

THE WAY TO SELF-KNOWLEDGE

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The Way to Self-Knowledge

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Dedication

To the memory of my parents, to my wife
For all the tender care and pains they took
To equip me for the transcendental life,
In gratitude I dedicate this book.

The Mighty Power ere She recast my mind
Had willed for me, to Her intention true,
A noble father and a mother kind
To whom most of what I possess is due.

Nor could I have a more devoted wife,
Than her in sickness nor an abler nurse
Nor consort more alert in danger rife,
Or more resourceful with an empty purse.

My mother and my spouse, as if decreed
To pass a life devoid of ease and mirth,
Renounced their pleasure and forewent their need
To soften the agony of my rebirth.

..

They served as the wings on which I flew
To realms unfolded by the holy Flame;
Two humble heroines, who never knew
Their greatness, acting nobly all the same.

I had access to blissful moods despite
The awful journey and the perilous road;
But all along without the least respite
The two went saddled with a heavy load.

They sweat to render smooth the path I trod
With no thought of a trophy to be won,
What metal is a woman's heart O God
To suffer martyrdom for man — her son.

About This Book

1. This metaphysical treatise, in verse, is the work of a Super-genius. The mortal author of the book makes it plain that the work is a mandatory production, written under the inspiration of a supernal intelligence, not in a trance or semi-trance state, but in complete wakefulness, at a speed not possible for a diction in poetry. Except the scriptures of the various faiths, there is no book comparable to it in the whole literature of mankind. It is a unique composition in English, the most widely spoken language of the earth.
2. The book itself is the confirmation of a rare phenomenon encountered in history during the last, at least, 5000 years — a phenomenon on which the current faiths of mankind are based, that is, Revelation or the direct communication of Perennial Wisdom, through a mortal brain, by a Superhuman Source of Knowledge, for guidance at a critical period of time.
3. The work contains the essence of the basic teaching of all religions, suited to the present needs and capable of universal application at this time.
4. The prophetic vision of the future, presented in this work, is entirely unique. There is no other thinker or scholar who has presented the same picture before, with such precision and detail; no philosopher who has envisioned the future of the human race on the same lines, as graphically painted in this work.
5. The book explains, for the first time, the rationale of religion, both past and present. Religious experience and the disciplines advocated for it, it says, signify the operation of a budding faculty in the human brain over and above the intellect, designed by nature to extend the experiential area of human perception to include — what is beyond our knowledge at present — the province of the mind and soul.
6. The idea that the human species is in a state of transition to produce a super-race has been mooted before. But the mechanism for this evolution and the kind of cooperation on the part of the individual necessary to allow this transformation to proceed unimpeded have never been

discussed in such detail or even suspected in such clear terms by any thinker either present or past.

7. The book is packed with illuminating material for the average individual in search of light on the problem of existence, or with a burning thirst to know more about himself and his position in the universe.

8. The volume makes it clear that Reason alone is hopelessly inadequate to solve the mystery of existence, that the present critical condition of the earth is the direct outcome of the absolute reliance placed on it, during recent times, and that there are planes and levels of creation, completely beyond the reach of the normal mind, which influence human destiny at all times.

9. This explains why prophets, seers and sages, who have been allotted such a high position in the religious history of mankind, are as indispensable a limb of the human society as scientists, scholars, artists, healers, and the like, and have even a more important role to perform. They serve as channels of communication with the supra-rational planes of creation, entirely beyond the intellect.

10. The reason why mankind is threatened by a disaster of unprecedented magnitude, as the result of her own inventive genius, is explained. The brain that has devised such a terrible instrument of destruction, as the atom-bomb, has no awareness of the glorious prime of life, prescribed by nature for the human species as the target of evolution. The race has adopted a measure of values and a style of life which are destructive of this inner bloom. She has come up against a menacing hurdle designed to put her back on the route.

11. Materialistic philosophy and the mechanistic ideas of modern science are both dismissed as untenable with the unanswerable argument that no verdict on the cosmos can be held to be valid until we know more about the nature of our instrument of perception, namely the mind. Considering the gigantic proportions of the visible universe and the extremely narrow range of the human sensory equipment, also the limitations of reason, the very idea of sitting in judgment on creation is preposterous. The world is facing a crisis mainly because of the wrong assessments made

during the last three centuries.

12. The book brings science and religion together by postulating evolution of the brain as the real cause of all transcendental religious phenomena. The founders of various faiths were more evolved and more perfected human beings. Because of continued evolution religion cannot remain static, but, like science, must continue to be a progressive area of human observation and experience, through the efforts of gifted individuals, known as seers or prophets in the past.

13. What the volume predicts about old age is something that has never been said before. The declining years can be the golden period of human life, packed with experience, wisdom and happiness. Men and women will live much longer to taste in full the joys of embodied existence. The argument is simple. It can never be that a gracious Creator would plan the ending lap of the life of an intelligent species to be an anguishing crawl across a thorny waste after a jubilant march through the rosy gardens of Youth and Prime. The present sad picture of the ending years of human life is the result of our ignorance of the Law. This is a most important contribution to human welfare.

14. The only yarn that can thread all the four major faiths with their subdivisions and other creeds into a beautiful garland round the neck of humanity, as a whole, is the concept of evolution presented in this work. This is the only solution to the problem of peaceful coexistence of all the current religions and faiths, side by side, on this planet.

15. The atrocities committed in the name of religion and the blood spilt in many parts of the earth, even in our day, constitute a sharp reminder to everyone to realize how pressing this problem is and how important it is for mankind to be exceedingly tolerant on the issues of faith in the nuclear age. The exposition of the Essence that has formed the seed-bed of all the faiths of mankind is one of the most important themes discussed in this work.

16. The real purpose of spiritual disciplines is to produce clairvoyant sages of the stature, as described in the book. The hunt for miraculous powers or psychic gifts is foredoomed to failure, as it constitutes a departure from the

Path. The true aim of all occult disciplines or Yoga is the same, namely, to produce spiritual geniuses in tune with transcendental realities.

17. The image of religion, as presented in this work, is not of rites and ceremonies, dogma and bigotry, caste and sect, interfaith conflicts and controversies, canonical dress and ostentatious display or, in plain terms, worldliness sanctified, running parallel to civic ceremonials, pageantry, pomp and show. But true religion is a firm belief in an Almighty Creator, in immortality, in self-perfection, in service, truth, love and compassion for all fellow beings, as the only way for the sanctification of human life to manifest the glory of the soul.

18. The book carries its own confirmation or refutation within itself. It is the boldest challenge ever thrown to the hierarchy of the intellect. If the events foretold come to pass; if the sabre-rattling, mighty empires are swept away; the brain is found to be in a state of transition; the forecast of longevity and a radiant, creative old age; the picture drawn of the enlightened sage or the sketch of the obstructions that now stand in the way of healthy evolution turn out to be correct, this volume will rank as the most remarkable book penned during recent times, making an unparalleled contribution to human knowledge, not even suspected by the learned. The awe-inspiring mystery surrounding it and its superhuman origin will then be incontestably established.

19. All this philosophical discourse, in spite of the vast area of thought touched in its covers, were the verses written like prose, would require not more than fifty pages of book-space, a miracle of condensation and brevity, couched in a language so simple that everyone can understand it, in sharp contrast to the abstruse volumes of conventional human scholarship in vogue today. As the work says, it is beyond human assessment and will be judged at the bar of Time.

Preface

This book is from the Super-Mind
A fast dictated gift sublime,
The Message it contains will find
Full confirmation in due time.

This well-observed phenomenon,
So new to modern intellect,
Has been exhibited, off and on,
In varied tongue and dialect,

Right from the old Egyptian times,
By many a richly gifted mind,
Of which the evidence in some climes,
One can in holy scriptures find.

The current theories, which ascribe
This outflow to the unconscious mind,
Are pure concoctions of a tribe
Of scientists that cannot find

Verses 1 - 4

..

The right solution in their texts,
Or in what their elite have writ,
Who, too, belong to diverse sects,
Each one depending on his wit

Which, in the vast domain of mind,
Is like a pin lost in a stack
Of hay, impossible to find,
When one in search has turned his back

Towards the huge, offending pile,
As Knowledge has turned his to God,
To please himself but for a while,
Intensely searching clay and sod.

The top psychologists whose fame
Still high in learned circles lives,
Are not entirely free of blame
For giving currency to views

About religion, God and soul,
Which are completely off the track,
As far from Truth as the South Pole
Is from the North, and some e'en smack

Of fabrication with a view
To enhance their prestige and their fame,
A subterfuge which is not new,
But in a holy cause, a shame.

Verses 5 - 10

..

The Almighty Power that rules this All
Is neither male nor female nor
Androgynous, and that we call
By names we have a liking for.

Our life can't be a simmering broth,
Where true and false conjointly live,
But there must be a purer Path
From which we Soul's estate can view.

The self-awareness of the soul,
To know her own divinity
Denotes the purpose and the goal
Of human life, as it should be.

That is why holy scriptures grip
So hard the normal human mind,
More than the love of scholarship,
And firmly to religion bind.

Mankind is passing through the age
Of dreams come true of scientists,
And with their gifts has set the stage

Now for the rule of nuclear fists.

What mental plagues will be her share,
If this accursed, infernal race,
With more and more destructive ware,
Continues at a faster pace,

Verses 11 - 16

..

Unless kind nature takes the stand
To make the hotheads see the light,
And comes down with a heavy hand
To bring to dust their vaunted might.

The arsenals built by the urge
To power, by lust, ambition, greed,
Nature will soon use as the purge
To cure these current ills with speed.

This awful Drama shall reveal
How marvelously nature works,
And how in all with which we deal,
Her hand behind the curtain lurks.

This gifted book will leave no doubt
That all we do is preordained,
And knowledge of what comes about,
Before it happens can be gained.

Ambition, passion, lust, desire,
Each impulse, urge or appetite,
Which move, propel or set on fire
Or fill with pain, grief or delight

The mind, must be judiciously
Brought under the control of man,
To help him climb courageously
The height prescribed in nature's Plan.

Verses 17 - 22

..

The bounden duty, in this fight,
Of every parent is to grow
In nobleness and moral height,
Their seeds in every child to sow.

The view of some psychologists
To give a more loose rein to sex
Is poison, and one must resist
Excess, ere it the system wrecks.

The ignorance, just at this stage,
Of this one, all-important Law,
When humankind has come of age
To end the rule of tooth and claw,

Can prove disastrous for the race
And has already done much harm.
That is why she will soon retrace
Her steps back to the field and farm;

And start the steep ascent to reach
The Kingdom nature has ordained,
One which religion came to preach,
When she self-mastery has gained.

Knowledge, entirely in the dark,
About this Crown of human life,
Must soon a new course embark
To clear the erroneous notions rife.

Verses 23 - 28

..

Hence this inspired direction came
To guide humanity aright,
As Dogma has made knowledge lame,
Bias and Hubris weak in sight.

So he cannot discern the Path,
Which nature for Man has aligned.
His cooks too many spoil the broth,

More so, when some are lame, some blind.

That is why Revelations come
To set the wrongs of Knowledge right,
To muffle his loud beating drum,
And bring his faults and fibs to light.

No poet, scholar, scientist
This Wonder-book can duplicate,
Or its innate appeal resist,
As Truth must triumph soon or late.

'Tis come to herald the New Age,
For which some people fondness show.
Like parrots talking in a cage,
What "New Age" means they do not know.

This Book is aimed to make it clear
That the existing two pursuits
Of wealth and power we must forswear,
As both are hence forbidden fruits;

Verses 29 - 34

..

And mankind must begin the ascent,
Free of the faults that block her way,
To reach the glowing firmament
Of Life-Divine without delay.

A new World-Order must emerge
That has no room for rivalry,
Where all attention would converge
On friendship, love and harmony.

Where every human flower must
Receive the thought and care it needs
To bloom divinely, in full trust,
That there are no encroaching weeds.

One can imagine it must be
A comic spectacle for gods
Our proud, intelligent selves to see
Stooping to tricks, deceptions, frauds

To o'ertake or outpace a mate,
A stranger, neighbor, kith or kin
And leave, what we accumulate
Behind, when bade to quit the bin;

While in us there is, all along,
The Spark which, with a little care,
Can change this life into a song
Of heavenly music all can share.

