FOUNTAIN OF INSPIRATION

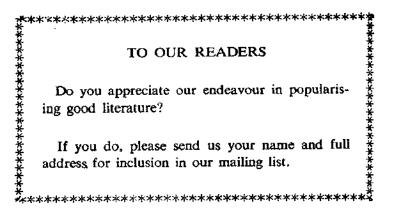
CHITRABHANU

BY

FOUNTAIN OF INSPIRATION

Much could be said about this book the aptness of the metaphors, the simplicity of language which cloaks depth of thought and a fineness of feeling. But a good work of art does not need a lengthy explanation or introduction, it is self-explanatory to the man of perception, and so, let Muniji's words speak for themselves. By the same author

- 1. To the Citizens of to-morrow -
- 2. Rosary of Pearls
- 3. Bondage and Freedom



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Fountain of Inspiration

By

CHITRABHANU

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FOUNTAIN OF INSPIRATION

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Pujya Muni Shri Chandrakantsagarji who fathered me in this life and also inspired me to a spiritual life.

To

-Chitrabhanu

A STAR IN THE DARKEST NIGHT :

There is no sinner who is without a spark of humanity just as there is no night without a star.

PREFACE

For many years now it has been my custom to devote about an how to meditation every morning. These short pieces are the outcome of these moments of meditation. They have been inspired¹¹ by reflection on the teachings of Lord Mahavir. The book consists of fifty-two pieces corresponding to the fifty-two weeks of the year.

---Chitrabhanu

THE PRISON OF PASSIONS

Some are prisoners behind prison bars, others are prisoners of their own passions. The prison of passions is much more formidable than one made of stone walls and iron bars. For these will some day be liberated, sooner or later; but the others, those who are fettered by their own passions, who are slaves to their lust, find it extremely difficult to break the chains that bind them.

-Bondage and Freedom

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An interesting feature of 20th century western literature and thought is the number of writers and thinkers who seem to look up to the East for guidance. T. S. Eliot and the late Aldous Huxley are two outstanding instances which come to mind. Scholars such as Dr. Albert Schweitzer have written books on Indian Thought and its Development. Universities of various countries have special departments of Indology. Why this re-awakening of interest in India and the East? In 1947, the famous historian, Dr. Arnold Toynbee, in his lecture "The Unification of the World and the Change in Historical Perspective", pointed out that with the advent of the air age "the locus of the centre of gravity of human affairs may be determined not by physical but by human geography," and that this shift was bound to be towards the East. One of the major causes of this change, according to Dr. Toynbee, would be a steadily growing interest in religion. "Of one thing we can be fairly confident: religion is likely to be the plane on which this coming centripetal counter-movement will first declare itself," and therefore, this new perspective in the study of history should lead us "to relegate economic and political history to a subordinate place and give religious history the primacy. For religion, after all, is the serious business of the human race."

Religion is the serious business of the human race-does this not ring as a timely warning to a world which seems to be tottering perpetually on the brink of a major conflagration, a world and its inhabitants so full of tensions that there are more neurotics today than at any other period in history? Throughout the centuries religion has provided human-beings with an anchorage, something to hold fast to in times of stress. Unfortunately, in the last hundred and fifty years man has been steadily drifting away from religion. This spiritual drifting, this lack of proper moorings is more in evidence in the West and has finally led to a loss of spiritual values, a disintegration of the moral fibre. The process has been a continual one. In mid-nineteenth century Matthew Arnold diagnosed the malaise from which the world suffered—

"... this strange disease of modern life, With its sick hurry, its divided aims,"

and the plight of man in such a world?----

"And we are here as on a darkling plain Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight, Where ignorant armies clash by night."

T. S. Eliot, the voice of the 20th century says substantially the same thing in his poems when he describes modern western civilisation as the Wasteland and its inhabitants as the Hollow Men. Significantly, Eliot ends his poem with words from the Upanishads:

Datta,	dayadhvam,	damyata
(Give,	sympathise,	control)

Obviously then, religion has been a more active force in the East than in the West. Is it a mere coincidence that all religions have sprung from the east? Even today, in the second half of the twentieth century, in spite of the tremendous influence of the west, religion plays a dominant role in the life of the Indian. Whereas the western countries bring forth scientists and inventors with their undeniable contributions to human welfare, India continues to bring forth saints and mystics. This is not to say that the two are incompatible. Man does not live by bread alone, but neither can man think on an empty stomach. A fine balance needs to be maintained, and it is precisely because this balance seems to be upset today that more and more thinking people discern the need for spiritual guidance.

There was a time when Europeans believed that there was a Sadhu round the corner in every street in India, like "the corner drug-store", and perhaps there were, at one time at least, more sadhus than drug-stores in India. But here, as everywhere else, one has to separate the chaff from the grain, the charlatan from the genuine sage. The true sage never sets up shop for dispensing wisdom, but sooner or later he wins recognition from the people for his wisdom and saintliness. And once that happens people from all walks of life and with a varying degree of social status come to seek his advice and ask for his blessing. His fame spreads far and wide and often is not confined to the geographical boundaries of the country. And yet the sage, if he is a true one, will remain humble and unassuming. Such is the man whose thoughts are presented in this little volume.

The very first sight of Muni Shri Chandraprabhsagar Maharaj is enough to shatter many people's idea of the typical ascetic. Here is no bald pate, wrinkled face and a skinny emaciated body. Instead one's eyes are greeted with a strong, handsome face, a leonine mane of hair, an impressive beard and a powerful physique. One is immediately attracted by the twinkling good-humoured eyes, which yet seem to possess the ability to penetrate into the innermost recesses of one's soul. One is greeted with a smile of welcome and in a clear, cheerful voice. One's first impulse is to say, "But this man is more like a friend than anything else!" And that, indeed, is the key to Muniji's personality, it exudes warmth and friendship.

It is not only in his personal appearance that Muniji dispels one's conventional ideas of a sage. Though he follows scrupulously the precepts of his Order, he has completely overcome the pitfall of allowing his mind and outlook to become petty and narrow. There is no rigidity in his mental make-up and the catholicity of his tastes and ideas is truly amazing. His reading in literature, philosophy and theology proves this very well indeed. Not only is he a master of Sanskrit and Gujarati, in which languages he is well-known to the literature and thought and can claim to have read the works of such writers as Shaw and Ibsen, Socrates, Plato and Marcus Aurelius.

