

same fashion, the ever-pure Infinite, as the Self, becomes the enduring platform for the drama of sorrow that is expressed in the language of plurality, ceaselessly enacted by the infinite number of egos, helplessly repeating the parts ordered by their *Vasanas*, gathered by them in the past.

The steam in the engine is not punished for the disaster of derailment, nor is the steam complimented when the train reaches its destination in time! Again, neither the disaster nor the successful accomplishment of the journey could ever take place without the steam. The engine without the steam is inert iron assembled in a particular shape, dull and heavy; it is the steam that dynamises and renders it capable of its actions of cruel destruction, or kindly construction, as the case may be. Since the steam in the engine has neither an anxiety to move the train, nor an aversion to move it, the steam is ignored in the achievements of the train, whether good or bad. It is the motive behind the action that determines its reaction.

The Self is the source of all dynamism. It dynamises the mind. Each mind is a bundle of *Vasanas*. Good *Vasanas* make the mind sing the song of joy and harmony. Bad *Vasanas* in the mind make it groan with sobs and tears. The needle in the gramophone is not responsible for the song that the record sings. As the record, so the music. Similarly, the Self is Eternal. It is unmindful of what type of world is projected forth. Nor is It anxious in any sense of the term, to create a better world. Sunlight illumines