Verses 35 - 40

..

But we discredit or ignore,
Or for mere trifles sacrifice
This deathless Treasure, evermore,
Which grows in beauty and in price.

There might be many who will try
To pick some hole or find some fault
In this book, but in vain their cry,
As coming storms the attacks will halt.

The more discerning will forbear
From making comments, till the time
When patent signs can make it clear
How far prophetic is this rhyme.

This heaven-sent verse will be excelled
By future Seers, on their Rebirth,
Whose mighty visions might be spelled
In all main languages of the earth.

Verses 41 - 44

Gopi Krishna

New Delhi
February 4, 1984

I

Devote one short hour every day
To serve your Maker and your Lord,
Do worship, meditate or pray
Or sow some seeds of Good abroad.

Do something, in His name, to show
That you are mindful of the debt
Which children to their parents owe
For all the gifts they freely get.

Do something noble, something fine
That has no color of the self,
No shade of ego, me or mine,
No thought of honor, fame or pelf.

Do something good to benefit
The humble crowds surrounding you,
Whose minds not yet by Wisdom lit
Cannot decide what they should do.

Verses 45 - 48

..

Half of their misery is due
To this: they often fall a prey
To more quick-witted worthies who
Steal from their labor every day.

You cannot meet the Lord alone,
For He is close to one and all,
More so than flesh is to the bone,
Responsive e'en to a silent call.

The Lord of this Creation — God
Of countless planets, suns and moons
Does not stand in need of our laud
To shower on us His priceless boons.

Can you expect an earthly king
To leave his throne and come to you,
If you all day his praises sing
Unless you something special do,

To merit notice of the height
Of your fame for achievements won,
For great discoveries made, or light
Of knowledge shed or service done.

The applause for meritorious deeds
Does not resound on earth alone,
But its accumulated seeds
Are in the soil of future sown.

Verses 49 - 54

..

What on the earth we think or do,
Believing we are free to act,
Comes from the Cosmic mind which, too,
Has its own universe, in fact.

The error lies in holding that
Mind has no province of its own,
The creed of those who, like a bat,
To darkness have accustomed grown.

The glory of the midday sun
Is never open to their view,
His splendor their weak senses shun
And hence they in delusion live.

Impervious to our sensory probe
That Light is e'er before our gaze,
But bound by ego to this globe,
Through life we empty shadows chase,

Retaining at the end of life,
Dim memories of the eventful past,
Reminders of the vanished strife

To which we once were holding fast.

Ask of a soldier, bent with age,
Who has the bloodiest combats seen,
Where's now the fighting or the stage
On which he had an actor been.

Verses 55 - 60

..

Ask of a lover, old in years,
With palsied limbs and shrunken frame,
Where is the passion that brought tears
To him, when jilted by his flame.

This Magic Show none can explain,
This Mystery no one can solve,
Only when we remold our brain,
This giant phantom can dissolve

To leave one breathless, face to face,
With That from which we draw our thought,
Beyond the pale of Time and Space,
By which this phantom world is wrought.

The Price set on this great Release,
Known as salvation of the soul,
Is not that we should only please
The Lord, but honor His creation whole.

That is why service must be done
With meditation, prayer, laud,
For, at the base, this all is one —
The world, we creatures and our God.

How can a worship solely done
To profit one's own self alone,
Persuade the Lord to favor one
To such a selfish conduct prone.

Verses 61 - 66

..

That is why crowds of those who seek
By flattery to soar to God,
Although persistent, honest, meek,
Remain till death interred in sod.

There is no Secret Path by which
One can more quickly reach the Lord.
The shortest route avoids the witch
Of self, which to subdue is hard.

That is why Service is a must
In one's search for the state Divine,
For it rubs off from soul the rust
Of self, the source of "I" and "Mine".

Those who search for the nearest road
To God must mold their head and heart
To share, with joy, the other's load
Of pain and sorrow from the start

Our meditation, Asana, pose
And all the rest would ne'er suffice
To our Beloved to bring us close,
Unless with deeds we pay the price.

Compassion, charity and love
Of neighbor are a vital part
Of worship done to rise above
The self and must come from the heart.

Verses 67 - 72

II

Earn but to meet your modest needs
To keep distress and want away,
Excel in good and noble deeds
To help the afflicted night and day.

But do not, in your zeal, expose
Yourself to Want nor spoil your health,
For they a greater danger pose
To your uplift than power and wealth.

Be not misled by tricky Guides
Who promise you a quick ascent,
For God in every heart abides
And everywhere is immanent.

No Mantra, charm or method can
Lift us up to the King of Kings,
Unless we can the distance span
With Love and Goodness as our wings.

Verses 73 - 76

..

It is not Method but the Heart,
Which does the Lord of All enshrine.
Self-worship from it must depart
Before that Light of lights can shine.

How can we hide our faults from One
Who sees each flutter of our heart?
Can we hide from the blazing sun
The faintest cloud with all our art?

No store of learning, wit or skill
Can help to make us pure in heart,
Unless we pray and use our will
To keep ourselves from using art.

Be calm and cool, with manners mild,
Avoid excesses and extremes.
The artless nature of a child
Will bring fulfillment to your dreams.

Study the scriptures of great creeds
And cull the teaching they impart,
Soon you will find that noble deeds

With love and purity of heart,

Expressed in simple word and phrase,
Are all essentials of the route
That can embodied spirit raise
To glimpses of the Absolute.

Verses 77 - 82

..

It is because they do not know
The arduous nature of the Quest,
That false adepts their promptness show
To guide raw seekers to the crest.

That is why from the learned too
Some are now keen to join the game,
Contending why they should not woo
This Nymph of easy wealth and fame.

There is no chance they will succeed
In their design to steal the show,
For Time will soon expose their greed
And infamy heap on their brow.

The urge in us to soar above
The world to see what lies behind,
Is nature's artifice to endow
The species with a super-mind.

The trouble is we are too prone
To be enamored of our faults,
And on this plea or that condone
Their presence which our progress halts.

It is imperative on those
Who to a super-mind aspire
That they the vent-holes tightly close
To bar wrong motive and desire.

Verses 83 - 88

..

It is not as hard as is said
To discipline the human mind.
Since we have nature's Law misread
That we the task so heavy find.

As our upliftment to the plane
Of super-knowledge is in line
With nature's aim to upgrade the brain
It must Self-mastery combine.

There comes a period in the life
Of nations, when they must decrease
The tempo of their worldly strife,
The climb to Super-Mind to ease.

But slaves to habit they persist
In their aims at the former pace,
When nature with her iron fist
Brings to a stop the headlong race

To sure destruction and decay
Which mark the inevitable end
Of men's revolt to have his way,
When nature calls on him to mend.

This is the crisis which we face
At this decisive point of time,
As from now on the human race
To cross into a Golden prime,

Verses 89 - 94

..

Must learn to moderate her pace,
From outer turn to th' inner plane,
To simpler life her steps retrace
And calm the fever of her brain.

For only then can she discern,
The Path which nature has aligned
For her, to tread with care to earn

The blessing of a Super-mind.

The crisis will not end until
Rebellious mankind bends before
Outraged nature's flouted will,
Defeated, humbled, bruised, sore.

For decades after I am gone,
The learned, with a touch of awe,
Will wonder long what Light had shone
That guided my steps to this Law.

And this prediction shall remain
For epochs as a standing proof
That there is much more in our brain
Than but somatic warp and woof.

Verses 95 - 99

III

The greatest harm to humankind,
In our day, has been done by those,
In hot haste who the Lord denied,
And the path of rebellion chose.

The vain philosophers who tried
With logic to disprove the Lord,
Their own integrity denied,
And others did of faith defraud.

Existence, non-existence rest
On mind and not on matter dead,
As, save mind, no one can attest
How was creation born and bred.

Our mind alone confirms the fact
That we live in this universe,
And none with sober thought or act

This sound conclusion can reverse.

Verses 100 - 103

..

Hence mind and this creation are
Inseparable to the last
This holds true for the near and far,
For future, present and the past

This means existence e'er depends
On mind to know that it exists.
If there is no mind, it too ends
Lost in unpictureable mists.

The very thought of being comes
From mind, and from no other source.
They too are indivisible chums,
One in reality, of course.

Matter exists because of mind,
Which does not its existence owe
To lifeless matter, deaf and blind,
That ne'er can its own being know.

How can there be a world without
Intelligence to give it life.
The reason why we fall in doubt
Stems from the foolish theories rife.

It is Intelligence alone
That can a universe create.
A stone will always be a stone
Unless new forces operate.

Verses 104 - 109

..

All ordered complex changes denote
The operation of a mind.
You nowhere will a pant and coat,
No human hand has tailored, find.

It is Intelligence, again,
Infinitely subtle and acute,
That has designed the human brain,
So shrewd, inventive and astute.

This great Intelligence controls
Our vast creation as our minds
Control our bodies for the roles
Which we perform of various kinds.

Should we not try to express our love
And homage for this gracious God
Or fail His bounties to avow
With worship, prayer, service, laud.

A strange perversity has gripped
Like to a vice, the human mind,
That is the reason we have tripped
On our way upward and now find

Ourselves in gravest danger that
Might prove disastrous for the race,
Not knowing 'tis a tit for tat,
For our revolt denial of Grace.

Verses 110 - 115

..

Air, water, fire, the sun and moon,
And all the treasures of the earth,
Each one of them a priceless boon,
Are free for us right from our birth.

Indeed! It must be a barren mind,
Unmoved by this great Mystery,
That does not all in nature find
Something to be a votary.

Something to fill his heart with love
And ceaseless wonder, also awe,
As on the starlit sky above

He sees writ large the rule of Law.

O, ye rash skeptic ponder well
While there is time yet to recant
Can you believe the Sun will tell
His mighty secrets to an ant?

It is a self-defeating game,
A bid for honor, fame or gain.
For, how can one a knowledge claim
Which is beyond the average brain?

Belief or disbelief can make
A world of difference in the life
Of multitudes were they to take
It serious in the climate rife.

Verses 116 - 121

..

The atmosphere of disbelief;
Which in academies prevails,
Will bring humanity to grief
If she to eject the poison fails.

Religious fanatics who claim
The first position for their creed,
The Founder and their God defame
To feed their vanity and greed.

For, how can you to God impute
The human failing for a pet,
That He would serve one tea and fruit,
And others e'en to ask forget?

These notions and obsessions tell
To one, who knows, a sorry tale,
That people do not ponder well
Or study their faith in detail.

Monopoly of God's Love
Is as bad as denial of God.
In either case we cause a row,
To our size cut His Kingdom broad.

Verses 122 - 126

IV

Bewildered lives the learned mind
That cannot make his peace with God,
Cannot the Living Splendor find,
Sans which he is a lump of sod.

Unbroken Peace and endless Joy
Of Self-Unfoldment are for those
Who ne'r the others' peace destroy,
And ne'r by force their will impose.

Know that you ne'r can take by storm,
The Eternal Kingdom of the Lord,
Unless you model and reform
Yourself with His Law to accord.

Whate'er might be the discipline,
Whate'er the Faith which you embrace,
Unless in tune with Law within,
You ne'r can find your way to Grace.

Verses 127 - 130

..

A hundred teachers, highly versed
In knowledge of the sacred lore,
And all the secret rites observed,
Cannot push to the other Shore

One who does not himself practise
The methods and the virtues ruled,
Depends on others for the prize,
And is by promises befooled.

Remember that in our approach
To finding out the way to God,
It cannot be some well-paid coach
Who can uplift us from the sod.

How can the Lord supreme of all,
Who holds the cosmos under sway,
Permit one to His audience hall,
Who brings in those his wages pay?

The error lies in our approach,
For ere embarking on the quest,
We surely must engage a coach,
To read the scriptures and digest.

Study and learning must come first,
Attended by reflection deep,
Aright to channelize our thirst,
Safe from erratic trends to keep.

Verses 131 - 136

..

It may take years or e'en a life
To know the port one has to reach,
And for this span till one is ripe
A tutor may be paid to teach.