Muniji is no recluse, living in the vernal woods and meditating at a distance, on the fate of mankind. He has meditated and meditated deeply, he is concerned with the fate of mankind, but in a much more active and personal way. He is not a prophet of doom, castigating his followers in a thundering voice and making them quake with the threat of "the fire next time" if they do not mend their ways. His approach is more human and one which is based on commonsense, and that is why he establishes such an immediate and perfect rapport with his audience. He believes firmly that basically all human beings are good and he appeals directly to this essential goodness in human beings. And it is because this basic goodness is the same in all human beings, whether they be Jains or Hindus or Christians or Muslims, that Muniji has such a vast and cosmopolitan following. Though he himself is a Jain, he never tries to thrust upon anyone the dogmas of Jainism. In fact, like all great saints he believes that in their ultimate aim all religions are the same. Of course since he is most familiar with his own religion, he makes use of its teachings and precepts in his religious discourses, but in such an unobtrusive manner that even the non-Jain hardly realises it. His natural grasp of human psychology prevents him from being overtly didactic so that as one of his biographers*, has put it, "He is a preacher, but he is not preachy." About his aims and methods Muniji himself says, "I do not want to teach people their duties or any doctrine of religion. I want to arouse them from their complacencies. to stir their hearts, to vivify their imagination, to bring them out from their little selves to the Higher, of which they are capable."

As already mentioned, his message, whether spoken or written is couched in simple language and is devoid of dialectical subtleties which might confuse a layman. On the contrary, he follows the time-honoured custom of the great prophets and sages and makes use of homely illustrations and parables.

It is said that wisdom and sagacity come with old age, but once again Muniji proves himself to be an exception. He is only forty-two years old, being born on 26 July, 1922.

^{*} Mr. Baakza.

in the village of Takhtagadh in Rajputana, famous as the land of chivalry. Thus this man of peace was born in a land which is famous for producing great fighters. But something of his ancestors' blood had entered his soul as revealed in his exploits as a fiery youth—but of that later. His name was Rup Rajendra. When Rup was nine months old, the family shifted to the market town of Tumkur in Mysore State in South India. His father was a fairly prosperous businessman and the child was given all the material comforts of life. However, emotionally he was soon to suffer heavy blows. When he was four years old his mother died and Rup, who had been very close to her was badly shaken by this first encounter with death. To make up for this his father indulged him even more, so that he became rather pampered and self-willed.

For those who are fond of seeking signs of future greatness in the child, there is an interesting incident which took place when Rup was a schoolboy. One evening, while working on his home-work, he fell asleep. When he woke up an hour later he found that he had been actually reading while asleep. He was too young and too normal a boy to think much of this strange phenomenon though he did become aware of the soul as separate from the body, and that the one can be awake and active while the other is slumbering.

When he was a little older he was sent to Bangalore for his education. The beautiful natural scenery of Bangalore and of the nearby city of Mysore appealed strongly to the romantic element in his nature. But there was also another element in his nature, the full-blooded, fiery element which could not be assuaged by the serenity of natural beauty or even by the magnificent and awe-inspiring fifty-seven foot statue of Gomteshwar at Sravan Belguna which he visited.

In a burst of patriotism he joined the National Movement led by the Congress Party. But its slow-moving methods were not to his taste and he soon left it to join the underground movement. Here at last was an outlet for his burning energy, his spirit of adventure. He had his full share of daring escapades and for a short time even joined in Calcutta the famous revolutionary, Subhash Chandra Bose. But the dare-devil in him was soon satisfied and he returned to Tumkur, a more sober and placid young man.

For some time he enjoyed a wonderful friendship with a sweet-natured young girl who did much to soften the few remaining traces of obduracy in him. Unfortunately, death once again intervened and took her away.

The great moment of change was fast approaching and all the preceeding events were leading up to it. It came suddenly one summer evening in 1938. On returning from a walk he felt a stiffness in the muscles of his legs. The next morning he could not get out of bed and he had fever. With every passing day the temperature rose and the pain in the joints was at times excruciating. It was rheumatic fever. After a few days he fell unconscious and remained so for a week. It was during this time that a spiritual struggle was carried on in his mind. His spirit fought against all sorts of temptations of the senses and finally emerged triumphant.

When he regained consciousness he suffered from amnesia for some time. Slowly, bit by bit, the fragments were pieced together and he returned to his normal self. Though he could not remember much of the inner struggle during that week of coma he knew that he was a changed man.

He now decided to go on a pilgrimage of all the holy shrines. In Palitana, in Gujarat he met Acharya Shree Sagaranand Surishvarjee and he realised that this was the way of life for him. He wanted to take orders immediately, but his father persuaded him to wait till he had completed his pilgrimage. His father then joined him and they travelled all over India.

His resolve was never shaken and he seemed to receive approval through an incident which took place towards the end of his pilgrimage in 1941. It was in the province of Bihar in East India, at a small but very important place called Pavapuri. It was here that Lord Mahavir had attained Nirvana. There is a marble temple in the midst of a small lake. It was the last night of the year. It was also the anniversary of Lord Mahavir's attainment of Nirvana. As Rup entered the temple a feeling of ecstasy filled his being. In an alcove in the temple are the padukas or footprints of Lord Mahavir in low relief in marble. As he stood before them a ray of ethereal light seemed to spring up from between the padukas. What clearer sign could be given than this?

On 6th February, 1942 at Bordi near Bombay, Rup Rajendra took vows and became Shree Chandraprabhsagar Maharaj. Later on he took the pen-name of Chitrabhanu by which he is known to many today. His father who had always inspired him also took vows with him and adopted the name as Chandrakantsagar Maharaj.

For those who feel that a saint is not complete without his miracles, here are a few interesting incidents. In 1949, Muniji was at a town called Dasada. The ten year old son of the town Chief was suffering from a tumour on the thyroid gland. Muniji blessed him and gave him some Vasaxep, or blessed powder. The boy recovered in two days.

On another occasion in the same town he "cured" a butcher who was supposed to be possessed by evil spirits.

Less "miraculous" but equally interesting is the case of Jiwo Reval who was a highwayman. (There were many of these colourful characters in India till just a few years ago, and there are still a few scattered here and there). Jiwo was the terror to this particular neighbourhood. One early morning, while on his usual walk, Chitrabhanu met the notorious highwayman. The two sat under a tree and in a few simple words the saint convinced the outlaw of the ultimate futility of his way of life. That day one more sheep came back to the flock.

More recent was this incident which took place about a month ago. One of Muniji's devotees, an elderly businessman, was to fly to the United States that evening. In the morning he came to receive Muniji's blessings. In the course of the conversation, quite casually, Muniji asked him if he had had himself medically examined. The man said he had not and that now there was no time for it. The same afternoon, a few hours before the scheduled time of the flight, the businessman's son came breathless to Muniji with the news that his father had had himself checked by his doctor and the latter had definitely advised him against flying, saying that his heart might not be able to bear the strain. The next day the doctor visited Muniji wanting to know how he had found out. And what Muniji had to say is of importance to those who insist that a saint should prove his saintliness by working miracles. Muniji merely said that he did not know why he asked that question and suggested that it might be some form of instinct. In the case of the other "miracles" also, he makes no claims to miraculous powers and says that it depends very much on the person's faith. k_{ORE}

As usual, he gives a simple but apt comparison. If the water in a glass is pure and clear one can see even a small particle of dust at the bottom. So too, if the mind and the spirit are clean and uncontaminated they acquire an intuitive ability.

