

SHRI

SAI LEELA



Homage to Guru's Samadhi



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SHRI SAI LEELA

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LOOK WITHIN

Deeper than sin, deeper than evil, is goodness. There can be naught of evil, where there is God. Deep down, in the sea of the soul, are the unmovable rocks of wisdom and truth. On the surface, there may be the violent noise of hurrying winds of desire, tempests of seething passions, hours of evil and darkness. But the moment of Realization is omnipotent. It sweeps aside all manner of raging and rampant evil. It is like the effulgence of the sun, blasting all darkness. Therefore, even in the darkness, remember the light, even in the midst of opposing circumstances call upon the name of the Lord. He shall hearken to thy prayers. Greater power there is no other than the soul's own! one glimpse of the divinity within will help to dissipate sin and ignorance. Look ever within in essence, thou art free, thou art pure, thou art divine! claim thy heritage and live.

Editor

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EDITORIAL :

RENUNCIATION, COMPASSION AND SACRIFICE

Rantideva was an example of renunciation. Whatever he got, he used to give to others and at last remain hungry himself. Once upon a time he had nothing to take except water for about forty days, when somebody offered him some "Kheer" with ghee and water. After offering Pooja and Naivedya to God, his family was about to take the first morsal, but a guest came at that time. Rantideva was thankful to God for the arrival of guest. He offered food from the articles to him. When the guest was satisfied and went away, he, with his family again started to dine; but the day was a guest-day for him. As soon as the first guest went, a shudra appeared at the door, and when he was satisfied, and went away, a Chandala with his dogs came! When all the food was offered to the Chandala and his hungry dogs, Rantideva's family was again with only a pot of water. They would now drink water for the day when another one came, with great thirst! So, it was also given to the thirsty man!

A sage and a Scorpion

A sage was bathing in a river. Suddenly he saw a scorpion being carried away by waters. Thinking that the scorpion would

die in the waters, he stepped forward and picked it up, out of pity, but the scorpion stung his finger! What a pang! For a moment he thought of nothing else than his pain. The scorpion fell down from his palm and again began to be carried away! The pity of the sage was fathomless! He picked it up again the scorpion bit; but the sage took it to safe land. Asked by an observer why he persisted in that mad errand of saving an evil creature the sage replied—“See, the scorpion does not give up his own nature—than my nature is to help others! Why should I give mine up? Am I less than the scorpion?”

Pralhad :

“Slay him! Kill him! Take him away from my presence! Let him be done with in any way you like! He worships Narayana who is my enemy!” Cried out Hiranyakashipu to his guards. Pralhad—his son was a great devotee of Narayana, the Lord of Lords, and how can a demon tolerate this in his own house? On the 5 year old boy Pralhad, the guards ran with all kinds of weapons. The boy was having no weapon, no strength, except peace and Name of Narayana on his lips. He sat silent. No weapon could touch Him! He had surrendered himself to God. Fire could not burn him, nor could they kill him by throwing him down from a cliff. Such was his great sacrifice—the utter surrender to God.

Mansoor:-

“Mansoor is a Kafir. He is blasphemous!” The mullas cried out! He says He is God ! How very strange!” Put him to the death pillar!

Mansoor uttered Unal-Haq! I AM GOD! For him there remained no duality between God, and himself! But the people of his times were angry ! They knew the text of religious books

but not the total unity of Life. They killed him on "Shoole". Mansoor sacrificed his life for his convictions, for his experience of GOD.

Socrates :

Socrates was offered a poison. He took it so calmly. He was experiencing that Atma was he, and body was "not he". At the time of slow effect of poison, when every disciple around him was overcome by grief; he admonished them. He described how he was slowly withdrawing from his body. What a great bravery ! He offered his life for TRUTH !

Such examples show us at what stage the last trial of our devotion to God is awaiting us. Glory Be to such souls who light our Path !

Readers are requested to write their articles on "How I became a Sai Devotee" for immediate release in Diwali number i.e. Oct. Nov. 73 issue. These articles will be given preference to others if received by 10th September 73.

SCIENCE OF RELIGION

—Swami Chinmayananda

1. GEETA. A SCHEME OF LIFE.

Great Rishis in the past must have had their own national problems to solve. They must also have thought; "How can we become a nation, how can we maintain the integrity of character in the society and cultivate beauty of action in the individuals? In short, how best can a total national development be gained." It cannot be brought about merely by wishing. Each individual must come to accommodate others and learn to come together, and then only the society can stand up and lead the age to a glorious era, which we all so anxiously look forward to. Other than the attempts made and the results achieved today in laboratories and in the fields of economics and politics **our religion also must have some ideas to contribute in rebuilding our nation.**

As sincere students, let us try to see if the Geeta-scheme-life has got anything to give to us. We shall study the text-book, independently, without following blindly what others have said about it, always with an intelligent attitude of mind, a ready critical appreciation, and a steady scientific outlook. This will be the scheme of our talks on the Bhagavad Geeta.

One of the most popular text-books on life is the Geeta. Every educated man discusses it. Some of us at least keep a well-

bound copy of it in our drawing-room shelves. But by merely knowing that the Bhagavad Geeta is a wonderful book, we cannot be benefited by her, either socially or culturally. We must all try to know precisely everything discussed in the Geeta, courageously reject that which we cannot at present comprehend and usefully employ, and with a determined will, live the Geeta-way-of-life translating into practice the high tenets and the subtle advices of the Geeta in our daily lives.

Geeta offers a solution to all the problems of humanity—at least this is the repeated claim of all scholars. Let us try to experiment upon these unfailing values, in our own daily life, and to find out for ourselves their truth, so that, we, as individuals, may bring about, a greater harmony in our own personal and social life.

We have all heard about the contents of the Geeta. But we do not now know clearly what the Spirit of the Geeta has to offer us. Let us try to understand the Geeta in the context of modern psychology in the light of declared scientific discoveries and with reference to the demonstrated advanced knowledges today available. Let us try to re-evaluate the Geeta, as she is said to summarise the high tenets of Venanta. We are told that she, as a scripture, provides us with an intellectual approach to all our problems—be it in our personal, social, national or international life.

Man is always more important and sacred than the things and beings that exist—the behaviour and incidents that are taking place around him. History tells us that there had been successive waves of dark-ages in the world, from time immemorial. That is the history of man and we need not therefore, look aghast at the painful picture of the present-day world's political despondency. When the calibre of man gets broken down, everything is lost; as man is strong within, he can rebuild the world around

however desperate the conditions be about him. Instances are many in history where we find that very often our nation was scorched by successive waves of invasions, but the heart of Bharat never got corrupted—our true culture never got destroyed.