After this none save an adept,
Who has himself approached the Shore,
And on his acts a vigil kept,
Can, for this task, come to the fore.

It is not hard to pick him out
Of myriads who themselves encrown,
Their titles through the media shout
To reach the crowds in every town.

It is not hard to mark the one
Who knows the way to the other Coast
He will not say that he has won,

Nor will he of his merits boast.

No dais, reverently kept
Reserved for his exclusive use,
Will form the seat of an adept
Who will such mummary refuse,

Nor will he, like a circus show,
Seat his disciples on the floor
Below him in his hall aglow
With lights, while others throng the door. Verses 137 - 142

..

Nor will he e'er his garments dye
Nor wear a spectacular dress,
Nor by his pose or gesture try
The folk to hoodwink or impress.

Simple in dress, subdued and calm,
And mingling freely with the crowd,
His honest words act like a balm
To melt the hearts of e'en the proud.

The man of God would ne'r agree
To pageantry or pomp and show,
Nor e'er pretend, to gain a fee,
To secrets which he does not know.

The tales of miracles performed
And gifts bestowed, that are so rife,
Are only for the ill-informed
For none thereby found deathless life.

If ever by a lucky chance
You come across a true adept,
Who has attained the ecstatic trance,
And with the excess of rapture wept,

Ask him, before you e'er embark
On this adventure, what he gained,
What happy features did he mark,
And what rare blessings on him rained? Verses 143 - 148

..
This is the knowledge you must gain,
Before you take the practice up,
For, if you for a contest train,
You must know more about the cup.

That is why it is good to read,
Before you start the exercise,
What some of those, who won the meed,
Have said about this enterprise.

This is not what these teachers ask,
Because then they would lose their hold,
For, when you once complete this task,
You will be no more in their fold.

This study, with attention done,
Will make you sure of what I say,
For if you count on only one,
The odds are you will lose the way.

After this task, act on this rhyme,
Keeping in mind the hints conveyed,
If you devote sufficient time,
And all instructions are obeyed,

You may be sure of steady gain,
A slow advance, not sudden dash,
For 'tis not wise to press the brain
To emit a meteoric flash. Verses 149 - 154

V

Begin your practice and reform
With firm resolve and trust in God,
Rave no desire to take by storm
The gate to Heaven or ride roughshod.

The morning hours before sunrise,
While most of us are still asleep,
Provide the best time for the wise
To engage in meditation deep.

Start with shorter spans of time,
Say fifteen minutes and no more,
Evoke an image most sublime,
Of Godhead or the other Shore,

And keep your mind immovably fixed
On this auspicious picture till
You can keep it, pure and unmixed,
With modest efforts of your will.

Verses 155 - 158

..

But do not fret nor lose your heart
Should mind your gentle press resist,
With calm composure make a start
Again and, in this way, persist.

Sit cross-legged, with your back erect,
Using a posture which is good,
Convenient, easy to effect
And helpful to a peaceful mood.

Have no fear that the mental state
To be imagined is not known
To you. Persist and soon or late
The doorway open will be thrown.

It is an error to suppose,
That 'tis our will that molds the brain,
Or how we sit or keep our pose,
Or how we for this Kingdom train.

All that is needed from our part
Is truth, devotion, self-reform,
Love, humbleness, a feeling heart
And to this rule we must conform.

The rest is done by Laws Divine,
Where human will can have no hand,
Here it is futile to opine,
For all now happens by command.

Verses 159 - 164

..

That is why all religious lore
Has been held sacred all along,
For here we touch the other Shore,
Where intellect can guide us wrong.

Submission to the Will Divine,
Restrained ambition and desire,
Abstention from drugs, smoke and wine,
Subdual of the carnal fire,

Detachment to keep one's self free
And not allow the mind to drown
Deep in the world or from it flee,
Nor soaring high nor sinking down

In hard search of the Golden Mean
Firm in reform, in practice sure,
In judgment fair and dealings clean,
Of honest aims and motives pure,

The seeker who aspires to God
Or hallowed states of Consciousness
Must, plain and humble, like to sod,

Undaunted by reverses, press

With cautious steps towards his goal,
Regardless of the hazards met,
Until the Glory of the Soul
Shines to make him his woes forget.

Verses 165 - 170

..

Wafting him to a glorious plane,
Resplendent as the noonday sun,
Immune to death, distress and pain,
The friend of all and foe to none,

A fabulous inner paradise,
Where he may bloom into a sage,
Inspired, clairvoyant, prescient, wise,
A star-performer of his age.

Whene'er you have some vacant time,
Either in office or at home
Think calmly of the state sublime
Or silent chant the Mantra "OM".

For a few minutes at a time
To keep the fickle mind alert
To your religious duty prime,
One's own Divinity to assert

And keep the height you try to win
In mind a few times every day,
So that you may the climb begin
By easy stages all the way.

Combined with early morning spell
Of meditation, it will prove
A boon to make you progress well,
And, done with faith, can mountains move. Verses 171 - 176

..

Take care not to fatigue the brain
Which may lead to more harm than good,
But if this happens first regain,
By rest and calm, the buoyant mood.

E'en when you slow down or relax,
Do not omit to serve the Lord,
But in this, too, you should not tax
Your body too much or too hard.

Make doubly certain that your pace
Is neither too fast nor too slow,
If you succeed in this, your face
With health and happiness should glow.

Remember that a gentle rise
Is more congenial for the brain,
You have more chance to win the prize
If you with moderation train.

Be mindful, when you start this Quest
That moderation is the key
In food and drink, in sport and rest,
In work and sleep that sets us free.

The need for caution lies in this:
Here we experiment with brain,
And if one is the least remiss
He never may his health regain.

Verses 177 - 182

..

At this point it is good to know
That our desire to win to God
Does not from superstition grow
Nor from a whim nor fancy odd.

But from our Maker's gracious Plan
To upgrade our still evolving brain
For better to change the Life of Man

Perennial peace and joy to gain.

And that is why religion came
On this ascent to be our guide,
Our passions and desires to tame,
And help us climb with measured stride.

That is why people stand in need
Of discipline of both the mind
And body, also thought and deed,
To tread with care the path aligned.

The earth is ailing, water sick,
And nations on the brink of war,
Air with the fumes of poison thick,
Because mankind has wandered far

From her Divinely ordered route,
In search of pleasure, wealth and ease,
Her passions and desires to suit,
Her fancies and her whims to please.

Verses 183 - 188

..

Because out of the learned ranks,
Misguided by the intellect,
Dissension from some of the cranks
The prestige of religion wrecks.

That is why all act as they like,
Encouraging hedonistic trends,
Why nature is now poised to strike
Unless this mad rebellion ends.

Nor scholars nor philosophers
Can now make much of what I write,
But world conditions growing worse
Will bring the Truth I preach to light.

The Way to God which I describe
Is not new but an ancient one,
Which all the faiths of earth prescribe,
With here and there some pruning done,

To suit the climate of our day,
The fast and hectic life we lead,
The importunate will lose the way
If they do not the warnings heed.

For some time past, it sure has been
A great misfortune for mankind,
For able minds themselves to preen
On a few secrets they could find,

Verses 189 - 194

..

Denying nature e'en a bit
Of credit for the intelligence
About which they know not a whit,
Save what is plain to commonsense.

This is the first time, when they will
Know more about the realm of mind,
And, lost in wonder, use their skill
More and more of this world to find.

O, noble spirits whose heart aches,
Sore at the thought of woes to come,
You know full well what are the stakes
If we allow the quarrelsome,

Ambitious heads to have their way,
What devastation will be done,
What millions will the weapons slay,
With all-round loss and profit none.

This is the time, when you can serve
The cause of mankind and the Lord,
If you your energies conserve

To spread this ancient Truth abroad,

And help aspirants know the way
To use these methods, at their choice,
Keep at their practice every day
Till they in their success rejoice.

Verses 195 - 200

..

These disciplines will help improve
Their health, ability and worth,
The great Truths of religion prove
And make their life a heaven on earth.

Verse 201

VI

If you find self-reform too hard,
In spite of your intense desire,
For lack of firmness to discard
The habits that stink of the mire,

There is no reason to despair,
Try what you can time and again,
Beseech your Maker to repair
The faults and you in strength will gain.

If meditation does not suit
Your inclination or your taste,
You can select another route
At once and let no time go waste.

A simple prayer from the heart,
Full of devotion, hope and love
So deep they make your eyes to smart
With tears and lift your mind above

Verses 202 - 205

..

The cares and fears which e'er assail
The God-forsaken worldly mind,
And its attention firmly nail

To things our soul with fetters bind,

Repeated with assiduity,
Day after day, at the same time,
With faith in one's divinity
And longing for the Life Sublime,

Can slowly act, like to a balm,
Upon the world-tormented brain,
Its passions cool, its fever calm
And for the Crown of Glory train.

The aim of worship, Yoga or
Other religious exercise
Is to divert our thinking, for
A while, from trifles, which we prize,

Towards the glorious realm of God,
Hut we, believing earth is all,
And we the products of her sod,
Cut off completely by the wall

Of senses all our life remain,
Without our knowledge, choice or will,
Obedient prisoners of our brain
Until death strikes it cold and still.

Verses 206 - 211

..

That is why nature has instilled
In us the deep desire to solve,
Our mystery which, when fulfilled
The walls confining us dissolve.

Whate'er discoveries we have made,
Inventions done or knowledge gained,
At death, irretrievably fade
And not one atom is retained.

What truck-loads of joy will it bring,
If lost to this world in a dream,
One is anointed as a King,
Attired in gold and fed on cream.

Science is proud that it has filled
The earth with plenitude and ease,
Tamed time and distance, famine killed,
Defeated drought, subdued disease.

But all this in the prison-yard,
Of flesh, or Life's prolonged dream,
Where senses all the entries guard,
And make pure shadows real seem.

Science is rooted in the dream,
And ne'er awakens from its sleep,
Hence it will of the high esteem
It has won but a fraction keep,

Verses 212 - 217

..

When, with the methods known of yore,
The enterprising of the race,
Begin reporting at that Shore
And come back Resurrected by Grace

To sing in poetry and prose
The wonders of that Realm Divine,
Where senses their main office close
To allow Infinity to shine.

The flood of wonders science wrought,
Already seen by mortal eyes,
Has not prevented human thought
From wistfully looking at the skies.

Because the Prize there has no peer
In all the wonders it has wrought,
That can make one a sage or seer

Who has won to the Source of Thought

The world, when looked at with the eye
Of science, no meaning shows nor aim,
We ne'er can say nor find out why
We all are here or whence we came.

The reason why wise nature mocks
At our attempts to read her plan
Is that proud science the window locks
Through which we could the drawing scan. Verses 218 - 223

..

To assume that senses and the mind
Are both, without a shade of doubt,
The best informers we can find
To study and to know about

The world and all it does contain,
Is but our boundaries to seal,
For we know not about the brain
What secrets it might soon reveal.

That is why science is engrossed
In piling up new arms to kill,
But when the false outpost is crossed
In future, who will foot the bill?

The earth is in a sullen mood
Enwapt in darkness at full noon,
Her snoring elders, with their brood,
Make drowsy crowds dance to their tune.

This welter of metallic toys
Will not take mankind very far,
Because too soon the playful boys
Will use them for a deadly war.

Verses 224 - 228

VII

Repay a tithe of e'en one gift
Out of the countless you receive,
Help someone poor, some fallen lift,
Or some afflicted heart relieve.

Try hard to ease by e'en one jot
Distress and sorrow, far or nigh,
If God forbid, such were your lot,
Would you not for a good friend sigh.

There is no path so safe and sure
To reach the Lord's estate divine,
As this, for e'en the weak and poor
His glory in their hearts enshrine.

Our great Creator did not lack
Material for a happier world.
It is but those who turn their back
To Light who are into error hurled.

Verses 229 - 232

..
Were there no fault or blemish left
For us to exert our skill and brain,
How could we grow more smart and deft
Or more extended knowledge gain?

The noblest men and women born
On earth had this distinctive trait,
They helped the poor, weak and forlorn,
As if attracted by a bait.