A "miracle" of a very different kind is one which was brought about in Bombay very recently mainly through the efforts of Muniji. In this cosmopolitan city there are hundreds of thousands of non-vegetarians and to feed them the abattoirs work to their maximum capacity. In spite of very strong opposition, Muniji won his crusade for stopping the slaughter of animals for eight days in the year days such as Lord Mahavir's birth and death anniversaries, Janmasthmi, Buddhajayanti, Ramanavmi, Shivajijayanti and Gandhiji's birth and death anniversaries.

And now we come to this book. Much could be said about it, the aptness of the metaphors, the simplicity of language which cloaks depth of thought and a fineness of feeling. But a good work of art does not need a lengthy explanation or introduction, it is self-explanatory to the man of perception, and so, let Muniji's words speak for themselves.

Bombay, 1964

-Jal Mistri

THE IMMORTAL SONG

(1) May the sacred stream of amity flow forever in my heart,

May the universe prosper, such is my cherished desire.

(2) May my heart sing with ecstasy at the sight of the virtuous,

And may my life be an offering at their feet.

(3) May my heart bleed at the sight of the wretched, the cruel, the irreligious,

And may tears of compassion flow from my eyes.

(4) May I always be there to show the path to the pathless wanderers of life,

Yet if they should not hearken to me, may I bide in patience.

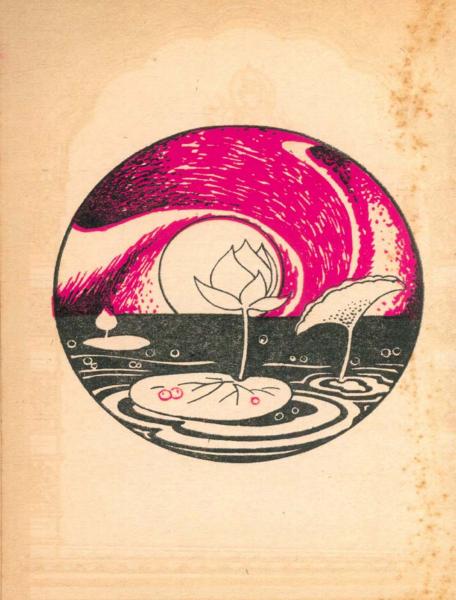
(5) May the spirit of goodwill enter all our hearts, May we all sing in chorus the immortal song of human concord.

-Chitrabhanu

LOVE AND FORGIVENESS

Love and forgiveness cost nothing, but bring joy and happiness in their wake.

FOUNTAIN OF INSPIRATION





THE COMPANY YOU KEEP

A dewdrop on a lotus leaf is like a glistening pearl. But were a dewdrop to fall on a sun-baked stone, it would sizzle to nothingness.

So it is with human nature. Man attains his highest level in the company of the noble and the saintly, but he heads for utter degradation in the company of the wicked.

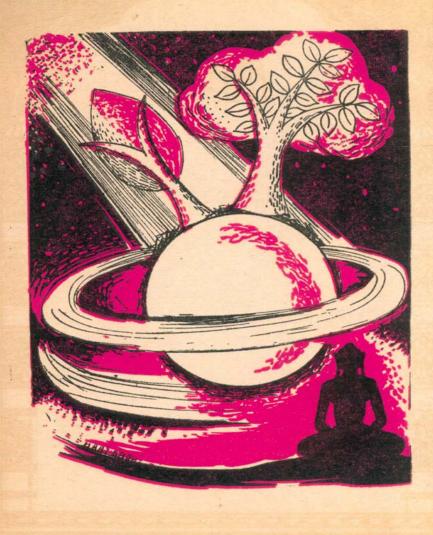




2

FULFILMENT

The trees were dancing gaily in the breeze. "Why do you dance so gaily today, O Trees?" I asked. Nodding their foliage merrily the Trees made reply, "We bore the searing heat of the sun giving shade to the weary traveller and the drooping bird. We readily offered our fruit to the hungry. Should we not dance now, happy in the fulfilment of fortitude and compassion?"





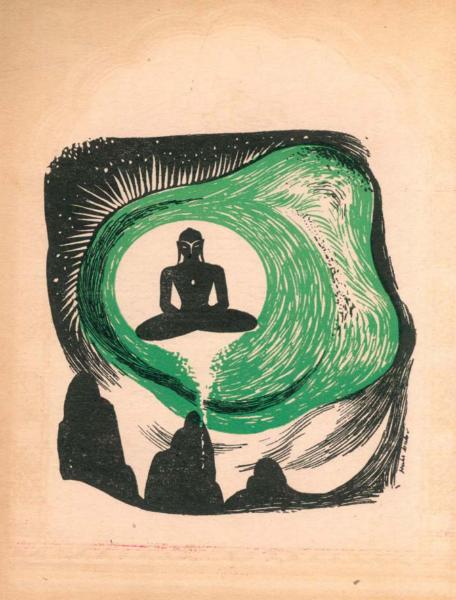
FAITH

in Sell

3

Is Faith necessary? It is not visible anywhere. But then, the roots of a tree are not visible. Would the tree be there without its roots?

How can there be life without Faith the very root of life? As the roots are to a tree, so is Faith to man—indispensable.





TRUTH

Truth is like the sun—it is self-luminous. At day-break the sun floods the sky with all his glory. He does not need to be heralded by the beating of drums and the blowing of conches.

So, too, Truth does not need to be trumpeted aloud. It manifests itself to those who seek it.

ewe



DESIRE AND CONTENT

As long as you are consumed with the fire of desire, so long will you fail to enjoy the refreshing coolness of content.

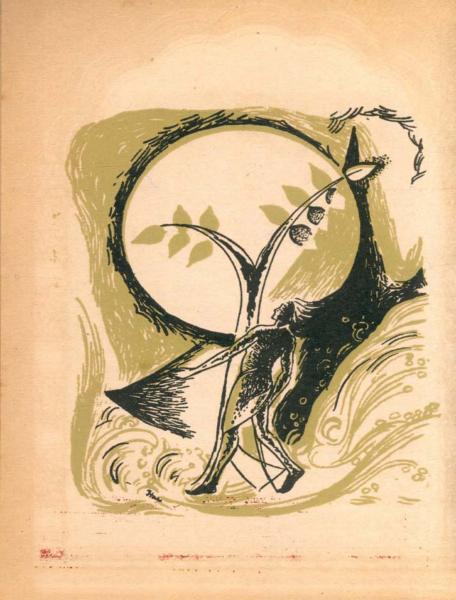
Just as light precludes darkness, so content precludes desire.

Which would you rather have—Desire or Content?



THE WAY IS LONG

Does the way seem too long and are the clouds dark and threatening? Take heart, O weary traveller! There's no journey so long that it will not reach its end, there's no cloud so dark that has not a silver lining. There's a certain joy even in contemplating the journey's end when the clouds will have rolled away. Take thought on that, O weary traveller, and it will sustain you even in this hour of your trials and tribulations.

