



**INDIAN INSTITUTE OF
ADVANCED STUDY
SIMLA**

AS THEY SAW THE MASTER

*A bouquet of the unforgettable reminiscences of the
tour of His Holiness Sant Kirpal Singh Ji Maharaj,
as recorded by the people in the United States of
America and the United Kingdom.*

*"It is not the places that grace
men but men the places".*

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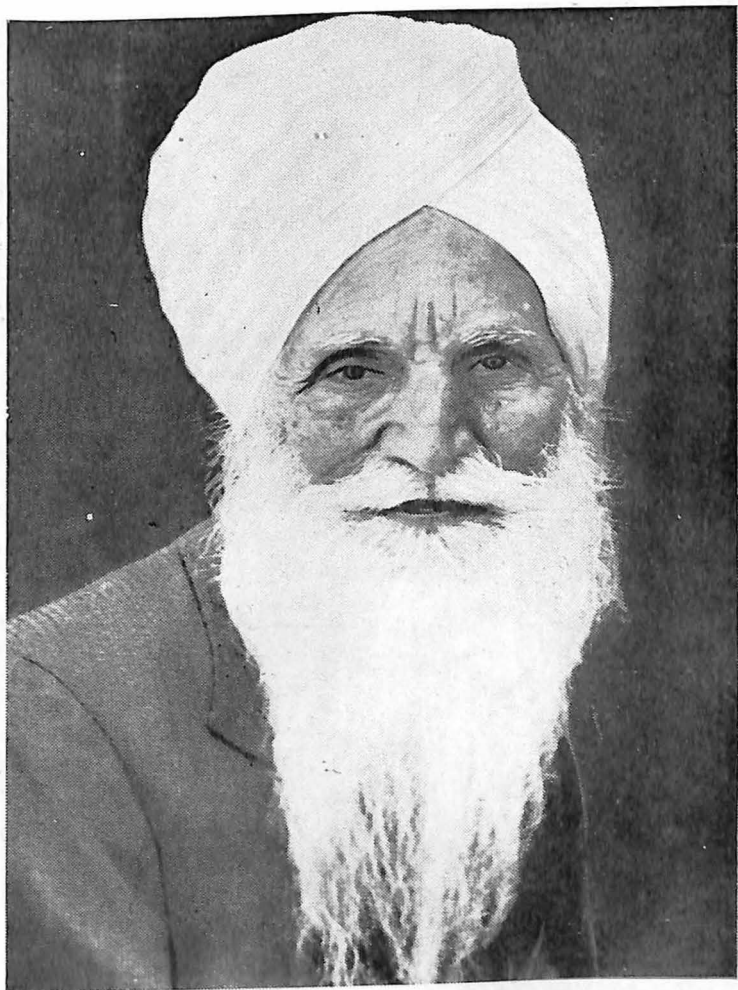
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His Holiness Hazur Baba Sawan Singh Ji Maharaj

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FOREWORD

'Twas much, that man was made like God before,
But, that God should be made like man, much more.
God cloth'd Himself, in vile man's fleshe that so
He might be weake enough to suffer woe.

J. Donne.

'When the chela is ready, the Guru appears' ; is an axiomatic truth. The principle of 'Demand and Supply' is as much operative in spiritual as in temporal matters. It is one of the fundamental and immutable laws of nature.

So long there is the concept of God or of some higher controlling power, call it what one may—Higher Self, Over-self or Over-soul, or Live and Active Principle—there must be a way to approach and understand the same ; and an Adept in the line well conversant with Para-Vidya or Science of the Beyond. Thus then God, God-way and God-man stand together inter-linked indissolubly.

A God-man is the God's Elect, with a purpose and a mission. He is the Messiah, the Prophet, the Apostle, the Hadi or the Guide who holds a commission from above, to help Jivas or the embodied souls, yearning for God-knowledge or in dire distress piteously raising their hands in prayer.

Such God-men or Master-souls have appeared in all times and in all climes. The God's will bloweth where

it listeth. There are no hard and fast rules in this behalf, as may be discernible by the human ken.

The Science of the Masters is the most ancient science the World has ever known. Its history is coeval with that of the Creation itself and one may be able, to a certain extent, to follow its course as it meanders in and out through the hoary mists of antiquity.

The Scriptures of the World, full as these are of the spiritual experiences of the Saints and Sages are an ample and eloquent testimony of the message of God through God-men. God's light may shine forth on the shores of Galille, in the desert of Arabia, in the mountainous terrai- in of the Himalayas, on the battlefield or in the plains of the Punjab, in Persia or in China, or in fact anywhere in the wide wide world. But one thing is certain that whenever and wherever it may blossom, it cannot be kept under a bushel. Its irradiance spreads throughout the World and the entire humanity hails it with one voice. They are the children of light and come to give light not to any particular sect or country but to the entire mankind. They come not to make or unmake any laws, but to fulfil the Law—the Law of God—the Law of Eternal Hope, Redemption and Fulfilment.

The Saviour Master-Soul, having arisen in Cosmic Awareness is ever in tune with the Infinite. He is the pole through which the Divine Will manifests itself and the Divine Power works. Whatever He does and directs is God-inspired. The words of wisdom that He utters, are mightily charged by the Divine Power; and are so sharp and weighty that they at once penetrate deep and sink into the heart of all listeners, irrespective of caste, colour or creed.

The Deep and Absolute Truth is imageless. But one may see its manifestation in a Truth-intoxicated-man: His azure and penetrating eyes, overflowing with Divine Love and Compassion, His serene and radiant face reflec-

ting the great sorrow of the world in His lineaments, His stately figure and royal gait, all betokening the inward greatness of His soul, embracing the entire Universe: visible and invisible. A True Master is Master indeed; Master in every phase of life: a Guru on Earth, a Gurudev (radiant Form of the Master) on subtle and causal planes and Satguru or the veritable Master-of-Truth; nay Truth itself in the Beyond. Such is His glory. And then through His grace is manifested the 'Light of God' and the 'Voice of God' when one learns by a process of self-analysis, technically called, 'Death-in-life', to transcend the limitations of the body.

O gentle reader ! these are but empty words of no meaning and no consequence. Who can know or write of the Unknowable. It is well nigh impossible to know the Master and to understand His greatness. We have not the eyes where-with to behold the two. A Prophet alone can know a Prophet. It is all His grace that He has admitted us in His fold. The little knowledge of Him that each one of us has, is only an imperfect vision of the creek of the illimitable ocean of Truth that the Master is. We are but little children gathering pebbles on the sea-shore, while the great ocean of Truth, lies beyond our reach.

It was in May 1955, that the Beloved Master, in answer to the persistent calls from the West, paid a visit to the devout souls in the United States of America, England and Germany. He addressed mammoth gatherings in churches, synagogues, universities and colleges. In His grace, He granted spiritual experiences of the Beyond, to thousands who sat in meditation at His holy feet.

In the pages that follow, we get glimpses of the Great Master—Hazur Baba Sawan Singhji Maharaj, the Saint of Beas and that of the Beloved Master—Sant Kirpal Singhji Maharaj; who in these days is carrying on the mission of His Master, in a purely scientific spirit in a

scientific age, shorn of all outer embellishments: ritualistic and ceremonial. Let us now turn to the pen pictures as given by our brothers and sisters in the West, of what they saw of the Master. These are followed by a few glimpses from the life of the Master and some outpourings of bereaved hearts here, during His absence from India.

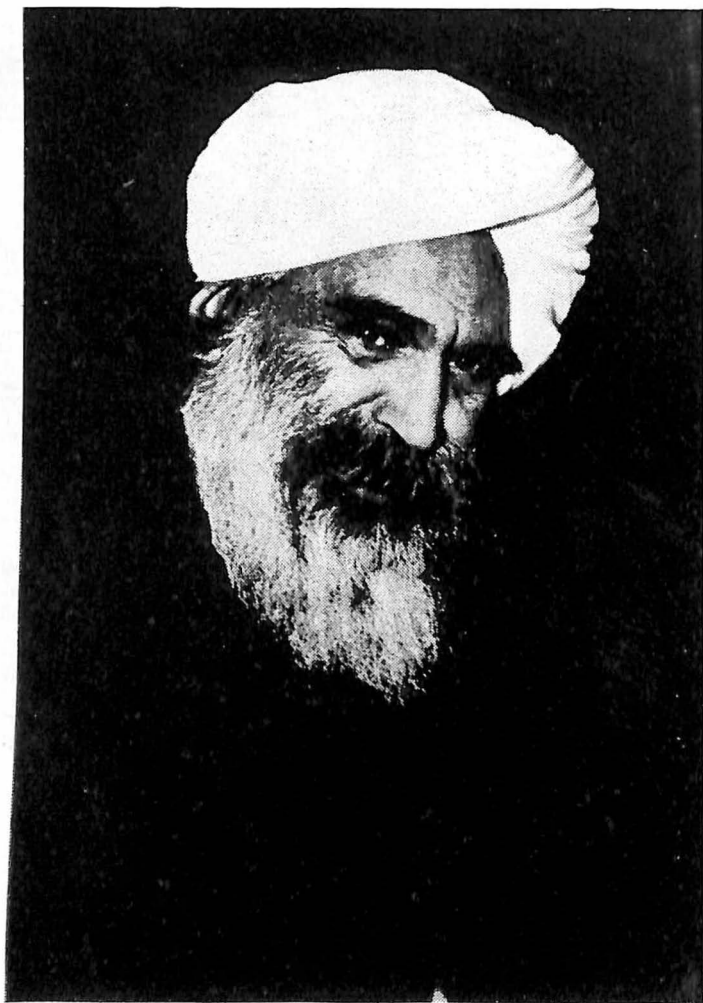
Thou art the Pilgrims' Path ; the blindman's Eye ;
The dead man's Life, on thee my hopes rely ;
If thou remove, I err ; I grope ; I die.

Disclose thy sunbeams ; close thy wings, and stay ;
See, see how I am blind, dead and stray,
O Thou, that art, my Light, my Life, my Way.

Francis Quarles.

*Sawan Ashram,
Delhi.
31st May, 1956*

Bhadra Sena



His Holiness Sant Kirpal Singh Ji Maharaj

WHAT THE LOVING MASTER MEANS TO ME

On the 21st day of September in 1955, it was brought to my attention that a Saint from India was in America and that HE would be coming to Boston the following week. My co-operation was asked to help make it public as it was on so short a notice. In my capacity as a teacher, I had to be sure that there was no false representation in which I might become involved. I have stood by only those teachers that represent Truth.

I thought on this for a moment and decided I would give what help I could. At that time there was a noted teacher, originally from India, staying in Boston. I went to him and asked about Indian Saints visiting America. He told me that there was one way in which I could be sure he was a true Saint. He explained to me that India never sent out a Saint, unless He was accompanied by an Indian Ambassador. I nearly jumped from the chair in which I was sitting, when he told me this. He wondered at my great excitement and then I told him that Mr. Khanna of the Indian Embassy in Washington D. C. was with HIM much of the time. Then the teacher asked me if it was, by any chance, HIS HOLINESS KIRPAL SINGH JI MAHARAJ ; to which I made an affirmative answer. He said, "Ah, HE IS A REAL SAINT, but no one in America will really understand HIM, HE IS TOO GREAT". I expressed a little disappointment at that.

remark but told him that I would bend every effort to bring people to hear HIM.

For the next few days, a well known Boston teacher and I sent out notices, called people by telephone and made plans for large group meetings to be held at 'The Brunswick,' where this Great SAINT, Princess Narendra and Madame Hardevi were to have living accommodations.

His first Boston meeting, was held at the famous METAPHYSICAL CLUB and HE talked to the room filled with people. As He entered the room that night and I saw HIM for the first time, I loved HIM and when HE got up to speak, HIS tones were so soft and sweet and HIS manner so loving and inclusive of all. HIS WORDS OF UNIVERSAL LOVE AND TRUTH seemed to take me back, so to speak, to the Shores of Galilee and it was the Christ in Jesus which I was hearing. So enthralled did I become that I was lost in that Truth which HE WAS, IS, AND EVER SHALL BE. So wonderful it was that I felt a sadness when HIS talk was finished. My first thought was, if only I could touch HIM, I would ask for nothing else. Some were shaking HIS Hand but I was a little distance away and all of a sudden HE glanced up at me, and stretched forth HIS HAND to me and here was one prayer of my heart answered for I stepped forward and grasped HIS BLESSED HAND. HIS ENDEARING SMILE only made that sweet pain of gratitude in my heart all the stronger. I KNEW HIM...I wanted HIM only. Oh, to

go with HIM wherever HE went, was what my heart was telling me.

For the next five days and nights, the meetings were conducted at the Brunswick. We had early morning meditations at either 7-30 or 8 a. m. and evening meetings which were well attended. Yet, I could not help but think, if Boston only knew WHO WAS IN THEIR MIDST, everyone would have come to sit at HIS HOLY FEET in deep reverence and understanding.

From the first night on seeing HIM, I had recalled that about fifteen years before while in deep meditation, I had seen HIS FACE. Now to see HIM in the physical form, was almost as if I were in a dream. He represented to me all that I ever conceived Jesus Christ to be, with His Great Love and Tenderness to all. As I listened to Him talk each evening, tremendous love and power emanated from HIS BEING and it was as if I were carried up on some cloud into my TRUE HOME, as HE talked.

One night, in particular, several initiates, from different parts of the country, spoke a few words before the MASTER talked to us. My heart was so full with all I was feeling and knowing, that, by the time the MASTER began to speak, I was really weeping and just could not seem to stop. Of course, no doubt, there were thoughts in many minds as to why I was feeling so, but only the MASTER knew what was in my heart. For after the meeting was over, I had gone to my own room to just "cry it out", but had to go back for I did not want to

leave without touching the MASTER'S HAND, especially since I had not had a dry eye all evening. In one way I felt ashamed of myself, but in another I was happy. As I left my room to go back into the large meeting hall, the Master was outside my door. HE looked at me, reached out HIS HAND and clasped mine and held it. Others began to gather but still HE held my hand and said "Why do you weep, my child?" Before I could say anything, HE just gazed into my eyes with such love that I wanted to fall into HIS ARMS and never leave HIM. Again, HE grasped my hand and held it firmly and said, "I WILL NEVER LEAVE YOU, NOR FORSAKE YOU, MY CHILD. YOU WILL SEE ME WITHIN." That's it, HE knew what my heart contained...HE knew that I recognised HIM as the GREAT MASTER and ever wanted to be with HIM. I was sure then, that HE knew why I was weeping. It seemed, I could not bear the thought that HE was soon to leave us and journey back towards India. I felt I could not be away from HIM now. I knew that HE HAD COME FOR ME. It was almost more than I could bear to think that HE CAME, AS GOD IN PERSON to save me. I had not gone to find HIM, or had I? Had I not been looking and longing for many years to find a teacher who was everything I knew that Jesus Christ was when HE walked the Earth? Of course, I knew that such could never be, for my Master was Christ of God, as God, and I felt that no man could ever come as such again.

