Monday, September 27, 2004 - 10:00 AM

In the heart of silence is the secret of a soul. Far from the tumult, it is hiding and it unfolds to the well-informed searcher having surpassed the vain pleasures of the world of men. To achieve this goal requires efforts; it has to be earned, so much. In our way many of our brothers advance towards Him, attracted by its splendour. Their work drives them there. Imperceptibly they open up to another dimension, modifying within themselves the cohesion of their psychic centres, when they have interiorized themselves sufficiently.

"They seemingly remain the same ones, attending to their occupations without anything being obvious, but within them is being built what the being aspires to, by refining through a relentless practice. In all this, [there is] nothing spectacular in the eyes of men; the essentials are elsewhere, in the depths of this multiple being remaining unknown to them.

"No one can really know himself and nor can he know the others—but pretending to do so, is not serious. Trying to understand oneself is commendable, but a face of the personality remains, and will remain, hidden. One should better accommodate to it. This secret is the mystery of life; having surpassed the stage of illusion to which this world has sunk, it will unfold its true nature for each one.

"May our brothers practice with fervour and conviction; they are working for their own good. By being refined gradually, they advance towards knowledge."

Babuji