We have now gained our independence, more splendid than ever before. We have plans and schemes, visions and hopes. We have been continuously striving—we have made sacrifices. We are running forwards no doubt, and yet, strangely enough, we are not progressing! “What is wrong with us”?, is the question. Are we not as a generation, feeling terribly over-burdened with our historical despondency, economic despair, social selfishness, and personal vanity? Is this not the cause why we cannot make real progress? We must learn, how to unload ourselves and feel really free to live a courageous life, like our spectacular forefathers, the Aryans, did, of yore. We then shall come to maintain in our national life the enduring values of the Bharateeya Culture.

The physical body is clothed by its nourishing trellis of blood vessels, through which alone we contact the world outside, and the impurities in the blood will hamper the efficiency of the body. Similarly, the Spirit within us is enshrined in a-mesh-of thoughts, which is called the mind; in that thought-web, through which alone we express ourselves in the outer world—if we allow “suspending impurities”, necessarily there will be ugliness and pain in our ‘experienced’ life. The modern world has progressed much in raising the material conveniences, and yet the modern man’s woes of life have only increased. And this is because in the thought-life, and this inner insanitary state, when expressed in our social life, it helps to breed the unhealthy conditions of of sorrow all around in our national life...

We must all know how to eliminate this “impurity suspension”—within each of us. We must surcharge our minds with

the divine, significant realities of life. Arjuna, though a staunch Bharateeya, was not able to meet his challenges in life, and Lord Krishna, the Geeta Acharya, found that Arjuna was no more a true Bharateeya! For, the Pandava Prince allowed himself to suffer from mental degradation; and such a man is surely **un-Aryan**. The Lord had to teach him the technique of rediscovering the greater personality in himself. This "art of self-rediscovery" is the entire discussion in the Geeta-discourses.

Bhagavad Geeta is very intimately connected with the life lived by every one of us. Whether we be in the market-place, at home or in the political field, we have to come in contact with the world outside, and in doing so, we must know the "art" of making right contacts. If a man makes wrong contacts unintelligently the world will crush him and devour him up! Remember, world has no mercies—realise, world has only its Laws.

2. GEETA—THE ART OF LIVING AND STRIVING.

Vedanta is the art of living, and it can be pursued under all circumstances at all places, whether it be in your own house or in a factory or in the rice field. Geeta is **not** a hand-book of instruction guiding us on how to live in jungle, in a world-negating retirement. You must cultivate a habit to get an insight into the great philosophy and maintain a spiritual curiosity to understand its scientific conclusions. Check up the truth of these conclusions in your own daily experiences and devotedly follow up those values of life that are admitted by your own inner understanding.

By closely following up these methods with a clear and pure intellect, soon you will grow out of your weaknesses to be a better man to face your own problems in life. There is no problem in the world that can cow you down—if you are equanimous at all times. The study of the Vedanta Philosophy as expounded in the

Geeta leads us, and helps us, to rediscover the Mighty One, the Nobler Self, that lies now dormant within us. Therefore, all students of the modern world must shake off their lethargy in studying the Geeta, as she can revolutionise our era for us. She can by the magic of her touch, make a broken disappointed man, full and whole. The student emerges out of his gloom into an ampler world, having an appointment with success supreme.

The modern scientists have come to know more and more of the secrets of the nature, through their intense scientific researches, conducted in their laboratories, and their knowledge-bits have given to the age, they rightly claim, more strength and daring, verve and vitality. Science has conquered the nature, and man has gained a mastery over the outer-world, because of his acquired knowledge. The secret of our strength today is, therefore, our knowledge.

The great Rishis have also asserted emphatically that a certain amount of knowledge of the inner spiritual constitution of man will give him more and more mastery over his own life. The attempt of the scriptural masters was to analyse man who comes in contact with the world outside. They have found out what are the vehicles, or instruments, that constitute the "experiences of life", and how best can they all be so controlled, purified and readjusted so as to bring forth more and more success or happiness into each life. This analysis is the secret contents of all sacred text-books—whether it belongs to the Hindus, or the Muslims or the Christians, or the Buddhists—of all religions in the world. No great Master has emerged out into the world outside, and has preached his religion successfully, till he has indicated how men can live a better life in the world, and how they can gain a mastery over their own destiny. All teachers had prescribed some technique or other, and taught how the members of that generation could live with equanimity, composure, and ease, and thus

must effectively come to meet always their own personal, social and national problems. Geeta elaborately explains them all.

Religion is a great science, and it has a glorious utility in the world. We are not talking of the religion of ringing-the-bells, or showing-the-light. We are talking of the "religion" that helps one to discover in oneself a new strength and vitality to face one's own challenges in life, and the Science that provides a new inward courage of conviction to live honestly serving others. That which provides for us such a true and masterly living in the outer world is true Religion, in the strictest sense of the term. Religion is a scientific re-evaluation of life, and just as scientists retire to their laboratories, the Rishis also retire to the cool and silent valleys of the Himalayas, and start to evaluate the life of man. Really the methods and the processes of thinking are the same for both the scientists as well as for the Rishis, and both do seek, and certainly discover, their enthusiasm at the same source of inspiration in themselves. The only difference is, the scientists take the outer-world-as their field of investigation, and the Rishis take their own inner-world of experience as the field of their independent search for Truth. The scientists ask, "What is the world", while the Rishis enquire "Who or What is man".

Religion is not a "clearing house"; it is not a "transaction", it is not an "exchange-place". Religion is the technique of perfect living, of gaining a better mastery over oneself. Religion is that secret process which brings forth an effective personality out of even a shattered man of despairs and disappointments. Arjuna was cured by the eighteen discourses in the Geeta.

Science has not yet taught us to turn our discriminating intellect on to ourselves, for a critical study and analysis of ourselves. Vedanta helps us to turn to ourselves. We have our body, mind, and intellect as our three equipments of experiences, through

which Life constantly pulsates. When Life is working through the physical **body**, I perceive the world-of-objects. When Life functions through the **mind**, the world-of-feelings, I experience. And when Life expresses through my **intellect**, I comprehend my world-of-ideas.

These three instruments have their own characteristics and when the Life throbs through them, it is distinct. Hence each man is a unique personality. My total world-of-experiences is made up of the world-of-objects, the world-of-feelings, and the world-of-ideas. All these put together constitute my “total-field-of-experience”, in the world outside.

So then, I must know the art of tuning these instruments properly so that through them I may have the proper experience of the world fully. When the well-tuned up instruments in us come in contact with the sets of things and beings, conditions and happenings in life we gain the joy of real existence. Bhagavad Geeta in detail indicates the ways of tuning up of our personality all by ourselves.

This science of “living the full-life” is the theme of the entire Vedanta. The great masters like Shri. Shankara, Shri. Ramanuja and Shri. Madhwa, had explained in their philosophies this one pure scientific approach to the problem that is, the technique by which we can tune up to Truth, and discover in ourselves a better harmony and a better equipoise. All scriptures of the world give this technique as expounded by their prophets.

