



THE AUTHOR

Ray Hauserman, an American of German extraction, was born in Cleveland, Ohio, U.S.A., and educated at Washington and Jefferson College. Volunteering for the American Field Service in 1943, he saw service for two years with his 14th Indian Army in Burma where he was twice mentioned in dispatches for bravery in action.

Shortly after the war he came in contact with Sree Sree Thakur in his original ashram in Pabna, East Bengal. He became a member of the community of Satsang and, except for two trips to the United States, has been with Sree Sree Thakur ever since.

During the communal riots of 1946-47 in Bengal, he was engaged in rescue and relief operations under the direction of Sree Sree Thakur. Many Hindu families in Noakhali and other stricken areas of East Bengal owe their lives to his timely action.

Accompanying Sree Sree Thakur from East Pakistan to Deoghar, voted to the many-sided activities, particularly those in connection with which he has become intimately acquainted with ideas and activities, and is deeply conversant with the language that the World War II generation stand and apply in their own social and religious milieu.



Library

IAS, Shimla

082 An 89



00002972

He has translated a number of Sree Sree Thakur's books and written numerous articles. His original work, *Ocean in a Teacup*, the story of Sree Sree Thakur, which was published by Harper Bros., New York, in 1962, has awakened new interest in the universal practicality of India's culture as expressed through the life and teachings of this contemporary Indian saint.

RUPEE SERIES



BHAVAN'S BOOK UNIVERSITY

**ANSWER
TO THE QUEST**

Ray Hauserman

GENERAL EDITORS

K. M. MUNSHI

R. R. DIWAKAR

**082
An 89**



BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN BOMBAY

आ नो भद्राः ऋतवो यन्तु विश्वतः ।

Let noble thoughts come to us from every side

—Rigveda, I-89-i

BHAVAN'S BOOK UNIVERSITY

RUPEE SERIES

General Editors

K. M. MUNSHI

R. R. DIWAKAR

14

ANSWER TO THE QUEST

By

RAY HAUSERMAN

BHAVAN'S BOOK UNIVERSITY

Organising Committee:

LILAVATI MUNSHI—*Chairman*

K. K. BIRLA

S. G. NEVATIA

J. H. DAVE

S. RAMAKRISHNAN

BHAVAN'S BOOK UNIVERSITY

ANSWER TO THE QUEST

**[SREE SREE THAKUR ANUKUL CHANDRA REPLIES TO
QUESTING AMERICANS ON VITAL AND CONTROVERSIAL
ISSUES OF THEIR TIMES]**

By
RAY HAUSERMAN



1964

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN

CHOWPATTY : BOMBAY

All Rights Reserved

First Edition, March 1964



2711

Price Re. 1.00; Sh. 1/9; \$ 0.50

082
An 89



Library

IAS, Shimla

082 An 89



00002972

PRINTED IN INDIA

By P. H. Raman at Associated Advertisers & Printers, 505, Tardeo
Arthur Road, Bombay 34, and Published by S. Ramakrishnan,
Executive Secretary, Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay 7.

GENERAL EDITOR'S PREFACE

The Bhavan's Book University volumes had rare success. About a million and a quarter volumes have been sold in about eleven years. However, there is an insistent demand for the stray volumes which the Bhavan has issued from time to time at a lower price. In order to meet this demand, it has been decided to issue the new One-Rupee Book University Series side by side with the Book University Series.

I hope this new One-Rupee Series will have the same good fortune which the other Series had, of being useful to those who are interested in the fundamental values of Indian Culture, and of reaching out to a wider audience.

Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan,
Chowpatty Road, Bombay-7.
Vijaya Dashami
September 28, 1963

K. M. MUNSHI

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

The Publishers gratefully acknowledge the permission granted by the Satsang Publishing House to print the sayings of Sree Sree Thakur Anukul Chandra used in this book.

INTRODUCTION

"So this is Thakur," I thought as I looked at the personality for whom I had made the arduous journey from Calcutta to meet. He was seated on a wooden bedstead behind a low brick building which I had been told was a steam laundry. He wore the typical Bengali male dress—a dhoti and collarless short-sleeved shirt. His skin was light, almost golden, and his closely cropped hair and moustache were dusted with white. Though there was a simplicity and grace in his movement as he moved his large body and a strength and majesty in his features, my first impression was one of disappointment at his normality. This man, Thakur Anukul Chandra, about whom I had heard so much that was contradictory and controversial—a saint and doctor, a scientist and philosopher, an educationist and industrialist—couldn't be the same person sitting before me. This man was so unassuming and innocent I felt.

It was shortly after the Second World War had ended that I first heard of this remarkable and controversial figure. When I met him in his village home 140 miles north of Calcutta he was 58. His smile, as open and guileless as a child, made me feel almost immediately that I had known him for a long time. I found, as discussions began, that his words carried both insight and affection. I began to understand how he could inspire such loyalty...and such opposition.

Anukul Chandra Chakraborty was born in 1888 in the village of Himaitpur. His childhood was remarkable for its demonstration of compassion for the suffering rather than for any startling academic record.

In fact, he has observed that he reached the final high school examination mainly through timely gifts and service to his teachers. However, the impetuous generosity was not limited to his seniors. When he suddenly gave his examination fees to a needy friend, his high school education ended. He next studied medicine at National Medical Institute in Calcutta where he maintained himself by living with coolies and treating their diseases, washing their clothes and solving their personal problems. Again, when he reached the final oral examination in midwifery, a characteristic facet in his personality removed the possibility of a degree in medicine. He suggested to the three-member examining board when asked to indicate who should ask him the first question that they first ask all their questions and he would with one answer reply to all the queries. This eagerness to synthesize and relate everything found no sympathy from the professors. He returned to his village home without a diploma.

In the backward surroundings of rural Bengal he did not require a degree to practise. He asked nothing, but took whatever grateful patients gave. This, combining with his unusually successful treatment, soon developed a large but poverty-stricken clientele.

Early in 1912 he began to attract people into *kir-tan* parties he organised amongst some of the loafers and criminals of the area. By 1914 and for several years thereafter, his dancing and singing attracted huge crowds who found his faith contagious and who claimed many miraculous cures. This earned for him the name or title of Thakur or Master—a term which he insists more commonly means cook.

In 1919, with many thousands following him with the belief that they had found a short-cut to heaven

through staying with Thakur and singing and dancing, he abruptly and inexplicably turned his back on their adulation and returned to his backward village. As spiritual ecstasy turned into physical and mental exercise, the huge following temporarily dwindled. This was partially inspired by the change in activity. It received added impetus from his comment: "Oh, you who would be followers with hope for name and riches, be careful. For if mastery within you does not develop, then you have no master, no Thakur, and deceiving you will be deceived." No longer were there demonstrations of emotional, other-worldly mysticism, but simple, pragmatic explanations related to practical activity that impelled man to become more productive and meaningful in his day-to-day life.

Religious thrill-seekers disappeared to be replaced by large numbers of the physically and mentally ill as well as sincere seekers after truth and social thinkers. Many remained with him and their needs inspired the creation of schools, hospital, workshops, mill, farms and experimental laboratories. The backward village was slowly transformed into a thriving, dynamic community which the late Chief Minister of Assam, Gopinath Bardoloi, described in 1934 as the finest example of rural reconstruction in India.

As Thakur's odd combination of practical religion, visionary idealism and intuitive insight attracted the attention of larger and larger numbers of people, his deep compassion and willing acceptance of the frustrated, the social outcast, the insane and incapable remained what one has described as his greatest asset. . . . and greatest liability. This sense of unlimited responsibility for any and all who came gave to everyone a

vision of an almost universal love practically applied. However, for those who feel that love is synonymous only with the good and beautiful, the sight of the diseased, the demented and the undeserving all finding hope and shelter with him was disturbing....at times unnerving.

When he was challenged by a prominent lawyer and educationist from Bihar as to why he supported evil, he looked at the lawyer with those liquid, lustrous eyes and said simply, "I never support evil, but I shelter it. I guess I'm the foolish father of foolish sons. I keep thinking that some day they will change."

The remarkable thing is that they do, and Thakur quietly inspires and waits with little concern for the misunderstandings and recriminations that are caused. The results then speak for themselves.

When the riots engulfed India in late 1946 and 1947, the remarkable community where I had first met Thakur was abandoned and he came to Deoghar, Bihar, with hundreds of the hungry and homeless.

"What have you lost? Everything—land, homes, business—all were built with your efficiency and you haven't lost that. It is with that efficiency we shall build again." Thus, Thakur exuded a confidence and conviction as the hundreds became thousands. It has been estimated that in abandoning the original community in North Bengal, Thakur left behind more than two crores of rupees worth of equipment. But because he never regretted nor looked back, he inspired these people similarly. To-day, the thousands of refugees who stand on their own feet without ever seeking help from Government is moving testimony to his belief that man—ordinary helpless man—and his growing efficiency is the only source of wealth.

Over the years, both workers and visitors questioned Thakur on his theories as well as the practical application of them to every-day problems. Steadily, over the following months and years, a fine tapestry of reason was woven over Thakur's originally simple idea that Love and Name can achieve heaven on earth of the earlier singing and dancing days. This tapestry dealt with every aspect of life and every human need, from birth to death, the individual to the universe. Such discussions and observations have been compiled in many volumes. They contain Thakur's philosophy of Being and Becoming with practical answers to twentieth century living.

Immediately after World War II had ended, Americans stationed in India began to visit Thakur. Most of them stayed only long enough to find answers to personal problems and returned home with the memory of an oasis of peace and sanity in a world of fear and confusion. A few, however, chose to remain with Thakur. After the community was transplanted to Deoghar, Bihar, a number of Americans from varying backgrounds came to visit him.

