

Shrarda Varia

A quarterly journal dealing mainly with the divine life and teachings of Shree Shree Ma Amandamayee and with other religio-philosophical topics.

Board of Editors

Mahamahopadhyaya Sri Gopinath Kaviraj, M.A., D. Litt.
Kumari Lalita Patrak, M.A.
Kumari Padma Misra, M.A., Acharya
Kumari Bithika Mukerji, M.A., D. Phil.

Sri Atmananda.

Sri Sailesh Brahmachari.

Sri Amulya Kumar Dutta Gupta, M.A., B.L.

Sri K. Bose—Managing Editor.

Annual subscription (postage free) India—Rs. 5.00
Foreign—Rs. 6.00 or 10 shillings or dollars 1.25 only.

Contents

ENGLISH SECTION

	Page No.
1. Matri Vani	59
2. Conversations with Sri Sri Ma Anandamayi —Recorded by Professor B. Ganguly	62
3. Worship of Oneness in Abstract Art —Elwood Decker, California	66
4. In quest of God and Sad-Guru —Sri P. M. Verma, M.A., B.Sc., LL.B.	74
5. The Malady of the Age-Its Cause and Cure —Dr. B. L. Atreya, M.A., D. Litt	85
6. New Diary Leaves—Atmananda ...	89
7. At the feet of Mother—U. C. Dutt ...	95
8. Matri Lila	103

*Printed & Published by K. Bose for
Shree Shree Anandamayee Sangha, Varanasi,
at the Kamala Press, Godhowlia, Varanasi.*



Bombay — May, 1960

The ONE who is the Eternal, the Ātman,
He Himself is the traveller on the path of Immortality,
He is all in all, He alone is.

MĀTRI VĀNI

Indeed everything that this body says or does—its actions, movements, its going hither and thither—is done for your sakes. Whatever is done for you by this body at any time, it is you who cause it to happen.



It is necessary to try and dedicate to the Supreme every single action of one's daily life. From the moment one wakes in the morning until one falls asleep at night one should endeavour to sustain this attitude of mind. By so doing one will gradually come to feel: How can I offer Him greed, anger and other undesirable qualities of this kind? To Him who is so infinitely dear to me—who is my very own? Does one give that which is bad to one's nearest and dearest? As one continues to reflect in this way one

the ground. The flowers and fruits of both trees will be similar. In the same way this body has no desire, no intention or set purpose—everything occurs spontaneously.

Very often this body keeps concealed both its behaviour and its words. This is the actual truth. It is necessary and therefore it comes to pass.

Conversations with Sri Sri Ma Anandamayi

RECORDED BY PROFESSOR B. GANGULY

(Translated by Atmananda)

(3)

Question : Why do all people seek happiness (ānanda) ?

Mataji : In the world there is happiness as well as sorrow. Not all men aspire at *ānanda* (supreme happiness, bliss). If momentary happiness be sought, there will be pain. Those who are attached to sense objects are indeed the greatest renunciants, for they renounce supreme Bliss in order to gain ephemeral joys.

Question : When God has been realized, is no 'return ticket' needed anymore ?*

Mataji : When God has been realized this question cannot even arise. The world is the place of doubt, the realm of coming and going ; but when one has recovered one's Supreme Wealth, attained to the Kingdom of God, the question of coming and going exists no more.

Question : What is the significance of the story of *Ajamil*, which is related in the *Srimad Bhāgavata* ? Does it mean that one can reach one's Goal only by intense faith and devotion ?

* Mataji sometimes says that if one does not attain to Self-realization, which is the Goal of life, one has to take a 'return ticket' and is reborn in this world.

Mataji : Achievement may come to anyone. It is necessary to persevere in doing one's own particular *sadhana*. None can tell what may be achieved by anyone and at what time. The power of God's name (*Harinama*) resembles a fiery spark.

Question : What actually is *anandamayi* ?

Mataji : You yourself are *anandamayi* (permeated by Bliss).

Question : Well, then our relation with that aspect of ourselves has so far not been consciously established.

Mataji : The relationship that is eternal exists here and now. There is only One Self.

Question : Yet we are not aware of it.

