

Shri Ramakrishna

Shri Ramakrishna bowing to the prostitute.

“O bearded Sadhu, who art thou, who acteth thus?

Who art thou, who dares this deed?”

“Who am I, what does it matter? Since He is All in All.”

“And who art thou? What does it matter, since He is All in All.”

“And who is she? What does it matter, since Love is All in All.”

Shri Ramakrishna cleaning out the temple,

His long hair is the wash-rag and the towel.

“Who art thou who dost defile this sacred place,

Who desecrates this sacred spot with thy matted tresses?”

“Forbear me, loved of God, but dwelleth not He in places built with hand,

This, yea, this is the true temple of Him,

This temple now I dedicate, that that hand-built one of yours, may indeed be sacred.”

“Forgive, forgive, o Sadhu, for thou knowest,

Makest thy slave to repent to thee.”

“Arise, beloved, thou art forgiven, or naught condemneth,

Why condemneth thy self.

For God is All, and God is Love, so Love is All in All.”