Qalam

E magazine of Lakshmibai College

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Teacher Editors' Note

Dear Readers

The exact meaning of Aristotle's catharsis has been subject to much literary dispute and debated over the centuries. However, one of the interpretations of this term is that of a state of purgation or purification of emotions through witness of art that leads to moral - spiritual renewal and internal restoration. Literature is one such avenue that rejuvenates both the reader and the writer, morally and spiritually while tearing down veils and facades which sometimes keep us from realising our true self and potential.

Martin Luther succinctly worded the power of writing - "If you want to change the world, pick up your pen and write". The mighty qalam has always been an instrument of liberation and discovery; of ourselves and that of the world around us. It gives us the power to articulate what we experience which many a time sets us free and may change us and the world around us for the better.

This issue of Qalam endeavours to give an insight into the creativity of our students. An attempt has been made to present a diverse selection of stimulating articles. We invite you to peruse the literary musings of the students. We welcome your valuable suggestions and look forward to your creative criticism. Hope this issue will work as a catalyst by refreshing and liberating the reader's mind while leaving a lasting imprint on them.

Happy Reading

Dr. Anju
Ms. Avantika Chamoli
Mr. Dharmendra Singh

Student Editor's Note

After four semesters on *Qalam's* editorial board, I would like to use my ultimate opportunity, as a student of Lakshmibai College, to reflect the spirited role of an e magazine such as *Qalam* in Lakshmibai.

Lakshmibai's *Qalam* has managed to acquire a unique position in our college. It is through *Qalam* that we strive to reflect and embrace the multiplicity inherent in the cultural spaces of Lakshmibai College. Its principal emphasis has always been geared towards providing a free platform to the students of Lakshmibai College, where they are able to showcase their writing and artistic prowess through articles, poems, and descriptive illustrations. Although, the students and their talent had always been there, we have only recently expanded into the flourishing world of technology through the inception of *Qalam*, where we encourage the college community to produce by broadcasting their creative content customarily.

The magazine, initiated in the year 2015, continues to tremendously surpass its stretch and realize its vision of becoming an unbiased and independent platform for student publication.

As the student editor, I sincerely hope to be able to witness the rapid expansion of our college community.

Somya Guglani

Content

Serial Number	Content	Page Number
1	The Perpetual Fight	6
2	Trial	7
3	A Binding Rope	7
4	The Puppet Show	8
5	Deafening Silence	8
6	Haiku	9
7	Of Black and White	9
8	Don't do this , Don't do that	10
9	The Realm of Fear	11
10	Hope to Cope	12
11	Ah! How Bad are the Desks	12
12	Flock of Vagrants	13
13	**लक्ष्य**	17
14	भारत को स्वच्छ बनाना है	18
15	यादों की इमारत,इमारत की यादें	19
16	**संस्कृतशिक्षणे प्रविधेः उपादेयता**	21
17	**वेदव्यास**	22
18	**सत्सङ्गति :**	22

English

The Perpetual Fight

My thoughts,
The notions,
They're dancing,
Whirling around
In a poise mysterious
On a rhythm
Indecipherable.
They put on a show
So greatly obscure,
Bewildered,
My kernel
Resorts,
To a perpetual
Warfare
Between them
And my soul.
My thoughts
Still dancing
Stuck in the predicament for what seems to me like forever,
Try to overcome it
Either by submission
Or by defiance
Only to be shoved
Back into the ageless
Clichéd plight,
Still taxing
To find that place
Where the soul and I
Finally

Meet.

Somya Guglani
B. A. Program

Trials

Blocked by lethal thoughts
I felt denseness in my throat.

I can sense the darker night
In the season of autumn*
When the days are black
And night is an ideal assassin.

Carrying the sack in a desert
Which may cause a lifeless hazard

Heavy is me, for him, me and my love!

Smriti Ashra
B.A. Programme

A Binding Rope

Eradicate all the deformity
This will not last till infinity.

Restart the life
Keeping aside cataclysmic knife.

Human is human
Due to love is alive
It's persistently abiding!

Smriti Ashra
B.A. Programme

The Puppet Show!

In the parks, at the subways, on the roads leading to different destinations. I came across different souls, mysterious entities that made me think, sometimes overthink.
No, they are not strangers for I have a feeling of déja-vu so often.
It’s like they are galvanising me, my eyes and my head to weave stories around them. Giving a character to these walking creatures.
The expressions they wear, the vibes they ooze, opens up plethora of possibilities of how the plot might twist, or how the doom may arrive.
Yes, it’s exactly where you'll see me right in the corner of the same room you are in, trying to figure out my character. Where I will be trying to be a showman of my own puppet show...