As with men of other faiths and backgrounds, the Americans came with problems both philosophical and practical. Seeking for ways and rules of living in the Atomic Age, they found Thakur's homely, informal manner an invitation to speak freely and frankly. Some may not have been motivated by the noblest ideals, yet Thakur welcomed all queries, patiently listened and quietly responded from early morning until late hours of the night. Whether seated under a tree or in the field, under the stars or in the sun, Thakur eagerly welcomed all—rich, poor, Catholic, Protestant or Jew, would-be debutantes and disillusioned divorcees. Ques-

tions ranged over the universe, but Thakur insisted that always they be related to the Christian background of the questioners.

Though Thakur's replies were often specifically meant for a particular American, nevertheless, they often seemed to have a wider application. Some have been compiled and edited. Particularly those which seemed pertinent at that time and since have been gathered in this booklet. The people involved have purposely been left anonymous. Both because they preferred it, and also since it adds little to Thakur's ideas. Suffice it to say that the questioners included a journalist, a retired school-teacher, a professor, a previously divorced man and woman, a middle-aged industrialist and his wife, and a recent graduate from a Mid-western university. Amongst them were represented three Protestant denominations, a member of the Jewish faith and two Roman Catholics. All were from the middle and upper-class economic groups, and so perhaps they are not completely representative of America. Yet, their questions seem to concern Americans of all ages and classes today.

Thakur's replies were usually in colloquial Bengali, though very often he would conclude with his measured and resonant English. The two have not been separated for ease in reading. The original record is available here in Satsang for those who seek it.

The problems involved in modern American marriage, the tragic results of divorce and the possible solutions within the traditional Christian faith and immediate environment is the first chapter.

Stimulated by a biology professor, the second chapter is discussion of eugenics and its possible application to compatible marriages.

This booklet concludes with queries about the unusual demands for perfection of the Prophets and the lack of any practical process to fulfil those demands.

Hence, in compiling this record of a few days' discussion in 1955, though incomplete in many respects, it is hoped the readers may catch a glimpse of Thakur's attitude towards Marriage, Eugenics, Tradition, Religion, Protestantism, Catholicism, Prophets and Devotion.

Should the reader's glimpse of Thakur's faith help to rinse and renovate and renew his own traditional beliefs, the purpose of the book is served.

If something of Thakur's profound yet practical personality helps to re-awaken ideals grown dusty from disuse and cynicism, it is truly Thakur's work. The mistakes of omission and commission belong to me alone.

P.O. Satsang, Deoghar (S.P.)

Bihar.

RAY HAUSERMAN

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE.
GENERAL EDITOR'S PREFACE	v
INTRODUCTION	vii
I. ON MARRIAGE AND MORALS . .	1
II. ON BIOLOGY AND BECOMING . .	9
III. ON PROTESTANTISM : HERETIC OR HEAVENLY.	20
IV. POPE : PRINCIPAL OR PREJUDICE	29
V. ON PROPHETS AND PROPHECIES	39
VI. ON DEVOTION—A PRACTICAL PROCESS . .	45

CHAPTER I

ON MARRIAGE AND MORALS

The Americans found Thakur seated in the yard of Boral Bungalow with a group of people gathered around him. A small lantern beside the bench on which he sat spread a circle of light around them. The visitors took their seats and after informal introductions, one of them observed, "Thakur, science has given men the power over nature, but not the wisdom to use it properly. Nowadays, it is said that man must gain an equal development in moral strength, otherwise, he may be destroyed."

"I feel," Thakur began, "that whenever love dissolves all the complexes in the Love, then loyalty to moral law is automatic. Yet, the loll of lust and passion dissipates love, staggers in dilemma and creates a chaotic, suicidal society where evil runs in progression."

"Just what is the difference between love and lust, Thakur?"

Thakur answered, "The *sine qua non* of love is, I think, the inclination to give. Its satisfaction is only in bestowing. It has no affinity with the dealer mentality of give and take. In it there are no expectations, no hope for return. Lust, on the other hand, is just the opposite. It is the inclination to get. It is 'wanton' (wanting in education, unled, unprincipled). Love reveals itself through admiration, service and offer of gratitude with every sincerity. Lust reveals itself through demand, depriva-

tion and negligence with every lassitude. When love repels and lacks the zeal to suffer; when it cannot bear the cross of the beloved nor entertain him with progressive, profitable nurture; then, I believe, that love is doubtful, fictitious and not based on the being but on passion."

"But, Thakur, isn't passion primordial? It is a fundamental part of man's life. Even philosophy says that man is born with original sin."

"No doubt," Thakur explained, "passion is provided by Providence...but, in order to propagate existence in an uphill evolution of life. Its proper use through compatible marital match acts as toning food to the lustre of conjugal life. Its excessive expression or unbalanced suppression brings a dullness and deterioration in body and brain. So I say to you: always be modest and honestly chaste and thus allow your craving to tone your existence and extend your marital go of life. Hence, being modest with normal restraint and off from its misuse, you shall have bliss in hearth and home...and blessed children, too."

"Do you believe such restraint is possible, Thakur?"

"I believe, when passion sucks the sauce from life, then disintegration absorbs existence and fettered fate taunts with tears. But, when passion serves life passionately to make the adjustment of existence meaningful, then that propensity becomes soaked with love for existence in an active, serviceable ecstasy—your own and others too. Providence smiles and stretches His providing arms to embrace you. Then, such restraint is possible. So, can't you think of your beloved with wistful

service and interest? Merely this will encourage your ability and repulse every contact that is foreign. Chastity will glow in your mind and dwell in your physique and a radiant reverence will resonate through each of your words and deeds. Then, with a thrilling caress of affection for life, you will be the emblem of nurture, hope and charity to your children and society!"

One of the young women shook her head. "There's one thing that seems unjust, Thakur. Society expects chastity in women, but overlooks the lack of it in men. Why is there always this double-standard?"

"Virtue in man is vital to existence no doubt," Thakur replied. "But, I understand that chastity is specially indicated in woman because she is the mother who conceives—the cradle of life, happiness and peace. It is she who initiates every flowing good from the paternal, existential wealth. It is her discerning intelligence and affectionate goading that adjusts the children in good characteristics according to the essential resources of the father that dwell within. So, I understand that 'mother' means 'to measure.' For she is the measure of the child's personality."

"Still, Thakur, your explanation of love gives little room for give and take. Don't you feel that constancy and dedication must be mutual? A wife can't go on serving and loving without any return in gratitude and love..."

"...I feel," Thakur interrupted softly, "that selfish expectations are the pebbles in the jar of existence that resist its being filled with the wine of life. Though love is seldom mutual, yet, it has

a magnetic pull. The holy weapons that can conquer any heart are love, compassion and service that well up and nurture your beloved's existence. It is such an apt and skilful go that can surely bind and beautify inseparably. So, I say: Always cleave to your mate with an immortal, unbreakable tie and both of you be surrendered to your Lord with progressive, concentric service."

An Indian listener intervened, "Thakur, there's one problem when people surrender to their Lord. There are so many contradictory declarations on marriage relations. Christ believed in monogamy and not divorce. Moses and Mohammed advocated polygamy and divorce. And, there are Buddhists who believe in polyandry. All are different, and yet each feels that his way is the one that serves existence."

Thakur shook his head. "But I understand that each Lord is for life and growth. He is the watch of bread and imparts this to the people. All Prophets are the fulfilling Embodiments of the same in essence, according to the needs of the age. Hence, compatible, contented, virtuous monogamy with zealous, serving initiative that binds each other with complacent satisfaction in a psycho-physical, sacramental wedding is the monumental virgin endowment of society that begets Godly tradition and raises many upwards. . . ."

"...but, Thakur," the youth intervened, "if all are the same in essence, why did Moses and Mohammed permit divorce and support polygamy?"

"Hazrat Rasool has said," Thakur explained, "of all the laws permitted to man, the most hated

by Allah is the law of divorce. And, I think, that 'hated by Allah' means 'hated by existence' for it is against life and growth. Furthermore, Lord Christ has said, '...Moses permitted divorce because of the hardness of your hearts, but from the beginning it was not so...' I feel that hard-hearted means passionately hard-hearted."

"But what about polygamy, Thakur? That's practically the same thing."

Thakur shook his head. "I think that the divorced and adulterous due to soaring shocks and unbalanced fickleness often beget cruel, hard-hearted offspring with passionate obsessions of diverse patterns. Whereas, I think that compatible, supra-selective polygamy is more encouraging, as it begets a variety of traits with superior intelligence."

"What is supra-selective polygamy?"

"Supra-selective polygamy was practised, I think, when Abraham, the Patriarch, married Hagar, the hand-maid, at Sarah's insistence. For when a woman of lesser tradition is united in sacred wed-lock with a man of a greater at his wife's insistence, then supra-selective polygamy is practised, often to fulfil and exalt the needs of existence."

"But, Thakur," the young American woman protested, "it is said that Sarah ultimately became jealous of Hagar and even drove her away. I don't see how this exalted anybody's existence!"

Thakur smiled softly. "But from Sarah's son, Jacob, came Christ the benevolent Blessing of Providence. From Hagar's son Ishmael, came Mohammed—the Servant of Survival. Did They not heighten the glow of Providence? Were They not the super-sonorous urge of Heaven?"

"Anyway, Thakur," another youth interrupted, "the legendary past is of less concern than the immediate present. Today, civil law in almost every country, and canon law in many, recognizes monogamy and divorce."

