

# THE MEHER MESSAGE

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ARANGAON AHMEDNAGAR

*Proprietor and Editor.*—Kaikhushru Jamshedji Dastur

M.A., LL.B.

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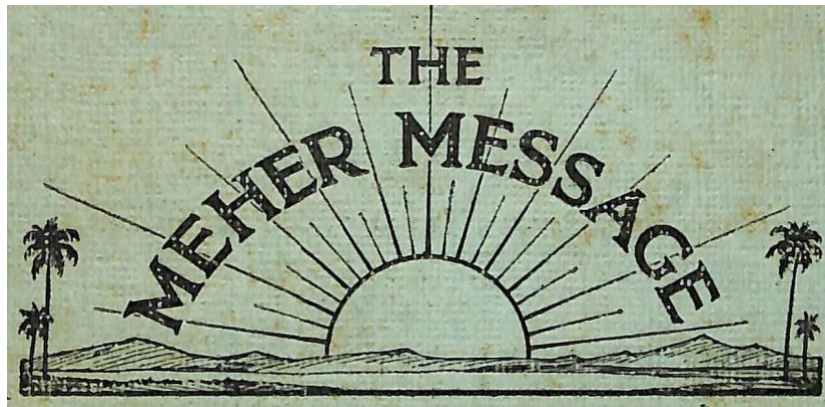
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R. N. B. 2520



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Vol. II ]

JANUARY

[ No. 1

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

**The Divine Lord, SHRI MEHER BABA**

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THE  
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Vol. II ]

**January, 1930**

[ No. 1

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**SAYINGS OF HIS DIVINE MAJESTY  
SADGURU MEHER BABA**

(61) Even as copper is glossed by tamarind, so a wicked man can be polished by a true saint. But even as tamarind cannot make copper glossy without friction, so a saint can do nothing for a wicked man unless he comes into contact with him.

(62) A man becomes wise by practising, not by preaching virtue. Ability in advising others about virtue is no proof of saintliness or mark of wisdom.

(63) Though the heart cannot take the place of the head and the head that of the heart, they are not necessarily enemies of each other. On the contrary both are useful to each other, though intellect does not at all count in the spiritual life. It would not, therefore, be proper to say that the ratio that the heart increases, the head diminishes.

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

(65) To be in *sat-sang* means not merely to keep company with a Sadguru, but to follow him and carry out his orders lovingly and cheerfully.

*(To be continued)*

*SPIRITUAL SERIAL*

ON

GOD REALIZATION

(The Practical Side of Self-Realization)

( *By The Divine Lord Shri Meher Baba* )

I

INTRODUCTION

There were six blind men who had a very keen desire to know what an elephant was like. They had heard much about it—about its size and shape, trunk and tusks, etc., and being much interested on hearing the graphic description of it they became imbued with the desire of passing their hands over an elephant, to know for themselves what it resembled most. One of their friends, one day, took all of them before an elephant and made each of them get hold of a part of its huge body. One of the blind got hold of the huge creature's trunk, another passed his hands over one of its legs, the third one happened to touch its back and belly, the fourth got hold of its tail, the fifth its tusks and the last its head. As neither of them passed his hands over every limb of its body and each on different limbs, each of them formed a different opinion about the creature.

On being asked by the friend, who took them before it, as to what it resembled, the man who had held its trunk declared that the elephant was just like a big

pipe, another who had caught hold of one of its legs asserted that the elephant resembled nothing but the trunk of a big tree, the one who had passed his hands over its back and belly ridiculed the previous two and firmly opined that the elephant was just like a big wall, the man who had touched its tail maintained that the elephant was like a rope, the one who had grasped its tusk declared that the elephant resembled nothing but a file, and the last who had passed his hands only over its head called his companions madcaps and asserted that the elephant was just like a big ball of hard crust.

The above is a typical example of what we call incomplete knowledge. Each of the blind, though quite right in his judgment of the elephant according to what he actually felt, was entirely wrong in the eyes of the one, who could see the creature. How could the blind, by merely touching or feeling a portion of it, know what an elephant was like? The man with sight, who without touching or feeling it could at a glance make out what it resembled, was not surprised at their ignorance.

The six blind men could be compared with the followers of different 'religions' (*Shariats*), each of whom, not having his internal sight opened, considers his own creed the only true one, his conception of God the only right one, and wastes his time and energy in arguing out his case and proving his cause. But the man, whose internal eye is opened, has nothing to do with the forms and formalities, dogmas and doctrines, customs and conventionalities of any of the creeds (religions); but, directly perceiving Truth, marches on towards the Goal, i.e. God in the Beyond state.

In the Beyond state God or Paramatman transcends both the individual and Universal existence. Beyond form and beyond mind, He is entirely independent. You can call Him neither one nor many, for He is aloof from duality and non-duality. You cannot term Him personal or impersonal, as He cannot be bound by any quality. And yet it is He Who appears as the individual soul, Who exists as the Universe, Who plays the part of the Creator, and Who manifests Himself as the Self-realized Saviour.

To realize God in the Beyond state is the eventual aim of every yoga. In order to attain to this state various paths have been chalked out. There is one path in which the intellect tries to reach the goal through meditation, concentration and inner sight; there is another path in which the heart makes tremendous efforts and tries to become one with the Almighty Beloved through the medium of emotions and feelings which culminate in love; there is still another path in which the spirit longs to unite with the One Indivisible Existence by means of selfless service to all. And again each of these paths has various branches each of which, if followed to the end, may bring one to the high road that leads one to the Eternal Source of all life.

Even in this materialistic age a number of persons, in every part of the world, are making tremendous efforts to realise the Self. Some adopt sannyas, others practise Raj yoga; some renounce everything, others become household devotees; some practise Hath yoga, others seek the soul in tranquility; some observe Brahmacharya, others advocate matrimony; some fast and pray and practise self-help, others dedicate themselves to a Sadguru or a Perfect Master.



Really speaking. in order to realize God or to gain the Native State from Which every thing emerges, everybody should follow the creed of his own conscience and stick to that path only which best suits his spiritual tendency, his mental attitude, his physical aptitude and his external surroundings and circumstances. And so in a series of articles I shall explain each and every path and method systematically and in details, so that each and every aspirant may derive benefit and may be able to follow and practise any method which he likes best and any of which, if practised with ardent zeal and burning longing till the very end, will lead him to the Ocean of Divinity.

*(To be continued)*

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He who sees by illumination  
 Discerns God first in everything,  
 But he who sees by logic only,  
 And seeks to prove the necessary,  
 Is bewildered in a circle, or is imprisoned  
 In a chain of proofs.  
 Fool! he seeks the dazzling sun  
 By the dim light of a candle in the desert.

*Sad-Ud-Din Mahmud Shabistari*

*SPIRITUAL SERIAL*

*ON*

INNER LIFE

( The Mystical Side of Self-Realization )

(*By The Divine Lord Shri Meher Baba* )

I

INTRODUCTION

The highest divine knowledge comes by and through love, which has in it the spiritual faculty, intuition, inspiration and illumination, and which is opposed to the intellectual faculty. It is love that makes one transcend the dominion of intellect and gain the state of complete (lower) self-annihilation, and it is this state that ends in the union with God. Love makes its captive forget his own individual existence by making him feel less and less bound, in his onward march, by the trammels of human limitations, till he reaches a point where he can raise himself to the realization of the highest in himself. When the soul makes itself free from all manifoldness and duality, the Sole Unity That is God answers truly to the oneness of the soul. And the mystical journeys, which a pilgrim has to undergo, aided solely and wholly by love, are three:

The first begins with gnosis and ends with the complete passing away or the total annihilation (Fana) of the lower self and the entire severance from all phenomenal existence.

The second begins at the moment when the self-annihilation is succeeded by 'abiding' (Baka), or when the union of the soul with God takes place. This union has been briefly explained by the expression, 'Anal Hak' 'I am God.' The aspirant, when he attains to this union, becomes the emblem of Perfection and realizes that he is the very universal Infinite Existence.

The third journey begins from the state of 'I am God' and ends at the station of Perfect manhood (Kutub or Sadguru). He who comes to the end of this final journey becomes the centre of the spiritual Universe, so that every point or limit reached by individual human beings is equally distant from his station, whether it be near or far off. To him gnosis (*Tarikat* or *Adhyatma marg*), Divine knowledge (*Marefat* or *Atma-gnyan*) and self-annihilation (*Fana* or *Atman laya* or *Nirvana*) are as the rivers of his ocean, whereby he helps whomsoever he wishes. He is the horizon of every mystical station and has transcended the furthestmost range of experience known to grade of seekers after Truth.

A pilgrim, while undergoing these three journeys, has to pass through various worlds, planes and stations. Each of these stations has peculiarities of its own,—the obstacles, sufferings, experiences being of different types. And so in the ensuing series, the different states, stages and experiences of Inner Life, from the beginning of the first journey to the end of the third journey, I shall explain systematically.

(*To be continued*)

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# SPIRITUAL SPEECHES OF SHRI SADGURU MEHER BABA.

## (10) ON RENUNCIATION

As a rule, for the ordinary people of the world, renunciation is necessary for the acquirement of spiritual knowledge and godliness. Renunciation is generally taken recourse to either owing to misfortunes and becoming tired of the world or out of pure longing to see God. If it is prompted by the former cause, it may be called *Vairag*; if by the latter, it may be termed *Talab-sannyas*. As either of the cause generates the other, sooner or later, whatever may be the primary cause of renunciation, it will bear fruit. Shri Ramakrishna took to renunciation. because of his yearning to see the Divine Mother; Sant Tukaram took to it, when he was disgusted with the world owing to his lucky failure in business; but in the end both attained to Spiritual Perfection.

Genuine renunciation is both external and internal, but more internal than external. External renunciation consists in leaving the world and forsaking all, except extremely necessary material articles. A man of external renunciation should remain, as far as possible, aloof from society, should never beg for money, and when feeling hungry should beg for food from anyone, without distinction of caste or creed, if he has no money with him. Internal renunciation consists in killing all desires (except the divine yearning for Self-realization) controlling mind and passions. For the spiritual life internal

renunciation is far more important than the external one; but without the latter, the former is extremely difficult to acquire, unless one keeps company with a genuine saint or a Perfect Master.