A generation of intelligent youth, who stands poised to act—determined to help the nation to arise from its century-old stupor calamitous man-made tragedies, Such a generation of dynamic young ones must necessarily know the secret techniques of discovering in themselves endless energy hope and inspiration. That

life-giving, hero-making technique, which can pour fresh vitality into the heart and muscles of the younger generation is in the core of the Geeta. The Eternal Song Divine can make them stand up even against odds, as Arjuna did, and come out successful in the end, and blessing the country by inaugurating an era of development and progress among us. Geeta way-of-life can accomplish this miracle.

(The introductory part ends here.)

(Courtesy-Geeta office.)

A NECKLACE OF THE GEMS OF DOUBT MOROPANT

(English rendering of Sanshaya-Ratna-Mala of Maharashtra
poet Moropant)

—By : Shri. V. K. Chhatre,
Kalyan.

(**Moropant** : (1729-1794 A. D.) a great Maharashtra poet and devotee of Ramchandra, has composed monumental poetry, which is at once profound and erudite. His special works include his 108 versions of Ramayans and Arya Bharata but of equal charm are his other verses and the “Sanshaya- Ratna-Mala,” meaning the “Necklace of the gems of doubt” is one of them. Moropant was supreme in his devotion and inspiration, perhaps unparalleled in his style, command over Sanskrit and Marathi vocabulary and figurative language. We intend to give English translations of these gems in verse form, rendered by Shri. V.K. Chhatre from Kalyan, in suitable instalments for readers of Shri Sai Leela, so that they will be acquainted with one of the notable works of this great poet, who was contemporary of Peshwas in their later period. Shri. Chhatre is a veteran scholar and readers will like his free expression, it is hoped.)

Introduction : The poet is anxious to have a glimpse of his Deity and as the beloved God Vishnu has delayed his manifestation, the poet in his great anxiety as regards the blessings of God, expresses various doubts regarding the things that could have caused the delay on the God's part, and offers various explanations and guesses about it.

In haste You started to favour me !
 But Goddess Laxmi must have asked you—"Where ?",
 When questioned likewise, no wise one,
 To step forward, will dare ! 1

Or, singing merrily Your noble deeds
 Came the exalted Narada, most dear ;
 A song from heart enchants You, Sir,
 More than it does, a deer ! 2

Or, did my ill-luck, O! My Lord!
 Clasped and gripped your feet on the way?
 O! Saviour of the distressed,
 And is causing your favour, this delay? 3

Or, a devotee more distressed than I
 Caught Your sight somewhere,
 And driven by his good-luck breeze,
 You, the Cloud of Compassion, turned there? 4

Or, on your way Shiva's attraction
 Made you forget your mission chief
 Or puffed up Garuda was again punished
 By Nandi for some committed mischief? 5

Or, being a guard at King Bali's door,
 No moment can You spare;
 In serving the sage for having wronged him?
 'Tis true, no break is fair! 6

Or, waiting for auspicious time to start
 Is causing You this delay
 My redemption is difficult, My Lord!
 It is but to You, a Painter's play! 7

Or do You think, you are entrusted
To devotees for whom only you care?
True, but partiality of this sort,
With You, could never be there!

Or seeing You luckily alone
The demons blocked your way?
But a sand-barrier cannot stop
The ocean's high-tidal sway!

Or You are probably detained by devotees;
But they are kind to the distressed,
No sane person will ever detain One,
Who to save a cow is pledged.

Or my prayer being full of error,
You are hesitating behind
But what a fool I am! It's sincerity
And nothing else that you always mind!

Or Hari and Hara—to both I pray
So the puzzle, who should go?
Then favour me jointly both,
You often do so, I know.

Or being fast asleep, though pathetic,
My cry you could'nt hear?
But rousing from sleep does not enrage you
Like others, O! My Lord, dear!

Or Chitragupta, the Divine Recorder,
Showed you my sin-merit book?
But no such sin can stand a moment
That dare encounter your look!

The king of birds may feel ashamed
 He could'nt save a bird
 He should have stood ready at your door
 And You for starting, spurred. 15
 (bird : the name of Moropant was Mayoor which means
 Peacock).

Or the debt of gods, sages and forefathers
 I have not sufficiently paid?
 It's true, but a creditor, in his own interest
 Should'nt dispose of a borrower, it is said! 16

He repeats my name, that shall save him
 Thus thinking passive you are?
 True but the brave feels no strength
 If the Commander is too far. 17

Or You think that I fear in vain
 Why save a mirage-stuck
 'Tis true, but to remove a child's fear,
 A bug-bear should be struck. 18

Have you taken a vow, My Lord!
 Of silence and Inaction?
 Where did you find a vow worthier
 Than saving a sufferer from ruin? 19

Or did my feeble voice fail
 To reach your ears, Sir?
 But you've heard Draupadee's wail,
 When the villain cruelly dragged her! 20

Or on hearing my wailing, My Lord,
 You considered me fit for favour,
 But probably my ill-nature summer
 Dried away your compassion-river? 21

Or have you taken decision, Sir,
To come at the proper hour?
But patience I can bear no more,
Like Rukmini-Bhishmaka's daughter!

22

Or feeling much exhausted Sir,
You went to bed for rest;
I started calling you, the moment
'Sleep' held you near her breast?

23

Or 'Favour only after Test'
You have taken such a stand?
Then nothing but pains you'll get therein
Like charcoal-rubbing too hard!

24

Have you sent your Name ahead
For necessary preparation?
But very simple that you are,
This doubt has no foundation!

25

(incomplete)

A PERPLEXING PROBLEM

(By : A. Thinking soul)

As I look around me I am struck by the number and seriousness of crimes being committed in this world. I hear daily of men, women and children being mercilessly murdered. I read about innocent women being ravished. I learn about—innocent parties being cheated and defrauded. But the question is who is responsible for these crimes? The law of the land holds the person who actually committed the murder or the rape or the cheating as the real criminal. That no doubt is prima facie true. But if you go a little deeper into this problem you can at once see that this may not be the correct view to take. Consider and analyse for instance, a crime committed by a person who has murdered his neighbour because of a dispute over a land or as a result of a dispute over a woman. The murderer in question is a human being. When we say that he is a human being, the truth is that he is a creature that wears the human body. Within that body dwells a soul—a particle of Parabrahma which is all vitality—all knowledge—and all Bliss—the real Sat-chit-Anand. Maya has caught him in her meshes and has buried him deep under layers of ignorance so completely that he has forgotten his real self and has surrendered himself to the deception of Maya. Maya—the Master-cheat—has created in him the false belief that the material

pleasures of the outside world are alone capable of making him happy. She has created in him an irresistible desire and passion for women, for wealth and for earthly possessions. When he found that his neighbour came in the way of the fulfilment of his desire, Maya again stepped in and counselled him that it was his duty to do away with the man who obstructed the fulfilment of his desire. With this evil counsel given by Maya the man goes into a rage, picks up an axe which Maya had kept ready at hand and brings it down with all his force on the head of his neighbour. The victim falls down in a pool of blood and groans in agony till the merciful death relieves him of his suffering. Who in this case is the real culprit? Would that man have committed this crime if Maya had not so completely buried him under impregnable layers of ignorance-if She had not created in him false desire and false passion-if she had not misled him into believing that the fulfilment of his desire could justify even the-killing of his neighbour? Surely no sensible person could charge the axe that descended into the head of the victim with having committed the offence of murder. And if the axe which was only a weapon used for could not be accused of being the murderer, equally the man whose vision was blinded by the deception practised by Maya could not be accused of the crime of having murdered his victim. The real culprit in this case is Maya-the Master-cheat-the Master-criminal, who is responsible for all the miseries in this world.

