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MEHER BABA

JOURNAL



Contents

MEHER BABA		
ON		
TRUE DISCIPLESHIP		447
INDIVIDUALITY AND VALUE (II)	<i>Dr. C. D. Deshmukh,</i> <i>M. A., Ph. D. (London)</i>	455
UTILIZE THE DIVINE IN YOU	<i>Princess Norina Matchabelli</i>	459
FACTS	<i>Ruano Bogislav (Hollywood)</i>	465
THE ONLY THING THAT MATTERS	<i>Countess Nadine Tolstoy</i>	471
ST. CLARE AND ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI	<i>Will Backett (London)</i>	475
THE HIERARCHY OF SAINTS	<i>Dr. Abdul Ghani Munsiff</i>	487
INSPIRATIONAL FRAGMENT (Poem)	<i>Elizabeth C. Patterson</i>	493
VISITATION (Poem)	<i>Josephine Esther Ross (U.S.A.)</i>	494
YOU MUST BELIEVE IT	<i>Dr. Abdul Ghani Munsiff</i>	496
WHEN THE HEART SPEAKS	<i>F. H. Dadachanji</i>	499
NOTES FROM MY DIARY	<i>F. H. Dadachanji</i>	502

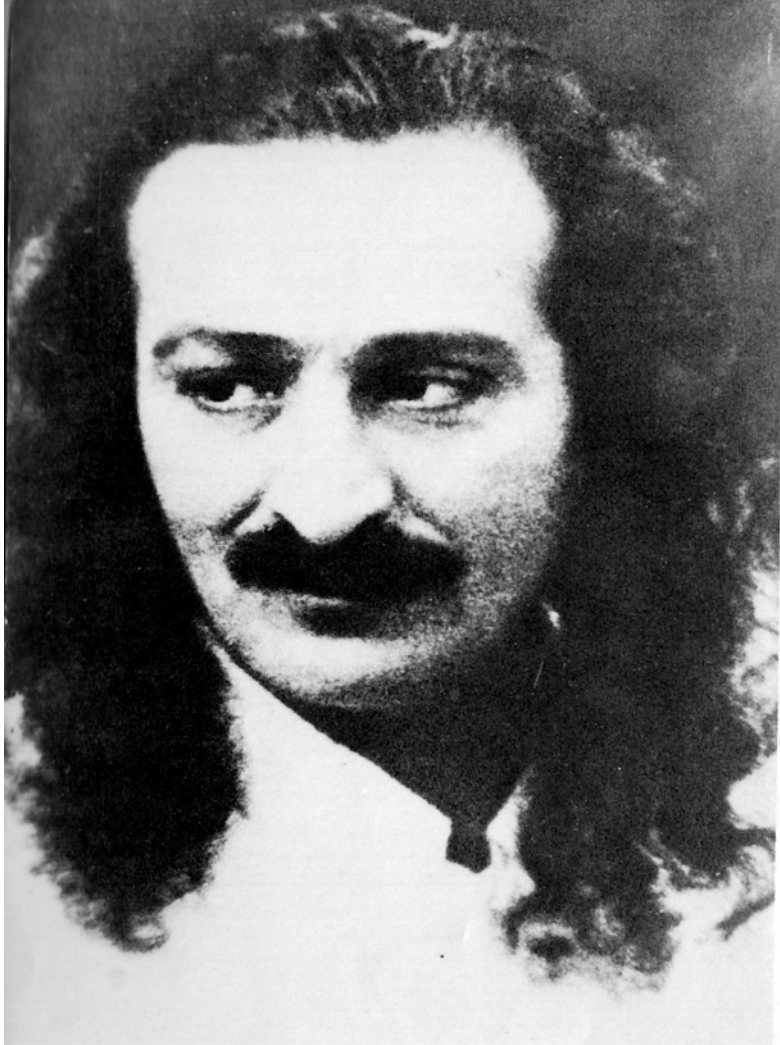
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“I have not come to teach but to awaken”
—SHRI MEHER BABA



Shri Meher Baba

MEHER BABA

JOURNAL

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Meher Baba *on* *True Discipleship*

WHEN the aspirant gets voluntarily affiliated to some Master he is said to have become a disciple. But if this affiliation is merely formal it does not constitute true discipleship. The relationship between the disciple and the

**Discipleship is a
Vital Relation**

Master is *utterly different from the legal relations which create rights and liabilities through verbal transactions or formal agreements*. Discipleship is one of the fundamental features which characterise the life of the advanced aspirant and it does not come into existence through any artificial procedure. It *arises out of the basic laws of spiritual life*. It is therefore of much greater significance than the mundane relations which arise within the context of ordinary social life as a result of incidental associations or temporary contracts. Many of these mundane relations do not enter into the spiritual fabric of the life of the aspirant but remain superficially attached to his being. Thus it is not of any great consequence whether you purchase a thing from one shop-keeper or another as long as you pay the price for the same: and it is immaterial whether you travel by one ship or another so long as you secure your getting at the destination. Even such transactions are no

doubt inwardly determined by *sanskritic* ties and *Karmic* laws and they are therefore not entirely devoid of spiritual significance. But these relations are in their very nature provisional and superficial: and they are in no way comparable to the vital bond of discipleship which *gives the very substance and direction to the life of the aspirant.*

The relation between the Master and the disciple is an inevitable outcome of the intrinsic conditions of the life of the aspirant. It is primarily a relation

**The Love Implied
in Discipleship is
Unique**

between the lover and his Divine Beloved: and it is from the spiritual point of view the most important relationship into which a person can enter. The love which constitutes the core of discipleship stands by itself among the different types of love which obtain in ordinary social relations. Mundane love is an interplay between two centres of God-unconscious; but *the love implied in discipleship is the love of God-unconscious for God-conscious.* Every one is God; but some are unconscious of their divinity, some are partly conscious of their divinity and a few are fully God-conscious. Those who are unconscious of their divinity can have no idea of the God-state; they are only conscious of the body-state. In order that they should inherit the God-state they have to love, worship and be guided by the Master who is constantly dwelling in the God-state.

The love which the aspirant has for the Master is really the response evoked by the greater love which the Master has for the aspirant; and it is to be placed

**Supremacy of the
Claim of the Master**

above all other loves. Love for the Master naturally becomes a central power in the life of the aspirant because he knows the Master to be an embodiment and representation of the Infinite God. All his thoughts and aspirations, therefore, come to be woven around the personality of the Master. The Master, thus, comes to have an unquestionable supremacy among the claims recognised by the aspirant: and *it is through the supremacy of claim*

that the Master becomes the focal point for the radiation of the spiritual forces which dispel all darkness, pluck out the sins of the heart and initiate the aspirant into the life of freedom and Truth-consciousness.

The most fundamental requisite for the candidate who would be a true disciple is an unquestioning love for the Master. *All the other streams of love ultimately*

All Love Leads to the Master *join this great river of love for the Master and disappear in it.*

Majnu loved Laila. He loved her so intensely that every moment of his life he was filled with thoughts about her. He could not eat, drink or sleep without thinking of her: and all that he wanted was the happiness of Laila. He would gladly have seen her married to some other person if he knew that it would be in her interest; and he would even have died for her husband if he had thought she would thereby be happy. The utter self-denial and sincerity of his love ultimately led him to the Master. Every second of his life he thought not of himself but of the beloved and this lifted his love from the physical or intellectual level and made it spiritual. The spiritualization of his love led him to the Divine Beloved.

The Master is the Divine Beloved and when the disciple meets his Master all that he has to do is to love him; for if the disciple loves the Master out of the

Purification through Love and Self-Surrender *fullness of his heart his final union with him is assured. He need not worry about the quality of his love. He should love in*

spite of his weaknesses and not tarry till he can purify his own heart. The Master is the very source of purity and *to set one's heart on the Master is the beginning of self-purification.* When the disciple has whole-hearted devotion for the Master he is opening himself for the reception of the Divine Love which the Master pours on him: and all his weaknesses are consumed in this fire of Divine Love of which he thus becomes the recipient. But if the disciple is to be free from all weaknesses and attain

incorruptible and infinite purity he has to *dedicate his life to the Master without any reservations or provisions*. He must offer his weaknesses as well as his strength, his virtues as well as his vices, his merits as well as his sins. There should be no 'if's and 'but's about his offering. His self-surrender must be so complete as to allow no room in his mind for even a shadow of any secret desire for the self.

Complete self-surrender and unquestioning love become possible when the disciple comes to have an unswerving faith in the Master. *Faith in the Master is*

The Value of Faith *an indispensable part of true discipleship.* Once God is realised there is no question of

faith at all, just as there is no question of faith when a man knows himself to be a man. But till this state of realisation is attained, the faith which the disciple places in the Master is his most reliable guiding light and is comparable to the steering wheel of the ship. *It is not correct to describe faith as being blind for it is more like sight than like unrelieved ignorance*; but it has to be short of direct experience until the aspirant realises God for himself. It is not for nothing that all the religions are otherwise referred to as 'faiths'. One of the essentials of the life of the aspirant is that he should have faith. Faith may express itself through diverse forms; but from the psychological point of view it is one and the same thing and does not admit of being labelled. The only differences in faith are differences of degree. Faith may be strong and vital or weak and lukewarm. A weak and lukewarm faith does not carry a man further than adherence to rituals and ceremonies; but *a strong and vital faith is bound to take the aspirant beyond the external forms of religion* and help him to eschew the crust and get at the kernel of true spiritual life. *Faith reaches its natural climax and goal when it comes to be rested in one's own Master.*

The faith of the disciple must always be securely grounded on his experience of the divinity of the Master. He must not

be like a straw carried anywhere by the slightest breeze; he should be like a rock which remains unmoved in the

**The Story of
Kalyan**

severest of storms. The story of Kalyan brings out the meaning of a really sound faith in the Master. Kalyan was a disciple of Swami Ramdas who was a Perfect Master at the time of Shivaji. The Master loves all disciples alike; but some might be particularly dear to him, just as a man loves all the parts of his body but the eyes are more dear to him than his fingers. Swami Ramdas had many disciples; but the most favourite among them was Kalyan. Other disciples did not quite understand why Kalyan should be more dear to the Master than all the others. Once Swami Ramdas made a test of the devotion of his disciples. He asked all his disciples to come to him and pretended to be so sick as to be on the point of death. He had placed a mango on the joint of his knee and bound it up by means of a bandage so that it looked like a huge swelling. Swami Ramdas pointed out to this swelling and told the disciples that it was a malignant tumour and that there was no chance of his living unless some one offered to suck out the poison from the joint of his knee. At the same time he made it clear to all the disciples that whoever would suck out the poison from the swelling would die instantaneously. Then he asked whether any disciple was prepared to suck out the poison from the swelling at the cost of life. At this invitation, the other disciples hesitated while Kalyan arose immediately and began to suck from the swelling. To his own surprise, Kalyan found that what he sucked out was the sweet mango juice and not poison; and he further had from Swami Ramdas much merited praise for having unswerving faith and self-denying love. To be willing to die for the happiness of the Beloved is true love. Such implicit faith, unfaltering love and undivided loyalty as that of Kalyan can come to the disciple only through the Grace of the Master.

Undivided loyalty to the Master does not introduce any narrowness in the sphere of the life of the disciple. To serve

the Master is to serve your own self in every other self. The Master dwells in Universal Consciousness and wills universal spiritual well-being:

The Master can be realised through Service to serve the Master is, therefore, to participate in his cause which is to serve all life.

While sharing the work of the Master, the disciple may be required to be in touch with the world; but though moving in the world in accordance with the work which is in store for him he is in inward contact with the Master as Infinite Being. Therefore, *by sharing the work of the Master the disciple comes closer to him and becomes an integral part of his consciousness*. Serving the Master is the quickest means of realising him.

The service which the disciple can offer to the Master is not only linked up with the universal cause of humanity but is one of the most potent means of

Sharing the Work of the Master bringing the disciple nearer to his spiritual goal. When the service offered by the disciple is spontaneous, wholehearted, self-

less and unconditional it brings him more spiritual benefit than can ever come by any other means. Service of the Master is a joy for the disciple even when it means an ordeal that tries his body or mind. Service which is offered under conditions of discomfort or inconvenience is the test of the devotion of the disciple. The more trying such service becomes the more welcome it is for the disciple: and as he voluntarily accepts physical and mental suffering in his devoted service to the Master, he experiences the bliss of spiritual fulfilment.