"Yet I feel," Thakur responded, "that virtuous, contented, compatible monogamy is always the bliss that heaven adores. For it ordains by norm and nurture the birth of progeny of greatness. Whereas, divorce is always a civil adjustment of beastly ballot giving legal sanction to debauchery with a fantastic chase of man and woman in a fickle, passionate crave. It indulges against the chaste go of life to create ill-fated progeny."

"But, Thakur, don't you feel there are times when divorce is required on grounds of ordinary humanity? When one of the partners is oppressed or neglected, the wife has no alternative but to seek divorce even though her love remains."

Thakur's eyes seemed to widen. "Have you ever seen in the scripture of love to fly away from beloved? No, no, no! Blessed love never likes any contradictory action against the beloved, for love flows with every compassion: and what is more, it binds the beloved with a tie of immortal adherence!"

"Then you don't approve of divorce under any circumstances? Even when the life together is nothing but conflict and sorrow for themselves and their children?"

"Physical separation in extreme incompatibility with a repenting, self-controlled, patient forbearance and a scrutinizing search for solution may, as a last resort, relieve conflict and sorrow,"

Thakur observed. "Yet, I believe, divorce is ever an awful insult to humanity—especially to the progeny. It condemns one's heart to hardness and loosens the noble, sentimental greed for life, turning the people and the progeny uncharitable. It cherishes in the inner core of intelligence a filthy morale that scatters in the environment. So, I feel it is a sin. The satanic solution that deprives existence of good and Godliness and loses the prop of concentric zeal which lies in the bosom of nature!"

The American girl frowned. "Then, Thakur, well . . . well, what of those like us who are already divorced . . . and our children . . . do you feel we are doomed?"

Hope radiated from Thakur's eyes. "To think 'all is determined' or any man is doomed is an outrage to terminate God the Infinite, the all-merciful Almighty. I understand that good and bad do exist. The strong mind, aware of the bad, makes the good flourish. So, I think, that in any society where divorce rolls on, making the marital relation unrighteous, and the mates unreliable props of life to each other . . . in such cases, and particularly in the union of previously divorced couples . . . if the dislike is to be dislocated, they should cleave together with love for Beloved the Lord, ever trying in the way of His love to chastise, mould and appease each other with forbearance, sympathy and understanding, in happiness, sorrow and suffering. Further, while ignoring the villainous tyranny of divorce, they should also teach their children to ignore it too—except in cases of shameful adultery. They should train their offspring to select their mates with every righteous,

careful observation and then be united in sacred, unbreakable wed-lock."

Thakur's voice became more compelling. "So I say again: Do resolve! Be not shaken! Be not detached. . . not divorced! Become the prop and pilot for life and becoming. Forbear and suffer for the welfare of each other with a coupled go of love for your Lord. And, being strict to ignore and abhor the divorce system in society with your heart, brain and soul, let your children enjoy their parents with every loving, evolving push. Surely, in making them blessed, you shall be blessed and all will enjoy the glimpse of heaven!"

After a few moments of silence, Thakur stood up in the flickering light of the lantern and suggested, "Let us go over by the tree." The group arose and followed him in the darkness.

CHAPTER II

ON BIOLOGY AND BECOMING

When Thakur had taken his seat under the vine-encrusted banyan tree, one of the young American visitors observed, "You describe the possibilities of family life as 'a glimpse of heaven'. However, Thakur, in many families, even those without any history of divorce, the home is rather distant from the picture you describe. All parents in America seek happiness in marriage; they desire loyal, intelligent children who might bring credit to themselves and their family. Yet, often it seems that we have failed somewhere. The children are given the best education that money can provide health, opportunity... nothing has been left out. Yet, many times the children neither utilise those opportunities, nor do they develop in the way we hoped. On the other hand, it is found that children who have had much less opportunity do achieve and contribute far more to family and society. When I seek for a cause, I become confused. Then I end up either blaming fate or giving credit to luck."

Thakur nodded, "I say, don't ignore the law of begetting which requires that traditional flow of characteristics that contributes to life's becoming and transmits through the matching of similar heritage to sprout into hereditary specifications which generate finer feeling and instinct. If this is ignored, one commits a suicidal offence which gradually affects family, state and society with a

mongrel manifestation. Then, a luring whistle of passionate dream infects every heart and home—educated or illiterate—with a dissipated, luxurious go.”

“Perhaps that kind of degeneration is the fate of all civilizations, Thakur. In fact, one philosopher has suggested that civilization itself is a disease that is inevitably fatal.”

Thakur shook his head. “No doubt, when civilization ignores the eugenic, uphill evolution of existence, then non-virile intelligentsia, lacking valour, traditional traits and far-sightedness, and infected by injudicious unrestrained passion, often contaminate the majority of the people to roll down with vulgar steps. Then, I think, civilization is attacked with the disease that diminishes it to insignificance. But, if one protects his family and civilization through proper, compatible marital ties that nurture the various, distinctive genes so as to maintain an evolving efficiency, then, I say, hearts do upheave and civilization does soar in a growing expansion eternally.”

“Thakur, that sounds all right,” the young woman remarked, “but human eugenics flies in the face of a democratic way of life. Fundamental to democracy is the free choice of not only one’s rulers, but also one’s marriage partners—regardless of eugenic compatibility. This free choice is considered a basic premise in man’s inalienable right to the pursuit of happiness.”

“Yet, it is my belief,” Thakur explained, “that incompatible marriage often makes the morale of morality lame and lurid. Family and society then sigh in the tussle of conscience and

consequence. Whereas, stable, well-cleaved eugenic life that sprouts from the matching of bio-psychic compatible mates is truly the pursuit of happiness which shines with brilliance to beget progeny of talented glory surrendered at the feet of heaven. Is not this the fundamental of happiness in family, society and state?"

"Perhaps it is, Thakur," the woman agreed, "but what do you mean by bio-psychic compatibility? How can one recognize incompatibility?"

Thakur nodded. "I have seen that certain organic compounds fulfil specialities of others when combined, while some combinations become unstable or malformed, their original qualities are lost due to electric maladjustment. Similarly, the individual characteristics, family traditions and traits of wife, if not fulfilling and nurturing to the husband, break the original tenor and tune of each. Often, to blunt and distort the nervous system of the offsprings and make them repugnant to their ancestral culture, sentimentally peevish and stubbornly unbalanced. Whereas, proper bio-psychic matching makes the inherent, instinctive tendencies of both complements and fulfil one another to beget mighty off-shoots of spontaneous, intuitive, educative traits."

The girl shook her head. "I still don't understand bio-psychic traits, Thakur. Everyone has literally millions of traits and even these vary at different ages and under different circumstances. The possible permutations and combinations are almost infinite and to judge which fit and don't fit is practically impossible."

"At least," Thakur observed sympathetically,

“don’t support or nurture the matching of a woman of ancient, noble, cultured gradation with a man of more recent one—however brilliant he may be. I believe such unions fuse in fragile frailty, disrupting the delicate characteristics of each and almost inevitably beget progeny that integrate in a devilish distortion who, in turn, drag society down to the boisterous hell of disintegration.”

The white-haired, scholarly visitor smiled. “Havelock Ellis has remarked somewhere that Lady Chatterley would not have been a happy wife to her peasant lover. This observation seems to agree with your idea, Thakur. However, the problem remains: A democratic society cannot accept any class distinction or recognize superior or inferior. They feel it smacks of vanity and arrogance.”

“I don’t understand arrogance or vanity, but what I see I say. I observe that each person is a unique empire of Providence, and to goad him from his normal trail of aptitude is to outrage the path of his instinctive existence. Thus, you lose an empire for yourself, your society and your state. Then, the echo of that lost existence comes back as suffering to rupture the roll of life with an indolent dullness. This is why I say: Don’t declare or do what you do not like for yourself. Don’t make another a loser and don’t be a loser yourself by demolishing the definite, distinctive arrangement of existential evolution that draws us toward the draught of existential elixir.”

The girl’s forehead wrinkled. “But...but, Thakur...doesn’t the definite arrangement of evo-

lution stand upon the premise of equality? Don't you believe in equality?"

"I don't believe," Thakur explained, "that the conception of equality can create intelligence, because it seldom differentiates one from another. Often it creates a fantastic, foggy conception with a frivolous, dull exposition that dwindles the interested go. But, I like the sense of equitability—the capacity to distinguish between similarity and sameness—that generates fellow-feeling and sympathy."

"But, Thakur, do differences make for fellow-feeling? Generally, it is just the opposite."

Thakur shook his head. "Just think: if all had been equal, then the feeling of 'I' as different from others would never exist. If there were no 'you' there could be no 'I'. That is why I feel that though the urge for existence is one, the process of existence is many. Hence, each unique existence can only acquire from another life entity a meaningful, piling adjustment of knowledge through his own distinctive aptitude."

"What on earth do you mean by 'distinctive aptitude'?"

"I understand," Thakur began, "that each being comes into this world with specific, instinctive characteristics handed down through generations—the immortal necklace of germ cells. It is through this individual distinctiveness that man's existence is upheld and through it he finds, and ultimately feels, the underlying unity in creation. In a word, he then reaps the harvest of existential pro-

ficiency. On the other hand, to break or belittle this trail of instinctive, normal aptitude through ignorant nurture or incompatible marriage is to make the inner man suffer in a passionate, slavish, suicidal trap. In a word, he reaps the harvest of hellish deterioration."

"Then, Thakur, you have to give more importance to one individual than another!"

Thakur shook his head emphatically. "But I believe that no man is less important than another in the field of his normal aptitude, be it philosophy, administering or farming. I understand that every aptitude is provided by Providence to further the fulfilment of existence. So I say: don't minimize the labour or skill of anyone, but keep open the way for each distinctive aptitude to maintain and evolve with active enthusiasm and determination. Thus, insure the evolving life of everyone—yourself, your neighbour, your society and state."

