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MOTHER INDIA

MONTHLY REVIEW OF CULTURE



FEBRUARY 2023

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Single Copy: ₹ 30
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Owner: Sri Aurobindo Ashram Trust

Publisher: Manoj Das Gupta

Sri Aurobindo Ashram Trust

Printer: Swadhin Chatterjee

Published from: Publication Department, Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Pondicherry - 605 002

Printed from: Sri Aurobindo Ashram Press,
No. 38, Goubert Avenue, Pondicherry - 605 001, India

Editor: S. Ravi

Founding Editor: K. D. SETHNA (AMAL KIRAN)

Associate Editors: HEMANT KAPOOR & RANGANATH RAGHAVAN

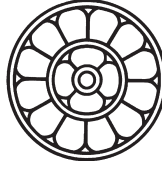
Registered with the Registrar of Newspapers for India: RNI No. 8667/63

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MONTHLY REVIEW OF CULTURE

FEBRUARY 2023

SRI AUROBINDO ASHRAM
PONDICHERRY
INDIA



Lord, Thou hast willed, and I execute,
A new light breaks upon the earth,
A new world is born.
The things that were promised are fulfilled.



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MONTHLY REVIEW OF CULTURE

Vol. LXXVI

No. 2

"Great is Truth and it shall prevail"

CONTENTS

<i>Sri Aurobindo</i>		
LINES FROM <i>SAVITRI</i>	...	11
<i>The Mother</i>		
THE SUPREME DISCOVERY	...	81

The theme for this issue of *Mother India* is 'The discovery of the soul'.

The passages in the first section are from Sri Aurobindo's *Savitri*. (In some of these extracts, a note has been added to indicate who is speaking.)

The second section is the full text of an early writing of the Mother, *The Supreme Discovery*.

Lines from

SAVITRI

“Earth’s wordless hymn to the Ineffable”

. . . King Aswapati listened through the ray
To other sounds than meet the sense-formed ear.
On a subtle interspace which rings our life,
Unlocked were the inner spirit’s trance-closed doors:
The inaudible strain in Nature could be caught;
Across this cyclic tramp of eager lives,
Across the deep urgency of present cares,
Earth’s wordless hymn to the Ineffable
Arose from the silent heart of the cosmic Void;
He heard the voice repressed of unborn Powers
Murmuring behind the luminous bars of Time.
Again the mighty yearning raised its flame
That asks a perfect life on earth for men
And prays for certainty in the uncertain mind
And shadowless bliss for suffering human hearts
And Truth embodied in an ignorant world
And godhead divinising mortal forms.
A word that leaped from some far sky of thought,
Admitted by the cowed receiving scribe
Traversed the echoing passages of his brain
And left its stamp on the recording cells.

Savitri, Book IV: The Book of Birth and Quest;
Canto III: The Call to the Quest, pp. 369-70

“A greater destiny waits you in your front”

[*The Voice speaks*]

“O Force-compelled, Fate-driven earth-born race,
O petty adventurers in an infinite world
And prisoners of a dwarf humanity,
How long will you tread the circling tracks of mind
Around your little self and petty things?
But not for a changeless littleness were you meant,
Not for vain repetition were you built;
Out of the Immortal’s substance you were made;
Your actions can be swift revealing steps,
Your life a changeful mould for growing gods.
A Seer, a strong Creator, is within,
The immaculate Grandeur broods upon your days,
Almighty powers are shut in Nature’s cells.
A greater destiny waits you in your front:
This transient earthly being if he wills
Can fit his acts to a transcendent scheme.
He who now stares at the world with ignorant eyes
Hardly from the Inconscient’s night aroused,
That look at images and not at Truth,
Can fill those orbs with an immortal’s sight.
Yet shall the godhead grow within your hearts,
You shall awake into the spirit’s air
And feel the breaking walls of mortal mind
And hear the message which left life’s heart dumb
And look through Nature with sun-gazing lids
And blow your conch-shells at the Eternal’s gate.
Authors of earth’s high change, to you it is given
To cross the dangerous spaces of the soul
And touch the mighty Mother stark awake
And meet the Omnipotent in this house of flesh
And make of life the million-bodied One.

The earth you tread is a border screened from heaven;
 The life you lead conceals the light you are.
 Immortal Powers sweep flaming past your doors;
 Far-off upon your tops the god-chant sounds
 While to exceed yourselves thought's trumpets call,
 Heard by a few, but fewer dare aspire,
 The nympholepts of the ecstasy and the blaze.
 An epic of hope and failure breaks earth's heart;
 Her force and will exceed her form and fate.
 A goddess in a net of transience caught,
 Self-bound in the pastures of death she dreams of life,
 Self-racked with the pains of hell aspires to joy,
 And builds to hope her altars of despair,
 Knows that one high step might enfranchise all
 And, suffering, looks for greatness in her sons.
 But dim in human hearts the ascending fire,
 The invisible Grandeur sits unworshipped there;
 Man sees the Highest in a limiting form
 Or looks upon a Person, hears a Name.
 He turns for little gains to ignorant Powers
 Or kindles his altar lights to a demon face.
 He loves the Ignorance fathering his pain.
 A spell is laid upon his glorious strengths;
 He has lost the inner Voice that led his thoughts,
 And masking the oracular tripod seat
 A specious Idol fills the marvel shrine.
 The great Illusion wraps him in its veils,
 The soul's deep intimations come in vain,
 In vain is the unending line of seers,
 The sages ponder in unsubstantial light,
 The poets lend their voice to outward dreams,
 A homeless fire inspires the prophet tongues.
 Heaven's flaming lights descend and back return,
 The luminous Eye approaches and retires;
 Eternity speaks, none understands its word;

Fate is unwilling and the Abyss denies;
The Inconscient's mindless waters block all done.
Only a little lifted is Mind's screen;
The Wise who know see but one half of Truth,
The strong climb hardly to a low-peaked height,
The hearts that yearn are given one hour to love.
His tale half told, falters the secret Bard;
The gods are still too few in mortal forms."
The Voice withdrew into its hidden skies.

Savitri, Book IV: The Book of Birth and Quest;
Canto III: The Call to the Quest, pp. 370-72

“But like a shining answer from the gods”

But like a shining answer from the gods
Approached through sun-bright spaces Savitri.
Advancing amid tall heaven-pillaring trees,
Apparelled in her flickering-coloured robe
She seemed, burning towards the eternal realms,
A bright moved torch of incense and of flame
That from the sky-roofed temple-soil of earth
A pilgrim hand lifts in an invisible shrine.
There came the gift of a revealing hour:
He saw through depths that reinterpret all,
Limited not now by the dull body's eyes,
New-found through an arch of clear discovery,
This intimation of the world's delight,
This wonder of the divine Artist's make
Carved like a nectar-cup for thirsty gods,
This breathing Scripture of the Eternal's joy,
This net of sweetness woven of aureate fire.
Transformed the delicate image-face became
A deeper Nature's self-revealing sign,
A gold-leaf palimpsest of sacred births,
A grave world-symbol chiselled out of life.
Her brow, a copy of clear unstained heavens,
Was meditation's pedestal and defence,
The very room and smile of musing Space,
Its brooding line infinity's symbol curve.
Amid her tresses' cloudy multitude
Her long eyes shadowed as by wings of Night
Under that moon-gold forehead's dreaming breadth
Were seas of love and thought that held the world;
Marvelling at life and earth they saw truths far.
A deathless meaning filled her mortal limbs;
As in a golden vase's poignant line
They seemed to carry the rhythmic sob of bliss

Of earth's mute adoration towards heaven
Released in beauty's cry of living form
Towards the perfection of eternal things.
Transparent grown the ephemeral living dress
Bared the expressive deity to his view.
Escaped from surface sight and mortal sense
The seizing harmony of its shapes became
The strange significant icon of a Power
Renewing its inscrutable descent
Into a human figure of its works
That stood out in life's bold abrupt relief
On the soil of the evolving universe,
A godhead sculptured on a wall of thought,
Mirrored in the flowing hours and dimly shrined
In Matter as in a cathedral cave.
Annulled were the transient values of the mind,
The body's sense renounced its earthly look;
Immortal met immortal in their gaze.
Awaked from the close spell of daily use
That hides soul-truth with the outward form's disguise,
He saw through the familiar cherished limbs
The great and unknown spirit born his child.

Savitri, Book IV: The Book of Birth and Quest;
Canto III: The Call to the Quest, pp. 372-73

“He spoke in sentences from the unseen Heights”

[*Aswapati addresses Savitri*]

An impromptu from the deeper sight within,
Thoughts rose in him that knew not their own scope.
Then to those large and brooding depths whence Love
Regarded him across the straits of mind,
He spoke in sentences from the unseen Heights.
For the hidden prompters of our speech sometimes
Can use the formulas of a moment's mood
To weigh unconscious lips with words from Fate:
A casual passing phrase can change our life.
“O spirit, traveller of eternity,
Who cam'st from the immortal spaces here
Armed for the splendid hazard of thy life
To set thy conquering foot on Chance and Time,
The moon shut in her halo dreams like thee.
A mighty Presence still defends thy frame.
Perhaps the heavens guard thee for some great soul,
Thy fate, thy work are kept somewhere afar.
Thy spirit came not down a star alone.
O living inscription of the beauty of love
Missalled in aureate virginity,
What message of heavenly strength and bliss in thee
Is written with the Eternal's sun-white script,
One shall discover and greaten with it his life
To whom thou loosenest thy heart's jewelled strings.
O rubies of silence, lips from which there stole
Low laughter, music of tranquillity,
Star-lustrous eyes awake in sweet large night
And limbs like fine-linked poems made of gold
Stanzaed to glimmering curves by artist gods,
Depart where love and destiny call your charm.
Venture through the deep world to find thy mate.

For somewhere on the longing breast of earth,
 Thy unknown lover waits for thee the unknown.
 Thy soul has strength and needs no other guide
 Than One who burns within thy bosom's powers.
 There shall draw near to meet thy approaching steps
 The second self for whom thy nature asks,
 He who shall walk until thy body's end
 A close-bound traveller pacing with thy pace,
 The lyrist of thy soul's most intimate chords
 Who shall give voice to what in thee is mute.
 Then shall you grow like vibrant kindred harps,
 One in the beats of difference and delight,
 Responsive in divine and equal strains,
 Discovering new notes of the eternal theme.
 One force shall be your mover and your guide,
 One light shall be around you and within;
 Hand in strong hand confront Heaven's question, life:
 Challenge the ordeal of the immense disguise.
 Ascend from Nature to divinity's heights;
 Face the high gods, crowned with felicity,
 Then meet a greater god, thy self beyond Time."
 This word was seed of all the thing to be:
 A hand from some Greatness opened her heart's
locked doors
 And showed the work for which her strength was born.