But here was GOD IN THE FLESH, as man on Earth, again in the person of HIS HOLINESS KIRPAL

SINGHJI MAHARAJ. How did I know? HE expressed that which God represents. HE poured forth great love and power which only a GOD-MAN could. I recall one evening while HE was speaking here, I saw great streams of power pour from both HIS EYES and it was like a wide spray of love that went right out over the whole audience. I, so often, would be nearly overcome, so tremendous was this power of love that emanated from HIM. How could one sit in HIS PRESENCE and not know HIM, AS OF GOD, is a puzzle to me.

I know every word that HE speaks is Truth....I know with HIM, I too, can reach the heights...I know if I do HIS WILL, WHICH IS GOD'S WILL, I will come into the Fullness of God's Eternal Love. No one who ever thinks deeply can fail to see that HE wishes nothing for Himself, that HE is ever "about HIS FATHER'S BUSINESS"; that HE is giving that which HE IS to each one, to help them to overcome every enemy, even the last one, called Death. I know if I ever follow HIM, I will reach my True Home, the HOME OF MY FATHER, which the Master so firmly and yet so sweetly speaks of and tries to have everyone realise that it is the only important thing.

Yes, there is nothing else in our lives of importance but learning the Way Back to God or dying while still in the body, as the Master says. "All that the Father hath is mine", said Jesus Christ and we have tried to realise that in our lives and now, in our time we have a LIVING MASTER who has come to teach us the same thing and HE HAS COME TO GIVE to each

one who will accept ALL that is in the Kingdom of God, for HE will lead and guide us into the FATHER'S HOUSE, where we will know GOD and see HIM face to face.

As for me, no more seeking, no more searching, no more longing for one to "show me the true WAY." I have found HIM, or rather, HE FOUND ME, for which I rejoice and I am trying to be worthy of HIS LOVE and BLESSINGS each day. I know HE is so close and is ever watching and caring, lest I should perish. I have only to COME TO HIM AND HE WILL GIVE ME PEACE. I shall ever endeavour to tell others of HIM and to help them to believe in HIM and do HIS WILL that they may in turn, enter into the KINGDOM OF HEAVEN while here on Earth.

There are no words that can adequately express what I have found in HIS HOLINESS KIRPAL SINGH JI MAHARAJ, OUR LIVING MASTER, it is only an inner gratitude and joy that I know and feel and each day it becomes stronger and stronger. To have met one's LORD AND MASTER in the flesh is more than a privilege....IT IS A DIVINE GIFT FROM GOD. How very blessed I feel and may I ever blend my will with HIS WILL.

DR. WAVA SANDERSON,
Leader, Living Christ Centre,
Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

HOW I FOUND THE MASTER

It was in the year of 1928, springtime in Kentucky, April, the month of the brightness of yellow daffodils and White Narcissus. For two years and seven months I had been very ill. All the physicians, and all the specialists I had consulted for my pain-wracked body had said I could not walk again, that I could not even sit up again.

It was the hour of midnight. I lay there in the solemn weirdness, desolate and alone. I felt that I had come to the brink of the crossing into the Great Adventure. I was trying to think. I was trying to go back through my past life, endeavouring to live it once again. I did not want to die. I had so much, seemingly, that I wanted to do. The awful darkness seemed to close in all around me. I seemed to be suffocating. Desperately, I tried to move. Frantically, I tried to call someone. This seemed utterly impossible. I was in an agony of pain, loneliness and despair.

Suddenly, a Great Luminous Brightness appeared in one corner of my room. It grew brighter and brighter. Within the centre of this Radiant Light, a Form appeared, the Most Glorious Being I had ever seen. He stood there, tall, slender, magnificent. His beard was white and glistening. His vivid blue eyes were filled with divine compassionating flawless love, glowing as an

angel standing in the sun. His glance was penetrative, inspired and keen. His robe and turban were white, pure and soft than that of the rarest edelweiss on the Alpine snows, and yet emitted a myriad scintillations of Light and color. The palms of His beautiful hands were clasped together and held against His heart. I thought this must be God. I stared at Him in amazement. He stood there looking at me kindly and graciously. Then, He walked slowly toward me and passed into my emaciated body.

The next morning, instead of finding me dead, as they probably expected they would, my family was astonished to see me rise from my sick-bed, entirely healed and every whit whole.

At this time, I had never heard of a Great Master, but then and there I started a world-wide search for some information about this Divine Being. Leaving the Episcopal Church I took up the study of Christian Science, the White Brotherhood, Self Realisation, Rosicrucian, the I AM Activity, the Baha'i Movement, and so on and on, year after year, turning wearily away from them all. I studied; I searched; I investigated. I spent hours and days in libraries looking through religious books. I could not find anyone who could give me the information I so earnestly desired.

Twenty years passed, and again in April in the year of 1948, I saw this Being before me again and again, and often in company with another Great Son of Spirituality. There were times when I soared into the

Beyond, and saw there two beings, one tall, slender and blue-eyed ; the other sturdy and strongly-built and with dark eyes as of a dove, and the two of them talking to another Being whom I later learned was Guru Nanak, the first Guru of the Sikhs.

I continued my search.

Another April ! It was springtime in 1952. One morning, a friend telephoned me. She was passing through Louisville, Kentucky from Los Angeles, California to Venice, Florida. She asked me if I had heard of Dr. Julian Johnson, who was born and reared in Kentucky, and who had gone to India in search of the Great Master. I told her that I had not heard of him. She told me about his books, and in time I received the "Path of the Masters" from India. I read this book and felt that at last I was on the right road.

In due course of time, I discovered Mr. T. S. Khanna of Washington, D. C. and on September 29th, 1952 I went to the Capital City and through this blessed Soul, I took the Great Master's Initiation.

I asked Mr. Khanna to show me the Former Master's Portrait, and when I saw the picture of Baba Ji, Sardar Sawan Singh, I saw the Glorious Being who had appeared to me with healing in His Wings in 1928 and my Long Search was ended.

In June of 1955 I met the train as it pulled into Union Station in Washington, D. C., which brought His Holiness Sardar Kirpal Singh Sahib from India

to America and the Nation's Capital City. I watched Him as He stepped from the Coach, the Radiant Sun-burnt Son of Sawan Singh, the beneficent Herald, the emancipator of True Soul Liberation. He looked exactly as I had seen Him so many times in Sahansdal Kanwal and the Higher Heavens with our Beloved Sawan Singh. There was something more than handsome about Him... there was an inner splendour, a singular spiritual magnetism in the flash of His Dark Eyes, a marvellous sweetness and kindness in the firm lines of His mouth, a Royal Grandeur and bearing of Freedom in the poise of His tall and strong figure...the Saint from Satnam! Who has seen Him? Who can forget Him?

He held up his Right Hand : "You see !" He said.

I saw !

MRS. M. GORDON HUGHES,
Louisville, Kentucky, U.S.A.

TO WALK IN HIS WAYS

With a deep conviction that there was more for man physically, mentally—spiritually as potential, to be realized, that was born in me, I began my life's mission to never work at anything except as a teacher. Yet most important to me was never to spend time in theory. To actually become what was potential by practice was most important, because only by example could I personally be of greater worth, to awakening the urge upwards, in others. Only thru practice and becoming the ideal itself was the true pure authority that was real strength and power of conviction. Only this conviction of reality could lift another quickly. And only from becoming the realized law, can one in due season become and transcend that level by the new horizons and openings. So, from 17 years of age and on, the work in the world has been as a teacher, sharing these vistas of becoming life ever new. We have had students come to us, thousands from all over the world, some from India, working personally with them and also by correspondence.

As one truly practices so as to realize, thru becoming by experience, so as to be able to speak, live, move and think. From rather than always thinking and talking of, one is led thus sincerely to the awakening of favor and the descending of Divine Grace. The pure mind becomes equivalently the inner guide, to help towards more purification, and to more truth. So thru quickening,

deep and inner experience, one is led in turn to new heights and new widths etc.

My greatest experience after several months of four to eight hours a day, of spiritual yoga practice, came with effulgent Light wherein I felt, saw, touched, heard,..... the Divine Mother. At this moment I was her slave. I was humbled by the intense divine Love which She was... (among other things I realized as I felt consciousness)... and I knew that I was in reality what I beheld and knew. I could only serve God and within myself was this spiritual birthday of renunciation. After this I could not move to any action till I knew where and in what way I could serve...the feeling of Divine Mother was so powerful that I could not call her by anyother name...even though what I experienced I also knew was that I was in reality as perfect nature. For two weeks, I only more deeply proclaimed my service, and then one night, a vision and voice told me, what I was to do....I gave up as best as I could, to dedicated activity and conscious purpose of serving That in all who come this way.

Since then other experiences have come to further tear down this man, and to rebuild him, brick by brick, made of the conviction of the eternal nature and the reality of the Inner Subtle man. My beautiful wife, has gone all the way with me, not just following, but at times, even leading, because for years past, she too, came in with me as to the need of practising and not merely intellectualising. It was thru her, that we experienced further the Grace of God, in our meeting and union with Sat Guru Sant Kirpal Singh. She is the Mother of my

heart, and more daily, takes on the attributes of real love, radiance, fearlessness, completeness in fulfilment of all that is necessary not needing more and unfailingness... since becoming an initiate of Master Kirpal Singh, her practice has quickened to further lead me on.

Having had experience of withdrawal from body consciousness, besides divine Light and other lesser symbols of spiritual progress, and because hearing the inner sounds had been with us for sometime, we taught these things, as far as, we had gone, and we have been blessed by divine Grace, ever above as to allowing us to be instruments thru which others could also receive variety of experiences... Our Yoga Centre, as a school has many such rooms for a variety of spiritual or practical mystic exercises, for awakening heart and Single Eye, thru concentration, and freedom from body consciousness. Our goal has been, to awaken the inner subtle and subtler man, by spending the sufficient time with him, so as to enliven him with life force necessary... at the same time learning to reduce the wattage of the physical body and mind, for the essential release of these natures temporarily out of the way, for freedom of consciousness in other regions than the worldly.

When Master Kirpal Singh came to our vicinity, we noted and accepted him, at first as a really healthy ideal type of spiritual stature and character. He did not have the weaknesses of so many spiritual types, suffering from unwholesome imbalance. There is so much of weakness seen in some otherwise very noble enlightened men of great spiritual renown, which we could not detect in him.

We felt, that here was a real strongman of character and conviction. Watching him closely I was impressed by his consistent level of consciousness. He was not up one moment in ecstasy and the next in a compromise of what we knew. He only knew himself as that of which he spoke. Duality or separateness was not visible.

Then one day I looked into his eyes, and within that instant, I reviewed all that I knew and had a glimpse of the more that he was. The depths of his eyes as he exposed himself to me, on three or four occasions are with me, even in my meditations. To test his conviction and to see if his level of consistent high consciousness, could be disturbed, I was after him constantly. He himself told me one day that for the first seven years he never once spoke to Master Sawan Singh but just sat at his feet...and that I was so aggressive. He allowed me to stay in his room, and often burning questions caused me to disturb him. He could answer questions that I had not been able to ask of anyone because of their inability to give them...even some who claimed Adeptship. But I found that so many in the world of spirituality were only absorbed in a spiritual experience and had not realized a freedom from the cycle of body bondage. He was this free self that loved all as himself.

One night, in a room with him, which is said has been allowed to no one else, I was aware of his body breathing very fast and then suddenly I could detect no breath. Suddenly thru me ran a feeling, that I was in the presence of death...the strange thing at that time was that I

also felt this from Bibi Har Devi, who was sitting in posture covered from head to toe, with a light blanket about 8 feet from the foot of the Master's bed. A fear ran thru me, penetrating deeply into my awareness. I wondered, what had I gotten myself into? Then in succession I gained my equilibrium and the illuminating thought came thru me that here I was in the very midst of what I had been practising to masterfully attain. At this moment thru me, like an avalanche and flood, my whole being was absorbed in the same intense condition of divine Love which was only experienced when I realized the Divine Mother three times within a seven or eight months period. This love is so intensely dynamic and ecstatic and overwhelming, that it cannot even be compared to the love that we feel for those we love. With this divine love capturing me, I suddenly felt that I was so completely humbled, so disintegrated, every molecule dissembled, all that I knew, all the surrender I thought, was in me, for serving God, was as nothing, compared to this humility. And in me, every part of me, I was again torn apart into a nothingness, and I was swept up into the most complete surrender, saying with the greatest feeling within and thru myself, "Father! What have I done! Forgive me for not recognising you! and thru me I felt this same strong love for these two people; and for Kirpal Singh, I kept saying uncontrollably within myself. "I love Thee Father. I love Thee Father...over and over". But to me at that time (and as now) when I said Father, it meant God, and when I said God, it meant Kirpal Singh. All these names were one and the same. Suddenly I relaxed and then

after a period of utter Amazement and finding myself saying "I thank Thee Father"...a few times, I fell into an inspired sleep which was about 3 a. m., and then woke up and got up at 5 a. m. into a New life...A New Life, because the night's experience was a spiritual Birthday, which was the beginning of succeeding experiences which continued to humble and tear asunder, even that in me which had been seemingly reduced to nothingness. For me the experiences of the Divine Mother and consequent service and practice and revelations taught me to terribly hunger, yearn and long for God. Thru Sat Guru Kirpal Singh, I realized the Father touched God, loved God even more, and resulting the following experiences, taught me to cry often, for God. Space here does not permit the full explanation and complete report of all this, yet to me, by Divine Grace I beheld the nature of Kirpal Singh...and He is Love, Light, Truth, God, My Goal, Hero, Example.—My own True Self by whatever name.

