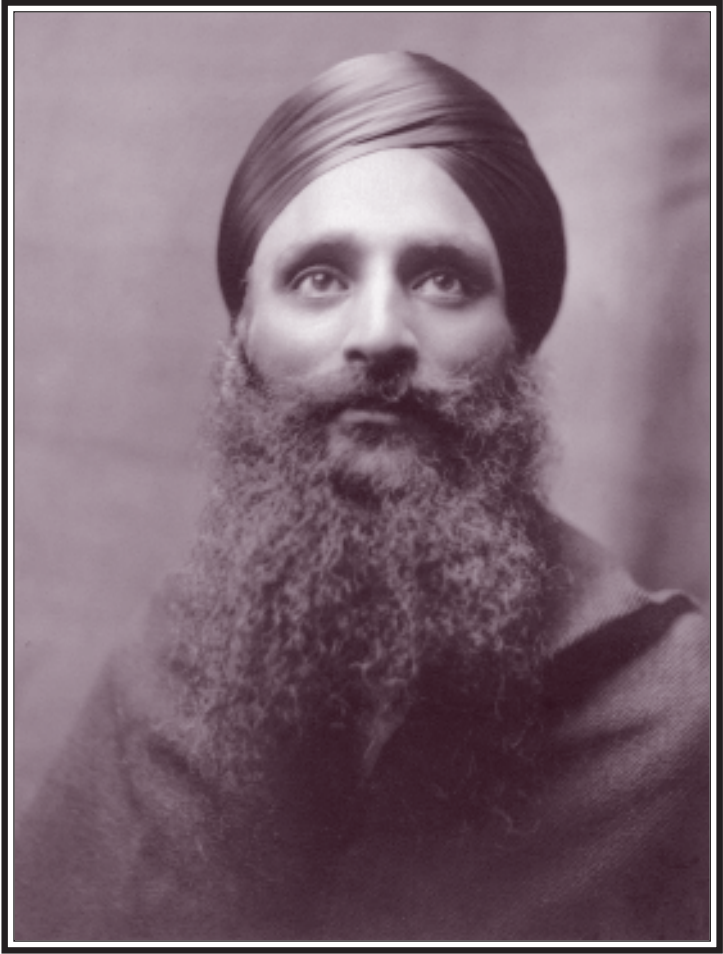


Soul Celestial

A Bible of Humanity for Supreme Wisdom



Dr. Bhagat Singh Thind



*Pooran Avatar Sat-Guru Bhagat Singh Thind
psychologist, metaphysician and divine
of Amritsar, India*

Soul 

Celestial

The Darling of God

**A Bible of Humanity for
Supreme Wisdom**

Volume I

Dr. Bhagat Singh Thind

*“From sky to sod
The world’s unfolded blossom smells of God.”*

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by

CHARAN SINGH THIND, M.A., B.T., D.D.

(Dr. Thind's brother's eldest son, Amritsar, India)

Thou, the morning star of the east,
Thou, the shining star of the east,
Toiling along the orbit of the Truth,
Transmitting the divine spark of the Truth,
At last disappeared beyond the horizon of the west;
Embracing the God in His eternal rest.

Thou, the morning star of the east,
Thou, the shining star of the east,
Attained such an exalted perfection,
Where worldly attachment and material attraction
Lose their temptation,
Where the distinction of high and low,
Caste and creed,
Dry like weed.
Where loss or gain,
Comfort or pain,
Rain or shine,
Make thee more and more sublime.
Where the rotation of east and west
Become at rest;
Thou became there one with the One,
As water to water and light to the Sun.

Appear again, O the morning star of the east,
Twinkle again, O the morning star of the east,
Rise again, O the morning star of the east,
On the skies of the east—
On the skies of the west,
From thy eternal rest.

In you I saw the glow of the sun,
The light of the sun,
And the warmth of the sun.
God—the source of all light,
God—the source of all might,
God—the source of all height,
I found in you in the first sight.

Thou, the morning star of the east,
Thou, the morning star of the west,
Orbiting along the axis of Truth,
Transmitting the divine spark of Truth,
At last disappeared beyond the horizon of the west,
And embraced the God in His heavenly rest.

Thy charming crimson face,
Glowing with divine grace,
Thy intoxicated wide blue eyes,
Deep as the oceans, high as the skies,
Thy saintly beard, white as snow,
Angel-like appearance, moon-like glow.
Thy dominating personality with turban on,
Made you the true prophet of the millennium.
Thy presence, fragrant and calm,
Sweet as honey, soothing as balm.

The great Ten Masters of the east,
The humanitarian religion they preached;
The gospel of Truth, as intuited by you,
Digested, realized and practiced by you,
Kindled many spiritually starved souls,
And put them onto their missed goals.

Thou awakened us from our sinned sleep,
Washed our blackened souls with Nām,
Thou unchained our fastened minds with the matter,
And linked them to the Holy Sovereign.
Thou showed us the “Real Happiness,”
Put us on the “Radiant Road to Reality.”
Thou held our hands firmly,
Encouraged and guided us cheerfully,
Assuring the “Union of God Here and Now.”