Srishti Hans

Deafening Silence

One of them had bone cancer, the other one was sexually assaulted at a young age, and the other two had gone through severe breakups and betrayals in their lives. There were so many secrets and regrets among and just ten percent of which had been revealed and they already had goose bumps on their bodies and tears at the edges of their eyes. Roommates came a bit closer that day. Midnight conversations had something magical in it. The sky full of twinkling stars with a full lit moon with a few scars which possibly saw them at that point in time. The rustling sound of the leaves falling from the tree, and a cool breeze caressing their faces. Everything felt as if they had eavesdropped on them and heard all their confidential conversations.

The serene silence on that night was rather a deafening one.

Prerna Jain
English Hons

Haiku

1. Smiling Face, Hidden Terror
   Heart Pounding, as came
   - The First Day

2. Turned natural to Artificial
   and curiosity killed
   - The Man

3. Under the sun
   As shadow, a shelter
   - A tree

Lipika
B.A. Programme

Of Black and White

Standing before this tall mirror,
An ugly dark brown girl stares at me.
No, the sun hasn't tanned her,
No, she has nothing against heat.
Even god didn't make her like this; like the way she is today.
People have darkened her soul by their rough-hewn remarks,

Her soul is now darker than her dark brown skin.
She loves dark chocolate but not her dark skin,
She loves to wear black but abhors the colour of her skin.
She hesitates in taking a stand for herself;
Whenever she tries, she is pushed back again.
Everyday before the tall mirror she stands scrubbing her skin,
Thinking that a fair layer hides underneath this dark one.
Some vicious people make her hate her colour,
Diverting her from her goals.
But she wants to emerge more powerful than them and she did,
For she could not let anyone bog her down.
She is still dark and she loves her colour,
She is proud to be a dark brown Indian.
And now when I stand before this tall mirror,
A beautiful dark brown girl stares at me.

Vaishnavi Darmwal
English Hons

Don't do this, don't do that

Don't do this, don't do that
Stand up straight, watch your step,
'Cause that's what they want us to do.
They keep telling us a lot of things,
Stuff that almost always brings,
A deep, deep feeling of woe.
Cross your ankles, be demure,
Do not slouch, it's immature,
All in the name of social norms.
Don't raise your voice or speak out loud.
They expect us to follow the crowd.

Act the way they dictate to us.
Free yet imprisoned and oppressed,
Scaling the heights yet regressed,
This is the reality now.
But I will break my bonds today
I won't do what they say
It's high time I get some respect.
Yes, I deserve freedom too
Equality and rights just like you
Because I am human too.

Ileeka Pal
B.A. Programme

The Realm of Fear

Light strays into the realm of fear, stumbles,
Wanders where darkness illumines the depth.
Of the heart and the breadth of woe,
Where oblivion stares into the unfeeling eyes,
Seized by a decimated, uncertain tomorrow.

Here, the rain never pours, the sun never shines,
A cloak of animosity pervades the land,
And every bud is trampled before it can bloom.
But light, feeble with fatigue, wends its way,
Where every step is one step closer to doom.

Life drips through the veins and slips,
Like grains of sand devoured by a conflagration,

That rekindles like a phoenix reincarnated from clinker.
Traversing the outlandish tracks, light passes,
Through the hole that mends no tinker.

A cut-throat battle between hope and circumstances
From which emerges no loser or victor,
Instead, ravages that bespeak the baleful tale.
But ah! Light, bereft of half its brightness,
Has breached the tainted walls of the realm so frail.
[Dedicated to the recent terrorist activities in Iraq and Afghanistan]

Ayushi Singh

Hope to Cope!!!

Some people, when in deep sorrow,
Don't feel like living for tomorrow.
When situations are sad,
They may go to the extent of suicide.
Because they think, life is something which we can't decide.
Such people problems are first need to be understood,
And, they should be provided with solutions.
As they are stuck in blind,
They should just relax their mind.
And tell them life is sometimes of gloom
And sometimes of bloom.

Deepa Vishwakarma
B.Com Programme

Ah! How bad are the Desks…

Ah! How bad are the desks, how bad is the floor,

How bad are these fans and how bad are these doors

Life is ruined here!
I was senseless to get in here!
Somebody take me out of here!

The place was abhorred,
Thought of leaving, but I wasn't sure
Time passed there,
Had no idea but the strangest thing happened.

