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SRI AUROBINDO

HOMAGE

FROM

TWO PILGRIMS.

"The Supramental change (of man) is a thing decreed and inevitable in the evolution of the earth-consciousness ; for its upward ascent is not ended and mind is not its last summit. But that the change may arrive, take form and endure, there is needed the call from below with a will to recognize and not deny the Light when it comes, and there is needed the sanction of the Supreme from above. The power that mediates between the sanction and the call is the presence and power of the Divine Mother. The Mother's power and not any human endeavour and tapasya can alone rend ~~and~~ the lid and tear the covering and shape the vessel and bring down world of obscurity and falsehood and death and suffering Truth¹ and Life Divine and the immortal's Ananda."

Sr

SRI AUROBINDO

I am a pilgrim to India. But unlike other pilgrims, I have come to regard her as my second motherland. Indeed, the mother in her is so kind and so great. India to me is that country in the world where man has always undertaken his highest spiritual endeavours, the fruits of which have no parallel in the history of human thought.

During my stay in India, I have always made it a point to meet and pay my humble tribute of love and respect to those of her representative sons who have kept burning the lamp of her soul. I was therefore exceedingly happy when I was able to go to Pondicherry in November, 1939, and pay my deepest homage to Sri Aurobindo, the Maha-Yogi of India, in company of my esteemed friend and colleague Professor Sisir Kumar Mitra.

I returned from Pondicherry with a heart full of feelings which are too deep for words. From what I have seen and felt there, I am convinced that Sri Aurobindo has evolved a practical philosophy of life which is singular in the history of man's spiritual achievement, and which is sure to fulfil its purpose, viz. the inner regeneration of man. The powerful personality of Sri Aurobindo and his vast wisdom are the greatest assets of humanity. It is my hope and prayer that he will keep on extending his inspiring influence till mankind awakens to the truth of his mission.

The Mother of the Asram is so sweet. She is a force too, which one is bound to feel. I felt as if I was talking to one who is nearest to me in spirit. She is indeed the Mother of all, and everything in the Asram is taking shape under her direct guidance. There are no written rules or instructions, yet the order, discipline and devotion with which every inmate does his duty is striking enough so as to indicate the unique character of the Asram. The atmosphere is full of peace and harmony. I would like to say that the Asram overflows in its peace which pervades the whole town of Pondicherry. The inmates seemed to be doing their work under an inspiration. I shall not forget their kindness to me. There are among them poets, letterateurs, artists, engineers and scientists. Every one has perfect freedom to develop his talent. The pictures done by some inmates and the songs that some of them gave me are among the best of their kind. S. J. Dilip Kumar Boy whose kindness I shall always cherish with love and respect, sung several moving songs whose spiritual appeal I very well felt. The Asram is the centre of a new life, and has, I am sure, a great future.

The world is in sore need of a message like Sri Aurobindo's. Man has given exclusive emphasis on the satisfaction of his material ambitions to the utter neglect of the spiritual values of life, with the result that he is to-day a sorry victim of the worst forces of darkness and evil. I feel that the Yoga of Sri Aurobindo will rekindle in man his faith in the values of the spirit, and thereby save humanity from yet greater disasters. There is yet time for man to wake up.

Prof. Mitra was full of feelings. He recorded his impressions in a beautiful article which I publish with great pleasure in the form of this booklet so as to make it available to friends interested in Sri Aurobindo.

VISVA-BHARATI, CHERNA-BHAVANA
Santiniketan, Bengal.
January 23rd, 1940.

Tan Yun-Shan.