It is praiseworthy to be a genuine sannyasin, but honest householders are far better than hypocritical sadhus, whose number is unfortunately very large at present.

The world and its surroundings are like chains. Whatever one does, living in the world and having a materialistic outlook on life, one is sure to contract bindings, whether good or bad. In order to be free from the bindings of action, one has to perform actions without the desire of fruit; but one cannot do such actions or serve others unselfishly without leading a life of true renunciation.

He who, renouncing everything, stays in the company of a Sadguru, is luckier than wandering sannyasins and on a higher level than the most virtuous house holders. But higher than the above is he who, renouncing everything, and staying in the company or of having surrendered to a Sadguru, performs duties entrusted to him by the Master—no matter whatever those duties may be.

From the materialistic standpoint it may seem cowardly to forsake the world; but it requires great heroism to lead a spiritual life.

## THE LIMIT OF LOVE

*(By Shri Sadguru Meher Baba)*

[Translated from Gujrati-Urdu by the Editor]

(1)

With God's bright light e'er shine all things both sound and frail;  
Vile dust, strong gust, fire glowing, and cool Adam's ale.

(2)

He is of both the worlds the Lord Supreme, e'er hailed;  
Each speck of space proclaims His being, though full veiled \_

(3)

The candle burns and vanishes in Love to God;  
And moth mad-like expires for Love to tallow's rod.

(4)

At dawn for Love to God the rose blooms and not slumbers;  
Its Love for rose the bulbul loudly tells in numbers.

(5)

Things with, besides without life with Lord God are bound;

In doors and walls, as well, the Love's secret is found.

(6)

Divine Love never understands both creed and breed;  
To think of the Belov'd is its one and sole need.

(7)

Love is outside of might, acuteness, affluence;  
'Twixt king and swain It admits of no difference.

(8)

It's difficult to purchase Love, though not in dearth,  
For only the few fortunate can pay its worth.

(9)

Great sufferings betide Love-immersed devotees;  
Starvation, weakness, and withal heart agonies.

(10)

However much in thrall, Love-lost should mind it not,  
Though helplessness and infamy befall their lot.

(11)

For mankind Zarthusht bore with immense agony;  
But was put to the sword by the unkind en'my.

(12)

The fate Jesus the Christ met with was dire indeed!

Mansoor alas! was hanged—such was His dreadful meed!

(13)

Through Love the creed of Zarthusht was proclaimed and spread,  
Of Love in *kusti*\* rite the knot is of the thread.

(14)

Of truth, born of the Love, was godly Zarthusht's call,  
Let truth control ideas, words and deeds of all.

(15)

This my request to government of the Almighty,  
Divine Zarthusht with Love endow His keen devotee.

\* Sacred thread

### Our Next Number

As the birthday of the Holy Master falls in February, our next number will be a special big number, full of highly interesting and instructive articles. It will contain nearly one hundred and fifty pages of reading matter.



## *EDITORIAL*

### ENTHRONING LOVE

With the dawn of 1930, *The Meher Message* enters upon the second year of its life. We would be failing in our duty, were we not to offer our salutations to the Almighty, to the Divine Lord Shri Meher Baba, and to all Saints and Sadgurus. It is also our duty to offer our heartfelt thanks to our friends and brothers-in-faith, to our readers and patrons, and to all those who have encouraged us in some way or other and have evinced commendable interest—an interest which in some cases has amounted to a passion—in the cause dear to our heart.

We shall not attempt to prophesy what fate has in store for humanity during this year; but whatever may happen, we shall go on, with ardent zeal and dogged determination, with our self-imposed mission. Some of our friends call this Message *The Love Message*, as it preaches as well as practises love, and we assure them that it shall do nothing to forfeit the title they have so generously bestowed upon it.

Love, divine as well as human, is one of the few themes which we are ever ready to discuss, for our mouth is sweetened when we utter the word and our pen runs smoothly when we write upon this eternal verity. Blessed is the man who experiences and lives in love! Miserable is the man who knows it not and who gives a wide berth to it!

There is nothing like love and there is no substitute for it. It may be called the noblest sentiment, but it has no more to do with maudlin sentimentality than with carnality. Maudlin sentimentality is of the perverted mind, even as carnality is of the flesh, but love that embraces all humanity is of the Spirit.

Pure love is not easy, but difficult; however once it is experienced and a good beginning to live in it is made, it is hard to forsake it, for its charms are many and its gifts are wondrous. We say love is not easy but difficult, for in order to live in it a heavy price is to be paid. That price is nothing but the dethroning of the lower self.

It is as clear as daylight and plainer than a proposition in Euclid that you cannot live in love to all, unless you enthrone it in your heart, and that you cannot enthrone it in your heart unless you dethrone your lower or false self. When self goes out, love comes in. The getting out of self means entering upon a life of love.

It is as natural and as necessary for a human being to free himself from his lower self, which hampers his spiritual growth, as it is for a butterfly to get out of the shell of the chrysalis, in which it is confined. Even as a butterfly regards the shell as hopelessly narrow for its growing life, so should a sensible human being consider the shell of his lower self and try to leave it in order to hurl himself into the current of the higher Self, to which belongs the realm of universal love.

An angry mob can easily dethrone the mightiest monarch in the world, but it is not so easy to dethrone the tyrant of your lower self. The lower self is hydra-headed and clings so tenaciously to you that you cannot

divest yourself of it, on the spur of the moment you resolve to live in love. True, a Sadguru or a Perfect Master can endow a disciple with divine love in a moment, but in most cases it will be found that the disciple was worthy of the gift and that his heart was already over-flowing with human love. It is, therefore, a truism to say that none should expect love, whether human or divine, to drop into his laps and that everybody should do his level best to set the forces that govern love into motion.

How is one to operate the forces governing love? Firstly, you should be as sincere as possible—sincere in every respect. Make it a point never to succumb to the common frailty of appearing other than what you are. Self-confidence counts in the spiritual as well as in the material life, but see to it that your faith in yourself is not tainted by deceit. Whether you are caught or not, you harm yourself by appearing other than what you are, either through a false sense of shame or with a view to deceiving others. In order that sincerity may be the part and parcel of your character, you would do well to cultivate the habit of examining yourself. Many a man, when he examines himself carefully, discovers with horror that hitherto he was playing the hypocrite in many a way. Inasmuch as the lower self is at once vain and foxy, just think of the benefits of self-examination. It is because the lower self leads you astray and always wants to be flattered and pampered that it is said that a man's greatest enemy is the man himself, and that he is the best accountant who can count up correctly the sum of his own defects and weaknesses. Dear brothers and sisters, take it as truth that dangerous enemies are

lurking in you. Without discovering them, you cannot overcome them; therefore, henceforth make it a point to analyse yourself very carefully, now and then.

Secondly, steer clear of fault-finding. It is a pernicious habit to find fault with others and to discover the weaknesses of others. Examine yourself, but appreciate others. If *X* is a snob and *Z* a fop, what have you to do with that? Why should you find out whether *A* is or is not like a peacock and *D* is or is not like a donkey? And granted that your friends and enemies and neighbours have a number of undoubted faults, why should you think of them and harp upon them, unless they consider you as their spiritual teacher? When Thales the philosopher of Miletus, was asked what was the hardest and what was the easiest thing to do he replied that the hardest thing was to learn to know one's self and the easiest to find fault with the doings of other people. To this we may add that it is as ignoble as it is easy to note the faults of others and forget your own, to find fault with others and not to analyse yourself, to behold the mote in others' eyes and not to consider the beam that is in your eye.

Thirdly, be imbued with the belief that you have a mission in life, and that mission is to serve others and promote their happiness. Dear brothers and sisters, try to be as unselfish as you can. Death, disaster and damnation are the inevitable consequences of selfishness; life, happiness and salvation are the natural fruit of unselfishness. Think not of your happiness, but relieve the misery of others. You cannot hunt after happiness, but you will find happiness knocking at your door and embracing you, when you dedicate your life to humanity. Jesus the Christ ex-

pressed this very idea, when he said that he who would save his life must lose it; and Shri Meher Baba the Christ means the same thing when he says that one must die a thousand deaths in order to live. When you lose your life in the lives of others, when you die a thousand deaths in the shape of undergoing troubles for the sake of others, you get in to a higher life. If selfishness is the guiding principle of your life, then love shall remain alien to you. You can no more expect to reap love by sowing selfishness than you can expect wheat by sowing tares. Many persons who consider themselves loving, will discover their selfishness if they will analyse themselves. Unselfishness is the test of love. The man who is unselfish does not think of his happiness at all and is eager to serve others to his utmost capacity. One day when Bhagabati Devi, the worthy mother of Ishwar Chandra Vidyasagar, was busy as usual, a poor woman clothed in rags with a naked child at her breast approached her. On account of the cold both of them were shivering. She said to Bhagabati Devi, whose heart overflowed with the milk of human kindness, "Mother, will you kindly give me an old piece of cloth for the child? I have nothing to cover him properly, and it is bitterly cold!" The Devi found it difficult to refrain herself from tears, witnessing the wretched condition of that poor woman and of her child. Without uttering a word, she went at once into her bedroom, brought a new coverlet, and gave it away to that woman, saying, "Take this; it will be warmer than a piece of cloth." Be it noted that the Devi herself was very poor and that the coverlet with which she parted readily had been the only one in her possession to protect herself from the cold. Without

thinking that she would have to shiver without it, she gave it away.

By making sincerity the web and woof of your life, by steering clear of fault-finding, and by leading an unselfish life, you will gradually be enthroning love in your heart. And once it is completely enthroned, you become for ever free from the clutches of the lower self. You will then live in love to others and you will feel yourself surrounded by the Spirit of love on all sides. All your thoughts, words and actions will then be prompted by love, and you will go on living in love, despite ridicule from the thoughtless and injury from the ingrate. Francis Schlatter cured a poor youth of fever and provided boarding and lodging for him. But at the first opportunity the young rascal ran off with everything that Schlatter had—thus leaving his benefactor without food, clothes and money. Did this ungrateful act damp the zeal that Schlatter had to serve others? Not at all. As if nothing had happened, he continued living in love to all and doing his duty by others.

You are the Light of the world, you are the Self of Whom all are forms, you are Sat-Chit-Anand, but you have to realize all this, and you cannot gain your divine heritage without love, human and divine. Therefore, love,—love bird and beast, man and God. Love as much and as many as you can. Think in love, speak in love, act in love, live in love.