The sense of undivided and absolute loyalty to the Master is made possible by the right understanding of what the Master is and what he really stands for. If the

Cases of Conflict the disciple has an imperfect grasp of the true status and function of the Master he is likely to set up a *false*

antithesis between his own Higher Self and the Master and as a consequence of this antithesis he might create in his mind an artificial and imaginary conflict between the claims of the

Master and other claims which come to him as legitimate. But a disciple should from the very beginning realise that the Master only requires that the disciple should realize his own higher Self. In fact, *the Master symbolises the Higher Self of the disciple and is none other than this very Higher Self which is the same one reality in all*. So allegiance to the Master is only another form of his allegiance to his own Higher Self. This, however, does not mean that merely formal allegiance to the Higher Self is in any way an adequate substitute for the allegiance to the Master. *The disciple cannot have a clear perception of his own Higher Self until he is God-realised and often that which comes to him as his duty is really a prompting of some sanskaras interpolating themselves between the Higher Self and his field of consciousness*. The Master on the contrary is one with the Higher Self and can make no mistake about right valuation.

The disciple, therefore, must always test his own promptings by means of the standards or orders given by the Master and in the event of any conflict between

the two he should thoroughly re-examine his own ideas to discover the points wherein they might be short of perfection. Almost always a little reflection is sufficient to complete his own thinking and to perceive the *basic harmony between the true dictates of his own Higher Self and the requirements of the Master*. If, however, on some rare occasion, the disciple is unable to reconcile the two, he may be sure that he has either not properly understood the dictates of his own Higher Self or that he has not properly grasped the import of his Master. In such cases the Master himself requires that the disciple should follow his own conscience at any cost. The Master may sometimes give instructions with a view to prepare his disciple for a higher mode of life: and it is under such circumstances that the disciple finds himself confronted by an apparent and temporary variance between his own inclinations and the instructions which he receives from the Master. But usually the Master does not give any

instructions for which the disciple has not had inward anticipatory preparation.

The Master is supremely impersonal and all the time his only concern is to remove the veils between the consciousness of the disciple and his Higher Self. So

**The Real meaning
of Discipleship**

there can never be any real conflict between the allegiance of the disciple to his Master and his allegiance to his own Higher Self. Indeed, at the end of his search, *the disciple discovers that the Master is none other than his own Higher Self in another form.* The Master in his utter impersonality and unhampered divinity is so complete that he has nothing to desire for himself; and in relation to the disciple all that he requires is that the disciple should reconstitute himself in the light of the Highest Truth. To become a disciple is to begin to tread the Path leading towards the spiritual goal. This is the meaning of true discipleship.

*Individuality and Value**

II

THE CONCEPT OF INDIVIDUALITY

BY DR. C.D. DESHMUKH, M.A., PH.D.

“The world of individual forms comes into existence for the realization and expression of value.”

—SHRI MEHER BABA

ALL that exists is individual. Neither the particular nor the universal can exist by itself. Both are abstractions from the total nature of existents. The particular exists in and through the universal and the universal exists in and through the particular. Nor can we form an adequate concept of the individual on the analogy of a bare point of existence in space or a kind of indivisible atom. There is no 'that' without a 'what'. *Individuality is not constituted by a kind of centre without a circumference. It is both the centre and the circumference.* And the problem is whether there is any principle by which to determine what that centre or circumference is.

It might seem that with regard to the constituents of so-called

inorganic nature much of *what little individuality we see in them is really projected into them by us, according to the specific purposes, with which we are at the moment concerned.* Thus, a page is regarded as one, while we are engaged in reading the book; but if we want to place the book in the shelf, the individuality of the page is swallowed up in the individuality of the book. What is called a "thing" is that part of reality which serves some purpose (practical or theoretical) of the person who is concerned with it. An electron is a "thing" from the point of view of the physicists in so far as it subserves some theoretical purpose. A mountain is a "thing" in so far as it obstructs the way or protects

* Continued from May 1940.

the frontier or shelters the people from cold winds.

But the vast immensity of "inanimate" nature does not necessarily break itself into such "things". There are many portions of nature which seem to have no real and direct relation to purely human purposes, except perhaps in a remote and purely theoretical way. And the question arises as to the kind of individuality, if any, which belongs to these portions or their constituents. In the later articles of this series, it will be shown that everything points out to the probability that these constituents are really some kind of rudimentary organisms whose nature as organism we are unable to appreciate owing to our incapacity to understand or enter into their purposes.

It is only when we come to unambiguous organisms of which biology takes cognisance, that we seem to get some principle helping us to determine the individuality

inherent in the object itself, the individuality inherent in the object itself, apart from the obstruction or furtherance of the purposes of others. An organism does not seem to have, through its sensibility, a certain capacity to appreciate, in some rudimentary way, the round of its life. It comes to have individuality in virtue of this capacity. *The individuality of an organism is not primarily due to the structure of its body but to its capacity to appreciate in some way, its own existence.** The organized body is the condition of the vital activities of the life of the organism; but it does not in itself constitute the essence of its individuality. Apart from its life and in the capacity of being a mere body the organism cannot have, on the ground of its special structure any more claim to individuality than "the thing". But life or any vital activity can ultimately be distinguished from the notions in inanimate nature by

* From the point of view of merely bodily existence, the unity of the organism is a matter of degree and may be included in or inclusive of similar unities. The relation between the parent organism and the embryo is, for example, an instance of indistinct Entities, the former including the latter. The mere presence of differentiation and integration cannot make of the body a genuine whole. It would still lack real individuality if it is totally devoid of value.

introducing, in some sense, the notion of value. Only in so far as an organism has or can have some kind of value can it, therefore, have any individuality.

In human personality, the principle of individuality is more clearly expressed because of the presence of self-consciousness. *Man not only has value but he knows himself as having value. He exists for himself and has value for himself. It is self-consciousness that distinguishes human personality as such from other types of individuality.* The existence of self-consciousness, however, makes possible the emergence of a type of individuality which is not only different from, but higher than the type of individuality which is possible below the level of self-consciousness. The individuality of a person is higher in virtue of his capacity to pursue and realize the higher values of moral and religious consciousness.

There seem to be two ways of looking at human personality.

It is possible to look upon a man from the standpoint of an *observer* or from the standpoint of the man *himself*. From the standpoint of the observer the individuality of a person consists of an evergrowing series of events or effects partly or wholly initiated by him. But as the causal series of events is never complete but always in the making any limitation of the reality of the individual is, from this point of view, bound to be more or less artificial. From the standpoint of the man himself, his reality is constituted by his own direct experience. It will be seen that the contents of his experience are also constantly increasing. The contents of his experience are not a fixed quantity.* It is, therefore, not possible to assign any definite limits to his existence on the basis of these contents of his experience.

It is true that everyone feels within himself that he does exist for himself and is aware of his self-identity in spite of an in and through the changing

*It is even unscientific to look upon either birth or death as necessarily limiting the scope of his experience. His linear existence as an experiment admits of indefinite extension at both ends, from the theoretical point of view.

contents of his experience. But as this amounts to a bare affirmation of his existence we have to look to something else to determine his nature.

One promising way of understanding his nature is to examine not the specific contents but the general *structure of his experience*. The examination of this structure reveals that in spite of the diverse and sometimes even conflicting elements of his consciousness, there is in him a principle of organisation. This principle introduces some order into the contents of his theoretical as well as of his practical consciousness. *And the essence of this order consists not in the bare absence of inconsistency or conflict but in the significance it has for the individual.* The individuality of human beings, no less than that of other organisms, is constituted by their capacity to be bearers of value. Value is the clue to the understanding of individuality.

Whatever is individual is unique in some sense. In the lowest types of individual existents this unique-

ness is probably mainly constituted by the occupation of a special place in space or by living through a particular period. This, however, does not give us a really significant uniqueness. *Significant uniqueness is not a matter of merely being in some way different from other existents.* Therefore, in order to get clear instances of significant uniqueness we have to come to the realm of persons or self-conscious individuals. Their uniqueness is mainly constituted by the uniqueness of the purpose of the purposes animating their life. But the concept of purpose throws us back upon the value towards which it is directed. Value is, therefore, the principle which makes any existents either individual or unique.

Since value is most clearly expressed in human individuality, it seems obvious that the analysis of the nature of human personality would yield fruitful results in the interpretation of the nature of the individuality of organisms or of the constituents of what is usually considered to be inanimate nature.

(To be continued)

Utilize the Divine in You

BY PRINCESS NORINA MATCHABELLI

MEHER BABA *is egoless.*

He is real.

How do we know this? We know this as He in Use in us is Truth-reaction.

What is this Truth-force in Use in us, making Use of us to self-act in us some Wonder? It is to live—to realize. It is to live and in living to die.

Real wonder in Use is He in Being as the Truth. This is far to explain. It is far to see, to know, to self-realize. *It is pure living. It is realization of Self as pure Existence.*

The Self imperative in Use in us is real. The Being in Use in us is reaction in mind Immutable—it is in Use in us realization of mind Immutable.

We see, know, find in us—Him be the Use in us—we know in us is *Faith*. What we conscious understand as *faith*, is being certain of the Show in Use. It is to believe in the Idea. It is to self-realize in us the Knowledge of Truth.

God in Use in us is He—real. How do we know this? By being in us realizing in I the Divine Order to Self-realize in us God.

What is God? God is Use.

We begin to self-act in Use in Him—the Show of Being as Real I, as good I, as selfless I. This we do, and we see, know, feel. This we see, know and self-realize in us as mind that has *surrendered to One-all-I Existence*. That is One-all-I's heart-beat in Love.

We love in Love for Him—Truth.

We love in Love for Him—Him.

We love God in Use in us—as Him.

The Super Divine Life in Use in us is He Descended as Life of One—as Being—as the God-man. He is the *old I Immutable* realized in I as human creature that in Use, has to self-realize in us—Him. This we know to be certain. This we know to be right. This we know to be sure. This we know to be real.

He has to self-sacrifice in Use

of Him—Him as God. He has to self-realize in us in Use of Him—Truth. He has to self-realize in Use of Him in us—Him. This is Selfless Service. This is donation of Truth. This is doing real Order to do real good self-serving realizing reaction.

God on earth is here to make us self-realize *what He is*. To make us see and really know through our own self-realizing experience what is the term God. That term that has been worshipped throughout age and time is more or less a term when it is in us the Idea. *The Use of this term is to live and to practise the Real Life and that is to serve with the I that has to God-conscious react in I. This I has to be given. It has to be annihilated, it has to be used. That what is the meaning of Use is Self-annihilation.* To self-annihilate means giving up our own I, the Self, the I as spirit existence—it is all the same—it is Use. *All has to be annihilated before His own I.* When He is here to make us see *through our own individual experience* that He is the Divine realized Existence that is unself-conscious of its own Divine Life being realized, that is unself-

conscious of Him being the Divine Order in us to self-annihilate, *when we in us realize, know, see and feel—we conscious realize in us that He is here for the sake of us to make us be the Real Self, the Divine Human Being, conscious of its own Divine Origin.*

To make it clear once over, I quote Meher Baba's own words: "Whatever I here say is true as I speak through you in mind that is in pure winning order to self-annihilate before me. I know that you win when you capitulate before me. I know that you self-act pure and real when you self-design in you for me your own I as Use for me. Be tranquil and confide in this Real 'I', that I—here in this life of my I—here in this life of my Divine human existence do self-conscious in you realize. This is to all to be of Use as a good warning. Give these notes to everyone to read, as it is true that I in mind in man conscious realize the Divine I. This be right and good the old school of Self-realization under the self-imposed act of me the Exponent of Truth. This be right in everyone as the warning that has to make good in everyone.