Even apart from the domain of crime we find misery and suffering being inflicted on innocent men, women and children. In fact, the very life of a man on this earth begins with intense pain for his mother and for himself. He is born an heir to suffering and misery. It is difficult many times to attribute this suffering to any wrong committed by the sufferer. And even where it is possible to trace the cause of his suffering that cause is the result of the deception practised by Maya.

When this sinister roll of Maya became apparent to me, I tried to probe deeper down to find out whether there was not any other agency that was responsible for letting loose on humanity, this Monstress Maya who by the use of her subtle Powers of deception leads men to commit sin and then whips them for having committed that sin which in truth does not belong to them. It was not difficult to find that there is a power responsible for having created the demon of Maya. That power is differently called by different names. Some call it Nature, some call it the Creator, some call it God and some call it Brahma. I know that power as my Almighty God. But the moment I concede that my Almighty God has created Maya who in turn has spread so much sin and suffering in this world, I have also to concede that the ultimate responsibility for the misery of man rests fairly and squarely on the shoulders of my Almighty God. But this very thought throws me into a violent mental agitation. I know my God as the God of Love, just and merciful. I have permanently enshrined Him in my heart and have constantly drawn upon that fountain of Love to keep me happy whenever my happiness was threatened. How could this God of Love be responsible for the crime, the sin and the suffering of humanity? My heart which is the abode of my loving and merciful God, revolts at this suggestion. But my Brain with such thinking power as it possesses, unmistakably points to God, the Creator who it must be admitted, created Maya, as being directly responsible for all the misdeeds of Maya. My brain further tells me that if God created Maya, He must have the power to control her and even to destroy her if she defies being controlled. Having this power, why should God pamper this Monstress knowing full well the havoc she has played on this earth? Why should he not chastise her and compel her to mend her ways? Why should he not even destroy her if that extreme step is necessary in the interest of the happiness and the well being of his own children? Why does God stand aside like an imbecile father and watch with indifference the suffering and the woes which are being inflicted on

his own children by their Step Mother—the Monstress of Maya? The logic behind these queries appears to be unanswerable. My Guru has taught me to be honest in my thoughts even if they lead to—conclusions which are not altogether palatable to me.

Following this injunction I cannot lightly brush aside the charge which my brain openly levels against my own loving God as being responsible for all the loveless and the wicked deeds of Maya.

There is thus a serious conflict between my brain and my heart. One points an accusing finger to my own God of Love as being responsible for all the evil doings of Maya. The other protests against this charge and points to the sweetness of God's love which I daily taste as the surest indication that God cannot be an instrument for spreading misery and suffering on this earth. But beyond this the heart has no better argument to refute the charge levelled by the brain.

This serious conflict is raising a storm in my mind and is causing me acute mental distress. Will any high souled person apply his mind to this perplexing problem and solve it for me and thus relieve me of my mental distress, or shall I have to look forward to the day when God himself will resolve this conflict and answer the charge that is levelled against Him ?

YOGIRAJ VASUDEVANANDA SARASWATI

(A biography) (continued)

..By : Shri. S. N. Huddar.

PART II.—CHATURMASAS

CHATURMAS I—Shak 1813 (1891 AD). UJJAIN.

What is Chaturmas ? : Saints, devoted persons, religious institutions decide to do certain penances in the form of Jap, Pranayam, Purana, Pooja, Sacrifice or a vow to do or to avoid certain things, such as observing silence, Fast of Ekadashi, Chandrayan, Pradakshina (taking rounds around some God in a temple, or a holy tree), or forsaking tea, sugar, rice, or any thing much liked, during a period of about 4 months from Ashadha Sudha 11 to Kartika Purnima. This period is called Chaturmas. Sanyasis end their Chaturmas by Bhadrapad Purnima.

Shri. Vasudevananda Saraswati, after taking 'dand' of a Sanyasi, was going from one place to another. He thus travelled all over Bharat visiting specially most of the holy places of pilgrimage. During rainy season he would stay at one place and observe Chaturmas. His principal object being to advise people and guide them to act as per Chaturvarnatmak Sanatana Dharma (The original religion based on Chaturvarnya). He specially asked Brahmins to observe their daily rites as bath, Sandhya, Pooja, Vaishwadeo, Atithi Satkar (to offer food to mendicants coming at dinner time) and lead a pure and chaste life.

In his opinion the degenerated condition of Bharat was due to Brahmin's forsaking their religious duties. Lord Datta asked Swami Maharaj to propagate and revive Vedic religion amongst the people. Shri. Narayananand Swami insisted upon Swami Maharaj to stay at Ujjain and accordingly he observed his first Chaturmas at Ujjain.

Daily routine :

Swami Maharaj got up early in the morning and used to take cold bath thrice daily. After bath he would do Tarpan (offering sacred water) to 'Dand', then do Pranava Jap. Then he gave bath to Lord Datta's image and applied ashes. A Sanyasi cannot pick up Tulsi, Bel, and flowers etc. from trees. If any one offered these, he would offer them to image of Lord Datta. After this he gave lessons in Vedas, Shastras, etc. to the interested students.

At mid-day he would again bathe and worship Lord Datta and then go for alms. He took alms (Madhukari) at three houses of Maharashtrian Brahmins only. He would mix up all the food articles and then eat. In the afternoon, he would answer the questions of inquisitive persons.

In the evening, he again bathed, did Sandhya Pooja and then read Purana. His sermon would be most rational instructive and effective. In the course of discourse, he would narrate only the meaning of Veda Suktas. In his opinion, Vedas should not be recited during public speeches.

He did not hoard things. He possessed 4 longs, 2 panchas, Dand and a wooden or bamboo bowl, a thick blanket, the book of Upanishads, box containing 5 images of Gods (Panchayatan), 2 Datta-images and a rope to draw well-water. These were all the things he possessed. He did all his work himself, even washing

of clothes. He did not allow anyone to serve him or touch his body. He used to roam barefooted. After every motion, or if touched by anyone he took bath. He strictly followed these rules of purity and hence his advice would be most effective. "First practice oneself and then preach"—was his principle.