It is oft asked whether life is worth living. Well, it is not worth living, if it is to be a selfish and vicious life; but it is certainly worth living, if it is to be a life of service and love or a life dedicated to God.

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# PROSE POEMS

(by Meredith Starr)

## (1) AKASHA

O my Beloved, Who\* ridest to me on the cool soft waves of Akasha!  
How gently they sink into my heart, like dew falling on slumbering roses!

O sacred dewes of the Elixir of Life, are ye not tears of my Beloved?  
O silver shining waves of Akasha, are you not filled with the sweet music  
of His voice?

Celestial spring that waterest the roofs of creation, rising like mist  
and descending like rain, laughing in flowers, praying in trees, speaking  
in the eyes of children and dancing in the veins of men!

O starry fluid of immortality, that feeds the bright flames of love! O  
silver river of joy that sings through the fields of form!

Secret messenger of the Beloved, that whisperest His words in the  
twilight! Softer than snowflakes is thy touch, fresh and sweet as dew-  
drunken roses at dawn!

O thou fountain of crystal laughter that bubblest in the veins of  
creation, bearing the bliss of my Beloved to Gods and creatures and men!

Ethereal cup that foamest with the wine of His love! Elixir of life  
and of death!

Ceaselessly changing, yet ever constant in change; healing,  
renewing, exhilarating ether of joy.

O breath of the Divine Mother, fragrant with love and longing!  
Scattered sweetness of stars and flowers!

Who can resist thee, sweet messenger, whose touch is more delicate  
than the laughter of rose-petals fluttering on the breast of the breeze?

Frail web woven by the fairies of love and pearled with the soft  
dews of ecstasy, who can escape from thy meshes?

Chariot of moonbeams and kisses, whose steeds are sighs and whose  
wheels are longings, that hearest the dreams of the Beloved to the souls  
of children and flowers!

Veiled musician of eternity who sittest at the banquet of Time!  
Silence that swells into song! Song that rises into love!

Akasha, the laughter of God!

\* Shri Meher Baba.

## (2) THE BIRTH OF THE SOUL

How beautiful is the birth of the soul through the eyes, like the sun rising through a mist of trees in the morning of a new life, flooding the land with glory!

How the mountains rejoice—those patient watchers through the ages!  
How the streams sing!

Earth laughs with flowers.

Heaven beams with bliss.

Suns and stars shout for joy.

Love stoops from his throne and kissing the tears away, folds the new-born soul to His breast.

O Soul, behold thy Kingdom!

O Love, behold thy self!

## (3) NECTAR

The sweet poison of love is filtering through my veins. It has saturated my body. It has drugged my mind. It is absorbing my soul,

Behold, I, who was strong and hard, have become weak and soft as a woman!

They tell me I am bewitched, mad, drunk or dying. But I care not what they say.

I would rather be bewitched by love than touched by hate.

I would rather be mad with love than sane with reason,

I would rather be drunk with love than sober with Pharisees.

And I would far rather die from loving than live without love,

I have clipped your wings, O world, with the shears of indifference,  
Your gossip no longer concerns me. I neither seek nor avoid you. Go and come as you will. Speak or be silent as you please.

The bee which sips nectar is oblivious of all else.

My Beloved is mine, and I am His.

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TO THE DIVINE LORD YAZDAN  
SHRI MEHER BABA

( *By The Editor* )

O Light divine, e'er lightsome Sun,

—The Sun that hearts of gold has won—

Ever teaching,

Always guiding,

Drive us to the Eternal One !



## SPIRITUAL ISLAM

( *By Abdul Kareem Abdulla (Ramjoo)* )

( Author of "Sobs and Throbs" )

To put it directly without any prevarication, spiritual Islam means Perfect Peace, Peace with divinity and Peace with humanity, Peace with Unity and with Variety, Peace with the Creator and the whole of the Creation irrespective of any labels.

But the question would perhaps be asked whether it is proper to qualify Islam with the adjective spiritual.

Is not Islam itself spiritual?

Truly speaking, Islam in essentials is nothing but spiritual from the start to the finish. All Islamic laws, whether pertaining to society or to ceremony, to politics or to piety, to morality or to mythology, if synthetically treated, lead towards the spiritual upliftment of not only Mussalmans but the humanity at large, whether the whole of humanity believes in them or not.

Essentially Islam is a blessing to the faithful, as well as to the cynics and the recalcitrants, just as a rose smells equally sweet to a lover of nature as well as to one in revolt with it.

A good Mussulman will not only prove good to himself, but good to his neighbours, good to society and good to the state as a whole.

The great Founder of this great Peace (Islam) was not only a mercy for the Mussulmans, but the mercy for all—all the believers and the non-believers, the sinners & the saintly. But—and it is a very big but at that—history, both past and present, has proved Islam

as a whole, which ought to have been a universal word for tolerance, to be one of the greatest bones of contention in the world, and incidentally a means to an end of strife and scorn amongst God's creation.

Intolerance and Peace are diametrically opposite. That which is intolerant can never be peace. Therefore intolerance cannot in the remotest sense be connected with Islam. Yet there are Mussulmans and millions of them, whose watchword is an inborn intolerance which is whipped and worked up from time to time towards religions other than their own, by a certain class of scholars who insist on being looked upon as the champions of Islam and the embodiment of what it stands for.

And thus from the worldly view-point Islam as a whole cannot stand as Islam in its essential sense. It is and must be split into classifications within the domain of intellect, since it is as much based on the subjective experience of Peace as on the objective experiments with Peace.

History looks upon many atrocious deeds as the handiwork of Islam, but happily there are no few instances of proving Islam to be the greatest Peace-Maker in the world.

If all the scholars in Islam have not realized the peace in head, and the peace in heart, there are hundreds and thousands who have found the Eternal solace and Perfect Peace *in and through* Islam in every century, from the very cradle days of Islam to these scholastic crowded days of the present age, though some short sighted Hindoos and Parsis and many Westerners would have us believe that this subjective experience of religion is due to Vedic and other foreign influences that crept into Islam in course of time.

For all the jealousy and the zealotry of the dry as dust scholars there is no dearth of great saints and spiritually Perfect Masters in Islam, for whom religion was and is, not a matter of faith and belief, but a fact based on the personal experience more tangible and trustworthy than that gained through all the combined senses of the gross body.

The holy Quran of Islam is meant as much for the believers and the faithful as for those who have gone beyond the limits of mere belief and faith. This book of books is full of spiritual truths besides secular and ethical laws.

But one must needs have the personal guidance of a Perfect Guide like the God-realized Meher Baba to trace out these living sparks of love and Truth in Quran in their true splendour amidst all the myriad of other subjects primarily meant for the uninitiated masses, which fact has not been lost sight of by Moulana Jalaluddin Rumi when he sings in his Masnavi,

"Manzay Quran magzra bardashtam

Oostukhan pishay sagan gudakhtam.

*i.e.* I have picked up the marrow from the Quran and the bones I have thrown to the dogs to fight over."

A God-realized Master can not only show these spiritual truths but can make those, who surrender themselves completely to Him—as Abubakar, Omer, Oosman and Ali did to the Prophet of Arabia—share with Him the one subjective experience underlying all the spiritual truths in every scripture of the world.

To appreciate spiritual Islam one must know Muhammed, as for all the virtues beauty and grandeur claimed for Islam, it will fall flat the moment Muhammed is made to disappear from the field. But Muhammed

alone can know Muhammed just as it is rightly believed that a Saint alone can understand a Saint.

Therefore to be a real Mussulman with the realization of the Perfect Peace, one must surrender to a real Muhammed irrespective of any consideration as to whether He may at a particular period of history be found singing the song of the soul in the Arabic or the Greek language. It is enough if He is found to be able to speak the language of the soul and solace.

Once I asked His Holiness Meher Baba whether a Chinaman, when he becomes God-conscious plus gross-conscious, can speak and understand Latin without learning this language in the ordinary way. In reply Hazrat Baba said "The Chinaman in spite of gaining God will have to learn Latin in the ordinary way, if he at all finds it necessary to read, write and speak Latin. But all the same, without learning the Latin language, if an Italian comes and speaks to him the Chinaman could understand the Italian completely even before the latter finishes his last sentence!"

It is not at all necessary for a God-realized Master to argue in support of His statements with wordy jugglery, which more often than not goes under the lofty label of logic, simply because such Personalities invariably practise what they preach, as the following incident shows in connection with the above quoted reply of the Master.

Many days after the above incident when I had almost forgotten all about the point in question, (one day in the year 1926) a Hindoo pleader who is also a Yogi came to see Hazrat Meher Baba and said he wanted to put certain questions to His Holiness. The Master who had already commenced His vow of silence

conveyed to the gentleman through signs to ask Him any questions he liked. But the visitor, in order to ensure privacy, as at that time many persons happened to be sitting near by requested the permission of putting his questions in writing. This request was also granted by the Master, but no sooner the gentleman began writing his questions at a considerable distance from the Master, the Master (who at that time used to express Himself through writing as well as signs also) commenced scribbling something on a slate.

Both of them finished writing at one and the same time and when the visitor offered his writing to Baba His Holiness simultaneously passed on the slate on which He had just finished writing, without even so much as glancing at what the visitor had written.

The look of reverence and utter bewilderment of the Yogi followed by his open declaration soon revealed the secret of the situation! The Master had replied to all the questions on that slate, which the gentleman wanted to ask.\*

Thus not only Islam, but every religion in its purely spiritual conception is not only restricted to words of wisdom and ways to virtues but holds the key to the one and the only kingdom of God within every man and woman, bird and beast and in short in every atom and iota so long as these are felt to be in existence.

To sum it up, spiritual Islam is no less and no more than the love (Ishq) of God and the knowledge (Marifat) of God. And this height of religion is nothing but spiritual Islam; be it labelled Jainism or Sikhism, Baptism or Heroism or any other kind of ism and theism in this wide but imaginary world!

May the Lord lead all unto Perfect Peace!

## MISFORTUNES OF THE MODERN MUMUKSHU AND HIS SALVATION

[ By M. R. Dholakia, L. C. E. (Author of  
'Devagana,' etc.) ]

By modern Mumukshu I mean *one like myself*,—an aspirant desirous of spiritual progress, though brought up under the Western culture as received in India.

