

"The goal that was named cannot be countermanded."

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## "CAST NO ONE OUT OF YOUR HEART."

"The illuminated sage regards with equal mind an illuminated, selfless Brahmin, a cow, an elephant, a dog, and even an outcast who eats the flesh of dogs."—*Bhagavad Gītā*.

ONLY a few years have passed since one who was called "the greatest of the Exiles" said, "Cast no one out of your heart," and to-day, as these words recurred to my mind. I thought what narrow dwelling places our hearts often are, and through what strange happenings we come to widen them. The other day I saw a look of such utter tenderness flash across a flower-girl's face as she glanced at her little infant, and covered it up more closely from the cold wind, that I felt compelled to question her about it, and when I said; "Is it not rather a trouble to take the little one about so?" She answered, with a little laugh and another loving look at the child, "Ah, sure, no, it's a blessing to have it to care for." This was a revelation to me of a heart fashioning itself as a dwelling-place for that divine compassion which at last will enfold all beings, and to-day, as the great exile's half-forgotten teaching returned to my memory, it seemed inseparably linked together with the poor flower-girl's words, and pondering over this I thought that perhaps the same tender spirit in both hearts formed the link.

I wondered, also, why these words should haunt me with such a strange persistency; had they a new significance for me, for often I have found that when a wise sentence lingers and floats about me it has been an interior voice recalling me to something which, though familiar to the mind, had been strange to the heart and unpractised by the will. Almost accusingly the voice continued to murmur, "Cast no one out of your heart," and as I walked through the city streets I sought for the meaning of the Exile's words, and thought that perhaps they applied to a certain contemptuous mental attitude to others I allowed myself to drift into sometimes.

The Ancient Wisdom declares we all have birth from one divine source; in that inner world of our inception there is perfect unity, though for a time we forget it in this external