Savitri, Book IV: The Book of Birth and Quest;
 Canto III: The Call to the Quest, pp. 373-75

“As when the mantra sinks in Yoga’s ear”

As when the mantra sinks in Yoga’s ear,
Its message enters stirring the blind brain
And keeps in the dim ignorant cells its sound;
The hearer understands a form of words
And, musing on the index thought it holds,
He strives to read it with the labouring mind,
But finds bright hints, not the embodied truth:
Then, falling silent in himself to know
He meets the deeper listening of his soul:
The Word repeats itself in rhythmic strains:
Thought, vision, feeling, sense, the body’s self
Are seized unutterably and he endures
An ecstasy and an immortal change;
He feels a Wideness and becomes a Power,
All knowledge rushes on him like a sea:
Transmuted by the white spiritual ray
He walks in naked heavens of joy and calm,
Sees the God-face and hears transcendent speech:
An equal greatness in her life was sown.
Accustomed scenes were now an ended play:
Moving in muse amid familiar powers,
Touched by new magnitudes and fiery signs,
She turned to vastnesses not yet her own;
Allured her heart throbbed to unknown sweetnesses;
The secrets of an unseen world were close.

Savitri, Book IV: The Book of Birth and Quest;
Canto III: The Call to the Quest, p. 375

“One carrying the sanction of the gods”

[*Narad addresses Savitri*]

Even as he sang and rapture stole through earth-time
 And caught the heavens, came with a call of hooves,
 As of her swift heart hastening, Savitri;
 Her radiant tread glimmered across the floor.
 A happy wonder in her fathomless gaze,
 Changed by the halo of her love she came;
 Her eyes rich with a shining mist of joy
 As one who comes from a heavenly embassy
 Discharging the proud mission of her heart,
 One carrying the sanction of the gods
 To her love and its luminous eternity,
 She stood before her mighty father's throne
 And, eager for beauty on discovered earth
 Transformed and new in her heart's miracle-light,
 Saw like a rose of marvel, worshipping,
 The fire-tinged sweetness of the son of Heaven.
 He flung on her his vast immortal look;
 His inner gaze surrounded her with its light
 And reining back knowledge from his immortal lips
 He cried to her, "Who is this that comes, the bride,
 The flame-born, and round her illumined head
 Pouring their lights her hymeneal pomps
 Move flashing about her? From what green glimmer
of glades
 Retreating into dewy silences
 Or half-seen verge of waters moon-betrayed
 Bringst thou this glory of enchanted eyes? . . ."

Savitri, Book VI: The Book of Fate;
 Canto I: The Word of Fate, p. 418

“He spoke but held his knowledge back from words”

[*Narad to Savitri*]

“ . . . Earth has gold-hued expanses, shadowy hills
That cowl their dreaming phantom heads in night,
And, guarded in a cloistral joy of woods,
Screened banks sink down into felicity
Seized by the curved incessant yearning hands
And ripple-passion of the upgazing stream:
Amid cool-lipped murmurs of its pure embrace
They lose their souls on beds of trembling reeds.
And all these are mysterious presences
In which some spirit’s immortal bliss is felt,
And they betray the earth-born heart to joy.
There hast thou paused, and marvelling borne eyes
Unknown, or heard a voice that forced thy life
To strain its rapture through thy listening soul?
Or, if my thought could trust this shimmering gaze,
It would say thou hast not drunk from an earthly cup,
But stepping through azure curtains of the noon
Thou wast surrounded on a magic verge
In brighter countries than man’s eyes can bear.
Assailed by trooping voices of delight
And seized mid a sunlit glamour of the boughs
In faery woods, led down the gleaming slopes
Of Gandhamadan where the Apsaras roam,
Thy limbs have shared the sports which none has seen,
And in god-haunts thy human footsteps strayed,
Thy mortal bosom quivered with god-speech
And thy soul answered to a Word unknown.
What feet of gods, what ravishing flutes of heaven
Have thrilled high melodies round, from near and far
Approaching through the soft and revelling air,
Which still surprised thou hearest? They have fed

Thy silence on some red strange-ecstasied fruit
And thou hast trod the dim moon-peaks of bliss.
Reveal, O winged with light, whence thou hast flown
Hastening bright-hued through the green tangled earth,
Thy body rhythmical with the spring-bird's call.
The empty roses of thy hands are filled
Only with their own beauty and the thrill
Of a remembered clasp, and in thee glows
A heavenly jar, thy firm deep-honied heart,
New-brimming with a sweet and nectarous wine.
Thou hast not spoken with the kings of pain.
Life's perilous music rings yet to thy ear
Far-melodied, rapid and grand, a Centaur's song,
Or soft as water plashing mid the hills,
Or mighty as a great chant of many winds.
Moon-bright thou livest in thy inner bliss.
Thou comest like a silver deer through groves
Of coral flowers and buds of glowing dreams,
Or fleest like a wind-goddess through leaves,
Or roamst, O ruby-eyed and snow-winged dove,
Flitting through thickets of thy pure desires
In the unwounded beauty of thy soul.
These things are only images to thy earth,
But truest truth of that which in thee sleeps.
For such is thy spirit, a sister of the gods,
Thy earthly body lovely to the eyes
And thou art kin in joy to heaven's sons.
O thou who hast come to this great perilous world
Now only seen through the splendour of thy dreams,
Where hardly love and beauty can live safe,
Thyself a being dangerously great,
A soul alone in a golden house of thought
Has lived walled in by the safety of thy dreams.
On heights of happiness leaving doom asleep
Who hunts unseen the unconscious lives of men,

If thy heart could live locked in the ideal's gold,
As high, as happy might thy waking be!
If for all time doom could be left to sleep!"

He spoke but held his knowledge back from words
As a cloud plays with lightnings' vivid laugh,
But still holds back the thunder in its heart,
Only he let bright images escape.
His speech like glimmering music veiled his thoughts;
As a wind flatters the bright summer air,
Pitiful to mortals, only to them it spoke
Of living beauty and of present bliss:
He hid in his all-knowing mind the rest.

Savitri, Book VI: The Book of Fate;
Canto I: The Word of Fate, pp. 418-19

“And surely will that flame set earth alight”

[*Aswapati to Narad*]

“ . . . Behold her, singer with the prescient gaze,
 And let thy blessing chant that this fair child
 Shall pour the nectar of a sorrowless life
 Around her from her lucid heart of love,
 Heal with her bliss the tired breast of earth
 And cast like a happy snare felicity.
 As grows the great and golden bounteous tree
 Flowering by Alacananda’s murmuring waves,
 Where with enamoured speed the waters run
 Lispering and babbling to the splendour of morn
 And cling with lyric laughter round the knees
 Of heaven’s daughters dripping magic rain
 Pearl-bright from moon-gold limbs and cloudy hair,
 So are her dawns like jewelled leaves of light,
 So casts she her felicity on men.
 A flame of radiant happiness she was born
 And surely will that flame set earth alight:
 Doom surely will see her pass and say no word!
 But too often here the careless Mother leaves
 Her chosen in the envious hands of Fate:
 The harp of God falls mute, its call to bliss
 Discouraged fails mid earth’s unhappy sounds;
 The strings of the siren Ecstasy cry not here
 Or soon are silenced in the human heart.
 Of sorrow’s songs we have enough: bid once
 Her glad and griefless days bring heaven here.
 Or must fire always test the great of soul?
 Along the dreadful causeway of the Gods,
 Armoured with love and faith and sacred joy,
 A traveller to the Eternal’s house,
 Once let unwounded pass a mortal life.”

Savitri, Book VI: The Book of Fate;
 Canto I: The Word of Fate, pp. 422-23

“He looked into the unseen with seeing eyes”

But Narad answered not; silent he sat,
Knowing that words are vain and Fate is lord.
He looked into the unseen with seeing eyes,
Then, dallying with the mortal's ignorance
Like one who knows not, questioning, he cried:
“On what high mission went her hastening wheels?
Whence came she with this glory in her heart
And Paradise made visible in her eyes?
What sudden God has met, what face supreme?”

Savitri, Book VI: The Book of Fate;
Canto I: The Word of Fate, p. 423

“Whom hast thou chosen, kingliest among men?”

[*Aswapati to Narad, then Savitri*]

To whom the king, “The red asoca watched
Her going forth which now sees her return.
Arisen into an air of flaming dawn
Like a bright bird tired of her lonely branch,
To find her own lord, since to her on earth
He came not yet, this sweetness wandered forth
Cleaving her way with the beat of her rapid wings.
Led by a distant call her vague swift flight
Threaded the summer morns and sunlit lands.
The happy rest her burdened lashes keep
And these charmed guardian lips hold treasured still.
Virgin who comest perfected by joy,
Reveal the name thy sudden heart-beats learned.
Whom hast thou chosen, kingliest among men?”

Savitri, Book VI: The Book of Fate;
Canto I: The Word of Fate, pp. 423-24

"I have chosen. This is done."

And Savitri answered with her still calm voice
As one who speaks beneath the eyes of Fate:
"Father and king, I have carried out thy will.
One whom I sought I found in distant lands;
I have obeyed my heart, I have heard its call.
On the borders of a dreaming wilderness
Mid Shalwa's giant hills and brooding woods
In his thatched hermitage Dyumatsena dwells,
Blind, exiled, outcast, once a mighty king.
The son of Dyumatsena, Satyavan,
I have met on the wild forest's lonely verge.
My father, I have chosen. This is done."

Savitri, Book VI: The Book of Fate;
Canto I: The Word of Fate, p. 424

“But now the queen alarmed lifted her voice”

But now the queen alarmed lifted her voice:
 “O seer, thy bright arrival has been timed
 To this high moment of a happy life;
 Then let the speech benign of griefless spheres
 Confirm this blithe conjunction of two stars
 And sanction joy with thy celestial voice.
 Here drag not in the peril of our thoughts,
 Let not our words create the doom they fear.
 Here is no cause for dread, no chance for grief
 To raise her ominous head and stare at love.
 A single spirit in a multitude,
 Happy is Satyavan mid earthly men
 Whom Savitri has chosen for her mate,
 And fortunate the forest hermitage
 Where leaving her palace and riches and a throne
 My Savitri will dwell and bring in heaven.
 Then let thy blessing put the immortals’ seal
 On these bright lives’ unstained felicity
 Pushing the ominous Shadow from their days.
 Too heavy falls a Shadow on man’s heart;
 It dares not be too happy upon earth.
 It dreads the blow dogging too vivid joys,
 A lash unseen in Fate’s extended hand,
 The danger lurking in fortune’s proud extremes,
 An irony in life’s indulgent smile,
 And trembles at the laughter of the gods.
 Or if crouches unseen a panther doom,
 If wings of Evil brood above that house,
 Then also speak, that we may turn aside
 And rescue our lives from hazard of wayside doom
 And chance entanglement of an alien fate.”

