

III
16th October, 1936, Nasik
&
28th October, 1936, Shirdi

Rao Bahadur S.B.DhumaL, B.A., L.L.B, Pleader, Brahmin, aged 63, Nasik says:

I have one great difficulty in answering the question “What are your experiences of Sai Baba?” All hours of the day and night, I am having experiences of Baba. There is no incident or event in my life which I do not connect with him however trivial it may appear to be. I firmly believe that everything in my life is swayed by Baba. What then is to be mentioned as my experience? Of course, the outside world will not be ready to accept my belief as correct or well founded. But that matters nothing to me. In fact, that very disbelief of people seems to be a reason for refusing to disclose one’s experience. Every devotee feels that his experiences are his own, and are given to him for his own spiritual and temporal benefit and not for ventilation or publication to the general public which, of course, includes masses of ignorant, irrelevant carping critics and scoffers. Yet ardent biographers are anxious to ferret out one’s innermost secret and sacred experiences to embellish their work. But the devotee whom they delve into feels that in the very act of dragging the secret experience into light, its reality and life are destroyed. The anatomist anxious to examine the living organism inch by inch cuts out what he wants and places it under his

microscope, but in that very act, life is destroyed and what he examines with his instrument is dead tissue and not the living organism. The best way of understanding Baba is to experience him oneself. Where is Baba gone? In down-right earnest can get into touch with him, today and at once. But if one will not do that, but wants experiences, second hand, third hand or even fifth hand, he will get but poor stuff. I feel also very strongly the regrettable facts that experiences which get their significance and full force when expressed in our vernacular are to be now expressed to you and by you in English and that the loss in transition will be serious.

Any how as you want some facts about Baba I shall narrate some that I can personally vouch for i.e., about myself chiefly.

I was first (in 1903) devoted to Gajanan Maharaj whom I took to Srimant Gopalrao Buti. About 1907 I went to Sai Baba. From my very first visit, I was greatly impressed with his extraordinary personality. At his unspoken command, I took Buti to him and at once Buti also became his devoted follower. Among the services of the latter to Baba, perhaps the most momentous and memorable is his allowing his huge stone pile (Dagdiwada) to be used as the temple for the reception of the mortal remains and the worship of Baba. It is difficult to sort out my collections of Baba, as I consider that every act of mine and every event in my life is moulded and directed by him, I may quote some sayings and acts of His which threw light on what Sai Baba is, has done, and is doing for devotees (like me).

Once Baba told me "At every step of yours, I am taking care of you. If I did not, what will become of you, God knows". This was no overstatement. At another time, when we two were alone, Baba told me "Bhau, the whole of last night, I had no sleep".

I: Baba, Why so?

Baba: I was thinking and thinking of you, all the night.

At this declaration, I was overpowered by a sudden gush of love, gratitude, surprise etc. feelings which could find no other expression than a free flow of tears. What intense love he had for me! What an amount of trouble he took for my sake! Just as I was always thinking of him, he was kind enough to think of me- with this difference. My thought of him, though loving, was weak, and I could render him no real service. But his love was accompanied by such vast insight and such power that I was helped in every act and event. He could and did foresee things far ahead and took every required step to avert the evil and accelerate or promote the good that was coming to me. There are numerous instances that may be cited to show this. Outsiders may not be convinced that every such benefit derived by me was and is due to his guidance and ordering. But some instances of his help are so glaring that any fair minded inquirer who is open to conviction, will be immediately convinced of the truth of what has been stated by Baba and by me.

Emboldened by his love, I used to write to him and Sri Madhava Rao Deshpande would read my letters to him and communicate his replies to me. In some cases, even during his lifetime and in all cases after his Mahasamadhi (1918 October) I addressed my queries to him mentally or by prayerfully placing chits (or casting lots) before his portrait and I invariably got his answer showing me what was the correct and safe course for me to follow. I invariably followed his advice- however much it might run counter to "common sense", "medical opinion", "rules of prudence" etc., and invariably discovered that the path chosen for me by Baba was the safest and wisest.