The place I hated the most is now the place I love the most,
And the place I'll miss the most,
There's nothing bad I see in those 'bad' things anymore,
All those memories that I remember now,
All those beautiful deeds we did, that I remember now,
Now every desk and every door is as beautiful as it was never before.

Kriti Gakhar
B.com Hons

Flock of Vagrants

They were together as a flock of birds searching for food on the streets of Delhi by selling their only precious possessions. They sold colourful balloons, they were like a commercial organization, deciding the number of balloons, colour, the price etc. They woke up at the earliest hour of dawn. The leader of the tribe trained the members passionately.

He proclaimed that the result of transgression, "Anyone going against the rules would be terminated and charged a penalty of what he has bought upon the tribe."

Amar stared at him, thought deeply if he wanted to agree but in between, he agreed. Fahad was like his brother, tall, brown and young just like Amar. They were just eleven years old.

They were part of this incredible group which tried to make young vagabonds stand financially in this cruel world. They both always woke up and bathed under the open blue sky and tried to follow the standards of people with regular jobs. They imitated them , dressed and walked like them in their suffocating small brown hut made of cardboards, weak bricks and light paint. On the two sacks on which they peacefully slept they made the entire schedule for the next day. Every dawn they went to a silent place near their neighbourhood, it was a place for them to pray, to understand and introspect. Sceptically, anyone in this world feels spirituality a way not to be understood and deeply felt. But these young balloon vendors understood very well.

Each day they prayed selflessly, with cuts on their hands, they crossed their hands for prayer and said to God,

"Save us from evil in days and nights,
Give us the power to make everything right,
For we are not alone, you hold us as parents,
You are the creator, preserver and destroyer,
Thank you, The Powerful Master."
They returned to the work they wanted to do . At the dawn they went to the restaurant to work for six hours, the owner was kind enough to provide these young orphans breakfast. They worked actively and made everyone wonder if they had a passion to live life, hope to climb the ropes up to the mountains. Submission to the owner was their principle like they used to submit themselves to the God.

At the last hour of work, they used to request the owner politely to give them leave to sell colourful balloons. The leader of the flock was rigid regarding implementation of the plans. The flock had been working for almost a year; there was a sense of submission in every member. However, a strange rebel was taking shape in the heart of the youngest member Amar; he choked badly, every time the leader delivered a speech for he thought in a distinct way.

He addressed to the tribe like he was the president, "Listen to me, my brothers
We are gathered here to understand the delicacy of what we intend to do in future. We need to sell these colourful balloons to the rich people, earn maximum profit. With bargaining we

can’t earn. You have to understand the rigidity of adhering to the fixed he price. Yesterday I visited a local shopkeeper, he told me not to sell anything beyond the market value.”

He paused thoughtfully and searched impatiently to write and present the calculations in an authentic manner to the young workers. He found a stick with which he wrote on the thick mud, “The pump costs 100 bucks, the balloon packets costs 500 bucks containing 10 balloons in each packet, as we have 10 members, we must understand we need to sell at least 50 balloons a day, so everyone presents here will sell at least 50 balloons a day, your time starts now. Dismiss.”

Amar wanted to ask if anyone wanted to bargain, what should he do in that case, the bourgeois were very rigid, they never gave us 10 bucks for a balloon and at the end of the day, they were scolded with injustice for not selling at the ‘Market Price’.

They continued their selling with passion . Amar, wondered if he could sell the targeted products to the wealthy consumers. He remembered his silent peaceful place and the prayer; he could make the best revenue amongst other competitive vagabonds.
The leader at the end of the day envied him and asked him the secret of his success, but Amar would always refuse for he didn’t have an appropriate worldly reason to tell. He prayed, connected and succeeded.

On the other hand, Fahad also prayed did the same, but never succeeded in making appropriate incomes. He made sufficient though to satisfy the greedy appetite of the leader. He followed the same principle but was never one.

They returned home with a few bucks, as the leader took most of them with him convincing and promising other members a fat share in the future. They all believed it. Later they would regret and think, but rebellion was beyond their thinking.

Amar thought rationally, for his thinking had become active over years. He said to Farhad while sleeping on the brown-torn sacks

“Should we leave this tribe?”
“What?” exclaimed Fahad awestruck.

“We should, I think, look we are just came back with a few bucks! It is hard for us to think beyond this, we go there and do our best, he takes all the money that each one of us has earned.”

