

anxious to provide for our dream-children; because, as soon as we wake up, we realise that the dream was unreal. Before we went to bed, the dream-children were not with us, and after waking up, our dream-children are no more with us; thus we understand and realise that our dream-children, whom we loved and tended as real during our dream, are, in fact, unreal. By significance, therefore, the Real is that which exists at all times: in the past, the present and the future. The past is relatively real --- it was, it is and it will be.

The life in our matter envelopments, we know, is finite, inasmuch as every little experience, at all the three levels of our existence --- among the objects, with our sentiments, in the company of our ideas --- is finite. The body changes at every moment; the mind evolves and the intellect grows. All changes, evolutionary movements and growths, are indicated by a constant-death of their previous state, in order that the thing concerned may change, evolve or grow. The body, the mind and the intellect are ever-changing in us, and all of them, therefore, according to our definition, cannot be Real.

But is there a Real entity behind it all? In order that change may take place, no doubt, a changeless substratum is necessary. For the waters of the river to flow, a motionless river-bed must exist. Similarly, in order to hold together the millions of experiences at the levels of our body, mind and intellect, and to give us the experience of a synchronised whole --- which we call life --- we must,