SRI AUROBINDO AND HIS ASRAMĀ

There are moments whose meaning no language can express. There are states of mind which are beyond any human power to make others understand. Why then this impossible attempt to seek publicity for thoughts that arose in one such moment in the mind of the writer when in November last he visited Sri Aurobindo's Yogasrama in Pondicherry? Chief among the reasons that may be put forward is his desire to share with others the *ananda* that filled his heart, and fills the heart of every pilgrim when he is privileged to enter the temple of the Lord, and see Him face to face. Moments like these are rare in the life of man. But when they come, they come in their utmost splendour. They usher in those dawns in the inner world of man when the Divine vouchsafes His Grace to the aspiring pilgrim so that he may see the God of his heart, that his Ideal may be Real to him, and that the Infinite may turn into a Presence which he not only feels but also sees in the form of the finite. "The Mother of the Gods lifts up the golden lid, and Truth is revealed in Its desired Manifestation." The pilgrim feels transported, as it were, into a world where no dualities exist, a world of light, peace and joy, a world where the spirit of man receives its first baptism in divine life.

The writer begs to preface his say as to what he saw and felt in Pondicherry with a reference to the background of his mind with which he went there. He would also like to point out at the outset that the instruments of knowledge to which we are ordinarily accustomed do not help much in understanding a Yogi, especially a Yogi like Sri Aurobindo whose Yoga has for its aim not *moksha*, individual salvation, but the preparation of man for the work of the Divine, never attempted before. Intellect is a bar, and it is also a helper. Involved in grossness, as it generally is, it hampers in spiritual pursuits; but properly trained, it helps. And that training is possible only when the heart opens. *Sraddha* (an attitude of prayerful reverence) is therefore the beginning of spiritual life. For, *sraddha* begets aspiration. And aspiration, if sincere, is sure to be responded by Divine Grace, which works wonders in the life of the seeker. The writer is fully conscious of his limitations. He knows how foolish and presumptuous it is of him to try the impossible task of describing the Mother or Sri Aurobindo. For, how can human power understand divine personalities, much less, describe them? What the writer says about them here is not even a fringe of what they really are. Indeed, they are infinitely greater. If the experiences of the writer are inexpressible, still more so are the sources that inspire them.

the writer was a student of history. He was, however, more interested in the cultural aspect of history than in its any other. History he regarded not as a narration of political events which books on history generally are, but as a revelation of a nation's soul, its self-expression in varied forms of its creative activity. Histories of countries other than India is not so difficult to understand, since their achievements centre round the extrinsic manifestations of their cultural life, which too are mainly stimulated by the social and political aspirations of the people. But the criterion must be different in the case of India. Here is a country which rises to spiritual heights, unattained by any in the world, yet had for centuries maintained a very high degree of material competence that can stand comparison with any of her progressive contemporaries. Wrong ideas and mischievous imputations about her life and culture are propagated by interested people to lower India in the estimation of the world. In his studies of Indian history, especially the story of her civilization, the writer had felt stranded in a bewildering variety of conflicting materials which, though valuable in themselves, threw very little light on the real soul of this great people, till he had an opportunity of reading the "Arya" (now defunct) edited by Sri Aurobindo, containing his series of articles called "A Defence of Indian Culture" written in reply to the unfounded charges of Sir William Archer. The writer found in them the most brilliant exposition of every aspect of India's cultural achievements. Sri Aurobindo accepted the challenge of that vilifier of India, and refuted the charges, point by point, vindicating with cogent logic that India achieved great things, nay, the greatest, not only in the realm of the spirit *but* also in the realm of material greatness and, that in an equally abundant measure. His masterly and illuminating study of the whole range of India's creations including her art, literature, religion, philosophy, politics and secular sciences, made the writer feel that Sri Aurobindo was the most authentic interpreter of Indian culture. And the conviction began to grow in him that Sri Aurobindo must have some higher power than merely intellectual, and that the insight into the deeper regions of India's soul which he had brought to bear upon his writings was conspicuous by its absence in the writings of others on India. The writer felt that the history of India should be re-written in the light of Sri Aurobindo's reading of it. For, he it is who with his yogic vision has for the first time gone into the very soul of India, and in his inimitable language laid bare its interior profundities for redeeming the unbeliever. Intellect, as has been said, is an imperfect instrument of knowledge and is not to be relied upon for getting at the real truth about India, since her civilization is founded essentially, in the words of Sri Aurobindo, "on a continuously enlarging tradition of the Godward endeavour of the human spirit." Thus was opened before the writer a new world of hitherto-unknown wonders. The whole soul of "Timeless"¹