I can think of him and He is, the first ideal man who made his way upward to such masterful spiritual rebirth in this very body and life, that what he has so often experienced, he has become in Consciousness. This consciousness is his existence. Those who cannot see Him thus, have not as yet spent the necessary time in the practice of love holding to light. Only the eye and heart of light will see Him. My eyes realized him thru the divine consciousness of the Divine Mother.

His is the Ultimate Path, the real spiritual birthday in this very body for those who will love him and because

of their devotions practice as He asks. It is for me that I feel as His spiritual son, being reborn yet more completely to true nature thru Him because of what He is. More each day I seem to be becoming for Him, as St. Paul was to Christ Jesus, as Vivekananda was to Ramakrishna. Of me to Him, as He is to God. And from this place of consciousness as I know Him, will I tell of Him, from this level of consciousness, will I move as dynamic action.

WALTER PAUL BAPTISTE

*Head of the Yoga Philosophical Centre,
San Francisco, Calif. (U.S.A.)*

HOW I RECOGNISED HIM

Let me first introduce myself to my Brothers in India. I am eighty-three years old and have been in the practice of Dentistry for fifty-five years. Mrs. Brock, a very gifted woman, died about ten years ago.

It was in the year 1910 or 1911 that Mr. Kher Singh Sasmas came to us and told us of the then Living Master—Sawan Singh. We were given the initiation by Mr. Sasmas under the directions of the Master. In our correspondence, I at one time asked, "In case he passed on, before I did, would I know who the new Master would be?" and he said I would.

So I was quite satisfied when Mr. Khanna put me in touch with Sant Kirpal Singh.

In India that has a background of thousands of years of recognising the spiritually enlightened ones, while to us in this country the coming of such a one, is new and of great importance, and we hope to have the Master back again, at an early date. In Sant Kirpal Singh, I think every one recognises, the unbounded spirit of love that permeates him and every thing HE does, regardless of who or what people are or may have been.

This perhaps is the hardest thing for us to follow for a while, we may have an intense love for the animal world

for we know what to expect from it, we are often skeptical of our fellow men, for we do not know what to expect from them.

Feb. 2, 1956. H. M. BROCK, D.D.S.,
Port Angeles, Wash. U.S.A.

MEETING THE MASTER

When I first met the Living Master on June 3rd, 1955, many years of waiting, praying and longing to meet Him had been fulfilled and my heart was overjoyed.

So much so that, (although in tears) I could see only my Beloved Guru. This was not of flesh and blood.

Now I am in His Love and care alone.

Feb. 8, 1956. FRANK ROMINGER,
Haver Town (Del County), U.S.A.

A QUEST FOR A LIVING MASTER

It is hard for me to write all that transpired after reading the Book (The Path of the Masters). I was frantic to find the living Master, but could get nowhere for 3 months. I was informed that I had to read that book once and then half at least again. Then I was informed where to reach the representative of the Master. So after 6 months of waiting and a strict vegetarian diet, I was notified that I could be initiated. So Mrs. Dona Kelly of Beaumont, California, U.S.A. initiated me on Feb., 27th, 1955 and then my husband one week later, in March of 1955.

Then I heard our Beloved Master was to set foot on U.S. soil. What a glorious day that was! I knew the moment I looked at Him—He was the real Master, and I was richly blessed. I had the golden opportunity to meet the living Master here in our country. I met Him in Washington D.C., U.S.A. with Mr. T.S. Khanna. Then my daughter was also initiated by the Master in person.

God bless and keep our beloved Master in health and with us on this Earth plane for a long time to come. We need him so much, and here in this country, He is surely needed.

MRS. RETA A. BODAMMER,
Mar. 9, 1956. *Maple Shade, New Jersey, U.S.A.*

THE MASTER'S VISIT TO AMERICA

I feel that the Master's visit to America was one of significance to all people, disciples and others alike. A visit not purely for the satisfaction and benefit of disciples and Master, but one of far-reaching results,—a stepping up of spiritual forces and awakening for the whole race here,—a life line thrown out to earnest, searching souls everywhere, in this period of struggle and darkness.

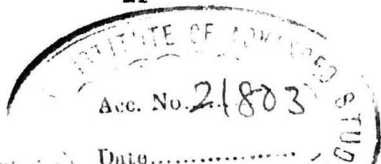
Of course, to know and see the Master personally, strengthened the faith of His disciples already here. Now that they have felt and benefited from the great radiation of His love, they are more closely bound together one to another.

For many too, I feel, this visit of the Master has been a testing, a searching for a more true understanding within themselves, which has caused them to take up an internal house-cleaning (as it were) for the full capitulation and renunciation to the Lord.

The Western World has never known a true Master. America has definitely received a great blessing as a whole and his visit is showing results.

MRS. DONA G. KELLEY
Beaumont, (Calif.), U.S.A.

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HOW I FOUND THE MASTER OR HOW THE MASTER FOUND ME

Is not yet clarified in my mind although I believe that the Master always knows where we are and we, ourselves, are lost and prodigal until our hour has struck and we start running toward Him.

Anyway, this I know, through the Grace of God only, we met. Long, I did search and weep for a better lot in life than I had yet experienced.

One fine day, I accepted an invitation to attend an assembly, that the devoted disciple T. S. Khanna, had arranged in honour of his Master. There I was handed a copy of the discourse, a biographical one, of His Holiness Sant SAWAN SINGH, written by the present Blessed Master Kirpal Singh.

While studying this Biography, I stopped for a moment to reflect or ponder my interpretation of its meaning, "Victory over Death", "World Brotherhood", "Peace on Earth", "Goodwill to all". What an order! Who could live so long? Who could serve so well? Who could love so much? Who could die so easily? Suddenly, I lifted my head and there before my eyes was the "Dazzling Form" of the Master Sawan Singh. It was then I knew what the Living Master meant to me—the difference between life and death—in short, all the world and heaven too.

HELEN McDANIEL
Arlington, Va. U.S.A.

Feb. 3, 1956.

A NEW INSIGHT INTO TRUTH

The coming in to England of the esteemed Master Kirpal Singh Ji, brought a new insight into TRUTH, for the 30 people in Britain who were initiated into the Inner Way, through the method of meditation given by the Master.

Many of the people present inwardly focussed aright and received personal experience, which they testified to before all present.

One gem of knowledge we all gained from the privilege of listening to the illuminating words of wisdom that fell from the lips of the illustrious Guru, was when he revealed that there are both positive and negative powers of the spirit that find expression through man, through inward and outward soul powers. We learnt that both these expressions of the ONE TRUTH were important and have different functions, but it is the inner, or positive powers, that lead the soul of man, through right meditation to liberty, freedom, and joy, light and love, wisdom and GOD-REALISATION.

It will be agreed by all those who were privileged to be present at Southwick during those two unforgettable weeks that His Holiness Kirpal Singh Ji radiated an atmosphere of Holy Love, Peace and Gentle Grace which will remain with them a lasting fragrant memory—a spiritual blessing always.

We send our greetings and blessings of peace profound from England to all TRUTH lovers (Sat Sangis) in India and throughout the world.

JOSEPH BUSBY

Editor, The Voice,

Southwick (Sussex), England.

Feb. 1, 1956.

MEETING THE MASTER

What joy has been brought to me upon meeting—His Holiness, Sant Kirpal Singh Ji Maharaj, during His visit in America. Allow me to address the Living Master as (Master Supreme).

His teachings have filled the very depths of my soul. Meeting the Master will always be an outstanding, uplifting remembrance to me, with everlasting thoughts of kindness, love and affection and high-esteem.

JESSIE JACKSON,

Washington D.C. U.S.A.

Feb. 2, 1956.

HOW I FOUND THE MASTER

In my search for truth, or a real philosophy of life, I have read many books; among them *The Light of Asia*, the *Life and Gospel of Buddha*, and the *Life of the Mahatma*. A friend in California knew how sincere was my quest, and he wrote me about a book—*The Path of the Masters*, and where I could purchase a copy. I immediately ordered a copy. At my first reading I became deeply interested, and my interest increased with each reading. I convinced myself that I wanted to become a student of this philosophy.

I found that my first step was to become initiated. I wrote to Master Kirpal Singh's western representative—(Mrs. Donna Kelly). I also wrote to the Master, and when the time was set, and I arranged for my initiation, I went to California, and stopped at the home of Mrs. Donna Kelly, where I received Initiation. When I returned home I began to study in earnest, to familiarise myself, as much as possible, with the philosophy of Indian Masters.

I know there are different religious sects in India, yet I could never forget the impression made on my mind by *The Gospel of Buddha*, and the *Mahatma*. I knew that Master Kirpal Singh was not a Buddhist, yet I could not help but think of Buddha when I thought of India, the land where the Masters are the true representatives of God among men. So great was the love of these

Masters, that it embraced all mankind, regardless of race, creed or caste. Their love even extended to the animal kingdom.

In my imagination I could see the Beloved Buddha when he taught the priests to discontinue the slaughter of animals, as a sacrifice for sin. I thought that philosophy or religion like this was the acme of culture. To me it was the highest conception of God's love.

Imagine my joy when I knew the Master would visit our home. When Mr. Khanna introduced Master Kirpal Singh, I saw the Divine light in His eyes. When I looked upon His stately form and heard Him elucidate His philosophy, my heart was touched by His love for all mankind, regardless of creed, colour or caste. I knew He was a Master.

It was then that I recalled the words of Dr. Julian Johnson "A master is a Master indeed. He controls life and death, and He holds the forces of nature in His hand as a mechanic manipulates his machine. Life to these hold no unsolved problems. Death to them hath no terrors. To them the future is an open book, and joy goes with them all the day like the sweet chimes of bells. Since all the world is seeking happiness, here is the royal road to happiness. It is the Elacamino Real of the Masters."

I think that Master Kirpal Singh's visit to our home was indeed a blessing. He brought to us the light of the wisdom of the ages, whose lustre was undimmed by the hoary hand of time. His presence

radiated a love Divine, which blessed all who were in tune with the Holy Vibration. Since His visit to our home, we shall think of it as a shrine. We feel that even the ground is sacred because a Saint walked there. In the spirit of humility I will strive to attain the high goal—The Path of the Masters.

HELEN Z. THOMPSON

Baldwin (Mich.) U.S.A.

A SPIRITUAL ASSIGNMENT

I am asked by my Master Kathumi Lal Singh of Shigatasi, Tibet, a holy Mahatma, now to return to him again for the sake of the work of the embodied Avtar Harjas whom he and his chelas serve. I am his messenger for some time already and he wanted me to join with Master Sawan Singh.

The message of the Avtar, I am copying for you dear Master Kirpal Singh.

Blessed jewels of my field,

I am realising that you are going on awaiting my coming in person to teach you, whenever appointed by Karmic law. Yet I am teaching you through others appointed, for they are the best channels I could find.

Great light expansion is yours through the help of a blessed Disciple of the East, who does not even know, that I have chosen (him) for the mighty mission. He is

worthy and so very much beyond all creeds. I count him as a channel worthy for the Christian, the Hindu, the Buddhist or others; for he speaks the language of One that is all knowing and all submissive to his Master who is a part of myself. Your own teacher of the Fellowship, Ema Rakoczy, has joined with this great and beloved disciple of mine Avtar spirit—Master Sawan Singh.

I am grateful that this was possible and a greater light will now express through you; for a living Master came to you in person, dear little ones to prepare my way in you. Master Kathumi, a living Mahatma is with you and has cleansed you with the living waters of the Dharma within him flowing forth to you.

The light Age is dawning. You have not waited in vain. Peaceful loving blessings are extended to you to create again harmony within you. Forgive Mahatma Morya of Shigastsi, Tibet who has mightily shaken your foundation with his flame of purification. It was for your trimming.

AVTAR HARJAS MAITRAYA

This message has been given through me as a messenger of the Avtar to the Avtar fellowship of which I am a teacher.

Greeting to you Master Kirpal Singh from my teacher Mahatma Kathumi.

EMA RAKOCZY

San Jose (Calif.) U.S.A.

THE MASTER—A GREAT REVELATION

It was a great honour to have His Holiness Sant Kirpal Singh Ji Maharaj, madam Hardevi and Princess Davinder and Mr. Khanna and his staff to stay at my house, during the Masters' visit to Philadelphia.

The Master has been a great revelation to me. I know now after being initiated how fortunate I am to be under the guidance of the living Master.

The most significant point is that if we are obedient in our meditation, we can earn the right to experience many things the Master has.

We, here in Philadelphia, cannot express it in words how grateful we are to His Holiness Kirpal [Singhji] Maharaj for coming to America to teach the Science of the Soul. He has planted many seeds here in America especially in Philadelphia and some day the people, who heard the Master before, will see the light.

On behalf of the Philadelphia Sat Sang Group, I want to express our thanks to the Master for coming to America to teach 'the Science of the Soul' under the guidance of a living Master.

DR. ALFRED R. SMITH

Feb. 19, 1956.

Missionary, Yeadon (Penn.), U.S.A.

IMPACT OF THE MASTER'S FOOTSTEPS

To try to tell what the great Master's coming to America has done for me alone would be next to impossible. Before I say anything else I wish to say this—We feel deeply the impact of the Beloved Master's Footsteps on this great land of ours. He moved softly, unobtrusively about, yet everywhere He went, He left a part of Himself that made that place better than it was before He passed there, and this effulgence remains spreading itself sweetly about, still bringing those who missed Him, or were not quite prepared to do so at the time, into the true pathway back to God. I thank God daily that the Great Living Master was privileged and was willing to come to America, and that I, and a little later my husband, were counted among His disciples.

For many years I have been an ardent seeker for the true pathway of life. Instinctively I KNEW, I would recognize it when I came to it, and I will confess here that having been disappointed so many times, I approached the presence of the Great Beloved Master with a little doubt at first, but the moment I stepped into His august presence, my doubt dissolved as the mist goes before the early morning sun. I knew beyond all shadow of doubt that I HAD FOUND THE MASTER. How can I say anything else. How can I begin to describe the miracle-change that has come over my already happy life. There are too few to understand when I say

that according to all standards of mundane living, I already had a happy peaceful life, but since meeting the Master I look back upon what I thought was a happy life and find I did not even know what true peace and happiness was. I was satisfied that I had at last succeeded in bringing myself to a state of existence that very few people in the world enjoy, then I found the Great Living Master and discovered, that I had nothing at all compared to what He, in His loving kindness, brought to America, and to me. My heart shall sing His praises for ever. I find words too inadequate to even try to express my deep devotion, appreciation and my love for Him. God bless Him forever and ever.

