

recognises the same Self as playing through the endless variety of conditionings available in the universe. Having known the one Sun in the sky, even if we see a thousand reflections of the same in different equipments, in all of them, we see and recognise only the one Sun.

According to *Vedanta*, Self-realisation is not at all complete if the realised one can keep his composure and equanimity only in solitude and silence; if he recognises and experiences the Divine only at some rare moments of his transcendental experiences, then he is not the Man-of-Wisdom glorified by the *Rishis* of the *Upanishads*. This is not the way of the *Yogis*. A Man-of-true-Knowledge is he to whom the Self alone is the Truth within, without, and everywhere. "The One pervades all and nothing pervades It." To him a market place of the busiest tensions is as much a conducive place for cognising the Self as the quiet Himalayan valleys and their deep caves of roaring silence. With his eyes shut, he, from the balcony of the Infinite in himself, gazes out to experience nothing but his own Self everywhere.

In my legs as well as in my hands, I pervade equally at all moments. I know I am there. To say that this knowledge makes my hands and legs disappear, as mist disappears at sunrise, is sheer lunacy and not the assertion of a true science. Just as I permeate, exist, enjoy, and experience in and through every little portion of my body, all through my waking hours, at one and the same time, so too, the man-of-Realisation realises that at all times, his own Self