HYGIENE, ETC.

I have lived in this ancestral house of mine in the main road of Nasik, all my life. When plague broke out and dead rats were found in the house, I wrote to Shirdi for Baba's direction before moving out and left the house as soon as I got his reply. As I am ever under his protection and

doing nothing without his guidance. I felt perfectly safe in remaining in the house till I got his reply. He has said that at every step he was guiding me. I knew he was guiding me- I had implicit faith in the truth of his words. He knew everything that was happening or was to happen at Nasik or in any other place and would not allow any harm to befall me while I was placing this childlike trust in and reliance on him. During all these twenty nine year of such reliance, there is not a single instance in which such protection failed or such trust found misplaced.

After receiving Baba's reply, I moved to a bungalow at Nasik. But the same night a dead rat was found near the bed of my brother's son at the bungalow. Again I sought Baba's advice by letter whether I should move away. The reply was in the negative. And contrary to the rules of prudence and wisdom of medical experts and laymen, I kept on living with my family at the bungalow. No harm befell us. Later, dead rats were found in the servant's quarters, in the houses, in the neighbourhood, and lastly, in the well from which alone we had drawn all our supply of water for drinking, cooking etc. At this, I wrote at once to Baba for permission and in anticipation of its arrival which I considered as certain, I packed up all our things and carted them off to this our house in the Bazar street. I went to the house and was just trying to unlock the front door, when a postal letter from Shirdi was delivered to me. That conveyed Baba's reply to me. "aapan kasala sodave tethech rahave" i.e., "Why should we give up (i.e. change) our residence?" I adopted this advice without question or demur and went back immediately to the infected bungalow and lived in it. As for, water, I took the precaution of avoiding the well and getting all our water from the river Godavari. This further apparently risky and foolhardy step of reoccupation did not result in any harm to us. There were times during the Plague Season when there were 14 or 15 deaths per day due to plague in the town and despite that fact, Baba bade us stay in the house in town and we were all safe.

Baba's kindness to me was not confined to temporal affairs. I lost my wife in 1909. I was anxious about her soul's welfare and was performing the monthly (masik) ceremonies. At the time when the sixth month's ceremony had to be per-

formed Baba told me to perform it at Shirdi and promised to give my wife *Sadgati*, (i.e., literally a good start for her soul's further spiritual course). I went to Shirdi accordingly and performed that Masik there. Baba then asked me for Rs.15 dakshina and I gave it. I have implicit faith in the truth of Baba's declarations and have had ample verification in matters which admit of verification, which naturally fortifies my faith in his statements as to matters unseen and apparently incapable of verification. I am sure my wife got Sadgati by Baba's grace. Then, as I was in 1909 a vigorous and healthy lawyer, aged 36, without issue, the question of marrying a second time was frequently considered, especially by my friends and well wishers. Among them was my father-in-law, Rao Bahadur Bapu Rao Dada Kinkhede, M.A., a pleader of Nagpur. When I told him that I could never act without a direction from Baba, he took me to Shirdi and then went to Baba without me. He came back in five minutes and intimated to me that he could read Baba's negative reply from his eyes and told me not to marry without Baba's express consent or order. Of course, I never acted without Baba's consent. Up-to-date, Baba has not made me marry and I have continued my life of "single blessedness". Alike from the temporal and spiritual view point Baba has settled this course for me and after a fairly happy and successful temporal life, Baba is developing in me a slow but sure detachment from the temporal comforts and I am surrendering my self to his guidance without the faintest fear for my future here or hereafter inspite of the fact that his ways are mysterious, highly puzzling and really inscrutable in many matters. As for temporal success, it is not vain glory but a desire to set down the actual truth that makes me inform you that almost invariably my professional efforts were crowned with success and from their financial or personal aspect also, I had nothing to complain of, as my income tax would clearly indicate. It was all due to Baba's help and grace. Yet despite all this temporal success, he keeps me free-more and more free, from worldly shackles and ready for retirement when he gives the signal.