Savitri, Book VI: The Book of Fate;
 Canto I: The Word of Fate, p. 426

“And Narad slowly answered to the queen”

And Narad slowly answered to the queen:
“What help is in prevision to the driven?
Safe doors cry opening near, the doomed pass on.
A future knowledge is an added pain,
A torturing burden and a fruitless light
On the enormous scene that Fate has built.
The eternal poet, universal Mind,
Has paged each line of his imperial act;
Invisible the giant actors tread
And man lives like some secret player’s mask.
He knows not even what his lips shall speak.
For a mysterious Power compels his steps
And life is stronger than his trembling soul.
None can refuse what the stark Force demands:
Her eyes are fixed upon her mighty aim;
No cry or prayer can turn her from her path.
She has leaped an arrow from the bow of God.”

Savitri, Book VI: The Book of Fate;
Canto I: The Word of Fate, pp. 426-27

“To know is best, however hard to bear”

[*The Queen to Narad*]

“. . . Strength have I my own punishment to bear,
 Knowing it just, but on this earth perplexed,
 Smitten in the sorrow of scourged and helpless things,
 Often it faints to meet other suffering eyes.
 We are not as the gods who know not grief
 And look impassive on a suffering world,
 Calm they gaze down on the little human scene
 And the short-lived passion crossing mortal hearts.
 An ancient tale of woe can move us still,
 We keep the ache of breasts that breathe no more,
 We are shaken by the sight of human pain,
 And share the miseries that others feel.
 Ours not the passionless lids that cannot age.
 Too hard for us is heaven’s indifference:
 Our own tragedies are not enough for us,
 All pathos and all sufferings we make ours;
 We have sorrow for a greatness passed away
 And feel the touch of tears in mortal things.
 Even a stranger’s anguish rends my heart,
 And this, O Narad, is my well-loved child.
 Hide not from us our doom, if doom is ours.
 This is the worst, an unknown face of Fate,
 A terror ominous, mute, felt more than seen
 Behind our seat by day, our couch by night,
 A Fate lurking in the shadow of our hearts,
 The anguish of the unseen that waits to strike.
 To know is best, however hard to bear.”

Savitri, Book VI: The Book of Fate;
 Canto I: The Word of Fate, pp. 428-29

“His words set free the spring of cosmic Fate”

Then cried the sage piercing the mother's heart,
Forcing to steel the will of Savitri,
His words set free the spring of cosmic Fate.
The great Gods use the pain of human hearts
As a sharp axe to hew their cosmic road:
They squander lavishly men's blood and tears
For a moment's purpose in their fateful work.
This cosmic Nature's balance is not ours
Nor the mystic measure of her need and use.
A single word lets loose vast agencies;
A casual act determines the world's fate.
So now he set free destiny in that hour.
“The truth thou hast claimed; I give to thee the truth.
A marvel of the meeting earth and heavens
Is he whom Savitri has chosen mid men,
His figure is the front of Nature's march,
His single being excels the works of Time.
A sapphire cutting from the sleep of heaven,
Delightful is the soul of Satyavan,
A ray out of the rapturous Infinite,
A silence waking to a hymn of joy.
A divinity and kingliness gird his brow;
His eyes keep a memory from a world of bliss.
As brilliant as a lonely moon in heaven,
Gentle like the sweet bud that spring desires,
Pure like a stream that kisses silent banks,
He takes with bright surprise spirit and sense.
A living knot of golden Paradise,
A blue Immense he leans to the longing world,
Time's joy borrowed out of eternity,
A star of splendour or a rose of bliss.
In him soul and Nature, equal Presences,
Balance and fuse in a wide harmony.

The Happy in their bright ether have not hearts
More sweet and true than this of mortal make
That takes all joy as the world's native gift
And to all gives joy as the world's natural right.
His speech carries a light of inner truth,
And a large-eyed communion with the Power
In common things has made veillless his mind,
A seer in earth-shapes of garbless deity.
A tranquil breadth of sky windless and still
Watching the world like a mind of unplumbed thought,
A silent space musing and luminous
Uncovered by the morning to delight,
A green tangle of trees upon a happy hill
Made into a murmuring nest by southern winds,
These are his images and parallels,
His kin in beauty and in depth his peers.
A will to climb lifts a delight to live,
Heaven's height companion of earth-beauty's charm,
An aspiration to the immortals' air
Lain on the lap of mortal ecstasy.
His sweetness and his joy attract all hearts
To live with his own in a glad tenancy,
His strength is like a tower built to reach heaven,
A godhead quarried from the stones of life.
O loss, if death into its elements
Of which his gracious envelope was built,
Shatter this vase before it breathes its sweets,
As if earth could not keep too long from heaven
A treasure thus unique loaned by the gods,
A being so rare, of so divine a make!
In one brief year when this bright hour flies back
And perches careless on a branch of Time,
This sovereign glory ends heaven lent to earth,
This splendour vanishes from the mortal's sky:
Heaven's greatness came, but was too great to stay.

Twelve swift-winged months are given to him and her;
This day returning Satyavan must die."
A lightning bright and nude the sentence fell.

Savitri, Book VI: The Book of Fate;
Canto I: The Word of Fate, pp. 429-31

“Choose once again . . .”

But the queen cried: “Vain then can be heaven’s grace!
Heaven mocks us with the brilliance of its gifts,
For Death is a cupbearer of the wine
Of too brief joy held up to mortal lips
For a passionate moment by the careless gods.
But I reject the grace and the mockery.
Mounting thy car go forth, O Savitri,
And travel once more through the peopled lands.
Alas, in the green gladness of the woods
Thy heart has stooped to a misleading call.
Choose once again and leave this fated head,
Death is the gardener of this wonder-tree;
Love’s sweetness sleeps in his pale marble hand.
Advancing in a honeyed line but closed,
A little joy would buy too bitter an end.
Plead not thy choice, for death has made it vain.
Thy youth and radiance were not born to lie
A casket void dropped on a careless soil;
A choice less rare may call a happier fate.”

Savitri, Book VI: The Book of Fate;
Canto I: The Word of Fate, pp. 431-32

“Fate’s law may change, but not my spirit’s will”

But Savitri answered from her violent heart, —
Her voice was calm, her face was fixed like steel:
“Once my heart chose and chooses not again.
The word I have spoken can never be erased,
It is written in the record book of God.
The truth once uttered, from the earth’s air effaced,
By mind forgotten, sounds immortally
For ever in the memory of Time.
Once the dice fall thrown by the hand of Fate
In an eternal moment of the gods.
My heart has sealed its troth to Satyavan:
Its signature adverse Fate cannot efface,
Its seal not Fate nor Death nor Time dissolve.
Those who shall part who have grown one being within?
Death’s grip can break our bodies, not our souls;
If death take him, I too know how to die.
Let Fate do with me what she will or can;
I am stronger than death and greater than my fate;
My love shall outlast the world, doom falls from me
Helpless against my immortality.
Fate’s law may change, but not my spirit’s will.”
An adamant will, she cast her speech like bronze.

Savitri, Book VI: The Book of Fate;
Canto I: The Word of Fate, p. 432

"Thou who art human, think not like a god"

[*The Queen to Savitri*]

" . . . O child, wilt thou proclaim, wilt thou then follow
Against the Law that is the eternal will
The autarchy of the rash Titan's mood
To whom his own fierce will is the one law
In a world where Truth is not, nor Light nor God?
Only the gods can speak what now thou speakst.
Thou who art human, think not like a god.
For man, below the god, above the brute,
Is given the calm reason as his guide;
He is not driven by an unthinking will
As are the actions of the bird and beast;
He is not moved by stark Necessity
Like the senseless motion of inconscient things.
The giant's and the Titan's furious march
Climbs to usurp the kingdom of the gods
Or skirts the demon magnitudes of Hell;
In the unreflecting passion of their hearts
They dash their lives against the eternal Law
And fall and break by their own violent mass:
The middle path is made for thinking man.
To choose his steps by reason's vigilant light,
To choose his path among the many paths
Is given him, for each his difficult goal
Hewn out of infinite possibility.
Leave not thy goal to follow a beautiful face.
Only when thou hast climbed above thy mind
And liv'st in the calm vastness of the One
Can love be eternal in the eternal Bliss
And love divine replace the human tie.
There is a shrouded law, an austere force:
It bids thee strengthen thy undying spirit;

It offers its severe benignancies
Of work and thought and measured grave delight
As steps to climb to God's far secret heights.
Then is our life a tranquil pilgrimage,
Each year a mile upon the heavenly Way,
Each dawn opens into a larger Light.
Thy acts are thy helpers, all events are signs,
Waking and sleep are opportunities
Given to thee by an immortal Power.
So canst thou raise thy pure unvanquished spirit,
Till spread to heaven in a wide vesper calm,
Indifferent and gentle as the sky,
It greatens slowly into timeless peace."

Savitri, Book VI: The Book of Fate;
Canto I: The Word of Fate, pp. 433-35

“For I know now why my spirit came on earth”

But Savitri replied with steadfast eyes:
“My will is part of the eternal Will,
My fate is what my spirit’s strength can make,
My fate is what my spirit’s strength can bear;
My strength is not the Titan’s; it is God’s.
I have discovered my glad reality
Beyond my body in another’s being:
I have found the deep unchanging soul of love.
Then how shall I desire a lonely good,
Or slay, aspiring to white vacant peace,
The endless hope that made my soul spring forth
Out of its infinite solitude and sleep?
My spirit has glimpsed the glory for which it came,
The beating of one vast heart in the flame of things,
My eternity clasped by his eternity
And, tireless of the sweet abysses of Time,
Deep possibility always to love.
This, this is first, last joy and to its throb
The riches of a thousand fortunate years
Are poverty. Nothing to me are death and grief
Or ordinary lives and happy days.
And what to me are common souls of men
Or eyes and lips that are not Satyavan’s?
I have no need to draw back from his arms
And the discovered paradise of his love
And journey into a still infinity.
Only now for my soul in Satyavan
I treasure the rich occasion of my birth:
In sunlight and a dream of emerald ways
I shall walk with him like gods in Paradise.
If for a year, that year is all my life.
And yet I know this is not all my fate
Only to live and love awhile and die.

For I know now why my spirit came on earth
And who I am and who he is I love.
I have looked at him from my immortal Self,
I have seen God smile at me in Satyavan;
I have seen the Eternal in a human face.”
Then none could answer to her words. Silent
They sat and looked into the eyes of Fate.

Savitri, Book VI: The Book of Fate;
Canto I: The Word of Fate, pp. 435-36

"She only can save herself and save the world"

[*Narad to Aswapati and the Queen*]

"... A vast intention has brought two souls close
And love and death conspire towards one great end.
For out of danger and pain heaven-bliss shall come,
Time's unforeseen event, God's secret plan.
This world was not built with random bricks of Chance,
A blind god is not destiny's architect;
A conscious power has drawn the plan of life,
There is a meaning in each curve and line.
It is an architecture high and grand
By many named and nameless masons built
In which unseeing hands obey the Unseen,
And of its master-builders she is one.

