

He who is the same to foe and friend and also in honour and dishonour, who is the same in cold and heat, in pleasure and pain, who is free from attachment, 18

To whom censure and praise are equal, who is silent, content with anything, homeless, steady-minded, full of devotion — that man is dear to Me. 19

Day and night are inevitable on earth, but in the blazing sun they have no place. Friendship and enmity are but natural among fellow beings, but in the fervour of the divine love of God these differences vanish of their own accord.

An illicit love in the initial stage is mindful of shame and social decorum. But when it deepens into open familiarity all sense of shame is set aside. There is some similarity between this and the divine love of God, which pays no heed to honour and dishonour. While the former leads the fallen one to depravity, the latter elevates the devotee into the Sublime. The worldly people are flippant both in honouring and dishonouring a devotee of God. But unconcerned that he is with these passing phases, the devotee goes headlong in his love of the Maker.

To the one subject to body consciousness the feeling of cold and heat is natural with the change of climate. But to the one given to divine ecstasy born of Bhakti, this feeling does not come.

The feeling of pleasure and pain is concomitant with the feeling of cold and heat. When the attachment to the body is overcome, these feelings disappear as a matter of course.