The modern Mumukshu is at an enormous disadvantage, compared to his predecessor. He is born in an age when he is least welcome. The modern mother has been trained to look upon the new born babe as the shatterer of her health and beauty and devourer of her leisure and liberty. Primitive ideas about the sacredness of the enjoyment of conjugal rights on auspicious days only, about the keeping up of the lineage and securing the best possible moral, comfortable and healthy environments for the would-be mother have been condemned as old. We have been trained to be more attentive and lavish in matter of our H. M. festivals than in looking to the comforts and satisfying the innocent desires of the child-carrying wives. Not few of my brethren have been ushered into this tempestuous world as a result of the common folly of a pleasure-hunting suffragist woman and an unprincipled mammon-serving man. In not a few cases the new born child proves to be an alarm, an accident or a punishment and not a few have had to fight their way against contra conceptional precautionary measures.

The mother does not welcome him. (If she has any love, it is only God-sent and in spite of herself.)

The father does not want him. The world takes no notice of him, although gifted with the same mysterious life and sent to the world by the same Merciful Father.

Thus the modern Mumukshu begins the battle of his life, with the most poisonous fly in his very first morsels.

If born with the silver spoon, he usually grows to be what his servants and nurses wish him to be, for the aristocratic mother has the sweet desire of appearing younger and romantic and a great dislike to be known as a mother or seen with her child in the society. The poor mother on the other hand frequently spoils the child by over-fondling, for that costs her nothing and rears him up to be obstinate ill-disciplined and selfish. The Hindu custom of sending the boys to Ashrams or in later ages leaving the home education of children in the hands of the elderly relations of the parents of mature judgment and experience, has by now disappeared almost completely.

In school and colleges he receives education for the mental and physical development only. He is left to himself for the selections of his ideals, company, books and pleasures. What he usually learns is individualism extravagance, arrogance, impulsiveness and fascination for the novelistic west. During the period when it is most dangerous for him to dissipate any of his sexual energy, he is the greatest squanderer thereof being the foremost beauty hunter, rabid reader of lustful literature and actress appreciator.

What can be a greater irony of fate than that not a few in the modern age receive their first lessons in sexual science from the very custodians of their moral

education, the passion-blind parents, whose angle of vision regarding the aims and objects of matrimonial relations is highly deplorable!

With this poor preparation for moral attainments, mental control and with perverted sense of right and wrong, he launches into life as a householder. Hindu religion requires every man to be a Brahmachari for being the efficient householder. The modern youth is just the reverse of a Brahmachari. Strangely enough he has enjoyed Brahmacharya period as he would never enjoy in future, with the means available then. He begins his household life with the only proficiency of prostration to win the sweet smiles, and leave the household helm and the questions of the welfare of the family very recklessly to their own fates.

Anxiety and striving for earnings leave no energy for the supervision of children, on the part of the husband; and the modern wife has been trained to look upon household management as well as the menial's work. She is busy with fighting over her equal rights till she dies. Boys! they are sick of old fools and parental advice. All is very nice for the enjoyment of liberty with no eye to the future.

But how long can this last? The man soon finds he is unhappy and discontented, his dreams are all shattered, his capacities, he thinks, have gone all unappreciated. The burden of all his knowledge has been found to be of no use to him. Happiness of the hearth has forsaken him, and club and hotel life has only made him poorer and more melancholy. A single evil accepted as a temporary remedy has created around him a fearful forest of a thousand evils; his every effort to be happy has made him the more miserable.



What has he constantly to see, hear, know and read about? The princely pleasures of the moneyed few who do not care even to know how others die. It is not realised that a simple pleasure of a millionaire, by the very knowledge thereof creates clouds of misery for millions of poor. The swallowing of the weak by the strong, exploiting and enslaving of nations not up to the mark in warfare, diplomacies and deceptions of the more intellectual brains, gambling and liquor houses, brothels, speculative and deceitful business, mutual hatred of high and low, tyranny of the masters and the rebellious spirit of disloyalty and equality on the part of the servants, faithlessness and bitterness in matrimonial relations, sovereignty of money consideration in every dealing including those with nearest relatives and friends, accidents, raids and robbery, flood and fires, litigation and lawlessness, insolvency, divorces, lunacy etc.

This without.

And what within? Poverty and inability to meet the ever-growing and uncontrollable expenses, discontent, want and woe, weary faces and angry words, disobedience and insolence, indifference and heartlessness, selfishness and monopolising the maximum by means fair and foul, hollowness and hypocrisy, avarice passing for ambition and arrogance.

Dashed against wall after wall, tossed from despair to despair, entangled in the whirlpools of pains and miseries the wearied and worn out man finally looks to the last Source of his solace. Man is a divine animal. Like the swine fond of mud and mire, he soils and daubs himself but soon thereafter runs up to the lake and while washing himself looks piteously and prayer-

fully for Mercy towards the sky with shame and repentance. The truth dawns upon him that there is something wrong with him. He turns to religion, having seen a few religious people happy. He is a Mumukshu.

On the spiritual staircase he is now a step higher; he is however much worse off. He is sick of worldly pleasures having experienced that they are temporary, available at a very costly dissipation of great energy in some form or another and enjoyable not without creating jealousy all around and an equally effective painful reaction; his love for nearest dries away on seeing that they adhere to him only for their self-interest. He has no stamina left for pursuing the mirage, he is derided for not knowing and looking to his interest. He is unfit for the world. He is pelted from rear and blindfolded with thickest darkness in front. He has only the faint and hazy notion that he could not be happy without religion. What religion is he has never tried and cared to know. He is not sure about there being God or religion.

His mental development in the college has made him almost a sceptic and an atheist.

Assent to the existence of the Almighty is to him the result of lack of strong intelligence. He has no faith in the scriptures written by people of an age which had nothing to boast about locomotive aeroplanes, telephones, printing press etc. He dislikes going to temples as he is not a heathen. He does not like to approach a Mahatma (Dnanin) because he talks of impracticable things; he is the last man to associate himself with devotees who are according to him the maddest people. He is not for sitting in solitude for con-

templation, for that is hypocrisy. Reciting the same name over and over is meaningless and ridiculous. Pilgrimage is waste of money; alms-giving is encouraging indolence, practice of yoga is for idlers and cheats, fasting is for fools ignorant of purgatives. He is loathe to attending lectures, for it is mere recitation of stale and stolen materials. Vedas are out of time. Puranas have only wild imagination and glaring incongruencies. Gita is hopeless as is evident from its worshippers rolling for ages in slavery. Upasana and Bhakti are for beginners only. Work without the desire of fruits and the idea of its ownership and the action's authorship is a sophistry and an impossibility.

This is the most careful and an unexaggerated analysis which one usually arrives at after a minute study covering over a very large number of modern mentalities. The modern Mumukshu has not practised the art of controlling himself, and resentfully revolts against the idea of being placed under a control. He is incapacious to chalk out his own way and is the last man to be sheepish following the beaten track or another's advice. He is unhinged and out of the spiritual groove. He has no respect for age and experience, no appreciation for the ancient wisdom; he is not responsible to the society and does not set right mental sinfulness. He has no faith in the past and no hope in the future. The world does not help him, tradition does not bind and lead him. None in the three worlds can help this mentality.

And yet in the midst of all this hopelessness one so often sees the burning desire of religiosity, being and becoming and true genuine living,

But where can salvation be had?

I solicitously beseech my friends of the above described mentality not to lose heart. Let them thank God for being born in India, the land of saints. The most hopeless mental condition and the worst sinfulness are nothing compared to what Guru Kripa (Master's favor) is capable of doing. The salvation lies in the lotus feet of the Guru.

Mani Ratna Mala states that a worldly worm inquired of an advanced Mumukshu, "I am submerged deep and on the point of drowning in this boundless ocean of world miseries. Where is the Sharan (salvation) which has saved thee?"

The Mumukshu replied, "If thou hast faith and canst keep the secret, it is the blissful barge of the lotus feet of the Guru."

No explanations, no discussions, no reading, nothing is necessary.

The daily read Dakshinemurti stotra states, "Under the banyan tree sat in communion the old and aged disciples and the young Guru. The Guru showered upon them the favour through the lustrous eyes and the disciples ridden of all scepticism and suspicions attained perfection."

Only a glance, a glance without a word, has metamorphosed millions. With perfect Masters seeing is conquering, the burning of all sin and selfishness, impurity, ignorance and egoism. ·

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# THE WAVE

*(By Sister Esther Ross)*

A beautiful, white-frothed wave billowed over the surface of the ocean. Bright sunlight gleamed on it, a brisk wind hastened it joyously; but the wave was very unhappy, it was tired of being just a wave, blown higher and higher; it wanted to be part of the sea, and rest in the cool green depths.

But the more restless and agitated it became, the more did it seem to be a separate wave. It leaped up, mountain-high, and mingled its spray with the clouds, but the clouds were rushing down to join the ocean.

It sailed up the mouths of great rivers, but they were running down to mingle with the ocean. It dashed against high cliffs, but large portions of rock and earth fell into the sea.

Moaning with discontent, the wave billowed out on the ebbing tide, back to the centre of the ocean.

"All creation seems to find its way back to the oceans," sighed the wave; "how I long that I also might rest in those cool depths. How very beautiful it is!"

As the wave marvelled at the wonder and beauty of the great waters, it forgot to fret with its desire, and presently, with a little ripple of surprised delight, it sank to rest in the bosom of the ocean.

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TO HIS DIVINE MAJESTY  
SRI MEHER BABA.

[By C. V. Sampath Aiyangar (*Principal Subordinate  
Judge, Guntur*) ]

1

My Lord Divine, by all the wise adored,  
We drink the Love which flows from Thee,  
Love, that consumes Samsara-Tree,  
And gives us That, to which our Rishis soared.

2

This weary world is torn by a thousand faiths,  
The work of Maya's many-ness;  
What is the use of all this mess?  
For the Yogin true in real One-ness bathes.

3

But how to reach that One in many-ness,  
In Evolution's stormy Path?  
Give up, my friends, desires and wrath,  
And pray to Baba dear, "This poor man bless!"