Feb. 1, 1956. DR. ANN L. MARTIN,
Nashville, (Tennessee), U.S.A.

MASTER IN OUR MIDST

It would be very hard to describe the thrill which we received during the week of September 10, 1955 by having a Living Master in our midst.

It is always beneficial to be guided by personal contact than by someone far away whom we have never seen.

I never thought after reading the book—'The Path of the Masters'—that we would be able to entertain very soon in Philadelphia and especially in a private house, a Living Master, that we could talk to and ask questions.

JAMES W. CHENEY,
Phila (Pa.) U.S.A.

ON THE SIXTY SECOND BIRTHDAY OF THE GREAT LIVING MASTER

He has come, the Holy One
Straight from the throne of God !
But the world aglore in pumped fanfare
Saw Him not as He mingled the crowd.

Like a shining light in life's dark night,
He shone for those awaiting Him,
But so many pace the world's mad race,
So few there were who found Him.

Like a statue born at God's first morn,
Straight and tall and holy fair;
He stood within, quietly awaiting them
Whom He knew would find Him there.

He is God's own Son who at last has come
To bring this mad world hope,
But the world so rife in its pleasure life
Could not see Him within its scope.

He tread this land a mortal man
Like a sweet zephyr treads a lea,
He found this clod, and showed it God,
And sent my soul into ecstasy !

Now all day long in sweetest song,
My heart sings adoringly,
He set my feet on God's pathway sweet
And gave God back to me !

My heart sings long its adoring song
'Till like unto a bird it becomes,
It wafts me and soars to eternity's shores
As I were but thistle down.

Where I sit enthroned in the vast unknown,
With mine eye on the brightest star,
And bells I hear ringing in mine ear
Are calling me home from afar !

Ah ! Thou blessed One who compels my song
In Thy blessed grace and sweet,
Thou hast brought light to my dark night
And directed my straying feet,

Though roughly shod, straight back to God
Where all is tranquillity
And I sit alone before God's throne
Waiting, waiting that I may see.

Thou, as Thou art, beloved of my heart,
In Thy robes so white and fair,
So all complete, so humbly sweet,
For I know Thou art awaiting me there.

Feb. 6, 1956.

DR. ANN L. MARTIN,
Nashville (Tennessee), U.S.A.

THE LOVE FILLED ROOM

In early life I had a recurring dream of walking down a long corridor, and with eager anticipation opening doors, one after another, only to find that they led to empty rooms. Surely that dream was prophetic, for the corridor has indeed been long, and the rooms so very empty—until I opened the one that revealed the promise of the Master. Even then there was a little corner of darkness, of doubt. Would he prove to be the incarnation of love that he teaches ?

Of course, he was ! And since His Holy presence touched my life, it has lifted, to a place of serenity and the first joy I had ever known. That is what the gift of his blessed birth has offered to the World. O, may this World so cluttered with empty rooms, recognize, and receive it !

HELEN D. BELL,
Idyllwild, (Calif.), U.S.A.

BLESSINGS OF A LIVING MASTER

I have given a great deal of thought about the Goodness of God, to provide and send to us such a Great Living Master on this Earth plane who will be able to lead us back to our Father's home and eternal happiness.

Feb. 9, 1956.

JOSEPH STASINSKI,
Philadelphia, U.S.A.

WHAT A PRIVILEGE

When something very wonderful happens in a person's life, he wonders why he was thus privileged. I have often marvelled that I was chosen as one to have contact with His Holiness Sant Kirpal Singh Ji Maharaj. After seeing him in person I realise that it was only through the Grace of God.

In the Holy Bible which contains the Christian Scriptures, we are admonished to seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all things shall be added. In discussing its importance, we are told that the kingdom of God is "like unto a merchant man, seeking goodly pearls; who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it". In another statement we are assured that the kingdom of God is like "unto a treasure hid in a field, which when a man hath found, he hideth, and for joy thereof goeth and selleth all that he hath, and buyeth that field. Further we are informed that the kingdom of God cometh not with observation, neither shall they say Lo here! Or, Lo there! for behold, the kingdom of God is within you."

I had been familiar with these statements concerning the kingdom of God for many years. It was therefore not surprising that a good friend, upon learning of the Master, should communicate with me by letter informing me of a book on Sant Mat, which he had read and offering to lend it to me. For some reason I delayed answering the friend's communication, but in due course he

called upon me and left the book. The Author an initiate, stated that he had "travelled" in his finer body in spiritual regions greater than this Universe; and, wonder of wonders, that this was all in the kingdom of God within. In view of my interest in seeking, finding and entering the Kingdom, this statement was of tremendous interest. Accordingly I applied for initiation, was accepted and in due course was initiated by the Master through his representative in Washington D.C.

Those of us who had been initiated were eager to have the Master come to Washington for a visit. I along with others invited him to come to the United States, and it was through inspiration that my invitation stated, that we in the West needed Him, in fact the entire Western Hemisphere needed Him; and would benefit by His presence here. He came, He dwelt among us and He conquered through His great love. Many new initiates were blessed with the first hand experience of the Divine and had a look into the kingdom of God within.

It was certainly through the grace of God that His representative came to the Western world. The Master is consciously one with God and is the perfected son of God. God is Love and the Master (God-Man) is Love Personified. He is God appearing as an individual. He is God manifesting in the physical form. Those who come to Him, are blessed, for He will never leave or forsake them until they arrive at the True Home of the Father. In other words, his initiates may attain to Self-Realisation, or Self Knowledge; to God-realisation or knowledge of God and are privileged to enter and realise the kingdom

of God, while still living in the human body. The soul is freed, thus transcending the body, giving new birth and making known the 'Word and the Mysteries of the Kingdom.'

Feb. 4, 1956. " JAMES PRICE,
St. Petersburg, (Florida); U.S.A.

THE LIVING MASTER IS WAITING FOR THE CHELA

Master Sardar Kirpal Singh Ji Maharaj, our Saviour, is already here ! Some dear souls are still waiting for the Christ to return to this Earth. Blessed are the ones to whom the Lord has revealed Himself within their Holy Temple of Light. His Holiness stresses to the sinners to analyse one's self, to find the Overself, and we will see God inside of our Kingdom of Heaven.

The Karmic law deals out justice to all. It includes past records of reincarnations in many embodiments. What we sow, we must reap. That is the Karmic law. The initiation, therefore, is imperative by the Living Lord in flesh and blood. Without Him, there is nothing worthwhile and no grace.

"Seek ye first the Kingdom of Heaven and all these things shall be added unto you". But what is mankind doing first? Seeking the kingdom on Earth, Kal's perfect work. The Negative Power keeps people in a perfect trap, groping in the darkness. Don't they realise that this

World is a jail for the violaters of the Law? Our freedom first requires that we invert inside the Kingdom. That Kingdom, by the Grace of our Master, is God's Kingdom—our final Goal.

Mankind is looking for this—the easy way out. It will never be found the easy way or by tricks. It comes only by no contemplation, no visualisation, no imagination, no imposition. We sweetly sit with ease in sweet remembrance of the Lord. Our inner eye will open with the help of our Perfect Satguru.

Christ left perfect records of this two thousand years ago. He brought true salvation at that time, if souls were fortunate enough to see the Master. But many miserably failed then. Even now they cannot recognise the Lord, their minds are closed to higher inspiration because of outside attachment; money, friends, relatives, homes and killing of beasts and men alike. What a pity it is! Let us release ourselves from such earthly bondage.

Pray, pray and pray to the living Lord to reveal Himself to us. We should ask nothing of the worldly things, but things of God. Pray that we may be worthy of touching His garment, or worthy of washing His Holy Feet. But if one seeks to pursue intellectual wrestling, as the Master says, it surely hinders their finding of the Lord.

There are many masters of different degrees, sent by God to fulfil certain requirements of devotees. There is always a true Master on Earth in each age. Lord Jesus said: "There are many mansions in my father's House",

It could mean each as a higher attainment. Therefore it is absolutely vital to find your own Sant Satguru in your time.

The Bible was written two hundred years after our Great Lord Jesus ascended. Do you realise what could have happened to it of man, by translation or by other means? People are convinced that Jesus never drank, he never ate meat or fish.

Our sweet Holy Saint poured out such Divine Love. His Holy eyes gleamed like a Sun at us all, while sitting at His Holy Feet. That I will never forget. He said that we should make an effort to control our mind which is our worst enemy.

When I first saw my dear Master in New York at the Airport, I instantly recognized His robust figure, tall in stature, and positive bearing. His piercing eyes so beautiful to behold. Then we were put in a room for a little while. Seeing the Lord from India with His attendants, Bibi Hardevi and Princess Cuckoo—both charming ladies was a picture long to remember.

The others stayed at some distance, but I sat close to my Lord. What nerve I had! When He spoke for the first time, I overflowed with love. I could not control myself—so I embraced Him and kissed Him. He said: "Love begets Love." So sweetly He speaks, and so softly He utters His words of wisdom conveying each word distinctly. Our eyes were just wet for such a Holy occasion as to actually sit at the Lord's Feet, physically, here in America.

Master toured by plane most of the time. He visited New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Louisville and St. Petersburg, Florida and many cities in California. Naturally Washington, D.C. was His Home then and it may be His permanent abode some day. Well, here goes wishful thinking again !

But to see the Master off for India was a humbling sight to behold. Everyone was crying profusely, appealing to the Lord to stay just another day. But you see many sweet souls were painfully screaming in India at that time, too. So, where there is the most sobbing, there the Great Master is drawn. All as simple as that two and two make four.

The Lord stayed in London for two or three weeks. He then proceeded to Germany for two weeks.

You see it was just like a dream. "Master is not the body!" our Master says. Rather, Master is the 'Power' working through the pole. In other words, it is the Christ within the Holy Man, called our dear Lord of today. Disciples realize that Master Power, by sitting in sweet remembrance of the Lord. That makes the Light infused in us by His Grace, workable right now. Oh boy, and it works !

EMIL J. CHRISTESEN,
Washington D. C., U.S.A.

OUR MEETING WITH A GREAT MASTER

We are disciples of 15 and 7 years respectively, and were so greatly impressed on our first meeting with Him.

He greeted, embraced and accepted us as Brother and Sister, which warmed our hearts and made us aware of the wonderful love that exists between us.

He brought to us not only the heartfelt love but most of all He gave to us a tremendous spiritual uplift as well as a visionary Darshan that we had not experienced heretofore.

We were privileged to travel and attend many of His Satsangs here in California and to observe Him closely.

We received great joy in being in His audience, for to be in His presence is comparable to basking in the radiance of a warm and pleasant shower of spiritually manifested Love.

We feel a great loss now that He has returned home, however, our lives have been enriched and we are most grateful for having had Him even for a short while.

ETHEL & FRANK BARTEE

Feb. 2nd, 1956.

Long Beach, (Calif.), U.S.A.

THE MASTER'S FLOCK

"All that the Father giveth me,
Shall come to me ; and him
that cometh to me I will in
no wise cast out."

St. John 6 : 37

These words have come true before our very eyes here in the United States as this Living Master has blessed us with His presence during the last year. In his great humility and simplicity he has shown us God's love for humanity. By his love he has drawn us and now we are truly His flock.

How this blessing has come into our many lives here in the West, as well as in the East, is still the great mystery of this Godly love.

The Master has come into our varied lives and has lifted us from the by-ways, and placed us on the Home Way. With the firm clasp of His hands, He has stilled our doubts and fears and with His words, has given us life beyond death.

As He has journeyed through this country it has been my blessing to see His flock reborn through His great love. First He loved us—soon, pouring through the upturned faces about Him was that same light and love from all.

One afternoon when we were gathered at the feet of the Master I asked this question—

“Master, please tell us how you came to the feet of your Master.”

Tears came to the eyes of the Master and he cried before us all at the mention of His Master.

Then with His great kindness, He replied somewhat in this manner:

“You, here have yet to know the great love for the Master. Being new on the path, you do not know the joy and blessings of a Master. Even now the thought of my Master brings tears to my eyes.”

These tears that the Master shed that day were for all of us that are trying to learn that love for the Master—that same love which the Master feels for all life. Those healing tears now are a constant reminder of the Master’s love and humility and fill me with the desire to know true love for the Master and so to know in some measure God’s love for Humanity.

ANNE E. TRUSSEL,
Hamilton (Virginia), U.S.A.

FOUND AT LAST, A PERFECT EXAMPLE

We of the Christian world have had before us through the years the example of the Master Jesus and as I sought for truth I subconsciously desired the ones who were professing to give forth Truth to "practice what they preached" and have their light shine before them in their words and actions. But even though I knew that through various channels I had received partial Truth, the personality was invariably a disappointment.

I heard of His Holiness Kirpal Singh Ji, several years ago and later decided to write to Him. After so doing my life became quite busy and the fact that I had written sunk into the background until several months later, I received the reply. After reading the reply I went to my mother and said, "For the first time in my life I have approached someone who is supposed to be Spiritual and have received a perfectly satisfactory reply. You can imagine my great pleasure, and always since then, upon the receipt of each letter do I have that same feeling.

The above experience naturally stimulated my desire to meet the "Living Master" and after overcoming the various stumbling blocks in my own personality, He accepted me for initiation. I had reached the stage where I was not willing to just believe but had "to know" and the experience I had the day of my initiation, July 9, 1955 in Louisville Ky. was that of "knowing". Many hours I

spent at our blessed Master's feet in July 1955 in Louisville Ky. and in September 1955 in Washington D.C. and I had never before experienced such simplicity of instruction but fraught with deepest wisdom, such loving kindness, such patience and such selflessness. When the time of parting came such sadness welled up within, that seemed almost more than I could bear and today as I remember that parting, the same feeling overcomes me.

The Master Jesus came upon the earth 2000 years ago to help lift those in embodiment at that time and left an example for future generations but now among us, moving in the flesh, we have a "God pole" who can lift those now in embodiment and guide them into the Father's house if only they have "eyes to see and ears to hear". What joy, after years of searching and disillusionment to find in very truth 'a Living Master' who has the love, wisdom and power to give the key that will open the door so long shut.

Arise, Oh, World, and come rejoicing,
The living Master is now here,
Stop, look and listen, heed His message,
For through Him surely God appears.

ELIZABETH S. SHIFFLET,
Venice, (Fla.). U.S.A.

Feb. 1, 1956.