I had some public activities also which I took up with Baba's permission and in which his miraculous intervention and help were occasionally seen. Some instances appear so

incredible that I first hesitated to reveal them. But it matters nothing to me whether they command other people's belief or not. As you want the truth, here is the truth as known to or experienced by me.

I will give instances of Baba's help in professional matters first and then proceed to his help in public matters. Some 20 or 25 years ago, there was a Criminal Case from Shirdi. There have always been party feeling and factions at Shirdi as in most villages. One Raghu, a servitor of Baba and five others were arrested on a charge of outraging the modesty of a *Marwadi* woman and on the direct evidence of "number of eye-witnesses", were convicted and sentenced to six months period less of imprisonment. Tatya Patel Khote's sympathies and help were on the side of the accused. He took up a copy of the judgement and papers to eminent lawyers like the Hon. G.S.Khaparde and H.S.Dixit and retired Magistrates like Rao Bahadur H.V.Sathe, who were at Shirdi. These found the judgement was strong and gave little hope of success in case an appeal should be filed. Tatya Patel was keen on an acquittal and went to Baba, who simply told him, "Go to Bhau with the papers". He accordingly came to Nasik and showed me the papers. After going through the judgement and finding hardly any hope of success on appeal, I told Tatya to employ eminent Counsel from Bombay or prominent lawyers at Ahmadnagar where the appeal had to be filed. But he told me that Baba's order was to go to me and so I felt I had neither option nor responsibility on my shoulders. I wrote out an appeal memo, after studying the papers and took it to the District Magistrate at his residence. He asked me without receiving or reading the judgement or appeal memo what the matter was about and I very briefly recited that it was a conviction of six appellants for outraging the modesty of a woman based on the testimony of a number of witnesses, who professed to have seen it and that the case had now come up in appeal to him. Then he said it looked like a strong case and asked me what I thought of it. I said that the case and its number of witnesses were due to faction in the village. "Do you think so?" He asked and I replied "Think! I am more than sure of it". He pronounced judgement at once, orally acquitting all the appellants and immediately took up my appeal memo and wrote on it his judgement mentioning

the facts I relied upon. As soon as this was over he asked me "How is your Sai Baba of Shirdi? Is he a Moslem or a Hindu? What does he teach you?" I answered that Sai Baba was neither a Hindu nor a Moslem but above both and that I could not state what his teachings were- to know which, he must go in person to Baba at Shirdi. The Magistrate promised to go and in fact tried one summer day to visit Shirdi but gave up the idea at Kopergaon, on account of the excessive heat. The prompt oral judgement without reading or receiving any papers (ofcourse without sending for the records of the First Court or giving notice to the police or Public Prosecutor followed up by questions about Sai Baba were clear indications of the power that brought about the acquittal. What followed would confirm this view. I returned from Ahmadnagar to Shirdi. There, on that day, the residents were sadly going to attend the cremation of H.S.Dixit's daughter. But Baba called some of them to him at the Masjid and said, "Do not go away. I will show you some Chamatkar, (i.e., miracle)". They did not see any miracle and went away to attend the funeral. Shortly, thereafter, I returned from Ahmadnagar with news of the acquittal by the District Magistrate in the above fashion. Then they found what the Chamatkar referred to by Baba was.

I shall give only one more instance in matters professional. There was a charge against and conviction of three brothers for grievous hurt in as much as they had attacked their opponents and broken a bone of one of them. The injured man had been attended to by a medical man, who was not a qualified or certified Doctor and treated for over twenty days in his private hospital. I was engaged for the appellants and I went up with the appeal memo and a bail application. The Sessions Judge, who was a senior European Officer remarked on hearing my application that the case was strong (against the appellants) and he was not going to allow bail. I at once thought of Baba and then turned to the Judge. I told him that the evidence of a bone being broken was that of a "quack" or unqualified person and that the prosecution evidence was interested and unreliable and that as all three appellants, who were agriculturists, were in jail, the agricultural work of their family could not be carried on, that in case their sentence should be confirmed, they could be sent to jail