“Have you noticed that I never earn profit like you? We always do the same things, you earn maximum and I minimum. It is strange, I don’t envy you though, and we are like brothers. but see...”

“It is just that we are different, whatever god understands to be good he gives that to us, if you understand, as we say in our prayer, god is our parent. He knows what to give and what not to.”

“Well, you may be right, I will pray for the same. Good night buddy, I am too tired to discuss the dictator.”

Amar burst into laughter and wished him “Good night.”

As the moon was at its full, he looked around in silence, the crickets were making the usual noise, the mosquitoes buzzed, and the stormed raged in his mind. He decided to quit at the union.

The next day, he decided to rebel.. He told the leader that he wouldn’t work until he provided the justified amount to them. He denied and a conflict followed the outrageous attitude of Amar. They were at the peak of their fighting, but a red coloured horn dispersed the deadly crisis between the leader and Amar.

Amar and Fahad were now separated from the group ; they flew away fearlessly like blooming birds. They supported each other and told they would find something in return. Later they negotiated at the term that Amar would sell balloons independently and Fahad would work full time in a restaurant.

Simran Gindwani
English Hons

Hindi

लक्ष्य

काम कोई करने से पहले लक्ष्य अपना बनाओ।

आसपास क्या है तुम्हारे सब भूल जाओ।।

लक्ष्य को लेकर ही अर्जुन बना था श्रेष्ठ धनुर्धारी।

बीन्धी आंख मीन की जिसने सभा में बाजी मारी।।

गुरु द्रोणा ने इकलव्य को शिष्य नहीं बनाया था।

श्रेष्ठ धनुर्धर बनने का लक्ष्य उसने अपनाया था।।

किया कठिन अभ्यास अपने को योग्य बनाया था।

कुत्ते का मुंह उसने बीन्धा देख गुरु चकराया था।।

गंगू एक छोटा बालक जा अधिकारी की कुर्सी पर बैठा।

इतने में किसी ने देखा उठा कुर्सी से था फैंका।।

मैं भी बनूंगा अधिकारी लक्ष्य उसने बनाया था।

मिली सर की उपाधि व वही कुर्सी, सर गंगाराम चीफ इंजीनियर कहलाया था।।

शामू गरीब लड़का आगे पढ़ ना पाया।

मुश्किल से चपरासी बन पाया।।

अधिकारी ने घर काम करने भिजवाया।

मैडम ने बर्तन साफ करने का काम बताया।।

उसने इन्कार किया तो क्या कलैक्टर बनेगा का ताना पाया।

कड़ी मेहनत कर घर खर्च भी चलाया व योग्यता को बढ़ाया।।

उसने अपना लक्ष्य पूरा कर कलैक्टर झुंझुनूं का पद पाया।

लक्ष्य को लेकर जो बढ़ता है वह बढ़ता जाएगा।

भाग्य भरोसे जो बैठा है, बैठा ही रह जाएगा।।

Nancy Vats

भारत को स्वच्छ बनाना है

ये देश है मेरा

इसको स्वच्छ बनाना है

स्वच्छता की ओर ले जाना है

केवल सफाई से ही नहीं

सामाजिक,आर्थिक व मानसिक रूप से स्वच्छ बनाना है

ये देश है मेरा

इसको स्वच्छ बनाना है

गांधी बापू कर गए कुछ अनमोल

कुछ हमें भी अनमोल कर दिखाना है

धर्म करेंगें पुण्य करेंगें

नदियों व गंगा माँ को कलुषित नहीं करेंगें

प्रदूषण रहित भारत बनाएंगे

ये देश है मेरा

इसको स्वच्छ बनाना है