"Queen, strive no more to change the secret will;
Time's accidents are steps in its vast scheme.
Bring not thy brief and helpless human tears
Across the fathomless moments of a heart
That knows its single will and God's as one:
It can embrace its hostile destiny;
It sits apart with grief and facing death,
Affronting adverse fate armed and alone.
In this enormous world standing apart
In the mightiness of her silent spirit's will,
In the passion of her soul of sacrifice
Her lonely strength facing the universe,
Affronting fate, asks not man's help nor god's:
Sometimes one life is charged with earth's destiny,
It cries not for succour from the time-bound powers.
Alone she is equal to her mighty task.
Intervene not in a strife too great for thee,
A struggle too deep for mortal thought to sound,
Its question to this Nature's rigid bounds

When the soul fronts nude of garbs the infinite,
 Its too vast theme of a lonely mortal will
 Pacing the silence of eternity.
 As a star, uncompanioned, moves in heaven
 Unastonished by the immensities of Space,
 Travelling infinity by its own light,
 The great are strongest when they stand alone.
 A God-given might of being is their force,
 A ray from self's solitude of light the guide;
 The soul that can live alone with itself meets God;
 Its lonely universe is their rendezvous.
 A day may come when she must stand unhelped
 On a dangerous brink of the world's doom and hers,
 Carrying the world's future on her lonely breast,
 Carrying the human hope in a heart left sole
 To conquer or fail on a last desperate verge,
 Alone with death and close to extinction's edge.
 Her single greatness in that last dire scene
 Must cross alone a perilous bridge in Time
 And reach an apex of world-destiny
 Where all is won or all is lost for man.
 In that tremendous silence lone and lost
 Of a deciding hour in the world's fate,
 In her soul's climbing beyond mortal time
 When she stands sole with Death or sole with God
 Apart upon a silent desperate brink,
 Alone with her self and death and destiny
 As on some verge between Time and Timelessness
 When being must end or life rebuild its base,
 Alone she must conquer or alone must fall.
 No human aid can reach her in that hour,
 No armoured god stand shining at her side.
 Cry not to heaven, for she alone can save.
 For this the silent Force came missioned down;
 In her the conscious Will took human shape:

She only can save herself and save the world.
O queen, stand back from that stupendous scene,
Come not between her and her hour of Fate.
Her hour must come and none can intervene:
Think not to turn her from her heaven-sent task,
Strive not to save her from her own high will.
Thou hast no place in that tremendous strife;
Thy love and longing are not arbiters there;
Leave the world's fate and her to God's sole guard.
Even if he seems to leave her to her lone strength,
Even though all falters and falls and sees an end
And the heart fails and only are death and night,
God-given her strength can battle against doom
Even on a brink where Death alone seems close
And no human strength can hinder or can help.
Think not to intercede with the hidden Will,
Intrude not twixt her spirit and its force
But leave her to her mighty self and Fate."

Savitri, Book VI: The Book of Fate;
Canto II: The Way of Fate and the Problem of Pain, pp. 459-62

“Arise, O soul, and vanquish Time and Death”

[*A mighty Voice to Savitri*]

As in the vigilance of the sleepless night
 Through the slow heavy-footed silent hours,
 Repressing in her bosom its load of grief,
 She sat staring at the dumb tread of Time
 And the approach of ever-nearing Fate,
 A summons from her being's summit came,
 A sound, a call that broke the seals of Night.
 Above her brows where will and knowledge meet
 A mighty Voice invaded mortal space.
 It seemed to come from inaccessible heights
 And yet was intimate with all the world
 And knew the meaning of the steps of Time
 And saw eternal destiny's changeless scene
 Filling the far prospect of the cosmic gaze.
 As the Voice touched, her body became a stark
 And rigid golden statue of motionless trance,
 A stone of God lit by an amethyst soul.
 Around her body's stillness all grew still:
 Her heart listened to its slow measured beats,
 Her mind renouncing thought heard and was mute:
 “Why camest thou to this dumb deathbound earth,
 This ignorant life beneath indifferent skies
 Tied like a sacrifice on the altar of Time,
 O spirit, O immortal energy,
 If 'twas to nurse grief in a helpless heart
 Or with hard tearless eyes await thy doom?
 Arise, O soul, and vanquish Time and Death.”

Savitri, Book VII: The Book of Yoga;
 Canto II: The Parable of the Search for the Soul, p. 474

“Is there a God whom any cry can move?”

But Savitri's heart replied in the dim night:
 “My strength is taken from me and given to Death.
 Why should I lift my hands to the shut heavens
 Or struggle with mute inevitable Fate
 Or hope in vain to uplift an ignorant race
 Who hug their lot and mock the saviour Light
 And see in Mind wisdom's sole tabernacle,
 In its harsh peak and its inconscient base
 A rock of safety and an anchor of sleep?
 Is there a God whom any cry can move?
 He sits in peace and leaves the mortal's strength
 Impotent against his calm omnipotent Law
 And Inconscience and the almighty hands of Death.
 What need have I, what need has Satyavan
 To avoid the black-meshed net, the dismal door,
 Or call a mightier Light into life's closed room,
 A greater Law into man's little world?
 Why should I strive with earth's unyielding laws
 Or stave off death's inevitable hour?
 This surely is best to pactise with my fate
 And follow close behind my lover's steps
 And pass through night from twilight to the sun
 Across the tenebrous river that divides
 The adjoining parishes of earth and heaven.
 Then could we lie inarmed breast upon breast,
 Untroubled by thought, untroubled by our hearts,
 Forgetting man and life and time and its hours,
 Forgetting eternity's call, forgetting God.”

Savitri, Book VII: The Book of Yoga;

Canto II: The Parable of the Search for the Soul, pp. 474-75

“Is this enough, O spirit?”

The Voice replied: “Is this enough, O spirit?
 And what shall thy soul say when it wakes and knows
 The work was left undone for which it came?
 Or is this all for thy being born on earth
 Charged with a mandate from eternity,
 A listener to the voices of the years,
 A follower of the footprints of the gods,
 To pass and leave unchanged the old dusty laws?
 Shall there be no new tables, no new Word,
 No greater light come down upon the earth
 Delivering her from her unconsciousness,
 Man’s spirit from unalterable Fate?
 Cam’st thou not down to open the doors of Fate,
 The iron doors that seemed for ever closed,
 And lead man to Truth’s wide and golden road
 That runs through finite things to eternity?
 Is this then the report that I must make,
 My head bowed with shame before the Eternal’s seat, —
 His power he kindled in thy body has failed,
 His labourer returns, her task undone?”

Savitri, Book VII: The Book of Yoga;

Canto II: The Parable of the Search for the Soul, pp. 475-76

“For I am here to do thy will”

Then Savitri's heart fell mute, it spoke no word.
But holding back her troubled rebel heart,
Abrupt, erect and strong, calm like a hill,
Surmounting the seas of mortal ignorance,
Its peak immutable above mind's air,
A Power within her answered the still Voice:
“I am thy portion here charged with thy work,
As thou myself seated for ever above,
Speak to my depths, O great and deathless Voice,
Command, for I am here to do thy will.”

Savitri, Book VII: The Book of Yoga;
Canto II: The Parable of the Search for the Soul, p. 476

“The Voice replied: ‘Remember why thou cam’st’”

The Voice replied: “Remember why thou cam’st:
 Find out thy soul, recover thy hid self,
 In silence seek God’s meaning in thy depths,
 Then mortal nature change to the divine.
 Open God’s door, enter into his trance.
 Cast Thought from thee, that nimble ape of Light:
 In his tremendous hush stilling thy brain
 His vast Truth wake within and know and see.
 Cast from thee sense that veils thy spirit’s sight:
 In the enormous emptiness of thy mind
 Thou shalt see the Eternal’s body in the world,
 Know him in every voice heard by thy soul,
 In the world’s contacts meet his single touch;
 All things shall fold thee into his embrace.
 Conquer thy heart’s throbs, let thy heart beat in God:
 Thy nature shall be the engine of his works,
 Thy voice shall house the mightiness of his Word:
 Then shalt thou harbour my force and conquer Death.”
 Then Savitri by her doomed husband sat,
 Still rigid in her golden motionless pose,
 A statue of the fire of the inner sun.
 In the black night the wrath of storm swept by,
 The thunder crashed above her, the rain hissed,
 Its million footsteps pattered on the roof.
 Impassive mid the movement and the cry,
 Witness of the thoughts of mind, the moods of life,
 She looked into herself and sought for her soul.

Savitri, Book VII: The Book of Yoga;

Canto II: The Parable of the Search for the Soul, pp. 476-77

“Our greater self of knowledge waits for us”

Our greater self of knowledge waits for us,
A supreme light in the truth-conscious Vast;
It sees from summits beyond thinking mind,
It moves in a splendid air transcending life.
It shall descend and make earth's life divine.
Truth made the world, not a blind Nature-Force.
For here are not our large diviner heights;
Our summits in the superconscient's blaze
Are glorious with the very face of God:
There is our aspect of eternity,
There is the figure of the god we are,
His young unaging look on deathless things,
His joy in our escape from death and Time,
His immortality and light and bliss.
Our larger being sits behind cryptic walls:
There are greatnesses hidden in our unseen parts
That wait their hour to step into life's front:
We feel an aid from deep indwelling Gods;
One speaks within, Light comes to us from above.
Our soul from its mysterious chamber acts;
Its influence pressing on our heart and mind
Pushes them to exceed their mortal selves.
It seeks for Good and Beauty and for God;
We see beyond self's walls our limitless self,
We gaze through our world's glass at half-seen vasts,
We hunt for the Truth behind apparent things.
Our inner Mind dwells in a larger light,
Its brightness looks at us through hidden doors;
Our members luminous grow and Wisdom's face
Appears in the doorway of the mystic ward:
When she enters into our house of outward sense,
Then we look up and see, above, her sun.
A mighty life-self with its inner powers

Supports the dwarfish modicum we call life;
It can graft upon our crawl two puissant wings.
Our body's subtle self is throned within
In its viewless palace of veridical dreams
That are bright shadows of the thoughts of God.
In the prone obscure beginnings of the race
The human grew in the bowed apeline man.
He stood erect, a godlike form and force,
And a soul's thoughts looked out from earth-born eyes;
Man stood erect, he wore the thinker's brow:
He looked at heaven and saw his comrade stars;
A vision came of beauty and greater birth
Slowly emerging from the heart's chapel of light
And moved in a white lucent air of dreams.
He saw his being's unrealised vastnesses,
He aspired and housed the nascent demigod.
Out of the dim recesses of the self
The occult seeker into the open came:
He heard the far and touched the intangible,
He gazed into the future and the unseen;
He used the powers earth-instruments cannot use,
A pastime made of the impossible;
He caught up fragments of the Omniscient's thought,
He scattered formulas of omnipotence.
Thus man in his little house made of earth's dust
Grew towards an unseen heaven of thought and dream
Looking into the vast vistas of his mind
On a small globe dotting infinity.
At last climbing a long and narrow stair
He stood alone on the high roof of things
And saw the light of a spiritual sun.
Aspiring he transcends his earthly self;
He stands in the largeness of his soul new-born,
Redeemed from encirclement by mortal things
And moves in a pure free spiritual realm

As in the rare breath of a stratosphere;
A last end of far lines of divinity,
He mounts by a frail thread to his high source;
He reaches his fount of immortality,
He calls the Godhead into his mortal life.