For Heaven our nature keenly tests
For better performance of our part,
And our promotion always rests
On how warm is our feeling heart

All lower creatures, trees and plants
This great Law, as a rule, observe,
They meet our needs, fulfill our wants
Or nature's other purpose serve.

Every terrestrial creature plays
A part in this concerted whole,
And many a form, like silkworms, pays
With life, but acts the allotted role.

The one exception to this Rule,
In Nature's altruistic plan,
Is not the lowly animalcule,
But His Exalted Highness — Man.

Verses 233 - 238

..

He robs the earth without regard
To whether what he does is right,
Or whether any forces guard
Her wealth and might put up a fight.

Believers, nonbelievers act
In this dacoity hand in hand,
As if earth is a barren tract,
A God forsaken, no-man's land.

Ah, this impossible creature, Man,
E'en when he is all full of God,
He will not scruple, if he can,
His gracious Maker to defraud.

If in our prayers we admit
That all this world to God belongs,
What then compels us to commit
Mostly for gain such grievous wrongs.

A novel breed of scholars gave
The verdict that there is no God,
In dark yet how their brains behave

To do their thinking, Oh!, how odd.

Can you think of a greater fraud
Than one who knows not how he knows,
And yet, in his denial of God,
With one stroke all-knowing grows.

Verses 239 - 244

..

By some inscrutable trick of Fate
We entertain the false belief
That planet earth is our estate,
Our asset and possession chief.

Remember that though we despoil
This good earth, it is still alive,
That Deathless life permeates her soil
And that is how we live and thrive.

Remember that His Majesty
In every atom does reside,
And that we pay the penalty,
When on His earth we roughshod ride.

Today the world is torn apart,
Because the learned have no clue
In science, philosophy or art,
What way of life we should pursue.

Should it be power, position, wealth,
Or pleasure or the quest divine,
Or sport or athletics for health,
Or in some noble art to shine.

In former times, the sacred lore
Of most religions of the earth,
The lives of Founders kept before
The flock as models of great worth.

Verses 245 - 250

..

Instinctively the human heart
Receptive keeps itself to hold
Some great one's image dear, in part
At least, its life on that to mold.

The hero owes the honor won
For wit, exploit, grit or art
To but this: that whate'er was done
Had captured his admirer's heart

The reverence and homage won
By Founders of the major creeds,
So far excelled or matched by none,
Came from their teachings and their deeds.

Those who downgraded, in our day,
Religion and what it is for,
They did the first foundation lay,
Unwisely of the coming war.

The vain philosophers who tried
Through reason to disprove the Lord,
And for this on their wit relied
In truth have guilty been of fraud.

For, how can Honesty pronounce
A judgment on a boundless whole,
Of trillions of earths, moons and suns
In which this earth is but a mole?

Verses 251 - 256

VIII

Not e'en a shadow of the thought
Of Victory should cross your mind,
When with the inner changes wrought
The coiled up power starts to unwind.

A hundred portents, omens, signs
Distract the dabbler in the occult,
They cease, when one one's self resigns
To God, if they from fear result.

Inner sensations, lights or sounds
If mild, need not make seekers pause.
But if they least exceed the bounds
And some pain or distraction cause

One must the practice stop to give
A rest to the overtaxed brain,
Until completely cured to live
A life immune from stress and strain.

Verses 257 - 260

..

Nor worship regularly done
Nor meditation nor good deeds
Can in the least enlighten one,
If with them he his ego feeds!

The greatest foe one must subdue
Is ego with a hundred heads.
If one we unto death pursue
Another head its hood spreads.

Let not the thought disturb your mind
Why you the worldly fire subdued,
When later you some comrade find
With more temporal goods endued.

Ambition and true peace do not
Go on together hand in hand,
If one is in a melee caught,
He must push and press firm to stand,

The one aspiring to the crown
Of pure, extended consciousness
Should not be hungry for renown,

But unconcernedly skyward press.

Content with what he has, inured
To heat and cold, of temper sweet,
Serene, of worldly fever cured,
Behaving always as is meet,

Verses 261 - 266

..

The man of God confiding, warm
Forbearing, patient, gentle, true
Against those e'en who do him harm
Would ne'er the path of hate pursue.

To rich and poor alike, the same
To one's own and another's creed,
The same when he has won to fame
As he was when unknown, indeed.

No stir of envy e'er disturbs
His e'er contented, generous heart,
Nor coldness shown towards him curbs
The flow of warmth from his part

Perfection in emotive poise
Is Nature's must to make this rise.
There is no chance for gilt alloys,
But only gold to win this prize.

This ordeal nature has imposed
To guard against the wiles of man,
He would try hard, if not opposed,
To circumvent her gracious plan.

From ancient times the sphere of faith
Has offered man a tempting field.
Of those who nibbled at the bait
Some harvested a bumper yield.

Verses 267 - 272

..

Not but the impostor and the fraud
But beggar and the ruler, too,
Exploited oft the name of God
Some aim to serve, some trick to do.

The Brahmin, Lama, Mullah, Priest
In dark about the real aim
Of their religion, West or East,
Only concerned with form and name

Cannot convince, guide or inspire
The flocks that to their faith subscribe,
For, save those baptized by this Fire,
None can the state sublime describe.

This is the sign which they must show
Who have attained the ecstatic state,
The Picture from their lips must flow
In language hard to imitate.

This is the sign which puts the seal
Of confirmation on the words
Of prophets, which none could repeal
Nor alter or rub off with swords.

The world does not know as to how
One can detect the true adept,
Out of those to whom legions bow,
And as their holy guides accept.

Verses 273 - 278

..

None has explained yet in this age
The nature of prophetic gift
Neither the scientist nor sage
Till now from it the veil could lift

That is why most religions lost
The prestige they had earlier won,
For Nature e'er exacts a cost

For errors and omissions done

Which stem from man's incurable pride,
In his own judgment and belief,
Forgetting that the world is wide
And he so small, his life so brief

Those who, above all, their faith extol
Suggest this to their rivals too,
If they insist upon a poll
To know whose noisy claim is true,

It would be hard for fanatics
Oblivious to what other's feel,
When they reject their faith with kicks
To settle the dispute with steel.

The preachers who use rhetoric
Oft with the aim to impress their flock,
Holes in their own scriptures pick,
And at their simple language mock.

Verses 279 - 284

..

Religions are not built to stand
On orators or learned priests,
But on the Chosen of a land
Allowed to share Emphyrean Feasts.

It has been an error all along
To keep an army round the clock
To buttress Faith and make it strong,
Like an embattled granite rock.

Forgetting in our selfish zeal
How it would strike the gracious Lord,
If, to make sure that none would steal
His Word, we place round it a guard.

More needed were the strength of mind
And wisdom to act on the word,
The Kingdom it hints at to find,
And then proclaim it to the world.

There was no need to hold by force
The mighty citadel of faith,
But to uncover the august source
From which the Gospels emanate.

Those eager for the enterprise
Can start without the least delay.
Enough has been said for the wise
To follow cautiously the way.

Verses 285 - 290

IX

It cannot please the Lord at all
If we the sad distinction make
That all within our compound wall
Is genuine, that without it fake.

For He is here and everywhere,
As near to us as others too.
It only will express our fear
If we declare what is not true.

If our religion is the best
Why do we of it loudly shout,
As if we want the world to attest,
A view we still regard with doubt.

Religion is, in truth, a route
To be pursued unto the last,
Not for discussion or dispute
Nor ostentatious rite or fast,

Verses 291 - 294

..

But to act on the rules enjoined,
For Man to be a Super-man.
These rules no mortal brain has coined,
But form a part of Heaven's Plan.

To raise humanity above
The passions that bind her to earth,
To fill her more with Truth and Love
And make her of far greater worth.

Neither to seek miraculous gift,
Nor ghostly visits by the dead
Nor e'en a change of fortune swift,
But to be more evolved instead,

More sober, patient, humble, pure,
Thrifty, considerate and wise,
For longer spans of time to endure
With joy to greater heights to rise,

Endued with yet another sense,
Besides the five already there,
Which looks beyond all that is dense,
Blocking our vision everywhere,

And ne'er allows us to perceive
The world to which our souls belong.
The way we can this darkness cleave
Religion has shown all along.

Verses 295 - 300

..

How can we serve the will of God
Or act upon His gracious Plan
If we the crowds around us prod
And their vindictive passions fan

By saying our faith is the best
And theirs not as good as our own,
In us it will create unrest,

In them ire for the bias shown.

Right now the tragedy is that
Faith has forgotten her true role,
And Knowledge having grown too fat
Has hence usurped her office whole.

Two billion hours of selfless work
By healthy grown-ups of the earth
Can wake up mankind, with a jerk,
To a New Order to give birth.

This honest labor should suffice
To o'ercome want, distress and pain,
To rid the world of crime and vice,
Which day by day momentum gain.

This effort, ev'n though less at first,
Should grow in volume, day by day,
And e'en increase the noble thirst
To help the neighbor in some way.

Verses 301 - 306

..

There is no fear the attempt will lead
To greater sloth and idleness,
For "Service" when become a creed,
Shall by its worth the world impress.

Above all, when the time has come,
Or when such is the Will of God,
Excited zealots beat the drum
And masses their approval nod.

This jubilation and furor,
Which mark the revolutions wrought
In Orders congruent no more,
Are featured by the Source of Thought.

No heart should grieve for lack of means,
No eye shed tears for broken health,
To end for good distressful scenes
Should be the noblest use of wealth.

It will free myriads from the grip
Of famine, myriads from disease,
Myriads with arts and crafts equip
To earn their livelihood with ease.

Millions of children who would grow
Deformed, retarded, crippled, blind,
For lack of food again would glow
With health of body and the mind.

Verses 307 - 312

..

The Hindus, Muslims, Christians, Jews,
Buddhists or other noble creeds,
The black, white, brown and yellow hues
Or other pure or mongrel breeds,

Like many-colored flowers in
A park, the charm of earth enhance,
And vessels of one God within,
Must live as brothers, laugh and dance.

This happy dream does not come true
As in its progress intervene
Our pride and prejudice, the two
Declared foes of this heavenly scene.

Those who blame nature for our woes,
Our sorrows and destructive wars,
Forget that they are their own foes,
For 'tis their pride which Mercy bars.

And those who shudder, when they hear
One talking of the approaching war,
Have no idea the race is near

To total madness, and not far,

If nature does not bar the way
To it with travail, so intense,
That crazy notions, which now sway
Her Great would yield to prudent sense, Verses 313 - 318

..

And build the milieu which she wants
To put in motion her great plan,
The time, when Heaven these blessings grants
To suit the dignity of man,

Will be the right occasion for
The upward movement of the race,
Which no attempt of man will bar
Until She gains the height by Grace.

In vain the rebels would oppose
The assured completion of this Plan
To get, for it, a heavy dose
Of suffering for a lengthy span

Of time, until the storm subsides
And brutal natures are well tamed,
Mankind again in peace abides
And blasted areas are reclaimed. Verses 319 - 322

X

Do try your utmost to reduce
The load of sorrow in the world.
And think not that it is no use
As there are millions to be served.

Nor ever entertain the thought
That suffering is writ in their fate,
For, if distress is in their lot,

Our duty is to alleviate

As far as we can, grief and pain,
Help in misfortune, calm unrest,
As, otherwise, how can we train
For nature's fundamental test,

Prescribed for every candidate
Aspiring to a Super-mind
The Kingdom destined soon or late
To enrich the whole of humankind.

Verses 323 - 326

..

Mistaken are the folk who think
That science and technology
Rave come to make the earth a rink
For acrobatic skaters free

In truth, these are beginnings made
To bring about a change profound
In human life and thought to upgrade
The brain and lift to higher ground

Above the fear of famine, drought,
Disease, want, flood and drudgery,
So that to win the Trophy sought
We would be relatively free.

And not to make technology
The end supreme of human life,
From all the tasks to set her free
With smart machines of every type,

Until, for lack of exercise,
A softened and decadent race,
Emasculated and shrunk in size,
A technocratic earth would grace.

Nor must technology be used
To wean away from healthy toil
Hard-working crowds, for if abused,
It would the golden Future spoil.

Verses 327 - 332

..