Mataji : This is why effort is necessary. The false idea that your Self is far away is the cause of your misery and of the ceaseless round of births and deaths. It is therefore important to take refuge in the *Guru* and endeavour to become possessed of supreme Knowledge. This Knowledge will come to you if you keenly aspire after it. Relationship means—the One reposing in Himself is ever bound up with each and all. In the various relationships such as those of mother, father, Lord, friend and so forth, the One is united with each. You also are ever and eternally united with the One. In order to realize Him you have to study, exert yourself and engage in spiritual practices. The great is contained in the small and the small in the great; the drop in the ocean and the ocean in the drop.

Question : It is said that the atom is provided with infinite power. How can this be ?

Mataji : Indeed there is infinite power in the atom. Just as the whole of the huge banyan tree is contained in its seed, so Power is present in the atom. A human body develops out of a seed of microscopical size.

Question : Is science applicable to both the outer and the inner worlds ?

Mataji : The material world is connected with the subtle worlds. The subtle is contained in the gross and the gross in the subtle. Whatever line of approach is congenial to you, along that line will the realization of Truth come to you. Everything is wholly contained in everything else. If you study the development of plants or of man you will find that on the one hand they are all creatures with sense-perceptions, yet on the other hand they are also purely spiritual beings. The spiritual is the centre round which all manifestation and change revolve. Because man divides and makes distinctions he has to reap the consequences of his good and evil deeds, otherwise there would be uninterrupted, unbroken Bliss. Embrace the excellent and relinquish mere pleasure and you will advance from the grossly material to the sublime. A flower gives out perfume ; from the part you must proceed to the whole.

Question : One speaks of the *s'abda Brahman* and says that it can be perceived by the ear ; whereas according to modern science the supersonic sound wave is inaudible. What actually is the *s'abda Brahman* ? Is it both the sound that is perceptible as well as the sound that is imperceptible ?

Mataji : Whichever way you take it ; neither the one nor the other can be excluded. Together with the flash of lightning there is thunder ; the sound depends on the instrument by which it is produced. There is always sound, for movement itself produces it. Yet there is Being, which is beyond sound. Action causes sound, light also is an expression of sound. Friction brings about fire and therein lies sound as well. *Aksara** is that which cannot be distilled or divided and therefore is the *śabda Brahman*. The eternal sound is the *śabda Brahman*.

Question : Is an ordinary person capable of hearing it ?

Mataji : Everyone hears as much as lies in his power. Different people hear different sounds. When the mind has not been brought under control it cannot perceive the *śabda Brahman*. A sleeping man does not even hear ordinary sounds and a wandering mind cannot record subtle sounds. The individual is he who is bound and the world is perpetual motion. The hearing of the individual is not full hearing, but one who has the inner qualifications, namely a *yogi*, will be able to hear. It has happened to this body many times that it has heard the call "Mother!" from far off lands. Where the idea of distance is absent, there place and time present no obstacles.

**Aksara* means indivisible and also letter of the alphabet.

WORSHIP OF ONENESS IN ABSTRACT ART

ELWOOD DECKER, CALIFORNIA.

When people see abstract art for the first time they almost invariably ask, "What does it mean?"

The subtle word abstraction came from the Latin word *abstractus*, past participial of *abs*, from ; and *trahere*, to draw,—*abstrahere*, to draw from. Thus originally an abstraction meant a dynamic living process. With centuries of use as a process, the word abstract also became identified with generalities and results ; generalities that defined the purposes of the process and results from using the process that were definitely concrete,—more obviously so on the physical level, less obviously on the mental and spiritual levels.

The chronological evolution of the word abstraction reveals the psychological evolution of man. It is a man-made word. Man put himself in it, with his lowest and highest experiences. When a thief draws a purse from another's pocket, he is making an abstraction according to the dictionary. From this early use, the word took on a secretive tone, later indicating the abstruse, the difficult to understand, the Ideal. Perhaps Robin Hood had something to do with it. Ordinarily however, an act of theft is an altogether tangible experience, compounded of concrete particulars of fact, and unfortunately not to be considered as ideal or abstruse in any delicately ethereal sense whatsoever.