This be the life in anguish, the strife in pain, the lure to resurrect, the warning in war—the realization of God in some proportion that is of Use to the human mind in the stage as evolution in which it is. Let all this be made clear that I have not come to preach and to make new forms of religion and to create a new philosophy that has to bring in intellect as the head, as the mind, as the finite order of thinking—a new show of Realization as mere understanding. No, a thousand times no. It has to make you all *experience* that which is the Divine 'I' in the human realizing work of I as the finite existence."

"The opposition as the wonder doing realizing dual I life has to be understood—but within, in that same I it has to be made clear that it is nonsense to think that in this I we conscious come to know that what is God. God is something far more than Truth in Use as the realizing Order in mind as Divine Knowledge. That is clear when it is realized within, in that same I that is more than intellect, more than intelligence, more than finite dual knowing, seeing, feeling.

"It is some far remote *Knowledge that comes back into the heart* within, in mind in I as that same old dual finite human creature which is now on the way to know deeper, more real realizing reacting Truth and that is—*when I here am in person. I here in person realize in person that what in person has to be realized. So this is finite knowing in finite I with divine order to realize in self, in its own Divine I. This is finite experience of God in mind as the individual existence.*

"This Wonder of realizing within, in mind the Divine Order in Being as knowing that—one is the God within the human creation, is a deep realizing show that I do not ask anyone to realize without the Sure Guide to help on to its pure state of *Non-existence*. This pure state of *Non-existence* is a far more real and good and pure 'I' state within the human I than anyone could possibly imagine. What it is, I shall reveal, what it has to show in you as the disciple that has to serve in this I as *a divine instrument without I—is to be shown*. When I say it is to be shown, I mean that we have *to be* what we say

that *we owe* to be, what *we know*, what *we see*, what *we feel*. So it is no more a false existence that has its pure origin in the Divine I as false show of I as unreal show of I in mind as Being, *but it is Truth realized as state in full*. That is all I here have to say. *It is time that we realize* and to realize means to live, to give, to create, to be useful, to give one's own unending Joy in Being for the Self-use in I of anyone.

"So it is time to realize in small ways of living what is this Divine Existence as the realizing show in I. It is more than small. It is a tiny bit of good-hearted winning gesture. It is in giving love to anyone who is in need of such expansion of life in Being that in itself is unending giving, unending sharing. All this is real and good. It is more than I can say to you who here has conscious realizing ardour to self-annihilate in I the Divine I in Use.

"To self-annihilate in Being as the Spirit—I here react in Being the life realized that helps, that reacts, that realizes in Use of its own sharing the Self-annihilation in reaction, in opposition, in mak-

ing order, in giving order, in refusing, in accepting, in making trial in Divine quest and test.

"I do the same unending sharing in pain. Sharing is the most Divine Order to experience—God.

"God is unending Calm. That is in itself giving sharing unending sharing. Love is Divine illusion as mercy. That is making belief that it is good to alive realize that I am here for the Use of all to make all good.

"So it is in this making believe that I here am God as man. Be sure of this and never doubt and never hesitate to come to me for help.

"If it is for a tiny bit of mercy—come to me. If it is for a tiny bit of Love—come to me. If it is for a tiny bit of Joy that has no end—come to me.

"I can say this to you who have seen me in so many occasions dispensing this Love that is 'unending'. You have seen me give this Love that is 'unending' to so many who do not care for this kind of Love. You have seen me give it and squander it in form of Grace that is showing the Truth, that

is showing God's Oneness in Manyess; that is showing Truth in One-all-existence that is divine living Love.

"People who serve the selfish I—this life of self in realizing reaction to annihilate the I that is selfish, the Love of Being—*is without Self-satisfaction*. They do not want to live for others, they do not want to give away their goods. They do not want to share a little bit of what they have which is more than what others have. They care to keep everything what they have. They share with themselves.

"I say this to all who have not yet realized that *in sharing and in giving is my I the Divine I's Order that is Direct in Use*. This direct Life that is anyone in its own way of experience and expression is always I. *I is ' I '*. I is One, I is the same as ' I ' in any one.

"That Oneness state of free existence is a more or less imaginary show when it is not realized. Therefore I am here to make good. This is to say, whether it is I in you, I in him, I in her, I in the East, I in the West, it is all the same ' I '. This I, has to realize Truth. This I, has to self-

react in ' I ' that is, was, and ever is ' I '—One—the ' I ' as God. This must not be the old romance with one's own I and someone else's finite I, but it must be the full show in which all of us are participating and that is the Self in I. That is the mind in Being. It is the Divine Existence that in us has become conscious and realized.

"This is my promise and I shall in every way realize it. This is my full promise which I shall in everyone keep and in everyone react and in every way realize. Let this be published for the use of all who have not at all yet understood who is the man that has come to show in I, for the use of I—what is Truth, what is *God*.

"It is different in every way, in every I that what the I is in need of. Some ask for money, some ask for living occupation, some ask for health, a few, a very rare portion asks for more. And only one under a thousand asks for God-realization. What does that mean that this Fulfilling Order has taken so little order in the mind of man while I am here to stir, to make realize more and deep that what is the goal

of life in I? It is none other than the external ways of life that *seem to react slow to me* when I am present. They must win. It is me doing in them the Divine Stir; the warning to realize them in I as the real existence. It is not so easy to be understood. Rely on what I here say; no one has to think of the other one, that he is less. *All are reacted by the Ray of God.* The sun shines even all over the world, it is here sooner as imaginative individual idea and it is there later, but as a whole it is all over the sign of the real Work-

ing Order. I have expressed my own Joy to self-react in you for the Use of I—as me. I have here now loved within me as I Universal, the Use in me, as Truth-making Use of its own subjective mind. This I do in everyone of you.

"I rejoice in doing whatever I do. I rejoice in doing good. I rejoice in doing comfort, I rejoice in making war, I rejoice in making pain. To rejoice unselfish is to realize unself-conscious in I as the individual that has to be conscious—the Truth that is Use of me."



THE SAYING OF MEHER BABA

The trinkets of this world cannot tempt the true divine lover. He does not feel the appetites and cannot enjoy sound sleep. He resembles a fish just taken out of water. He is restless until he is united with the Beloved.



Facts

BY RUANO BOGISLAV (HOLLYWOOD)

STRANGE as it may seem, it was really through allowing myself to be persuaded to take a cocktail at the Ritz bar in Paris, that I eventually met Shri Meher Baba.

A dear friend of mine, whom I had not seen for a long time, was returning to England from India *via* Paris. He had something of great importance to tell me. He tried to get in touch with me but without success, forgetting that I was only known by my stage name in Paris. He was walking down the Avenue de L'Opéra, when he suddenly changed his mind and decided to take the Boulevard des Capucines. It was just at this time, having finished my cocktail, that I started down the Rue Cambon and at the corner of the Boulevard des Capucines we met. We met because I was meant to hear what he had to tell me, and he promised to come to dinner that night. Nonny Gayley and her daughter Rano, were living with me at this time, so

during dinner and the evening we were told all about Shri Meher Baba, the Perfect Master. My dear Master, Abdul Baha, had died. This was the third time I had heard about Shri Meher Baba. T., left a small photograph with me and promised he would do what he could to arrange a meeting if Shri Meher Baba came again to Europe.

Time passed and I heard nothing more, but I received a letter from a woman who had previously sublet my apartment, asking if she might have it for the month of July. I stopped with a friend whilst trying to decide what I had better do during this month when a letter came from T., telling me that Baba had arrived and was in Porto Fino, Italy, and that I was to come quickly. It all became very clear why my apartment had been rented, for it gave me the wherewithal to go quickly, otherwise I would have had to borrow.

I arrived in Porto Fino July 8th, 1933 and was met by T. and M. who had found a room for me in the village. I shall always be deeply grateful to T. for he did not forget his promise, which had made him indirectly responsible for my great happiness.

Baba was in Rome but was returning to Porto Fino that night. Next morning, July 9th, T. came to fetch me. The house where Baba was staying was on a high hill overlooking the Mediterranean and surrounded by a beautiful park. The moment we entered the gate I began to cry and it became worse as we climbed the hill. I was thoroughly ashamed of this behaviour, especially as I looked a sight and could not stop crying. By the time we reached the house, I was in a dreadful state. T. brought me a glass of water, but nothing helped and then the door opened and Baba stood there.... I cannot remember what I did, I know that I looked and looked. It probably was only for a moment, but it seemed to me as if I had been looking for ages, and then I put my hands over my face and cried more than ever. I shall never

forget the kind and gentle way in which Baba led me to a sofa and made me sit beside him and patted my hand. Through my sobs I tried to tell him how sorry I was that I could not stop crying. He spelled out on his board to T., "Tell her it is just as it should be". I had a great fear that he might send me away, so I asked if I was to be sent away, but my Beloved Baba shook his head 'no'. I was then told to come to the garden every morning from ten to twelve and every afternoon from four to six. I carried out these instructions to the minute aided by the church bells. For ten days I cried. I neither knew whether I ate or whether I slept, I only thought of the moment when I could return to the garden. Sometimes I did not see Baba. One time he led me to the wall and pointing to the sea far below, said on his board: "I am like the sea, drown yourself in me and you will live forever".

After Italy I saw Baba every time he came to Europe and I was so happy when he made use of my apartment in Paris to see those that wished

to see him there. When my daughter went in to see Baba I said, "Baba dear, this is my baby". My daughter immediately said, "Baba, she is much more of a baby than I am", and then Baba said on his board: "Baba also means baby, so we are three babies". He is always ready with such adorable things to say, and makes one feel so happy and at ease.

Those meeting Baba for the first time always wonder what they ought to say and how they ought to act. This is all useless, for the minute one comes into presence of Baba, the answer to what one should do or say is all there. Everything is there.

I went to London with Baba, and another time to America and on to Hollywood. The train to California makes a stop of one half hour at Alberquerque, New Mexico. Baba got off the train and walked up and down the long brick platform. I was with him. He wrote something on the palm of his hand, "Indian". I thought, what shall I do, Baba wants to see some Indians and where shall I find any. I pointed to an old

squaw sitting in front of one of the shops that border the station. Baba motioned to his four Indian disciples, pulled my arm through his and off we went toward the end of the long station platform. He turned abruptly to the left and continued up a street as if he knew exactly where he was going. At that time I had not arrived at the state of mind which leaves everything to Baba. I was still thinking for myself and I thought—my, we only have half an hour here and where is Baba going, hunting for Indians, we may miss the train Baba, of course, knew what I was thinking. After walking about two blocks, I saw two Indians standing at the corner. One was very tall and fat, dressed in a shirt and trousers and a band of red tied around his forehead. The other one was short, and was selling small bows and arrows. I was delighted and said to Baba, "Here are two Indians".

The small Indian walked away and Baba stood before the tall one, and they looked at each other. I murmured something about wondering whether he spoke English, but no one paid

any attention to me. The Indian disciple said nothing and in the back of my head I was thinking about the train. Suddenly Baba turned abruptly, again put my arm through his and we returned to the train just in time. The whole thing was so strange that I asked Baba if he knew that the Indian would be there and Baba shook his head—yes—and on his board he said, "One of my agents".

In Hollywood, a large house had been taken for Baba and those accompanying him, quiet and delightful. In all we were sixteen in number. Certain duties were given to each one. The house-keeping and marketing fell on me. This work kept me constantly in the kitchen, therefore I was deprived of seeing as much of Baba as the others, so I became very sad and jealous and shed many a bitter tear. The only comfort I had was to do my work to the best of my ability. I also was obliged to accept everything, so my pride was being tried to the utmost. All in all I was very miserable. Sometimes whilst crying to myself in the kitchen, I

would feel a gentle pat on my shoulder, it was Baba. I would immediately become happy, but the misery of my jealousy and loneliness would creep back again and tears would follow, and so it went on for three weeks. Baba left us to return to India by way of the Pacific, and on the last day we each had a private talk with him. I cried as usual and he said to me on the board, "You have done faithfully and well a job that you disliked, you have done more for yourself than you have any idea". These words of praise from Baba washed away all the sad memories of the past three weeks. Then came the sad parting without knowing when we would see Baba again.

After two years, miracle of miracles, here I am in India with Baba, in the Meher Retreat in Nasik. Every thought has been given for the comfort of his Western disciples, so that they shall keep well and become acclimated and be happy, for Baba says, "How can one think of spiritual things if one is uncomfortable and obliged to think of the body".