The dreamers of these wishful dreams
No inkling have of nature's Plan,
Nor do they hear her warning screams
Demanding on this waste a ban.

Nor bold adventures, daring feats
Nor brave exploits in outer space
Nor fighting wars with space-ship fleets
Can help to raise a nobler race.

These blandishments of fantasy
Mark but a brief meteoric flash
In mankind's sober history,
And soon may end up with a crash.

Deluded is the mind which thinks:
This progress and this glamour wrought,
Near which the past to a shadow shrinks,
Has grown from human skill and thought.

Intelligence already ripe
Was present on the scene without
Our knowledge how it came to life.
This is a fact no one can doubt.

Materials for experiments
In plenty were scattered round.
Phenomena too and events,
Which for these studies formed the ground, Verses 333 - 338

..

Did not originate from us,
But were a part of nature's play.
'Tis ego pure that makes a fuss

To feel important for a day.

Some hints and clues came from the past,
The flash of genius did the rest.
Who knows how gifted brains are cast?
And then why but a few are blest?

What do the dons then talk about?
Where does our will or choice come in?
How do they of their triumphs shout?
When all is but a happy spin

Of chance or call it Destiny:
The elusive Power-that-be which rules
The world a clueless Mystery —
That, most of all, the proud befools.

Three billion, more or less, astute
Full grown up minds upon this globe,
Intangible, invisible, mute
Reflect, imagine, think and probe,

Behaving almost the same way,
Apart from reptile, beast and bird,
As if each is a solar ray.
How very foolish and absurd

Verses 339 - 344

..

Hence are the learned views which hold
That each one of three billion brains
Provides the same organic mold
From which arise the thinking chains

Whose daily output in one lot,
On all imaginable themes,
Would one whole ocean fill with thought,
Without including nightly dreams.

The water of this ocean will
Be made of nigh identical drops,
And since we can an ocean fill
Each day, as the flow never stops,

It follows that a hidden mind
Prepares the matter of the mold,
So that the yield is of one kind
Unchangingly for years untold,

Or there is an unbounded Main
Of thought, beyond our wildest dream,
From which arrives in every brain,
Imbued with ego, a tiny stream.

In either case, it can be nought
Except Intelligence which gives
To us the incredible gift of thought
By which mankind was born and lives.

Verses 345 - 350

..

Conceited minds take credit for
What they do or achieve in life,
Not knowing who inspires them or
What power sustains them in the strife.

The mighty secrets of the brain
Are still a closed book to the learned,
Because they oft themselves enchain
With dogma and hence are interned

In prison-cells of their own make,
Which they refuse to leave until
They grow too old to get a shake
From someone more pedantic still.

Aspirants to self-knowledge must
Refuse to overload the brain
With too much learning not to encrust

It with a heavy shell in vain.

Our slowly changing brain demands
A simpler, nobler, purer life,
And not a hectic one which lands
Us into a beast of burden strife.

What is the difference in one,
Well drest and seated in a car,
Who all the day is on the run
To attend his office or the bar

Verses 351 - 356

..

Or some profession, craft or trade,
And an ox dragging hard a plough,
From early morn until the shade
At ev'nfall ends its labor rough

If, of them both, life is confined
To eating, drinking, sleeping, sex
Or mental labor of some kind,
Or hoarding wealth and signing checks

And each as empty is at death,
And as unawareless of one's self,
As when he drew his primal breath,
Whether unclad or rich in pelf.

This clumsy actor e'er forgets
That countless generations came
And went to leave all their effects
Behind, including name and fame.

What does it boot if every day
He spends the time in running round
For wealth, position or in play
Or works hard to become renowned,

When, at the end, with shaky legs,
A wizened face and shrunken frame,
Weary and sick he sadly begs
For death, renouncing wealth and fame. Verses 357 - 362

..
Knowledge, proud of his high estate,
Calls it the inevitable end
Of life, the inescapable Fate
Of mortals no one can amend.

But Knowledge, at this stage, is dead
To nature's benevolent plan,
Though nowhere in what he has read,
There is Immortal Life for man. Verses 363 - 364

XI

One's progress in self-knowledge brings,
Besides the adepts immortal Crown,
That which has been the dream of kings:
Good health, longevity, renown,

But since no study has been done
On Masters who attained the Peak
Or who to Empyrean Kingdom won?
To scholars what I say is Greek.

There is more in the human brain
Than is seen in the wildest dreams
Of science-fiction writers main,
But for that we need study teams.

There is far more in heaven and earth
Than is dreamt of by our elite,
But there must be a Second Birth,
Before one can the Treasures sight. Verses 365 - 368

..

What is required to bring about
The full unfolding of this gift
Is self-perfection in and out,
Worship and of the weak uplift.

Ennoblement of act and thought
Must be achieved by slow degrees.
Whatever are the changes sought
Our gentle effort should not cease.

It needs a score of years, at least,
And, can be, more when one is weak,
With grinding labor of a beast
Of burden to attain the peak

In some profession, craft or art
Merely to make one's way in life.
What strength of mind and breadth of heart
Should mark then the Herculean strife

Of pilgrims who set out to soar,
On Wings of Glory, to the One
Who e'er abiding in the core
Of one's heart knows what has been done,

And comes part of the way to meet,
With arms outstretched, the weary soul,
Now lost in rapture at His feet,
Of its embodied life the Goal.

Verses 369 - 374

..

The Lord and Master of this Whole:
This universe of countless suns
With earths and moons, which spin and roll,
As each one on His errand runs,

Knitting into a well-ordered mass
Star-crowds of such gigantic size
That billions of our years would pass

In sightseeing one with our eyes.

Where is the human mind that can
Imagine faintly e'en the Light,
Whose splendor every heart can scan,
And every atom keep in sight?

This mighty Lord, beyond our ken,
With ease who does control this All
So Great is yet so kind that when
We pray He listens to the call.

It is not right to imagine God
As but a magnified He-man,
There is, on earth, no measuring rod,
His All-embracing form can span.

He is both here and everywhere,
This whole creation and beyond
Its vast expanse and yet so near
He does e'en to the mute respond.

Verses 375 - 380

..

A Riddle and a Mystery,
Beyond the power of mind to solve,
We can the Light begin to see,
When we to a loftier height evolve.

This is what meditation done
With other disciplines combined,
Achieves by slow degrees in one
Who works hard for the Super-mind.

The love of God is Nature's bait
To make lust-ridden man exert
Himself to reach the lofty state,
And not for e'er to stay inert.

With slow advancement in due time
He has to be a god himself.
Though he now fills with smut and grime
This globe in mad pursuit of pelf.

It soon will form the balmy stage,
Immune from war, disease and dearth,
For rearing up the illumined sage,
The symbol of divine rebirth.

And every year a golden crop
Of these Immortals will arise
To help climb safely to the top
The savants who train for the prize.

Verses 381 - 386

..

What I aver is not a dream
Nor wishful thought nor fantasy.
Though it may now fantastic seem
It soon will be a reality,

When bursting missiles, pounding guns,
Exploding bombs and rifle fire
Will clean the earth of power-mad slums,
Imperial dirt, rapacious mire

To make it ready for the shift
From the old order to the New,
In which the strong the weak will lift,
And the rich to the poorer give.

This promised dream-world, as designed
For man, by Heaven that has imbued
With these ideals the human mind,
Will ne'er be given up but pursued.

It is a fallacy to hold
That Life's patrician is the prime,
And outcast tribe the sterile old,

Who live for death to bide their time.

Were it the case, it would confute
The Plan Divine for Super-mind,
For how Enlightenment can suit
A creature to its Glory blind.

Verses 387 - 392

..

How can a planned creation make
The end of life a horror-dream
In which tormented bodies ache
With grief and pain to sigh and scream

In homes, asylums or alone,
Reduced to dribbling, gibbering masks
Of senile, withered skin and bone
That fail to make out what one asks.

There is no more depressing sight
Than of the living corpses left
Of youngsters, once so smart and bright
Now of all charm and strength bereft,

A sight so tragic that it made
The Buddha to renounce his crown,
To find how to dispel the shade
That does all living creatures drown

In life's illusive sea of pain
From which none can escape unless,
With noble conduct, one can gain
The enlightened form of consciousness.

In varied forms this holy Path
From Vedic days to our own time,
Sick worldlings with their minds distraught,
Has safely led to Peace sublime.

Verses 393 - 398

..

The modern world, dead to the soul,
Accepts this most distressful end,
Which makes the folk forget the Goal
And all their time and talent spend

To have a rich, delightful prime,
Which makes the spectre of old age
More frightful still unto the time,
When Death removes it from the stage.

The wonder is: when flushed with youth
This foolish actor never stops
To see the lurking brutal truth,
When on his prime the curtain drops.

It can be that a hormone veil,
To keep the spectre out of sight,
Covers young minds so that they fail
To see in time their future plight.

No sane mind, otherwise, would pay
Such scant attention to the truth,
That darkness marks the end of day
To mar the sunny noon of youth.

This strange oblivion to a sad
And grim reality has been
The cause of many rashly mad
Abortions in the human scene.

Verses 399 - 404

..

It is not heaven but man himself
Who is to blame for this mistake,
For in his race for power and pelf
And his mad carnal thirst to slake

He wastes the vigor and the fire
Which nature in him has infused,
When old, to strengthen and inspire

His mind, for service to be used.

This is what nature's Plan provides:
A long, creative hoary age
Which in true peace and joy abides,
The Hallmark of the enlightened sage.

This is the Prize religion came
To announce and bring within our reach,
But her custodians, lost in name
And form, this Great Truth fail to preach.

No true religion ever made
The world beyond her sole concern,
But such immoderate lusts forbade
Which old age into a nightmare turn.

The aim has always been to raise
The soul above the lure of earth,
Into Infinity to gaze,
And in the Eternal find a berth.

Verses 405 - 410

..

What can be more correct and wise
Than that the painful, ending lap
Of life becomes the Golden Prize
The weary pilgrimage to cap.

O, skeptic you have done much harm,
By your precipitate comments,
You know not how you flex your arm,
Or cognize objects and events,

But only to parade your wit
And skill in arguing you rush
Among the erudite to sit,
A trait which ought to make you blush.

Th'events to come will make you wise,
With blows, to what your reason failed
To grasp, preventing further rise,
When you the Shrine of Faith assailed.

The Drama that shall soon unfold
On earth to enwrap her mighty stage
In flames, with loss and deaths untold,
Shall usher in a Golden Age.

When wise to her great Destiny
Mankind will use with utmost care
Science and sane technology,
Unbroken peace and joy to share

Verses 411 - 416

..

For ages. In this lengthy span
Of time, to teach and guide the race,
There will arise the Superman
And Woman to create apace

A new society, new laws,
New values, standards and new norms:
A New World-Order free of flaws,
Which more with Law Divine conforms.

In course of time, by Grace Divine,
The earth will be a Paradise,
Whose habitants, like gods will shine
Transmuted by the gracious Prize

From baser metals into Gold,
Long-lived, enlightened, healthy, wise:
A race of heroes, strong and bold,
Whose pleasure ground will be the skies.

Verses 417 - 420

XII

For one in search of endless joy
And heavenly peace it is a must
That he should his spare time employ
Not to appease desire or lust,

As is the practice in our time,
To spend the vacant evening hours
Till clocks two in the morning chime,
In pleasure, sex or drinking tours;

But to assuage the primal thirst,
Innate in man to know himself,
In some so powerful it can burst
The four sides of the mental shelf

Which holds him from his birth to death:
Desire, ambition, passion, lust,
That all through life, till his last breath,
His outlook and his thought encrust.

Verses 421 - 424

..

And leave him no time in this game
For self-enquiry: who is he?
Where is he bound, where-from he came?
And what is the Reality?

On this inward reflection done
One's progress on this path depends,
And only when success is won
Our mind the earthly plane transcends.

This healthy meditation keeps
The mind correctly on its course,
The Knowledge sought in droplets seeps
Inside from Life's eternal Source.

The method labeled as "Vichar"
In Hind by some illumined saints,
Can serve one as a guiding star,
And clean the mind of carnal taints.