Another grossly physical example of the word abstract comes from the possible meaning of theft in the word conveyance. So we have an 'abstract of title', simply a piece of paper containing a list of the successive conveyances upon which title to a piece of land rests. Unless this piece of paper were definitely concrete, it would have no legal value. Note that here abstract means addition rather than subtraction. Even in these grossly physical examples, the word abstraction shows something of its flexibility to represent opposite attitudes of mind, illegal and legal, negative and positive. Subtraction and addition are only a beginning.

As abstraction became more useful to describe mental activities, it took on the characteristics of the mind, its power of concentration for instance. Broad areas of interest had to be condensed. Facts were not merely noted, but condensed with understanding. On this higher level of intellectual activity, a book may be thought of as an abstraction of a situation, an attempt to portray the salient characteristics of a situation,—perhaps with a series of climatic events revolving around a central problem, to intensify and reveal it more fully, so that it may be clarified and solved in the end. A book review is an epitome of the book, an abstraction of the book; an abstraction of an abstraction. Sometimes the power to analyze is described as the power to abstract, and our doctor may urge us for the sake of sanity to become more conscious of the fact that we are often making abstractions, of abstractions, of abstractions, of abstractions, of abstractions,—with an unnecessary verbal indirectness; when all the while we have an opportunity to make more reliable

abstractions on the non-verbal level, by the direct use of all of our senses. However, like much good advice, it is not always appropriate. There are times when it is better to depend on hearsay; for all direct abstractions are not equally constructive; for instance the thief's abstraction. It would be better to learn about many things from a safe distance on the sheerly verbal level. We are fortunate to be able to create our own works of art on the direct level of sense perception, but in the appreciation of the art of others it is helpful to know about their ideas, as well as see what they have created. It seems to me that in such matters our sense of design is just as important to motivate our interest, as it is in the creation of a work of art. The verbal level of abstraction is useful, not only to protect us from undesirable experiences, but also to introduce us to greater experiences beyond our present ability, but definitely possible to us, if we will only take the time to learn about them to begin to express them. It is difficult to leave what we already know and begin, perhaps awkwardly, with a greater possibility. In this our moral power of motivation is more important than our mental power to analyze and is a greater power of abstraction.

Now we at last are about to consider the final most mysterious and little known significance of the word abstract, the generality, the essence. Now I want to tell you why abstraction may be important to you and how it may change your entire life for the better. Between the infinity of detail that escapes our sense perception, and the INFINITE UNITY OF LIFE that transcends our limited thinking, there

is the Primary Variety of abstract qualities, an essential framework of limited generalities that *can* be comprehended by the limited mind, expressed through the limitations of sense, and thus evolve our power to be conscious.

We can evolve our consciousness by using this universal lumber to build a personal stairway of awareness from the least to the most inclusive unity involved in our interest. This ideal of *dimensional progression* is not a matter of thinking only. It requires the creative expression of all our faculties and is a natural one for artists.

As artists, why are we so fascinated by the fundamental qualities of the Image? What are we abstracting for in the first place? We are always trying to get at the essence of something, to grow in understanding, to satisfy our own ESSENTIAL NATURE.

In all the preliminary examples of abstraction we have considered so far, there is an attempt to get at the essence of something. The book review is an attempt to get at the essence of the book. The book is an attempt to get at the essence of a situation. An abstract of title is an attempt to establish the essential legal evidence of ownership. The thief is trying to get at what he believes to be the essence of wealth, the rustling paper and the jingling coins.

Similarly, Abstract Art is an attempt to express the essential generalities of Vision,—size, shape, value, color, space, form, motion, and motivation. All these are divisions of consciousness, and other divisions of consciousness are

necessary to comprehend them, such as observation, memory, conception and intuition. These in turn, depend on control of attention, emotion, and finally instinct. We can achieve this because the primaries of Vision are not all equally inclusive. They invite the mind on different levels of strength. A child instinctively expresses sizes and shapes ordinarily before values of light and dark. Gradually the child learns to concentrate the mental faculties, and later is ready to study the more complexly inclusive qualities of color, space and form. If the child decides to become an artist, it could be a great advantage to learn at an early age, the dimensional progression inherent in the pictorial primaries; for then it will be possible to plan an effective program of abstract expression to free the mind.