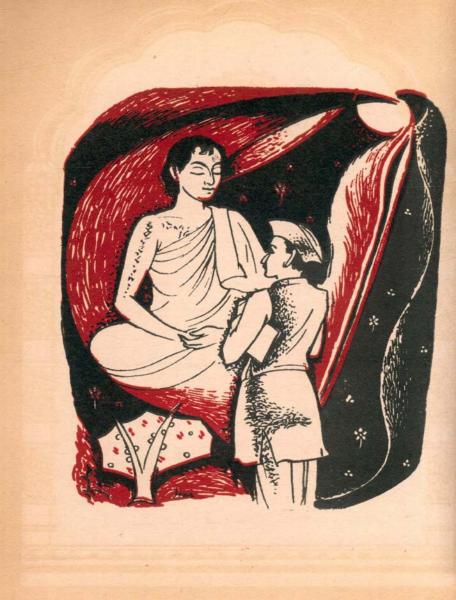


ETERNALLY GREEN

I wonder how this tree maintains its green foliage even in the scorching heat of summer.

It is because even as it faces the searing heat from without, it draws the sustaining sap from within.

Mere austerity may shrivel up a man's nature. Even as he does penance and practises renunciation his heart must be full of the milk of human kindness.





R

FRAGRANCE

Even on a dark and rainy night, the Queen of the Night fills the whole garden with its overpowering perfume.

So, too, must our social workers, our teachers and our saintly men fill this selfish, greedy and materialistic world with the fragrance of their selfless deeds, their ennobling ideas and their renunciation.

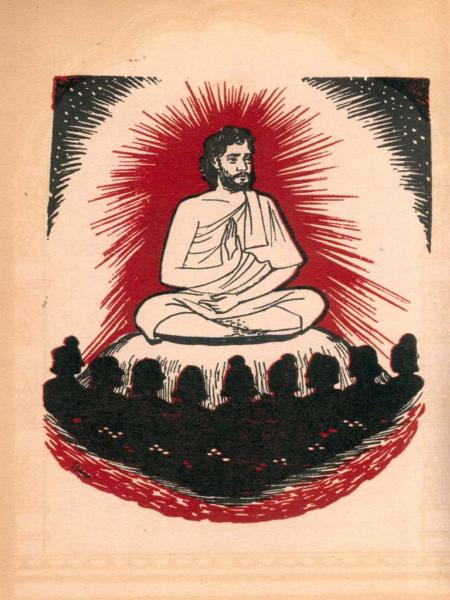




WHAT IS YOUR CONTRIBUTION?

When incense burns it sweetens the foul air; wood burns itself to ashes to remove cold and produce warmth. The crushed sugar-cane furnishes us with its sweet and refreshing juice.

Incense, Wood, Sugar-Cane—Man is superior to all three; he is their master. What would you say of him if he left the world without making his contribution towards mankind? Libring bings who had

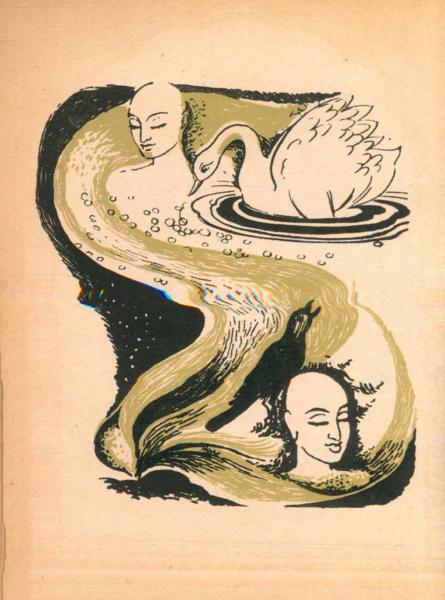




10

CHARACTER

Character is like a sweet perfume. Not only he who wears the perfume but all who come near him will enjoy its fragrance.

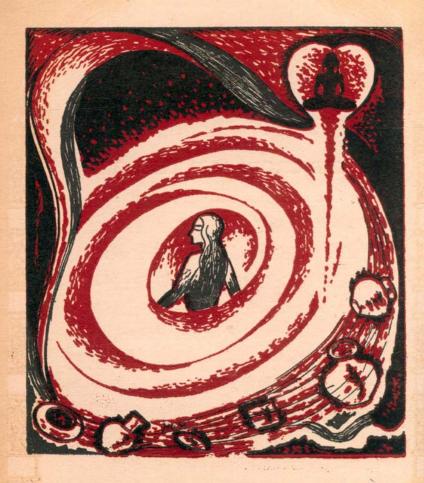


THE CROW AND THE SWAN

The crow's occupation is the dirtiest in the world—pecking at offal and slandering the world in a loud and raucous voice.

The Swan's is the most difficult—looking for something good in all and giving everyone the praise he deserves.

It is indeed a narrow-minded man who is ever eager to pick out flaws in others and harp upon them incessantly. The man of generous disposition looks for good in all, and finds it.



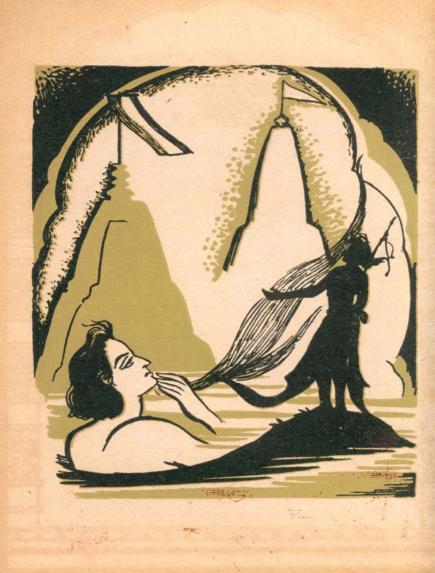


CLEANLINESS AND GODLINESS

12

On days of festival we are careful to be scrupulously clean. We scrub our pots and pans, wash our dirty linen and bathe our bodies with special care.

But this is not enough. Inner purification is as important as outer cleanliness. On days of festival be sure that you cleanse your souls, too—with Godliness.



THE LOFTY STEEPLE

Have you ever reflected why the steeple of a temple is raised so high? In order that man may lift his eyes heavenward and aspire to a highly noble life.

Every time you raise your eyes to the steeple of a temple, remind yourself of its significance.

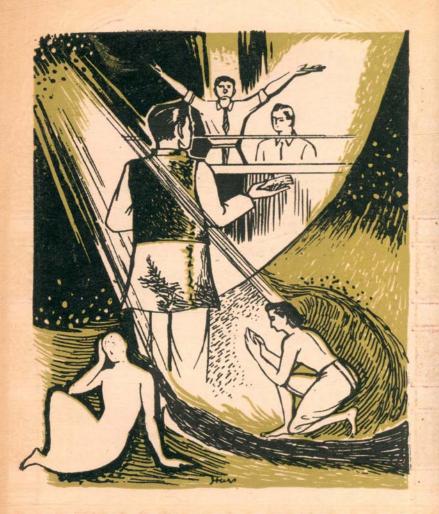




THE DIGNITY OF THE ELEPHANT

O Man! Appreciate the meaning of your existence. Why are you here? What can you show as your achievement? Are you going along the right path? Pause to think.

