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The multitude of hearts can compare with an amazing garden in its diversity, in terms of colours, scents and forms. It has also dark elements, uncultivated places, which contrast with the striking beauty of the rarest of flowers to be found therein. Thus is this place, the planet Earth, so richly endowed at all levels that men living thereon should go down on their knees and thank the creator of all things. Many of them find it natural to be offered things, which nevertheless they do not respect as is proper to do.

"This report is not delightful, but this is how it is currently. Each planet, like each individual who populates it, has a chance to progress; it is in the nature of things. Such a work is done slowly and cannot be perceived with men's eyes. Each cog in this grand design advances at its own pace within a large coordinated project, and it cannot be rushed. The divine life follows its perpetual movement where all efforts are adjusted—destroying and rebuilding, according to standards beyond human comprehension. The smallness of man in this immensity is derisory. This planet itself is only a negligible element compared to its innumerable kinds, populating great spaces and escaping knowledge.

"Each soul is a microscopic element of the great universal soul, and in this respect each one has its own importance and deserves all attention and possible love, since this love is the only food that can satisfy it and enable it to progress."

Babuji