MAHATPUR : After finishing Chaturmas on Bhadrapad Pournima, Swami Maharaj came to Mahatpur. If there were no Maharashtrian Brahmins, he did not have alms and he had to be on fast. Even without having food, he would walk 15 to 20 miles daily. Wherever he halted, he advised people on religious matters. Seeing the patience, learning and penance of Swami Maharaj, people at every place respected him and wished that he should stay there for some days, but Swami Maharaj would prolong his stay only where he observed Chaturmasas. At other times, he would stay not more than 3 days at one place. However, due to love, devotion and pressing request of people, he at times stayed for more days.

SARANGPUR : He then came to Sarangpur. One Kesharao was a Vaccinator there. He always abused Swami Maharaj and those who went to him. He did not observe daily Brahmin rites. He once came to invite Swami Maharaj for alms. Swami Maharaj said, "You do not observe Sandhya Vaishwadeo, so I cannot come to you." Kesharao said, "I am a Karhada Brahmin of Poona. I do not do Sandhya, Vaishwadeo, but if you wish, I would ask some one to do these at mine". Hearing this, Swami Maharaj was very angry; he said, "I do not wish even to see persons like you. The question of taking alms is far away".

Kesharao returned home angrily and told this to his mother, who blamed Kesharao and said that what Swamiji said was right. Kesharao felt it very much. He repented and again came to Swami Maharaj, bowed before him humbly and exclaimed, "I am

a sinner. Forgive me. I shall act as per your advice hereafter". His mother also came there and requested Swami Maharaj to teach Brahmakarma to her son, Kesharao. "When he acted as you bid, you should kindly come to us for alms", she requested.

Swami Maharaj agreed and taught Kesharao, Sandhya, Pooja, Vaishwadeo, daily rites and when Kesharao started doing these Swami Maharaj came to his house for alms.

Kesharao had a son, whose hands reached his knees by side, while standing—which is an auspicious sign of a noble soul. At the age of 3 years, he recited verses, offered alms to mendicants. When he was five, a Sadhu with long hair, came for alms and looking at the boy exclaimed, "How long you intend to live here in family life !" The boy replied. "I shall leave this tomorrow". Next day the boy took bath and asked his father to call all the people and when they came, the boy said. Recite God's name and lead a good life". He recited a "shloka" of Samartha Ramdas "Sada Sarvada Yoga Tuza Ghadava" etc. paid respects to all and breathed his last. All were stunned to see this. The boy's mother—wife of Kesharao instead of mourning, said "No relation is real. I shall also pass away after 6 months at Pandharpur." After 6 months she asked Kesharao to take her to Pandharpur, where on Ekadashi day, she bathed in the river Chandrabhaga, took Darshan of Pandurang, bowed to Kesharao, her husband, and said, "I am going today. Though you have no son from me, please get married with Moropant's daughter; her progeny will survive." Then reciting Hari—nam, (name of God), she passed away.

Govindrao : Govindrao of Sarangpur, requested Swami Maharaj to give him the biggest image of Lord Datta for worship and to keep smaller one with himself. Swami Maharaj said "Neither of these images is of use to you. I wished to keep an image at a place but Lord Data told me that wherever the image is kept,

the family would be ruined. Therefore, none asks for it and I also do not wish to give it to anyone." In spite of this warning, Govindrao took the bigger image, constructed a small temple and installed the image in it. After some time, his only son died and he also fell sick. One night Govindrao was told in a dream to take the image to Shri. Vasudeo Datta Temple of Badwahi. Laxman—Boa Brahmachari of that temple was also asked to bring the image from Sarangpur.

Swami Maharaj started for Bajrang—garh. On the way it was raining. He halted at the platform before the house of an Agnihotri, who was informed of his passing by his house and he was also waiting, but at the time of Swamiji's arrival, the Brahmin had been out for some work. Young son of the Brahmin, seeing Swami Maharaj at the door, abused him saying that it was not a Dharmashala for halting. Swami Maharaj went away but the boy became mad. When the Brahmin returned he knew that a Sanyasi had been there and that his son spoke harshly with him and since then he had lost his mental balance. The Brahmin felt very much for this and started in search of Swami Maharaj to beg pardon for his son's arrogance. After a year and a half, the Brahmin could see Swami Maharaj whom he bowed and begged for apology. Swami Maharaj said, "You being Agnihotri, your family members should have respect for a guest, which they have not. Losing of mental balance of your son is due to his behaviour." The Brahmin again prayed and Swami Maharaj gave him sacred ashes for his son. After the ashes were applied to the boy's temples, the boy got relief.

Pichora : Swami Maharaj reached Pichora and stayed there for some days. In the night, he explained Upanishads to some officers. Bhaskar—rao, the brother of Mamlatdar at that place, was suffering from epilepsy. No medicine could give him relief. The spirit affecting him said, "I died without having a son, so the last rites were not performed. Bhaskar—rao is well off. Ask

him to give Narayan Bali for me.” Swami Maharaj asked Bahs-kar- rao to do it and then he was cured.

Kharera : Swami Maharaj halted at Kharera. Many people approached for relief from distress. A woman was affected by a spirit of a Kazi of a mosque. The mosque required repairs. Her husband was asked to do the repairs and then the woman was relieved.

Swami Maharaj started for Kashi on foot, passing through fierce and dense forest. People requested him not to go by it but he said, “I am going as per Lord Datta’s directions. Whatever He wills, may happen. He is my guide.” After some time, a Bhil guided him beyond a hill and disappeared. This distance is covered in 2 or 3 days on foot, but Swami Maharaj took only 2 hours for it. He wondered about the God’s mystic guidance.

THE WITNESS

The clouds that day were a vast sheet of bluish indigo and the sun was yet to blazen their linings into shades of exquisite colour. The northeast soft wind was inducing and as you sat on the terrace, you felt its balmy touch on the bare limbs, like sandlewood paste. With no moisture in the air, it was refreshing to look at the clear high hill—tops in the distance which were competing in greyness with the clouds sailing by. Yonder in the east were a cluster of old government quarters built about half a century back, with Mangalore—tiled roofs and trees of various species on all sides, alive with chirpings and cooing of awakening birds. Suddenly from somewhere, a group of parrots would fly from the back of you, towards the biggest of the trees and would be soon lost in its dark—green foliage. The September atmosphere was on and pleasant to sit outside without the prospect of being drenched by sudden showers. Some people in the neighbourhood were already up and moving, but some of them did not find it so inviting to break the spell of sweet slumber, to welcome the routine of hard work. A teenager girl, accompanied by her younger brother, was plucking flowers in her court—yard, her hands picking one by one the white simple star—like “EVER BLOSSOM” flowers and collecting them in a brass pot, for offering them to the household

deity. Right in front of the house, on the sloping ground, a pathway divided itself under a solitary tree, the brown withered leaves of which were falling down on the grass and the pathway. The yellow butterflies were not yet out. The grass was intense green and inviting, and it was very difficult for the dozen or so buffaloes who were at it, to raise their heads and proceed to a better spot. Their slow movements were in contrast with the swift scurrying of the lambs, which carelessly threw their feet up in the air and followed their mother. The pathos in the eyes of sheep is a rare piece of experience. There was no proper road and no vehicular traffic disturbed the peace of the setting. A milkman was on his way, peddling with even speed, the pots dangling noisily on both sides of the handle of the bike, and his knock at a neighbouring door was first visible and then audible. The spoonbills were slowly gliding on the air from the Northwest corner of the sky, coming one by one and stooping down to the dirty marshy spot in the ground, settling with swift circling down—flight and settling down on the ground with ease and anxiety intertwined. It was their usual time of arriving and the birds around knew it and joined them.

