

**Track 33: Section 4, lines 444 to end**

445 To a road she came thronged with an ardent crowd  
Who sped brilliant, fire-footed, sunlight-eyed,  
Pressing to reach the world's mysterious wall,  
And pass through masked doorways into outer mind  
Where the Light comes not nor the mystic voice,  
450 Messengers from our subliminal greatneses,  
Guests from the cavern of the secret soul.  
Into dim spiritual somnolence they break  
Or shed wide wonder on our waking self,  
Ideas that haunt us with their radiant tread,  
455 Dreams that are hints of unborn Reality,  
Strange goddesses with deep-pooled magical eyes,  
Strong wind-haired gods carrying the harps of hope,  
Great moon-hued visions gliding through gold air,  
Aspiration's sun-dream head and star-carved limbs,  
460 Emotions making common hearts sublime.  
And Savitri mingling in that glorious crowd,  
Yearning to the spiritual light they bore,  
Longed once to hasten like them to save God's world;  
But she reined back the high passion in her heart;  
465 She knew that first she must discover her soul.  
Only who save themselves can others save.  
In contrary sense she faced life's riddling truth:  
They carrying the light to suffering men  
Hurried with eager feet to the outer world;  
470 Her eyes were turned towards the eternal source.  
Outstretching her hands to stay the throng she cried:  
"O happy company of luminous gods,  
Reveal, who know, the road that I must tread,—  
For surely that bright quarter is your home,—  
475 To find the birthplace of the occult Fire  
And the deep mansion of my secret soul."  
One answered pointing to a silence dim  
On a remote extremity of sleep  
In some far background of the inner world.  
480 "O Savitri, from thy hidden soul we come.  
We are the messengers, the occult gods  
Who help men's drab and heavy ignorant lives  
To wake to beauty and the wonder of things  
Touching them with glory and divinity;  
485 In evil we light the deathless flame of good  
And hold the torch of knowledge on ignorant roads;  
We are thy will and all men's will towards Light.  
O human copy and disguise of God  
Who seekst the deity thou keepest hid  
490 And livest by the Truth thou hast not known,  
Follow the world's winding highway to its source.  
There in the silence few have ever reached,

Thou shalt see the Fire burning on the bare stone  
And the deep cavern of thy secret soul.”

495 Then Savitri following the great winding road  
Came where it dwindled into a narrow path  
Trode only by rare wounded pilgrim feet.

A few bright forms emerged from unknown depths  
And looked at her with calm immortal eyes.

500 There was no sound to break the brooding hush;  
One felt the silent nearness of the soul.

**End of Canto Three**