"Do you actually feel that's possible and still maintain the ideal of democracy, Thakur?"

Thakur said, "Just face the fact both analytically and synthetically with earnest inquisitiveness and wistful intellect. Seek for the common factor and nurturing mechanism in each and every existence. Thus, acquire and systematize a knowledge that includes all differences and similarities, actions and inter-actions. Surely, you will distinguish through graduated perception, the shining door where varieties and variations meet in the universal, all-wise entity. And even more, you shall embrace the goal of man: the Democracy that is Divine!"

The elderly scholar became thoughtful. "Thakur, a number of groups in various parts of the world have sought to find ways and means to apply eugenics to man. Few, if any, have had any success. Human eugenics, I'm afraid, is a field that at one time offered much promise, but has produced very little practically."

"Still," Thakur softly insisted, "it is my faith that though we fail a thousand times, yet when one favourable point that fulfils life's hankering to evolve is discovered, it allows thousands of individuals to gain. So, why worry or mutter of inability or unsucccess? Why not exercise and administer to gain that point even amidst the thousand failures that cry around you?"

The visitor smiled. "As a matter of fact, Thakur, a prominent contemporary physician in America has recently suggested that each individual maintain a record of the history of the diseases in his family as an aid to diagnosis and to the understanding of the place of heredity in diseases."

Thakur's head bobbed up and down in agreement. "Surely, if each and everyone maintained accurate genealogical records over generations with brief notes of specific characteristics, health and occupational history, it would help to lead to a solution."

"Still, Thakur..." the young woman's brow was puckered up, "this emphasis on heredity, on distinctiveness...somehow it just doesn't seem right. It places a kind of limitation on us as free children made in God's image. We might have limitations. But, to emphasize them...to...to in-

sist upon them, denies democracy and even belittles our faith in God, don't you think?"

Thakur's voice was gentle. "I think that if one desires to go beyond the limitations imposed by nature, he has no choice but to go through them. It's why I feel a man must stand upon those distinctive traits bestowed on him by heredity and nature. Then, through devoted adherence and sustained effort to fulfil his Lord, Who is the Fulfiller of each according to his characteristics, he eventually comes to realize the universal One. He extends that original line indefinitely—like a parabolic curve."

The wrinkles in the forehead of the girl seemed to soften as Thakur continued, "In our scriptures it is said a menial or a king can know Brahma, but not by discarding his instinctive traits, rather by standing on them. Such realized persons are true Brahmans and men have always worshipped them. This is why I feel each of us must stand upon our own distinctive characteristics, for only then can we keep the way to further evolution open. Only then we know no end to our possibilities. For as God is the source of unlimited energy, so is man if we maintain intact our link with the Source. For God did create man after His own image."

The girl had grown more thoughtful. "Still, Thakur, there's another problem. Who's to judge what the distinctiveness of a particular person is? And even more, how to know which distinctiveness of what man is compatible with which distinctiveness of what girl...well, it seems terribly complicated."

Thakur nodded and said, "I think that tabulated knowledge, scientific test, careful observation—the accumulated acumen that unfolds the matching point, who matches with whom producing what—will inevitably evolve accurate, existential standards. And when it is an experimented fact, everyone will follow, for do not all men seek their welfare?"

The young man who had been silently listening intervened: "Thakur, a western historian has observed that 300 generations cover the history of Western civilization and ten generations suffice to create fundamental changes. Further, he has suggested that a single generation represents a critical moment of history..." The youth glanced at his friends and then added, "...I was just wondering just how long you feel it would take before noticeable results were achieved by introducing some of these eugenic considerations into marriages. Often, the fact that biological change is so slow and imperceptible, it fails to secure widespread support or sympathy."

Thakur became thoughtful. "I think," he said finally, "if a community or country follows the law of begetting continuously for six to eight generations with an active, alert and conscientious urge, then the government of Providence will grow normally, the morals of the people will be maintained spontaneously and the breeze of becoming will blow a fragrance of freedom and liberty to all."

"Six to eight generations!" The girl's eyes widened. "Why, that's practically two hundred years. That's too long, Thakur."

A trace of a smile played on Thakur's lips as

he replied. "That's why I feel that now is the time to select and sow with care the seed of the tree that can bear the fruit which will flourish existence later. Then, it is sure, your future progeny will find that a glimpse of heaven on earth has appeared to them automatically. What is more, the heart of your posterity will flood with gratitude for your farsighted fulfilment of existence!"

"But, Thakur, this law of begetting. How to know where to start . . . how to begin?"

"Just teach your offspring when they select their mates to consider with a careful observation at least these aspects: compatible culture and conduct; health and hygienic go; hereditary diseases, physical and mental; compatible educational and occupational efficiency."

"Thakur, that doesn't sound so bad," the girl's face seemed re-assured.

"Merely this," Thakur continued, "I know, will begin to clear the way to make your society clean and chaste and permit Providence to provide progeny of compassionate intelligence, farsighted balance and with a wistful understanding of the profound in their traditional trail. And most of all, it will bestow the traits and treasures of Providence on your family, society and state."

Thakur leaned toward the Americans and there was naked appeal in his voice as he continued "Will you not do this? Can you not do this? You must do it, you must! It is but the altar of your becoming that will make your hearth and home the pride of all, and everyone's hearth and home a garland of your pride!"

Silence descended on the group and an attendant informed Thakur that it was time for his evening meal. As the group stood and watched him walk through the moonlight that sifted through the branches of the banyan tree, the dinner bell in the community kitchen sounded and the visitors thoughtfully turned toward it.

CHAPTER III

ON PROTESTANTISM: HERETIC OR HEAVENLY

The following day when Thakur was seated on the verandah of a tin-roofed building, the American visitors came and the serious, spectacled youth began. "Thakur, since last evening, we have been discussing about the Ecumenical movement in America. It is an effort to unite the Protestant churches. I have been active in it to some extent because many of us feel that people at home look to the Church in these trying times for new inspiration. Unfortunately, the sectarian quarrels often muffle the spirit of Christ and destroy much of the spiritual vitality of the Church. Attempts continue to achieve a practical unity around a common allegiance to Christ and some progress has been made. But it is so slow and tedious. Today, the gulf between the Christian brotherhood that Jesus envisioned and the superficial sympathy that many denominations profess for one another is considered by some to be the greatest single tragedy of our times. Do you feel there is anything that can speed up the process? What is it that blocks this almost universal desire for unity?"

Thakur grew thoughtful and then softly began. "I think that as men grow mutually interested through active service to the Lord, the necklace of pearls is threaded through. Sometimes, designing inferiority stands in the way. Perhaps there are those who seek to make the greater ones smaller

out of desire to establish themselves in preference to work for the Lord: '...let the Church be unified through us or let it remain apart...' Those who think like this find fault without sympathy and many times mark time until some hindrance is created. In a word, those who lack any creative and constructive urge, make it difficult to bring about a crystallised condition amongst men. Those who are affected by the faults in others, who don't develop the urge to remove them, who don't dream to make integrated and creative that which is on the way to disintegration; those who don't find pleasure in turning chaos into cosmos; in whom the slightest opposition or obstruction creates depression and breaks the creative imagination; who lack the stubborn courage to hold fast to the rudder... such men cannot unite and consolidate others."

"But, Thakur," the youth paused and scratched his head, "how many people are there without at least some of these failings?"

"No matter how few there are. If they become untotteringly adhered to the Lord; if they make unity amongst themselves; if they enhance the curative urge to serve and sympathize constructively; if with that urge for unification, they watch with vulture-like eyes for those things which are against unity and skilfully and ardently strive to remove them by the roots... well, then all things will automatically take care of themselves. Frequently, man is so foolish he doesn't appreciate that he can have everything so easily if he is normally active and interested in the Lord. Instead, he tries to satisfy his own selfish interest and establish himself at the cost of the Lord."

“But, Thakur,” the young man shook his head, “I don’t see what merely a few could possibly do. The effect of their activity on the huge and complicated problem would be insignificant.”

“The effects may be seen today or after a hundred years. Each feels it when he becomes active. Then His brightness will shine through unconsciously according to his distinctiveness. One’s eyes, movement, expression, behaviour... whatever is seen in Him is lodged in one’s brain in toto. So, the more you work out His words with responsibility, the more that deposited wealth goads you forward. You’ll be able to feel and enjoy each of His ways... the meaning, implied and expressed, will burst forth as you proceed on fulfilling Him for His sake. So I say to you: Never compromise with the common interest. It is the comrade of misery. And know it for sure that untottering, sincere adherence to the Lord does adjust passion and prejudice toward His worship and welfare where unity will swell with an uplifting smile.”

The American girl cleared her throat. “Thakur, I don’t agree with him,” she said pointing to her companion. “There are a lot of people who are attached or adhered to Christ. It just hasn’t brought unity, that’s all.”

Thakur smiled and nodded. “Even when attachment to the Lord exists, people entertain certain superstitions which arise out of complexes. They become isolated in them. It is only when a passion-pervading attachment becomes steady that one can break out of that inbred bubble of complex. Only then can one make all other peo-

ple one's own from the standpoint of the Lord. This is also true: that when a genuine attachment for the Beloved grows, then one can love and respect and maintain a harmony with the distinctive qualities of others while yet retaining one's own intact. No doubt, temperamental differences do exist. Invariably a person prefers those with similar temperament. But adherence to the Lord even expands one over this. It is for this reason, I think, that ordinary good people who lack the attachment also lack the sign of consolidation amongst themselves, though they do have some mutual understanding."

"That's interesting, Thakur, but the intensity you speak about ignores the innate selfishness in most of us."

