

I AM THE ABODE (*Nivasah*) --- Truth is the House of all, of every being and thing. On an innocent wayside post, it is reported that some travellers saw a grinning ghost, others a smiling ghost, and yet others, a ghost with a bleeding mouth and sparkling eyes, naked and horrid, and some an innocent ghost, dressed in white, invitingly smiling and lovingly guiding them onto the right track. All of them saw delusory projections of their individual minds upon the same wayside post. Naturally, the post is the "Abode," of the smiling, of the grinning, of the bleeding, of the horrid, and of the tender ghost, that different minds, on different occasions, projected upon the same post. Similarly, wherever our equipments of experiences gain the apprehension of the pluralistic phenomena, for all of them the Self, the Awareness, is the ABODE, the place of existence and security.

I AM THE REFUGE (*Sharanam*) --- Delusion breeds sorrows, Knowledge produces joy. The universe is pain-ridden because it is delusion-projected. Naturally, the harbour of tranquillity, projecting a confused ego from the mountainous breakers of the stormy ocean-of-*samsara* is the rediscovery of the Substratum, the Essence of Self. When once the Self gets individualised, when it walks out to identify with the play, through the equipments of the intellect, mind and body, it is wandering away from the safety of the shore into the stormy, high seas of adventure. When the frail boat of the ego is thus threatened from all sides --- the darkening clouds above, the bumping sea below, and the screaming storms all round --- the sailor's