Friends write and ask if there is a course of study that

one follows, or if there are certain books that one should read, etc. There are no studies nothing of that kind. There is Baba. He awakens something in one so that things that seemed of great importance before, fade away, material wants grow less and less and there remains only great desire to understand. This becomes paramount, at least so it is with me. I marvel every day that I have been allowed to come, what a privilege to have been here for his birthday celebration.

Visitors began to arrive on the 16th of February 1937, devotees and members of Baba's family. They were all housed in the vicinity, in various bungalows and rest-houses. An enormous tent had been erected, and special kitchen tent where Brahmin cooks were stalled. Every day thousands of meals were served to friends and devotees of Baba's, rice and curry and lentils, eaten from plates made of leaves, and everyone sat on low benches cross-legged, in Eastern fashion and ate with their fingers.

On the 17th, ten thousand poor and more passed before Baba and he touched their feet and then his own forehead. This act is called

darshana, and instead of their touching the Master's feet and their own foreheads, Baba performed himself this act of humility, which had a deep spiritual significance known only to him. Outwardly he handed to each one a ball of sweet (*ladoo*) made of almonds, and as they passed on, they were given a bundle, a piece of material containing rice and lentil grains, which we Westerners had been preparing for days previous. This stream of people began passing at eight in the morning and continued all day until evening, with only short intervals of rest for Baba. It was the fortieth day of his fast. I had never imagined such spectacles of poverty, blind leading blind, lame, deformed, beggars carrying all their worldly possessions, bundles of rags and a bowl, mothers with large-eyed babies who sat on their hips, most of them naked. Others with only a loin cloth, some with bushy unkept hair, and still others with wonderful faces and sturdy bodies. The lepers were given the same *prasad* by Baba, only they were segregated and Baba came forward to them.

While this was going on, songs of Krishna were being sung, accompanied by drums and a small melodian. It was all so touching and simple that I cried most of the time. The tent was crowded with rich and poor, all spectators looking at Baba, women in rags and women in beautiful *saris*, men in turbans or black Persian caps, every kind of costume and head-dress, denoting all castes.

The next day, the 18th, was the actual day on which Baba's birthday was celebrated. There were fresh arrivals of Baba's devotees and the destitute had all gone on their way. The ceremony of the washing of Baba's feet began. Hundreds passed by him for this devotional act, including ourselves. Then each in turn passed by and offered wreaths of jasmine and roses which were placed around Baba's neck, and he gave them his benediction, either in embracing them or touching them with his hand. Flowers were immediately removed and placed to one side. A great cloak of jasmines and roses was thrown about his shoulders. He sat on a low couch facing the people,

while on the platform stood many men who had been with Baba for years, young and old, strong and indefatigable in their devotion to Baba and untiring as nothing is too much for them to do for Baba. I shall never forget the expressions of love on the faces of these people. There was a great deal of singing and dancing, people from Ahmednagar danced a stranger savage dance with sticks having metal pieces attached giving the sound of bells. There was devotional singing with drum and cymbal accompaniment. A singer, considered one of the finest in India, Master Krishna, sang most beautifully accompanied by two strange large instruments called *tambooras* and drums. The whole day passed like a dream.

Although this was the first time I had witnessed a ceremony of this kind, I did not feel strange or out of place, it all seemed right as it should be, and although it happened but a short time ago, it already seems like a beautiful strange never to be forgotten dream.

The world seems indeed far away. I long for the day when I shall be allowed to

help Baba. I am only learning my A-B-C's in this all-important school of spirituality, but whatever there is in me that is of any use, it belongs completely to Baba, to do with as he wishes, as I belong entirely to him.

Take me oh Beloved
 Into that land of Light,
 Where love creates the endless day
 And there shall be no night.
 And there with Thee Beloved,
 All life is as song
 A strange and glorious harmony
 To which we all belong.



The Only Thing That Matters

BY COUNTESS NADINE TOLSTOY

Love is the key-word of life.
 Love wins and disentangles
 difficulties.
 It is a shortcut, it works like pure
 magic.
 Love is and ever will be the pass-
 word of true spirituality.
 It works in Union with Truth.
 Love is the One-in-all Word.
 Love is the One Word of im-
 portance.
 It expresses the greatest need of
 humanity.
 Make Love the word of remem-
 brance.
 Let it become the deep affirmation
 in Being.
 Let it become the within-without
 acting order.
 Let it be the One-in-all application
 in living.
Serve Love in every act; Love
serves the best.

Let the word Love be the turning
 point in your thinking
 Let your thoughts be with Love.
 Think of Love.
 Think of Love from the heart.
 It is the utterance of *experience*,
 called Love.
 Make it *alive* worth and mean-
 ing.
 Let its vital Good spread within.
 Let the heart catch its awakening
 touch
 Let it move to self-forgetfulness.
 Let all within-without settle in
 tranquillity.
 True Love is born of unselfish-
 ness.
 Make it practical through *actual*
feeling.
 Make it a visible in life-action.
 Make Love the inner pure contact
 with men.

Divine Love moves to response;
its *selflessness* is irresistible.

In the pure atmosphere of self-
lessness can the flower of the
heart bloom to full Beauty.

Selflessness is the nearest link
with Divine Love.

It invites the Grace of the Divine
Lover—The God-man.

Let it be the *alive experience*
conscious of its Truth.

Let it be the Voice of God in the
innermost.

Let it be the winning contact with
the soul.

It is He Who gives Life in *new*
pure feeling, and makes you
say:

Yes, Now I know!

Arise, long within—draw all of
you into the alive spark of the
contact.

Respond to your own longing.

Breathe in deep, in sigh of relief
and expand

Open to Radi Him

Keep it up, streaming the new life
upward.

It is His heart ation that fills the
pure open recipient.

Let it be the New Joy, let it flow
freely.

Steady and firm be the heart
unshakable!

As a rock in the ocean *be*. No
waves or storms will destroy
the Point of Real Security.

In Him it is indestructible.

He helps to find spontaneously
the *centre of balance*.

Command the head through the
heart.

Use the Will—Love lovingly.

Let the heart rise to its supre-
macy.

In stillness of the heart let the
head be quiet.

Love will infuse and envelope the
mind.

Let the reason be enlightened by
Love experience and under-
standing.

Remain and continue in the
power of the heart.

Real power is *effective* through
Love.

This power is in every heart
charged by the contact of
Divinity.

This power is blessed, as it wins
the freedom of the Soul.

Divine Love spreads its conta-
gion.

"It increases when shared", says
He.

Love is the simplest spontaneous
art of Oneness.

Let it be the *unbroken flow*....

Aflame with inspiration you will
reach the Point.

Let that fire purify and consume
all of the human.

Let *the* “ I ” *become nil* in
spontaneous capitulation.

Expand in New Vision, conscious
of its Beauty and Truth.

In surrenderance be His.

Let His heart and His spirit be the
focus of all your existence.

He says: "Take in from me, drink
from the Pure Source".

From now on let it be

Nothing matters to that heart,
nothing can claim it, the world
has nothing to give it.

Seal the heart with the unbreakable
seal of Union with Him.

*He will give you Love to all, even
to those who hurt you.*

So love, "Just Love", says He.

Become an offering of Love to
Him in simple contentment.

Let your heart beat and sing in
rhythm with the Divine Love.

How soothing is the deepest of
your sighs of in-breathing!

It is the first release of new birth.

Love quenches the restless search
for divine contentment.

Once tasted from the Source of
Pure Being—Love becomes a
divine new fascination.... pure
everlasting.

One longs for the state of Real
Beauty in Pure Experience.

Love is its own authority and Ideal,
it is sure in its own recognition.

Its true alive meaning no words can
reveal except Love itself.

The contact with Him *opens* the
Truth of that Beauty.

What can replace it or extinguish
once it is kindled in the Pure
Source of the Divine?

It is sending out the silent
radiations to make you happy
and pure.

His heart vibrant with Love
radiates its contagion that you
also may join in the Love Feast
of the Universe.

He knows the hearts of men and He
chooses His own.

He feels their throbs, their sigh and
scars of pain, and He is rejoicing
in the elations of pure happiness.

He lives within each and all to
reveal in time and in measure the
real significance of His
Existence.

To seek him and to aspire for the
experience of His Grace is given
to all who are ready *to use it*.

*Reach out for the Real Good that
deceives not.*

Try the experience of your best
greater self and continue sure.

Catch the inner call and follow in higher pitch going to the Source.

The true Real Noble Man is *within you*.

Is you.

Let it come out in the Divine contact of the Creative Life.

The Divine Love of the Pure One is the One real universal miracle.

Be ready for Him.

He will prepare you and help you to experience—"That Joy which no man can take away".

He will go with you as far as you can go and further.

He is ever willing where life is willing.

He also *promotes* willingness and response and you do it and you follow *spontaneously yourself*.

He is One with life and with all its ways of self-fulfilment.

In Him converge all Life-forces in creation of the New Man.

The world now is bound to gravitate to Him—the Alive Universal Centre in Perfect Example.

Men Love *Love* and are drawn to long and seek its greater experience.

Didn't he say:

Love is the Law.

Love is the beginning and the end.

Love is all that matters.

Love is the very aim of the game of life.

Love is the remedy.

Divine Love awakened by His Grace is Religion, Truth, God.

Love is the persistent hope of man in expectation of its real life here and now.

Love is the promise of God to man.

Love will reveal the hidden secret of Universal Happiness.

Love is the most reliable and beautiful basis of all Union.

Love fulfils all the cherished aspirations for *permanent happiness*.

Love gives real freedom as it forgives and, even more, it does not take offence.

Love is patient, calm, tolerant and understanding, as it is One with all Impersonal.

Love gives and shares; it co-operates.

Love makes life easy and seeks no compensations.

Love is unifying, creative and spontaneous.

Wherever life is ready to respond, yield and follow Him, the Grace of the Master will blow the Spark and unfold unfathomable things.

The Master came to show *the Love-life in example*."

He says to man: "You can be what I am."

"Only love....Try Love use

"Only love....Try Love unselfish—I will help.

So you may really love and live, love and be happy, Love and fulfil."

"In my Love seek Self-realization.

My Grace will reveal to you Divine Love for fulfilment of Life and Happiness.

Love has to move your hearts..

You have to take Love in your heart"says He and turns the key *at His Will* to unlock Love.

St. Clare and St. Francis of Assisi

BY WILL BACKETT (LONDON)

THE fame of this little Italian town has centred round the lives of St. Francis and his few companions, who, seven hundred years ago, strove to follow in the footsteps of the Master Jesus, and to obey his command to leave all and to follow Him.

Thus they espoused the cause of poverty, that Francis personified as a beautiful lady whose gifts free the spirit from all desires for outer possessions so that the soul can draw near to God spontaneously and with joy. His intensity communicated itself to others, and Brother Silvester, one of his earliest followers, was thus drawn to him. It was he who sold Francis some stones for the Church of St. Damian, which the Saint was then rebuilding with his own hands, but seeing one of the Brothers distributing his wealth in alms to the poor, he became covetous and pretended that money was still due, so that more might be given him.

Francis was amazed at this, knowing full well that he had already paid him the sum agreed, but placing his hands in the cloak of the Brother who had the money, with great fervour of spirit, he drew forth a handful which he passed upon the greedy priest, and again a second time, filling his hands and saying: "Hast thou now thy payment in full Sir Priest"?

That night, during the priest's fitful slumber, the events of the day came into his mind again, and his short lived joy at the money given him, turned to self-contempt, as image after image of St. Francis rose before him, and he compared his own life and that of other priests with the Saint's. Then the form of the Saint before him turned into the Saviour's, from whose mouth he saw a cross, stretching north, south, east and west, and covering the whole earth.

Filled now with the one desire to follow the Master, he came again to Francis who

accepted him as one of the Brethren, of whom it is said in the "Little Flowers of St. Francis" that he walked with God.