अंत में बस इतना कहना

प्रत्येक व्यक्ति को अपना फर्ज निभाना है

निजी सार्वजनिक से अंतर हटाना

भारत को स्वस्छता की ओर ले जाना है

यह देश है मेरा

इसको स्वच्छ बनाना है।

Pooja

Hindi Honours

यादों की इमारत,इमारत की यादें

पुरानी यादें लिए बस पुरानी किसी इमारत की तरह

शहर के एक कोने में सिमटे हुई खड़े हैं

कि कभी तो उस कोने से निकलेंगें

जब किसी के जेहन में कभी ये ख्याल आएगा

कि कोई था

जो हमें अपने आंचल में पनाह दिया करता था

कि कोई तो था

जो हमारी यादों को खुद में संजोया करता था

हँसते थे हम और साथ में वह भी मुस्कराता था

अगर रोते थे किसी कोने में तो

वो चुपके से खुद के आंसू छुपाता था।

उसने कितनी दफा तोडा था मुझको

कितना बदलने की कोशिश की थी

रोता था दिल

पर दिल में एक जगह उसकी भी तो थी।

आज वक्त बदल गया है

जमाना बदल गया है

मुझको बदलते -बदलते

देखो अब वो खुद भी कितना बदल गया है

मेरे दिल की दीवारें तोड़कर

अब वो कहीं और रहने लगा है

खाली है दिल भी

अक्स मेरा कहीं खो सा गया है

काश मैं जा पाती उसके साथ

पर वक्त ने मुझे यहीं थाम लिया है

वो तो आगे बढ़ गया

और अपनी इस इमारत को भूल ही गया है

Siddhi Jangid

Sanskrit

संस्कृतशिक्षणे प्रविधेः उपादेयता

सर्वपथम: मनसि प्रश्नः आयाति 'प्रविधि' इत्युकते किम्? 'प्रविधि' इति शब्दस्य आङ्ग्लभाषाया: शब्द: ' technology' इति प्रयुज्यते। विज्ञानस्य शिक्षणोपयोगी आविष्कार: एव 'प्रविधि' इति कथ्यते। विज्ञानस्य आविष्कृत 'यन्त्र:' यस्य उपयोग: शिक्षणे भवति तदेव 'प्रविधि' इति कथ्यते।

यदा वयं संस्कृतशिक्षणाय विद्यालयं गच्छामः तदा अस्माभि: छात्रेषु संस्कृतविषयं प्रति अरुचिः दृश्यते, छात्राणां मनसि भवति संस्कृतभाषा कठिनाभाषा इति। यदि वयं छात्रेषु संस्कृत प्रति रुचिं उत्पन्न कर्तुं इच्छाम: चेत् प्रविधे: आवश्यकता नितरां वर्तते। प्रविधिना प्रदत्ता शिक्षा रुचिकरा भवति, छात्रेषु रुचिं जनयति। अतः इति कथने नास्ति कश्चित् सन्देह: यत् शिक्षणे प्रविधे: उपयोगिता नितरां वर्तते।

प्रत्यक्षसाधनने प्राप्तं ज्ञानं आत्मनि चिरस्थायी भवति इति अस्माभि: सर्वै: ज्ञायते एव । प्रविधे: सर्वोपरि लाभः खलु सरलरूपेण शिक्षणम्। शब्द-रूपं, धातु-रूपं, कारकम्, समासादिकम् प्रोजेक्टर माध्यमेन सरलतया पाठयितुं शक्यते। अनेक शिक्षणं अति सरलं भवति, रुचिकरं भवति, छात्रा: अपि अवधानेन पठन्ति।

प्रविधौ अद्वितीयो लाभो: अल्पसमये अधिकजनान् सम्यक्तया शिक्षणं दातुं शक्यते। आधुनिकप्रविधिमाध्यमेन अनौपचारिकशिक्षणम् अपि सरलतया दातुं शक्यते। उदाहरणरुपेण अहं प्रस्तौमि शशककच्छपयो: कथा अस्माभि: बालादेव श्रूयते पठ्यते च। एषा कथा केषाञ्चित् छात्रणां कृते अरुचिकरा भवितुं अर्हति यदि शिक्षकेन कथा रूपेण पाठितं चेत्। इयं कथा प्रोजेक्टर माध्यमेन अपि चलचित्ररूपेण निर्माय कक्षायां पाठयितुं शक्यते, अस्य लाभो भविष्यति सर्वेभ्यः कथा रुचिकरा भवति। कथाया: उद्देश्यम् अपि छात्रा: सरलतया अवगच्छन्ति। एकेन अध्यापकेन प्रविधिं विना कक्षायाम् उपस्थिताः छात्रान् एव श्यामपट्टमाध्यमेन पाठयितुं शक्यते किन्तु आधुनिकप्रविधिमाध्यमेन या: छात्रा: विद्यालयं न आगच्छन्ति तेभ्यः अपि आधुनिकप्रविधिमाध्यमेन यथा- फेसबुक, व्हात्सप, दूरदर्शनम् इत्यादि साधनेन शिक्षां प्रदातुं शक्यते।