Savitri, Book VII: The Book of Yoga;
Canto II: The Parable of the Search for the Soul, pp. 484-86

“All this the spirit concealed had done in her”

All this the spirit concealed had done in her:
 A portion of the mighty Mother came
 Into her as into its own human part:
 Amid the cosmic workings of the Gods
 It marked her the centre of a wide-drawn scheme,
 Dreamed in the passion of her far-seeing spirit
 To mould humanity into God's own shape
 And lead this great blind struggling world to light
 Or a new world discover or create.
 Earth must transform herself and equal Heaven
 Or Heaven descend into earth's mortal state.
 But for such vast spiritual change to be,
 Out of the mystic cavern in man's heart
 The heavenly Psyche must put off her veil
 And step into common nature's crowded rooms
 And stand uncovered in that nature's front
 And rule its thoughts and fill the body and life.
 Obedient to a high command she sat:
 Time, life and death were passing incidents
 Obstructing with their transient view her sight,
 Her sight that must break through and liberate the god
 Imprisoned in the visionless mortal man.
 The inferior nature born into ignorance
 Still took too large a place, it veiled her self
 And must be pushed aside to find her soul.

Savitri, Book VII: The Book of Yoga;

Canto II: The Parable of the Search for the Soul, pp. 486-87

“For man thou seekst, not for thyself alone”

Amazed like one unknowing she sought her way
 Out of the tangle of man's ignorant past
 That took the surface person for the soul.
 Then a Voice spoke that dwelt on secret heights:
 “For man thou seekst, not for thyself alone.
 Only if God assumes the human mind
 And puts on mortal ignorance for his cloak
 And makes himself the Dwarf with triple stride,
 Can he help man to grow into the God.
 As man disguised the cosmic Greatness works
 And finds the mystic inaccessible gate
 And opens the Immortal's golden door.
 Man, human, follows in God's human steps.
 Accepting his darkness thou must bring to him light,
 Accepting his sorrow thou must bring to him bliss.
 In Matter's body find thy heaven-born soul.”
 Then Savitri surged out of her body's wall
 And stood a little span outside herself
 And looked into her subtle being's depths
 And in its heart as in a lotus-bud
 Divined her secret and mysterious soul.

Savitri, Book VII: The Book of Yoga;
 Canto III: The Entry into the Inner Countries, pp. 488-89

“All had a final last stability”

Here was a quiet country of fixed mind,
Here life no more was all nor passion's voice;
The cry of sense had sunk into a hush.
Soul was not there nor spirit but mind alone;
Mind claimed to be the spirit and the soul.
The spirit saw itself as form of mind,
Lost itself in the glory of the thought,
A light that made invisible the sun.
Into a firm and settled space she came
Where all was still and all things kept their place.
Each found what it had sought and knew its aim.
All had a final last stability.
There one stood forth who bore authority
On an important brow and held a rod;
Command was incarnate in his gesture and tone;
Tradition's petrified wisdom carved his speech,
His sentences savoured the oracle.
“Traveller or pilgrim of the inner world,
Fortunate art thou to reach our brilliant air
Flaming with thought's supreme finality.
O aspirant to the perfect way of life,
Here find it; rest from search and live at peace.
Ours is the home of cosmic certainty.
Here is the truth, God's harmony is here.
Register thy name in the book of the elite,
Admitted by the sanction of the few,
Adopt thy station of knowledge, thy post in mind,
Thy ticket of order draw in Life's bureau
And praise thy fate that made thee one of ours.
All here, docketed and tied, the mind can know,
All schemed by law that God permits to life.
This is the end and there is no beyond.
Here is the safety of the ultimate wall,

Here is the clarity of the sword of Light,
Here is the victory of a single Truth,
Here burns the diamond of flawless bliss.
A favourite of Heaven and Nature live."

Savitri, Book VII: The Book of Yoga;
Canto III: The Entry into the Inner Countries, pp. 498-99

“Here I can stay not, for I seek my soul”

But to the too satisfied and confident sage
Savitri replied casting into his world
Sight's deep release, the heart's questioning inner voice:
For here the heart spoke not, only clear daylight
Of intellect reigned here, limiting, cold, precise.
“Happy are they who in this chaos of things,
This coming and going of the feet of Time,
Can find the single Truth, the eternal Law:
Untouched they live by hope and doubt and fear.
Happy are men anchored on fixed belief
In this uncertain and ambiguous world,
Or who have planted in the heart's rich soil
One small grain of spiritual certitude.
Happiest who stand on faith as on a rock.
But I must pass leaving the ended search,
Truth's rounded outcome firm, immutable
And this harmonic building of world-fact,
This ordered knowledge of apparent things.
Here I can stay not, for I seek my soul.”
None answered in that bright contented world,
Or only turned on their accustomed way
Astonished to hear questioning in that air
Or thoughts that could still turn to the Beyond.
But some murmured, passers-by from kindred spheres:
Each by his credo judged the thought she spoke.
“Who then is this who knows not that the soul
Is a least gland or a secretion's fault
Disquieting the sane government of the mind,
Disordering the function of the brain,
Or a yearning lodged in Nature's mortal house
Or dream whispered in man's cave of hollow thought
Who would prolong his brief unhappy term
Or cling to living in a sea of death?”

But others, "Nay, it is her spirit she seeks.
A splendid shadow of the name of God,
A formless lustre from the Ideal's realm,
The Spirit is the Holy Ghost of Mind;
But none has touched its limbs or seen its face.
Each soul is the great Father's crucified Son,
Mind is that soul's one parent, its conscious cause,
The ground on which trembles a brief passing light,
Mind, sole creator of the apparent world.
All that is here is part of our own self;
Our minds have made the world in which we live."
Another with mystic and unsatisfied eyes
Who loved his slain belief and mourned its death,
"Is there one left who seeks for a Beyond?
Can still the path be found, opened the gate?"

Savitri, Book VII: The Book of Yoga;
Canto III: The Entry into the inner Countries, pp. 499-500

“Only who save themselves can others save”

So she fared on across her silent self.
To a road she came thronged with an ardent crowd
Who sped brilliant, fire-footed, sunlight-eyed,
Pressing to reach the world's mysterious wall,
And pass through masked doorways into outer mind
Where the Light comes not nor the mystic voice,
Messengers from our subliminal greatnesses,
Guests from the cavern of the secret soul.
Into dim spiritual somnolence they break
Or shed wide wonder on our waking self,
Ideas that haunt us with their radiant tread,
Dreams that are hints of unborn Reality,
Strange goddesses with deep-pooled magical eyes,
Strong wind-haired gods carrying the harps of hope,
Great moon-hued visions gliding through gold air,
Aspiration's sun-dream head and star-carved limbs,
Emotions making common hearts sublime.
And Savitri mingling in that glorious crowd,
Yearning to the spiritual light they bore,
Longed once to hasten like them to save God's world;
But she reined back the high passion in her heart;
She knew that first she must discover her soul.
Only who save themselves can others save.
In contrary sense she faced life's riddling truth:
They carrying the light to suffering men
Hurried with eager feet to the outer world;
Her eyes were turned towards the eternal source.
Outstretching her hands to stay the throng she cried:
“O happy company of luminous gods,
Reveal, who know, the road that I must tread, —
For surely that bright quarter is your home, —
To find the birthplace of the occult Fire
And the deep mansion of my secret soul.”

One answered pointing to a silence dim
 On a remote extremity of sleep
 In some far background of the inner world.
 "O Savitri, from thy hidden soul we come.
 We are the messengers, the occult gods
 Who help men's drab and heavy ignorant lives
 To wake to beauty and the wonder of things
 Touching them with glory and divinity;
 In evil we light the deathless flame of good
 And hold the torch of knowledge on ignorant roads;
 We are thy will and all men's will towards Light.
 O human copy and disguise of God
 Who seekst the deity thou keepest hid
 And livest by the Truth thou hast not known,
 Follow the world's winding highway to its source.
 There in the silence few have ever reached,
 Thou shalt see the Fire burning on the bare stone
 And the deep cavern of thy secret soul."
 Then Savitri following the great winding road
 Came where it dwindled into a narrow path
 Trod only by rare wounded pilgrim feet.
 A few bright forms emerged from unknown depths
 And looked at her with calm immortal eyes.
 There was no sound to break the brooding hush;
 One felt the silent nearness of the soul.

Savitri, Book VII: The Book of Yoga;
 Canto III: The Entry into the inner Countries, pp. 500-02

“Madonna of suffering, Mother of grief divine”

Here from a low and prone and listless ground
 The passion of the first ascent began;
 A moon-bright face in a sombre cloud of hair,
 A Woman sat in a pale lustrous robe.
 A rugged and ragged soil was her bare seat,
 Beneath her feet a sharp and wounding stone.
 A divine pity on the peaks of the world,
 A spirit touched by the grief of all that lives,
 She looked out far and saw from inner mind
 This questionable world of outward things,
 Of false appearances and plausible shapes,
 This dubious cosmos stretched in the ignorant Void,
 The pangs of earth, the toil and speed of the stars
 And the difficult birth and dolorous end of life.
 Accepting the universe as her body of woe,
 The Mother of the seven sorrows bore
 The seven stabs that pierced her bleeding heart:
 The beauty of sadness lingered on her face,
 Her eyes were dim with the ancient stain of tears.
 Her heart was riven with the world's agony
 And burdened with the sorrow and struggle in Time,
 An anguished music trailed in her rapt voice.
 Absorbed in a deep compassion's ecstasy,
 Lifting the mild ray of her patient gaze,
 In soft sweet training words slowly she spoke:
 “O Savitri, I am thy secret soul.
 To share the suffering of the world I came,
 I draw my children's pangs into my breast.
 I am the nurse of the dolour beneath the stars;
 I am the soul of all who wailing writhe
 Under the ruthless harrow of the Gods.
 I am woman, nurse and slave and beaten beast;
 I tend the hands that gave me cruel blows.