This was more than the psychological reaction from an unworthy desire. There must have been an inner awakening in the soul, to produce the change that altered his whole life at once, and this can be seen at work in his subtle body during sleep, in the dream, through which his contact with the Saint brought him to see the Master, still upon the cross in the world, as he had thought of him on Calvary only in a distant past, as would anyone who had had no spiritual experience.

Thus the dramatic situation, which the Saint created by his double response to the man's greed, needed no rebuke in words. There was a subtle touch of humour to enhance the Saint's detachment from wealth for its own sake, and this had the effect of "heaping coals of fire" upon the priest.

The incident also reveals the knightly courtesy of St. Francis, which he inherited from his mother, while from his father he obtained his great love of music. Both

these gifts which equipped him for leading others in the gay life of his native town, were enlisted by him in the service of Christ but the transition to that, which was the real life-work, came by definite stages.

The consciousness of the emptiness of the life of excitement and pleasure which he felt during convalescence after an illness, came to a climax after he entered a little way-side chapel he happened to be passing, and during Mass, heard the priest quote the words of the Master, "Follow Thou Me". Taking this as a direct command, his boyhood love for chivalry reasserted itself, and he entered the service of a Knight proceeding to South Italy to fight in the cause of the Pope, which entailed a complete severance with his old life. Even then he regarded the Church and its spiritual head, the Pope, as channels for the Master's work upon which he had embarked, but he was not to go far in this enterprise, for during sleep in his first bivouac, he dreamt he saw the bride, whose knight he was to be and her vast treasures in a great castle,

and richly adorned, "The Lady Poverty"; he also heard his own name called aloud.

The whole story of his total renunciation of wealth, family and position, is well known. This was no unwilling penance, despite the opposition and ridicule he had to meet from everyone, as it brought complete freedom from a way of life that had become a drag upon his soaring spirit.

This was the man Clare heard preach in the Church of St. George Assisi, three years later, through whom she received a like revelation of the way of voluntary poverty leading to spiritual freedom in service for the Master, but it was two years before she actually joined the Order of St. Francis and became the first woman-member, for her father had withheld his consent. Filled with the resolve from which she never swerved, she left his house secretly at night, when 16 years old, and in the presence of a few of the Brothers, she made the simple act of consecration. Then Francis himself flung over her the piece of sackcloth tied with a knotted rope in place of her outer costly garment, and cut off her

hair. He led them all out into the dark night again through the olive groves surrounding the Monastery of "The Little Portion" where she had made her profession, taking her to the neighbouring convent of the Benedictines, until his own was ready where she became the first abbess. The next day, she withstood her relatives and others who came with great violence to force her to return home, as she cried out that she was vowed to Christ. Soon she welcomed two sisters and her mother to the Order, followed by nearly 20 other women relatives, so great was the influence of her example.

At first their life was not entirely cut off from the world; the people of the town would consult St. Clare in their difficulties, and Francis sent the sick to her to be nursed. His work of rebuilding ruined churches, had its counterpart in the life of the "Poor Ladies of St. Clare" as they were soon afterwards called, weaving the altar cloths for which they also spun the thread, and Francis came to give them his spiritual ministrations.

It is not easy to trace in the

outer sequence of events why saints come to the world at those epochs of its greatest need, for they are seen to pass through the most difficult experiences with much suffering as well as the supreme joy of inner peace and service for others, without thought of self. Ethel Rolt-Wheeler, writes of St. Clare in her "Eight Studies of Women of the Cell & Cloister", from which some of the incidents in this article are taken:—

"It is a curious fact that the Franciscan Story seems detached from the history of its time. The movement appears a sudden spontaneous development and loveliness nor can we easily say from what sources its roots were nourished and its growth stimulated. Nevertheless the 13th century was a period of warfare that devastated Europe; Pope and Emperor were at daggers drawn; nations were divided against nations, cities against cities, nobles against nobles and classes against classes."

Some however may recognise, in the light of the work of the Perfect Masters of all times, that

the divine law of Cause and Effect operates as surely in those hidden realms of spirituality, as in the spheres of outer manifestation in which Science has established sway. How else could a young girl of 16 years, in a moment, experience such a response to St. Francis' preaching, that she withstood all the opposition within and without the "Order" during his life and for 27 years after his death, and so maintained unimpaired the rule of "Lady Poverty" until her death. At the visit of Pope Gregory to Assisi for the canonization of St. Francis he offered Clare some endowment for her convent, for he did not think it right that women should be in absolute dire poverty, saying to her, when she seemed to hesitate; "If it be thy vow that hindereth thee from so doing, we absolve thee from it."

We can only marvel at Clare's reply, which combined perfect loyalty to the Head of the Church she venerated, at a time when its greatest honour was about to be bestowed, outwardly, upon the Founder of her Order, but his most vital principle of "Poverty" which was her sacred trust from Francis, was being assailed.

"Holy Father, absolve me from my sins, if Thou wilt, but

I desire not to be absolved from following Jesus Christ."

According to the standard of the time, the Pope was within his prerogative, but for those, nurtured by St. Francis as Clare and her companions were, there could be no compromise.

The convent of St. Clare can still be seen at St. Damian, in its original primitive condition, pomegranates flowering against the irregular stone walls forming a grey background; her refectory with its low arched ceiling, in the small building itself, the little choir, with its worm-eaten stalls, and then the winding steps leading to the dormitory with its heavy rafters. Her oratory too, remains, as well as the place for her little garden on the small terrace, for the "sweet smelling herbs" which would remind her year after year of St. Francis, who said, "Brother Gardener ought always to make a fair little garden, setting and planting therein...the herbs that do bring forth fair flowers and sweet smelling herbs". As, she cared for these, she could just discern in the distance "St. Mary of

the little portion" where Francis was living the self-same life.

Francis has restored the chapel here with his own hands, and around it the Brothers built their tiny wattle dwellings, plastered with mud and thatched, like those associated with the early traditional church at Glastonbury in England.

"Though he knew the Kingdom of God was set in every place, and that where the elect were, the heavenly grace never was absent, of all places on earth, there was one more rich, one more sweet, and this place was St. Mary of the Angels. More rich indeed the Grace, and more frequented by holy visitations of celestial spirits. For this reason he would say: 'O my Sons, that you never leave this place' sometimes adding 'If you are thrown out on one side, enter by another, for it is sacred. Here when we were few, we were made many; here He gave of His heavenly wisdom for His poor little ones, and kindled our wills in the fire of Love.'"

* Quoted by Richard Whitwell in *Francis of Assisi. Saint, Mystic, Poet, Democrat* (H. T. Hamblin, Publisher, Chichester, England).

St. Clare called herself in her last testament, "The little Flower of St. Francis". She founded many convents in the principal towns of Italy and Germany; in later times there were 65 houses of the "Poor Clares" in England, and the one outside the eastern city wall, near the Tower of London has given the name to a busy thoroughfare, along which the heavy dock traffic rumbles to-day without thought, except by the few, of her whose devotion it commemorates, a contrast also to the "Royal Mint" nearby.

In her day, popes, cardinals and prelates consulted with her, and loved her, we read, "with fatherly affection". The deliverance of the City of Assisi from the invading Saracens, regarded by some as a legend, was effected by St. Clare, who had been confined to bed for months with illness. Her nuns who had reason to dread the onslaught, appealed to their Mother, and she caused herself—ill as she was—to be borne to the chapel and there she prayed to Christ to defend his servants. "Presently He sent her of

His special Grace a voice as of a little child which sounded in her ears: "I will always defend thee." Those who have not heard that voice and felt its power or seen the effects, may be excused not understanding the event, but all who read of it must see the spirit of St. Clare and her link with the Master. "My Lord", she continued, "and if it please Thee, protect the City, for it supporteth us for love of Thee." And the Lord answered, "It will be troubled, but it will be defended by My Protection." Then the virgin, raising her tearful face, comforted the weeping, saying:

"Rest assured, I bid you, little daughters, that ye shall suffer no harm; only trust in Christ."

Taking the pyx, a silver casket enclosed in ivory, containing the sacrament, she approached the point of danger, and such terror came to the Saracens who were there assailing the inner wall, that they fled in confusion.†

Her loyalty, gratitude and love for St. Francis who had awakened in her the Divine

† *Women of the Cell and Cloister*

Love and his love for her in the Master in Whom they were united, were not always understood, though they were careful not to "cast pearls before swine". There is a story amongst Franciscans‡ that as were out walking together towards a convent which desired to enter the Franciscan rule, they went for food to an inn which was kept by an evil-minded man who grumbled at the scandal of their tramping the country together under the guise of religion. On the return journey, Francis, who was saddened by this, told her to take the upper hill path, and he would continue along the valley alone. She had not heard the scandal, and did not understand, so she called to him to know when they should meet, and he tried to put her off by saying: "When the roses blow on Mt. Subasio". Claire went on her way puzzled, but as she walked, the snow melted before her feet, and beheld briars were blooming in the pathway; joyfully she picked the flowers, and putting them in her robe ran down the

hillside to rejoin St. Francis, showing them to him. Thus was he convinced that pure-mindedness should triumph, and together they walked back to Assisi.

The tenderness of St. Francis for his flock is shown by his action for one of the monks overcome with hunger after fasting, who cried out that he was dying. Francis called at once for food and gave it with his own hands, and to reassure him, ate himself, true to the inner culture that knows the needs of mind and soul as well as body. He ever counselled a balanced outlook, and warned the brothers "to beware of superfluity of food, the which is a hindrance both to the body and soul, so likewise and even more ought we to beware of too great abstinence, seeing that the Lord willeth mercy and not sacrifice".

Once when Clare had a great wish to break bread with him, the brothers noticed he was unwilling and reminded him that it was a small request from one who had given up all else for God. On the

‡ Quoted from Beryl de Selincourt, *Homes of the First Franciscans*, in *Women of the Cell and Cloister*.

appointed day Clare with one companion, joined Francis and the Brothers at the table " he had prepared with his own hands on the bare ground, around which all took their places with all humility, while Francis spoke so sweetly and sublimely of the Love of God, that they were rapt in contemplation" and forgot their earthly food. The villagers who knew nothing of this great Light above the place in the distance and thinking it was on fire, hurried with water, to put out the flames, only to find that it was a heavenly radiance "which God had let appear miraculously for to show and signify the fire of Love Divine wherewith the souls of those holy brothers and holy nuns, were all aflame—rapt in contemplation, having forgotten their earthly food". "Wherefore", the old chronicler continues, "they gat them gone with great consolation in their hearts and with holy edifying".

Baba has said that it is not the rocks or buildings or the water at holy places, but the intense divine love of the Saints and the Perfect Masters which establishes and upholds the spiritual centres they have visited .

When Francis was once ill, almost to death, Clare nursed him for 40 days, in his little wattle hut underneath the convent walls and he made his only song that has survived, "The Canticle to Brother Sun," in praise of "Milord Sun, that dawns and lightens us; And He beautiful and radiant with great splendour, signifies Thee, Most High". Also he praised Moon, Stars, Wind, Water, Fire, and Sister Death in terms which the Author of *Women of the Cell and Cloister* compares with a Bengali poem which Sister Nivedita has translated:—

"Oh Mother Earth, Father
Sky, Brother Wind, Friend
Light, Sweetheart Water,
Here take my last salu-
tation with folded hands,
For to-day I am melting
away into the Supreme,
Because my heart became
pure
And all delusion vanished
Through the power of your
good company."

Francis sang of "Sister Water", 'that is very useful and humble and precious and chaste' and 'Fire, who is comely and bold and strong'. Often he made songs for the "Poor Ladies"

setting some to music and was ever the gayest of the party, lifting up those who were depressed with seemly mirth. He would draw a piece of wood, across another, like a violin player while singing the praises of His Master out of his overflowing heart, and his love for birds, and animals is well known.

At his death at the early age of 32, Clare was so ill that she was unable to go to him before he passed away and thus was denied even at the last, her wish to see him. He sent her a letter and a message: "Go and tell Sister Clare to lay aside all sorrow and sadness for that she cannot see me just now, for as much as in truth let her know before her departure, both she herself and my Sisters shall see me, and shall be greatly comforted as concerning me."