4

Fall at His feet and pray for sight Divine,  
Drink deep His Nectar, gratis sent,  
Samsara, hard will then be rent,  
Samsara, the ugly home of 'Mine' and 'Thine.'

5

Let us then with Discrimination-wand,  
And true Vairagya-Talisman,  
With Brihat\*, shining as the Sun,

\* Brihat = Truth (Rigveda x, 170)

Endeavour now to reach the Promised Land.

# TO THE BLESSED LORD

## SHRI MEHER BABA

*(By Sister Margaret Ross)*

### I

Baba is Lord of Love. Let everything  
That lives rejoice in Him. O Morning Stars  
Sing unto Him, until the silver bars  
Of melody pierce to the heart of Earth,  
And in the desert places bring to birth  
Carolling blossoms: till the whole world ring  
With music's rapture. Let the sons of God  
Shout, till the echo wakes in every clod  
The pulse of Life: until a tongue of flame  
Burns in all Nature's heart and breathes His Name.  
Gather Him garlands of the Pleiades  
And weave Him robes from jewel-spangled seas;  
Build Him a throne where sun and moon beams meet,  
Of purest crystal. Let His stirring feet  
Rest on the earth, His footstool. And bow down  
And worship Him who is of Love the crown.

### II

I took my life, a precious gift  
And gave it unto Thee;  
I hoped that it might help to lift  
Men's souls and make them free

I saw my life [ a little thing,  
It lay within Thy hand ]  
Less fit to grace and glory bring  
Than any grain of sand.

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## THY HIDDEN WILL

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

God of the Ages, throned on High,  
How thrilling is Thy Majesty;  
    In blazing light, Thy Seat is set—  
    The red suns are Thy coronet.

Space cannot hold Thee, for Thou art  
Infinity's great Counterpart;  
    Thou madest All—yet wast not made,  
    All universes Thee obeyed.

Whence camest Thou, and Thy great laws?  
Thou art the First and Last—the Cause,  
    Whereof the firmamental lights  
    Are calm effect, in shining heights.

Could we but measure half Thy ways,  
Our breath would cease for want of praise,  
    We are but babes in Thy vast sight,  
    And Thou art Peace and Love and Might.

Earth cannot bind Thee—Thou art far  
Beyond the light of dimmest star;  
    We guess but at Thy wondrous sense,  
    And own Thy laws' intelligence.

God of the Ages, Star and Sun,  
In mystery doth Thy knowledge run;  
    But when Time's whirling wheel grows still,  
    Then shall Earth learn Thy hidden Will.

---

## SOMEWHAT SHOCKING, BUT QUITE TRUE

But in defining the English as creatures of the animal types we have naturally not exhausted the subject. Their claims to racial superiority over all Europeans as well as Chinese and Hindoos are of course ridiculous; they are superior only as political animals. But the British have other immense advantages. If they are intellectually inferior, they are all the more gifted psychologically. Their skill in handling human material is extraordinary.

*Count Hermann Keyserling.*

\* \* \*

If there were two gateways, the first inscribed *To Heaven* and the second *To Lectures about Heaven*, all the Germans would make for the second.

*Count Hermann Keyserling.*

\* \* \*

No other art claims such license for ugliness, humbug and childishness as the cinema.

*Miss Rebecca West.*

\* \* \*

One of the most abusing words in the English language, it (Mysticism) has been used in different and often mutually exclusive senses by religion, poetry and philosophy: has been claimed as an excuse for every kind of occultism, for dilute transcendentalism, vapid symbolism, religious or aesthetic sentimentality and bad metaphysics. On the other hand, it has been freely employed as a term of contempt by those who have criticised these things. It is much to be hoped that

it may be resorted sooner or later to its old meaning as the science or art of the spiritual life.

*Evelyn Underhill.*

\* \* \*

The evidence of the senses, then, cannot safely be accepted as evidence of the nature of ultimate reality: useful servants, they are dangerous guides. Nor can their testimony disconcert those seekers whose reports they appear to contradict.—

*Evelyn Underhill.,*

\* \* \*

The Europeans, since they do not understand the significance of the most important technical expressions of the Avesta, have committed in their translations and annotations foolish grammatical mistakes. .... The existing translations of the Avesta are without exception unscientific and none of the translators had any inkling of what really Avesta represents. None of them can tell what Zoroaster wanted to convey. Not one among the Avesta translators has taken pains to understand the terminology of the Avesta from the standpoint of religion. All are under the influence of modern Christian philosophy. All substitute the religious expressions of the Bible for the Avesta technical terms which have nothing to do with the former and hence make the entire Avesta unintelligible.—

*Dr. Hertell.*

\* \* \*

Greater than anything, greater even than the. holy Vedas is the name of Hari which is not forbidden to any, not even to the people of the so-called low castes.

*Shri Ekanath (the Brahmin Saint)*

\* \* \*

Medical science, based on experimentation on living



## THOUGHTS SUBLIME

The soul that loves God lives more in the next life than in this, because it lives rather where it loves than where it dwells, and therefore esteeming but lightly its present bodily life cries out: "Behold, the malady of love is incurable, except in Thy presence and before Thy face." The reason why the malady of love admits of no other remedy than the presence and countenance of the Beloved, that the malady of love differs from every other sickness, and therefore requires a different remedy ... love is not cured but that which is in harmony with itself. .... There is no remedy for this pain except in the presence and vision of the Beloved.

*St. John of the Cross.*

\* \* \*

The Gnostic is not one who commits to memory passages from the Koran, who if he forgets what he has learned, becomes ignorant. He only is the Gnostic who takes his knowledge from his Lord at all times without having to learn it, and without studying, and this knowledge lasts throughout his lifetime; he does not forget his knowledge, but he remembers it for ever.

He has no need of a book, and he is the true Gnostic.

*Abu Talib.*

\* \* \*



figure the public life of our country at the present time.

*Sir Brajendranath Seal.*

\* \* \*

The glories of our blood and state  
Are shadows, not substantial things.

*Shirley.*

\* \* \*

God has given reason to man to guide him, but yet there are very few who allow it to rule in them; on the contrary, they let themselves be governed by their passions, which ought to be subject and obedient to reason according to the order which God requires of us.

*St. Francis de Sales.*

\* \* \*

As long as the questioner and the object questioned about remain, the prison-walls of maya are there, and there can be no rising above the appearances.

*Swami Ram Tirth.*

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## SPIRITUAL ANECDOTES

In his 'Life's Eventide' the late Dr. R. P. Downes tells us that, some years ago, after conducting divine service in a Lancashire village, he was commissioned to take from the church financial help to an old weaver, a member of the church, who was a widower, childless and alone. Though the Industrial Revolution was effected many years ago, he worked at a loom in his own cottage. As the result of a long illness, poverty had entered his home and he was in deep distress. Dr. Downes knocked at the door, but as he received no answer, he lifted the latch and entered the humble dwelling. What did he see there? The old weaver was kneeling in the twilight, praying audibly. The words Dr. Downes heard were these: "O God, Thou art my God, my Father, my Everlasting Friend. I am rich in Thee. I am happy in Thee! I am content in Thee!" Dr. Downes tells us that though he was the minister of the poor weaver, he felt inclined to kneel down on the clay floor before him and ask his blessings.

\* \* \*

Betsy, who was a lovely child of Elizabeth Fry and who breathed her last when only five years old, felt before she passed away that she would not be alone when she would die. "Mamma," said the tender but wise child just before her death, "I love everybody better than myself, and I love thee better than everybody, and I love Almighty better than thee."

\* \* \*



When the Prophet Mahomet heard that His emancipated slave, Seid, had fallen in the war of Tabuk, He said: "It is well; Seid has done his Master's work; Seid has now gone to his Master: it is all well with Seid. When the corpse of Seid was brought to Him, He melted in tears. Upon this Seid's daughter exclaimed, "What do I see?" "You see," answered the Prophet, "a friend weeping over his friend."

\*                         \*                         \*

Once a foolish fellow approached the Lord Buddha and abused Him to his heart's content. When he was done with his dirty work, Buddha gently asked him, "Son, if a man declined to accept a present made to him, to whom would it belong?" "In that case," the wretched man answered, "it would belong to the man who offered it." Thereupon Buddha said, "My son, you have railed at Me, but I decline to accept your abuse and request you to keep it yourself." He then added that a foolish man who reproached a virtuous one is like one who looked up and spitted at heaven."

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### *Chitramay Jagat Industrial Number*

The first number of the twenty-first volume of *Chitramay Jagat*, which may justly be called the best and the most powerful Marathi monthly periodical, is a special, industrial number, containing nearly sixty pages of noteworthy reading matter. The periodical accuses the British of deliberately destroying the ancient industries of India and shows that the prosperity of England is to a great extent due to India. We heartily congratulate its able editor on bringing out such a splendid number, and heartily commend it to our Marathi-knowing readers.

## HERE AND THERE

### *Khan Bahadur Pudumji on Shri Meher Baba*

In the course of an article on Shri Meher Baba, published with an excellent portrait in the *Times of India Illustrated Weekly* of December 8, 1929, Khan Bahadur B. D. Pudumjee asserts: "It is human nature to run down and treat with contempt what is outside one's usual routine, and what is beyond one's ordinary comprehension. Thus it has been with this inspired and saintly personage, called Meher Baba by his devotees, who are of all denominations irrespective of caste or creed. To understand a revered entity of this type it is necessary to be in close touch with him, to make a careful study of his tenets and spiritual teachings and reflections. These are to be found in various books and magazines written by various authors of different nationalities. There is an English magazine, entitled 'Meher Message' ....staunch disciples, all of whom claim for their holy Guru the status of a 'God-realized' personage, and as the coming World-Teacher. They place His Holiness in the same category as the revered prophets of old like Zoroaster, Christ, Mahomed, Buddha, etc., who in their own times did not escape vilification and persecution at the hands of the ignorant and the arrogant. .... No intelligent person studying carefully and with an unbiassed mind His Holiness' teachings and the nature of his spiritual working, can fail to appreciate their high standard, and

to come to the conclusion that His Holiness is a 'superman,' possessing extraordinary powers. Evidence of this far-reaching and inspiring mentality comes home to those who associate with him, and it finds vent in expressions of love, wonder and esteem also on the part of many spiritually-minded persons living in different parts of the world. .... Righteousness has for long been declining, and has reached such a low ebb that bloodshed and internecine strife have been going on all over the world ..... Such being the state of things, would it be unreasonable to look forward to the advent of a Messiah?"