Recognise the greatness of your soul. Wealth and the gratification of senses are unworthy masters. Run not after these like a fawning cur. Cultivate, rather, the dignity of the elephant and know the wealth of your soul.





BANKS

We invest our savings in a bank so that we may be able to fall back on them on a rainy day.

There is another kind of bank, too, the Spiritual Bank. In this bank you invest faith, hope, charity.

The worldly bank may, perhaps, fail; but the Spiritual Bank is safe, always and for ever. You may invest in it all your good deeds without the slightest hesitation. You need not worry about their security. You will find that everyone of them has been entered in your Spiritual Account.



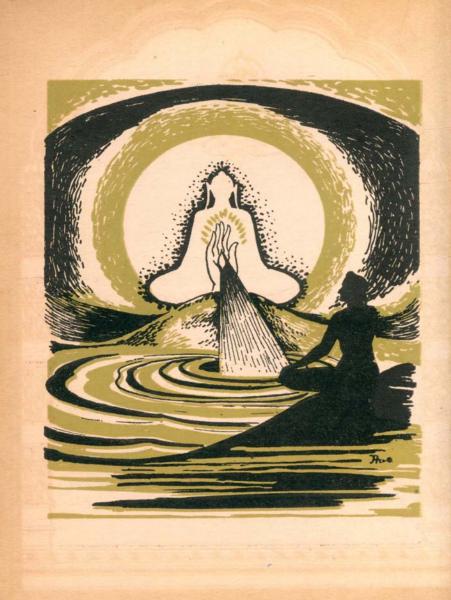


THE HONEST MAN'S PRAYER

The drought would not end and the people turned their pleading eyes heavenward but their prayers were not answered. Famine glared with hungry eyes.

Then stood forth the humble shopkeeper holding out his small scales, and he cried out. "Almighty, you have been a Witness to all my dealings. If I have been always honest in them, I beseech you to pour forth the refreshing rains on this parched earth."

Then burst the clouds and the rains poured out in answer to his adoration expressed through humble yet honest dealings in his daily business.



GOD'S IMAGE

Only when the pool is crystal clear can it reflect the bright sunbeam. If it is coated with slime and moss it cannot reflect its golden light.

Only when the mind is clear it can reflect the image of God. If the mind is dulled with the slime of worldliness, it cannot reflect the image of God. That is why purity of mind is essential.





THE LIGHT OF THE ENLIGHTENED

The eye has many virtues but it has one weakness. It can see everything around it, but it cannot see the mote within itself. To remove the mote somebody's help is necessary.

The mind, too, suffers from this peculiar weakness. It can think of everything and everybody, but it cannot think of itself. That is why the mind can remove the mote within it only with the help of someone the guidance of someone enlightened with a spiritual light.



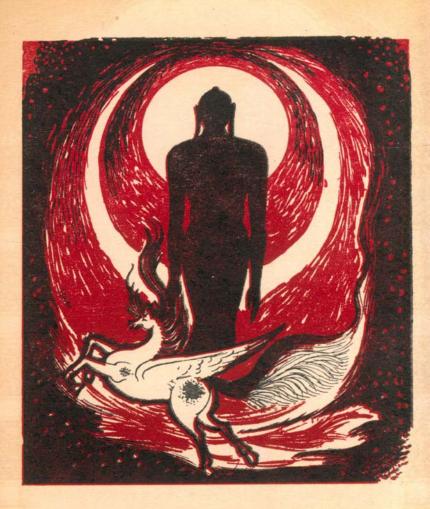


19

IRRESISTIBLE

An ant drowning in a bowl of sweetened water scrambles desperately out of its clinging sugariness. Hardly are its little feet dry when it again makes for the bowl —its sweetness is irresistible.

Man drifts in the current of self-indulgence till he runs into the rocks of some crushing disaster. For a while he turns his face away from the pleasures once so dear to him. But as time heals his wounds, he immerses himself once again in the swift current of self-indulgence, wrecklessly heading for the rugged rocks that will break him to pieces.



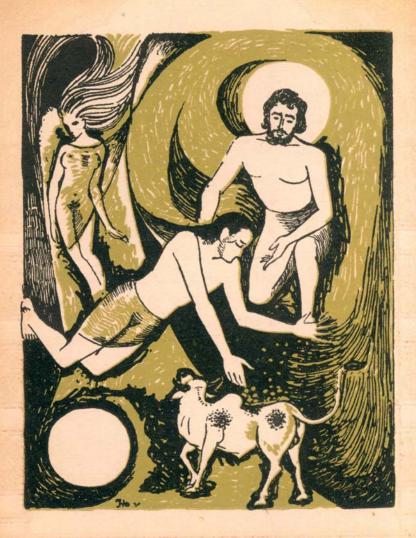


THE UNRUFFLED MIND

20

Drop a tiny pebble in the still waters of a pool and soon it is filled with ripples. It is in the very nature of water to break into ripples. But when the pool is frozen, even if you drop a stone in it there is hardly any disturbance in its smooth hard surface.

The mind reacts to circumstances by breaking into ripples of disturbance. One would say it is but natural. Perhaps;—but is it inevitable? Train the mind to resist stoically all outward disturbances and it will acquire a calm that nothing can ruffle.



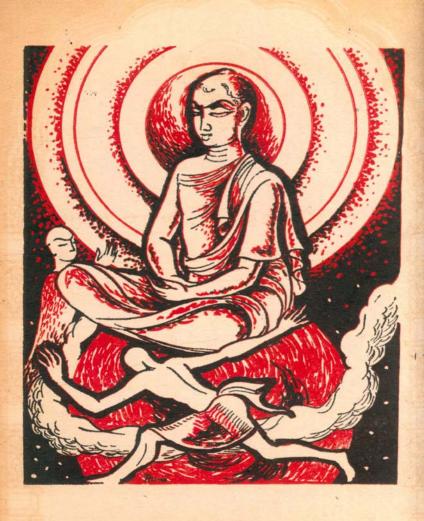


THE INCORRIGIBLE FOOL

He who sees another stumble and walks warily so that he may not stumble too, is wise indeed.

He who stumbles once but learns to be careful by his own experience, is still wise, for he has profited by his own experience at least.

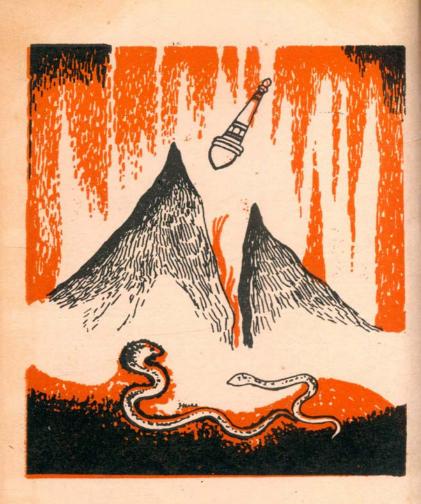
But he who stumbles again and again and yet will not learn to watch his step is a fool indeed!