At home or in a field or park,
When looking at a lovely scene,
One should on this lone quest embark
By making firstly his mind clean

Of all unwanted, disturbing thought,
And when it calm and placid seems,
Reflectively the Enquiry sought
Should be conducted on these themes:

Verses 425 - 430

..

The clueless mystery of life,
The transiency of all things,
The brutal nature of the strife
Which life into existence brings,

The failure of the intellect,
To fathom this great Mystery,
That no great thinker in effect
Has, so far, found the missing key.

That all the existing heavy load
Of knowledge which itself renews,
At times, cannot the Sphinx decode,
And is made of conflicting views.

These are the subjects to which one,
With profit, can apply his mind,
Trying while this survey is done,
To grasp the elusive self behind,

There can be other topics, too,
Related closely to the soul,
They are not only one or two,

But can fill one good volume whole.

The Knower, whom we call the soul,
A most mysterious entity,
Beyond our knowledge or control,
By which we touch, taste, smell or see

Verses 431 - 436

..

Or hear, but ne'er can lift the veil
To unmask this nameless stranger's face,
Who, though our very self, we fail
His features vaguely e'en to trace.

The speculations of the learned,
The thousand volumes they have writ,
The reputations they have earned
For brilliant scholarship and wit,

Are all the figments of a dream,
Which vanish, when one is awake,
And with the sun's first morning beam
Perceives what he had seen was fake.

We can't employ the intellect
To explain the contents of a dream,
For Time and Space, Cause and Effect,
Which form th' investigating team

Of Reason, run off from the scene
To leave us stranded in a fix,
What this or that event can mean,
Which do not with each other mix

To form a systematic whole,
That logic clearly could explain.
This is the reason why the role
Of scholars in the soul's domain

Verses 437 - 442

..

Is like that of a dreamer who
Attempts to explain a waking scene,
Which, while asleep, he ne'er can do,
Not being alert, precise and keen.

This is the scholars' tragedy,
Because they never can awake
From Life's illusive pageantry
Themselves free of the dream to shake.

The Illuminate of the past
Have brought this paradox to light.
But to their lessons holding fast
The pedants carry on the fight,

Believing that the inventions made
Of satellites and rocket-ships,
Equip them for the seer's grade,
With the Unseen to come to grips.

Alas! they know not that their mind
Is acting a delusive role
And they can ne'er the answer find
To the Enigma of the soul,

Unless they first themselves divest
Of scholarship and logic both,
And give their brains sufficient rest
To make them ready for the growth

Verses 443 - 448

..

Of what is known as Super-sense
Or Third Eye, nature has ordained
To tell us what we are and whence
We come, until much is explained.

The wild conjectures which now mark
The labor of some scientists,
Are only blind leaps in the dark,

Which clear not but condense the mists.

The savant who applies himself
To deep reflection for the Prize,
Spurning the lure of power and pelf,
Must keep it e'er before his eyes

That e'en a hundred thousand books,
With all the knowledge they contain
Of earth amassed from all the nooks
And corners cannot change the brain,

And make it fit to see the Light
Beyond the reach of th' average mind,
Which brings the Splendor into sight
That always shines concealed behind

This changing, colorful world of space
And time, and ne'er Itself reveals,
Except to those of whom pure Grace
The tightly bandaged eyes unseals.

Verses 449 - 454

..

Occultists or magicians
Or all those who profess the art,
And come Forward as champions
To tear Frau Maya's veil apart

Land unto greater darkness than
The folk whom they profess to serve,
For no one can this ocean span
Save one who does the Law observe.

With steady practice done with ease,
Without allowing random thought
The calmly brooding mind to tease,
One can attain the target sought.

Do not pursue too much the mode
Of life which, common in our day,
Has turned its back upon the road
Aligned by nature as our way

To reach the stature of a sage,
Inwardly in tune with the light,
Which glorifies this pilgrimage,
And outwardly a genius bright.

The one sunk in reflection deep
Upon the Riddle of the soul
Should his attention firmly keep
Centred on it with full control,

Verses 455 - 460

..

Converging on pure consciousness,
Until its span begins to extend
To new dimensions, more or less,
As happens when we a height ascend

To see a new panorama,
Which does the former view replace,
Or as when ice begins to thaw,
And we see water in its place,

In the same way, when mind expands
To change into the Super-mind,
The concentrated Knower lands,
On an Olympia so refined.

So new and foreign to the earth,
As day to night: a heaven of bliss,
So new to us that, sans rebirth,
We always would the Rapture miss.

As often as the vagrant mind
Escapes the ego's tether slack,
Some other errant course to find

So often one should bring it back,

And keep it riveted on the soul:
Th' elusive pool of consciousness,
The centre of our being whole
Which gives identity to us.

Verses 461 - 466

..

A time will come this Knowing pool
Will spread out, as a drop of oil
Does on a sheet of water cool
In a pond to reward one's toil.

The study that can be of use
In training for this enterprise,
Or which can yield important clues,
Though, at this stage, not so precise,

Is of th' accounts left by the few
Who found access to this Estate,
And from a sparkling drop of dew
Became the effulgent Sun in state.

This is what must be kept in mind
By those who seek the state divine,
That when the chains round them unwind
They, like the solar orb, will shine.

And by their thought and action bring
A Message of Hope for mankind,
Something original from the Spring
Of Life, for others hard to find.

This is th' unfailing sign by which
True seekers can their progress test.
Their labor must the world enrich,
Make it more happy and more blest.

Verses 467 - 472

..

This is the Diadem that was worn
By saviors, prophets and the rest,
Who did the human world adorn
With gems of thought, among the best,

They gathered from the Eternal Spring
Of Life, to show the way to God,
Both for the beggar and the king,
The Path which they themselves had trod. Verses 473 - 474

XIII

What can it profit if a man
Becomes a walking library,
But inside is no older than
A child, of tantrums never free.

There always is among the learned
A near abnormal moiety which
Has into problem-children turned,
Eccentric, though in knowledge rich.

O'erloading of the mind disturbs
The organic balance of the brain,
Its native, healthy upgrowth curbs,
Or warps and twists it with the strain.

The guiding lights of modern thought
No knowledge have of this abuse,
No inkling of the havoc wrought,
When brain is forced to excessive use. Verses 475 - 478

..

They know not that our tender brain
Is mounting up a hard ascent,
And we must vigilant remain,
A wrong direction to prevent.

A huge, securely fastened weight,
Suspended from an urchin's neck,
Would soon deformities create,
And beauty of the figure wreck.

Mold him into an ugly dwarf,
A hunchback with protruding eyes,
Who can be bundled in a scarf.,
A freak in both his looks and size.

This is what modern pressures do,
Without our knowledge, to our brains,
And, with that, to our thinking, too,
While we collect material gains.

This grave neglect to this is due:
That Knowledge often takes it ill
To be told, what is plain and true,
That our brain is evolving still,

Convinced that what he says is right,
As dogma not a proven fact,
For he cannot throw any light
On how mind does on brain react,

Verses 479 - 484

..

Nor has the least awareness of
What fuels mind and how is it
That he does not know what marks off
A genius from a normal wit.

What I assert will be borne out,
When more is known about the brain,
And those who now my statement doubt
Will not long in the dark remain.

That genius is attended by
Abnormal or eccentric traits
Is nature's hint that we should try

Our best to explore these morbid states,

And find out why before its bloom
The human mind degenerates,
Or is enshrouded in the gloom
Of madness, as if ruled by Fates.

A hundred cases are there to show
How often genius is allied
To madness, but we do not know
Why they should flourish side by side.

A study of the more remote
Religious genius could have solved
The riddle, had we taken note
That Knowledge from priestcraft evolved. Verses 485 - 490

..

Empiricists lack, as a class,
In knowledge of religious lore,
And have no inkling what a mass
Of data there exists to explore,

Which bears out that the ancients knew
How to manipulate the brain,
And that, known only to a few,
The Secret has since buried lain.

They still have no idea how
Essential is this Secret for
The safety of the race right now,
For it alone can outlaw war.

More than a polymathic mind
Nature demands a fuller life,
That is why Scholars lag behind
The Enterprising in the strife.

That is why Art and Learning woo
The favor of the Rich or Great,
For by themselves they cannot do
What Venture can do or create.

Knowledge is as much in the dark
About the Destiny of Man,
As nurselings toddling in a park
About their city's Master-Plan.

Verses 491 - 496

..

We must remember, when we dwell
On evolution, that in man
The ascent cannot be made pell-mell,
But in accordance with some plan,

And that the aim is he should grow
In noble traits and qualities,
And not a disproportion show,
Leading to freaks and oddities.

Temporal Knowledge ne'er can find,
Howe'er oceanic it might grow,
What model nature has in mind?
What changes future man will show?

One who counts on the erudite,
Their theories, speculations, views
To read this cryptic scroll aright
Must be prepared for dismal news,

Until he from the earth departs,
For Reason ne'er can penetrate
To planes where Revelation starts
The Mystery to elucidate.

This is what great religions teach,
What great philosophers have said,
One who thinks that he still can breach

The Wall, to common sense is dead.

Verses 497 - 502

..

After e'en many thousand years,
Humanity will still depend
Upon the Visions of her Seers,
The Veil that hides the Truth to rend.

Our ears cannot supplant the eyes
To show the world of light and shade,
Nor can our reason pierce the skies
And reach where Verities pervade.

Had nature left a loophole for
Reason this mystery to solve,
What for is then religion or
Why should the human brain evolve?

When the existing model can
Suffice to meet a mortal's need,
His own mysterious depth to scan,
And know himself full well indeed.

The mere existence of this urge
Should be enough to inform the wise,
That for a look beyond the verge
We must to higher levels rise,

And there must be a certain route,
Prescribed for us to reach this height,
For both the simple and the astute,
Where one the world beyond can sight

Verses 503 - 508

..

Those who expect their intellect
To plumb this still unfathomed Main,
The Heaven-appointed path reject
To wander here and there in vain.

The learned who have won to fame
Are more to this delusion prone.
Some e'en think that the only name
By which the world lives is their own,

Until the icy blast of death
Snuffs out the bloated ego's flame,
And gone is with the parting breath
The Stranger who had built the name,

Leaving the world to mourn the loss
Of One still there, intact and whole,
Beyond the bourne no one can cross
To glimpse this wonder of the soul:

The Marvel which we ne'er in all
Our life are able to perceive,
Though always at our beck and call
One with us, when we laugh or grieve,

Yet so remote from all we know,
We ne'er its picture can evoke,
Nor e'en guess from the outer show
Who acts behind the body's cloak?

Verses 509 - 514

..

As he is now, man cannot live
For e'en another hundred years,
He must reform soon and renew
Himself, change e'en the dress he wears,

To keep pace with his inner growth
To which we are not only dead,
But e'en to own the error loath —
The backlash of a bloated head.

The wind of change is blowing hard,
Only the learned and the elite,
Who our laws and traditions guard,

Still fail to read the signs aright

For mankind has stepped, as a whole,
From childhood into adolescence.
But most still act a childish role
Due to our mentor's lack of sense.

The ills of child-delinquency,
Of drug-addiction, drink and vice
Which grow in count and frequency,
Are warning signs that should suffice

To tell us that something is wrong
In modern life to make us pause,
And look round patiently for long
Until we hit upon the cause.

Verses 515 - 520

..

A war is brewing, as the learned
Have no idea of Nature's Plan,
To which the bulk their back have turned,
As arrogantly as they can.

Imagine what would be the rage
And what the uproar, when 'tis proved
That what I say about this age
Is right and that it should have moved

The leading minds to act in haste
And mend, at least, some of the faults,
To avoid the slaughter and the waste,
Ensuing from nature's grim assaults.

For by the time they are awake
To this position there will be
A mountain of repairs to make
Soon by a shattered progeny.

One can foresee with what contempt
The poor survivors of the war,
Distraught, disheveled and unkempt
Would view those now in front rows are,

Who saw the signs but made no move,
Until the gathering storm broke out
To drive them bleeding from the groove,
Not with endearment, but the knout

Verses 521 - 526

..

This sorry waif, when on a chair
Of power or in the glow of fame,
Walks not on earth but in the air,
Borne by the magic of his name.

A firefly still, despite the height
Of fame or rare distinction won,
He thinks, tricked by myopic sight,
That he is brighter than the sun.