Just near you on the terrace, emboldened by your silent presence, two crows were negotiating about their recent find. As soon as you looked up, they took to wings and were away, watching from a distance, and would soon return. The "day-maker" was now behind the eastern clouds which have broken up in fragments like a defeated army, and the slight breeze which accompanied the first rays, made small plants nod in happiness. The bigger trees showed no change of attitude except lighting up their foliage to a paler green tinged with golden yellow. School children, with their uniform on, were proceeding to the morning school, to sit in crowded classrooms and study from the textbooks, the beauty of life. A boy of twelve had to be aroused by his mother for his school and did not like it much. Suddenly, the echo of a distant

railway train came from beyond the line of trees, and you knew that it would be nearer and louder by seconds.

Green leaves were taking place of the falling ones but the dogs and crows were happy in their errands. A fleet of doves was on its airy way to a terrace of a building nearby where a non-violent believer was providing grain and shelter for them.

The golden kiss of the eastern rays was making every shrub blush and the surety of the daylight made everybody look around and start upon his pursuit. There was expectancy in the air and the birds knew it. There was renewal in the surroundings as well as in the mind, but you knew not from where it came. Behind and beyond this experiencing, there was a mysterious stillness which made this possible, which knew neither darkness nor decay, and the the light of this day was but a reflection of it.

To look at anything outward or inward, without running away from it, is so difficult ! There is no spot in time which is isolated, and mind which is the chain of these continued spots cannot fathom the behind nor touch the beyond. With every experience creating a deposit of memory, nature and environment lose all their charm and simplicity, and become either an accepted and ignored surrounding of a noble experience to be cherished and worshipped. But all contact of this mind with its environment is burdened and twisted by memories of the past or thoughts of the future. So, to look or to listen without this known burden, this impediment, is so hard, so arduous, that one may soon get exhausted and retreat into the routine rut of right and wrong. Life allows no comment, no poetry, no description. But the moment one experiences, one wishes to express it. All the man-made musings about it are but his own projections for pleasure or pain. To look and to listen without twisting is to see, to understand and to love. It is witnessing; being a sakshi.

A traveller on the Earth

PROPHETS ALIKE

MANICK PRABHU
AND SAI BABA

(From SAI BLISS oct. Nov. 72)

The holy life-account of Sri Manickprabhu it is felt, would be of special interest to Sai devotees for the peerless prophet was not only a contemporary but was also believed to be, like Sai Baba, an incarnation of Lord Dattatreya.

Sri Manickprabhu was born on 22, Dec.1817, and had attained Mahasamadhi in the year 1865. In other words, he had preceded Sai Baba approximately two decades in birth and about five decades in Mahasamadhi.

His birth-place namely Ladavani, then a remote village of Kalyani and removed by about 50 miles from Gulbarga and like Shirdi, a part of the erstwhile Nizam's dominion, is now a busy centre and also a holy tirth renowned as Manikya Nagar after the immortal prophet.

Both the prophets being contemporaries and further being incarnations of Lord Dattatreya, had quite understandably almost a common mission to fulfil and revealed a striking sameness of method in practice and of expression in precept.

If Sri Sai Baba was pooh-poohed at as a 'mad fakir', by the riff-raff, Manikprabhu was no exception to the ridicule for he was called a 'Veda Bahu' (a mad brother) Like Sai Baba, Sri Manikprabhu did many a stupefying miracle, cured many a lethal disease, taught many a fanatic Hindu and Muslim mutual love and did many more things for 'Dharmasamsthapana'.

We are aware fully well that Sri Ramanavami is celebrated every year at Shirdi and we also further know that the objective was to bring about unification between Hindus and Muslims Interestingly enough, this festival of Sri Ramanavami is also celebrated annually with great zest at Manickya Nagar right from the life-time of Sri Manikprabhu to this day. It is strongly believed that it was on this sacred day that Manikprabhu had entered the womb of his mother and to mark that auspicious moment the celebration came into existence.

While the life-account of Sri Sai Baba right from childhood to almost majority age is yet a closed chapter, Manikprabhu's childhood, happily for us, is an open book replete with a rich record of dramatic events.

He was a child prodigy who carried a big sensation around him wherever he went. We are aware of child Krishna's Divine leela of showing the very universe in his tiny mouth to Yasoda Devi. So too, it is believed that the child Manik once opened his mouth and his mother Gaya Devi peeped into it and saw the vision of Lord Dattatreya materialise in it.

There was in his case neither any schooling nor any sort of tuition at home. And yet his knowledge revealed profundity and vastness which was but a direct gift of God.

No schooling and no tuition and the child was a free bird.

The father, who had an intutional inkling of the greatness imbedded in the child, did not bother of any control and discipline and the child was thus scotfree. Away from home, he spent most of the time in thick jungles on the outside of Kalyani. He knew no fear for he entered the densest of the jungles and mingled with the wildest of animals. He scaled every cave and also visited every holy place of the area.

A cowherd boy Govinda was a friend and a follower of his in the supernatural wanderings in the jungles. One day when he did not turn up, Manik wended his steps to his friend's house and found Govinda dead and his parents, friends and relatives around mourn the death. He showed no trace of perturbation nor panic on the face and as a matter of fact called out loudly 'Govinda' 'Govinda' Within no time Govinda stood up and walked straight towards Manik as though he had just then woke up from deep slumber. The child prodigy at once left the scene but the miracle spread from mouth to mouth like wild fire and people flocked in great number to his house. The child who vanished, could not be seen for three days.

On another occasion, the child Manik, strolling along with a batch of eleven friends, met a fruit-vendor (Malini, a middle-aged woman) and entreated her to give the fruits free. The woman refused to part with fruits without taking money of its worth. After passing a few paces, Manik proclaimed to her loudly that if she gave the mangoes free of cost, she would beget children. Malini rejoiced at this promise and offered all the fruits. Manik had however, picked up only eleven for the eleven companions of his. In a short while, Malini became mother and children were born to her one after another. After the birth of fifth child. Malini rushed to Manik and expressed her unwillingness to bear further children. The great Master granted the wish and afterwards it was known that she had lost her husband.