India glowed again in variegated colours in that fascinating picture drawn by the magic pen of her greatest son. The glory of old, the splendour of the days long gone by, was vividly shown again through the pages of "Arya", unfolding, in a captivating style, the secrets behind everything India did in the inner and outer courts of her life.

Sri Aurobindo also discussed a number of other subjects in the same journal which are of equal importance to the study of history. The master was always there in all his singular brilliance. His studies in the social and political evolution of humanity have no parallel in the world of sociological literature. The forecasts that he made in them in 1916 about the destinies of modern states and nations are coming true today. He propounded a new exegesis of the Veda. He discussed the tendencies of the poetry of all ages and of all climes, and indicated the form which poetry would take in the future. His dissertation on the Gita will without doubt rank him as the foremost commentator of that bedrock of Hindu thought. But everything he wrote pointed out his unerring vision of a glorious future for man, and his conviction that the need was greater now than before of a spiritual reconstruction of humanity. It was difficult for the writer then to fully perceive what exactly Sri Aurobindo was driving at in those writings of his. Indeed, Sri Aurobindo's *tapasya* at the present moment is directed towards finding out means by which man might be able to properly understand his message, the message of Divine Life for humanity. His exhaustive discussion of this supreme message (just published in a book called "The Life Divine") as well as of the methods of Yogic discipline, necessary to the attainment of that end, are by themselves literary marvels of classical excellence. The writer was attracted to them, though he could understand only a little of their true significance. Nevertheless, as he started reading them, the feeling began to grow in him, and it deepened with time, that those writings of Sri Aurobindo were no mere expressions of his philosophical thinking, but were revelations of Truth to one who was to be the inspired prophet of a new age on earth.

With this mental preparation the writer approached Sri Aurobindo and in his own way was trying to follow him, waiting for the day which will witness the fulfilment of his long-cherished desire to see him whose unique thought revolutionised the mind of the writer. Conditions, however, began to be favourable to the writer's taking a very great decision in his life. But that is a story for another day. The day came for him to undertake a pilgrimage to Sri Aurobindo. He reached there in good time for the darsan on the 24th November, 1939, on which date in 1926 Sri Aurobindo achieved victory in his sadhana. The writer's fellow-pilgrim was his esteemed friend and colleague, the eminent Chinese Professor Tan Yun-Shan of Poet Tagore's Visva-Bharati. Prof. Tan is an erudite classical scholar, deeply versed in

feuddhism, and an ardent lover of India. He is the Founder-Director of Sino-Indian Cultural Society, and the Director of the Cheena-Bhavana of Visva-Bharati. He is essentially a spiritual man. His mental preparation for this pilgrimage was confined to the reading of a few books of Sri Aurobindo and to whatever information he could gather from friends familiar with the ideals of the Asrama at Pondicherry. He had gone there with an open mind, and returned full of feelings which he tried to express in the course of an extremely interesting Press interview. Incidentally, mention may be made here of a Chinese saying to which he referred,—one* should go on a pilgrimage empty-minded. The Professor told the writer that his experiences during his stay in Pondicherry were so deep that he had no language to convey them to others. He was deeply touched by everything he saw in the Asrama so-much-so that he would like very much to establish some sort of contact between the Asrama and the thought-leaders of his country. The Professor will soon introduce Sri Aurobindo to China through a series of articles in the leading periodicals of his country. In one of the talks that we used to have almost everyday with the sadhakas, the Professor was told by one of them that China had never been conquered by any country. He made the quick retort saying, "But for once she was conquered by a great Indian, Lord Buddha ; and she is again going to be conquered by another great Indian, Sri Aurobindo". These are significant words of one who is so pure and sincere in his devotion to India.