The tendency to violence
Is not a healthy trait in man,
And, save in purely self-defense,
Must always be kept under ban.

The view of sundry biologists,
That, as a whole, terrestrial life
Has battled with teeth, claws and fists
For sheer survival in the strife,

Cannot apply to mankind, when
Once she attains the stature tall
Of knowledge of the power of pen
To bind in friendship one and all.

Unlike the birds and beasts of prey
Mankind has no offensive arm
To fight or hunt with or to slay,

And for her upkeep has the farm,

Verses 527 - 532

..

With animals to domesticate,
For which she has the skill and wit —
A self-renewing, rich estate —
That she can manage every bit

It is because the learned spread
Confusion with their clashing views
That nations still the warpath tread
And mankind in grave danger lives.

Lest in this intellectual mess,
No one knows what he is here for;
Hence some for wealth, some status press,
Some pleasure, some for peace, some war,

Turning mankind into a vast
Consortium everywhere agog
With news and rumors carried fast
For people in a mental fog.

There is, on earth, no scholar who,
With all his erudition, can
Furnish one sure, authentic clue
To paint the future state of man.

The self-imagined pictures drawn,
Based mostly on the present one,
Will all be falsified at dawn,
With the rise of the New Age sun.

Verses 533 - 538

..

This will teach scholars and the elite,
Who both now dominate the stage,
That there are worlds beyond their sight
Unfolded to the illumined sage.

The lesson taught shall make it clear,
On what a vast, gigantic scale,
Nature, at times, does interfere
In those affairs where mortals fail.

A competitive humankind
Contending for the pride of place,
Or wealth and assets one can find
In other segments of the race,

Cannot survive, try as she might,
For much time in the nuclear age,
As contest a fire can ignite
Which earth can lick up with its rage.

The only way that can ensure
Survival is: remove the cause,
The tempting bait and catching lure
That prompt the use of teeth and claws.

There is no harm if some attain
To rank or greater share of wealth,
But they become luxurious, vain
And prodigal which ruins health,

Verses 539 - 544

..
And sets a bad example for
The rest by kindling Envy's fire,
So that they labor too hard or
Become corrupt and roll in mire

To have a larger bank account,
Computer, sailboat or a car,
A plane to fly or horse to mount,
Delights of free love with a star.

Something new, more expensive than
The brand or model which they own,
A villa on a grander plan,

Built with the headache of a loan.

The very presence, very sight,
And e'en existence of this hulk
Of unrestricted wealth or might,
Is virtual poison for the bulk

Of mankind, as it generates
A competition, fierce and keen,
For these two tempters which creates
A ceaseless battle-front between

The toiling masses and the rich,
Or those who hold the higher grades,
For which the former always itch,
Till slowly hate their heart invades.

Verses 545 - 550

..

Projected on a larger scale,
The same two Sirens lead to war,
And, if remedial measures fail,
Will always mankind's prospects mar.

There is no hope of lasting peace
Or love among the nations till
These two seductors do but cease
To incite the mobs to fight and kill.

The only right criterion
By which one's worth must be assessed
Should not be wealth or office won,
But merits Faith has ever stressed.

Nor gold nor station nor some gift
Nor learning, smartness, skill nor wit
Should mark one for a special lift,
Save with truth, virtue, wisdom, grit

When once the elders judge it right
Who should adorn the foremost ranks,
There will be no dispute nor fight,
No need for missiles, guns and tanks.

Some scholars and some from the raw
This book might to the skies extol,
Some point to many a fault and flaw,
Some call it fanciful or droll.

Verses 551 - 556

..
Its true assessment will be done
By Nature in due course of time,
When all the forecasts, one by one,
Made in this Paranormal Rhyme,

Are full confirmed by world events,
Some of them so bizarre or strange
That e'en the most mistrustful gents
Shall find the work beyond their range.

What it condemns or recommends
Or for the good of mankind rules,
Is so removed from modern trends,
From current modes of life and schools

Of thought that brave, indeed, will be
The champions who face the storms,
Which will break, when "I", "you" and "he"
Are forced to make these stiff reforms.

Verses 557 - 560

XIV

To what degree the human mind,
The learned and unlettered both,
Can be insensitive and blind,
As if bound by a solemn oath,

Not to admit in any case
What is a stark Reality,
A clear Truth, staring in the face,
So striking none can fail to see:

A Truth unquestionably plain,
Hut o'erlooked due to prejudice,
Or lack of insight, hard to explain,
Or something seriously amiss,

Is borne out by the attitude
Of Knowledge to the patent Truth,
Transparent, unmistakable, nude,
A limb of history in sooth:

Verses 561 - 564

..

That every culture of the past,
Which favored Luxury to enjoy
The fruit of labor, hard and fast,
Nature took good care to destroy.

And it befell in every case:
Once fallen no one rose again,
As if a canker, hard to trace,
Invades the self-indulgent brain.

This did not happen once or twice,
But hundreds of times, if we count,
The High and Low who paid this price
For their neglect on this account

Commanders, kings and emperors,
Aristocrats and feudal lords,
Great heroes and great conquerors,
Whose sagas history records,

With traders, scholars and the rich,
Who ever rose to power or wealth,
And left behind the buxom witch,

Of luxury, the foe of health,

Their progeny to entice and charm,
With stately mansions, swimming pools,
And downy couches, soft and warm,
For ease and pleasure all the tools,

Verses 565 - 570

..

So that their darling children live,
In all abundance, comfort, joy,
To taste each day a pleasure new,
And, as they like, their time employ,

In but a narrow span of time,
Were followed by a progeny,
So prone to lechery, vice and crime,
So lost to sense and decency,

That one who reads the accounts recoils
In horror at the loathsome breed,
Which shows how this transgression spoils,
Beyond repair, the human seed.

This lesson is repeated so
Often in human history,
That it must be a mind below
The normal which it cannot see.

There's no exception to this rule,
Or the operation of this Law.
It must be a fanatic or fool
Who the conclusion cannot draw:

That every time we amass or hoard
Excessive wealth or costly ware,
Nature puts it to fire and sword
And sweeps the crowded spaces bare.

Verses 571 - 576

..

This stern, inviolable Law
Which human evolution guards,
Will ne'er let mankind sell for straw,
Or spend for building houses of cards

The power with which she is endowed
To achieve a Superhuman goal —
The one and only use allowed —
To unfold the Glory of the Soul.

It ne'er will be, when she expends
For luxury or pomp and show
Or other vain, temporal ends
What is bestowed on her to grow

In spiritual endowments and
In moral stature, side by side,
Whate'er the period or the land,
What'er the season, wind or tide,

That nature would let her enjoy
In peace this thrice forbidden crop,
And not with furious ire destroy,
This grave intransigence to stop.

Imagine what would be the loss
Incurred, and what the damage done,
If nature grown severely cross
Employs the dreaded megaton

Verses 577 - 582

..

To level with dust, once again,
Our glaring show of vanity,
A menace for the evolving brain
And threat to human sanity,

Which scholars, rulers and the rich,
With their associates, all combined,
Affected by a senseless itch

For ease and luxury designed

And on a trusting race imposed,
In rash defiance of the Law,
Betrayed her and to risk exposed,
A name to earn or wage to draw.

It has been but a stupid error
To exaggerate our Reason's worth,
And that is why dementing terror
Is stalking, at this time, the earth.

In all the higher forms of life,
Nature has made it doubly sure:
That instincts which control their strife
Help them for ages to endure.

It surely has been folly sheer
To assume there is no Ordinance,
Sensed by the prophet, sage and seer,
More often in a state of trance,

Verses 583 - 588

..

Which rules the conduct of this blend
Of reason, passions, vanity,
His threatened safety to defend,
When lost to sense and sanity

He wastes his time and energy,
Or squanders the wealth of the earth,
On gaudy show and pageantry,
On revelry or fun and mirth,

On sky-high buildings, sumptuous foods,
Exciting travel round the globe,
On jewelry and precious goods,
On brocade dress and velvet robe,

On dizzy speed and risky game,
Extravagant ship, plane and car,
On things which passions more inflame
And his internal growth debar.

In short, on all this plethora
Of wares of luxury and ease,
Which, interpreted by the Law,
Betokens growing mind disease,

They all are guilty of this fault,
This intellectual bankruptcy
On Faith who mounted the assault
Or joined them in this piracy,

Verses 589 - 594

..

They are the ones who teach and guide
Or rule big segments of the race,
Who matters of the state decide
Or hold some such important place:

They who are lauded by the Press,
Or lustily cheered by the mobs,
In uniform or stately dress,
Followed by sycophants and snobs,

They who ascending to the top
Of each profession, craft or trade,
Still hungry for more, never stop
From adding to their rank or grade,

Or they who are now in command
Of legions or who sway the fate
Of multitudes in every land,
And head a nation or a state,

Or who mold with their facile pen
Opinions of the common folk,
Or who with dollar, pound or yen

Keep thousands bent beneath their yoke.

In short, all those few thousand smart,
Full well-informed and clever brains,
Who somewhere act a leading part
And hold the rest with golden chains, Verses 595 - 600

..

Once forged by an order which
Is out of fashion for this age,
When mankind intellectually rich,
Is ripe for rise to a higher stage,

Which makes these thousands weigh much more
Than all the billions of the race,
A glaring fault and running sore
That nature is set to efface.

It is this handful which now keeps
Mankind divided into camps,
Loudest the loss and deaths beweeeps
When bloody war the factions swamps.

These thousands in the foremost rank
Are not all sober, shrewd or sane,
But have the sadist, thief or crank
At numerous links of the chain.

It is incredible that the race
So tall in intellectual height,
Should feed this waste or danger face
Or risk her life by holding tight,

To social orders out-of-date,
And modes of conduct that are wrong,
To habits, some intemperate,
Some which to primitives belong, Verses 601 - 606

..

To laws, in force from Roman days,
And life-styles matching those of kings,
Tied firmly in a hundred ways
To hundreds of unneeded things,

Against what Heaven has decreed:
Humility and simple fare,
Nobility in thought and deed,
For everyone a proper share,

The first should be the first to serve,
Teachers who act on what they teach,
Judges who first the law observe,
And preachers true to what they preach,

Deep love of parents, children, wife,
But Duty first in every case,
Regard for neighbor in the strife,
Act as if we are in his place.

No room to malice, spite or hate
Nor envy nor to jealousy,
Forbearance e'er resigned to Fate,
In storm and stress serenity.

The Wise should be the first who gain
More knowledge of the "Other Coast",
And Great who ease distress or pain,
And add to human welfare most

Verses 607 - 612

..

Compassion, truth and charity,
Absence of egoistic pride,
In speech and thinking clarity,
The same thought for the other side,

The wealthy should most of all give,
The strong excel in feeling hearts,
The leaders should the noblest live,

And elders act the best their parts.

Norms of behavior which befit
A rational society,
Designed to forge the bonds which knit
It in love and equality.

It e'er has been a grave mistake
To think man has no goal to reach,
That he comes here his thirsts to slake,
And for this nature to impeach.

If Knowledge was at fault in this,
Religion came to set that right,
Hence none can say we are remiss
Because the goal is not in sight

It is distorted intellects,
In recent times and e'en the past,
Which founded atheistic sects
And on all Faiths a shadow cast

Verses 613 - 618

..

Without Ideals to keep in check
The actions of lust-ridden man,
He blindly would his future wreck,
And e'en obstruct wise nature's Plan.

The basic teaching of great creeds
Is of far more importance than
Those new inventions and high speeds
Which all the more our passions fan.

What can you do to reconcile
This vast increase in human needs,
This e'er expanding mammoth pile,
With what is taught by major creeds?

What wonder then if nature, wrath
With Reason's insensate revolt
And blind rejection of the Path,
Is ready with a thunderbolt?

For this destruction and this waste
Which would impoverish, wound and lame
Mankind, of those who act planned in haste
The Skeptics are the most to blame. Verses 619 - 623

XV

There are good people who remain,
Sometimes, at night, for hours awake.
In self-enquiry rack the brain
To cure their intellectual ache.

But never can resolve the doubt:
What is this knowing-self behind
The ego's bubble rising out
Of the deep ocean, we call mind?