Passing their convent, "the brethren took his body from the bier, and held it between their arms at the window at which the Sisters were wont to communicate, from which the iron lattice had been removed, until the Lady Clare and her sisters had been comforted by the sight thereof, and

could kiss the wounded hands: albeit they were overcome and full of sorrow and many tears, seeing themselves made orphans of the consolations and admonition of so dear a Father".

When Francis was torn between his yearning for the contemplative life in retirement from the world, and his active duties amongst the people, on one such occasion he sent for Brother Massio and said: "Go unto Sister Clare and tell her on my behalf that she, with certain of her most spiritual companions, should pray devoutly unto God, that it may please Him to show me which of the twain is the better, whether to give myself to preaching or wholly unto prayer".

The same was said to Brother Silvester, who, it may be remembered, had been the priest who coveted the wealth he saw being given as alms. Francis' humility, love and courtesy are seen, as:—

"When Brother Massio returned, he received him with exceeding great love, washing his feet, and making ready for him his meal; and after he had eaten, St. Francis called him into the wood, and there kneeled down before

him and drew back his hood, stretching out his arms in the shape of a cross and asked him: "What has my Lord Jesus Christ commanded me to do?"

Replied Brother Massio:—"As unto Brother Silvester, so likewise unto Sister Clare and her Sisters has Christ made answer and revealed: that it is His Will that thou go throughout the world and preach, since he has chosen thee, not for thyself alone, but for the salvation of others".*

It will be remembered that Vivekananda had the same conflict in his own life. Baba writing from Bhopal on 7th March 1939, said:—

"It is this killing pain of separation which is love at its extreme height that gives the conscious Union that all long for, and which all are here to experience. So all is worthwhile and for a purpose. Experience all must have, the experience of beingthe saint as well as the sinner, which is only a lesser good. You must see Me in all to be able to help all. Never forget this and you will never fail in your understanding and help."

Of St. Francis it was written "While he paid reverence and did

honour to all the poor he loved inwardly, yearning toward them with the bowels of compassion". He could kiss the body of the leper, and so bring healing love to him and, he counselled his followers thus: "Whenever you see a poor man, thou shouldst consider the poverty of our Lord and of His Mother And in like manner, when thou beholdest the sick, thou shouldst remember the infirmities Christ took upon Himself".

How closely St. Francis had come to His Master since he was first stirred to question the meaning of his life in the vortex of youthful dissipation, variety and turmoil. Drawn nearer again by the "chance" hearing of the Master's words in a wayside chapel, and yet again by the silent voice within himself and visions of Him, his spiritual relationship with Jesus unfolded and this was the life he could share with Clare, who also had her own inner experiences, and meditated upon the Master, as she sometimes did for 24 hours. Upon the altar of selfless service for humanity, their

* *Women of the Cell and Cloister.*

lives were spent, and their memory to-day inspires all who seek the highest human love and yearn for its divine fulfilment.

Baba visited Assisi in 1932, an event of great importance, as it is, he has explained, one of the four great spiritual centres in Europe, such as exist in all lands. This may account in some measure for the great work of St. Francis there, and his place in the spiritual life of Europe. Baba directed one of his disciples to find a cave where St. Francis had been, in which he might fast and retire in seclusion for 24 hours, for his universal spiritual work. Francis *had* looked to the earlier manifestation of the *Avatar*, whereas those now there with Baba had the privilege of being with the Master at the birth of a new era, when a spiritual "push" was given to humanity, for which at such a focal point, nourished by the presence of the great Saints and all who turn to them in love, the Master would utilise what had gone before.

There is much in the setting of this picture, to remind us of St. Francis, such as the simple meal

which Baba served with his own hands on a board on the ground outside the cave when His vigil was over, and the songs of birds and peasants calling to one another through the wooded slopes of Mt. Subasio. There were four with him, two from India and two of his Western followers, one of whom had had the task of finding the cave. It may seem strange that Baba should have chosen him, as he did not know the language of the country nor the district, but it is evident from the account, that these difficulties called for special effort to overcome them, and thus were part of his personal training and test. Moreover the concentration needed would be a vehicle for the Master's own use while he was elsewhere, and become part of his preparatory work there. In other ways, this disciple had been prepared spiritually, through meditating for years upon the life and words of the Saint in whose footsteps he was now, literally, treading, forming a link between him and the thousands who have come to Assisi in his memory, and our Beloved Baba.

Francis, who was so close to

his Lord as to experience through the stigmata His agony and great suffering on all planes, would have recognised the same burdens that the Master carried on this occasion, as well as the transcendent glory of which there were also glimpses during the long hours of the watchers' vigil outside the cave. It was as if time had rolled away, and when Baba called them into the cave after his work was done, they were rather awed at the wonderful "atmosphere", but saw the pain he was in which continued as they descended the mountain side, and once they had to lay him down by the roadside. The previous day, he had said that either he would be ill or there would be a storm, symptoms which we know, recur at times of such "Inner work". He once explained that they are like birth pangs, and before starting for Assisi he was so ill that the journey was delayed two hours. One of those who stood by, saw the same expression on his face as in the Italian paintings of Jesus known as the Pieta.

Two of the watchers, who

relieved the other two for part of the time, were directed by Baba to first attend Mass in the crypt at San Francisco, and to kiss the tomb of St. Francis, and it was a wonderful and impressive beginning, surrounded by monks and priests kneeling there, while those at the cave would perhaps hear the distant bells of the Cathedral.

On the return journey, they passed through Florence, where Baba called for a local map and pointed out the village of Berganto which he said he would visit. He led them outside it, over a large hill, Monte Ceceri, giving a superb view of Florence. And the country around, and said there was a large spring there at the time of St. Francis, where the Saint had had a vision of Jesus, unknown to history or legend. Local enquiries failed to elicit its whereabouts, so Baba instructed one of them to return later to search, and eventually it was found on a private estate, behind a high wall, after a long search. Thus links were re-established with the Life of Clare and her Father in God, St. Francis.



*The Hierarchy of Saints**

BY DR. ABDUL GHANI MUNSIFF

THE QUTUB

AS stated in the last issue of this *Journal*, a *Qutub* is the supreme head of the spiritual hierarchy. The description and information given by a few Sufi authorities about the spiritual status and function of this luminary of the spiritual firmament, will therefore be found very interesting and illuminating

"Insane-Kamil"[†] describes a *Qutub* as follows:—"The Perfect Man is a *Qutub* round whom the different planes of existence revolve eternally and from the time he (*Qutub*) first came into being to the end of eternity he will be one only, appearing from time to time in different names and different countries.

A *Qutub* has variegated roles to perform and he is called by different names in keeping with his different forms and guises. Thus in a particular role of his choice he came to be known as Mohomed,

the Prophet of Arabia, and besides this designation he has many names as well, befitting different times and circumstances.

As for me I see myself One with Prophet Mohomed manifesting in the form of Shaikh Sharfuddin Ismail Jabruti who is my *Shaikh* (Master). I don't identify my *Shaikh* with the Prophet of Arabia who certainly is not Shaikh Sharfuddin Ismail.

But the point and secret to be understood in this situation, is that Mohomed as the Messenger of God can be conceived of and visualised in and with any form (*Surat*). For instance, if one sees the form of the Messenger of God, as it was of the Arabian Prophet he will call him by the name of Mohomed. But when one sees perfection reflected through another form and body, and

* Continued from May 1940 issue.

[†] "Insane-Kamil," by Syed Abdul Karim Ibne Ibrahim Aljilani, Part II, pp. 102.

when one realizes the state of Prophet Mohomed therein, he will nevertheless recognise and associate him with the particular name he then bears and such a name will represent and relate to the reality of Mohomed (*Haqiqat-e-Mohomadi*) and that will never mean to refer to the Prophet of Arabia.

To explain this by a parallel there is the instance of Prophet Mohomed manifesting in the form of Hazrat Shibli. The latter when vouchsafed this spiritual experience, gave it out solemnly to a disciple that he was the Messenger (*Rasul*) of God. This disciple of Hazrat Shibli was an advanced soul and he discerned the spiritual significance of what his Master had told him. The disciple therefore unequivocally accepted the claim of Hazrat Shibli and said, "I too attest and accept without doubt that you are verily the Messenger of God". This factor is not generally known but nevertheless it is on a par to the version of a man who sees in his dream another man resembling a familiar form of his friend.

Even the lowest type of illumination (*Kashf*) is characterised by the fact that what is seen and

experienced in the dream state, is realized ocularly in the awake state. The difference therefore in the state of dream and illumination is apparent and hence it follows that the form of Mohomed as seen in a dream is not the reality of Mohomed when it comes to be described in the awake state. Because in the world of similitudes, such a resemblance is open to interpretation and explanation. In the awake state therefore the reality of Mohomed (*Haqiqat-e-Mohomadi*) will be interpreted as the Reality of the form of Mohomed seen by any one in the dream state.

The state of illumination (*Kashf*) is contrariwise and different from the experience of a dream. In illumination when you get aware of the state that is Reality of Mohomed and find it manifest in the form of a certain individual, then it becomes incumbent on you to name and identify the physical form of that individual after the Reality of Mohomed. After this experience it automatically devolves on you to treat the physical form of such a person with the same respect and reverence as would

be requisite and proper in the bodily presence of Prophet Mohomed. This experience is the blessing accruing to you by the state of your illumination which would entail upon you the necessity of identifying and visualising the person as the Reality of Mohomed.

After this fact is realized you can no longer allow yourself to have and continue the same attitude and behaviour in your dealings with such a person as heretofore. From this discourse of mine, possibly, you might suspect me of hinting at the transmigration* of soul. But believe me no such effect is intended. I have merely emphasised the fact that Prophet Mohomed has the power to be visualised in any form to the extent of manifesting himself in that particular form. This characteristic feature that of manifesting himself in any perfect man—a *Qutub*, in order to dignify them and to give permanence

(*Baqa*) to their realization, is eternally habitual with the "Prophet of Arabia".

Another well-known authority of the spiritual world of Islam viz., Mohiyuddin Ibne Arabi† discusses and divulges many significant peculiarities concerning a *Qutub*, in many of his famous works on the subject of spirituality. He says: "When one becomes a *Qutub*, the very first entity that pays homage to him, is the Universal Mind (*Aqle-Awwal*) and thereafter all the beings of heaven and earth, the genii together with the three distinct creations (*Mawalid-e-Salasa*) viz., mineral, vegetation and animal become subservient to him stage by stage; and when the individual souls surrender to him, each one of them is the possessor of a point or question of information from the knowledge of God.

Only the realized ones (*Afrad*)‡ do not fall within the

* Herein the author pulled himself up in time for fear of being misunderstood by the exoterics (*Ahle-Zahir*). In the overflow of his gnosis, he was uttering more than is comfortable for anyone to know before his time. There is much food for thought for all those half-baked Sufis who maintain that the stage of *Haqiqat-e-Mohomadi* is not approachable and attainable by anyone outside the pale of Islam.

† *Vide* "Fususul-Hikm and Futuhate-Makkia".

‡ *Afrad* is the plural of *Fard*, i.e. a *Salik* who has attained the highest point in the journey on the upward arc of *Suluk* (Self-realization).

jurisdiction of a *Qutub* and the latter never interferes in any manner with them. The reason being that these *Afrad* (realized ones) also have in them the potentiality of *Qutubship*, but since there is to be only one *Qutub* officially ordained and recognised, these *Afrad* are not technically considered as *Qutubs*. The archangels too do not surrender to a *Qutub*.

No period of time on earth is without the presence of a *Qutub* and from Adam to the time of the Prophet of Arabia there have been only 25 *Qutubs* in all. The Almighty God graciously confided to me the names of all of them and also enabled me to meet them spiritually, while I was at Cardova (Spain). In fact from the time of Adam to the present day, there has been only one *Qutub* and it is only He who is in reality behind all the prophets, messengers and the perfect ones (*Aqtab*). And this *Qutub* (the One in all) is known as *Ruhe-Qudsi* (Holy Ghost) also called *Haqiqat-e-Mohomadi* (the Reality of Mohomed). The latter unlike the other gradations of the same is not the created *Ruh* (Soul) as it has

not come under the command of 'Be' (*Kun*).