Since his arrival in Pondicherry, the writer began to feel a change in him. The world that he left behind almost vanished from his mind ; and he stepped into another which he felt was pervaded by the spiritual dynamic of a new life. One is bound to feel it and be exalted by it, if one is receptive enough to take in the subtle influences which the atmosphere of the Asrama radiates. As a matter of fact, the Chinese friend remarked that the Asrama was not in Pondicherry but Pondicherry was in the Asrama.

The Mother accepts *pronam* from the sadhakas and the pilgrims on the day previous to the one on which Sri Aurobindo gives his darsan. The writer saw the Mother and felt with all his heart that she was really the Mother of the Universe. His joy that evening knew no bounds. He burst into an exuberance of ecstatic emotions ; and the thrills did not stop till an inward pull silenced him in the quiet content of his soul. The Chinese Professor also had a similar experience. His lovely face beamed in joy ; and sometime after the *pronam* was over, he began repeating in an inspired voice, "*Namo Avalokiteswara*" (Salutation to Thee, Who hast descended to the earth out of mercy for her children). They were both of them in their happiest moods, drinking in the delight that was then everywhere in the Asrama. Feelings like these were heightened a hundred times in the ease of the writer when a few days later the Mother very graciously

permitted him to sit at her lotus-feet and touch it and talk to her and meditate. The pilgrim was at the feet of the Mother, the Mother who is All-Light. He felt as if a whole world of light came down flooding this tiny earth of ours, and everything in it looking up bathed in the soothing glow of that transfiguring light. How sweet was her voice ! What a magic in her touch ! And who will not perceive the pressure of a force from above ? Was it not the magnificence of heaven descended on earth to beckon her children to their highest destiny ? Who says the Mother is sixty ? She is ageless, and is the very embodiment of eternal youth. She is verily the *Rajarajeswari*, the Divine Consort of the Lord of Lords, always offering her distressed children her gift of *abhaya*, and calling them through her heavenly smile to come and accept it and be immortal. Will you not wake up, O Man, listen to your Mother ? "Remember and offer" are her words. Remember that you belong to the Mother, and offer yourself, whole and entire, to Her Will. All your questions will be answered ; all your seekings will be satisfied ; and victory will be yours only for the asking. What a hope, what a joy the Mother is ever giving to her children ! There is no fear for one who has once seen the smile in the Mother's face ; the Mother who is All-Power, All-Beauty and All-Love. Rejoice, O Man, Rejoice ; the Mother is come. "The world is thrilled with joy at the foot-fall of the Mother¹" ;—truly sings Poet Nishikanfo.

The darsan of Sri Aurobindo is another momentous event. It stirred the very depths of their being. The writer saw before him the Master whom he had been cherishing with love and adoration from the very early days of his life. He had in him a memory of Sri Aurobindo when he had visited his (also the writer's) native-place, Konnagar, in the district of Hooghly, during the Swedeshi days. But Sri Aurobindo now has completely changed out of what he had then been. The writer saw the Master seated in a throne, a majestic figure, full of health, and radiating an aura that resembled what is believed to have characterised the exterior of Sri Krishna. The writer had an inkling of it a few minutes before the darsan when he was waiting for his turn in the long row downstairs, the darsan being held in the upstairs. It was a sharp flash of blue light by which he felt his vision was dazed. But what did he see when the darsan took place ? Is it a human, or if at all a human, is it not the figure of the Supreme among men, the Purushottama ? And the eyes of Sri Aurobindo ? What a glow in them ! The writer felt that the eyes of the Master, full of fire, pierced the very vesture of his body, and everything in it became vivid to him. It is difficult to stand the lustre of those eyes for long. But what struck the writer most was the infinite calm, of which Sri Aurobindo seemed to be a perfect embodiment. But where was the physical in it ? Was it not a calm condensed into a solid peace, a quietude all the more stilled into

a perfect equilibrium, a Soul conscious in the vast silence of the Over-Soul ? But the eyes failed, and the heart of the writer started to feel that there was a centre of force in Sri Aurobindo to which everything gravitated without the centre being active in the physical sense. Nothing existed, but a Presence in the midst of a blue halo with flashes of the smiling face of the Mother. But no, the personality was there again, though enveloped in a mystery whose solution seemed to be with Sri Aurobindo himself.

