

Scattered thoughts



~ for

The Bride-groom.

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The marriage procession was passing through the street. The fanfare of trumpets and the chorus of the crowd's shouts sent the air. In a carriage-and-four, sat the silken-robed bride-groom. From him radiated to every quarter the perfume of happiness "Long live the bride-groom."

Mirabai, who was playing with her toys, rose from the floor and repaired to the window of her room. She neither followed her with love lit eyes.

"Who is he"? She asked with a look of curiosity on her face.

"The bride-groom" replied the mother.

"Where, mother, is my bride-groom?" interrogated

the child.

The mother ran to her shrine and brought a brass-image of the lord from the altar where she worshipped every day.

"This is your bride-groom"

The child was puzzled beyond her wit years passed away. The child grew into a young woman. Parents began to search for a suitable match. They ~~but~~

upon at last, — a prince of dazzling wealth & power.

"I mummy" said the mother "Is your marriage Mira"

"What? I am already wedded."

The mother was taken aback.

"With whom?" she asked.

"With the Lord" replied Mira with radiant joy, but the mother understood not and Mira was married to — the Prince.

The above is a story which is based on a fact in Indian History. But truth is greater than fact and it also embodies a truth of the spiritual life.

Man knows intimately that he is always searching for something, which once was his, but now is lost. But so persistent is his questioning that he continues to suffer the pain of disappointment and disillusionment life after life, rather than throw up his arms in despair.

Then the rain of tears descends, washes his
 sight, sound and sense, and he feels he is a
 "Fellow" to every created thing. Wherever he
 may direct his footsteps, he finds that every one
 asking the same question. "Where is that?" That,
 which is it completed, consummated self, its
 fulfillment, its flowering.....

All the world is seeking a bridegroom. The child
 playing in the dust, the flushed faced maiden, the
 poet, the painter, the mystic, the speck of sand
 the blade of grass, the budding blossom, the star, the
 Sun, the moon all all are burning
 with the pain of longing - longing for the lost one
 — the bridegroom.

But alas! the tragedy of it all. We are
 married willy-nilly, to the price with his possession
 of tricks and twisels. And then, we have to
 satisfy our husband and spend ourselves in his service
 while the flute player sees calls from his flowered
 forest, "When are you coming to me — the girl —
 bridegroom — when?"

The King of Kings

He sat in his audience-hall. The light of love was radiating from his shining countenance. The air of expectancy had settled down on his broad brow.

The hour struck. The door was flung open and in streamed forth visitors of all ranks. Each bringing his choicest gift: the prince his necklace of pearls, the Soldier his glistening sword, the merchant's his bag of gold and the slave his hand made sandals. And by turns these offerings were placed at the feet of Him — who is King of Kings — with befitting reverence. He nodded his acceptance, but it appeared he was not fully satisfied. He waited for a gift after his own heart.

The gong of return was sounded. The

visitors returned to their respective homes. The
door was about to be closed, when there walked in
an old woman. She approached the footstool of
the Great One, shed a tear at His feet and
after a respectful salutation retraced her step homeward.

"This is the gift for which I was waiting" said
the King of Kings.

The Cup of Lone Divine

It was a star lit night. The city was asleep. The birds were in their leafy houses, without any anxious thought for the morrow. I went out to the outskirts of the city and sat on a small mound.

All of a sudden from a distance came the sound of some one singing of out of the fullness of his heart. I could catch only the refrain. "Out of the silence came the voice, which the seeker alone could hear." In the twinkling of an eye I found myself thrown back into the times when the world was young. The Creator had ceased from His work of creating the universe and all things stood still with an air of strangeness. They said in their mute speech to one another "How long shall we live in this splendid but sickening isolation?"

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God heard their prayer, knowing as He did that this was their first exposure to love and breathed life into them. And so the first psalm of praise was raised to the glory of God.

After a while, I heard another song. It was the passerby who was singing, as he walked along to his home after his midnight toil

"I am a traveller in the City of Love..... It is a wonderful city, for here only the dead can live.
O. today I am a traveller in the City of Love."

Then I had a vision: there the Christ stood on the Cross. I rubbed my eyes to make sure that it was no deception which was being practiced on me. But there was He, before my very eyes, — He — the King of Love. The words of Papini sang in my ears "the natural consequence of the Christ-life is the Cross"

The night had far advanced, I retraced my steps home ward. As I entered the city I saw

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a string of camels led by a quaintly-dressed camelman.
 To the accompaniment of the music of the bells, hung
 round the necks of the camels, he sang the song:—

"O
 Brother, God himself has given me the Cup of
 love. But what a heavy price had I to pay for it? I
 bought it with my life's blood. But, O fool, why count the
 cost, when thou has got the priceless pearl of immortality?"

Again the Christ stood before me. But as I
 drew nearer to the market place, in the vicinity of which
 stood my house, that vision of the master faded.

O world. when wilt thou learn to welcome
 Him with all my heart?

The School of Tomorrow

I had a dream this morning. I found myself sitting in a class room. The students sat in regular rows. All of them stood up in salutation, as soon as the Inspector entered. The teacher was on his trail. He had a surprise of his life. Instead of being asked to conduct his class and to put questions to his pupils, the Inspector said to him "Are your students happy?" The teacher was silent, for his answer was eloquently given by his students' fear stricken faces.

I feel as days pass by the public standard of judging an educational institution will be changed and men will ask not "Are the students efficient?" but "Are the students happy?" and in the answer given will depend the reputation of the school.

Education is imparted to Students to enable them to expand their beings. And believe me, there is no factor which so helps the growth of the Soul and after all, it is the Soul that matters as happiness is to the student what sunshine is to the plant.

How are the Students to be made happy? Not by making their lessons interesting, but by bringing them out of the gloom of the school room into the playground, where the eternal Song of life is being sung in notes of joy.

End

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