Thakur shook his head. "Though those who have an intense desire for self-establishment and selfish enjoyment seldom are able to attain a unity; yet, the slightest attachment for the centre of union—the all-fulfilling Lord—does drag people together. For through this mutual association, each one's inclination, passion, nature, interest, superstition and desire are knocked. Men feel pain. But because all are tied primarily to that one Centre, nobody likes a single person to leave, for then the Lord's feelings will be wounded. It is in this way that intelligence grows; a sense of judgment, the capacity to forbear evolves and a sympathy for all develops unconsciously. Man becomes adjusted and misconceptions disappear. In spite of all the mistakes, temperamental differences and superstitions, each accepts the other as his own and learns to maintain the friendship intact through a

brotherly give and take. However, if there is no basic attachment, then each runs away at the first tiny clash."

The young man pondered and finally observed, "This may work out all right, Thakur, within a single denomination. But the problem is that the various churches are convinced that their own particular denomination expresses the intention and interest of Christ better than—or at least as well as—any other group. Perhaps, the root of the problem is whether one's loyalty is primarily to the particular church or to Christ?"

Thakur responded immediately, "I feel the church is the abode of the Lord—the active, inspiring Soul. Hence, to love the Lord and for Him alone to love His abode, is to be blessed with the grace of God that guides to unity. But, to love the Church and for it to love the Lord, is to be baffled with a tiny, flickering grace."

The long silent scholar leaned forward. "Thakur, there are other issues also. Many churches do recognize a primary loyalty to Christ, but the problem comes as to where and how to compromise with another group... which sacraments should be kept... which should be discarded... whose interpretation should be retained; whose authority would prevail and so on. In fact, these problems seem so subtle and so numerous, it many times seems that the possibility of solving them through either the grace of God or men is very distant indeed."

"Nevertheless," Thakur gently insisted, "I feel that the heart and mind which leans with craving love for the Lord to fulfil His wish and welfare,

do unfold an inner far-sightedness flushed with compassion and this does coordinate different interests, converts evil into good and death into life. This, I say again, is the destiny that Providence provides."

"What do you mean by inner far-sightedness?"

"Well, just see: by following the Lord how a coordination and far-sightedness comes! If you have such untottering attachment, then your thought, word, deed, muscle, nerve, blood . . . all are put to work at one place for fulfilling His purpose. Then it becomes easy to play the drum in four directions at one time. Memory becomes sharp. Nothing leaves the mind. Why, even the picture of the person required for some work comes in your mind immediately and how he is to be approached. No opportunity is lost. The intelligence becomes sharp about all men and things in the environment . . . who is required and where . . . how and what can be utilized in which situation . . . what success can be achieved where and by whom, through whose association and what application. All these things play a symphony in your brain. This, I feel, is how a single individual is able to do a million works. Also, such a lover of the Lord is always cautious as far as possible to nurture and fulfil each person according to his instinctive characteristics and requirements. For only in this way can you make another feel you as his own. This is the way an ordinary man finds he can make the impossible possible through ordinary people. Yes, this is the kind of work, the kind of institution, church or movement that can really be call-

ed an organization. And its very soul, its blood and bone, is unity—a Lord-centric purpose. In a word, if you are roused to the Lord and actively interested in establishing His interest and inspiring others likewise, well, I say that consolidation of energy, will and purpose is inevitable. But if your own personality is not adjusted, integrated and fulfilling to the Lord, you won't be able to create adjustment or integration amongst others."

The girl restlessly cleared her throat. "Thakur, there's a point that's even more difficult: What's an ordinary layman supposed to do about all the tortured theological reasoning and hair-splitting of the theologians? It makes people like me give it all up as hopeless."

Thakur shook his head. "Don't be unbalanced or apathetic. Just imbibe your Lord in yourself with eager volition and sympathetic sustenance. Tolerate all who wish to love Him. Thus tune yourself with Him through skilful, inquisitive activity. Always keep Christ untwisted with a thirsty zeal and open-hearted, fulfilling eagerness. Administering yourself and others in this way with a sober manipulation, infuse Him into everyone through your voice, behaviour and service. I know you shall carry all to Him—to One. For this unflinching acceptance which makes you glow with heavenly bloom will draw hellish hearts heavenward with a thundering pull!"

The girl became thoughtful and finally observed. "Thakur, you make it sound so easy, I'm almost ready to be convinced. The trouble is that later on when we're a long way away, the doubts

will come back again. How is it possible to keep the conviction that I have here now?"

Thakur smiled. "I think, to be convinced and have conviction are not the same thing. Conviction isn't achieved unless it's built upon one's existence. Understanding is not firm without this conviction. Now you understand, but later some counter considerations come. You can't stand in an inimical environment when contrary thoughts come. But, when conviction really exists, no doubts can stand in the way. Then you can face anyone. Then logic and intellect burst forth. You may not receive intellectually the subtle implications of some particular way of your Lord, but your faith is immovable. You know that whatever your Lord does is for the greatest benefit of the individual and the collective existence. This faith gives the necessary intelligence and logic at the needed time. But, you must not give latitude to any words, thoughts and deeds that go to slacken faith. Not even in joke. Such sloppy ways, words, deeds and associations do a lot of harm to one unconsciously. You cannot realize the harm until a crisis comes. Perhaps in ordinary times you may be all right, But in the battlefield of pursuing the Lord where you must face tremendous obstacles, dangers, sufferings, pains, self-denials, suppression of desires and passions—there, you may collapse and back out. You cannot hold your head high nor stand firm for your Lord where there are any 'ifs', 'ands' or 'buts' within you."

"Gee, Thakur, such an absolute dedication to Christ is beyond the capacity of ordinary people like me." The girl seemed to slouch a little. "That

kind of dedication is for the priests, the padres and those people who have given their all for Christ."

"But, I think," Thakur said steadily, "to rely on others to serve your Lord is an erroneous belief that belittles you and your Lord. What is more, Christ has said, . . . 'ye are to be perfect, even as thy Father is perfect. . . .'"

Thakur turned to speak with some newly arrived visitors and the Americans conversed quietly amongst themselves.

CHAPTER IV

POPE: PRINCIPAL OR PREJUDICE

When most of the people had drifted away, Thakur looked quizzically at the American visitors who were engaged in earnest argument. His glance prompted the serious, spectacled youth to observe: "Thakur, we're talking about the fact that even if all Protestants united in Christ, still the gulf between the Catholic and Protestant would remain. Particularly, the Catholic feeling of a necessity for the presence of an intermediary between themselves and God. This is completely contradictory to the faith in the 'priesthood of all believers' of the protestants. We feel no necessity to depend upon anyone but God."

Thakur's head shook slightly. "But I think that man's very existence depends upon others. I feel that if there is somebody as thou, and if there is a tension due to the urge to fulfil Him, then our sensitiveness and receptivity increase and from this we grow."

"But, Thakur, can't that 'thou' be God?"

"I fear there is always the danger of being overwhelmed by vanity and passion without some embodied attachment," Thakur explained. "I think that our libido—that innate tendency toward unification—always seeks something to which to attach itself: mother, teacher, Lord. And it is through such an attachment that man grows."

The American girl shook her head. "Still, I

can't understand why that can't be the almighty spirit of God."

"But I don't understand God without man," Thakur answered. "Even if He exists, I can't understand what I have to do with Him. When I speak of God, I think of One in Whom the qualities of Omnipotence, Omnipresence and Omniscience are alive. We think of a kind man when we speak of kindness. Where can kindness exist but in a kind person? And how can we feel it?"

"What's the practical difference to us whether we think of the quality or the man?"

Thakur smiled, "I don't feel there is much life or juice unless there be a living, embodied personality and we have adherence to Him. Then, we achieve wonders for His satisfaction and acquire newer and newer qualities. Why? Because, when our love holds Him supreme in our life, we don't feel sufferings but move on and on for Him. Thus our evolution takes place unconsciously. This is the reason I stress attachment to the Lord. So, let your God be absolute, but don't ignore the material embodiment through whom He evolves to you. Otherwise, it can be vanity."

"What about idols, Thakur? Would you call them embodiments?" The girl's voice seemed almost frightened.

Thakur's eyes twinkled. "I think that man is seldom an idolater, but the remembrance of the beloved Lord is carried through His picture and His image. Since man cannot forego his love and admiration for Him, he likes to bring His remembrance from the immemorial past into the memor-

able present with devoted obeisance. Is this an offence? Is this a blockade of culture? Love replies: 'No'! Regard and reverence echo: 'Such a man is no idolater, but an Ideal-ater.'

The youth with dark eyes smiled cynically. "It may be easier to understand qualities this way, Thakur. But generally it's seen that the only utility of idols for many is to furnish a place to put flowers and sprinkle holy water."

Thakur shook his head and said, "But worship does not mean to merely adore with flowers and sprinkle with holy water. Rather, I feel it means to care for His interest, fulfilment and protection with tactful skill. It means to make oneself sharp and useful through intelligent discernment and service so as to become worthy and able to nurture life and combat evil. To neglect this, I think, is to make the worship impotent, disintegrating to oneself and to the object of one's worship. So I say to you: always make your worship alive with enthusiastic, active earnestness."

"Aside from this so-called idolatry, Thakur," the older woman observed, "a point that is even more upsetting to Protestants is the blind allegiance which Catholics have for their Pope."

Thakur looked at her steadily. "I feel that he who follows freely the Christ in every act, with all his senses is a man with allegiance to Christ. He who demonstrates such allegiance to Christ, I think, is the Pope normally, though he has no greed for it."

"But, Thakur . . ." the younger girl's eyes widened, "Thakur, they call him the Holy Father! Don't you think that's going too far?"