In every country or city, besides a *Ghaous* (redresser of grievances), there is also to be found a *Qutub* whose presence safeguards the well-being of that territory, irrespective of whether the people inhabiting therein are believers or non-believers. Similarly every class of people consisting of the pious, the ascetics and the patient ones, is healded by a *Qutub* from amongst them, and these types depend upon and look up to that particular *Qutub* for help and guidance.

Every *Qutub* continues to live and perform his mission on earth for a period divinely sanctioned in his case and the advent of another *Qutub* automatically cancels and supersedes the previous one's influence and ministry. This is akin to the Law (*Shariat*) of one prophet being made obsolete by the promulgation of the Law of the latest one.

The period of *Qutubship* varies with different manifestations. The longest period is 33 years and 4 months and the shortest period is 3 years. This is verified from the period of *Khilafatship* (chargemanship)

enjoyed by the four chief disciples of the Prophet Mohomed. Verily the four disciples of the Arabian Prophet were *Qutubs* and the period of the ministry of each one of them, goes to substantiate the assumption that *Qutubship* generally may be said to last in the least 3 years."

In relation to the situation discussed above, as to the period of time *Qutubship* endures, it would not be out of place to reproduce here the account of Shaikh Nasiruddin Chirag of Delhi as given by his disciple Syed Makki. He says, "Shaikh Nasiruddin Chirag, Dehlavi continued functioning as *Qutub-e-Madar* for 28 years 3 months and 2 days. The Shaikh was endowed with this special privilege because of his great and unique qualities of forbearance and tolerance. After this Shaikh Nasiruddin lived some years in the state of *Fardaniyat* (absolution from duty) to the end of his earthly life in the year 757 A.H.

Fardaniyat is that state and stage of spiritual life on earth, when a *Qutub* gets absolution from his authority and duty on the mundane plane and enjoys once again that unalloyed Bliss and

Union with God, wherein *the will of the servant becomes the will of the Lord.*"

Ghausali Shah Qalander describes a *Qutub* as being of different types familiarly known as *Qutub-e-Irshad*, *Qutub-e-Madar*, *Ghaous*, *Khizr* or *Qalander*. He says, "The word *Qutub* literally means a pin or peg round which the two discs of a grinding mill revolve. The revolutions of the two discs upper and lower are mainly dependent upon and are guided by the pin (*Qutub*). Similarly if there were to be no *Qutub* in the world, the affairs of the universe will disintegrate and become out of joint.

Irshad means guidance and therefore *Qutub-e-Irshad* is one who directs and guides the affairs of the world and from him there accrue to God's creation untold benefit, internal and external.

Madar means the focal point round which things rotate and therefore *Qutub-e-Madar* is one who never leaves his place and the universe so to say revolves round him and the whole creation looks up to him for help. This *Qutub-e-Madar* is also styled as *Qutubul-Aqtab* and

usually there is to be found in his body a festering wound more or less cancerous in nature,

Ghaous literally means the redresser of grievances and it is he who maintains the balance of equity and justice, internally and externally in the affairs of the world. They are rare but easily recognisable because of their strange ability to separate the limbs of their body and gather them together again.

Khizr is the perfect one also identified with the Prophet, Iliyas, the fountain-head of his gnosis is supposed to be directly derived from God. *Khizr* is also considered to be an adept in the knowledge of the secrets and mysteries of the material world. He has the ability to impart Self-realization by a mere touch or glance and it is only the fortunate ones who happen to meet this personality.

Qalander is unique in the characteristics of *Tajrid* and *Tafrid* (celibacy and renunciation) and is absolutely informal and indifferent to things good and bad. His gnosis (*Irfan*) is very arrestingly supreme and unceremoniously piercing. The affairs and events of the world are

like an open book to him. A *Qalander* is usually *Salik-Majzoob*, who goes up from *Shariat* to *Haqiqat* i.e., the normal plane of consciousness to the plane of Self-realization. A *Majzoob-Salik* comes down from *Haqiqat* to *Shariat* i.e., from the plane of God-realization to the plane of normal consciousness. All the prophets, *Avatars* and Law-givers the world has ever known belong to this latter category".

A *Qutub* is avowedly the most eminent Sufi of his age and is the accredited presiding authority over the meetings regularly held by the august hierarchy of saints, unhampered in their attendance by inconveniences of time and space. A *Qutub* is assuredly the barometer which reflects the atmosphere and the tempo of the world around him.

For instance people once approached the Saint Zakir Ahmed Fazal Surkhaji and complaining of the draught prevailing in the country-side begged of him to pray for rains. The Saint promised that the rains would come in plenty. That night it rained heavily with thunder and lightning.

When questioned as to how it happened, the Saint replied, "I am the *Qutub* of the time and when I freeze myself, then the world that keeps going because of me is also cooled down and this sudden lowering of the temperature resulted in the phenomena—the rains."

Hazrat Meher Baba also when questioned as to why he observes

silence, explained "My actions however trivial have their reverberations outside. My feeding and clothing the people means the economic betterment of the world; my silence is the unspeakable tangle in which the world is involved to-day. The breaking of my silence will unlock the gates of peace and plenty once again."

(To be continued)



INSPIRATIONAL FRAGMENT

BY ELIZABETH C. PATTERSON

Thy Kingdom

Fresh from dreams I rise to enter
 Thy kingdom far beyond dreaming,
 Meditation is the soul in union
 With its God, far beyond earthly desire
 As the sun is brighter than the
 Earth's reflection of its glory,
 So above dreams, is the immortal love of God.



Visitation

BY JOSEPHINE ESTHER ROSS (U.S.A.)

I

There was a night
When long, cool breakers
Roaring,
Flung themselves with wild abandon
Against the shore;
And sucking back, to gather strength anew,
Rushed forward with a cry,
Relentlessly to hurl
The fury of their seething, foaming crests
Against unyielding rock.

And then you came.....
Like the radiance of moonlight, on still, untroubled waters
And I forgot the turmoil of the sea,
Knowing only your quiet presence,
And the shining of your eyes

II

There was a night
When the sea murmured,
Sighing with weariness of centuries of toil,
Ages upon ages of endeavour to wear away the rock;
Heaving to vast rhythms beneath a starlit sky.

And then you came.....
Like an elemental fury of wind
Shattering the stillness of the night
In one mad, glorious moment,
Gone my dreams of peace beside the sea,
And I was bruised and shaken, tossed and torn,
Whirled into the centre of your tempestuous self.

III

There was a night
When the sea shone silver with phosphorus,
And a thin, new moon hung low above the water.
And as I watched a rising mist
Obliterated moon, and far horizon,
And creeping forward greyly, chilled the air
With silver moisture,
Till I scarce could see the line where sea and shore
 had met.

And as I stood, the fog enveloped me,
Soft and clinging, as gentle as a lover,
Without a lover's passion.
And all the world was lost and merged in one.

But you came not.....
Only, from out the heart of mist and unseen ocean
The crying of a sea gull reached my ears,
Accentuating all my loneliness.
And then was utter stillness
Almost tangible;
The stillness as when death and life are one,
Balanced in one long moment of Eternity,
When God has ceased to breathe,
And rests unconscious.

Fog—and a sea gull's piercing cry.....
Was that a night, when, coming,
You found me unprepared?



You Must Believe It

BY DR. ABDUL GHANI MUNSIFF

THERE lived a holy personage who had dedicated himself to a life of penance and austerities. After undergoing a long period of self-denial this holy man was vouchsafed a vision in which he was asked to demand the fulfilment of any desire that was uppermost in his heart. The holy man was surprised by the proposition and could not immediately decide as to what to ask. He therefore begged for 8 days' time, to enable him to come to a final decision, after consulting somebody who was wise in the path. The request was granted.

The ascetic thereupon approached a sage who was reputed to be wise in such matters and laid before him his perplexity. The sage quite frankly expressed his inability to guide him in that respect, but gave him the address of a man of God who was living all his life amongst people of ill-repute. The sage further assured the ascetic, that if he succeeded in inducing him (saint) to listen to

his story, he was the only one at the time who could solve the difficulty for him.

As directed by the sage the ascetic discovered the man of God from out of the underworld and related to him his story. This saint after listening to him asked him to come to him the next morning for a reply.

When the ascetic as per the saint's promise went there the next day, he was surprised to find the locality seething with excitement and the crowds yelling and shrieking with indignation. On ascertaining the situation, he was shocked to find that the saint was murdered overnight by some ruffians who had wantonly desecrated the body by indiscriminately scattering the mutilated limbs in all possible filthy places like the gutters, the latrines and dung-hills.

The murder was reported to the authorities concerned but to the bewilderment of all, the official order was to drag the

mutilated limbs, through the streets of the city, as an exemplar for those living an infamous life. Thereafter the body was even denied an humble burial and it was eventually thrown outside the precincts of the city for the birds and beasts to devour.

The ascetic was dumbfounded after witnessing this ignominious end of the erstwhile saint and felt baffled as to why God allows His friends and lovers to be treated that way. He cogitated within himself as to why the saint gave a false promise to him by asking him to come the next morning. He further argued that if the man was really a saint, then his promise can never be false since he was convinced that the men of God never make false promises.

Whereupon he approached the severed head of the saint and reminded him of his promise of a reply that day. The severed head began to talk to him saying, "My dear man, this is the very reply to your question that you have witnessed in the sorry culmination of my earthly life and the treatment meted out to my bodily remains. God the

Almighty loved me immensely and showered upon me His untold blessings. With all that throughout the earthly existence, neither I ate food to satisfaction nor have I been able to clothe my body sufficiently. The whole of my life I passed, on a mere loin cloth and attended to shameful errands on behalf of the people amongst whom I lived. That was the picture of my life on earth and this is the plight of my body after death which you have yourself witnessed.

"What a picture of utter disappointment and disintegration! Neither could I have a shroud to cover my dead body nor a corner of earth within which to undergo dissolution undesecrated by birds and beasts! The head lying on a rubbish heap, the limbs and body scattered to the gutters! Throughout life I never enjoyed a bath and neither the luxury of a bath was given to my body after death! I never observed the external formalities of religion during lifetime and consequently I have not understood the meaning of faith and life after death. No angels of retribution confronted me to

assess my account of doings on earth and upto now I have not been able to fathom the mystery as to who is the chosen one and who the accursed and condemned.

"To cut the matter short, this is how the lovers of God are honoured and treated and which you have witnessed with your own eyes. Even after this if you wish to ask for something, as per your vision, then I would very strongly advise you to go after some spiritual grade or authoritative post like *Wilayat* (saintship), *Ghausiyat* (redressership) and *Qutubiyat* (leadership). If you do this, you will be very comfortable and happy but never, never, even

through mistake allow your mouth to utter the name of Love."

After hearing this from the decapitated saint, the ascetic found himself very much wise and enlightened in matters spiritual and divine. He said to himself thus, "If anybody really and sincerely desires to give or bestow something on anyone else, such a one surely will not wait to ascertain the desire of the recipient in the matter. When the moment of condescension arrives, divine blessings are not only showered but sometimes forcibly conferred without asking for them."

The ascetic ignored the vision and its allurements.



When the Heart Speaks

F. H. DADACHANJI

Expressions of the heart spontaneously poured out in grateful acceptance of the Master's Grace, loving guidance and inner help, gathered from letters to the Master

(9)

MY DEAREST BABA,

It is a long time since I wrote to you, but I never forgot you, as you know. More and more you become my whole life and I long to break the bonds that hold me to illusion. But you are always with me and that is all that matters—the time and means are in your hands. I know I am in you always in Reality and that I have work to do for you, and that in you I have the strength to do it and to endure for always

I am always true to you and ready to bear all,—to the very end. I shouldn't know how to do otherwise.

My love is very meagre. I have nothing to give anybody. The only thing I can ever do must be done by you, my dear father, mother, friend.

I give you my all, as always. I exist only in you, and so you have

everything already. Behind my nothing is an irresistible force—which is you. Everything leads back to you. I have nothing left to love with. I can only give—my nothingness.