No thinker has explained so far:
Why our self, if from matter born,
Should, like a distant, twinkling star,
Keep us e'er wondering till the morn.

What does this gleaming point of light
Look like? what form does it possess?
What charming scenes would meet our sight?
Or vistas grand our mind impress? Verses 624 - 627

..

Were we to reach the distant orb
To rove across it and explore;
Its unexplainable riddles probe,
To know about it more and more.

It never can be were the soul
Made of the same material stuff;
Which forms the body of this whole,
That we would always meet rebuff

When probing our own mystery,
For we are no more nearer now
In finding of this lock the key
Than when man first designed the bow.

The reason for this lies in this:
That there are super-earthly planes
Of being, which our senses miss
And cannot pass on to our brains.

Hence now and e'en in coming years
Material science, working with
The present tools, would miss these spheres,
And e'er consider soul a myth.

Can we expect one who is blind
To mark the shades of colored light?
Or with an instrument to find
The wonder of the normal sight?

Verses 628 - 633

..

The same applies to normal brains,
And also to the normal mind.
We miss the super-mundane planes,
As light is ne'er seen by the blind.

The issue is so simple that:
Only a narrow intellect,
Which clings to darkness, like a bat,
This sound conclusion can reject:

We always miss the subtler part
Of this creation, as we lack
The tools to map it out and chart,

And for the search have lost the track.

Instead of setting out to explore
These regions of the universe,
Knowledge is heading more and more
Towards directions, the reverse

Of what he is designed to reach,
To solve the eternal Mystery,
To learn the safest way to breach
The wall of senses and be free.

We can't expect the normal mind,
Emerging from the average brains,
To exceed the bound for which designed,
And win the super-normal planes.

Verses 634 - 639

..

If, as is certainly the case,
Our soul does not to earth belong,
It means the intellectual race
To know its nature has been wrong.

It also means we try in vain
To know what happens after death,
For, how can Spirit which our brain
Could not detect, while it drew breath,

Become perceptible or tell
What to it after death befalls?
Or in what regions does it dwell
When out of body's prison-walls?

'Tis rather strange to see how proud
Knowledge is of his intellect:
He rather would the Truth enshroud
In doubt than from this course deflect,

And own that e'en Himalayan stacks
Of books, as high up as the skies,
Can ne'er if e'en his headpiece cracks
Make a voracious reader wise

About the nature of the soul,
And what befalls it on demise,
For there is nothing in this Whole
To help us know it or surmise.

Verses 640 - 645

..
This is beyond the normal brain,
And needs a rare organic change
In it to bring the intangible plane
Of soul within its widened range.

No expert study of the brain
Can yield of soul the slightest clue
To help empiricists to gain
The knowledge of its nature true.

They ne'er can pick up any trace
Of this discarnate spark divine,
If all the experts join the race
In one, a mile wide, endless line.

Nor scientists nor scholars can
Help in this branch of study which
Is portioned for the enlightened man
To make the world sublimely rich.

The gloss and glamour which we see,
All o'er the planet in this age,
Is but a passing show to be
Reset and o'erhauled by the sage.

Vibrations from the realm sublime,
Beyond the reach of intellect,
Empiricists in any clime

Cannot observe, record, detect.

Verses 646 - 651

..

A mandate from that holy Shore
Is couched in its own language and
Has something to say which is more
Than what the learned understand.

And that is why the human mind
Is tinged with religious awe,
With Hope and Faith, at times e'en blind,
To honor this supernal Law.

Religious genius, far ahead,
In matters which relate to soul,
On what the intellect has said
Can always act a leading role.

And that is why, throughout the past,
Religion held a lofty place,
Outreaching the assembly vast,
Of High and Mighty in the race.

It lost that high position, when
Its guardians made a sad mistake,
And turned a palace into a pen,
An ocean into a narrow lake.

In course of time the lake became
A cluster of contending pools,
Of which the wardens know the name,
The observances and the rules,

Verses 652 - 657

..

But not the Essence which had brought
The ocean into existence once:
To broaden human life and thought,
To add to peace, demolish guns.

The world is threatened now because
Knowledge lacks in humility,
In his neck-breaking rush to pause
And try to find the missing key

Which lies unnoticed in the maze
Of earth's unsearched religious lore,
To show what is beyond our gaze:
The wonders of the Other Shore.

It is not always right to think
That miracles or psychic gifts
Are a part of or have a link
With Super-mind, when nature lifts

The veil, which hides that Sacred Coast,
For, one who has attained the height
Would ne'er of their possession boast
Or use them or e'en think that right:

Those who resort to miracles
Their own accomplishment to show,
Employ a trick, as old as hills,
In fame, esteem or wealth to grow.

Verses 658 - 663

..

Were nature ready to permit,
Magic, like science, to be used,
For self or other's benefit,
Or let the Secret be abused

Chaos would be let loose in place
Of law and order on this globe,
Pigs would the chairs of learning grace,
And donkeys wear the royal robe.

How can the human world survive,
If lustful wizards in the night,
With their nefarious art contrive

To mate with women left and right?

Erratic, unpredictable, weird,
Magic and sorcery result
From forces man has always feared
And termed as evil or occult.

Psychic displays too often smell
Of something slimy, phony, sick,
So mixed with fraud, 'tis hard to tell,
Which one is genuine, which a trick.

In each case there is nothing sound,
Concrete or lawful at the base,
Nor till now any one has found
Of forces involved the slightest trace.

Verses 664 - 669

..

Can you point to a single case,
In the whole course of history,
Full well confirmed, without a trace
Of doubt, where magic, sorcery

Or witchcraft played a signal role
In helping one to boundless wealth,
Or any cherished lofty goal,
Say deathless life or ageless health,

A ruler's chair or royal crown,
Or unrestrained delights of love,
Or e'en an honored scholar's gown,
Or some achievement far above

The common, which for one has found
A place in the annals of the race,
Something accomplished, with one bound,
Through magic or some Siddha's grace.

To trust in a miraculous rise
To wealth or lordship or to fame
Is like believing that a prize
For speed can be won by the lame,

Or that a sot can win in wit,
A cripple in the strength of arm,
A blind man best a mark can hit,
A hag excel in facial charm.

Verses 670 - 675

..
Those who profess to own these gifts
A challenge ne'er throw to the wise
To come and witness them in shifts,
So that suspicions cease to rise.

But on the contrary the art
Is e'er practised in secrecy.
None e'er came forward to impart
The knowledge, of restrictions free,

To neophytes in open schools,
As service or for any price,
To save from fruitless search the fools
Who think their Maker plays with dice.

One who acquires the Super-mind
Becomes one with the Cosmic Law,
Desire does not his actions bind
Nor can him from his duty draw.

The standards nature must have set
To judge aspirants' thought and deeds,
Before they can the Medal get,
Is what is taught in holy creeds.

It is because we do not know
That our brain is evolving still,
So that we high in stature grow

To be one with the Cosmic Will,

Verses 676 - 681

..

That scholars ne'er could make it plain:
What office does true Faith perform?
As none suspected that our brain
To grow up sane needs self-reform.

In all the earth's colossal store
Of books this thought is lacking still.
Hence this Voice from the "Other Shore",
This gap in knowledge came to fill.

The Super-mind does not concern
Itself with what our wit can know,
For 'tis what She cannot discern
A more evolved brain would show.

Why we of high ideals dream
Or harbor bright Utopias,
Is just because a guiding beam
Tells us to change our social laws.

The office of the awakened sage
Is how to actualize these dreams.
What are the errors, what the rage,
What the excesses and extremes,

Which stubbornly obstruct the way
Leading towards the appointed goal,
For dazzled by a bright display —
A toxic glow from burning coal —

Verses 682 - 687

..

The festive crowds, drunk with delight —
The rulers, scholars, traders, priests —
Enchanted by the wondrous sights,
Engrossed in pleasure, fun and feasts,

Regard with disbelief, at first,
The warnings from that Holy Shore,
But soon, when missiles start to burst,
They see ablaze the glittering store.

Short-lived is doubt, dissent and scorn
Which greet a seer's inspired discourse,
For nature, when she sounds the horn,
Soon after launches the attack with force.

The Forces we see spread around,
In truth, are nature's watchful guards,
To turn earth into a battleground,
When Man his future disregards.

How poor in wisdom is this crown
Of earth's organic kingdom still,
As he thinks nature does not frown
When he performs his duties ill?

We ne'er perceive the Living Light
Which this creation has designed,
And every moment has in sight
The faults and virtues of mankind.

Verses 688 - 693

..

The nuclear weapons, now designed,
To guard our empire, wealth or might,
Bear nature's grim command, unsigned,
To crush the rebels, when they fight.

The claimants to the seership crown
Must have no other axe to grind,
No thirst for honor or renown
Or wealth or pleasure in their mind.

They must remember that they need
Great care to keep their nature pure,
And their restraint in thought and deed

Must to the very last endure.

For, when they lastly reach the peak,
With their hard efforts, led by Grace,
Nature's low Voice through them will speak
To guide the still evolving race.

This is, in fact, the principle
On which religious quest is based:
To be one with the Cosmic Will,
Until the ego nigh effaced

Becomes a thin, transparent veil,
When soul, in tune now with the All,
Can mark a coming stormy gale,
And sound the alarm at nature's call.

Verses 694 - 699

..

How distant from this lofty goal
Is what professional god-men teach!
They ne'er would act a teacher's role
Were they a Seer's height to reach.

Their talk of methods and techniques,
Or clannish life or faddish dress,
To achieve success in months or weeks,
Is pure invention, more or less.

It ne'er will be that anyone,
Who wanders from the path decreed,
Whate'er the practice he has done,
Would in this holy quest succeed.

For, nature has here interposed
A barrier so stiff and strong,
That trick and wile are soon exposed,
And sham by Time put in the wrong.

This is the object kept in view,
When Heaven the seer's diploma grants.
He to the rest must guidance give,
When the Path sharply dips or slants.

The ancient prophet, seer and sage
Nature's this gracious aim fulfilled,
And one can find on many a page
Of holy scriptures this note trilled.

Verses 700 - 705

..

It is a stupid intellect,
Which did away with this defence,
Against a common grave defect,
Applauded by intelligence,

Unknown to her, which bars the way
To kingdoms, far beyond her dreams,
Nature has kept for man to sway,
If not engorged with earthly creams.

The object of Faith is to bring
This true awareness to the soul,
Free of the illusive sheaths which cling
To it in its embodied role.

A Timeless, Self-effulgent Orb
That can put sun to shame at noon,
Did not the sheaths its light absorb,
Performs, as if sunk in a swoon,

The part it is ordained to act,
Unconscious of its high estate
A deathless sovereignty, in fact —
Until aroused to it by Fate.

By Maya's trickery held in thrall,
Dreaming this world of name and form,
Of planets, suns and atoms all

Conjured up by Her nameless charm. Verses 706 - 711

..

There is no way to find this out,
No way to wake up from the dream,
No method to remove the doubt,
Save knowledge of the State Supreme.

Seen from that side of Maya's screen,
There is Unbounded Consciousness,
From this: the busy Cosmic scene —
A wonder no words can express. Verses 712 - 713

THE END

About The Author

Gopi Krishna was born in 1903 to parents of Kashmiri Brahmin extraction. His birthplace was a small village about twenty miles from the city of Srinagar, the summer capital of the Jammu and Kashmir State in northern India. He spent the first eleven years of his life growing up in this beautiful Himalayan valley.

In 1914, his family moved to the city of Lahore in the Punjab which, at that time, was a part of British India. Gopi Krishna passed the next nine years completing his public school education. Illness forced him to leave the torrid plains of the Punjab and he returned to the cooler climate of the Kashmir Valley. During the succeeding years, he secured a post in the Public Works Department of the state, married and raised a family.

In 1946 he founded a social organization and with the help of a few friends tried to bring about reforms in some of the outmoded customs of his people. Their goals included the abolition of the dowry system, which subjected the families of brides to severe and even ruinous financial obligations, and the strictures against the remarriage of widows. After a few years, Gopi Krishna was granted early retirement from his position in the government and devoted himself almost exclusively to service work in the

