LITHIC INDUSTRIES
OF
JAMMU

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Hari Mohan Saroj
'Even the smallest meanest work became
A sweet or glad and glorious sacrament
An offering to the self of the great world
Or a service to the one in each and all.'

Sri Aurobindo.

H.M. Saroj.
This world is God fulfilled in outwardness.

On the ocean surface of vast Consciousness
Small thoughts in shoals are fished up into a net
But the great truths escape her narrow cast;
Guarded from vision by creation's depth,
Obscure they swim in blind enormous guls
Safe from the little sounding leads of mind,
Too far for the puny diver's shallow plunge.
Our mortal vision peers with ignorant eyes;
It has no gaze on the deep heart of things.

Yet Light is there; it stands at Nature's doors;
It holds a torch to lead the traveller in,
It waits to be kindled in our secret cells;
It is a star lighting an ignorant sea,
A lamp upon our poop piercing the night.
As knowledge grows Light flames up from within;
It is a shining warrior in the mind,
An eagle of dreams in the divining heart,
An armour in the fight, a bow of God.