finally etc. At once the Judge allowed bail. When the case came up for argument, the Public Prosecutor asked me if I was going to argue on the merits for an acquittal against such a strong judgement, or whether I would briefly ask for clemency, in which later case he would not oppose. Though I felt the strength of the judgement, I put on a brave face and said that I would go the whole hog and fight for an acquittal. I did argue for a reversal before the Judge but wound up with a prayer for reduction of sentence. The Judge retorted that if I was merely asking for mercy of the court I need not have taken so much time to contest the conviction. When the public Prosecutor was arguing, the Judge wanted to know how he made out a case of grievous hurt as the opinion of an unqualified man, a quack could not be accepted as to the breakage of a bone. The reply was that the injured man had been in the Hospital for over 20 days. The Judge sharply answered, "That is an argument which you can advance before a 3rd Class Magistrate. Remember you are arguing before a Sessions Judge and not before a 3rd class Magistrate". On receiving this snub, the Public Prosecutor collapsed; there was no further argument and the appellants were acquitted.

Regarding public work, I may first mention that I was the first Non-Official President of the Nasik District Local Board (nominated by Government) and that I served in that capacity from 1-11-1917 to 13-5-25. I had personally to sign thousands of papers myself without the use of a facsimile seal- a proceeding which took many hours of my day; and one consequence of this heavy public work was to ruin my legal practice and reduce my income-tax from 260 odd rupees to zero in recognition of which sacrifice, this Sanad of Rao Bahadur was granted to me in 1927- a very poor and unsubstantial recognition you may say- but it is still some form of recognition. Any how I faced the work and went on trusting in Baba for the proper execution of my office. A peon had to carry these papers to me and blot each signature and after some hours the work would be over and the papers sent back to the office. One day, when the papers were before me, a visitor for whom I had much regard came in and stayed talking with me till midnight and so the signatures had to be postponed till the next day. The next morning, I found no time and as I was leaving the town, I sent back the papers to

the office. When I returned to the town that night, I found only that day's papers brought for my signature and when I wanted the previous day's papers, I found that they all bore my signature. The peon had been sent away for his meal, the previous midnight and how the thousands of signatures had been affixed to the papers I could not guess. I have no other explanation for it, except Baba and his superhuman powers.

Another public act of mine in which Baba's helping hand is traceable is this. As President, District Local Board, Primary Schools were under me. Deepawali holidays had fallen immediately after the close of the month. The educational Inspector a Mohammedan gentleman, one day came to me and asked me to make disbursements to help the teachers in such a big festival. At first I did not consider his request seriously. Two or three days after, he again reminded me of his proposal. I asked the Chief Officer whether this could be done. He answered in the negative as sanction of Government grant was not received and that Account Office informed my office not to issue cheque in the absence of sanction. I was helpless. Again the Educational Inspector opened the subject to me. I was inclined to agree but wanted Baba's permission. I cast lots and Baba approved disbursement. I at once issued cheque and sent the same to the Account Office, with the result that it was cashed, payments made and all the teachers were pleased. But what was to happen to me for brushing aside the Accountant's objection and issuing the cheque? By Baba's grace, it was nothing more than an audit objection raised long after the event and communicated to me and my reply to it or endorsement thereon was "noted for future guidance". There the matter ended.

Amidst the innumerable instances of Baba's help to me at every turn or crisis of my life I may select a few. In 1910, my intimate friend, Srimant Gopal Rao Buti, was anxious to help me. He agreed to lend me the necessary sums to maintain me in England for my study at the Bar and my family in India during my absence. We had settled in full detail all parts of this scheme and went to Baba for his approval. When Madhav Rao Deshpande put him the question "Should not Bhav (i.e. myself) be sent to Vilayat (i.e., England)?" Baba asked "What for?"

M.Deshpande : To study for the Bar.

Baba: No. His Illayat (natural aptitude) and Vilayat (will of heaven) are not in *Bilayat*, but in this country. Why should he go to England? I realised then that,
 “The best laid schemes of mice and men
 Do often go astray”.