Thakur's eyes twinkled. "But, I believe that with all the beating urge of love, such a Pope always speaks of Christ and seldom of himself, and through this love for the Lord, he loves all the people and sows all of Christ in them. So, I think that sanctity runs through his whole being and radiates to all. Can he not be called the holy father?"

"But, Thakur, they worship the Pope as if he were God!"

"I don't think the Pope can ever be God," Thakur replied, "but such a Pope can administer the love of God."

"Thakur," the girl's voice was plaintive, "after all, don't you feel the Pope is a fallible human being? Yet they insist their Pope is infallible!"

Thakur's voice was firm. "He may be fallible or infallible. But such a Pope speaks with the mouth of Christ, hears with the ears of Christ and sees with the eyes of Christ. Surely, it is only he who is organized in Christ who can organize many normally.

The ensuing silence was heavy with thought. Finally, the girl said vigorously. "All right, Thakur. But the Protestants believe no man is better than another. If not equal biologically, at least all are equal in Christ. That's why our Churches are democratic!"

"The Church may be democratic in the sense that Christ is and was the interest of all according to traditional distinctiveness." Thakur responded. "All men too, may be equal in Him. But, has any man equalled Christ?"

Before a protest could be made at this equivocation, Thakur pulled a pillow under his arm

and leaned intimately toward the group and added, "Why is it that we love Christ? Isn't it because He possesses the divine love that wells up the existence of every being? And this, I think, He has imbibed in all His being because He loves Him, the Supreme Father—the Source of all fathers. Further, since 'church' means 'belonging to the Lord,' it is the abode of Christ. Then, how can His Church be democratic when it is guided by His tidings and not by the votes of the people? What is more, if this were not so, then, I believe, Christ and His tidings will saunter away with a tearful, sorrowing salute. And one who has no Christ, has nothing. Unable to adjust himself, he scatters with passionate feats, living like a vacant vagabond, a lazy worshipper of a useless Godhood."

The following silence was finally broken by a long sigh. The girl shook her head. "Thakur, if Christ is so vital, why didn't he make us love Him? If God is omnipotent, why did He make it so difficult?"

Thakur smiled and said, "I think that along with man, God created servants or complexes for him. And though He created man, He has no control over men's desires. As He is a self-sufficient entity, so also, He has left all in the same condition. He has given no less endowment to anyone. Man is free to utilize these possessions in any way he chooses. He may move toward Him or he can ignore and disown Him...turn his back on Him and run after his passions and complexes. Then, instead of servants, they become his masters and make him enjoy the world in

their fashion. Thus, the more the son of God subjects himself to his servants, the more he moves toward the jaws of death and forgets the source from which he came. This can easily be realized in the world around us. Having been born of the father, the child has the liberty to go against his wishes. But, if in spite of this liberty, he doesn't take advantage of it and instead follows his father with an urge for good, I believe, he profits...often in unexpected ways. Similar is the case with humanity in general. The more we move toward the Source, the more good we acquire. And this I believe: he who ignores the Source, ultimately is deprived of all re-sources."

"Still, Thakur," the girl murmured, "I don't see why when Christ is so all-loving and God so powerful, He gave us the freedom to move against Him. After all, this is the main reason for all our sufferings."

"Love does not and cannot ever grow out of coercion," Thakur immediately answered, "and even if it could, it wouldn't bring any joy. I feel that when man ignores the possibility of an unregulated, passionate move and proceeds of his own accord toward the Lord and God through a willing bondage of love and with a mastery over his complexes, then this love is enjoyable to both. Only then the thrill of divine purpose can be tasted. Otherwise, like an automaton with no alternative and in a torrent that swamps feeling, if man is dragged to the so-called good it no longer remains good."

"Why?"

"Because," Thakur explained, "the feeling that develops through concentric love, the conflict

between good and evil, self-adjustment and the power of placing things properly are absent. These qualities do not grow. Thus, men could not evolve. Enjoyment would not exist. Even more, if this freedom were not present, then firmness of character, will power and personality would not develop..."

"...but, Thakur," the girl hardly waited for him to end, "why does Christ ignore us even when we pray to Him?"

Thakur smiled lovingly and said, "Christ said, '...blessed is he who is repelled by nothing in me ...' and again, 'he who takes me as a good man gets a good man's reward...' I feel, Christ is eager to give, but if we don't do for Him, if we don't seek His will, then our receptivity cannot grow. Then, even though He gives, we are unable to receive. It is only by doing His will that the way to receive is opened. See, there are so many lights on in the yard. But, if I close my eyes, will I be able to see the light? At least, we have to open our eyes. However much He may love us, we won't feel it unless we love Him and move to fulfil His will. That is why I feel that when we move against the intention of the Lord—the Principal of our existence—then, we feel He ignores us. But, I tell you: truly, truly, truly, He is always all-loving!"

The girl shook her head. "Yet, however sincerely one tries, it is very difficult to know what His intention is in any particular situation."

"Just love Christ for His sake in your words, deeds and thoughts," Thakur's eyes became radiant. "Just accept all true Prophets as anoint-

ed Advents. Serve and follow him who fulfils and follows Christ in every thought, word and deed according to the needs of this age. This will surely inspire you with His intention automatically."

"Oh, Thakur," the elderly woman protested, "does loving Christ for His sake mean that we must love other Prophets, too?" There was a startled look in her eyes. "Don't you feel this is a kind of immoral neutrality, a lack of sincerity to Christ Himself?"

Thakur's head shook slowly. "Be aware," he cautioned, "if in the garb of love for Christ, with a pride of knowledge and a desire to envelop the existential gleam of Others with a dusky self-conceit, you ignore or belittle any One of Them, then, I feel, you will deprive yourself of Their tidings that can thrive existence. Your love will be partialized, humanity will not gather to ractise those tidings. Remember, it is partialized love that pollutes prejudice to the people with every vanity. It turns them away from the tidings that can adjust traits, temperament and culture toward a pious becoming to One. Thus, all mankind is deprived. Then, and then alone it is that you deprive yourself and all the people; for a murky gloom with a fluent flow begins to cover all in vanity."

Thakur leaned toward the visitors and his voice became ardent with appeal: "So I say: Do love Christ for the sake of Christ. Think all true Prophets as Christ and follow and fulfil him in whom Christ lives with meaningful adjustment.

This, I believe, is the essence of Christianity for the world!"

"...follow one who fulfils Christ, Thakur..." The young American girl's eyes were puzzled. "Where to find him? How to recognize him?"

Thakur's eyes held the girl's relentlessly as he spoke: "When you find one who speaks of Christ with the pride of faith and becomes restless with pleasure and humility when he speaks of His kindness; who calls and embraces all with His love... a love that bursts spontaneously from his every word and deed; who knows no rest unless he be lost in His love—then, I say: know it for sure that Christ lies blazing in him and that love which flows from his heart inspires limitless lives to self-elevation, progress and peace!"

"Thakur," the serious young man said, "she didn't ask when but asked where?"

"Christ has said," Thakur responded immediately, "seek and ye shall find. Knock and it shall be opened unto thee..."

The elderly visitor intervened, "Thakur, there's a question that has long disturbed me though it is off the subject. Why, if Christ is omnipotent, didn't He save Himself? Or at least, why didn't his Father?"

A gravity came in Thakur's face. "I only know that His object is always to live and help live. When He has to work on this plane of existence, He must do so through His human form and within the limits of time and space. Even more, I know His will is infallible and He is bound to fulfil His mission and is never unsuccessful in any of His efforts. What seems a

failure is used by Him in a way that pushes His purpose of existential love forward. He moves on until His goal is achieved and there is perfect harmony in His desire, the need and the law.”

Darkness had descended and from the fields the howling of dogs in the distance seemed to proclaim the advent of man in the darkness.

CHAPTER V

ON PROPHETS AND PROPHECIES

After their evening meal that day the visitors returned to Thakur in the yard of Boral Bungalow. "Thakur", the elderly man observed after they were seated, "how did you get such an expansive conception of religion? You almost make one feel there is a possibility to overcome the static conceptions that tend to divide rather than unite."

"I feel," Thakur began, "the clue to real religion concentrates in the character and conception of the Love-Lord. It can be realized only through a concentric zeal, love and service to Him, the Universal individual. After all, each Advent, Avatar, Son and Friend of God are the same, though in different embodiments. Their tidings are of the same tune, though in accordance with the age. So, refute none, though you follow One. To do so, I believe, is a curse on the followers and blasphemy to the Prophets."

"Blasphemy, Thakur? You make it sound terrible."

Thakur's eyes became quizzical. "Since Providence provides the Prophets and Prophets profess the law, and further, since the only way to achieve is to follow and fulfil Them, then, is not conflict and animosity with any of Them a blasphemy, a satanic proclivity?"

"You keep insisting all the time that the Prophets are the same," the young woman said. "Per-

haps they are. But why in their profession of the law did they so often proclaim contradictory things?"

"Though the Prophets are One," Thakur explained, "two aspects, divine and discrete, always exist. The divine is eternal, universal and invariable. The discrete varies according to time, place and circumstance. So, specific situations may mould the creed in many forms, yet the law and basic principle of uplift always twinkle in equal radiance."

"What are those laws and principles that are equal in all?"

"I feel, to uphold, nurture and protect existence with an apt resistance to evil are the four attributes of divinity. There, God smiles with every blessed bliss. Further, I believe that love—the nectar of the Omnipotent, dwells in every heart."

"Love, Thakur?" the serious youth intervened. "Right here there's confusion. The theme of the Hebrew Prophets and Mohammed was fear of God's wrath; while the basic principle of Christ's faith is joy in God's love. Don't you find these different and more than just a question of time, place and circumstance?"