Value is only one of the elements of color, but it can be studied alone, achromatically. Hue, intensity and neutrality are equally important elements of color, but they cannot be studied apart from color. Therefore value is regarded as a special visual quality, an easy one to begin on. Similarly shape is only one of the elements of form, but it can be studied alone in its essential variation as a two dimensional effect. Size may likewise be analyzed two dimensionally. When we think of three dimensional size, we are thinking of space. Space, form and color are phases of motion. All our sensations of sense perception,—feeling, tasting, smelling, hearing *and* seeing are different rates of vibratory movement. Motion is four dimensional, yet it is governed by motivation that determines its rhythm and duration in time, ... and motivation is only one aspect of consciousness. CONSCIOUS-

NESS is our greatest generality, the Essential Basis of our art and life.

What we are always trying to do, is to get at the ESSENCE OF CONSCIOUSNESS, whether we know it or not. We are always trying to produce, or get into, a more Enjoyable state of Mind.

That is why abstract art may be important to us. Imitative expression is not enough to interest the mind in its own Potentiality. It humiliates the mind to be forced to imitate, when it could create. Abstract expression, when successful, not only reveals the creative powers of the mind. The original effects it creates from adequate knowledge of contrasts inherent in a primary generality, awakens the mind to its own ORIGINAL NATURE. To be humble enough to begin all over again with the next step up; the next more inclusive generality; to have the courage, the willingness to look foolish while learning a new element, a person must have some Vision of the Greatness of the GOAL.

The greatest definition of abstraction in the dictionary is the abstraction of the mind itself. To abstract the mind, according to the dictionary, is to withdraw the mind from all worldly objects. This would require perfect control of the mind, for it means to draw the mind's attention entirely from its sensations and conceptions, and concentrate it upon its Intrinsic Nature. Such a state of mind would transcend dimensions as we have described them, for it would be empty of them; but for an artist the way to it might well be through a four dimensional emptiness, time; a three

dimensional emptiness, space ; a two dimensional emptiness, size ; and a one dimensional emptiness, a point. So,—it takes a little time, a point to begin and the spiritual courage to leave the lower when we are ready for the higher.

Different religions and philosophies tell us we must first learn to control our instinctive desires, before we can hope to control the mind, because uncontrolled desires keep the mind in a constant state of restless distraction. If we can concentrate our desires creatively in art, then we can recognize uncontrolled desires as dimensions not yet understood. We shall know better where we stand and not be the helpless victims of the two infinities of sensation and awareness, so inscrutable to ordinary consciousness.

It would be normally difficult to withdraw the mind, all at once, from its dearly desired sensations and conceptions, because they have become deeply rooted habits that ride our befuddled consciousness like the old man of the sea. Fortunately, abstract art offers us a pleasant, easy, simple way to do it gradually.

When we go to sleep at night, what happens is that the poor tired mind abstracts itself *unconsciously* in order to get a little much needed rest. How much better if we can direct our interest in a consciously creative dimensional progression of abstractions, and know the Divinely Beautiful, Blissful, Peaceful Power of our Mind. Certainly the blank rest we get in sleep at night is a poor substitute for the Joyous, Fully Conscious, "PEACE THAT PASSETH UNDERSTANDING"

that we have all heard about and so few of us have experienced. Yet the opportunity is abundantly offered to us every day to practise on the lesser abstractions that can lead to it, especially the easier ones to begin on.

The illusions you are about to see are examples of abstractions in manifestation. If they remind you of your own opportunity to abstract your way to Bliss, they will mean more to you than passing entertainment. If any of you have ever asked, "What is the meaning of abstraction?", please know that there is more to it than meets the eye, and please know also, the answer that will completely satisfy you, will some day be your own original answer.

Footnote

This was composed for art students. A person at the top of the stairway may not need to think of the lower steps or their order. For many others below however, the ideal of dimensional progression could be a blessing. Many might profit by asking themselves, "Is there an inherent progression involved in my interests, a dimensional progression of relative unities from least to most inclusive, an invisible stairway of qualities I need to climb creatively, in sequence, to reach my highest Goal?"