In 1912, I underwent an operation in J.J.Hospital under chloroform. It was a serious venture. But I saw Baba seated on a chair at my head, close to the operation table before the chloroform began to operate. He was there to look after me and I felt reassured. The operation was, in fact, safely performed and was a success. In 1915, I was offered the Public Prosecutorship at Nasik but I took two days' time to consider and wrote at once to Baba. Quickly came the reply “Your former work is good. Do not accept the new” and I declined the offer.

In 1918, a few days before Baba passed away, influenza was raging at Shirdi, at Poona and many other places. At Poona my brother's wife had a very serious attack and he wired to me about it to Nasik. So I started at once with Rs.80 in my pocket to cover expenses of the journey and to meet all contingencies. I halted enroute at Shirdi to get Baba's blessings and Udhi for the patient. When I went to him, Baba took from me dakshina repeatedly and the Rs.80 or the balance thereof was cleared off my hand in no time. This was no good augury of my trip to Poona being achieved or made useful to the patient. When I craved leave to go, Baba said in his characteristic fashion (reminding one of the form of the Regal Veto “The King will consider”) Udhya pah i.e. we shall see (what to do) tomorrow. He stopped me for three days. Meanwhile, a wire from Poona announced that the patient had expired. After that Baba gave me leave to go away. It was clear that Baba saw what was happening and to happen to my sister-in-law and judged it best for her to depart from the world and me to reach Poona some days after her departure. His reasons for such judgement, I could not discover. But surely he was in a position to judge and I was not. So I meekly accepted his decision as final, as usual. This was shortly before he himself passed away and he gave me on the above occa-

sion the last opportunity of spending a few days with him while he was in the flesh. By Baba's grace, I soon recovered some part of my former financial position after it was wrecked by District Local Board President ship or by acceptance of other office.

I was holding the office of Revenue Member of the Dewar State from 1-9-1930 to 9-4-1932 and I was the Karbhari of the Surgana State from end of 1932 to August 1933. Each time I returned to Nasik, I resumed my practice and got on as well as I did before, without having to wait idly even for a day. Baba's kind help on the financial side was manifested in a peculiar incident while I was in the latter State. One day I was seated at my meal and the Chief of the that state walked into my room. I apologized for my inability to leave the table and accord him a proper reception or even to offer him a fitting chair or seat. But he quickly walked into the next room, gazed a while at the portrait of Sai Baba that was hanging on the wall and returned to my dining room. He at once announced to me that from that time. I should have an increase of Rs.50 in my salary. I had never asked for this increase. This grant of an increase in salary within a fortnight of my appointment and without any motion on my part can only be explained by having been with Baba in my Pooja room. I had not asked for the increase. Baba evidently had mavuliche chitt lekurache hit i.e. the child's welfare is the mother's care.

As for my pooja, I may mention that I had first the photos of Baba and later the coloured or painted portraits of Baba for worship. I carried these pictures whenever I went. When I was tossing between Dewar and Nasik several times, first my cook at Dewar and later my nephew at Nasik wanted them or some of them to be left behind. Each time I cast lots before Baba, to ascertain his wish and each time came the answer that I should carry them with me. The middle portrait which I constrained Radhakrishna Ayi to part with I specially like. In it, Baba is standing in a pensive or meditative mood. It reminds me of that important occasion when he made the disclosure "Bhav, I had no sleep all night due to thinking and thinking of you". I was passing by the side of the Masjid with that picture in my hands from Ayi's residence. Baba called

me and I went into the Masjid. Pointing to the portrait, he asked.

Baba: What is this?

I : You are here.

Baba: Give it to me.

I gave it to him. He kept it a while, gazed at its front side and back side and returned it to me, saying “keep it”. This is the very thing my heart was desiring, to get Baba’s portrait, touched by him and given to me for purposes of worship. This now a personal gift by Baba to me and I regard it with great veneration.