The hearts that spurned my love and zeal I serve;
I am the courted queen, the pampered doll,
I am the giver of the bowl of rice,
I am the worshipped Angel of the House.
I am in all that suffers and that cries.
Mine is the prayer that climbs in vain from earth,
I am traversed by my creatures' agonies,
I am the spirit in a world of pain.
The scream of tortured flesh and tortured hearts
Fall'n back on heart and flesh unheard by Heaven
Has rent with helpless grief and wrath my soul.
I have seen the peasant burning in his hut,
I have seen the slashed corpse of the slaughtered child,
Heard woman's cry ravished and stripped and haled
Amid the bayings of the hell-hound mob,
I have looked on, I had no power to save.
I have brought no arm of strength to aid or slay;
God gave me love, he gave me not his force.
I have shared the toil of the yoked animal drudge
Pushed by the goad, encouraged by the whip;
I have shared the fear-filled life of bird and beast,
Its long hunt for the day's precarious food,
Its covert slink and crouch and hungry prowl,
Its pain and terror seized by beak and claw.
I have shared the daily life of common men,
Its petty pleasures and its petty cares,
Its press of troubles and haggard horde of ills,
Earth's trail of sorrow hopeless of relief,
The unwanted tedious labour without joy,
And the burden of misery and the strokes of fate.
I have been pity, leaning over pain
And the tender smile that heals the wounded heart
And sympathy making life less hard to bear.
Man has felt near my unseen face and hands;
I have become the sufferer and his moan,

I have lain down with the mangled and the slain,
I have lived with the prisoner in his dungeon cell.
Heavy on my shoulders weighs the yoke of Time:
Nothing refusing of creation's load,
I have borne all and know I still must bear:
Perhaps when the world sinks into a last sleep,
I too may sleep in dumb eternal peace.
I have borne the calm indifference of Heaven,
Watched Nature's cruelty to suffering things
While God passed silent by nor turned to help.
Yet have I cried not out against his will,
Yet have I not accused his cosmic Law.
Only to change this great hard world of pain
A patient prayer has risen from my breast;
A pallid resignation lights my brow,
Within me a blind faith and mercy dwell;
I carry the fire that never can be quenched
And the compassion that supports the suns.
I am the hope that looks towards my God,
My God who never came to me till now;
His voice I hear that ever says 'I come':
I know that one day he shall come at last."

Savitri, Book VII: The Book of Yoga;
Canto IV: The Triple Soul-Forces, pp. 503-05

“One day I will return, a bringer of strength “

[Savitri to the Madonna of suffering]

. . . And turning to her being of pity spoke:
“Madonna of suffering, Mother of grief divine,
Thou art a portion of my soul put forth
To bear the unbearable sorrow of the world.
Because thou art, men yield not to their doom,
But ask for happiness and strive with fate;
Because thou art, the wretched still can hope.
But thine is the power to solace, not to save.
One day I will return, a bringer of strength,
And make thee drink from the Eternal’s cup;
His streams of force shall triumph in thy limbs
And Wisdom’s calm control thy passionate heart.
Thy love shall be the bond of humankind,
Compassion the bright key of Nature’s acts:
Misery shall pass abolished from the earth;
The world shall be freed from the anger of the Beast,
From the cruelty of the Titan and his pain.
There shall be peace and joy for ever more.”

Savitri, Book VII: The Book of Yoga;
Canto IV: The Triple Soul-Forces, pp. 507-08

“Madonna of might, Mother of works and force”

On passed she in her spirit's upward route.
An ardent grandeur climbed mid ferns and rocks,
A quiet wind flattered the heart to warmth,
A finer perfume breathed from slender trees.
All beautiful grew, subtle and high and strange.
Here on a boulder carved like a huge throne
A Woman sat in gold and purple sheen,
Armed with the trident and the thunderbolt,
Her feet upon a couchant lion's back.
A formidable smile curved round her lips,
Heaven-fire laughed in the corners of her eyes;
Her body a mass of courage and heavenly strength,
She menaced the triumph of the nether gods.
A halo of lightnings flamed around her head
And sovereignty, a great cestus, zoned her robe
And majesty and victory sat with her
Guarding in the wide cosmic battlefield
Against the flat equality of Death
And the all-levelling insurgent Night
The hierarchy of the ordered Powers,
The high changeless values, the peaked eminences,
The privileged aristocracy of Truth,
And in the governing Ideal's sun
The triumvirate of wisdom, love and bliss
And the sole autocracy of the absolute Light.
August on her seat in the inner world of Mind,
The Mother of Might looked down on passing things,
Listened to the advancing tread of Time,
Saw the irresistible wheeling of the suns
And heard the thunder of the march of God.
Amid the swaying Forces in their strife
Sovereign was her word of luminous command,
Her speech like a war-cry rang or a pilgrim chant.

A charm restoring hope in failing hearts
Aspired the harmony of her puissant voice:
"O Savitri, I am thy secret soul.
I have come down into the human world
And the movement watched by an unsleeping Eye
And the dark contrariety of earth's fate
And the battle of the bright and sombre Powers.
I stand upon earth's paths of danger and grief
And help the unfortunate and save the doomed.
To the strong I bring the guerdon of their strength,
To the weak I bring the armour of my force;
To men who long I carry their coveted joy:
I am fortune justifying the great and wise
By the sanction of the plaudits of the crowd,
Then trampling them with the armed heel of fate.
My ear is leaned to the cry of the oppressed,
I topple down the thrones of tyrant kings:
A cry comes from proscribed and hunted lives
Appealing to me against a pitiless world,
A voice of the forsaken and desolate
And the lone prisoner in his dungeon cell.
Men hail in my coming the Almighty's force
Or praise with thankful tears his saviour Grace.
I smite the Titan who bestrides the world
And slay the ogre in his blood-stained den.
I am Durga, goddess of the proud and strong,
And Lakshmi, queen of the fair and fortunate;
I wear the face of Kali when I kill,
I trample the corpses of the demon hordes.
I am charged by God to do his mighty work,
Uncaring I serve his will who sent me forth,
Reckless of peril and earthly consequence.
I reason not of virtue and of sin
But do the deed he has put into my heart.
I fear not for the angry frown of Heaven,

I flinch not from the red assault of Hell;
 I crush the opposition of the gods,
 Tread down a million goblin obstacles.
 I guide man to the path of the Divine
 And guard him from the red Wolf and the Snake.
 I set in his mortal hand my heavenly sword
 And put on him the breastplate of the gods.
 I break the ignorant pride of human mind
 And lead the thought to the wideness of the Truth;
 I rend man's narrow and successful life
 And force his sorrowful eyes to gaze at the sun
 That he may die to earth and live in his soul.
 I know the goal, I know the secret route;
 I have studied the map of the invisible worlds;
 I am the battle's head, the journey's star.
 But the great obstinate world resists my Word,
 And the crookedness and evil in man's heart
 Is stronger than Reason, profounder than the Pit,
 And the malignancy of hostile Powers
 Puts craftily back the clock of destiny
 And mightier seems than the eternal Will.
 The cosmic evil is too deep to unroot,
 The cosmic suffering is too vast to heal.
 A few I guide who pass me towards the Light;
 A few I save, the mass falls back unsaved;
 A few I help, the many strive and fail.
 But my heart I have hardened and I do my work:
 Slowly the light grows greater in the East,
 Slowly the world progresses on God's road.
 His seal is on my task, it cannot fail:
 I shall hear the silver swing of heaven's gates
 When God comes out to meet the soul of the world."

Savitri, Book VII: The Book of Yoga;
 Canto IV: The Triple Soul-Forces, pp. 508-10

“One day I will return, a bringer of light”

[*Savitri to the Madonna of might*]

. . . And turning to her being of power she spoke:
 “Madonna of might, Mother of works and force,
 Thou art a portion of my soul put forth
 To help mankind and help the travail of Time.
 Because thou art in him, man hopes and dares;
 Because thou art, men’s souls can climb the heavens
 And walk like gods in the presence of the Supreme.
 But without wisdom power is like a wind,
 It can breathe upon the heights and kiss the sky,
 It cannot build the extreme eternal things.
 Thou hast given men strength, wisdom thou couldst
 not give.

One day I will return, a bringer of light;
 Then will I give to thee the mirror of God;
 Thou shalt see self and world as by him they are seen
 Reflected in the bright pool of thy soul.
 Thy wisdom shall be vast as vast thy power.
 Then hate shall dwell no more in human hearts,
 And fear and weakness shall desert men’s lives,
 The cry of the ego shall be hushed within,
 Its lion roar that claims the world as food,
 All shall be might and bliss and happy force.”

Savitri, Book VII: The Book of Yoga;
 Canto IV: The Triple Soul-Forces, pp. 513-14

“Madonna of light, Mother of joy and peace”

Ascending still her spirit's upward route
She came into a high and happy space,
A wide tower of vision whence all could be seen
And all was centred in a single view
As when by distance separate scenes grow one
And a harmony is made of hues at war.
The wind was still and fragrance packed the air.
There was a carol of birds and murmur of bees,
And all that is common and natural and sweet,
Yet intimately divine to heart and soul.
A nearness thrilled of the spirit to its source
And deepest things seemed obvious, close and true.
Here, living centre of that vision of peace,
A Woman sat in clear and crystal light:
Heaven had unveiled its lustre in her eyes,
Her feet were moonbeams, her face was a bright sun,
Her smile could persuade a dead lacerated heart
To live again and feel the hands of calm.
A low music heard became her floating voice:
“O Savitri, I am thy secret soul.
I have come down to the wounded desolate earth
To heal her pangs and lull her heart to rest
And lay her head upon the Mother's lap
That she may dream of God and know his peace
And draw the harmony of higher spheres
Into the rhythm of earth's rude troubled days.
I show to her the figures of bright gods
And bring strength and solace to her struggling life;
High things that now are only words and forms
I reveal to her in the body of their power.
I am peace that steals into man's war-worn breast,
Amid the reign of Hell his acts create
A hostel where Heaven's messengers can lodge;

I am charity with the kindly hands that bless,
I am silence mid the noisy tramp of life;
I am Knowledge poring on her cosmic map.
In the anomalies of the human heart
Where Good and Evil are close bedfellows
And Light is by Darkness dogged at every step,
Where his largest knowledge is an ignorance,
I am the Power that labours towards the best
And works for God and looks up towards the heights.
I make even sin and error stepping-stones
And all experience a long march towards Light.
Out of the Inconscient I build consciousness,
And lead through death to reach immortal Life.
Many are God's forms by which he grows in man;
They stamp his thoughts and deeds with divinity,
Uplift the stature of the human clay
Or slowly transmute it into heaven's gold.
He is the Good for which men fight and die,
He is the war of Right with Titan wrong;
He is Freedom rising deathless from her pyre;
He is Valour guarding still the desperate pass
Or lone and erect on the shattered barricade
Or a sentinel in the dangerous echoing Night.
He is the crown of the martyr burned in flame
And the glad resignation of the saint
And courage indifferent to the wounds of Time
And the hero's might wrestling with death and fate.
He is Wisdom incarnate on a glorious throne
And the calm autocracy of the sage's rule.
He is the high and solitary Thought
Aloof above the ignorant multitude:
He is the prophet's voice, the sight of the seer.
He is Beauty, nectar of the passionate soul,
He is the Truth by which the spirit lives.
He is the riches of the spiritual Vast

Poured out in healing streams on indigent Life;
He is Eternity lured from hour to hour,
He is infinity in a little space:
He is immortality in the arms of death.
These powers I am and at my call they come.
Thus slowly I lift man's soul nearer the Light.
But human mind clings to its ignorance
And to its littleness the human heart
And to its right to grief the earthly life.
Only when Eternity takes Time by the hand,
Only when infinity weds the finite's thought,
Can man be free from himself and live with God.
I bring meanwhile the gods upon the earth;
I bring back hope to the despairing heart;
I give peace to the humble and the great,
And shed my grace on the foolish and the wise.
I shall save earth, if earth consents to be saved.
Then Love shall at last unwounded tread earth's soil;
Man's mind shall admit the sovereignty of Truth
And body bear the immense descent of God."