MASTER TO ME

To me He is God-Personified. He is peace of mind, health, happiness and Faith. In Him, I find my being, and for what I am I lay all credit at His Holy Feet. He is the Love of all the world for when you love a Master everything else is washed away and love rules, love for God and all His creation. When you meet a Master, you know no strangers though you have problems to work out in this life. He makes your burdens so much easier to bear. He is your Faith and your life. I hope I may one day prove worthy of the love He has given me and worthy of sitting at His Beloved Feet. With a Master, I think, even the most unworthwhile life seems worth more like being, if I could only convey to people in my small way what it means to love a Living Master.

They say when a Chela is ready the Guru appears and every day I thank God for the wonderful thing that has ever happened in my life.

MRS. CELIA BOWEN,
Washington D.C., U.S.A.

WHAT THE LIVING MASTER MEANS TO ME

The advent of the Master to America and other countries of the world at this time, symbolizes to me, the awakening consciousness of mankind, to the brighter day of hope and joy when thoughts of corruption and war will be a thing of the past. It means the beginning of a new day, when the soul will expand and grow, harmonizing with the divine laws of the source of all life.

Endeavouring to find a descriptive phrase that would adequately describe our Master and Brother would be an impossible task, if we ourselves were not with Him. Understanding this, we know that He personifies the essence of all love. With this love our souls are cleansed and elevated to the realisation that only a Living Master can bring us out of the darkness into the Light.

In the physical world, our minds and bodies are continually fighting against the evils surrounding us. To me, the Master is a shining Beacon showing me the true path out of all the darkness and confusion. He helps us rise above the petty jealousies, prejudices and hatreds which keep us ever in turmoil and our souls wandering in a maze of tears and grief. Only when we become truly awake and in tune with the Master's love, can hope for a better life, either now or after death. The Master will unite us with the love and help us on the way.

Many of us have had first hand knowledge of the manner in which the Master works. It has come to me in many ways. Not always do we understand the significance nor the reasons for many things that happen to us. The purpose is there however, and as long as we have faith, the Master is always present to help us solve our problems. I feel that I have been specially fortunate to meet a living Master and become associated with him on the higher planes.

JEAN LAMBERT,
Midway City, (California), U.S.A.

MEETING THE MASTER

The meeting with His Holiness Sant Kirpal Singh, was indeed a fulfilment of a long cherished spiritual desire in which my heart and soul has at last found the fountain of peace.

Feb. 1, 1956.

ELLY WARGEN,
Washington D.C.

MASTER: OUR LORD

"O Lord, Thou art the glory, the joy of my soul, my hope, and my refuge."

"The Word became flesh and dwelt amongst men."

The supreme moment of my life was at hand. Master was now in San Jose, California and was greeting His disciples. Seeing Master for the first time, sent waves of joy through my heart and soul, hope leapt anew, a promise fulfilled, the years of waiting had ended. Here my Lord stood in pristine glory,—"Hallowed be Thy Name, Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on Earth as it is in Heaven."

The Beloved sat down and taught His disciples saying "Know thyself and Love all Mankind." And that our troubles were because we had not lived up to the scriptures. In this difficult age Master offers a cure for all our ills and comforts us at every turn. Blessings shower upon us until we cannot hold them all and His Glory spreads out upon all mankind. All receive His blessings.

Master's visit to America was a divine light to the disciples and a great blessing to America. Many heart-sick souls have been gathered into His fold, there to receive His Divine care.

Sadness engulfed us with the Master's departure, but His Divine presence is here to remain with us always. He will not forget nor forsake us, this I know. He is all love. Holy is His Name!

LUELLA SOODLA,
Francisco (Calif.), U.S.A.

Feb. 2, 1956.

SUPREME HAPPINESS

No person was ever happier and solemn at the same time than I was, when I met the Beloved Master, physically for the first time. I remember especially that another Satsangi and myself were instructed not to attempt to shake hands with the Master. Folding the hands in front of the chest and lowering the head was the proper greeting.

However on being introduced, Beloved Master was very Western in His manner of greeting, and a very warm and loving hand clasp was His greeting to me. To this day I do not feel worthy of this Supreme and Infinite Love of our Beloved Master, no matter how I strive to express. I know His all embracing, vitalizing, creative and uplifting power of inspiration for perfection are always present. All one must do, is seek to serve with the impersonal love, of which the Master is a full and complete expression.

Feb. 6, 1956.

MARION E. EATON,
Phila. (Penna.), U.S.A.

AN UNFAILING FRIEND

Very often, we are prompted by desire to take a trip to the city or to a strange country. This desire of travel may never be realised because we may hesitate to venture forth into unknown paths and places. However, it is much easier to plan and fulfil our journey, if we have the advice and the guidance of a friend or associate, who has been there and had these experiences.

So, similarly, we are able to better understand and traverse the path, that leads to ultimate reality, thru the assistance of a living Master.

With the aid and help of the Master, the Soul, which is the true man, is able to retrace its steps back to the house, wherein dwells the Father.

One, indeed has to be thankful that, he can call upon unhesitatingly for the assistance of a Master, who is always at our service, to see us thru our most trying experiences.

A fellow traveller on the path.

BENEDICT J. Z. RINGEL.

6730, N Broad St.
(Philadelphia), U.S.A.

BLESSINGS OF A LIVING MASTER

The true blessing of having a living Master is beyond the scope of my limited, material mind. I realize that I have no conception of His magnificent love, power and beauty. I know, only, that having the Master has brought to my chaotic mind, a sense of peace, comfort and a glimpse of beauty. Having a living Master has taken away all fear, for I know that He is gently moulding and leading me, always.

UNIS W. PRICE,

Feb. 12, 1956.

Arlington (Virginia) U.S.A.

BIRTHDAY MESSAGE TO MY LIVING SAVIOUR

Ah ! Son of Love
Fashioned in a beam of Light
Descending of vibration lowered—
Adopting a body of clay—
My soul would join in United Love.
In humble thanksgiving praise !
For the date that ushered in thy birth !
On this plane of dust and Illusion,
A rededication of obedience—
Love and Faith—
A joined oneness of Love in thee !

NADINA DETHERAW,
Seaside (Calif.) U.S.A.

HELIOS TEMPLE—GEORGIA

Beautiful mountains, at Love's Retreat,
Majestic trees, O'er the valleys sweep ;
Fresh air so pure, the "Breath' of Life"—
The "Sound Current" strong, with power and might.

Bird voices mingle, sweet praises high,
Choirs of Angels, sing from the sky,
Gold sunlight kisses each acre of land,
On these "Holy Grounds" our feet now stand.

Midst the stillness and calm, of the sacred space,
A "Temple Vision" appeared, and took place,
This chosen spot so virgin and rare,
Our "Helios Temple" shall soon stand there.

So firmly embraced on the mountain side,
Our Temple shall stand, whate'er betide,
Seekers of God, may enter within,
Bearers of Light, shall speak of Him.

Helios Temple, our goal in life,
Where kindred Souls, are freed from strife,
"Love" our motto—"Love" our name—
In "Love" we serve—in Master's name.

Two friends in One-ness, saw years ahead,
They carried out plans, their Master said,
When Life's journey is O'er and they depart,
Their LOVE, in the temple, shall fill each Heart.

June 17, 1956.

LYNDA LYNN, (U.S.A.)

SPIRITUAL AWAKENING IN ENGLAND

Lumoroji's visit to England was a great success. He did not leave 'VOICE' H.Q., Southwick, the whole time—except for a brief visit to London to hold council with some of His disciples. He was unable to get to Scotland as the pressure of continual visitors to Southwick kept His Holiness occupied the whole time. Listening to the Sublime pearls of Wisdom and receiving practical instruction from a Master-saint was an experience to cherish for the duration of this incarnation and our sojourn in spheres beyond. Many people from various other sections of the community and fields of endeavour came to listen to Lumoroji. Even a Bishop of the Church of England sent a specially commissioned agent to report on the proceedings. His Holiness made many new contacts as well as revived old ones. It was quite remarkable to witness how off-hand he could be when 'sight-seeing'. The occultists and the physical opportunists attended the Satsang and posed the usual occult jargon at the Master. Yet, when He had a few of the Group here alone, He would expound the supernal and sublime themes of the Higher Spiritual Masters. Indeed a great Bounty was poured on us.

GEORGE ARNBYS-JONES,
Surrey, England.

AT HIS PALACE GATE

Like a distraught slave-girl,"
I still search for the Beloved.
Long hours I linger at the
Outer Gate to His Palace.

"Why loiter you before the Gate?"
Demand the five wardens of the Guard.
My heart aches and tears wash my cheeks.
"Only to see the face of my Beloved!"

Sternly, they bar my entrance through the Gate.
"Pray, who answers as your Beloved?"
My heart bounded with joy to tell them.
"My Beloved moves with Infinite Grace,
The Fairest of Countless Multitudes,
The Supreme Lord of this Palace!"

They look me over most disdainfully.
"Begone, unworthy imposter, begone!
You come not suitably attired.
You fulfil not requirements of His Court!"

With weary feet I tread the Path
Through the jungle of distractions,
Thinking only of Him whom I love.
Pausing by a lagoon, I recognize
My sorry visage, clothed in rags.
This heart fails me from hopelessness.

May the pangs of separation become unbearable—
Then, surely, I will find Him : the Nearest of the
Near

The Fairest of the Fair, the Sweetest of the
Sweet!

Upalavana, bestir yourself rightly,
Recall the Sacred Words of the Beloved,
Bathe yourself in right-mindedness,
Clothe yourself in the five virtues.

Dispensing with over-activity,
Proceed with faith and effortless-effort.
Desireless and unattached,
Compose yourself in meditation on His Name!
Immersed in the Supreme Forgetfulness,
Find the solace of His radiant Sarup, Upalavana!

June 17, 1956.

RUSEL JAQUE

NINE DAYS WITH THE LIVING MASTER

For the past twenty years or so the writer of this letter has been an ardent seeker after TRUTH, and it is safe to say that in this search no stone was left unturned where it was felt a grain of TRUTH might be found. This is how it happened that she was in Louisville, Kentucky while the Great Living Master, Sant Kirpal Singh Ji Maharaj was there during His tour of the U.S.A.

Eagerly and systematically the writer has ploughed through, literally, mountains of books in her search, which she could not relinquish; for deep in her heart there always remained the conviction that there was a true Spiritual pathway in this life, and if she persisted she would find the person, or the book that would lead her to the same.

When she first became cognizant of the fact that there was a form of religion over and above what she already knew about, from her long years of church-going, called, in the main, METAPHYSICS, she was, to say the least, elated. Her very first investigation proved to her that the field was large, and comparatively new, so to speak, and she wisely made up her mind that she would make a comparative study of the whole thing, including orthodoxy,

for by now one realization dominated her. It was the importance of her soul as compared to everything else in her life. She was seized with a burning desire to know and to understand things pertaining to her soul and the SPIRITUAL side of her life.

She decided to make a project of the matter and luckily she believed strongly in prayer, and so made up a prayer at the time that she might always be led to the Right person or book, and that she be given the ability to recognize TRUTH whenever and wherever she came upon it in her ploughing the vast fields of material before her, and especially did she ask for divine guidance in her search. She made a stamp of this prayer and proceeded to stamp all her books wherever there was blank space enough to take it, and so she came upon this prayer often, and her confidence and faith grew apace as a result. Whenever she came upon sensationalism, and phenomenalism, she was able to step back and make an impartial study of these things without indulging in them. She never laid down a book or paper until she had proved to herself that it was NOT what she sought.

One by one, she saw her friends, go of to Spiritualism, Astrology, etc., and lost many because she could find no interest in the strange and unusual, as they seemed to her. She soon found that she had to go alone, for her eyes were not straight ahead for something, she knew not what, but those bypaths, while they were included

as material for comparison in her studies, did not interest her enough for her to leave the road she'd set for herself, and go exploring along strange avenues with the rest of her friends. And while her friends continued to love her as she continued to love them, it was not too long until their paths were so diverged that they could not converse intelligently with one another any more, and it all resulted in a drop of closer companionship-get-togethers. So in a way she became a sort of Spiritual recluse.

The more she studied and read, the more certain she became that there was SOMETHING somewhere, that she HAD to find, and the more her confidence grew, that one day she WOULD find this great something, she really knew not what.

As the years rolled away she picked up books, read them and laid them aside, or subscribed to courses that netted her nothing worth the name. Her kind husband began speaking of her as jumping from pillar to post, until he almost convinced her that that was what she was actually doing in reality. Yet deep, deep down in her there was the urge to go on-on-on-and not give up.

Something new would come along and she'd think, "Well, perhaps this is IT", and she would start off on another course of reading or study, only to find herself still clutching at loose ends. About a year ago she wrote a letter to a friend whom she'd met through a cor-

respondence school, and she asked this friend, just as medium of conversation what she was reading or studying now.

From the friend a letter came in which she wrote, "I am not studying anything in particular. I have been Initiated by a Living Master and am living according to His instructions". She sent a booklet entitled "Man Know Thyself", which was read immediately with more interest than can be described. It is needless to say that as quickly as it could be gotten to her desk, the writer was reading "THE PATH OF THE MASTERS", by Dr. Julian Johnson, M.D.

This book had exactly that for which the writer had searched so long and so ardently. She read it through immediately. Heretofore all she had ever read told her things interesting enough, perhaps, but if she wanted to go further into a subject she had only one recourse, if the book did not have a sequel to it, drop it, for she found that usually a single book exhausted an author's knowledge or belief on the subject. BUT HERE WAS SOMETHING DIFFERENT. She wrote to the lady from whom she'd purchased the book and was told to her utter surprise and great pleasure to write directly to ONE about whom the book was written. Imagine that! It was a strange thing, yet the writer felt that if she could actually contact a LIVING MASTER in this world she would ask nothing more of life at all. In due time a letter came from India, signed by the Great MASTER, HIMSELF! His letters are charged

with power of love and understanding. All that day life was like a dream. It just could not be so, yet here it was ! There is just no way to describe the writer's emotions. She has found it to be true that everyone who approaches the Beloved Master as she did, experiences the same. It is something one cannot describe. It must be experienced to KNOW.

She asked for INITIATION, and the Great Master wrote that in June He expected to come to the United States, would visit Louisville, Kentucky, and would Initiate her then. She prepared to go up to meet Him in person.