Baba gave me other articles to be kept safe and sacred. On the first occasion he took Rs.2 from me as a dakshina and returned it saying “japunna tteva konola devu” i.e. “Preserve this carefully. Do not part with it to any one nor spend it.” With the same direction, he gave me again Rs.2 on another occasion, Rs.20, Rs.15 and Rs.30 on other occasions- making a sum of Rs.69 which I preserve very carefully, not merely as mementos of Baba’s loving care for me but as charmed coins that carry luck with them. Each of these gifts was characteristic of Baba. When I and G.Buty were present, Baba asked the latter for Rs. 20 dakshina and when he gave it, Baba transferred it to me. On other occasions he gave me sums totalling Rs.30. On another occasion he asked for and got Rs.30 from Buty and sharing it between his palms suddenly divided it into two parts and held each in one hand. He gave the contents of one hand to Buti and one to me. We went to our quarters and counted our sums. To our surprise, we found each got exactly Rs.15. The true lover gives and receives. dadati prati grihyathi And Baba’s love took moneys from me. I gave them gladly. These dakshinas are often found to convey an allegorical esoteric meaning which the circumstances or accompanying remarks throw light upon.

Baba has at times reduced his devotees on their visit to an absolutely penniless condition, by taking away all the cash with them, on the possession of which they had been relying. Yatyanugrahamichhami tasya sarva haramahyam He has frequently reduced me also to this condition. I have, however, entertained neither regret at parting with he last pie nor fear. For, it is He who gives and He who takes back what he has given.

It is up to him to provide us with ways and means when he denudes us of every bit of cash. And he has never failed to provide. As instances, besides the eighty rupees incident of 1918 that I mentioned above, I can cite others. It will, however, suffice to give two more instances. Some time prior to the above incident when I went to him, he by repeated requests for dakshina took away all I had. Then again he asked me "Bhav, give me Rs.7". I explained that I had nothing left with me. He then told me to get it from some one. This was valuable lesson to me in humility. I must not consider myself too high to beg or borrow. In fact, this lesson was so forcibly brought home to me when I visited Shirdi, after he attained Mahasamadhi, that I went round to beg for bread in the places where Baba used to beg for his bread. By such means, his grace has kept down my pride and egoism which otherwise would soar so high as to avoid contact with the so-called "lower strata" of society.

On another occasion after depleting my resources, Baba asked me for Rs.50 and When I told him I had no cash left, he made me go round and ask some person, who gave me a negative reply. Then he made me go to Rao Bahadur Sathe., who rejoiced at the request being made to him. The significance of my going to the latter for Rs.50 was not explained to me then. But much later I was told that at that time, Rao Bahadur's claim for pension was being considered; the matter in doubt was whether it should be a lower amount as first calculated on the last permanent appointment or an amount higher by Rs.50 being based on a calculation his *sub protem* appointment. He succeeded in gaining his higher pension and Baba's direction that I should go to him for Rs.50 was indicative of his success and the date of the order was the date of Baba's demand for Rs.50.

On the occasion of the "Chamatkar" criminal appeal, the appellants without any demand from me paid me a fee of Rs.300. Baba, during my stay of three days on my return from Ahmadnagar, took away exactly that sum from me, by repeated requests for dakshina. It was most fitting and proper that there should be no receipt of consideration by me for defending my own Guru's servitor and at his behest especially, when I had really done no work and when the entire success was due to his miraculous control over the

District Magistrate's mind. In closing this brief account of my personal experience, I may quote a few of Baba's spiritual teachings or declarations.