Thakur shook his head as he replied. "I feel that fear and hope lead the mind to knowledge. Then, mercy and love lead to achieve. All Prophets made love prominent and a basis for their teaching; for it leads us to achieve and sublimate our souls normally. Thus in the Tidings of the Hebrews it is said: '...Love is the beginning and the end of the Torah...' and Mohammed has

said: . . . 'if you love Allah then follow Me and Allah will love you. . . .' So, don't ever slur any Prophet with a delimiting imposition, lest it lure you to be fixed in unhealed fixity."

Unconvinced, the youth insisted, "But the way Christ, Buddha and Krishna emphasized love makes me feel there is certainly a difference in quality if not in content."

"See," Thakur said pointing toward the moon in the eastern sky, "the moon that rises tonight is the same moon that rose yesterday and will rise tomorrow. After a few days, that half moon will appear to us as a full one. Yet, the full moon we shall see is really the same as the half moon we see now and the same moon that rises every night. It is only from our view that it seems larger or smaller. Practically, it doesn't change its size at all. Every night it's the same moon. So it is with Advents, Prophets and Son of God. Though They are complete in Themselves, yet They show it according to the situation, the time and the place. Remember, He is always unlimited and according to the devotion and the attitude of the followers, a particular aspect appears prominent."

"Thakur, still there is that statement of Christ's: ' . . . none come to the Father but through Me. . . .' This makes it difficult to accept other Prophets."

Thakur replied, "But 'Christ' means 'the Anointed.' Hence, all real Prophets are Christ, since They are anointed with the love of the Supreme Father that dwells in the life-spirit of every being. This is the reason I feel, Christ declared:

‘...I am before Abraham was...’ as well as ‘...none come to the Father but through Me’...”

A thoughtful silence ensued until the young man with spectacles remarked, “Thakur, we were discussing at suppertime about the comment of the great contemporary historian, Toynbee, that perhaps a new universal religion might come from Asia, possibly from India...” The young man paused and his companion intervened, “Thakur, Christ said that as lightning cometh out of the east and shines unto the west, so shall be the coming of the son of Man. Some people say that in this age of nuclear bombs, we now live in an apocalyptic age. Even some remark about the fact that all the great religions predict a saviour to come. The Hindus wait for Kalki Avatar; the Buddhists pray for Maitreya; the Mohammedans for Muntazar; the Christians look for Jesus’ second coming and the Jews still seek for their Messiah.”

“...Thakur, what they’re trying to ask is that if the Saviour is to come, when will He come?” the young woman insisted. “They want to know what you say.”

Thakur’s voice grew grave. “I believe it is when ominous tyranny tutored with hellish hoe through pythonic push of desire, reigns with ramming blow; when life grinds and groans with gnaw of despair; when soul rebels and sobs with panting urge; then, I feel, blissful God comes down with His stretching arms.”

“God comes down...? How does He come, Thakur?”

“As I understand,” Thakur explained, “the

Son of God, the sudden mutation, is invoked by the anguished, concentrated urge of the people. He then is conceived and born as the Prophet. He is, I believe, the miracle in flesh and blood Who shoots from above for the people below."

"Gee, Thakur," the young woman remarked, "there are an awful lot of people all over the world who are weeping and crying and afraid. Do you think He's come already? If He has where has He come?"

"Perhaps," Thakur said softly, "He sits to-day, gorgeously simple, wisely foolish, normally normal, in some neglected corner of the world and with an atom bomb of love in His hand."

"There're so many neglected corners in the world, Thakur. Isn't there something more that helps to recognize Him?"

"When you see One Who fulfils all knowledge in the traditional trail according to time, place and circumstance with a meaningful synthesis of the divine and discrete in His words and deeds, then you can know that He is not false, not futile. Rather, He is the embodied Fulfiller, the Best, the Superior Beloved, Who fulfils and nurtures the distinctive traits of everyone. He is the Flood of Love, the Redeemer of Mankind!"

"...fulfils *all* knowledge...these meaningful syntheses of divine and discrete... these phrases are as hard to understand as the word God itself."

Thakur explained, "Though He lives in the world as an ordinary man with all the ways of man, he eats, sleeps, loves his parents, wife and children, feels pain and pleasure; yet, His normal, active attachment to the Source, His supreme

consciousness, manifests itself in His character in a normal way and guides Him at every moment. This is as natural and automatic to Him as respiration to ordinary men. He is normal in every way: ever unattached, yet all-attracting, the royal road to man's salvation. Further, it is my faith that all the Prophets converge and awaken in Him of the present. Love to Him is love to All in the worship of God. Yes, I say He is the Way, the Truth, the Light of Life!"

Long silence ensued. An attendant informed Thakur it was time for his meal and there seemed little more to be said. They bade him good-night and walked toward the guest house.

CHAPTER VI

ON DEVOTION—A PRACTICAL PROCESS

When the American visitors arrived early the following morning and took their seats beside Thakur, his affectionate glance seemed an invitation to continue their non-stop questioning. It was their last meeting before they would leave, and the elder man immediately queried. "Thakur, you explain all the various aspects and problems of life in terms of the Lord and devotion to Him. The problem is that this assumes that ordinary men have the capacity to love the Lord. Christ said that everything boils down to loving the Lord thy God with all one's heart, mind and strength and loving one's neighbour as oneself. And you seem to boil everything down to that too. The trouble is that this is easy to accept theoretically, not difficult to understand, but... well, in our modern world, the urgings of the flesh make us weak, however much the spirit is willing..."

Thakur smiled sympathetically and then quietly insisted, "Still, I feel the goal of life is to achieve a meaningful coordination between the Lord, the individual and the environment through an evolving, energetic volition. Also, I know there are three habits which inevitably bring this growing coordination."

"What habits, Thakur?"

"First," Thakur began, "is to make a daily, material oblation to your Lord before taking any

food. This practice, I believe is to the prime mover of existence and I call it *Istobrittty*."

"Secondly, to make a habit of exalting oneself toward the Lord through pious worship. This I call *Jawjon*."

"And finally, to become habituated in exalting others toward Him through pious works. This I call *Jadjon*."

"I believe that these three practices, *Istobrittty*, *Jawjon* and *Jadjon* if followed sincerely and continually will inevitably make any individual evolve that meaningful coordination with His Lord on the one hand and his environment on the other."

The young woman's eyes widened in surprise. "To offer something every day to the Lord, Thakur? The prime mover of existence? What does it all mean?"

"I think," Thakur began, "that by offering something materially every day to your Lord, energy is created. An attitude to fulfil Him is gradually induced. This makes Him prominent and inexorably adjusts the passions and desires toward a unified harmony and understanding. It helps to establish a relationship between your deeds and thoughts with your feeling of love. That's why I feel this daily, willing oblation or *istobrittty* unites individual effort with divine grace."

"How?"

"I feel that individual effort is the motor-nerve part," Thakur explained. "That is, you feel a great self-satisfaction through this expansion. Another thing, evolution is inevitable if

there is a genuine urge. But, urge without action or action without urge is not enough to attain the state of grace. If there be no urge for unity behind your activity, you only wade...you can neither soak your own mind nor the mind of others. But, when you daily offer food or money gained through your own effort for the maintenance of your Lord, the thought of Him Whom you serve and fulfil through the sweat of your brow arises automatically. In your heart, He becomes your very own. Just see how deep is the love of the mother who serves her children through her own labour and pain. This is why I believe that *Istobritty* nurtures practically a man's devotion to his Lord. The Lord becomes the Centre and unconsciously stimulates the man to relate everything he does with the Lord, thus bringing integration to all. If there be the number '1', the value goes on increasing as you add numbers to it...even zeroes."

"But, Thakur, how on earth can such a practice be maintained daily," the young woman's voice was filled with disbelief. "...continued day after day, month after month, year after year..."

Thakur smiled and said, "If you start with the same attitude you have toward your daily food, then it is possible. Generally, we don't know from where that food will come a month, a year or ten years hence. But, because of that, we don't stop eating. Just begin it now. Then start planning how you can do it each day. Remember, the primary thing is not the food nor the money for the Lord...neither is it the amount. The vital

point is the directed, practical manifestation of the urge to love and to give to Him out of that love. That is, we cannot feel happy without giving to Him...without feeding Him. This feeling creates energy within that makes one abler and abler. So I call it the prime mover of existence."

"Thakur," the elderly man asked, "What do you mean by exalting through pious worship?"

Thakur answered, "I believe that proper meditation can excite the inner thrill and so expand one's consciousness of existence."

"What do you mean by *proper* meditation?"

Thakur became thoughtful for some time, then said, "The continuous repetition of a particular word acts upon our central nervous system and increases the elasticity of the brain cells. Thus, the response which was beyond our comprehension, gradually becomes comprehensible. Further, those sensitized brain cells begin to adjust; so they not only respond, but also retain; they become receptive...of course, if one thinks deeply about Him through Whom the Name has been revealed—His desires, ideas and dicta."

"Oh, Thakur, I don't understand this at all!" The young woman shook her head in bewilderment. "This is completely foreign to our way of thinking."

Thakur continued patiently, "I think an impression is made in our brain by everything we see, feel, hear and think. Also, we have instinctive knacks and traits. According to the inter-action of these with the surroundings, our impressions and complexes react and store those reactions in vari-

ous chambers of our brain. Thus, the impulse of the environment is comprehended at a particular time according to the specific state of our body, conception and brain cells. The finer that state becomes, the more subtle becomes our understanding of the environmental impulse. Further, the impulse of whatever we do or want to do goes as a message to the brain where it is considered in, through and with all the conceptions already present there. After this consideration, our nerves and muscles are instructed accordingly. So, the more the sensitivity and power of reception of the brain cells are developed, the finer and deeper becomes our understanding and feeling of the external world and our internal impressions. By then making a correlation and adjustment between the external world and our internal needs, we gain in understanding and knowledge accordingly. At least, this is the way I understand it."