2.9

ELUSIVE SHADOWS

How strange is the mind of man! It does not appreciate what it has and hankers after what it has not. Neglecting the light of the soul that burns within it, how long will it grope in the darkness of the world without, chasing shadows that ever elude him?

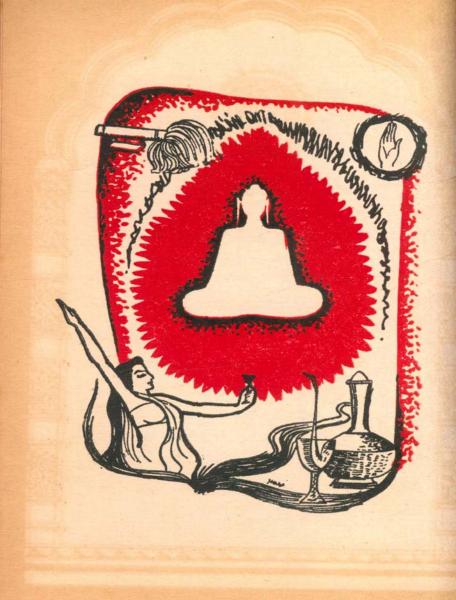




SPIRITUAL KNOWLEDGE

A rock cleft in two by a volcanic eruption can never be made into a single whole again.

You need volcanic strength of mind to rend the soul apart from the grosser elements that seem to be one with it. But once you succeed in separating them, the deep glen of spiritual knowledge running between them will forever keep them asunder.





24

THE LIGHT OF SELF-KNOWLEDGE

The light of the sun enables us to locate different objects in the world around us.

The light of self-knowledge enables us to evaluate different objects in our life, so that we can determine what is essential to life and cultivate it, and discard all that is superfluous.

*





25

HAPPINESS IN THE HOME

The lamp will burn through the night only if it has been replenished with oil. The moment the oil is exhausted the lamp flickers out.

The lamp of happiness lights a home only so long as it is replenished with the oil of self-restraint and self-adjustment. The home is filled with the darkness of dissension as soon as its inmates neglect to practise these virtues.



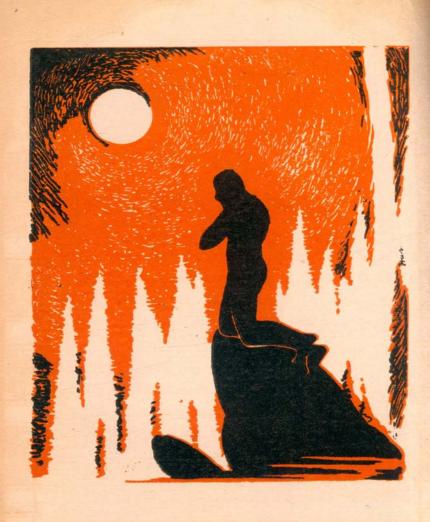


26

INTOLERANCE

They say that only a bowl of gold can hold the milk of a lioness. A bowl of baser metal would crack as soon as the milk of a lioness is poured into it, for it is not worthy of its precious contents.

Even so it is with religion. It is too noble to be appreciated by those who are intolerant of other religions. A bigot thinks his devoutness can be measured by his hatred for other religions. His intolerance makes him as unworthy of his own religion as the cheap bowl is unworthy of the milk of the lioness.



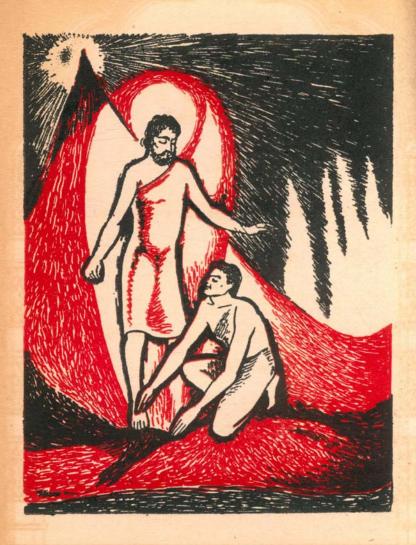


27

INTRINSIC BRIGHTNESS

When gold is dug out of the mines it hardly looks different from the clay that clings to it. But when a skilful worker separates the gold from the dross, one can see its intrinsic lustre.

The soul, too is mixed with the dross of Karma. But the Alchemy of Knowledge can separate the soul from Karma and then it will shine forth in all its natural glory.





28

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE

Just as baser metals turn to gold by coming into contact with the Philosopher's Stone, so, too, people of low mentality can gradually rid themselves of their vices in the company of the good and the noble.



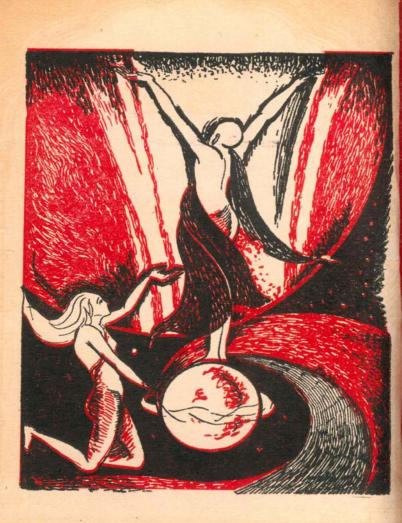


29

THE THREE CITADELS

If you wish to reach God you must first conquer the three citadels of body, mind and soul that lie in your way. Only then can you have a vision of the Supreme Being.

If you wish to attain the salvation of your soul you must first cross the triple barrier of body, mind and speech that bar your way to spiritual Knowledge. The soul can cleanse itself of all its impurities—only with Spiritual Knowledge.





30

THE VALUE OF VOWS

What is the value of a vow, however rigorously observed unless it is in conformity with right conduct and clean morals? A vow by itself is like a cipher that stands by itself—without a figure preceeding it.

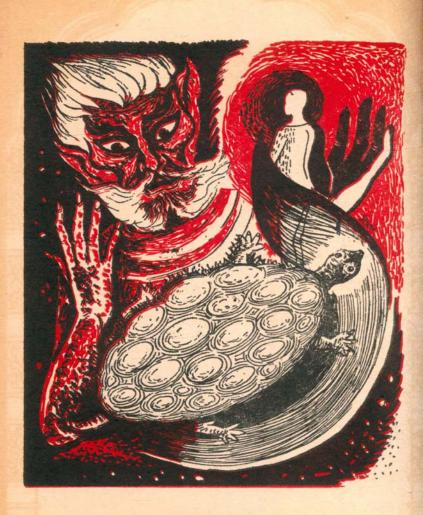




31

VISION

Who but a jeweller can estimate the worth of a gem? And who can appreciate the deep significance of life except he who has true vision? It is therefore most essential that each of us should develop this true vision.





