Can the sower know for certain how his sowing will produce? Will hail fall, will there be enough horses to take out the given harvest? The sower can only surmise, it is not given to him to know. Vigour and tenacity are given him in drawing each new furrow of the field. The sower knows the dates of sowing and makes haste not to let them pass, even in a single premise.

The builders of wonderful temples and strongholds have not known if it would be given to them to complete them. Yet for all that, they laid the foundations in steadfast confidence and kept on erecting, as long as there were forces and possibilities. Sometimes only in the course of centuries was the structure crowned, but those who began new foundations were not distressed by this and did not grow cold in their constructive zeal.

Construction is prayer of the heart. Sowing is a necessity of the spirit. If one has doubts and grieves beforehand at all the dangers which may happen to the future harvest, then of course this will be not life but the worst dissoluteness. If the spirit be crushed by the unlikelihood of completing the structure, then of course this will be a retreat into savagery.

A writer inspires readers unknown to him. A singer composes his tunes for listeners unknown to him. A creator sends his attainings to the need and joy of the world. Does the bird sing for itself or for the world? It cannot help singing each morning. Not fearing a marauder, the bird builds its nest on the ordained date.

The builder has to construct. He cannot live without buildings. Construction is his song, his prayer, his most pleasant task. The builder lays the foundation of strongholds and temples and storehouses, not enfeebling himself with the thought who will complete the roof of the building and when. The builder does not let pass the dates of beginning, knowing about the growth of the seed.

Does the builder stop because of uncertainty about resources for the roof? The seed grows and with it grows everything surrounding. The ship does not know all the whirlwinds breaking out along its path yet nonetheless it spreads the needed sails in good time. If we examine the history of all buildings, we are actually amazed at how possibilities came to life while walls and towers went up.

And creator and steersman and builder are not acquainted with fear. The foundations are not made strong in fear and tremblings. The seed is small yet already it has within itself the whole store of growth and flowering and fragrance. The seed will produce also the succeeding seeds. The sower is not afraid to sow, the builder does not fear to construct, if only the heart knows the indeferrable need of harvest and building.

For any beginning a small seed is needed. It is also possible to teach in a very small house. It is possible to create in a cramped corner. It is possible to stand guard in the plainest armour. In each striving for construction will be a search and thirst for new perfectionment. In these quests is the basis of life. Its steadfastness is composed by irresistible striving for attainment. Indeed these attainments are both goal fitted and commensurate.

The so-called Babylonian towers will not be lasting whose sole raison d'être is to surpass each other. The true builder strives...
for perfectionment, but the thought is alien to him of merely outdoing something. The true builder first of all co-measures in order that his building stay within the needful proportions and by its harmony only enhance the consonances of the epoch. The builder understands that such evolution is eternal spiral motion in its infiniteness and unceasingness.

Any incommensurate ugliness will be repulsive to the builder. A feeling of harmony, of commensurateness, is manifested as a distinctive quality of the true builder. It is impossible to teach a man these in-born constructional proportions and provisions. If these qualities are present but dormant, they may be awakened. The sleep of the qualities is broken by the most unexpected means, sometimes unsurmised and unspoken. Wise conversations, quests of broader horizons, the art of thinking, all may awaken in secret the innate constructional needs. By all admissible means it is needful to uncover these secrets, the treasures of which can produce a true usefulness for humanity.

Likewise precisely is it necessary to develop in oneself also the consciousness of how a sturdy tree always grows up from a small seed. So many times people have tried to plant in the ground large adult trees, and almost never have these incommensurate plantings produced lasting results. But in order to realize the goalfittedness of planting from the seed, one has to understand in spirit and to grow to love all the miracle-working power of the seed.

The observation and investigation of seeds gives rise to most unusual meditations. Even while it knows beyond question what giants grow out of the tiniest seeds, the human mind is always hesitant about this miracle. How is this possible, that within the tiniest envelope there have already been conserved all the forms of the future structure, all its curative and nutritive properties? The builder must think upon these seeds, from which so strongly and goalfittedly grows the whole succeeding tree in many ages.

It is possible for the builder to delay his constructive thoughts until all the means of fulfilment shall be mechanically collected together. It needs to be remembered that the resources grow together with the process of construction. If the means be exhausted before the structure is finished, this only means that somewhere new stores have already come into being, already been composed, and it is necessary to look for them.

The work of the builder must be joyous work. In his heart he knows his building to be completed. The fuller and deeper the builder realizes this summation, the more joyful will his path be. In his very being the builder cannot be an egoist, for surely he does not build for himself! The builder first of all understands the meaning of formational movement and therefore in his thinking he cannot be immobile.

Each immobility is already death, it is the forerunner of dissolution and downfall. And just as precisely is each construction the forerunner of life. Therefore at each decision of the builder there starts up an outpouring of new energy. What appeared unbearable yesterday becomes easy when the necessity of the new building is affirmed in the spirit. Verily in each new structure is manifested the beautiful.

Builders are of all kinds. They touch all earthly limits. Let this creative diversity be preserved, for in the very greatest creativeness there is primarily an incalculable multiplicity. Wherever there is even the embryo of constructiveness there will deserts come to life. Aside from all the physical deserts, there remain most terrible the deserts of the spirit. But each builder will already be an enlightened reviver of these most menacing deserts.

Long live beautiful construction!

Srinivasa Varadachari & Co., 190, Mount Road, Madras.