

though we may imprison the body of the prisoner, his thoughts are ever free to reach his kith and kin at their hearth. The gross stone walls cannot limit the flight of the subtle thoughts. If once this principle is well understood the example becomes very expressive exhibiting all its secret suggestions.

KNOW YOU ARJUNA, that the winds curl, swirl and whirl around everywhere in space; the space supports and envelopes them everywhere, and yet, they do not ever limit the space. This beautiful example, when meditated upon by any seeker, if he has at least an average amount of intellectual comprehension, will enable him to define, in his own mind, the right relationship that exists between the Self and the non-Self. The Real supports the unreal; the unreal seemingly lives... through its history of misery and sorrows, fleeting joys and passing pleasures... in the Real and yet, the unreal can never condition the Real. When the wind is moving, the space need never move. None of the qualities of the wind is the quality of the space (*Akasha*). Compared with the outstretching Infinite space, in which the universes keep on revolving, at a speed measured in light years, the atmospheric disturbances are only upto the height of a few miles off the surface of the globe. In the infinite vastness of the Real, the arena of disturbances caused by Its flirtations with Its own assumed self-ignorance, is only a negligible area... and even there, the relationship between the false and the Real is the relationship between the fickle breeze and the Infinite space.