In Louisville she took a room at a hotel, and contacted some one whose address had been given her. She was told to go direct to the house where the Master was in residence, which she did. As she walked upon the porch a man met her saying the Master was busy at the moment, but would see her soon, and asked her to have a seat and wait there. She sat down in a swing, and she doesn't mind telling you that her thoughts were beginning to pile up on her. All at once, as she sat there on this strange porch, in this strange town, amid people whom she had never seen or met before, she began berating herself. Her thoughts went on a rampage, and she asked herself, half angrily what she was doing there ? Had she suddenly taken leave of her senses, to leave home on a mission of this sort, when she KNEW that every attempt she'd ever made fell flat ? What did she expect to find here ?

About this time she glanced up, and walking towards her was a God-man. She was first stunned by the sheer beauty of the person approaching her. His gleaming white finely woven garments, His bearing, His eyes, His smile, His very expression of all embracing understanding and love seemed to swamp her. It swept over her like a sudden storm of inexpressible Joy ! Before she could get close enough to put her hand in His, she KNEW her search was ended ! She knew she had FOUND that for which she had sought so along ! There are no words adequate to use in describing one's first meeting with the MASTER. All the joys one can conjure up in one's mind vanish when compared to the actual joy that is there. Words are of no use here at all, they fall like spent bullets, when one tries to tell of his feelings when he first comes face to face with the GREAT BELOVED MASTER. Everything seemed to come to a complete standstill for the writer. She felt bathed in the purest, holy light imaginable, and the Earth—even time itself—seemed no more. All she can remember of this meeting is that she got up out of the swing and met the Master. She heard herself say, "OH ! YOU are the Master." Any other words, if there were, she does not recall. There must have been other words, but her heart suddenly was so full of joy and gladness that she could hardly stand it, for she felt surely it would burst within her, for the joy that was hers, at this sacred moment in her life.

If it can be said, the writer has any sorrow at all, it

is that EVERYONE, who reads this account, cannot have this marvellous experience which was hers when she first met the Great Master that day in Louisville. One may say, well perhaps she is the emotional type person anyway, etc. etc., but this is not it at all. There is no way to tell in mundane words just what the experience is like. There is only one way to know ; and that is to experience it oneself.

Shortly afterwards she went back to her hotel with instructions to be back early in the morning for Initiation. After Initiation, which the writer knows was her real BIRTH into the KINGDOM OF HEAVEN, the Master asked her where she was staying, and when she recovered from a surprise that busy as He was, He could be concerned with a single individual, she told Him she was staying at the Brown Hotel. He asked her to come to His place and stay, but she demurred, saying she was a complete stranger there and felt she might intrude. The man who first met her and told her to wait for the Master, quickly stepped to her side and said : "It is a great honour that the Master had asked you to stay under His roof ! Do not refuse Him." I immediately sent for my bags and remained in the Master's house the balance of my time up there.

So much time has been spent getting to this point in this account that if the writer were to give full details of her glorious experience with the Master, it would fill a volume, so the best that can be done here is to give a few highlights.

People address Him, as "His Holiness." Some resent this title, yet even this is not good enough for one so holy as He. For those of us who have met Him and sat at His blessed feet know that He is MOST holy. He does not ask that He be so addressed, but He will not deny one the privilege to address Him what one wishes. For example, being considered a member of His party, I was always included in visits, trips, etc., as was everyone else who happened to be near Him. One evening, He was invited into a beloved disciple's home and cookies and lemonade were served as refreshment. The dear little hostess did not offer the Master cookie, and the writer suggested that she do so. "But, I thought He would eat only foods prepared at His own residence," she said apologetically, but held the tray of cookies towards Him, and with the most beautiful smile ever to grace a human face, He said, "Is it your wish that I take one?" "Oh, yes, Master," she said. And He took a cookie and ate it. Such is the Master. His kindness envelopes you like a cloak. He is the most benevolent, the most gracious, the most humble, YET the greatest personality, ever to walk on this Earth.

The writer was so deeply impressed with the fact that no matter how many people happened to be at His residence where He held Satsang everyday, they were always fed at meal time, and there was always a crowd—a crowd that would be a credit to any Sunday school. No one was allowed to go away hungry or unfed. It was a miracle, no less. To have crowds coming and going, all the times,

as was the case here and to be completely cognizant of everyone's comfort and well being. It is a task for a large well-equipped menage, but not so here. Two or three at the most kept a smooth running household and all were supplied food regularly. The writer recalls that several times, she was busy off somewhere in a corner by herself, forgetful of food itself, but she was always sought out and called in to eat. Even those who were quietly out doing secretarial work, or meditating were not overlooked.

Aware of the fact that she was partaking of foods and lodging without paying, the writer attempted to do something about it. She decided that she would go everyday and bring in a basket of groceries. Accordingly she secured the services of a car and went and bought some groceries. Mr. Khanna, the Master's representative met her and asked her what she had brought and she said, "some groceries." He reprimanded her severely, yet very gently and sweetly. "This sort of thing is not done in the Master's House. He provides everything ! All is free, free as the air you breathe ! Do not do this again, please". "But I feel I should pay a little something," she remonstrated. "The Master does not accept gifts nor money from anyone ! He gives, He does not take !" the man said, and so the writer obeyed, with untold wonder growing in her heart. There was nothing to pay. No one to whom anything could be paid. There was no one to take any money. The writer tried vainly to reimburse someone for the days she spent there, and to no avail. And when

Mr. Khanna told her of the man who had sent a cheque to the Master for 5000.00 dollars, that the Master returned to the sender because He does not accept gifts, she understood what he was trying to tell her. The Master is NOT interested in money or gifts. All He is interested in, is YOUR SOUL, and that you do the things that He teaches you to do," said Mr. Khanna, and the writer turned away with the wonder of things growing and growing in her heart. In these days of fee and money grabbing, and stress and turmoil, HERE was one who did not love money, who is only interested in your SOUL and your happiness and well-being. STRANGE THINGS THESE,—almost too much for one to believe, and the writer doubts if she could have believed all these things had she not witnessed them with her own eyes and ears, and experienced them in her own life.

Wherever the Master went, carloads of people followed Him. I mean those of us who would not be parted from Him, who clung close to His beloved side, and there were many of us who would NOT stay a moment longer than necessary out of His blessed presence. Did this bother Him? No, His patience never seemed to run out. If the writer got a little impatient, His loving eyes would seek her out and one look into them made her want to fall at His feet for forgiveness. His eyes sought you out, not to correct you, or to chide you, but to lend you aid in your own little struggles, which He knew were going on inside His beloved ones near by.

The writer recalls with vibrant memories the many

wonderful things about her Beloved Master that are impossible to put on paper. His complete indifference to people's shortcomings. The time He always had, for all who came to Him. His graciousness in granting audiences to all who asked for interviews. There were times when the writer herself, felt chagrined at her inflated ego, taking up the Master's precious time by insisting on pouring out a gushing stream of her own importance and discoveries, etc., and never giving the gentle Master an opportunity to say a word. How many times has this disciple looked into the kind, gentle love-filled eyes of her Beloved Master as He sat patiently through some person's VERBAL catalogue of ALL He'd read and found and concluded about religion, listening, giving complete audience as though he were the only other man in the world beside Himself. Did the Master try to deflate **one's** ego? He did not. People would come and take up the Master's time, not to LISTEN to Him, but to talk about themselves. Yet the Beloved MASTER had always time to attend to them. And this disciple saw the TRUE greatness of her Master in all these things.

The writer would have thought nothing of it, had the Master said, "I am too busy. The man must get rid of his own importance before I can talk with him. I cannot waste precious time on him," and she was surprised that this did not happen, for the Master truly was VERY busy, always. A man once showed up when the Master was extremely busy and this disciple thought, surely now

the Master will tell him He is too busy, and she watched the Master's face for perhaps a fleeting shadow denoting His displeasure, for *this* was surely an intrusion. You see, she was taking dictation from the Master to assist in the heavy correspondence, but, as though His own favourite or most beloved son, demanded a moment of His time, He gently laid down his pencil, weighted his mail so it would not blow away, excused Himself (we were sitting out in the garden among the trees) and followed the man to a distant nook of the garden, and there they sat for over an hour. From time to time the writer glanced up from her work to see the man's hand flailing the air, and to hear his voice droning on and on. It is the greatest lesson in patience and humility ever taught.

As the writer looks back over those eventful days of her life, the thing that seems to stand out the most in it all, is that the Master seemed to be LOVE itself. Love PERSONIFIED, His absolute magnificence, as He moved about among us, is indescribable. His graciousness, His impartiality towards us all alike was something unheard of. You KNEW when He looked at you that He was seeing another CHILD OF GOD, no matter how you may feel about yourself. He did not look at YOU, nor Jane, nor Mary, nor John, nor Bill, for personality means nothing to Him. But He looked at you as though He were looking at a CHILD OF GOD, and a child of God is a PRINCE to Him, and everyone of us was afforded the same deference He would bestow upon a Prince. You KNEW that no matter how YOU felt about

this one or that one, the Master held no one in esteem above another. When His Beloved eyes fell upon you, you saw the same gentle loving kindness that had been bestowed on the ones that they had just left. He simply made no DIFFERENCE in any'òf us. Not even once did the writer see one act, one iota or indication of dislike, impatience, criticism, or distrust in Him for any of us, no matter what we did or said—only complete love and patience. No tongue can tell, no words can express, the absolute serenity and peace that was and is the writer's because of her short association with the Great Master.

One day a trip was suddenly planned. We piled into cars and there was quite a parade of us, all our cars keeping close together. We were to visit the Hermits' Tunnel, a place on a mountain side that had been blown out of solid rock for a railroad tunnel, then finally abandoned for some reason. The man now owning the place invited the Master to visit his place, which really was unique. It was here that the writer saw the Master in a different setting. The Summer was hot, and the lowlands seemed to sizzle with the dry heat, but up there it was cool and pleasant. We were all more or less like children, tramping all over the place, so glad to escape the heat and rush of things, and the Beloved Master seemed to enjoy the fun as much as the rest of us.

In fact this writer cannot recall one instant that the Beloved Master's face was not all bathed in a most

pleasant, happy, peaceful expression. He was always like a proud, loving happy father, with an adored and adoring family about Him, all the time, and the constant sweetness of His expressions of all embracing love is beyond human description.

Refreshments were served, somehow food always showed up from somewhere at mealtime, whether anyone thought of it or not. The complete-comfort of those about the Master was always considered. Of course every one wanted to make the Master most comfortable, but He would have none of it. He found Himself a place to sit down with the rest of us, and became one with our pleasure and sweetness that day. Someone handed Him a bottle of soft drink and asked Him if He would hold it while she took His photograph. He smilingly obliged. I should say He happily obliged, because there was not the least bit of condescension about Him. Whatever He did to make another happy was done in all LOVE and humility, and He always considered the desire of others where He Himself was concerned.

The writer was never critical, but here she was at the apex of her whole life, she felt and naturally she was on the alert, for the least fault or imperfection to show up. Too much in her was at stake. She had too much to lay at the feet of just anyone. Could she be blamed for being watchful and careful? Was there any discord about this GOD-MAN? About Him may be a little, but IN Him? Never! Like a beautiful, calm white

lily He was there in His own serenity and peace, no matter what swirled at His blessed feet, HE WAS PERFECT. The world troubled Him not. He knew those ready for Him would find Him, and so His calm spread over all about Him like a mantle. No wonder people flocked about Him. No wonder they followed Him in crowds wherever He went. The writer recalls with much pleasure, a trip the Master made to a local firm (on business). We all followed Him. Car-loads of us. It would be rather impossible to tell how many there were, but the writer recalls that some one had to get out and direct the parking of all the cars. We tramped into the store with this illustrious, this magnificently white garbed, tall, and exceedingly handsome man at the lead, and we just stood around quietly waiting for Him, to complete His business only to follow Him out and back to His residence. We did this, simply because we could not be separated from Him even that long. Such was our love and adoration for Him. And in all this not one time did the writer catch a glimpse of impatience or displeasure. Nothing but PERFECTION, ever showed up in the Master, and this perfection was as natural as the radiance to the sun itself. But how can it ever be described? One may as well try to describe the perfection of the sun, or to watch for the very sun to make a mistake, or to prove itself unworthy.

So great and wonderful is this Man, that He seems to melt EVERYTHING ungodlike in you, the instant you step into His presence. He had the capacity

to enjoy every outing, every experience along with the rest of us. It endeared Him all the more to us, if such were possible. The writer herself became bound to Him with hoops of the most endearing love of which a human being is capable from the very first moment she first set eyes upon Him; and she knows it is the same with all the others.

And yet there was and is no projected personality to cause this great love. It was his very humility, sweetness, tranquillity, His very habit of not saying one dissenting word to a soul, or one praising word, no matter how sullied the fringes of the soul standing before Him or how glowing in its own purity. No matter how inflated the ego, or how humble, He LOVED them all alike, for to Him all are the Children of God, hence the most important and the least important stood side by side basking in the same Light of love flowing from His Sweet eyes.

How great a soul is this? I asked myself repeatedly, that the very love of God pours forth from His heavenly eyes to engulf all who step into His presence, alike, be they rich or poor, beggars or thieves. No one is ever turned away. Truly this is a man of God.

The story grows long, yet not half has been told. How can it be possible for her to lay down her pen when her heart is so dissatisfied with everything she has tried to say about the Master, yet she used all the expressions at her command, it seems. The thing that

seems to count most now is that The Master is alive on this Earth today, and will answer any letter he receives and anyone reading this who might wish to contact this GREAT—this Beloved MASTER *The writer has found can do so, "merely by addressing a letter to—His Holiness Sant Kirpal Singh Ji Maharaj, SAWAN ASHRAM, GURMANDI, DELHI-6 (INDIA).* Say what you wish to Him. Ask Him any question. He will gladly tell you what to do, to help you as He has helped this writer.

This letter cannot be closed without saying a few words about the Master's beloved representative, Mr. T.S. Khanna, of Washington, D.C. The writer was stunned at Mr. Khanna's adoring love for the Master. His very acts towards the Master, taught her more than all the books in the world could have done. To witness his untiring devotion to His Holiness at all times was an amazing thing. One never seemed to see Him yet the moment a need arose for the Master, Mr. Khanna was right there to anticipate it, and do for Him the thing needed to be done. The countless things he accomplished, the smooth running machinery must have been kept oiled by this unfathomable-man, yet it seemed one never saw the Master but that this man hovered unnoticed near by, ready to spring into action, to do the countless little things for the Master and those about him. If the Master was going away any where every one seemed to want to go to. It was always an EMPTY house left behind, when the Master left it, and it was always Mr.