This is no more for fish, birds and animals than it is for Sages. It is for those who have the gumption to realize that they are responsible for what happens to them because of their former attitudes, choices and activities and are ready to consider the more serious use of their creative powers.

IN QUEST OF GOD AND SAD-GURU

SRI P. M. VERMA, M. A., B. Sc., LL. B.

(Continued from the last issue.)

Testing the Sad-Guru.

Can one apply the foot-rule to measure the Infinite? Yet man, poor man of this Intellectual Age, who has lost his simple Faith, is vain enough to imagine that by his puny intellect he can sit in judgment and measure the depths of a Sad-Guru. With my early prejudices against all *gurudom*, to which I have alluded above, and being no exception to the intellectual venom, it took me nearly fifteen years to recognize the *Sad-Guru* and the Universal Mother in Sri Sri Anandmoyee Ma. I now feel very small and silly when I think of the tests that I applied to Her. The first time I had Her *darshan* well nigh 15 years ago. I had gone to Her in the company of a friend and asked Her what She would advise my friend to do, as he was an atheist. She promptly replied: "You yourself know everything. What you need is to devote more time. As to your friend, let him go on honestly saying: 'Not this! Not this!' and he too will reach the same goal." While Mother had at once recognized Her child, the latter was not then mature enough to recognize the Universal Mother. Next day again I went to see the Mother, when She was sitting in the midst of a big gathering. I had a particular desire to touch Her holy feet without anybody noticing that

I was credulous enough to do that. It so happened that I got a chance of fulfilling my heart-felt desire. Never again did I need to put any question to Her, as I invariably found all my doubts and misgivings resolving themselves in Her presence, whenever I happened to go near Her. Some of my friends too testified to the same experience. Many a time the answer to a riddle or a quandary weighing upon one's mind would come, not from Her but from the lips of someone else talking to Her. There is a certain magic in Her divine presence, which not merely draws people to Her, but literally makes them madly run after Her. I have seen men, who had come to scoff at Her, staring at Her with gaping mouths as if captivated and lost in mute wonder, and later confessing that they could see *Ananda* radiating from Mother's charming face, and that She fully justified Her name 'Anandamoyee'. I was also greatly impressed by the fact that there was something "contagious", as I used to remark, in Mother's laughter, because I noticed that when She laughed even the wryest face began to beam with smiles, and some of my friends told me that they went for Her *Darshan* merely to watch Her blissful face that made them feel younger. That reminds me of a Puranic story which I heard from a mystic, which made a deep impression on my mind. The story was that of a *Brahmajnani*—I forget the name—who as he was once passing through the *kunjgalis* of Mathura stood transfixed at a spot where he saw a small child playing, and as he found after a time that he was so much captivated by the radiant and charming face of that child that he could not take his gaze off him, he started shouting to the other

passers-by not to come that way as there lay a great danger ahead of them in that child Krishna who had completely fascinated him, a *Brahmajnani*, whose mind was otherwise far above this mundane world. The theme of that mystic's discourse was that *Sakara-Bhakti* was superior to *Nirakara-Bhakti*, and he was illustrating his point by saying that when the Lord comes down to this world for the uplift of His *Bhaktas*, His *Sakara Rūpa* is even sweeter than His *Nirakara-Rūpa* just as, he argued, sugar cane was so sweet, but how much sweeter would be the fruit of sugar cane if it had one ; or just as the sandalwood tree was so fragrant, but how much more fragrant the fruit of the tree would be, if it had one.

During the last five years I have had more occasions of having Mother's *darshan* during Her visits to Allahabad, although every time I preferred to go to Her 'incognito' in the sense that I did not seek to be introduced to Her. I felt She had always known me, and She fully satisfied every test by which I thought I could fathom Her depths as the Supreme Incarnation of the Universal Mother which Her *Bhaktas* acclaimed Her to be. To illustrate my point with a few specific instances, let me first begin with that fateful day, Jan. 30, 1948, when the news was broadcasted through the Radio at about 8 P. M. of the passing away of the father of the nation. I was at that time sitting in the Mother's camp in the *Maghmela* along with many other *Bhaktas* awaiting the arrival of the Mother. It was a very unusual feature that evening that *Kirtan* had started in the camp where She gave audience, but She had not come even

at that late hour. Somebody said that Mother was taking rest on Her return from Jhusi. A good few of the Bhaktas left after waiting for more than one hour. Those that kept waiting, and I was one of them, were taken aback to receive a rather peremptory direction from some whitecaps, who entered the camp, to stop the *Kirtan* immediately as the news had come of Mahatmaji's passing away. As I left the tent, the idea upper-most in my mind was that Mother had not come that day to give *darshan*, because She knew about that fatality, and might not have approved of the uncalled-for instruction of the busybodies.

