

OUR INDIA

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Mahaguru

As a Lightbearing Beacon upon the rock of Non-violence stands Gandhiji the Mahaguru of Bharata.

Glorious ploughman on the vast field of Culture! Him admires the whole World.

He brings into everyday life the Amrita of Culture. He kindles innumerable torches of Self-sacrificing Spirits.

He untiringly remains on the Watchtower and no storm can interrupt His blessed Vigil. He guards the treasures of India.

He strives for Cultural Unity, as for panhuman Panacea. He knows that real Peace can abide only in the Realm of Beauty and Harmony.

Mahaguru, to Thee my invocation and reverence. Long live the Hero of Bharata.

24-9-46.

Himalayas.

—*Nicholas Roerich.*

Bapuji

Bharati Sarabhai

Gandhiji comes barefooted to Mithila.
Under the village *peepal* tree where he stood,
From a near farm The old Woman finds herself lifting
An orphan sweeper's child, (her own weight
Unbearable growing light as dream—remembered
Babyhood of her one dead son) and with others
From troubled marshes and over despair
Floods and fear mountains, flying to him.
—Gandhiji comes on foot to Mithila—
She hears her neighbours like distant thunder

Workers

Gandhiji comes on foot to Mithila.

First Peasant

He turns from lighted town for us.

Peasants

Let us go to him.

First Peasant

The cloth he winds is half for us.

Peasants

He has given all.

First Peasant

In hut mud-dark he lives for us.

Peasants

Bless us with your love !

First Peasant

He sleeps and hears the voice of god

Peasants

Tell us, O free us—

First Peasant

He knows no fear, no hate, no death.

Peasants

O be here with us !

First Peasant

He loves with life-blood flowing flowing—

Peasants

Oh, give us your love, your love !