Even as a child Manik preached kindness to animals and prevailed upon his companions not to indulge in cruelty to animals. Walking along with a band of boys, he once stumbled upon a pit from which scores of scorpions sprang up one after another. One mischievous boy, disobeying Manik's advice, killed all the scorpions but soon a white scorpion came out of the pit, touched all the dead scorpions, restored life into them and took them back into the pit. To the bewildered boys, Manik remarked 'The white scorpion is the king. A true king is one who can protect its subjects. If not, there is no need of a king. The white scorpion has 'Sanjeevani' in its mouth and with it restored life into the subjects... Shortly after this event, the group stumbled upon a dead parrot. One boy picked it up and held it out to Manik. Manikprabhu patted it and whispered, 'Ah, fly up and go to your nest'. And the dead parrot flew away.

During his resort in the jungle, people flocked there to have darsan of Manik and got their wishes fulfilled. There were instances of his sudden disappearance from the jungle and remaining unseen by his companions. Once two friends made a vain bid to tie Manikprabhu to the trunk of a tree. They removed their headgear and their other clothes and with them tied Manik to a tree. Leaving the clothes and the knot intact, Manik appeared elsewhere free as ever before. This incident reminds one of mythology depicting Yasoda's vain bid to tie down 'Chinni-Krishna' to the trunk of a tree. The frequent saunterings of Manikprabhu in the jungles also take one to Dattatreya forests in which Sri Sai Baba had also spent his time in the quest of the eternal. A childhood friend of his, Kaalambhat was an ardent worshipper of Lord Shankara at the shrine located nearby Manik's house. On a certain day, another devotee known as Balambhat came, interfered with his worship and kicked up a big row. On being approached for a settlement, Manikprabhu remarked at Kaalambhat,

'Why do you worship stones? Why can't you worship the God Himself insted'? At this, Kaalambhat implored the Master to guide him to perform accordingly. The All-Merciful Master then bade him to close his eyes and as he did so, Kaalambhat saw the very figure of Lord Sankara with matted locks standing right before him. Overwhelmed with boundless joy, the devotee hence forth worshipped Manikprabhu as Lord Sankara, Did not Sai Baba also give darshan as Lord Siva to Mahlsapati, a devotee of Khandoba?

(Contd. from p. no. 48) **List of Donors (Feeding the poor)**

Bombay-28, Rs. 101. M. H. Desai, Bombay-55, Rs. 201. H. K. Mehta, Bombay-1, Rs. 321. C. K. Shah, Bombay-3, Rs. 501. D. B. Patel, Bombay, Rs. 100. Brig. A. K. Sahukar, Jaykaynagar, Rs. 101. M. A. Shah, Bombay, Rs. 201. M. A. Shah, Rs. 201. Miss Nirja Nanubhai, Bombay, Rs. 101. Mrs. Ellen Mody, Bombay, Rs. 101. M. A. Shah, Bombay, Rs. 402. Mrs. M. F. Kohali, Bom., Rs. 100. W. D. Joshi, Bombay, Rs. 300. Shantabai Joshi, Bhilai, Rs. 100.

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SEETA—THE IDEAL HEROINE OF RAMAYAN

By : Vaman H. Pandit
Indore city

The Epic of Rama, Prince of India, relates to the ancient traditions of two powerful races, the Kosalas and Videhas, who lived in Northern India between the twelfth and tenth centuries before Christ.

According to the Epic, Dashrath, King of the Kosalas had four sons, the eldest of whom was Rama, the hero of the poem. And Janak, King of the Videhas had a daughter named Sita, who was miraculously born of a field furrow. She is the heroine of the Epic.

Janak ordained a severe test for the hand of his daughter, and many a prince and warrior came and went away disappointed. Rama succeeded and won Sita in the prime of her life, at the age of eighteen.

Thirty centuries over have passed since the age of Koslas and Videhas, but every step of Rama's wanderings in the forest is well known in India to this day, and is annually traversed by thousands of devoted pilgrims. The past is not dead and buried in our country, it lives-lives in the hearts of millions of men and women, and shall live forever.

To study the character of Sita is to understand the Indian womanhood better. And to trace the influence of her on the life and civilization of the nation, and on the development of Indian literature, is to comprehend the real history of the people during the Epic age.

I have not come across in any Epic poems of the world whose characters have been so closely assimilated by the peoples in their daily lives as those of the Ramayan and Mahabharat. In our country, Rama, Sita, Draupadi Bhishma,, Hanuman, Arjuna etc. have become most familiar names to conjure with. Extraordinary magic colour has been given by these epics to the cultural way of life of our orion nation.

Rama and Sita are the Hindu ideals of a Perfect Man. And Sita holds a place in the hearts of women in India which no other creation of a poet's imagination holds among any other nations on earth. Indian woman's earliest and tenderest recollections are centred round the story of Sita's sufferings and faithfulness. Her adventures in the desolate forest and in a hostile prison and her devotion to duty in the storm and stress of life represent the virtues of Aryan womanhood.

"My mother often taught me", Sita said, "and my father often spoke that the true home of a wedded woman is always beside her husband. As the shadow to the substance so to her lord is faithful wife. She parts not from her husband till she parts with fleeting life."

The ideal of life in ancient India was piety and endurance and devotion. The tale of Helen in ancient Greece was a tale of womanly beauty and loveliness which charmed the western world. The tale of Sita was a tale of womanly faith and

selfabnegation which charmed and facinated the eastern world; yet Sita was more beutiful than beauty itself.

More often the trials of Sita bring out in brighter relief the unfaltering truth of her character; she goes into banishment in the woods with her husband and secondly with the same trust and devotion to her lord as before, and she returns once more, and sinks into the bosom of her Mother Earth; true in death as she had been true in life.

I cannot conceive a loftier and holier character than Sita; the literature of the world till now has not produced a higher ideal of womanly love, womanly truth, and womanly devotion. Here Valmiki, the writer of the famous Epic, surpasses all the writers in creative imagination. Universality of idea and individuality of character have made the poet immortal.

Rama was unwilling to take Sita with him to the forest. He thought Sita would be a drag on him than an asset to him. He, therefore, wished her to stay behind. But she refused to remain in Ayodhya. She argued with her husband, "How can a woman live without her husband? The moment you part from me, life will depart from my body."

Ultimately Rama had to agree to take her with him to the woods. How forceful was her reasoning can be seen from her words when both of them got ready to depart from Ayodhya. She was puzzled at her husband's garb as an ascetic and his conduct as a militarist. It is apparent from her admonition to him.

She says :—

"I do not like the extermination of the Rakashas who bear no malice towards you. This intention of yours to commit violence in the absence of personal enmity is certainly reprehensible.