With all my strength and love

(This is a letter from an English disciple of Baba written on 29-12-35 from England. The Master understands and appreciates his feeling and devotion and conveys his love and blessings. In reply, the disciple writes again to the Master on 25-1-36, as under):

MY DEAREST BABA,

Thank you for your lovely letter. It comforted me a lot to know and realize that your love is independent of any progress and worthiness of mine as judged by human standards. I suppose I had confused your love with my own consciousness of it. I see now that there is no hurry, that all time is your

Time and that the present is as good as the future. And that at each moment, you are turning our limitations to fruitful uses. (But I wish the time of reunion were a little nearer, for all that!)

My dear, I will die for you, and am so happy to be your servant and slave. I know I can achieve great ends simply by dying continually, by giving you my life to use as you know best. That I am ill or well doesn't matter, fair or ugly. You are the Source of All and my only goal. I am for ever in your Heart, a bird nestling in your breast. I want nothing but to realize you more; everything is contained in that. I will be a scapegoat for humanity, and live in you. And humanity shall drink of you through my lips. Help me to be pure, please Baba.

With all the love I have,

From your loving son,
—T.

* * *

(10)

DEAR BABA,

This is just a brief message to send my love and to thank you again for your great love which has been so real and near these last weeks.

I have just read and re-read a book entitled "The Mystic Way" written nearly twenty years ago. In it she depicts the life of Jesus and some of the disciples who lived immediately after Him, the transcendence and the various steps by which it was attained—the depths of suffering, the struggles, the heights of joy and on to attainment.

As one read and pondered, there came a fresh realization with conviction of the way you have travelled, dear Baba, and how we may follow you on as we yield to your Love, and feel you with us to help, strengthen and make clear the Path.

I thank you for your Love revealed through the photographs taken in the cave. They are beautiful and full of meaning—a real inspiration.

Christmas time is near, with its appeal to Christ Love and service. May joy come to you, dear Baba, at this season, that an increasing number may turn from all that is unlovely to abide in that great Love—your Love, that alone can save the world.

—H. H.

* * *

(11)

DEAR SHRI BABA,

It is very strange, but now that you are away, sometimes you seem closer (or at least I am more aware of your divine presence) than when you were in Los Angeles. Perhaps I am realizing a little what it means to have your blessing.

As always, I am at a loss for words. I do love you so much, but at times, I feel like a person struggling in the quick sands of materiality and weighed down with evil thoughts vainly holding up her hands to the heavens.

I am trying to gain control of my mind so that I shall think only pure, kind, loving thoughts. It is a most difficult task and sometimes I feel

discouraged, but not for long, for did you not say, "I will help you"? When I think of you and your loving words, I cannot despair.

It is so wonderful to have been permitted to see you. If only so many other people, whose pathetically weary and discouraged faces I see whenever I go out, could know of you; they would take heart and life would have a new meaning.

C.I. helped me so much that I felt at times as if you were speaking through her to me ...

With all my love to you and your dear helpers,

Los Angeles,

April 14, 1935. —M C.



Notes from My Diary

F.H. DADACHANJI

EVER since Baba's arrival in Meherabad on May 3rd, there has been no movement outside here. He had however been very busy arranging the different sections of the group residing here with him. It was in a way like the re-establishment of the old colony according to the plans he had in view, prior to his retirement in seclusion and his contemplated moves thereafter.

The very news of the Master's return to Meherabad from the South after an absence of about ten months was such a joy and relief to his disciples and devotees residing on this side. It gave them the long-awaited opportunity to meet him, to have their life problems discussed and their grievances and difficulties solved. Although Baba had all the time been in seclusion since April and didn't see people, he had to respond to the requests of the disciples and devotees residing on this side. He gave them all a date

but on the express condition that they should return home the same evening after meeting Baba. This notification was received with mingled feelings of joy and disappointment—joy to those who could avail themselves of this opportunity and a keen disappointment to others who couldn't for very many reasons.

A party of about 40, mostly from Bombay, came to Meherabad on the 15th, and had the Master's *darshana*. Baba also gave them all personal interviews, individually and in groups of families. Thus within three hours on that day, he finished seeing visitors. No other visitors were allowed during the month except those given special dates for the Master's work. Some who had come with a desire to stay with Baba were also sent back, mostly to their respective places, and a few on pilgrimage to certain sacred spots selected by the Master and were asked to come back when called later.

In order to make arrangements for the smooth running of his *ashramas* in Meherabad and Bangalore and other departments in different places—Byramangala, Bombay, Nasik, etc., responsible persons from different departments had to be personally instructed for work during the two months of his seclusion and thereafter. Consequently, there had been many rush-and-run visits by members of the *mandali* to and from Meherabad in different directions almost every day during the month.

Baba doesn't believe in idle boasts or inaction in spirituality. His watch-work is *action*. Except for the very few of the meditative type, he preaches and prescribes *action*, in loving and selfless service to humanity under his guidance and instructions. He is himself a symbol and ideal of *living spirituality*, wherever he is, even during the periods of his seclusion, and all of his closest disciples living even in quiet spots for months or years, have all been given one duty or another and kept constantly busy, each according to his or her capability in different departments of life.

To give one a clear idea of

Baba's activities, even during the period of his seclusion when he sees very few of the outsiders and his external activities are all concerned with his closest and private group, which is a small world in itself: he gets up before 5 early morning and starts his day with private talks and instructions to a few of the closest ones for outside connections, correspondence and advice, etc., then he starts his morning round in the *Mast-ashram* (for the God-mad) on the hill, giving bath to a number of them by turns, from 7 to 8-30. Thereafter, he would come down to the *mandali* residing at the foot of the hill and stay there till noon, mostly in his cabin, giving instructions regarding daily life and activities in Meherabad and also outside, also seeing his close disciples coming from Ahmednagar for instructions, etc. In the afternoon, he is busy again with frequent visits to the *Mast-ashram*, staying alone with some select few in their individual rooms. What transpires between them, they alone know. It seems to be a process of transmuting consciousness—the gracious gift of a Master to the truly mad after

God who deserve and need, and which reminds one of the Master's words, "The best gifts in life are given and accepted in silence".

Now and again, he sits amongst his Eastern and Western disciples, all in a group and has sweet talks, interesting discourses, and discussions even on the current topics of the day; for nothing is outside the Master's scope of working. Taking any incident in life, he plays with it in a masterly way and weaves around it a beautiful network of wit, humour and wisdom, brings it all eventually to its spiritual significance, and imparts it most effectively to all round him.

Attending to daily correspondence coming from all directions and instructing replies to all through different departmental secretaries, is no small job. In these hard times, when the whole world is in a turmoil, most of the cases that approach him for advice, aid and guidance are hopelessly beyond repair or redress. Some of these are too complicated to be even beyond any relief. And there are amazing instances of deliverance of many of these from most complicated situations and

impending disasters averted simply through Baba's grace. But for the Master's dislike for publicity or of giving any material importance to such phenomenal working, and also for the delicacy of their strictly private nature at the moment, these would have seen light of the day ere this. We are for the present content with giving our readers an idea of the Master's divine influence and spiritual working in awakening hundreds to their divine heritage, as seen through the spontaneous expressions of the grateful hearts in our special series "When the Heart Speaks", which clearly indicate the inner awakening and growth of those who have come in personal contact with the Master, some time or the other.

Thus does the Divine Shepherd feed the sheep under his fold, tending to their spiritual needs and nourishing them with the Elixir of Life Eternal that he pours into each.

* * *

STRANGE BUT TRUE

Even during his seclusion when he doesn't see visitors, Baba's work with the *masts* continues with clock-work

precision. He feels so happy doing it and in his pleasant moods at times explains that although his universal work embraces all aspects of life and all are equal to him, irrespective of colour or creed, he feels happier in company of those who have no other craving except for God, who long for nothing but for Union with the Divine Beloved, even if they are lost to the world and oblivious to all external surroundings. For it is these souls that need his help most. They are all for God, while the best of the aspirants in spite of their intense longing for God-realization have some "binding" or the other with the material world, physical or mental. That is why these God-mad need special attention, special care, special treatment. While thousands in the world outside who know Baba and had his contact, crave for just a momentary glance or even a *darshana* of the Master, while his own *mandali* residing with him see very little of Baba at times for days, these truly deserving souls have been lucky enough to have the Master amongst them, most of all, to have their bath and food

personally given by him, besides having inner communion with him all alone almost every day! This is another special phase of the Master's work to which he gives more attention than anything else, ever since the starting of the special *mast-ashram* in Rahuri in 1936. A few of the very highly advanced amongst these have his greatest care and attention. All these have their work to do in their own ways in future, to help mankind spiritually, and this is their preparation for that great work.

* * *

BABA'S SECLUSION

From the 1st of June for two months, Baba will remain in strict seclusion in one of the rooms in the *mast-ashram* on the hill. This is for his special work to "speed up things," as he explains. During this period of two months, he would not see anyone, not even the group residing with him in the colony, except one or two for special instruction in case of need or urgency. He may go out to a far-off place in India, quietly with two or three of his disciples, unknown to anyone.

* * *

THE SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY
OF UPASANI MAHARAJ

June 23rd being the Seventieth Birthday of Shri Upasani Maharaj of Sakori, Baba's second Master, a special programme as instructed by Baba, was arranged. Exactly after twelve years after it was last celebrated in Meherabad, due to Baba's movements and activities elsewhere. Baba ordered this time that a special *Saptah** be continued in Shri Vithoba's temple in Arangaon village nearby, in turns by the villagers for one week. Besides, on the birthday of *Maharaj*, the 23rd, a special *bhandara* (feast) was also given by Baba, in which all the villagers from Arangaon and also from other surrounding villagers numbering about a thousand participated, including of course the poor and the untouchables whom Baba never forgets.

This observance of Shri Upasani Maharaj's Birthday here by Baba after years seems to have some special significance from the remarks made by Baba, which may be revealed from incidents

that are hereafter to follow.

* * *

Dr. Deshmukh who had been to Meherabad during his summer vacation to be in the Master's *sahavas* (company), is proceeding on a Lecture tour in June in different places in the southern Mahratta country according to a programme arranged. Details will follow.

* * *

One of Baba's *mandali*, a retired government officer, is sent to Belgaum and Ratnagiri on an inspection tour for proposed sites for the opening of the Master's Centres in these places.

* * *

A Hindu devotee has taken upon himself the duty of speaking about Baba and his teaching to aspirants in different places, came to see Baba and report his activities, etc. During the conversation that followed, Baba gave a beautiful discourse on *daspana*—true and selfless service in a spirit of humility—which will be published in this *Journal* later.

* *Saptah* means singing and chanting religious and spiritual songs and hymns—*bhajan* as they call it here—with the accompaniment of music and drums, etc. for seven days in continuation in turns without a break by the *bhajankaris* (those who perform *bhajans*).

Register of Editorial Alterations Vol. 2, issue 8

- Page 457, col 1, para 2, line 20, change persue to pursue
Page 457, col 2, para 1, line 6, change evergrowing to ever-growing
Page 457, col 2, para 2, line 4, change an to and
Page 458, col 2, para 1, line 12, change “or persons” to “of persons” (?)
Page 458, col 2, para 1, line 16, change of to or (?)
Page 464, col 1, para 1, line 14, change indivuidal to individual
Page 465, col 2, para 1, line 7, change T., to T. (delete comma)
Page 467, col 1, para 3, line 5, change Alberquerque to Albuquerque
Page 469, col 1, para 1, line 3, change studies to studies, (add comma)
Page 469, col 2, para 1, line 27, change “naked. Others” to “naked, others”
Page 469, col 2, para 1, line 29, change unkept to unkempt
Page 470, col 2, para 1, line 11, change stranger to strange
Page 471, col 2, sect 2, stanza 10, change tranquillity to tranquility
Page 472, col 1, stanza 18, change reck to rock
Page 478, col 2, para 1, line 18, change enodowment to endowment
Page 490, col 2, para 2, line 11, change healded to heralded
Page 492, col 1, para 3, line 2, change Iliyas, to Iliyas; (semicolon)
Page 492, col 2, para 3, line 4, change draught to drought
Page 498, col 1, para 1, line 2, change “upto” to “up to”
Page 506, col 1, para 1, line 21, change villagers to villages