On another evening later in the year 1948, while Mother was staying at Jhusi in Sri Prabhu Dutt Bramhachari's Ashrama, I went there for Her *darshan* at the invitation of certain clients of mine who were also putting up there. I sat for a while at Mother's feet without having anything to say. She put a few casual questions to my clients as to where they came from. As at that time of the season the pontoon bridge was being dismantled, I was in a hurry to get back across the bridge before it became dark, so I got up to take leave of Her. She directed one of Her *Bhaktas* to get some *Prasad* for me. There was a moment's delay and I was getting impatient to leave. She made a sign to get the *Prasad* quickly, not once but twice, as I was hurrying out of Her presence. A big *laddoo** was at last handed over to me just as I was on the point of leaving the place, and I carried it with me as if it were a prize won by me for all the trouble I had undertaken in going as far as Jhusi to have

*A sweet.

Mother's *Darshan*. On reaching home I found my wife suffering from a serious attack of colic and diarrhoea. As night advanced her trouble grew worse and worse, and no medicine seemed to help. At about midnight I felt there was no hope of saving her life, and so I thought Mother's *Prasad* which lay in my pocket might possibly come to my rescue, and with trembling hands and with *Rama-Nama* on my lips I forced a little bit into my wife's mouth, while she was almost sinking. Soon after I was happy to notice that she had fallen asleep and that was the end of her malady.

About two years later when it was again my good fortune to enjoy Mother's *Darshan* at the house of a neighbour of mine, it is not possible for me to describe the effect of the few words that fell from Her august lips in dispelling certain doubts that had arisen in my mind. When I found She had not touched the offering of sweets I had brought for Her, I protested to Her why She was not accepting any of it and narrated to Her how I had found Her *Prasad* efficacious in saving my wife's life. She said with Her usual smile and the condescension of a Goddess that She had already accepted it, and for my satisfaction She took a particle of it and made a show of putting it into Her mouth, whereupon Her devotee, known as *Didi*, remarked that Mataji had not a single grain of food for the last three days.

During the last Durga Puja celebrated by Mother's *Bhaktas* at Allahabad I wished I could ask Mother to give me some of Her *Prasad* once again. I had kept that wish all to myself, but to my great surprise a volunteer *Bhakta* approached to

tell me that I should not fail to take Mother's *Prasad* at noon the next day. Next morning I found another volunteer *Bhakta* coming to tell me that I should take Mother's *Prasad*, as Mother had given an express direction to carry that message to me. But for that reminder I might not have gone to take the *Prasad* at lunch time. I had no idea that invitation for *Prasad* really meant an invitation for lunch. So I went and partook of a sumptuous lunch in the company of a host of Mother's *Bhaktas*, and for three days I had a feeling of such a purification of the body as one feels after a bath in the Ganges.

In my work entitled '*The Coming Renaissance*' I had written : (*vide* P. 171, First Ed., 1928) 'The true test of the spiritually-evolved is whether one has overcome his external wants by an over-whelming sense of internal bliss—the peace of the soul—and thus discovering in the silence of the heart an unbounded source of strength and energy has forgotten the lower nature of the body-temple. All the truth and knowledge being already hidden in the depths of his soul is simply revealed intuitively to his spiritual mind like an open book; and he doubts no longer in the labyrinth of the intellectual regions.'