32

THE SHIELD OF SELF-RESTRAINT

Lord Mahavir has said :

"Just as a tortoise gathers himself up under his shell whenever he scents any danger, so, too, a wise man protects himself behind the shield of self-restraint whenever he is tempted to over-indulge his senses."

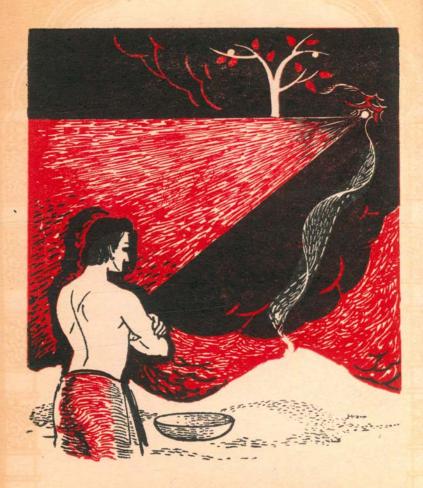




MOULDING THE MIND

A potter moulds his pot and hardens it in fire. Only then it is strong enough to be used.

The mind, too, needs a process of moulding and strengthening. It has to pass through the fire of austerity and endurance to be strong enough to stand the vicissitudes of life.





34

SEARCH FOR THE GLEAM

Have you ever seen a gold-gleaner looking for the grain of gold in the vast expanse of sand and water? His patience is inexhaustible.

Do you wish to catch a glimpse of the gleam of your soul? Then you will need the proverbial patience of the goldgleaner.





35

THE DARKNESS OF IGNORANCE

There is but one way to remove darkness—it is to bring in light.

There is but one way to remove ignorance—it is to bring in knowledge.

Ignorance and Knowledge cannot exist together.





36

FRIEND OR FOE?

Do you consider God your friend or your foe?

Tell me this honestly—Do you rejoice at the prospect of leaving this world and meeting God as you would look forward to meeting a well-loved friend? If you don't, then there is no truth in your belief that you consider God your friend.





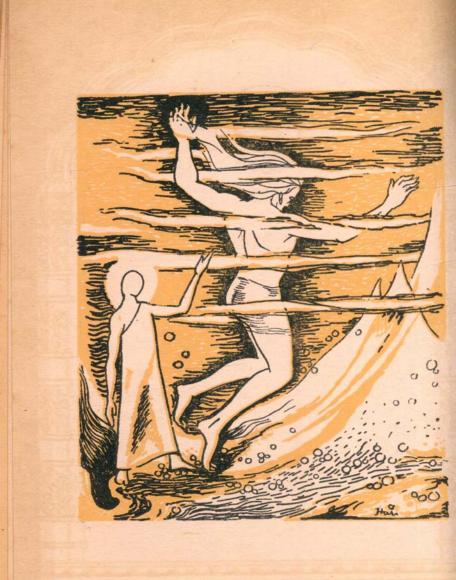
:17

WITH WHAT DO YOU HEAR?

Do you hear only with your ears? Then you will hardly remember what you hear for your mind has not registered it.

But if you hear with your mind as well as your ears, you will bear the message in your heart long after you heard it. It will keep ringing in your ears, awake or asleep.

Let your mind hear whatever is worth hearing—only then you will always remember it.



38

EMANCIPATION

The pearl-diver dives deep into the sea to get hold of some precious pearls even at the risk of his life.

Each one of us has a matchless pearl within us—the soul. He who values his soul does not hesitate to plunge deep into the Sea of Life to seek true vision, truth and self-knowledge. It is these that would lead him to the final emancipation of his Soul.



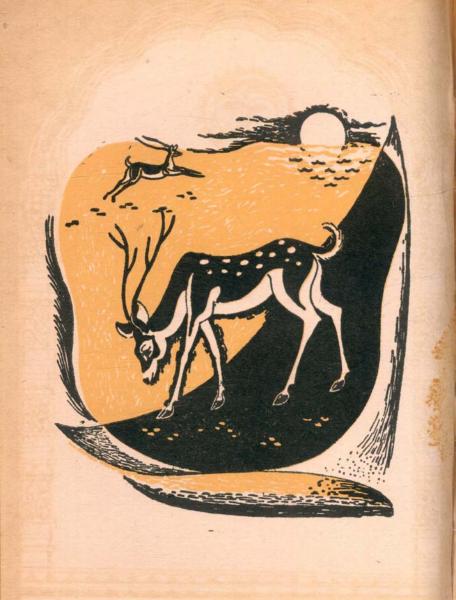


MANY AND FEW

You will find many who are extremely careful in using their money. But there are few indeed who are equally careful in using their speech so as not to hurt others.

You will find many who are ready to spurn those who are down and out, or who have gone astray. But there are few indeed who would hold out a helping hand to them and put them on the right path.



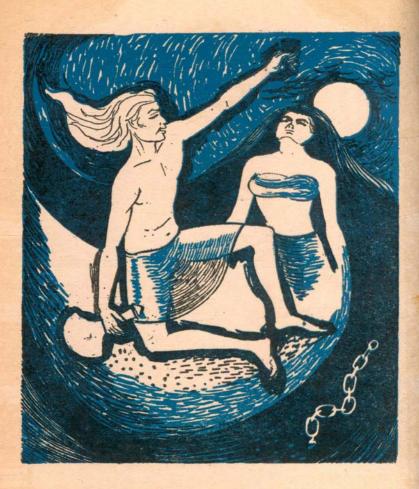


40

THE SOURCE OF HAPPINESS

The musk deer runs in all directions looking for the source of the fragrance around him. He does not realize that it lies within him.

Man runs in all directions in the hectic pursuit of happiness. He does not realize that the source of his happiness is his own soul which is within him.



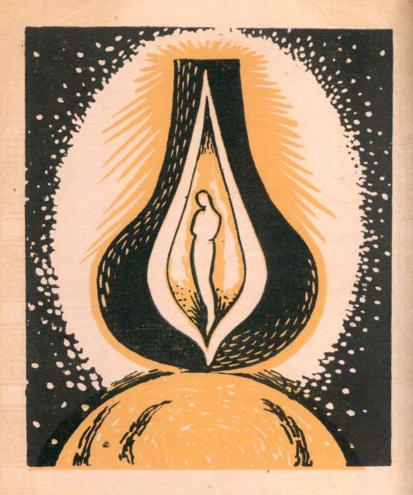


REJOICING

Why do you rejoice to-day? Is it because we are celebrating the anniversary of the day we attained our Freedom?

Freedom from what? Have you attained freedom from the craving to indulge your senses? Are you free from greed? Or from ignoble thoughts? Or from passions that can sway you helplessly?

If you are still a slave to all these, wherefore rejoice? Break these bonds that still bind you, win this freedom, and then you may rejoice in the purity and fullness of your heart.

