



An Undying Faith of the Infinite in Us, by Rabindranath Tagore

When we watch a child trying to walk, we see its countless failures; its successes are but few.Â If we had to limit our observation within a narrow space of time, the sight would be cruel.Â But we find that in spite of its repeated failures there is an impetus of joy in the child which sustains it in its seemingly impossible task.Â We see it does not think of its falls so much as of its power to keep its balance though for only a moment.

Like these accidents in a child's attempt to walk, we meet with sufferings in various forms in our life every day, showing the imperfections in our knowledge and our available power, and in the application of our will.Â But if these only revealed our weakness to us, we would die of utter depression.Â When we select for observation a limited area of our activities, our individual failures and miseries loom large in our minds; but our life leads us instinctively to take a wider view.Â It gives us an ideal of perfection which ever carries us beyond our present limitations.Â Within us we have a hope which always walks in front of our present narrow experience; it is the undying faith in the infinite in us; it will never accept our disabilities as a permanent fact; it sets no limit to its own scope; it dares to assert that man has oneness with God; and its wild dreams become true everyday.

We see truth when we set our mind towards the infinite.Â The ideal of truth is not in the narrow present, not in our immediate sensations, but in the consciousness of the whole which gives us a taste of what we **should** have in what we **do** have.

--Rabindranath Tagore, in Sadhana

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