We were shocked awfully to see
The helping hand of the “Divine Wisdom”
Is no more with us.
We are yet on the half-way,
Crying in bewilderment for help.
O Bhagat, the true devotee of God,
Take us there, where you abide;
In the holy feet of God—
Where perfect ecstasy, tranquility,
And unity lodge.



Contents

India	3
Sikhism and a Sikh	4
Introduction	9
God's Omnipresence	22
God's Omniscience	32
God's Omnipotence	43
Supreme Wisdom for Edification and Understanding, in Parables	50
God	52
Poems and Parables	56
A Cage	57
The Simple Union	58
The Faqir and the Blanket	60
The Garden of My Heart	62
World as an Ugly Old Hag	64
Come Away	65
Brahma	68
Fables of the Praying Dog	69
The Song of the Sannyasin	71
Parish Priest	75
Holy Nanak	75
Sufi Saint	76
Omniscience	77
Infinity	77
Open to Him	78
What Is Good?	79
Story of Savitri	80
Soul—Sinless and Immaculate, One with God and Immortal	92
Soul—The Liberator, the Savior, the Conqueror	96
The Seat of the Seatless Soul	101
Soul—All-Inclusive Beyond Time, Space and Causality ...	105
Soul—The Celestial, the Adorable,	

the Ever-Free, Friendless, Foeless	110
God and Soul As I and Me Inseparable, Coeval and Coexistent Eternally	115
The Real Me	118
Identical Nature of Soul with God	121
The Apparent Man and the Real Man	127
Soul—Like the Lotus Flower, in the World But Not of It	130
Soul—The Creative Love: Joy of Existence Inherent in the Soul	133
The Beloved	136
Man: God in Action	138
Death Diminishes Not Me	139
God and Soul as a Devoted Husband and Wife in Eternal Embrace	142
Difference between God and Soul	144
Infinite Potentialities in the Soul—The All-Winning	147
Birth, Death and Love	149
God as the Father and Soul as the Son	150
Soul—The Active and Passive Agent	152
Where the Damned Dwell	156
The Fish Looking for Water	157
Renunciation	158
Nothing Like Original Simplicity	160
Inner Urger	161
The Copyist—Losing What He Never Possessed	162
Gems	165
A Teacher's Tale	166
Fragrance That Sustained Him	167
My Beloved	168
Soul's Adventure	169
Common Path	170
Pygmalion and Galatea	171
The Love of Indra—Ramayana	173
Forcing the Kingdom of Heaven	177
A Song of the Beautiful Being	179

Introduction

All wisdom is one: to understand the spirit that rules all by all.



Being but one, she is capable of all; immutable in herself, she renews all things; she diffuses herself among the nations in saintly souls.



Whatsoever things were written aforetime, were written for our learning.



True knowledge does not grow old, so have declared the sages of all times.



There is only one ethics, as there is only one geometry. But the majority of men, it will be said, are ignorant of geometry. Yes, but as soon as they begin to apply themselves a little to that science, all are in agreement. Cultivators, workmen, and artisans have not gone through courses in ethics; they have not read Cicero or Aristotle, but the moment they begin to think on the subject they become, without knowing it, the disciples of Cicero. The Indian dyer, the Tatar shepherd, and the English sailor know what is just and what is unjust. Confucius did not invent a system of ethics as one invents a system of physics. He had discovered it in the heart of mankind.



The sage's rule of moral conduct has its principle in the hearts of all men.



In order to live a happy life, man should understand what life is, and what he can or cannot do. The best and wisest men in all nations have taught it to us, from all times. All the doctrines of the sages meet in their foundation, and it is this

Poems and Parables

There was neither existence, nor nonexistence,
The kingdom of air, nor the sky beyond.

What was there to contain, to cover in—
Was it but vast, unfathomed depths of water?

There was no death there, nor immortality.
No sun was there, dividing day from night.

Then was there only THAT, resting within itself.
Apart from it, there was not anything.

At first within the darkness veiled in darkness,
Chaos unknowable, the ALL lay hid.

Till straightway from the formless void made manifest
By the great power of heat was born that germ.



The sage asks if his pupil has ever endeavored to find out how he can hear what cannot be heard, how he can see what cannot be seen, and how he can know what cannot be known? He then asks for the fruit of the nyagrodha tree.

“Here is one, sir.”

“Break it.”

“It is broken, sir.”

“What do you see there?”

“Not anything, sir.”

“My son,” said the father, “that subtle essence which you do not perceive there, of that very essence this the great nyagrodha tree exists. Believe it, my son. That which is the subtle essence, in all that exists has itself. It is the True. It is the Self; and thou, my son, art it.”

A Cage

There was a cage set with mirrors on all sides, and a full-blown rose was kept in the center of the cage. And in the cage was a nightingale, and the bird saw the reflection of the rose in the mirrors. Whichever way the bird saw, there was the rose! Every time she flew toward the rose in the mirror, every time she struck the mirror and fell back wounded. But as the bird turned its face away from the mirrors, there was the rose in the center of the cage! O man! This world is the cage. And the pleasure thou seekest outside thyself is within thee!