\*                         \*                         \*

*Mr. Meredith Starr on Shri Meher Baba*

A really charming poem, under the caption, 'In Praise of the Beloved' and addressed to Shri Meher Baba, from the pen of Mr. Meredith Starr, was published in the October (dak edition: November) number of *The Occult Review* (of London). We take leave to quote the following passages from it:—

So sweet and innocent is He  
 That only little children see  
 How beautiful He really is;  
 And even they, for very bliss,  
 Can hardly grasp one fragment of  
 His unimaginable love—  
 Can hardly realize the truth  
 He is, or penetrate His ruth,  
 :               :               :               :  
 The bright and Morning Star is He,  
 Who calls to man, "Arise, be free!"



*Bishop Henson on Disestablishment*

In *The Nineteenth Century*, the Bishop of Durham, writing on the Disestablishment issue, declares;

"We are reminded, Disestablishment may bring with it Disendowment. That is certainly true. It is also true, a Mr. Gladstone wrote to his son in 1865, that 'we have lived into a time when the great danger of the Church is the sale of her faith for gold.' Endowments may or may not be serviceable to religion. 'Ye cannot serve God and Mammon,' said the Divine Founder of the Christian Church. Ecclesiastical history discloses the reluctance of Christian men to accept that prohibition. The record of religious Establishment, hardly suggests that religion stands to gain by State support and patronage. Disendowment, deliberately accepted by the Church of England, as the price of spiritual liberty, might bring to the Church such an increase of moral influence as would more than compensate for the property which it would take away, Nor would the state necessarily suffer by the ending of an official connection with the Church of England which is ceasing to be morally respectable, and has long failed to be practically effective,"

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*Gandhiji on Untouchability*

In an article on Untouchability which he has contributed to the Fifth Anniversary Number of the *Calcutta Municipal Gazette*, Mahatma Gandhi asserts: "Though I regard myself as a staunch Hindu believing in and having great veneration for the Vedas and the other Hindu religious books, and though I claim not as a scholar but as a religiously minded man, to have made a serious attempt to understand the Hindu scriptures, I can discover no warrant for this brutal doctrine of untouchability in it. Save for a few texts of doubtful authority in the Smritis, the whole doctrine of untouchability is utterly repugnant to the spirit of Hinduism whose glory consists in proclaiming non-violence to be the basis of religion and which lays down the bold formula that all life, including the meanest crawling beings, is One."

*An Outspoken. Clergyman's Advice to Bishops*

The Archbishops of Canterbury and York having sent pastoral letter to the clergy, the following circular letter has been sent to the Bishops of the Anglican Church by the Rev. Charles L. Tweedale, Vicar of Weston, Yorkshire, and author of the well-known standard work: "Man's Survival after Death."

*The Vicarage, Weston, Yorkshire, July, 1929.*

My Lord,—I have just received a copy of the Archbishop's circular letter on the study of the Scriptures. In it they say "that there is a fear that the new knowledge is shaking the Faith."

It certainly is necessitating a re-statement, and a scrapping of such gross errors as the "Resurrection at the Last Day," "the resurrection of the body," and the "resurrection of the flesh" (vide Prayer Book) and of the false and absurd notions that modern spirit communication is either impossible or the work of devils. All these gross errors are at present taught and believed by the Clergy. They are as gross and false as the old notions that the earth was flat or that the sun revolved round the earth.

You and the Archbishops urge a study of the Scriptures, presumably on the old lines. Such a study, if it ignores modern psychic evidence, and the scientific knowledge thereof, as it has done in the past, will be worse than useless. The circular letter says, "The Church is called on to give witness to the reality and claim of things unseen and eternal." This is just the thing which is of such importance to-day, and which the Church has steadily refused to do in modern times. The big majority of the Clergy are profoundly ignorant of the spiritual objective facts, and are at least fifty years behind the times and to that extent unfitted either to teach or lead.

You are urging study. May I beg of you to recommend "Man's Survival after Death" to your Clergy as a work which fearlessly brings facts to light and is a witness for the truth. No book is more needed by the Clergy at the present crisis. As you are reminded therein the Churches some 300 years ago opposed scientific facts. The Pope especially fulminated against the motion of the earth and decreed it false. Bellarmine, the great theologian, declared that the "motion of the earth invalidated the doctrine of the Mass and imperiled human salvation." The Church dignitaries of that day refused to look through Galileo's telescope (how terrible is the truth) and forced Galileo to recant in the public square of Florence.

The same kind of thing is in process of happening today, and only prompt action on the part of Church dignitaries and leaders can avoid a similar debacle and loss of prestige,

Very sincerely yours,

CHARLES L. TWEEDALE.

P.S.—The Archbishops of Canterbury and York, also Dr. Davidson the Primate, have copies of this book.

*How to Pursue Happiness*

Mr. M. R. Dholakia concludes his essay on Happiness, published in a Poona paper thus: "Happiness is not to be directly pursued. That is almost an unbearable vulgarism she hates. She has to be reverentially invited along with any of her beloved companions as humanity of heart, fervid desire of making others happy, goodness, contentment, virtue, love or devotion. It is her sweet and determined will to run down to us following any of her companions to enjoy the pleasant picture of selflessness, when we become wise enough to base thereon the smallest details of our life and character, thought, word and deed."

\*                      \*                      \*

*Protest against Vivisection*

As a protest against vivisection, Mr. Alastair A. MacGregor, the Edinburgh author and publicist, has asked the University of Edinburgh to delete his name from the register of alumni, and he has returned his graduation diploma. In a letter to the Principal, Mr. MacGregor wrote: "As the result of very careful consideration extending over a number of years, I have at last decided to ask that the University of Edinburgh delete my name from the register of Alumni, and accept herewith the return of my graduation diploma. ....Vivisection I consider the pastime of men and women who are cowards. It is man's greatest. crime, and, unquestionably, his greatest shame. ....There must be something wrong with our sense of decency,

without conception of holiness, when the very League of Nations has fallen a prey to medical and scientific superstition in this respect, and when as recently as July of last year, a Scottish University conferred the LL.D. upon a 'scientist' from Ohio, who, on his own showing, and under the law of this country as it now stands, smeared a dog with tar and set him on fire, poured boiling water into the living body of another, hold a third over the flame of a bunsen burner—all in the name of 'science' and on behalf of the race that men designate human. From every viewpoint vivisection is indefensible, and provided that medical hooliganism at such a meeting is kept in restraint, I am prepared to debate the ethics of this systematised brutality with any professor, and from any public platform in the country."

\* \* \*

*Editorials on Shri Meher Baba*

The Editorials in the 1st and 8th December issues of *Prabodh* which is the leading Marathi weekly of Dhulia, were devoted to Shri Meher Baba. We congratulate its editor, Mr. Vishvanath G. Javdeker, B.A., LL.B., on writing them.

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

Ever since the Holy Master has made Nasik His headquarters, He has given permission to His disciples to perform the Arati ceremony in His honour, This ceremony was almost daily performed in 1927 and in the first nine months of 1928, One day in October 1928, the Holy Master, for some reason or other, expressed His positive dislike to its performance, and so from that day till His return from Persia, the occasions on which it was performed were few and far between. To the great delight of His disciples, the Holy Master gave His sanction to its performance, on the very day on which His grace descended upon Nasik, Everyday at about six in the morning this ceremony is performed in His presence. Utter simplicity is a characteristic of the ceremony. While a disciple, standing nearest to the Holy Master, waves a small lighted lamp, all present at the ceremony sing a song in praise of His Divine Majesty, in spirit-stirring voices. Apart from the radiance of the Holy Master's presence a spiritually charged atmosphere is produced by the performance of the ceremony.

Late in the evening on December 7, the Holy Master with a few of His disciples left Nasik for Bombay. On the following day the Holy Master was the talk of the town, not merely because He was present there, but because *The Times of India Illustrated Weekly* of that day contained brilliant article on the Holy

Master, with an excellent portrait of His. The publication of the article, which was written by Khan Bahadur B. D. Pudumjee, created a great sensation in Bombay. The Khan Bahadur deserves to be congratulated on writing it, and the Editor of the *Weekly Times* in publishing it.

The Holy Master stayed for only a couple of days in Bombay, but a number of persons were able to take *darshana* of Him. During His brief stay He managed to pay a visit to the Sasoon Reformatory at Matunga, at the request of its worthy Superintendent, Mr. Jamshedji M. Desai, who is one of His most sincere devotees.

On the 28th of the last month, for the first time since His return from Persia, the Holy Master went to Ahmednagar, where He put up at the residence of Mr. Noshir N. Satha, whose devotion to Him is worthy of profound admiration. On the following day in the morning He paid a flying visit to Arangaon, the people of which welcomed and worshipped Him heartily. From Arangaon He returned to Mr. Satha's place, where He allowed the city devotees to approach Him. On Sunday the 22nd, He left Ahmednagar for Nasik, which He reached at 1 p.m. \_On 3 p.m. on that day the Holy Master had an engagement. The workers of the Government Press and the Government Distillery of Nasik wanted to have Him in their midst for at least a few hours and so they had earnestly invited Him to grace their colony by His presence. The Holy Master accepted their invitation and went there at 3 p.m. As soon as He reached the colony He was given an ovation by the people, who were of all castes and creeds. Not only Hindus and Mahometans but also Christians paid their homage to Him. After the

formal reception and hearty adoration were over, the Hindu workers of the Government Press and the Government Distillery entertained Him with a number of hymns which they enthusiastically chanted. Tea was then served to the Holy Master and His disciples. Soon afterwards the Holy Master, having taken His seat in a motor car, which was not driven but dragged by the leaders of the people who had invited Him, was taken in procession round the entire colony. It took two hours for the processionists to disperse, and so it was not till 8 p.m. that the Holy Master was able to return to His abode.