Sri Aurobindo is a mystery *par excellence*. It is only when he has allowed us that we have been able to understand him a little, just a little and nothing more. Take for instance, his contributions to the political awakening in India during the Swadeshi days. Were they not more spiritual than anything else ? The India that he worshipped was to him the Mother in the highest acceptation of the term, the Shakti, the Timeless and Eternal India. It would not be true to say that his ideology of nationalism was wholly understood, though it was widely appreciated, and inspired tremendously the youth of the country. As a poet, Sri Aurobindo's is a voice and rhythmic utterance of the vaster and infinite existence of man, singing of the wonders of invisible worlds, and of worlds that are yet to be. As a lover, he loves those who are to come in the future, and he loves the present because it is the forerunner of that which is to come. As an exponent of Indian culture, he revisits the past of India, and discovers the hidden meaning of her great creations. As a Yogi, he knows the Supermind and sees It descending to the earth for changing the nature of man; and by diving the unknown depths of spirit, life and matter, he discovers their points of contact for the greater synthesis into which human life is going to be re-shaped. As a prophet, he speaks in unerring accents of the glorious future of man, a future which he always sees before him, and which he believes to be inevitable in the terrestrial evolution of man. "We do not belong to the past dawns but to the noons of the future" ; he says. But as a Master, Sri Aurobindo is above everything else ; the Master who has risen to a Supreme Consciousness, and is himself Its highest manifestation ; the Master who is a flaming torch to those who are in the dark, their inspirer and guide ; the Master who makes heroes out of common clay and promises them the life immortal ; the Master whose mission it is to create a New Man, a New Civilization, a New Kingdom of Heaven on earth. Yet Sri Aurobindo is one greater than each of these high roles in which he is helping man forward in the journey of his life. How little do we know of him through these, only a few of the ways in which he has so far introduced himself to the public ! The 'Real Man' in him is not wholly represented in the characters that outwardly people the drama of his life ; since his life, as Sri Aurobindo himself says, "has not been on the surface for man to see". What then he really is ? **Will** he remain a mystery for ever, a paradox ? The answer he has already

begun to give. His Asrama in Pondicherry and his books published so far are an earnest of it. The key to the secret of his life and message he is himself forging there in the anvil of the Divine. Those who will go there with an open eye, will see it. Those who will go there with an open heart, will feel it. The Chinese Professor who was silent for a while after the darsan remarked in a subdued tone, "He is so great, indeed greater than we can conceive of".