Brahma

If the red slayer thinks he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep, and pass and turn again.

Far or forgot to me is near;
Shadow and sunlight are the same,
The vanished Gods to me appear;
And one to me are shame and fame.

They reckon ill who leave me out;
When me they fly, I am the wings;
I am the doubter and the doubt,
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.

The strong gods pine for my abode
And pine in vain the *sacred seven*
But thou, meek lover of the good!
Find me and turn thy back on heaven.

Fables of the Praying Dog

This is Zero's story. He is reputed to be the largest dog in the world.

Among the things he does is to go through the motions of prayer. With pious knees he prostrates himself and covers his face with sanctimonious paws.

We imagine he is kidding hypocrites among the human kind.

However, it is related that one day he was questioned, though we do not vouch for the truth of this and it may be only a fable.

"Zero, to what church do you belong?" he was asked.

He appeared not to understand and, indeed, exclaimed, "Church! What's church?"

"Church," he was answered, "is a place people go to to pray. God is in the church."

"I never heard of that," he replied. "The God I know about is in people. When I see a gentle face I say, 'This is God,' and I look up to it and worship it.

"When a kind hand strokes me, I say, 'This is the hand of God.'

"When a child embraces me, I feel the loving-kindness of God."

But whoever was questioning the dog could not understand this, for he had always believed God was only in the church.

And he said to the dog, "I never heard of that before."

"You are like me," the dog observed. "I never heard of God in the church, and you never heard of God in people."

"And is He in all people? In black people, for instance?"

And the dog replied, "Once a black man was good to me. He scratched my back for me and held his arms about my neck. And I said, 'This is God,' and I looked up to him and worshipped him."

“And what do you pray for when you pray?” the man asked the dog.

“I pray that God shall always be in all men,” the dog answered. “God is the goodness of men by which I live.”

But the man could not understand the religion of the dog and went about saying, “The dog has a strange religion. He sees God in men but, of course, he is a dumb animal and can’t be expected to have an enlightened religion.”

And the man went to the church to seek God.

The Song of the Sannyasin

I.

Wake up the note! The song that had its birth
Far off, where the worldly taint could never reach;
In mountain caves, and glades of forest deep,
Whose calm no sigh for lust or wealth or fame
Could ever dare to break; where rolled the stream
Of knowledge, truth, and bliss that follows both;
Sing high that note, Sannyasin bold! Say—
“Om tat sat, Om!”

II.

Strike off thy fetters! Bonds that bind thee down,
Of shining gold, or darker, baser ore;
Love, hate—good, bad—and all the dual throng.
Know slave is slave, caressed or whipped, not free;
For fetters though of gold are not less strong to bind;
Then off with them, Sannyasin bold! Say—
“Om tat sat, Om!”

III.

Let darkness go; the will-o'-the-wisp that leads
With blinking light to pile more gloom on gloom.
This thirst for life, forever quench; it drags,
From birth to death and death to birth, the soul.
He conquers all who conquers self. Know this
And never yield, Sannyasin bold! Say—
“Om tat sat, Om!”

Sufi Saint

To heaven approached a Sufi saint,
From groping in the darkness late,
And tapping timidly and faint,
Besought admission at God's gate.

Said God, "Who seeks to enter here?"
"Tis I, dear Friend," the saint replied,
And trembled much with hope and fear;
"If it be thou, without abide."

Sadly to earth the poor saint turned,
To bear the scourging of life's rod,
But aye his heart within him yearned
To mix and lose his love in God's.

He roamed alone through weary years,
By cruel men still scorned and mocked,
Until from faith's pure fires and tears,
Again he rose and modest knocked.

Asked God: "Who now is at the door?"
"It is thyself, beloved Lord!"
Answered the saint in doubt no more,
But clasped and rapt in his reward.

Omniscience

A materialist was passing through a watermelon field. Seeing big bulky watermelons growing on such small silky creepers, he remarked, "They tell me there is a ruling intelligence in the world that brings out all things to perfection. I am amazed to see such lack of it right here—huge watermelons coming out of such tiny creepers—why, there is no God."

It was a hot day, and the materialist was very much tired, so he sought the shade of a big banyan tree to rest under. Now, this tree is a giant in size, covering up lots of space, but its fruit is very tiny, not bigger than a piece of grape. Seeing the gigantic tree and the tiniest fruit, he grinned again at the absurdity of the divine intelligence, if there was any.

It so happened, while he was asleep, a small fruit of the tree fell on his nose and awakened him roughly; and he exclaimed, "Had there been a watermelon, this would have been my funeral." I now know, he said to himself, that everything is as it ought to be, and that the Supreme Intelligence is infallible.

Infinity

Each atom holds the boundless God concrete
Besides whose abstract Being nothing is;
Each mind, each point of dust, is God complete—
Who knows but this, the magic key is his.