He once made a remark which would intensify and strengthen our faith in Him and give us some clue to his real nature. To some one who was talking of God, he said "Why do you say 'God', 'God?' God is in my pocket?" As to God's dual or multiple function, (Suggested for instance by the *Trimurthis* welded into one as Datta or Brahman) he once made a pregnant remark. With his usual lavish generosity coupled with personal humility he was one day preparing his handi i.e., himself cooking food for hundreds and freely feeding the poor and all that wanted the food, with his own personal labour. While the *Handi* was being boiled, a Fakir came, who was particularly keen on getting animal food and he put some flesh in to the Handi. As Baba was going on with his cooking. Balasaheb Mirikar evidently disgusted with the transformation of an innocent vegetarian Bhandar to all into a special dinner for those who loved to feast by killing animals for filling their stomachs, asked Baba "Why all this Himsa, i.e. cruelty to other creatures for feeding ourselves. Baba then answered cryptically Jo marila toche taril jo taril to chamaril i.e. literally, "He that slays saves; He that saves slays". This apart from its implied or express reference to the tripartite functions of the God that creates, maintains and withdraws or destroys might be deemed more particularly to refer to the special function of *SatPurushas* like Sai Baba, who bless one with Sadgati when that one (human or sub-human creatures) dies or is killed at their feet or in their proximity.

I may close this account with two incidents from the life of the Late Mr.H.S.Dixit personally communicated by him to me. Mr.Dixit was literally getting embarrassed in his financial arrangements. On one occasion he found that a sum of Rs.30,000 was due for four days later and he was troubled about the question wherefrom and how he was to get the money. That night he dreamt of the creditor as tormenting him with his claim for the amount and he replied in the dream to the creditor in order to reassure him "Do not fear that your amount will not be duly repaid. I have my resources. I know Sri Chimanlal, Sir X and Sir Y. So do not

fear. Shortly thereafter he woke up and remembered the dream. He was aghast at his own ungrateful folly and stupidity in relying on the poor human support of Sir X, Sir Y and Sir Z who would probably disappoint one at the critical moment and leave him in the lurch and his failing to recognise that his only and true sheet-anchor or Providence was Sri Sai. He wept at his folly and went before the portrait of Sai Baba and entreated him to pardon the folly. Thereafter he felt assured that Baba and Baba alone would help him. It was up to Baba to save him and Baba would never fail a devotee at the hour of need. Yet as the day and hour for payment were nearing, he could not discover any money forthcoming. Just the day previous to the due date, while he was ruminating upon his affairs in his office, the son of his late intimate friend and banker called upon him and wanted his advice whether a sum of Rs.30,000 he had, should be invested in one way or in another. Mr.Dixit explained to him difficulties in the proposed investments and added that if the investor was thinking of investing with Mr.Dixit himself, he would be the last person to take advantage of this intimacy with his father and accept the deposit. Mr. Dixit frankly stated that in his embarrassed condition, he would not be able perhaps to return the deposit on the date fixed. The visitor far from being deterred by such revelation insisted that the revealed facts were just his reason for insisting that Mr.Dixit should accept the deposit. The son would not be true to his father, if he failed to help him with an accommodation at the time of need. In this view, he pressed the deposit on Mr.Dixit, who thereupon paid his creditor at the due date. Sai had shown himself capable of wielding tens of thousands of rupees and moulding people's wills and intentions to suit his scheme of helping his devotees.

Mr.Dixit's younger brother, Sadashiv, B.A., L.L.B., tried his hand at practice at Nagpur, Bombay and Khandwa successively with disheartening results. Then H.S.Dixit cast lots before Baba, and with Baba's consent again took him to Bombay to work in his office. After a short time, the result seemed to be unsatisfactory. Mr. Sadashiv told his brother that he would go away. H.S.D wondered how inspite of Baba's approval of Sadashiv's being taken to Bombay, the step should prove to be utterly futile. In any case, he

thought he would postpone his brother's return to Khandwa till after the approaching Deepavali holidays. During those days, things took a strange turn. A friend of Mr.H.S.Dixit came to him and said that the Kutch State required a highly reliable Officer for their Bank with a knowledge of Gujarathi. At once Mr.H.S.Dixit asked him if Mr.Sadashiv would suit. The friend was very glad to have Sadashiv (whom he believed not to be available) and recommended him to the state. Thenceforward, Sadashiv, who was found a failure at Law in so many places, got appointed on a salary of Rs.1,000 a month and held it for a long time. This upshot showed that Baba in allowing or directing his devotee to go to Bombay was seeing not merely the immediate and near future but more distant prospects and enduring benefits.