Savitri, Book VII: The Book of Yoga;
Canto IV: The Triple Soul-Forces, pp. 514-16

“One day I will return, His hand in mine”

[*Savitri to the Madonna of light*]

. . . And turning to her being of light she spoke:
 “Madonna of light, Mother of joy and peace,
 Thou art a portion of my self put forth
 To raise the spirit to its forgotten heights
 And wake the soul by touches of the heavens.
 Because thou art, the soul draws near to God;
 Because thou art, love grows in spite of hate
 And knowledge walks unslain in the pit of Night.
 But not by showering heaven’s golden rain
 Upon the intellect’s hard and rocky soil
 Can the tree of Paradise flower on earthly ground
 And the Bird of Paradise sit upon life’s boughs
 And the winds of Paradise visit mortal air.
 Even if thou rain down intuition’s rays,
 The mind of man will think it earth’s own gleam,
 His spirit by spiritual ego sink,
 Or his soul dream shut in sainthood’s brilliant cell
 Where only a bright shadow of God can come.
 His hunger for the eternal thou must nurse
 And fill his yearning heart with heaven’s fire
 And bring God down into his body and life.
 One day I will return, His hand in mine,
 And thou shalt see the face of the Absolute.
 Then shall the holy marriage be achieved,
 Then shall the divine family be born.
 There shall be light and peace in all the worlds.”

Savitri, Book VII: The Book of Yoga;
 Canto IV: The Triple Soul-Forces, pp. 520-21

“The secret deity and its human part”

Onward she passed seeking the soul's mystic cave.
 At first she stepped into a night of God.
 The light was quenched that helps the labouring world,
 The power that struggles and stumbles in our life;
 This inefficient mind gave up its thoughts,
 The striving heart its unavailing hopes.
 All knowledge failed and the Idea's forms
 And Wisdom screened in awe her lowly head
 Feeling a Truth too great for thought or speech,
 Formless, ineffable, for ever the same.
 An innocent and holy Ignorance
 Adored like one who worships formless God
 The unseen Light she could not claim nor own.
 In a simple purity of emptiness
 Her mind knelt down before the unknowable.
 All was abolished save her naked self
 And the prostrate yearning of her surrendered heart:
 There was no strength in her, no pride of force;
 The lofty burning of desire had sunk
 Ashamed, a vanity of separate self,
 The hope of spiritual greatness fled,
 Salvation she asked not nor a heavenly crown:
 Humility seemed now too proud a state.
 Her self was nothing, God alone was all,
 Yet God she knew not but only knew he was.
 A sacred darkness brooded now within,
 The world was a deep darkness great and nude.
 This void held more than all the teeming worlds,
 This blank felt more than all that Time has borne,
 This dark knew dumbly, immensely the Unknown.
 But all was formless, voiceless, infinite.
 As might a shadow walk in a shadowy scene,
 A small nought passing through a mightier Nought,

A night of person in a bare outline
Crossing a fathomless impersonal Night,
Silent she moved, empty and absolute.
In endless Time her soul reached a wide end,
The spaceless Vast became her spirit's place.
At last a change approached, the emptiness broke;
A wave rippled within, the world had stirred;
Once more her inner self became her space.
There was felt a blissful nearness to the goal;
Heaven leaned low to kiss the sacred hill,
The air trembled with passion and delight.
A rose of splendour on a tree of dreams,
The face of Dawn out of mooned twilight grew.
Day came, priest of a sacrifice of joy
Into the worshipping silence of her world;
He carried immortal lustre as his robe,
Trailed heaven like a purple scarf and wore
As his vermilion caste-mark a red sun.
As if an old remembered dream come true,
She recognised in her prophetic mind
The imperishable lustre of that sky,
The tremulous sweetness of that happy air
And, covered from mind's view and life's approach,
The mystic cavern in the sacred hill
And knew the dwelling of her secret soul.

Savitri, Book VII: The Book of Yoga;
Canto V: The Finding of the Soul, pp. 522-23

“Only the living nearness of the soul”

As if in some Elysian occult depth,
Truth's last retreat from thought's profaning touch,
As if in a rock-temple's solitude hid,
God's refuge from an ignorant worshipping world,
It lay withdrawn even from life's inner sense,
Receding from the entangled heart's desire.
A marvellous brooding twilight met the eyes
And a holy stillness held that voiceless space.
An awful dimness wrapped the great rock-doors
Carved in the massive stone of Matter's trance.
Two golden serpents round the lintel curled,
Enveloping it with their pure and dreadful strength,
Looked out with wisdom's deep and luminous eyes.
An eagle covered it with wide conquering wings:
Flames of self-lost immobile reverie,
Doves crowded the grey musing cornices
Like sculptured postures of white-bosomed peace.
Across the threshold's sleep she entered in
And found herself amid great figures of gods
Conscious in stone and living without breath,
Watching with fixed regard the soul of man,
Executive figures of the cosmic self,
World-symbols of immutable potency.
On the walls covered with significant shapes
Looked at her the life-scene of man and beast
And the high meaning of the life of gods,
The power and necessity of these numberless worlds,
And faces of beings and stretches of world-space
Spoke the succinct and inexhaustible
Hieratic message of the climbing planes.
In their immensitude signing infinity
They were the extension of the self of God
And housed, impassively receiving all,

His figures and his small and mighty acts
And his passion and his birth and life and death
And his return to immortality.
To the abiding and eternal is their climb,
To the pure existence everywhere the same,
To the sheer consciousness and the absolute force
And the unimaginable and formless bliss,
To the mirth in Time and the timeless mystery
Of the triune being who is all and one
And yet is no one but himself apart.
There was no step of breathing men, no sound,
Only the living nearness of the soul.

Savitri, Book VII: The Book of Yoga;
Canto V: The Finding of the Soul, pp. 523-24

“She knew herself the Beloved of the Supreme”

Yet all the worlds and God himself were there,
 For every symbol was a reality
 And brought the presence which had given it life.
 All this she saw and inly felt and knew
 Not by some thought of mind but by the self.
 A light not born of sun or moon or fire,
 A light that dwelt within and saw within
 Shedding an intimate visibility
 Made secrecy more revealing than the word:
 Our sight and sense are a fallible gaze and touch
 And only the spirit's vision is wholly true.
 As thus she passed in that mysterious place
 Through room and room, through door and rock-hewn
 door,
 She felt herself made one with all she saw.
 A sealed identity within her woke;
 She knew herself the Beloved of the Supreme:
 These Gods and Goddesses were he and she:
 The Mother was she of Beauty and Delight,
 The Word in Brahma's vast creating clasp,
 The World-Puissance on almighty Shiva's lap, —
 The Master and the Mother of all lives
 Watching the worlds their twin regard had made,
 And Krishna and Radha for ever entwined in bliss,
 The Adorer and Adored self-lost and one.

Savitri, Book VII: The Book of Yoga;
 Canto V: The Finding of the Soul, p. 525

“There suddenly she met her secret soul”

In the last chamber on a golden seat
One sat whose shape no vision could define;
Only one felt the world's unattainable fount,
A Power of which she was a straying Force,
An invisible Beauty, goal of the world's desire,
A Sun of which all knowledge is a beam,
A Greatness without whom no life could be.
Thence all departed into silent self,
And all became formless and pure and bare.
Then through a tunnel dug in the last rock
She came out where there shone a deathless sun.
A house was there all made of flame and light
And crossing a wall of doorless living fire
There suddenly she met her secret soul.

Savitri, Book VII: The Book of Yoga;
Canto V: The Finding of the Soul, pp. 525-26

“The secret deity and its human part”

A being stood immortal in transience,
 Deathless dallying with momentary things,
 In whose wide eyes of tranquil happiness
 Which pity and sorrow could not abrogate
 Infinity turned its gaze on finite shapes:
 Observer of the silent steps of the hours,
 Eternity upheld the minute's acts
 And the passing scenes of the Everlasting's play.
 In the mystery of its selecting will,
 In the Divine Comedy a participant,
 The Spirit's conscious representative,
 God's delegate in our humanity,
 Comrade of the universe, the Transcendent's ray,
 She had come into the mortal body's room
 To play at ball with Time and Circumstance.
 A joy in the world her master movement here,
 The passion of the game lighted her eyes:
 A smile on her lips welcomed earth's bliss and grief,
 A laugh was her return to pleasure and pain.
 All things she saw as a masquerade of Truth
 Disguised in the costumes of Ignorance,
 Crossing the years to immortality;
 All she could front with the strong spirit's peace.
 But since she knows the toil of mind and life
 As a mother feels and shares her children's lives,
 She puts forth a small portion of herself,
 A being no bigger than the thumb of man
 Into a hidden region of the heart
 To face the pang and to forget the bliss,
 To share the suffering and endure earth's wounds
 And labour mid the labour of the stars.
 This in us laughs and weeps, suffers the stroke,
 Exults in victory, struggles for the crown;

Identified with the mind and body and life,
It takes on itself their anguish and defeat,
Bleeds with Fate's whips and hangs upon the cross,
Yet is the unwounded and immortal self
Supporting the actor in the human scene.
Through this she sends us her glory and her powers,
Pushes to wisdom's heights, through misery's gulfs;
She gives us strength to do our daily task
And sympathy that partakes of others' grief
And the little strength we have to help our race,
We who must fill the role of the universe
Acting itself out in a slight human shape
And on our shoulders carry the struggling world.
This is in us the godhead small and marred;
In this human portion of divinity
She seats the greatness of the Soul in Time
To uplift from light to light, from power to power,
Till on a heavenly peak it stands, a king.
In body weak, in its heart an invincible might,
It climbs stumbling, held up by an unseen hand,
A toiling spirit in a mortal shape.
Here in this chamber of flame and light they met;
They looked upon each other, knew themselves,
The secret deity and its human part,
The calm immortal and the struggling soul.
Then with a magic transformation's speed
They rushed into each other and grew one.