#### *A Miracle in Dahanu*

The Holy Master with a few disciples again left Nasik on 28th December, in the afternoon. He went to the native state of Jahwar in a motor car, driven by Mr. Rustom K. S. Irani, who is one of His most deeply devoted disciples. As soon as Mr. Gune, the worthy Divan of Jahwar, heard of the Holy Master's arrival, he became extremely joyous and invited the Holy Master to his bungalow. The Holy Master paid a visit to his residence, but despite the Divan's entreaties, refused to pass the night at his place. So the Divan made arrangements for the stay of the Holy Master at the Dawk Bungalow, where He passed the night. Early in the morning on the following day the Holy Master left Jahwar for Dahanu. At Dahanu quite a noteworthy event happened. On the main road of Dahanu, where his car was proceeding along at the speed of fifteen miles an hour, a Hindu girl was knocked down and run over by it. Everybody in the car,

except the Holy Master, and all passers-by could not help thinking that the girl was instantly killed. But lo! Wonder of wonders! As soon as the car passed over her, the girl stood up as if nothing had happened. And indeed nothing had happened to her. She was absolutely unhurt; only an earthen pitcher, which she had been carrying on her head, was broken to pieces. Was not this a miracle? In connection with it, Mr. Rustom K. S. Irani, who was driving the car, sent the following note to the writer of these lines: "I cannot help narrating a noteworthy incident which happened in Dahanu and which very much surprised me. While motoring at the rate of about fifteen miles per hour through the place, a girl of about twelve with an earthen pitcher was proceeding along in company with two persons, on the right side of the street. In order that she may get aside I blew the motor horn, but on hearing it, she took it into her head to dart to the other side, as villagers more often than not do. In doing so, she bumped herself against the front of the car. I was aghast. The vehicle passed over her. We all thought the accident to be fatal to her. I grabbed the brake and stopped the car as quickly as I could. But what a relief! Only her pitcher had broken. Her body was quite unhurt. I then took her to her house. Shri Baba, our beloved Master, remarked that had He not been with me the girl would have been killed. I still cannot imagine how the girl escaped death." On the same day at 8 p.m. the Holy Master returned to Nasik.

Everyday a number of persons come to the Holy Master to adore Him. Among those who visited Him to pay their respects to Him last month were two Germans of Ceylon.

## FROM OUR FRIENDS' LETTERS

In a post card. dated 22-11-29, *Mr. Ratan N. F. Tamboli* (of Navsari) writes: "A Hindu gentleman of my place, who is extremely devoted to Shri Meher Baba, was, as usual, at his fixed place, meditating on the 16th of this month, on His Holiness, with beads in his hand, with eyes closed, All of a sudden, the beads fell from his hands, At once he opened his eyes to take them but before he could touch them, he got a shock of his life. For he saw a serpent just close by him. The serpent would have killed him, had he not opened his eyes; and he would not have opened his eyes, had not the beads fallen. This may justly be considered a miracle, considering the way the beads escaped from his hands." . —

In a letter, dated 27-11-29, *Mr. M. R. Dholakia* (of Poona), writes: "Today is the blessed Ekadashi day. I begin the day with holy associations, as before me stands the mission work of Meher Baba. I do not know if I am not prematurely talking to you about my strong desire to run down to Arangaon on last Janma-shtami, very soon after I knew about the *Meher Message*. But all desires of such kind evaporate unless they are in obedience to the Divine call. Today is an equally religiously important day and hence the remembrance and reference .... Things from heart unfortunately have no dazzling light. They have the heat which is not welcome to those already suffering from the sunstroke of worldliness."

In a letter, dated 12-11-29, *Mr. Harry J. Strutton*

(of London) writes: "..... a friend to whom I lent my copy of your Magazine wanted to pass it on to someone else to read, and felt compelled to tear out the advertisements of sexual medicines, In the West, such announcements are strongly taboo.\* ..... I only await that kindling which shall do with me as has been done in the case of your good self and my friend, Meredith Starr, who never tires of saying, 'I would die for Him (Shri Meher Baba) this minute if I could best serve Him by doing so:' You see I realise that there must be a reason for the burning zeal of the disciples of Meher Baba. Even though I have never met Him, my heart is drawn to Him. 'The Message to the West' will not, I believe, prove so futile after all. I have myself noted remarkable responses evoked in the hearts of others by the work of Meher Baba. My oldest and dearest friend, Max Gysi, flew like a needle to a magnet immediately on hearing about Him; and his enthusiasm in turn is affecting others. A great spiritual outpouring is long overdue in this materialistic age, and there are those in the West who feel instinctively that this blessing will come from the spiritual home of the race—the East. So may it be!"

In a letter, dated 3-12-29, *Mr. Ratan N. F. Tamboli* (of Navsari) writes: "Here is a press which is willing to bring out free of charge about one thousand photo-prints of Shri Meher Baba. The owner of the press, who is a loving devotee of Shri Meher Baba, wants only blocks, There is a great demand here from people for photos of Shri Meher Baba. In our Theosophical Lodge, one of the walls has already been adorned by the portrait of Shri Meher Baba."

\* We no longer publish the advertisements of sexual medicines. Last year we published them almost unwillingly but we express our regret for having done so.

In a letter dated 4-12-29, *Fredoon P, Tavaría* (of Bombay) writes: "During the short stay of His Holiness Shri Meher Baba in Bombay, I was fortunate in having the long-wished darshana of His Holiness and in kissing His lotus feet. Indeed I could not express my emotions to Him, as tears rolled down my cheeks through an unknown feeling of joy which then overcame me. The Inspiring Personality of His Divine Majesty would surely impress itself on any mind."

In a letter, dated 21-11-29, *Sister Mary Treumann* (of Esthonia) writes: "I became very sorry when I learned about Sadhu C. Leik's passing away. I hoped all the time that he would recover, though my heart felt sometimes the contrary. Just a month before he left his body—it was 29th September—I had a very significant dream. In the dream I saw one of my dearest friends, Miss Ruckteschell, coming with a letter in her hands to me, which contained the fact of Sadhuji's death. .... My hearty thanks to the brother disciples of Sadhuji, who were so very good to him, as he wrote to me in his last post card."

In a latter, dated 3-12-29, *Mr. Will Barkas* (of London) writes: "News reached me a few days ago via Esthonia of the passing of my thirty year comrade, Christian Leik, I was indeed surprised to receive the sad news from that direction. This was a home Christian loved and my family are grieved. We thank all the dear ones with you for so kindly looking to his comfort as he was passing away. He wrote the Esthonian lady how good you all were to him, and that he was at peace and knew he was passing on. I journeyed with him to London to see him start for the land he loved, India. I cried when I heard the news, as we were

brothers all these years and I never met a more beautiful soul. He was absolutely unselfish and just lived to bless others."

In a letter, dated 28-12-29, *Sister V. T. Lakshmi* (of Madras) writes: "Just a word regarding your enlightened and splendid Editorial of the last November issue of the Meher Message. Our society is miserably honeycombed with multifarious social evils. In the name of false customs and cursed superstitions thousands of dumb animals are sacrificed today—a land where the Lord Buddha preached 'Love and Kindness,' a land where our Sadguru Meher Babaji is singing the note of 'Love to humanity.' No God, who is worth anything, could ever revel in the death of anything: and it is certainly a sacrilege to say that God has created these animals to gratify the devilish hunger of man, A man can easily live without flesh, since thousand» are getting on perfectly well without it. In the name of pernicious customs, thousands of God's children are today married before they become one or two years old, and we see today that thousands of girls are ushered into the dismal state of eternal widowhood. You did justly carry on a crusade against those reactionaries. Long live Mr. Sarada for coming forward to introduce some healthy social reforms which will save our dear India from 'going to dogs.' I am sure, Babaji, our most revered Sadguru, is in our midst only to improve man's life. I hope very optimistically that, under His regime, I mean, spiritual regime, you, as a true and ardent *cbela* of my Lord Meher Babaji, will spread Babaji's message of 'Love and Kindness' and thereby banish all these social sorrows and sins from India and in their stead establish the perpetual domain of holiness and happiness."



OUR SERIAL STORY

FROM DEGRADATION TO REALIZATION

( By the Editor )

CHARACTERS (All Fictitious)

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

## CHAPTER VII

*Two Rascals Meet and Plan*

In a beautiful corner of Poona, on the Bund Road, are situated the Bund Gardens. They, together with the Diamond Gardens, the Empress Gardens, Sinhgad, the Parvati Hill and educational institutions form the pride of this historic city. Many a citizen of Poona resort to the Bund Gardens in the morning and in the evening, with a view to enjoying the sight of the lovely flowers and fragrant atmosphere or to freshening and giving relief to the tired mind.

Ebrahim Pirkhan, as he had promised Waman Deshpande, called upon Arthur Petch at his house. Believing that even walls had ears, Arthur had warned Ibrahim never to discuss in his home about what he termed private and confidential matters, but, whenever he came to him for such a purpose, only to give him a hint by saying that he wanted to talk with him about some urgent business. Together they left the place and went, walking leisurely and talking attentively, to the Bund Gardens.

What a contrast the hearts of the two rascals presented to the flowers of the Gardens! It is not going beyond the mark to say that their hearts were as black as most of the flowers were white. Rukmini Devi had done no harm to them, but their lust for gold made them eager to help Waman Deshpande to gain the sordid object of his marble heart. Waman had promised Ebrahim to give him a big reward and Ebrahim on behalf of Waman tempted the Police Inspector with the reward of ten thousand rupees,

provided success crowned their efforts, The sight of the exquisite Gardens did not swerve them from their purpose. Their necks were under the yoke of avarice, and both of them had gone so far in their villainy that they felt no compunction, whenever they perpetrated whatever vile deed.. To them, if only the ruling passion of their hearts was gratified to some extent, keeping away from the mire was not better than washing it off, nay, playing with the mire was better than keeping away from it. Slaves of mammon, they thought only about money, and so long as they got or were likely to get it, they never bothered about the injustice and harm they did to others. A disease can be stopped with medicines, a poison with its antidote, weakness with nourishment, ignorance with knowledge, a donkey with a stick and a horse with a whip, but with what can avarice be stopped? The more an avaricious person gets, the more does he want. "A drop is as the ocean (to the good)," says a Sanskrit proverb, "the ocean is as a single drop (to the base)."