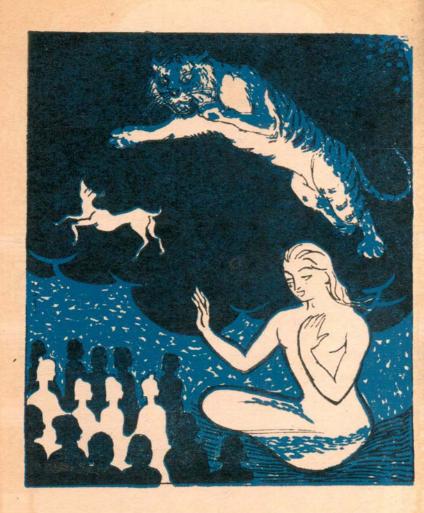


42

THE BRIGHTNESS OF THE SOUL

The lamp may burn brightly, but its light will be dimmed if the chimney that shades it is dull and dirty.

The soul is bright by its very nature. But the mind that envelopes it must be clear, else it will cloud the brightness of the soul.





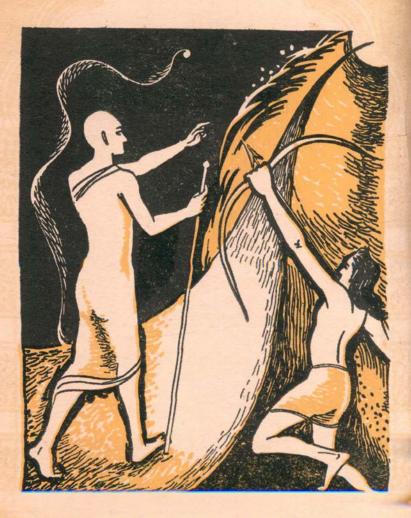
43

COURAGE

Using force to cow down those who are physically or mentally weaker than you, is no courage at all. It is only the sign of a blindly egoistic and violent mentality.

Courage lies in frankly admitting one's mistake and in bearing the consequences of one's mistake with manliness.



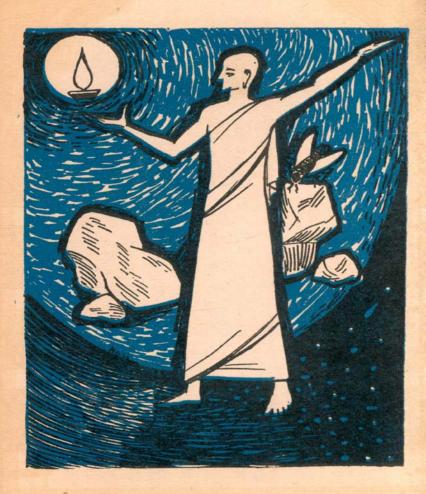


44

THE GOAL

An expert archer lets off his arrow only after he is sure of his target.

A wise man decides on action only after he sees his purpose clearly.





45

TRUTH AND UNTRUTH

A piece of sugar and a piece of alum look exactly alike, both are white, both have the same shape.

But a fly will never be deceived by this similarity. It will instinctively go and sit on the piece of sugar.

Many a time truth and untruth look bafflingly alike. But the man with a clear vision will choose truth and reject untruth without the slightest hesitation.



46

TORCH-BEARERS

There is no dearth of people who run after wealth, power or physical beauty. There are very few who care for truth, temperance or meditation. Yet, it is only these who throw a ray of light on the dark paths of life to guide the weary and the weak. These few are the Torch-bearers of the world.





47

SELF AND SOCIETY

Every single finger as well as the thumb is an indispensable part of the hand. They work in unison; each by itself is of little value.

Every individual is just a member of society. If each one acts only with a selfish motive without contributing something to the whole, there will be no unity, no strength, no progress.



4.4

COMFORT IN DISTRESS

When you are in need of money you draw on your bank balance to help you tide over your difficulties.

When you are in distress, you may depend upon the teachings of the wise and the saintly, treasured in your mind, to give you comfort and courage.





RELIGION AND HUMANITY

A flawless diamond will show at its best when set in real gold. If it is set in brass it will lose much of its lustre.

Religion is like a rare diamond. It is seen at its best when it is tempered with humanity. A religious man who is not humane at the same time does not do full justice to his religion.

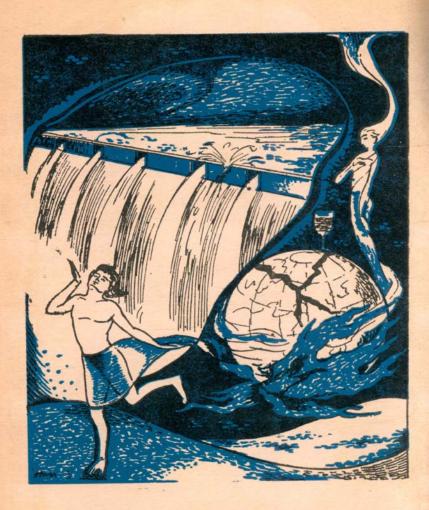


50

MERE WORDS

Mere repetition of the word 'bread' will not satisfy your hunger. You must eat bread to satisfy your hunger, to get nourishment.

Thus, mere repetition of words—however sacred they be—does not make a man religious or pure in heart. He is the sincere devotee who understands what he prays and puts it into practice. He alone will realise God.

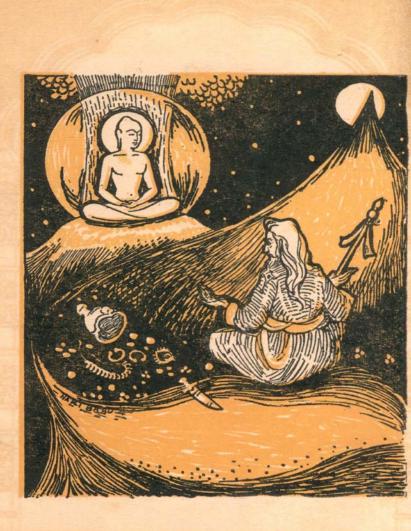




AN IMMINENT DANGER

A small crack in the massive Bhakra-Nangal Dam led to so much waste and destruction. Many deplored this loss in no uncertain terms.

But nobody seems to take notice of the fact that the dams of moderation and good morals that guarded society from many evils have cracked to bursting point, and a torrent of moral and spiritual destruction might soon engulf us all.



52

IN SEARCH OF PEACE

Suppose the human body were all complete with its limbs and organs and senses but had no spark of life in it? Of what use would it be?

Suppose your life were replete with all you desired;—health, wealth, power—but you had no Peace of Mind? What would all the rest avail without Peace of Mind? —That is why the King of Kings, Lord Mahavir, renounced all his worldly wealth and power and set out, even as a mendicant in search of Peace. AICO BOOKS bring to you worldfamons classics — the great works of literature which you have always wanted to read — and own. Of handy size and handsomely printed, set in an especially easy-toread type, JAICO BOOKS provide the best in reading values, at a price within the reach of all.