Khanna who stood back to see that every one who wished to go did so.

The picture is too inadequate. The writer cannot do it justice. There is no time nor space to write in a single item of the wonderful fabulous things that actually happened or one shred of the wonderful things taught us there. It would all make a big book. Perhaps one day in spite of her poor equipment to do so, the writer shall attempt to put it all into writing. For the time being this account must suffice.

The following is a very brief sketch of the message brought to America by this Great Living Master.

Para-Vidya, or Science of the Soul is what the Master (Sant Kirpal Singh Ji) calls His message. He says, 'I come as a man to man'. It takes a Living Master to teach a living man the Way Back to God, and no one need take a thing on another's word or experience, for all have practical experience of what He teaches, when they come to Him for Initiation. You KNOW through first hand experience, without having to lean on another's word, or any outside testimony, that which He has to teach you, and every initiate is given this first hand knowledge pertaining to the soul and the spiritual side of life.

The difference between a LIVING MASTER and the ascended or arisen Masters is this ; the ascended Master comes down to the physical world through some form akin to spiritualism as far as the writer has ever

been able to determine; while with the LIVING Master the process is just the reverse. The soul is taught to leave the physical and to GO UP to the heavenly world above for first hand experience.

The Master condemns no ones belief or religion, but sees God in them all. He takes the inner aspect of all religions. Thus the Protestant, the Catholic, the Jew, even the atheists are welcome. His method is so simple that even a small child can follow it.

The writer heard one aspirant saying, "Master, does it make any difference what we were in our past life? I have been told I was queen Victoria. Does this make any difference in our present life what we were in the past?"

"What difference could it possibly make what you once were?" he asked, "what difference? who or what you have been? It is with the Now with which you are concerned. Put the past behind you. It can do you no possible good to know."

Another very zealous aspirant asked, "Master, what about the (kundlini)"—or the Serpentine Power. "You should not concern yourselves about all those things any more. They are not to be awakened in the Natural way back to God. Drop it all by the wayside. Leave it all, and practise the Natural way you are put on. This is all you need do now. Forget everything else. Do your daily practices. Remember the things I have told you. Abide in me, and I will abide in you," He said.

One evening after the crowd had dispersed and those members of the Master's household, as was the custom, which also included the writer, sat on the porch in the cool of the evening for a few moments relaxation before retiring, the writer said, "Master, I have been an avid reader of religious literature for many years, and this is so vastly different than anything else, what should I read and study now. I have many books but now I know they do not lead us high enough, and do not feel I should take them up again after this."

"If you want something to do search the ancient scriptures, you will find these very teachings in all of them, study the teachings of Jesus and others. Now you know about it, you will recognise what you overlooked before."

And it is true. The writer understands it now; and though this path is said to be millions of years old, yet none of the writers on Metaphysics, that she ever read, seem to have had even an inkling of it.

In the book—THE PATH OF THE MASTERS—by Julian Johnson, there is a splendid exposition of the subject but the vital working part is given only at initiation, by word of mouth and the initiated one knows it is his sacred trust, and so keeps it.

So many wish to know why vegetarianism and abstinence of eggs is required, since there are no dogmas, creeds, or actual organisation connected with the science of the soul. It is just this, THOU SHALT NOT

KILL, and even though you have nothing to do with the slaying of the animal, the flesh of which you may partake, you are surely sanctioning the creature's death by partaking of its flesh. It is the same as if you had killed it with your own hands. And eggs have the seed of life in them.

Some say that the sixth of the ten commandments mean that one should not kill another person but it does not say this. It only says THOU SHALT NO KILL. And this means all LIVING things.

The writer, when she returned home began searching the scriptures to find this Pra-Vidya, or science of the soul and found most inspiring evidence of it in the Bible on her desk. For instance in Mathews 6:22, it reads, "The light of the body is the eye : therefore if thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light." Master Sant Kirpal Singh teaches one how to make the eye SINGLE. It is a literal thing and not to be treated as a metaphor or a simile as the orthodox churches teach us.

In Luke 11:34-36, it reads, "The light of the body is the eye, (not the EYES) therefore when thine eye is single, (to be single it cannot have both darkness and light) thy whole body also is full of light ; but when it is evil, thy body is full of darkness. Take heed therefore that the light which is in thee be not darkness. If thy whole body therefore be full of light, having no part dark, the whole shall be full of light, as when the bright shining of a candle doth give the light." Those who have

had initiation, will understand the deeper, fuller meaning of these texts. Those who have not, it is my joy to tell them that the scriptures speak a Great Truth, which can be demonstrated in actuality by anyone interested enough to follow instructions given by the Great Living Master, Sant Kirpal Singh Ji, who teaches one to go within and find this light and with it dispel all the terrible darkness he finds there. Can anyone who has had His initiation, fail to understand St. Paul in the thirteenth chapter of the first Corinthians, which reads in part. "For now we seek through a glass, darkly ; but then, face to face ; now I know in part ; but then shall I know even as also I am known." Or, Mathew 4:16, where it says, "the people which sat in darkness saw great light." And so many other scriptures.

And so it is in this day also, 1900 years after the Master Jesus brought the message of Light, so comes another with the same message, renewed to a darkened and distressed world.

The Master Kirpal Singh teaches the Natural Way back to God, in all its simplicity and its peace and beauty. It is Royal Pathway, fraught with no dangers whatsoever, only with happiness and peace for one's soul, and gladness and charm for one's very life, for all those who take it. It is the KINGDOM OF HEAVEN ON EARTH, for which the Master Jesus taught us to pray, and how few there are who really find it, because they are looking for SOMETHING ELSE.

For a resume of the message, this Great Living Master brings to the world, there is a little booklet written by Him, entitled "Man Know Thyself" and a larger book called the *PATH OF THE MASTERS*, by Dr. Julian Johnson. The writer will be happy to mail anyone desiring, a copy of "Man Know Thyself", if one will write to her for it, and will give information on how to secure a copy of the larger book.

This article is written in an effort to spread the glad tidings of the Great Living Master, and with a hope in the writer's heart that all who read it will find this Great Beloved Living Master as she did.

ANN. L. MARTIN
Nashville, Tennessee, U.S.A.

WORLD'S GREATEST LIVING MASTER

I was initiated in the year 1928, by the Great Master Sawan Singh Ji, who is still showering His unlimited blessings on all, through the present Master. While in India, I knew Master Kirpal Singh, who was given full charge to conduct Satsangs in different parts of India in the lifetime of Hazur Maharaj. Hazur declared many times in the open meetings consisting of thousands of adherents that Kirpal Singh was the only perfected soul and Mahatma and could therefore be consulted on all spiritual problems.

Hazur completed His earthly sojourn on April 2nd 1948, after transferring all spiritual powers, through the eyes, to the present Master. His Holiness left the Dera, and went in seclusion to the Himalayas to devote the rest of His life to spiritual meditations. The Blessed Hazur however, instructed him to go back and start His mission, in the name of Ruhani Satsang, as entrusted to Him, before His departure. When the Master returned from the Himalayas and conducted His satsang meetings, I was there, and was shedding tears caused by the pangs of separation from Hazur's physical body. Only a person who knows can appreciate what a living Master means.

The Sawan Ashram was founded in Delhi in 1951. It is the international headquarters for the Banquet Hall

of spirituality. It is the common forum where all who believe in spirituality pure and simple, do meet.

My foreign assignments were miraculously changed from Europe to Canada/America by the Masters. I am grateful for the good fortune and privilege of being instrumental in bringing the message of the living Master, for the first time, to this side of the world, under the auspices of the Master. I am happy to see that the germination of the Master's work (the implanting of Nam) is bearing quick and ample fruit due to the grace of the Masters.

It was on June 3rd, 1955, that the Master arrived by air, in New York fulfilling a long standing prophecy. On the same evening, He came to Washington, as a guest of Mrs. Helen Mc. Daniel, Co-ordinator of Ruhani Sat-Sang; and stayed at the distinguished Hotel, the Mayflower. The Master held His first press conference over here. Mrs. Mc. Daniel announced that the world's greatest living Master had arrived and so all could derive benefit from His august presence. She was blessed with the spiritual experience and radiant form of the Masters for which even the Yogis and Rishis crave for, but seldom get. The Master blessed Washington, with His holy presence, for a full one and a half months out of the four months that he spent in this great country.

The Master was accompanied by Bibi Hardevi, a lady Saint with a highly evolved soul. She once lost her vision but it was restored to her by the grace of the Hazur. She looked after the meals of the Master and was ever

ready to serve even for twenty four hours with great devotion. Such a tireless and benevolent lady can hardly be found. She has had the privilege of serving two great Masters of this age: Hazur Baba Sawan Singh Ji Maharaj and His Holiness Sant Kirpal Singh Ji. Another gracious lady who accompanied the Master was, the Princess Narendra whose flawless English enabled her to arrange and conduct interviews and to attend correspondence. Both these ladies underwent great labour and hardship always with a smiling face, not caring in the least for their personal comfort, which I deeply appreciated.

I was fortunate enough and considered it a great privilege, to travel with the Master, all over the United States of America and found Him working for no less than twenty hours a day at a stretch with no interval for rest. The living Master, Sant Kirpal Singh Ji, has a very charming personality and I clearly see in Him, the characteristics of Hazur Maharaj. It is strange enough, that in meditations, His form gives the reflection of Hazur.

Dr. H.M. Brock, the first initiate and chief representative of the Masters, in America, came from Port Angels to San Francisco. The Master and the eminent Doctor embraced each other like two old brothers and the Master gave him a seat beside Himself. Such is the considerate love of the Master.

A great Yogi, Walter Paul Baptiste, and his charming

wife, Magana Baptiste in San Francisco, came under the influence of the Master. Mr. Baptiste, is the prince of physical health and is operating 'Yoga Philosophic Centre' of physical culture. He is a spiritual son of the Master and had never before bowed his head to anyone; but on meeting the Master, he surrendered himself completely at His Feet. Magana also witnessed the Master's glory before actually meeting Him in person.

Many senior disciples in California and Chicago were wonder-struck to see the living Master, for the first time, and received wonderful spiritual urge and uplift, never experienced before. The Master not only strengthened their faith in the grace of the Hazur but actually manifested the radiant form of His Master. The spiritual difficulties were solved by the simple touch of the Master Saint. The Master, in His kindness granted spiritual experiences to all who came in contact with Him and sat in meditation at His Feet. The mere touch of His garment brought spiritual relief to many a shrivelled soul. Those who were receptive and child-like in faith, received the most of His grace.

The Master beautifully explained, in simple words, the esoteric meaning of the Gospel and many complicated issues were solved in a most natural way. The Truth, as taught by all the Masters in the past is always the same and it was brought home to all alike. The Master's teachings are for all mankind regardless of caste, colour and creed, and whether they live in the East or in the

West. It is the inner Science of the soul and can be developed quite easily with the aid of a living Master—a true Adept, not only in the theory but also in practice as well. This can only be done by a truly competent Master, who can himself transcend the limitations of the body and is capable to grant that experience to others as well. A really free man, has the power to grant manumission to the soul. The science of the Masters is the most ancient, the most natural and the most perfect of all the sciences. Even a child of five or an old person of five scores can take to it and put it in practice without any risk whatsoever.

The Master teaches the esoteric side of all religions including Christianity. The 'Science of the spirit' is the same in all religions. The seeming differences are just on the surface with which, the spirit as spirit, has no concern whatsoever. Once the spirit transcends the physical, the body and bodily relations fall down like a pack of cards. The spirit of the Holy Ghost or the Divine Link, is alike in each one of us. Man is made after the image of God and even the angels have been ordained to bow before him, but unfortunately we have profaned this temple of the Most High. Due to original sin of man and through our ignorance we have allowed the dust to accumulate, for ages upon ages with the result that we have forgotten our original identity and lost the Godhood in us in the lust of the senses. The Master therefore lays emphasis upon self-discipline, cultivation of

moral virtues and introspection leading gradually to a process of self analysis whereby the spirit may be freed and come in contact with the Divine light and the Divine Sound principles within us. It is by taking hold of the Saving life-line, that one can be saved from the tumultuous sea of life. Ethical life is a stepping stone to spirituality. Religion or the Way back to God does not offer even a foothold to one whose mind is continuously swayed by countless oscillations. The knowledge of the self in man, enables a person to have some knowledge of the Higher self. The inner man has therefore to extricate itself from the octopian clasp of the outer man, before it can have God realisation. The Master raises the soul by gentle love to higher consciousness and then links it up with the Lost 'Word' of God or the Holy Ghost or the Great Comforter promised by the Christ-spirit in Jesus. It may verily be said that 'Word' does become flesh and lives amongst us and offers us the Bread of life and the Water of life, by partaking which we conquer our last enemy—Death, and gain life everlasting.

The Master left us with tears in our eyes at Boston on October 2nd., 1955 but with the bright promise to come back again. The Master spirit, be it known to all, never leaves nor forsakes the disciple, even unto the ends of the world, for that is the immutable law of the Divine Love and Grace, under which the Masters work.

T. S. KHANNA,
Washington D. C. U.S.A.

Glimpses from the life of His Holiness Sant Kirpal Singh Ji Maharaj.

BIRTH

It was the 6th of February, 1894. The spring was in its full bloom. But the nature had gone to rest—the birds to the nests and the weary men after their day's labour to their beds. It was the quiet hour of about 9 of a cold winter night when the Eternal Word became flesh and blood to dwell amongst us. The blithe bonnie babe with a halo of divine light around him was born at Sayyad Kasran, a village in Rawalpindi District. He was christened 'Kirpal' or the 'Gracious One', and aptly so, for he was in due course to be the great perennial spring of Everlasting Bliss and Tranquillity.

His father's name was S. Hukam Singh i.e. the bearer of the Divine Will or 'Hukam'. His mother was named Gulab Devi and the son she bore was to spread the fragrance of the Word of the Almighty like a rose in spring.