I have discovered Mother satisfies that test perfectly. Indeed, whatever She says or does, is done to perfection, and every one who comes in contact with Her testifies to that fact. A doubt may arise in one's mind whether it is at all possible to realize perfection in anything in this most imperfect of worlds. Theoretically it may not be possible to realize infinity in this finite world, but if this

finite world of ours is the creation and manifestation of the Infinite, surely it should not be impossible to get a vision of Infinity through some finite vehicle just as we can see things through a telescope or a microscope. The other day I questioned a friend if he had been to witness the last Durga Puja celebrated by Mother's *Bhaktas*, to which he replied that he had been there only on the first day of the Puja, as after that he had unfortunately to go out of station. He further added that he was simply transported with joy and wonder at the sight of the beauty of Goddess Durga as a more perfect image could not be made. If an image could give so much sense of perfection, what can one say of the visions of the beautiful, the compassionate and the perfect that Mother's *Darshan* raises before the mind's eye. Many a time when I had Her *Darshan* from a distance She appeared to me as a young maiden would look radiant with joy on her bridal night, and at other times I caught the vision of Her face shining like the orb of the full moon. Some friends have corroborated that experience of mine.

At the Feet of the Universal Mother

I am quite sure of my facts to-day, as a lawyer or a scientist would put it, when I say that anyone, who has cultivated a little earnestness in his search after Reality or has a little bit of Faith in things spiritual, can get a glimpse of the Universal Mother by a mere *Darshan* of Sri Sri Anand-moyee Ma. My quest for a *Sad-Guru* is now ended. My highest ambition to-day is to become free as quickly as possible of my wordly attachments and so-called, duties to be able to go to Mother and tell Her that Her long-deluded child

had at last arrived to beg of Her the *Kripa* of Her lotus-feet. Of course, she won't need to be told, as it is by Her *Kripa* that the compassionate Mother for ever and ever attracts Her children to Herself. I know Mother never gave *Diksha* to anyone except Her late husband. That exception was made, I presume, to show to the world that Her so-called husband was actually a disciple of Hers. It may well have been that if She were giving *Diksha* to people, I might with my prejudices against *gurudom* have continued to misunderstand of Her even to-day. As it is, I am now convinced of the fulness her *Kripa* towards everyone without any distinction whatsoever. Has She not said, according to a message of Her's recorded by Bhaiji in '*Sad..Vani*', that the saints are like the trees that give their shade and fruit to anyone who asks for it and that She cannot understand why people should fight shy of approaching Her whom they should consider their very own. What a motherly love She has for one and all of us.

Another message of the Mother which will be found most consoling for the suffering and misguided humanity of to-day, as recorded by Bhaiji, is :—

'When your heart has become the abode of the Lord, all your worries are taken over by Him. You have merely to hold tight the string and let the kite go on its flight where-soever it may go, and you will find the course of life running smoothly for you just as the kite goes on flying. By running after *Maya* you will find it evades you at every attempt to grasp it like the ignis-fatuus. Why then run after the mirage and not sit in quiet contemplation of the Lord ?'

A great void has been created of late by the passing away of two outstanding figures among India's known saints, namely, Maharshi Ramana of Arunachalam and Sri Aurobindo, and now by common consent of all the Bhaktas of this ancient home of spirituality Sri Sri Anandamoyee Ma is India's No. 1. to whom all eyes are turned to build a sanctuary in this holy land of ours and re-establish *Rama-Rajya*. I believe now the Renaissance as dreamt of by me in the following lines is not far off:—(*ibid*, P. 165)

'When men are born into this world who are gifted with spiritual vision and able to interpret the true harmonies of life and the complex processes by which the Divine Urge of Evolution works its way through the cycles of births and rebirths towards the consummation of man's higher destiny, the mediocre world of to-day will then believe them and will then alone be prepared to retrace their steps and master the "First Step" of 'Self-control, Self-discipline, Penance and Sacrifice' which the Western civilisation so long ignored. Then will people listen to the inner voice of conscience and look to it as the guiding-light which always points out the best course under the circumstances, because it knows with the knowledge of our weaknesses, in what our good lies. Then will people believe that the killing of passions is an ideal in itself, if for no greater reason, then because it is so in the Divine scheme of things and hence as positive to us as the nature of the properties of matter, which are such by the very nature of things and so unalterable; that the researches of our ancient sages cannot be wrong, for instance, when they said of the human mind, that 'it was a machine given to the individual ego to execute the ego's will, and that