The site of the Asrama almost on the sea-beach adds greatly to its delightful surroundings. The Asrama is housed in about fifty buildings all painted light blue. They cover a wide area in the very cleanest part of the town. A group of houses joined together and enclosed forms the central Asrama where Sri Aurobindo, the Mother and several sadhakas live. The Asrama everywhere is a model of cleanliness. The houses are all of them kept wonderfully clean ; and every effort is made so that they may look neat and nice. Lovely flower-beds adorn the houses. Flowers have a very important place in the life there, their occult significance having bearing on the different stages in the sadhana. The atmosphere is exceptionally quiet and peaceful. The Asrama has its own library, a workshop, a bakery and a dairy which are managed by the inmates themselves. There is also an engineering section. The meals are catered in a spacious hall decorated with beautiful pictures done by the sadhakas. The cooking and the cleaning of the utensils are done entirely by the inmates. There are about two hundred inmates of both the sexes including a number of foreigners. Every one of them has his or her own share of work in the management of the Asrama. It is a part of their sadhana, so to say. Everything with regard to discipline and organisation is in the hands of the Mother, a word about whom may be said here. She comes of an aristocratic lineage in France. Early in life she had her spiritual awakening ; and commissioned in a vision she came to Pondicherry in 1914, and accepted Sri Aurobindo as her Guru. She has been staying in the Asrama from 1920, and is now its presiding diety. Everything is taking shape under her direct guidance. She is always alive even to the minute details with regard to the management of the Asrama. The sadhakas cheerfully perform the duties she allots to them according to their nature and capacity. A spirit of joyous consecration inspires them in all their activities both in their personal and communal life. Every one is conscious of it : and the smile is there always hi their face when they work : for they know that they are fulfilling the Mother's will ; or rather, the Mother is fulfilling Her Will through them. There is freedom in the midst of perfect discipline ; and the whole Asrama is run on principles which are difficult for outsiders to easily understand. There are no written rules ; yet everything goes on in clock-wise precision,

When the Chinese Professor insisted on knowing the rules that are followed by the sadhakas he had in mind the rules of the Buddhist Sanghas ; and he was wondering all the time as to how could things go on so smoothly and in such an excellent way without there being any written directions for the sadhakas to follow in their spiritual life and in their work for the Asrama. A sadhaka explained to him the essential meaning of the ideal, the Asrama stands for. The sadhakas there are required to always behave as conscious instruments of the Divine. It is the Divine who is working through them. They have only to purify themselves and make them fit for the Divine to fulfil Himself in and through them. It is the Nature's Own Yoga, as Syt. Nalinikanto Gupta so finely puts it. Since Nature has Her own laws, rules made by man have no place in the Yoga. The Mother's guidance in the sadhana is available whenever necessary. She is ever ready to help, but she helps in her own way, even without the sadhaka's outwardly asking for or knowing it.

The personal life of the sadhakas is also very remarkable. There are many among them who are highly educated ; some who have artistic and literary talents of a very high order ; some who are poets and musicians, and some with some kind of education technical or otherwise. But irrespective of any previous training or gift, some of the sadhakas surprised the writer by their exceptionally brilliant artistic and poetical productions. They admitted their ignorance of such talent in them before they joined the Asrama ; and that, after their initiation in the Yoga, they felt an urge from within, and a Gracious Help from above which combined to produce through them those marvellous works of art and poetry. A new world was opened to them from where messages came trooping into their mind in inspired moments ; and they became vehicles of their expression in coloured forms or rhythmic words. There are some among the sadhakas who are noted singers. It is a sublime aesthetic treat to hear their entrancing songs whose spiritual appeal was never-failing. The singers become inspired when they sing ; and their songs have without doubt something of heaven in them. The writer and the Chinese Professor had opportunities of contact with many sadhakas. Their company was very impressive and exalting. The sadhakas were very kind to them ; and a certain kind of inward feel could always be perceived in their dealings. The replies that they gave to their questions about various spiritual and cultural problems were exceedingly illuminating.

The only daily congregation that takes place in the Asrama is the evening meditation for which there is a separate hall exactly in the ground-floor of Sri Aurobindo's residence. There every evening the sadhakas gather and sit in silent meditation for about three quarters of an hour in the presence of the Mother., Perfect stillness reigns ; and a force seems