STRENGTH OF CHARACTER

Kirpal was a very obedient child. But however on two occasions he gently yet resolutely asserted his independence. He was in the habit of helping all he knew, regardless of their relations with his family. So once

his father called him and said, "Paul (his nickname), our friends will be your friends and our foes will be your foes." But Paul replied with cool deliberation, "Father, your friends will be my friends but it is not necessary that your foes be my foes as your enmities may have been based on misunderstanding. The life is too short and I have not come to have enmities and hatreds. I have love for all." Indeed he was a friend to everyone and continues to be so.

On another occasion, S. Hukam Singh succeeded in securing for his son a job in the Military Engineering Service. So Kirpal went to work, but at the end of the first day's work, he received a shock when he was offered bribe. He would not have it, as he said, he was paid for the job. He was, however, told that it was customary in the Department. He refused to receive the same and threw away the money to the one who had offered him. On reaching home his father tried to persuade him otherwise, but he was adamant and would not succumb to dishonest means.

ABSTINENCE FROM MEAT

His family were non-vegetarians. But he was averse to taking meat even as a child. While his brothers and sisters, would ask for more, he would have none at all. He was content with bread and vegetables. His father asked, "Paul, why don't you take meat? It will do you good." He sweetly replied, "It is very well, father, but is not meat dead flesh, and would you have me make a

burial ground of my body?" The father could only smile and the child had his own way.

LOVE FOR BOOKS

He was a voracious reader from his early years. Once he had started reading a book he would not leave it, until it was finished. Very often he would continue reading the whole night and would sleep but little.

There was no electric lighting in those days. So he had to read by the light of an oil lamp. Fearing that too much study would tell upon his health, his father ordered that Paul should go to bed by 10 p.m. But his love for books could not be overcome. It was winter. He would no doubt get into the bed at 10 p.m. but while everyone thought him asleep, he was reading his books under the cover of his quilt. He read all the books of a college library during the two years of his studies there.

Once a bishop came to his school—a Mission School—and asked the boys what the aim of their study was. One said that he wanted to become a great doctor, another a great lawyer, a third a great engineer and so on. But when it was Kirpal's turn he declared that he was studying for the sake of knowledge. The bishop was much impressed and predicted a great future for him and his prophetic words, in the fulness of time, verily proved true.

A GREAT DECISION

After passing his Matric, he was confronted with a great problem : to choose between worldly gain and spiritual salvation. After an intense heart-searching and protracted mental conflict for days on end, he decided for the latter and since then pursued his ideal of attaining Self-Knowledge and God-Knowledge with unflinching zeal and un-faltering determination.

FIRST MEETING WITH HIS MASTER

Even before he met Hazur Baba Sawan Singh Ji physically, he had inner experiences. He would often see the radiant form of his Master to be, which he mistook for that of Guru Nanak.

It has ever been his deep desire to contact some perfect saint who should give him a correct lead and enable him to have a first-hand contact with the Reality. His earnest prayers, in this behalf, at last bore fruit, when in the year 1924, he met Baba Sawan Singh Ji.

He had a love for rivers from an early age. Once in 1924, he went just to see the river Beas. When he got down from the train, a stranger enquired, if he was going to visit the Saint of Beas. And thus he learnt that a great saint was living near the bank of the river Beas. So after strolling by the river side, he went to pay homage to the Holy man. And what a wonder of wonders : he was the man, he used to see within.

His joy knew no bounds, for at last he had found

true Master. After some moments of mute ecstasy, all that he could stammer was,—“Why have your Holiness taken so much time in guiding me to Your Feet?” The white-bearded Sage smiled and said, “This is the opportune time for our physical meeting.”

Next day the disciple wrote to his elder brother who also was in search of a real Master, that his life's search was over, as he had come across a great personality, who trod the Earth in all humility like Guru Nanak.

LITERARY GENIUS

He has a versatile pen and possesses a genius for writing. He has composed ecstatic pieces of poetry both in Punjabi and in Urdu. His ‘Gurmat Sidhant’ written in Punjabi is a masterly exposition of the ‘Path of the Masters’ in a simple and lucid style. It was written under instructions of His Master, Baba Sawan Singh Ji Maharaj, and was published under the latter's name. It discusses spirituality in all its aspects. Each subject has been dealt with effectively and the discussions are interspersed with apt quotations from the scriptures of all times and of all climes.

Gurmat Sidhant, comprising of two volumes, is a valuable compendium on the subject of spirituality and many people have benefited from it already. It serves as a ‘Great Banquet Hall of Spirituality’ for seekers after Truth. It has a universal appeal to all alike and the spiritually charged words sink deep into the hearts of the aspirants.

RETIREMENT FROM SERVICE

After thirty-six years' meritorious service, he retired in March, 1947 as Assistant Dy. Controller of Military Accounts. At the farewell, every one was in tears. He was loved and admired both by his officers and his subordinates. A Muslim peon who had been with him only for two days before retirement was crying and shedding tears at the parting. He told the peon that the latter had not seen anything of him. Why was he so sad? The man replied that he was grieved to part as he respected him as a man—brother to him, while others had treated him like a grovelling creature.

During his service, he, as in his entire life, showed great love for those around him. He was sure to be sought by all those in trouble. He brought comfort to the afflicted by his words of wisdom and selfless service. Whoever came in contact with him was affected by his saintly influence.

ASSIGNMENT OF SPIRITUAL WORK

His Master—Baba Sawan Singh Ji—had been ailing for some time. One morning—12th October, 1947—feeling better, He called for His beloved disciple and said, "Kirpal Singh! I have allotted all other work but have not entrusted my task of Nam—initiation and spiritual work—to any one. That I confer upon you to-day, so that this holy and sacred science may flourish."

Later on in February, 1948, after having enquired the number of persons initiated by Him, He remarked again, "Kirpal Singh ! I have done half of your work and have given Nam to over one and a half lakhs of persons and the rest you have to accomplish."

LAST MEETING WITH HIS MASTER

On the morning of the 1st. of April, 1948, he had an opportunity to be alone with His Master. Humbly addressing the Sage, he said, "Master, you are above all physical things. Disease and suffering mean nothing to you. But we your poor disciples are sorely afflicted at the sight of your seeming helplessness."

At this, the Master opened His eyes and looked at His beloved disciple. A divine radiance filled His form. His eyes shone with heavenly light, a light that was at once soothing and piercing. He gazed and gazed into the eyes of His devotee who felt a strange ecstasy pour into him and permeate his entire frame. And then those eyes closed, never to open again.

CONSTRUCTION OF SAWAN ASHRAM

With the dust of His Master's threshold, He laid the foundation stone of the Sawan Ashram, named after His Master. Hazur wanted that some common forum be set up for all spiritually minded aspirants, irrespective of caste, colour or creed. This Ashram thus serves as a common ground for people of all denominations like a school or college as per the explicit instructions of Hazur.

Example is better than precept. The Master always takes the lead and shows the way to His devotees in all walks of life. He was the inspiring figure when the Ashram was being constructed. The sweet Loving Master with a basin of mortar on His head, leading His devotees at the time of Sewa, was a sight for the gods to see.

The sole objective of this Ashram is to present spirituality to mankind in general in a purely scientific form. The subjects of 'Self-Purification', 'Self-Knowledge' and 'God-Knowledge' are being presented in a practical way so that people of all types, while living in their own social circles, are being benefited thereby.

THE AMERICAN TOUR

He belongs to the East and the West, to the North as well as the South—Nay, He belongs neither to the East nor the West, nor the North nor the South. He is the Universal Cup-bearer and the whole world is His tavern. Where He sits is a temple, what He speaks is a Divine Commandment.

He is for all men, and when the call came from the West, He set out (on 31st May, 1955) to spread the Divine Message. During His five months' tour, He visited the United States, England and Germany. His scientific approach to the abstruse spiritual problems won Him admiration and esteem everywhere. Through His discourses, men learnt the true meaning of life and of their scriptures. Hundreds came for initiation and

through His grace experienced the mysteries of the Beyond. He gave talks in various churches and universities and those attending them exclaimed that the Bible required re-interpretation. At the end of one of His lectures at Louisville University, the President of the meeting Dr. Broadsche burst out—"Buddha has come and all is Nirvana here—".

HARBHAJAN.

A SINNER AT THY DOOR

I too await Thy pleasure ..
A sinner at Thy door !
Thou hast opened the Floodgates of Love and Light
On us unhappy mortals.
A Single Compassionate look from Thy God-
intoxicated eyes
Has power to lift us out of the mortal coil
And free our soul from the Chains of mind and
matter
That bind us to this Earth
To soar unhindered, out of all Time and Space,
In the Limitless regions of boundless Joy—
Where matter ends
And Love reigns supreme.
In the Holy presence we feel we'r one with God
And like Dr Broudshe of Louisville, America,
Our hearts speak out in Ecstasy,
"Buddha is here and all is Nirvana !
With Thee God seems to be near at hand
And we feel His living presence.
Away from Thee All is dark,
We feel like lost Souls
Blundering through pathless shadows ;
We are like rudderless boats that
Cut adrift from their moorings
Are tossing helplessly on the stormy seas.

Blessed are the pure in heart
For their heart is Thy abode.
They are with Thee always
And Thou with them,
For them there is no separation
But still they pine for Thy physical presence,
For one look at Thy heavenly face
That sheds divine radiance over all
—Saints and sinners alike—
Thy all-embracing grace transcends
All man-made barriers and distinctions
Of caste, creed, colour and race,
Reaching the innermost recesses of the Soul.

Cut away from our eternal source
Of everlasting life and joy
We glower in dust
Hapless objects of thy pity
That has moved Thy divine Compassion
To take the mortal form of man
And descend on this region of darkness and death.
Thou art the pole of God-light,
Outwardly a man amongst men
Thou art something else besides—
A God-man come to free us from the bonds of
Flesh
And lead us back to God.

Thy message of hope and cheer resounds through
the four corners of this earth
“There is hope for everybody.”

"What a man has done a man can do",
"Of course with proper help and guidance".
And in the words of Christ thou sayest to all
without reservation
"Knock and the door shall be opened unto you".
I too stand at thy door
A hardened sinner beyond all hope of redemption
My hand lies limp at the knob of thy door,
Spread out before me I see the passing Caravan
of fleeting images,
A long unending procession of shadowy objects
fills my eye
And distracted by the changing scene
I forget to knock at Thy door.

—H.C. Chadda

A TEAR FROM MASTER'S EYE

The following is an extract from letter dated 8th. July, 1955, written by Darshi in India to His Holiness in America. It will be recalled in this connection how the Master used to remember His humble Indian children when He was in America and send His love-drenched elevating thoughts to them.

"I have seen tears flow from His eyes when reading some of the letters from India", writes Cuckoo*. I visualise just one such glistening tear, only one for I cannot stand any more—and try to contemplate what it symbolises or signifies.

This quivering glistening tear on Your eye-lashes
Appears to be a shining star detached from the vault
of the bedecked azure sky
Or pure mercury sparkling when full of warmth
Or a lustrous pearl coming out of an oyster
Or a charm casting hypnotic spell on all around
Or a transparent dew-drop on blooming rose at dawn
Or a glittering atom glorified by the rays of sun
Nay—it has no parallel. In reality the Eternal Cup-
bearer's bowl is over-flowing.

* Pet name of Princess D. Narendra.

It symbolises the eternal story of Divine Love and Grace.

The loving memory of the dear ones

Draws life from every vein into flowing eyes

Where it is transformed into a tear through the Alchemy of Love.

This tear—this wonderful tear— points out the way for ultimate communion of man with his Creator.

DARSHAN

THE BLESSED DAY*

(6th February, 1894)

Blessed was the day when the Eternal Light manifested itself in the form of the Glorious Resplendent Master on this transitory world.

Blessed was the day when all the beauty and grace of heavens condensed themselves in the form of the Beloved of the Universe.

Blessed was the day when the ambrosia-laden clouds of Divine Grace poured in showers on this parched Universe.

Blessed was the day when on the arrival of the Universal Cup-bearer the goblet was in ecstasy and the cup was in trance.

It was Kirpal's august arrival or the limitless grace of God that the tavern was brimming with the Elixir of life and quintessence of spirituality.

He is the Universal Cup-bearer. He is the Nector of Immortality. He is the Light of God—nay He is God personified, who has alighted on this ephemeral Universe to spray eternal bliss through His ecstasy-producing eyes.

It is through His everlasting grace that the human heart manifests the Eternal Light and the Celestial Music.

DARSHAN

*Birthday of Hazur Maharaj His Holiness Sant Kirpal Singh Ji.

A PRAYER

Oh teach us how to love thee
We know not how to love;
Our hearts too mean and Earthly
Our thoughts rise not above.

My tears are only mire,
Oh teach me how to love;
That they may catch Thy fire
And blaze their way above.

My words alas are fruitless,
Oh teach me how to love,
My prayers go not thus bootless
But rise to Thee above.

I know not how to weep my Lord,
I know not how to love,
I know not how to seek my Lord,
Thyself take me above.

We know not how to love Thee
Oh teach us how to love,
And raise us from the Earthly
Up unto Thee above.

VINOD SENA

PROGRAMME & ENGAGEMENTS

Generally

Free access to public and seekers after Truth without distinction of caste, colour or creed or of any status, position or avocation.

Weekly Sat-Sangs

Open to all. To understand theory and practice of Para Vidya

These are held every Sunday :—

Summer.....7 a. m. to 9 a. m.

Winter9 a. m. to 11 a. m.

Monthly Sat-Sangs

Open to all. To understand theory and practice of Para Vidya.

Sat-Sang on the First Sunday of the month is termed a monthly Satsang as it is followed by initiation on the following day.

Initiation

For those desirous of practical experience of the Science.

It is done usually on first Monday of the month after Monthly Sat-Sangs and on special occasions as may be announced from time to time. Morning hours from 7 a. m.

Sittings (meditation)

For practice by initiatees (old and new)

For personal experience, guidance, correcting of mistakes, removing of shortcomings and obstacles, if any, on the practical side of the sadhan.

Early morning and evening hours, almost daily.

Interviews

For all spiritual aspirants.

(Individual or special) if necessary can be arranged by correspondence.

This is advisable to avoid inconvenience as some times His Holiness is away on tour.

Usual hours, however, are 8 a. m. to 10 a. m. except on Sundays, Initiation days or special function days in the year e. g., 6th Feb., 2nd Apr. and 27th July.

Correspondence can be addressed directly to:

His Holiness Sant Kirpal Singh Ji Maharaj.

'SAWAN ASHRAM' (Ruhani Satsang)

Gurmandi, DELHI—6

Secretary.