Savitri, Book VII: The Book of Yoga;
Canto V: The Finding of the Soul, pp. 526-27

THE SUPREME DISCOVERY

THE SUPREME DISCOVERY

If we want to progress integrally, we must build within our conscious being a strong and pure mental synthesis which can serve us as a protection against temptations from outside, as a landmark to prevent us from going astray, as a beacon to light our way across the moving ocean of life.

Each individual should build up this mental synthesis according to his own tendencies and affinities and aspirations. But if we want it to be truly living and luminous, it must be centred on the idea that is the intellectual representation symbolising That which is at the centre of our being, That which is our life and our light.

This idea, expressed in sublime words, has been taught in various forms by all the great Instructors in all lands and all ages.

The Self of each one and the great universal Self are one. Since all that exists from all eternity in its essence and principle, why make a distinction between the being and its origin, between ourselves and what we place at the beginning?

The ancient traditions rightly said:

“Our origin and ourselves, our God and ourselves are one.”

And this oneness should not be understood merely as a more or less close and intimate relationship of union, but as a true identity.

Thus, when a man who seeks the Divine attempts to reascend by degrees towards the inaccessible, he forgets that all his knowledge and all his intuition cannot take him one step forward in this infinite; neither does he know that what he wants to attain, what he believes to be so far from him, is within him. For how could he know anything of the origin until he becomes conscious of this origin in himself?

It is by understanding himself, by learning to know himself,

that he can make the supreme discovery and cry out in wonder like the patriarch in the Bible, "The house of God is here and I knew it not."

That is why we must express that sublime thought, creatrix of the material worlds, and make known to all the word that fills the heavens and the earth, "I am in all things and all beings."

When all shall know this, the promised day of great transfigurations will be at hand. When in each atom of Matter men shall recognise the indwelling thought of God, when in each living creature they shall perceive some hint of a gesture of God, when each man can see God in his brother, then dawn will break, dispelling the darkness, the falsehood, the ignorance, the error and suffering that weigh upon all Nature. For, "all Nature suffers and laments as she awaits the revelation of the Sons of God."

This indeed is the central thought epitomising all others, the thought which should be ever present to our remembrance as the sun that illumines all life.

That is why I remind you of it today. For if we follow our path bearing this thought in our hearts like the rarest jewel, the most precious treasure, if we allow it to do its work of illumination and transfiguration within us, we shall know that it lives in the centre of all beings and all things, and in it we shall feel the marvellous oneness of the universe.

Then we shall understand the vanity and childishness of our meagre satisfactions, our foolish quarrels, our petty passions, our blind indignations. We shall see the dissolution of our little faults, the crumbling of the last entrenchments of our limited personality and our obtuse egoism. We shall feel ourselves being swept along by this sublime current of true spirituality which will deliver us from our narrow limits and bounds.

The individual Self and the universal Self are one; in every world, in every being, in every thing, in every atom is the Divine Presence, and man's mission is to manifest it.

In order to do that, he must become conscious of this Divine Presence within him. Some individuals must undergo a real apprenticeship in order to achieve this: their egoistic being is too all-absorbing, too rigid, too conservative, and their struggles against it are long and painful. Others, on the contrary, who are more impersonal, more plastic, more spiritualised, come easily into contact with the inexhaustible divine source of their being. But let us not forget that they too should devote themselves daily, constantly, to a methodical effort of adaptation and transformation, so that nothing within them may ever again obscure the radiance of that pure light.

But how greatly the standpoint changes once we attain this deeper consciousness! How understanding widens, how compassion grows!

On this a sage has said:

"I would like each one of us to come to the point where he perceives the inner God who dwells even in the vilest of human beings; instead of condemning him we would say, 'Arise, O resplendent Being, thou who art ever pure, who knowest neither birth nor death; arise, Almighty One, and manifest thy nature.'"

Let us live by this beautiful utterance and we shall see everything around us transformed as if by miracle.

This is the attitude of true, conscious and discerning love, the love which knows how to see behind appearances, understand in spite of words, and which, amid all obstacles, is in constant communion with the depths.

What value have our impulses and our desires, our anguish and our violence, our sufferings and our struggles, all these inner vicissitudes unduly dramatised by our unruly imagination – what value do they have before this great, this sublime and divine love bending over us from the innermost depths of our being, bearing with our weaknesses, rectifying our errors, healing our wounds, bathing our whole being with its regenerating streams?

For the inner Godhead never imposes herself, she neither demands nor threatens; she offers and gives herself, conceals and forgets herself in the heart of all beings and things; she never accuses, she neither judges nor curses nor condemns, but works unceasingly to perfect without constraint, to mend without reproach, to encourage without impatience, to enrich each one with all the wealth he can receive; she is the mother whose love bears fruit and nourishes, guards and protects, counsels and consoles; because she understands everything, she can endure everything, excuse and pardon everything, hope and prepare for everything; bearing everything within herself, she owns nothing that does not belong to all, and because she reigns over all, she is the servant of all; that is why all, great and small, who want to be kings with her and gods in her, become, like her, not despots but servitors among their brethren.

How beautiful is this humble role of servant, the role of all who have been revealers and heralds of the God who is within all, of the Divine Love that animates all things. . . .

And until we can follow their example and become true servants even as they, let us allow ourselves to be penetrated and transformed by this Divine Love; let us offer Him, without reserve, this marvellous instrument, our physical organism. He shall make it yield its utmost on every plane of activity.

To achieve this total self-consecration, all means are good, all methods have their value. The one thing needful is to persevere in our will to attain this goal. For then everything we study, every action we perform, every human being we meet, all come to bring us an indication, a help, a light to guide us on the path.

Before I close, I shall add a few pages for those who have already made apparently fruitless efforts, for those who have encountered the pitfalls on the way and seen the measure of their weakness, for those who are in danger of losing their self-confidence and courage. These pages, intended to rekindle hope

in the hearts of those who suffer, were written by a spiritual worker at a time when ordeals of every kind were sweeping down on him like purifying flames.

You who are weary, downcast and bruised, you who fall, who think perhaps that you are defeated, hear the voice of a friend. He knows your sorrows, he has shared them, he has suffered like you from the ills of the earth; like you he has crossed many deserts under the burden of the day, he has known thirst and hunger, solitude and abandonment, and the cruellest of all wants, the destitution of the heart. Alas! he has known too the hours of doubt, the errors, the faults, the failings, every weakness.

But he tells you: Courage! Hearken to the lesson that the rising sun brings to the earth with its first rays each morning. It is a lesson of hope, a message of solace.

You who weep, who suffer and tremble, who dare not expect an end to your ills, an issue to your pangs, behold: there is no night without dawn and the day is about to break when darkness is thickest; there is no mist that the sun does not dispel, no cloud that it does not gild, no tear that it will not dry one day, no storm that is not followed by its shining triumphant bow; there is no snow that it does not melt, nor winter that it does not change into radiant spring.

And for you too, there is no affliction which does not bring its measure of glory, no distress which cannot be transformed into joy, nor defeat into victory, nor downfall into higher ascension, nor solitude into radiating centre of life, nor discord into harmony – sometimes it is a misunderstanding between two minds that compels two hearts to open to mutual communion; lastly, there is no infinite weakness that cannot be changed into strength. And it is even in supreme weakness that almightiness chooses to reveal itself!

Listen, my little child, you who today feel so broken, so fallen perhaps, who have nothing left, nothing to cover your misery and foster your pride: never before have you been so

great! How close to the summits is he who awakens in the depths, for the deeper the abyss, the more the heights reveal themselves!

Do you not know this, that the most sublime forces of the vasts seek to array themselves in the most opaque veils of Matter? Oh, the sublime nuptials of sovereign love with the obscurest plasticities, of the shadow's yearning with the most royal light!

If ordeal or fault has cast you down, if you have sunk into the nether depths of suffering, do not grieve – for there indeed the divine love and the supreme blessing can reach you! Because you have passed through the crucible of purifying sorrows, the glorious ascents are yours.

You are in the wilderness: then listen to the voices of the silence. The clamour of flattering words and outer applause has gladdened your ears, but the voices of the silence will gladden your soul and awaken within you the echo of the depths, the chant of divine harmonies!

You are walking in the depths of night: then gather the priceless treasures of the night. In bright sunshine, the ways of intelligence are lit, but in the white luminosities of the night lie the hidden paths of perfection, the secret of spiritual riches.

You are being stripped of everything: that is the way towards plenitude. When you have nothing left, everything will be given to you. Because for those who are sincere and true, from the worst always comes the best.

Every grain that is sown in the earth produces a thousand. Every wing-beat of sorrow can be a soaring towards glory.

And when the adversary pursues man relentlessly, everything he does to destroy him only makes him greater.

Hear the story of the worlds, look: the great enemy seems to triumph. He casts the beings of light into the night, and the night is filled with stars. He rages against the cosmic working, he assails the integrity of the empire of the sphere, shatters its harmony, divides and subdivides it, scatters its dust to the

four winds of infinity, and lo! the dust is changed into a golden seed, fertilising the infinite and peopling it with worlds which now gravitate around their eternal centre in the larger orbit of space — so that even division creates a richer and deeper unity, and by multiplying the surfaces of the material universe, enlarges the empire that it set out to destroy.

Beautiful indeed was the song of the primordial sphere cradled in the bosom of immensity, but how much more beautiful and triumphant is the symphony of the constellations, the music of the spheres, the immense choir that fills the heavens with an eternal hymn of victory!

Hear again: no state was ever more precarious than that of man when he was separated on earth from his divine origin. Above him stretched the hostile borders of the usurper, and at his horizon's gates watched jailers armed with flaming swords. Then, since he could climb no more to the source of life, the source arose within him; since he could no more receive the light from above, the light shone forth at the very centre of his being; since he could commune no more with the transcendent love, that love offered itself in a holocaust and chose each terrestrial being, each human self as its dwelling-place and sanctuary.

That is how, in this despised and desolate but fruitful and blessed Matter, each atom contains a divine thought, each being carries within him the Divine Inhabitant. And if no being in all the universe is as frail as man, neither is any as divine as he!

In truth, in truth, in humiliation lies the cradle of glory!

28 April 1912

(*Words of Long Ago*, CWM 2nd Ed., Vol. 2, pp. 40-46)

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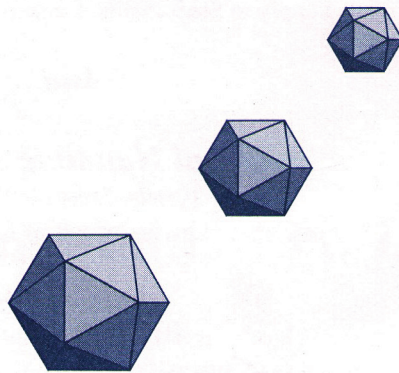
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