to be active in its radiation all around. The Asrama is not a place for curiosity-mogers. It is neither a resort for rest or retirement. Only those who have the inner call are permitted to come and stay there. For, he it noted, it is a centre of a new life with the Divine as its sole Architect and Guide, the Divine Who is perfecting His instruments for the greater work of the future, of which the sign is already unmistakable in everything that could be seen in the Asrama even by casual visitors provided that they go there with some inner preparation beforehand. Happily men could be found today in India and abroad, and their number is steadily increasing, who are beginning to open to the deeper meaning of Sri Aurobindo's message. But the pity is that there should be others who with their superficial knowledge of Sri Aurobindo, come forward to belittle him and his work. There is no worse calamity for man than when he rejects spiritual Values, and thereby betrays the poverty of his soul. It is not for any personal gain that Sri Aurobindo seeks to liberate man from the bondage of ignorance and imperfection. He loses nothing if man does not hear him. But man gains immensely, if laying aside his vanities, he approaches Sri Aurobindo with love, humility and faith. Little do we know what tremendous odds Sri Aurobindo had to fight in his ceaseless efforts to win victory in his *tapasya*. The house is still there in the Asrama to bear witness so it. Confined to a corner in that house, day in and day out, month in and month out, year in and year out, he had steadfastly adhered to his pursuit till he attained his Supreme Illumination. After he had an interview with Sri Aurobindo in 1923, Poet Rabindranath told the world that he would wait for the message of Sri Aurobindo. The message has been given ; the Word has been uttered. It is for man now to come and accept it and be blessed.

India is the earliest in history to have started in her quest of the Infinite. The quest has always been there, as also its unique victories. But in spite of them India could not keep up the vigour of her life for long. The days of her decline began when among other reasons she rejected life and its material values as *maya*, and failed to catch the true significance of the saying of her ancients that Matter also is Brahman, and that in the spiritualisation of its expressions in life lies its highest efflorescence. What therefore is necessary now for India so as to be able to new-create her destiny is to find out means by which she can purify her life and lift it up to its perfection. Sri Aurobindo has realised the oneness of spirit and matter, and in his yogic vision has seen a Force which is descending to the earth to effect the synthesis of spirit and matter in the consciousness of man. Life, mind and body as they are now cannot be the vehicle of that Divine manifestation. They have, therefore, to be transformed with the help of that Force. As Sri Ramakrishna used to say, " Brass wares often require polishing, but gold ones do not."¹¹ So, if man by *sadhana* could once open

to that Force and thereby change into gold, his earth-nature will never again tarnish him, for it also will then be transformed ; and he will thenceforth be the fit instrument of the Divine. In the luminous words of Sri Aurobindo ; "The one aim of our Yoga is an inner self-development by which each one who follows it can in time discover the one Self in all and evolve a higher consciousness than the mental, a Spiritual and supramental consciousness which will transform and divinise human nature." Sri Aurobindo believes that "a divine Life in the manifestation is not only possible as the high result and ransom of our present life in the Ignorance but, it is the inevitable outcome and consummation of Nature's evolutionery endeavour. The animal is a living laboratory in which Nature has worked out man. Man himself may well be a thinking and living laboratory in which, and with whose conscious co-operation she wills to work out the superman, the God". It is also the conviction of Sri Aurobindo that "the mind of man is now opening to an unprecedented largeness of vision of the greatness of the worlds, the wonder of life, the self of man, and the mystery of the spirit in him and the universe". Thus humanity is being prepared for the end Sri Aurobindo aims at. He says, "The earliest aspiration of man is also his last ; the aspiration for God, Light, Freedom and Immortality. To know, possess and be the divine being in an animal and egoistic consciousness, to convert our twilit or obscure physical mentality into the plenary supramental illumination, to build peace and a self-existent bliss where there is only a stee of transitory satisfactions besieged by physical pain and emotional suffering, to establish an infinite freedom in a world which presents itself as a group of mechanical necessities, to discover and realise the immortal life in a body subjected to death and constant mutation,—this is offered to us as the manifestation of God in Matter and the goal of Nature in her terrestrial evolution."

Sri Aurobindo holds out the promise that this aspiration of man is going to be fulfilled : and he has chalked out the path, the Path of Integral Yoga through a complete self-giving to the Divine, by which man will be able to regenerate himself into his highest flowering on earth. Is not his then the last word on man and his destiny ; and his message, the greatest, man has ever heard from the Masters of his race ?

Sisirkumar Mitra.