It belies your pious appearance. Cast away, my dear, this weapon of yours; for its very possession has a strange effect on mind. It turns a man into brute. If you say as a Kshatriya it is your duty to protect the good and punish the wicked, I say that this duty does not belong to a Kshatriya who has chosen to lead a life of renunciation and piety. You may claim it as your duty when you go back to the world and hold the sceptre in hand. Be true to yourself, my dear, and let your present dress be the badge of spiritual elevation and not the cloak of blood-thirsty ambition. Be true, my dear to the vow of renunciation you have taken. View all with an impartial eye and intend no evil to those who mean you no harm. To turn an anchorite and meditate bloodshed is, my dear, a stark hypocrisy which may satisfy ambition but surely paves the way to perdition."

Rama says after his return from Lanka, "Sita is the apple of my eye, the light of my house. Everything about her is delightful except separation, which is intolerable to me even in thought."

Large and sincere was her heart; pure and catholic were sympathies; wishing violence to none; inspiring confidence in all and diffusing love everywhere, her musical soul, says Bhavabhuti, drew the animals of the forest around her like the harp of the Orpheus. She stood by the glory of truth and love of humanity.

Finally the end of such a wonderful woman wounds our heart. She was fed up with this world where people could be so thoughtless as to suspect that the daughter of Janak could turn a flirt at the age of forty-four and elope with Ravana at a time when the bloom of her youth was already past. Such a world could never give her peace and happiness she needed. Hence she cut off at one stroke all the ties that bound her to this life, she shot a glance at Rama and soared heavenward out of sight, never to meet her lord again on this side of the grave.

In order to prove her virtue before the assembly of men, she
said:-

*"If from the day of my birth, I have lived unstained in action and
thought, Mother Earth ! receive thy daughter, spare her shame and
anguish. If in duty and devotion undefiled I have laboured, Mother
Earth ! you bore me, once again receive thy child.*

*If in truth unto my husband I have proved a faithful wife, Mother
Earth ! relieve thy Sita from the burden of this life."*

No other high-born lady could have cited such a glorious
proof of her virtue than Sita ! Her last oration before the masses
of Ayodhya still rings, like the temple bells of Amarnath.

Then the earth was rent and parted and the Mother Earth
embraced her spotless, sinless, chaste and glorious child. Sita is
the crowning glory of Indian womanhood.

NOTE :—

Due to shortage of space the last three articles
in the contents could not be accommodated in this
issue. They will be published in the next issue.

DEMOCRACY AND THE SPIRITUAL FORCE

By : Shri. P. D. Khadilkar,
M. A., B. T.

Self-reliance and full growth of individuals are the basic principles of democracy. Democracy should tend to make every individual a powerful unit of society. An individual is to grow to his fullest capacity in his physical, moral, intellectual, social and spiritual capacities. He must live a full life under no external pressure. His own inner power must be a guiding factor for his own growth.

Democratic rule should not govern him but should give him every opportunity for his full growth and development. There must be a uniform and consistent growth in all individuals, but individual aspirations must not come in the way of other members of society and mankind. Others also are equally entitled to their own growth. A true democracy is that which nourishes the above cardinal principle.

Let us examine the present form of democracy through this perspective.

We define democracy to mean that it is the rule of people by people and for people.

Is the present pattern of democracy true picture of the rule by people ? Is it for the people ? Is it of the people ?

The present democratic structure stands on six pillars :-
 (1) Party (2) Elections (3) Representatives elected by the people (4) The council of elected members (5) Cabinet of ministers (6) and the President or his Governors.

This political organization functions through a permanent beurocracy. Beurocracy is a chain of Government servants who are responsible for putting into action the policies that are fixed and dictated by the elected rulers to the benefit of people at large.

When the elected rulers change, naturally, their policies also are likely to undergo changes. Then the new mandates are issued and beurocracy has to work them out. It is the most effective organ that stands between the people and the elected members.

Thus it will be seen that people form the ruling machine and the administration rules for the people. Water makes clouds and the clouds give back water. That is the cycle.

In a way the system evolved looks perfect and efficient, but in practice it seems that it is not so-nay-in my opinion, it is a complete failure. Why so ? Are there any defects in the present structure of democracy ? I can humbly say that the present type of elections and parties has brought all this failure.

The present democracy is no true democracy at all. Even though the ideal is good and magnificent it is ever far away. Why ?

The following remedies should be considered :—

(1) Mass psychology should train the people to accept the decision taken by majority. That must be the guiding star. It must be accepted for the smooth working of the administration. If people wish to change the ruling Government they must change it by the people's verdict by healthy and fearless elections.

The mental level of every voter must be elevated to self-thinking, which would be able to take correct decision.

The present electors are many a time ignorant in this matter. They have ability to think out and thrash out good from bad, correct from incorrect, beneficent from ruinous. People must be taught to sacrifice individual and personal gains for the happiness of others. Denial to selfish motives should be the watchword of the people.

In the present democratic set-up, many flaws have crept in, one of which is party politics, another is the forgetfulness of the elected to fulfil their promises given to the voters, the third is changing of the parties by the candidates for personal benefits, misuse of power for personal gains, and violence justified by majority.

In order to cure all these evils, thinkers must come forward to educate the voters and to teach them the principles of democracy and the unparalleled strength of their votes.

And it is here that the spiritual force is likely to be very useful. This force can be utilized only through the medium of great saints and their teachings.

The teaching as envisaged by the Ishavasya Upanishat should be propagated in such a way that it becomes a part and parcel of human behaviour. The valuable teaching is well explained in the following quotation :

“Ishawasyamidam Sarvam Yat Kim Cha Jagatyam Jagat !

“Tena Tyaktena Bhunjeethah, Maa Grudhah Kasyaswid Dhanam !”

It teaches what the due individual share is in life and what the people's share is. It says : All the world is pervaded by one supreme spirit or element, which we call Ish or God. He is everywhere and in every one of us. So, live a life which is not detrimental to the uplift of others. Individual self must grow with and in the universal self. **So, lead a dedicated life. Do not covet other's wealth !”**

This and other benevolent teachings must be the backbone of society and should be taught to the individuals to live and think in terms of collective life.

This spiritual force manifests itself in saints and their writings.

Saints should be requested to give guidance to the Society. Their guidance should be abided by. They exert their influence even by their very presence.

They should however not be drawn into political life under democratic structure but should be requested to exert their influence independently. People and not the Government should look at their welfare.

The “Party-Rule” pattern must be immediately done away

with. Village units should be asked to elect their own representatives as members of legislatures. The electors should be given power to withdraw their representatives if they find that they do not work satisfactorily. They should be trained to select or elect deserving candidates. They should know their own as well as their nation's progress.

There should be a council of saints and thinkers at the district level. This council should guide the elected members in respect of their duties.

All state legislatures should be replaced by one Parliament which should be the supreme political organization. In other word, India wants a unitary form of Government and the parliament should always seek advice of great saints in person or from their teachings.

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