Sitting on a bench, near the torrent that ever and anon dashes over the Bund, the Police Inspector used his fertile brain for carrying out the nefarious purpose. After thinking for more than half an hour, he asked his brother-in-villainy some questions, the answers of which seemed to justify the decision he had arrived at. Leading Ebrahim to the fernery, ornamented with orchidaceous herbs and wondrous palms, and making sure that nobody was within the reach of his voice, the Police Inspector acquainted him with the plan he had formed. That plan was nothing but abduction—abduction of the chaste and pure lady, whom Waman Deshpande wanted to make his wife. The Police Ins-

pector then gave him some instructions about the execution of the plan, which was doubtless liked by the Mahometan ruffian. It seemed possible to them to carry it out, and as they talked more, they became more confident of success. Knowledge of the possibility of a scheme invariably supplies a sure motive to putting it into operation.

The two rascals, as soon as possible, left the Gardens cheerfully. Little did they know that two persons, who were behind the fernery, had heard their conversation and so had learned about their nefarious plan. Those two persons were the brave Bhopetkar brothers, Narayan and Vishnu.

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# THE WORLD OF BOOKS

## Reviews and Notices

PRACTICE OF YOGA, Pages 280: Price Rs. 2, by Swami Sivananda. Published by Ganesh & Co. Madras. Received from the author, Ram Ashram, Rishikesh, Himalayas.

In his foreword to this splendid book, the worthy author says that if a single individual is really benefitted by this book on the Practice of Yoga, his sincere efforts to serve the world will be more than amply repaid. As we believe that not one but many a person will be benefitted by its study, the author's commendable efforts to write this book will be highly fruitful.

The book is divided into four chapters: the first chapter deals with the\_ fruits of Yoga, the second with *Kriya Yoga* or preliminary purification, the third with meditation and in the fourth the Swamiji gives some mystic experiences and narrates some interesting and instructive Yoga stories. In short this book deals with various practical methods in Yoga and meditation.

Swamiji's personal experience seems to be on a par with his erudition. There is much in this book that he has written from personal experience, and, be it said to his credit, that he has spared no pains to make it both interesting and instructive.

We heartily congratulate Swami Sivananda on writing this book and commend it to all spiritual aspirants,

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A LIBRARY OF BOOKS FOR SEEKERS AFTER TRUTH, 2nd edition, Pages 220; Price Rs 1-8. Compiled by One who has studied many and read all the books in this Library. Publishers: " Practical Medicine," Nai Sarak, Delhi.

The books listed in this Catalogue belong to Dr Ram Narayan, who, in order to benefit others, has gifted them to the Publishers of 'Practical Medicine.' The Publishers will send any book, mentioned in the catalogue, to anyone at any place, where there is a Post Office, on Lending System. The Catalogue has been compiled by Dr. Ram Narayan himself and arranged by him alphabetically by authors, with full title, place and year of publication, distinctive features of each book and an index. This Catalogue will be extremely useful to the students of religion, philosophy, and spiritual science. We are glad to note that two books on Shri Meher Baba have been included in it, *viz.* "His Divine Majesty Meher Baba" and "Kashful Haqayaque."

The introduction, in which Dr. Ram Narayan has published his letters to his friend, Mr. Ivan Johnson, (of U.S.A.) is not only interesting, but also instructive. In one of his letters Dr. Ram Narayan has kindly introduced Shri Meher Baba and *The Meher Message* to Mr. Johnson, as follows: Another teacher in India has recently been brought to my knowledge through a book "Meher Baba." written by one of his disciples, Mr. K. J. Dastur, M.A. LL.B. (see page 28). Mr. Dastur has started publishing a monthly periodical also under the title, "Meher Message." ..... The teacher *Sadguru* is a young man of thirty-five years of age and well educated in English. His messages and articles are published in this magazine. It appears from his writings that he is an *anubhavi* (one who has realized

the Truth). Write for a copy of this splendid journal and you will be delighted to read it. .... The leader is addressed by his disciples as His Divine Majesty Sadguru Meher Baba."

Immediately after thus introducing the Holy Master to his friend, Dr. Ram Narayan has made the following remark: "The one point in such organizations that does not appeal to my mind is that the disciples, not the leaders themselves, assert that their own leader is the only *Sadguru* or Perfect Master that can lead people to salvation," But, in justice to us, Dr. Ram Narayan must admit that we have never made such an assertion anywhere. On the contrary we have oft stated that there are a few other Sadgurus and that any Perfect Master can lead his disciples, if found worthy, to the goal of Self-realization,

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KHUDA NAMEH, In the Gujrati language. VoI. I Pages 201; Price Rs. 1-8. By Sorabji M. Desai. Can be had of the author, Station Road, Navsari, Baroda.

Everybody, who will care to peruse this interesting and instructive book, will feel that the learned author, whose name is quite well-known to the Gujarati reading public, has risen equal to his expectations. Of the one hundred and one names of God, mentioned in the Zoroastrian scriptures, Mr. Desai, discussing the first thirty two names, has written an interesting essay on each of them. Mr. Desai's knowledge of the spiritual science and of the scriptures of various creeds, is very wide; besides he has come into contact with the Divine Lord, Shri Meher Baba. He has therefore done full justice to the subject matters of his book and

has spared no pains to make it interesting and instructive. The book is a highly commendable addition to the Gujarati spiritual literature. But we are sorry to note that there are very few references in it to Shri Sadguru Meher Baba, of Whom Mr. Desai is an ardent devotee. We sincerely hope that in the future volumes of the series Mr. Desai will frequently refer to and freely quote from the teachings of His Divine Majesty. We heartily commend this book, the price of which is very less, to all of our Gujarati knowing readers.

\* \* \*

SPINAL BATH. Pages 16, Price 2 As, By K. L. Sarma, B. A. B. L. Published by the Nature-Cure Publishing House, Pudukotah, S. I. Ry.

In this booklet valuable information has been given about what the author calls the Spinal Bath. Mr. Sarma ventures to call it a Foot Proof Path and declares that as a health preserver it is without an equal.

\* \* \*

A THEORY OF MATTER. Pages 30, By Prof. W. Lutoslawski. Can be had of the author, Jagiellonska 7 m. 2, Wilno, Poland.

Prof. Lutoslawski believes that whoever wishes really to understand the nature of matter and of the material world must take into consideration and compare all the possible kinds of human experience which reveal something about matter and the relation between matter and spirit, After actually doing what he suggests the learned Professor concludes that matter is one of the fundamental categories through which the mind attains reality, and it is understood by immediate experience, not by definition. The booklet is noteworthy and should be read by all who are interested in this subject.

\* \* \*



LONAVLA NATURE-CURE HEALTH-HOME Pages 16  
By Dr. R. V. Bivalkar, Lonavla, Poona Dist.

Some particulars about this Health-Home which is conducted by Dr. R.. V. Bivalkar, are given in this booklet. Dr. Bivalkar says that he has been in the medical profession for the last twenty-three years and it has been his uniform experience that Naturopathy succeeds where drugging fails. In his Health-Home the Doctor has put into practice the methods of nature-cure, and he says that he can cure any disease without the aid of drugs, His Health-Home has been highly praised by many personages, including Shri Sadguru Meher Baba, Who visited it in 1927, and Whose opinion is quoted in this booklet.

\* \* \*

JUDGMENTS ON MEDICINE, Pages 24 Price 2 As.  
Compiled by P, S, Visvanatha Iyer. Published by the Nature-Cure Publishing House, Pudukotah, S. I. Ry.

Out of the mouths of medical men themselves. has the medical science been condemned in this interesting booklet.

\* \* \*

### A NEW QUARTERLY

Moore's Journal: THE UNKNOWN, No. 1, Vol. 1 Pages 78;  
Price I shilling, edited by Charles Moore. Issued at 12 Holborn Viaduct House, London, E. C. 1, England.

We heartily welcome the publication of this new Quarterly. Its mission seems to be spiritual and its

declared purpose is to present rays of light and knowledge along lines hitherto neglected or not fully developed.

Like ourselves, the Editor of this Quarterly believes in the advent of a new era. We agree with him, when he says: "In or about this period there usually arises a new era of thought or a fresh departure of a spiritual character. Some great teacher or new religion appears and a decided stimulus towards enlightenment and spirituality is given to humanity. .... A special effect in the present century may find expression in the formation of some great New Religion. Whether it will be a reconstruction of the old doctrines with the best features preserved and continued, or whether an entirely new and original structure will be evolved, time alone will prove. It is quite possible, however, that a grand synthesis of views may be taken, conciliating many parties, and which will lay the foundation of a simple and natural religion, broad in scope and making a universal appeal. Whatever the result, it is certain that higher and nobler views will prevail. Bigotry and sectarianism will greatly decrease. The spirit of tolerance and good will, will steadily increase." This is just what is going to happen, during the coming Avataric period, and we assure the Editor of *The Unknown* that the World-Teacher, in whose advent he believes, is none other than the Blessed Lord, Shri Meher Baba, Who will manifest Himself as the Messiah in about the *middle of the next World-War*.

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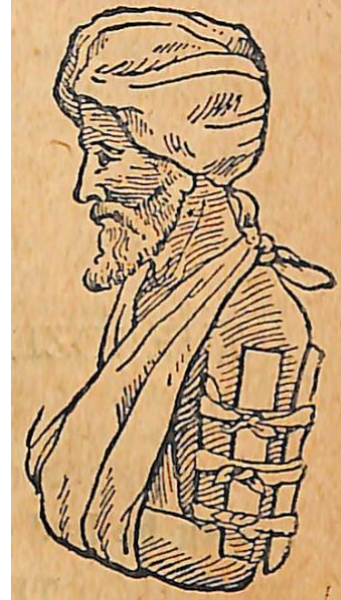
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of *Meher Message* vol 2, no. 1

Print Edition Text	Online Edition Text	Page Number	Paragraph Number	Line Number
asserted	asserted	3	1	9
acquirement	acquire- ment	8	1	2
genuine	genuine	9	2	1
humaniy	humanity	21	4	6
chamfpions	champ- ions	22	2	7
bred	brought	26	1	2
tempstuous	tempest- uous	26	2	13
realise	realised	29	1	3
hated	hatred	29	1	9
wery	weary	29	3	3
solicitiously	solicit- ously	32	1	1
wordly	worldly	32	2	1
nipple	ripple	33	6	3
Carrolling	Carolling	35	1	6
Pleiads	Pleiades	35	1	11
payed	paid	53	3	5
grapped	grabbed	55	1	19
adored	adorned	57	2	7
benefit	benefit	65	2	2
knowledge	know- ledge	69	1	1

