work," Baba says, "but the ignorance of the people and their unyielding indifference towards things of a higher life, truly worth living for, that makes me suffer." It is the right spirit of disinclination and resistance *to face* situations and stand trials that gives him pain and makes him suffer more than anything else. Complications thus created require infinite patience for their removal. Solving these riddles needs infinite knowledge of human nature, its likes and dislikes, its tendencies and inclinations, and supreme tact to find a way to solve this greatest of the human problems of bringing about in actual life a reconciliation of matter with spirit, or a life of the world with the life eternal. It needs a Master, with infinite knowledge to piece it all together, infinite power to bend them to the desired mould,

thus guiding the destinies of mankind towards its goal.

MASTERS' SUFFERINGS AND BLISS—BOTH INFINITE

While thus working in the world for the spiritual upliftment of humanity, Masters have to incur upon themselves the infinite burden of "worries" of the entire suffering world, clamouring for its deliverance. This suffering of the world, steeped in the darkness of ignorance, becomes their suffering. This is their crucifixion. An Avatar's life on earth particularly becomes a crucifixion every moment. But with this infinite suffering that they have to take upon themselves, they also have the Infinite Bliss of the Perfect State which they eternally experience. Otherwise, it would be utterly impossible, and one would literally be crushed under the burden of such suffering from all around. An imperfect human being, however great, or even a genius, would be mentally unbalanced even to think of a thousandth part of the world's suffering that the Avatars have to solve.

Referring to a particular case brought to him one day,

and the peculiar problem it presented, Baba remarked that:

He would bear the burden of many a case like this particular one brought to him that day, and much more. But in dealing with such peculiar cases, he has to adopt peculiar methods which people do not understand, rather they misunderstand, suffer themselves and add to his suffering. And he has to redeem it all over again.

Not an easy task indeed! He takes it all easily in a matter-of-course manner as an ordinary everyday incident in life. The amazing way in which Baba explains it speaks of his infinite power, patience, suffering and understanding.

"Suppose one is bitten by a big scorpion. It causes terrible agony. The person suffers and even cries. While he is thus suffering under this pain of a scorpion bite, if a small ant also gives him a bite elsewhere, what effect would that bite of an ant have under the agony of a scorpion bite? None. Too trivial for thought!

Thus, tackling these individual problems presented to me, however difficult or delicate, is like small, insignificant

ant bites when compared to the burden of suffering of the entire humanity which it is my life mission to remove."

Explaining, another time, the difference between a "*Majzoob*" and a "*Salik*" (Master), Baba pointed out that:

"After God-realization, those who do not come down from the highest state of superconsciousness, enjoy eternal bliss, but have no duty. Those who come

down from the highest to the lowest state of normal human consciousness, take it on themselves to uplift all humanity. They enjoy eternal bliss, as well as suffer. They enjoy bliss in the Infinite State, and suffer with universal suffering of humanity. They are externally seen like ordinary human beings, but internally they cannot be understood. That is Baba's state."



THE SAYING OF SHRI MEHER BABA

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



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Register of Editorial Alterations

- Page 3, para 2, box, line 1, change “FROMS” to “FORMS”
- Page 6, para 2, line 6, change “Perfect,” to “Perfect”
- Page 9, col 1, para 1, line 4, change “worldy” to “worldly”
- Page 9, col 1, para 1, line 5, change “winderness” to “wilderness”
- Page 10, col 2, para 2, line 6, change “of the” to “of”
- Page 13, stanza 3, change “ecstasy” to “ecstasy”
- Page 14, col 2, para 2, line 3, change “waves bubbles” to “waves, bubbles”
- Page 14, col 2, para 3, line 4, change “lifa” to “life”
- Page 16, col 2, para 3, line 9, change “contageous” to “contagious”
- Page 16, col 2, para 3, line 11, change “crawling” to “crawl”
- Page 19, col 1, para 2, line 9, change “expiate” to “expiation”
- Page 27, col 1, para 2, line 6, change “accidently” to “accidentally”
- Page 32, col 1, para 1, line 9, change anything? to anything?”
- Page 32, col 1, para 1, line 17, change of;” to of;
- Page 35, col 1, para 2, line 1, change “uptil” to “until”
- Page 37, col 1, para 1, line 15, change “previously” to “previous”
- Page 37, col 1, para 1, line 21, change “spiritual” to “the spiritual”
- Page 40, col 2, para 1, line 23, change “who is aware” to “is aware”
- Page 53, col 1, para 3, line 6, change “intelct” to “intellect”
- Page 54, col 1, para 1, line 18, change “virtuous” to “virtuous man”
- Page 61, col 1, para 2, line 5, change “tussel” to “tussle”
- Page 63, col 1, para 2, line 25, change “Avataras” to “Avatars”