शैक्षिकप्रविधौ प्रवीण: छात्राणां व्यवहारान् अधीत्य तत्र वाञ्छितपरिवर्तनम् आनेतुं शक्नोति । शिक्षक: न केवलं विशेषज्ञ: स्यात्, अपि तु व्यावहाराधयनकुशल: व्यवहारपरिवर्तनप्रणालीविच्य स्यात्। प्रविधि: एतस्मिन् क्षेत्रे शिक्षकं समर्थं निर्माति। प्रविधि: शिक्षकेभ्य: शिक्षणोपायमानां शिक्षणव्यूहरचनानां शिक्षणविधिनां च विषये वैज्ञानिकं ज्ञानं प्रयच्छति। कस्मिन् समये किं प्रकरणं केन विधिना कै: दृश्यश्रव्यसाधनै: पठनीयम् इति मार्गदर्शनं करोति। दूरदर्शनम्, आकाशवाणी, सङ्गणकम् इत्यादिसाधनानि उपयुज्य कथं तेषां प्रसारणार्थं प्रयोग: कर्तव्य: इति प्रविधि:निर्दिशति।

प्रविधे: उद्देश्यानि सन्ति -

(1) ज्ञानस्य सञ्चय:

(2) ज्ञानस्य प्रसार:

(3) ज्ञानस्य विकास:

एतेषां उद्देश्यानां पूर्ति: शिक्षणे प्रविधिनाम् उपयोगिता अभावे कदापि भवितुं न अर्हति| अनेन सिध्यति शिक्षणे प्रविधिनाम् उपयोगिता अत्याधिका वर्तते। यदा आरम्भ अस्मिन् वैज्ञानिकयुगे यन्त्राणाम् आविष्कार: सञ्जात:, तत: एव यंत्राणां प्रयोग: शिक्षाक्षेत्रे अपि अवलोक्यते। अनेक अपि सिध्यति शिक्षणे प्रविधिनां उपयोगिता नितरां वर्तते।

निष्कर्षरूपेण वक्तुं शक्यते संस्कृतशिक्षणे प्रविधे: महत्वं सर्वोत्तमं वर्तते। प्रविधिं विना शिक्षणे निरसं अरुचिकरञ्च भवति। यदि वयं इच्छाम: छात्रेषु रुचि: भवेत् ते उत्साहपूर्वकं प्रविधि: एव 'अमोघ-उपाय:' ।

प्रविधिमाध्यमेन एव शिक्षणं रुचिकरं भवति इति कथने नास्ति कश्चित् सन्देह:।

ऋचा
बी० ए० संस्कृत (विशेष:) तृतीयो वर्ष:

वेदव्यास

भाषासु मुख्या मधुरा दिव्या गीर्वाणभारती ।
ततोऽपि मधुरे काव्यं तस्मादपि सुभाषितम् ।।

अर्थात् सभी भाषाओं में प्रमुख एवं मधुरतम भाषा संस्कृत है। इस भाषा का काव्य मधुर है। इसके सुभाषित भी अत्यन्त मधुर एवं प्रेरणाप्रद हैं।

दीक्षा
बी० ए० संस्कृत (विशेष:) द्वितीयो वर्ष:

सत्सङ्गति :

सतां सङ्गतिः 'सत्सङ्गति:' इति कथ्यते। सत्सङ्गत्या मनुष्यः उन्नत्तिं लभते। सतां सङ्गेन दुर्जनाः अपि सज्जना: भवन्ति। महात्मा बुद्धस्य सङ्गेन अङ्गुलिमाल: सुजनः अभवत्। साधूनां सङ्गेन अनेके दुर्जना: अपि व्यसनं त्यजन्ति। बाल्यात् एव मनुष्य: सत्सङ्गतिं कुर्यात्। विदुषां सङ्गेन मनुष्य: विद्वान् भवति। दुष्टानां सङ्गेन दुष्ट: भवति। चौरस्य सङ्गेन चौर: एव भवति।

विदुषां सङ्गेन बुद्धि: निर्मला तीव्रा च भवति। ईश्वर: भक्तानां सङ्गेन मनुष्य: भक्त: भवति। योग्यछात्रै: सह सङ्गेन छात्रा: योगानुशासनप्रिय: च भवति।दुष्टैःसहतस्य बुद्धिःमलिना भवति| सत्सङ्गति:वाचि सत्यं सिञ्चति। मानोन्नतिं दिशति। मित्रात् पापम् दूरीकरोति, चेत: प्रसादयति दिक्षु कीर्तिं तनोति| सत्सङ्गति:सर्वदा पुरुषस्य हित साधनं करोति। अतः सत्सङ्गति: करणीया।

राशि भारद्वाज
बी० ए० संस्कृत (विशेष:) द्वितीयो वर्ष:

Qalam