"Can one repeat any name and achieve this sensitivity, Thakur?"

"Yes, I think so," Thakur commented, "any name has some effect but I think that those sounds which produce a higher vibration... words such as Hring, Cling, Om, Hrong, Bhong and so on... the words which possess a creative force are more effective. That is, of course, if the repetition is done properly according to the instructions and under the guidance of a master."

"Thakur, this is really beginning to sound very esoteric. What in the world do you mean by sounds which produce a higher vibration?"

"I believe," Thakur explained quietly, "that subtle vibrations are created by the various actions

and interactions in our system. These vibrations create sounds which can be heard within if the brain cells are stimulated in a specific way. Such sounds arise in the consciousness in stages or gradations from grosser to finer. Through the induced mental stimulation from repetition, the brain cells become excited, combustion takes place in them. The result is that those impressions stored in the cells are released and appear in the consciousness in different forms: colours, essences, sounds and so on. Again, proper meditation generates heat, so in India it is called 'tapasya' (heat-process). As the indication of heat from an external source excites the brain cells and causes us to feel hot; so also, the pressure on the brain cells from this internal pressure causes excitation and creates heat."

"How does proper meditation create combustion in the brain cells? What does this mean?"

"When you break a sugar crystal between your teeth," Thakur answered, "you can find at times that a spark is emitted. The inter-cellular combustion caused by the pressure of proper meditation is like that. Various colours are emitted. Sometimes they are red, at times yellow and at other times green is prominent. As this internal pressure increases, the cells break out of their latent, static state and gradually increase in elasticity. The internal nervous system reflects this transformation as a vision, a colour or a light. Further, this radiating stimulus excites the auditory nerve centre and creates a sound accordingly. Thus, the consequent excitement of the auditory centre through the repetition of a word having the creative force causes one to hear some-

thing internally but without any external stimulation."

The elderly visitor showed obvious signs of interest. "Thakur, this is interesting, but I'm afraid such explanations wouldn't be appreciated by many of our theologians."

"I don't understand theology," Thakur began, "but I understand the Logos—the invoking urge of life which turns into being. It is the inherent stimulus in everything. . . in different ways and actions and with varied attributes. Further, I feel, to give life is to anoint the inner being of each cell with that Logos or stimulus or vibration."

"Stimulus, Thakur?" an Indian listener interrupted. "Your usage of that word is not too dissimilar to a comment of a modern young Soviet writer. One, V. Tendeyakov, has said that he doesn't imagine God as depicted on icons. To him, God is a sort of spiritual principle—the stimulus to the emergence of the galaxies, the stars, the planets and of everything that lives and reproduces on these planets—from the most elementary cells to man. This isn't too far away from your description."

"Thakur," the young American woman insisted, "but I think all you've said sounds something like yoga. That's not part of our western Christian tradition. The sitting cross-legged with eyes closed is a speciality of India, isn't it?"

Thakur shook his head. "But I understand the word yoga comes from the Sanskrit root 'uj' meaning to unite or attach. I feel that attachment to the Lord inevitably gives knowledge and power. So Christ said, "...my yoke is easy and my burden

is light...' which I understand means, '...let my yoga or attachment be in you and such devotion will make your burden light...' In a word, if I become attached to or interested in any object; if I think about it, analyze it and synthesize again, then knowledge about it increases. Crossing the legs, I think, merely concentrates the blood circulation in the upper part of the body and closing the eyes only minimizes disturbances."

"But why do they suggest to concentrate the mind at the root of the nose between the eyes? Do you believe there is a third eye as many mystics claim?"

"It often happens," Thakur responded, "that when a man is in deep thought, he unconsciously puts his finger there. I think it is often recommended to concentrate the mind on the third eye or pineal gland because by proceeding under proper guidance with the right practice of meditation, the base of the brain becomes excited. This excitement affects the pineal gland so that many suppressed impressions float up into the conscious mind. Then through work and activity, they are adjusted accordingly."

"Through work?" The young woman sounded disappointed. "Suppose one works a lot but doesn't meditate. What then?"

"Then, I think it is difficult for the unsolved thoughts and impressions in the sub-conscious and unconscious to be recognized and adjusted. This is why I feel the root of 'pineal' in English means, 'the pinnacle of supreme knowledge' or super-sensory perception."

"Still, Thakur," the elderly woman observed,

“I’ve heard that a million years spent repeating these mantras won’t bring a man to the pinnacle of supreme knowledge. Also, Christ has said: ‘...use not vain repetitions as the Gentiles do...’”

Thakur’s head bobbed up and down. “Yes, yes. Because, I think, there is no difference between the Name and Him Who has realized the Name. Ram, Krishna, Christ, Buddha...the Name connotes the entity of the Realized One. If He be not a true Master and if there be no real love or devotion to Him, then the Holy Name alone cannot be fruitful. This is why it is said that a million years repeating the Name cannot bring realization. Without devotion to the realized personality, it becomes mere *vain* repetition of empty phrases as Christ warned. Yet, this is also true: the exception Christ implied was *proper* repetition enjoined. For in the Lord’s Prayer He began. ‘...Hallowed be Thy Name...’ And if we don’t repeat It, how can It hallow us?”

“Thakur,” the young woman was hesitant. “Some people out here have told me that this meditation can completely upset one’s brain, that it is dangerous. Do you agree with that?”

Thakur smiled. “If that happens, it can be understood that the person did not know what meditation is. If there be no concentration; that is, if all the sentiments, emotions and thoughts are not combined and focussed at one Centre, then there is fixation. This can be dangerous to the brain. However, it is also true that improper exercise with gymnastic equipment can cause irreparable damage to the physical health. It is the same with mental exercises. Yet, this I know: if meditation is followed properly under the guidance of a master, then,

the benefits derived from it can be had in no other way."

The girl relaxed. "How to know this name, Thakur?"

"I understand," Thakur said, "that the bestowing of the Holy Name—the vibrating link of love—by the Master Who has realized It, is initiation. Literally, to 'go into' the Self. Hence, initiation to the realized master is the yoke to know his Name, the way 'to be born again'."

"All right, Thakur, then how to know a realized master?"

Thakur smiled at the girl's persistence. "Just seek with no preconceived idea, with humility and honest, independent thought and have an earnest, yearning heart. Be careful: He can never be tested on the touchstone of pride, but, as if torn by the horns of a ram, He can be rent into pieces by real humility."

"Thakur, you say that the daily offering or '*Istobritty*' makes one love the Lord and meditation unlocks the unresolved thoughts and suppressions in the sub-conscious. What else then?" The elderly man seemed eager.

"There's the third and vital aspect: to serve and exalt the environment toward the Lord."

"Why vital?"

Thakur answered, "I feel it is only through active service to the environment that various impulses are received which arouse various thoughts and feelings. Conflicts arise, judgments must be made and through this, different knots are untied.

Thus wisdom and experience expand until you can include everyone in your embrace, as your Lord does in His. This is why I feel that the last fragment of your worship is to seek out and find the difficulties of your environment and then solve and relieve them. Until and unless you finish that with love sympathy, I feel your worship is deaf, dull and dumb."

"But, Thakur," again disappointment shown on the girl's face, "always being busy with other people's problems would sort of make one's own meditation dumb and dull... one's concentration would be ruined, wouldn't it?"

Thakur shook his head. "No, I feel that if you ignore your environment, your life of devotion will not enrich but only impoverish your life. But, if you keep the fulfilment of the Lord as the link and enter into relations with the world around you more and more, then the greater you will be benefitted. It is only in this way that you become able to regulate different people, situations and objects for the fulfilment of the Lord. Even more, your personality expands and your love for the Lord becomes deep."

Thakur paused and his eyes became earnest. "Again I say: do follow these practices with an unbroken conscientious urge: *Istobritty*, the daily offering; *Jawjon*, meditation; and *Jadjon* or practical service to the environment. This alone can ensure that no barrier will remain between you, your neighbour and your Lord. And know, when your Lord, your neighbour and yourself fulfil one

another in a concord of uplifting exuberance that moves life upward, then perfection will reach to embrace you, it is sure. This surely is your birth-right and your goal."

"Thakur," the young woman sighed, "it's difficult to believe that merely these habits can make an ordinary person like me strong enough to achieve that goal that all men in every age have sought in vain..."

Thakur gently intervened, "...don't say you are timid or a coward! Don't say you are weak or evil-minded. Just look toward Him and pray fervently:

'Oh, I must invoke thy push of energy
To enable me by Thy grace
To adore Thee with restless, wistful service
In a concord with the environment.
Truly, I am Thy child
And within me there is no dullness, weakness or fear.
Never again, forgetting Thee
Will I run towards hell
With my back towards Thy light
Crying, 'darkness, darkness, darkness!'"

Thakur raised his arm and pointed toward the vine-encrusted tree: "Just see the habit of the creeper. You too entwine yourself around the tree of your master and your Lord. Exalt everyone with His tidings of life and growth in your word and deed. Bring something for him from wherever you roam and whatever you do, always repeating His holy name. Surely, surely I tell you: His kingdom and His will shall be done on earth even as it is in Heaven!"

To those Americans at that moment, the convincing sparkle in Thakur's eyes seemed to make that distant dream seem just a little closer. The sound of the car's horn that was to take them to the station was heard. One by one the Americans arose, bowed before him. Thakur raised his folded hands to his forehead. He lifted his head, affectionate longing flooded silently from his eyes as his gaze followed their departure down the drive toward the waiting car.

— .