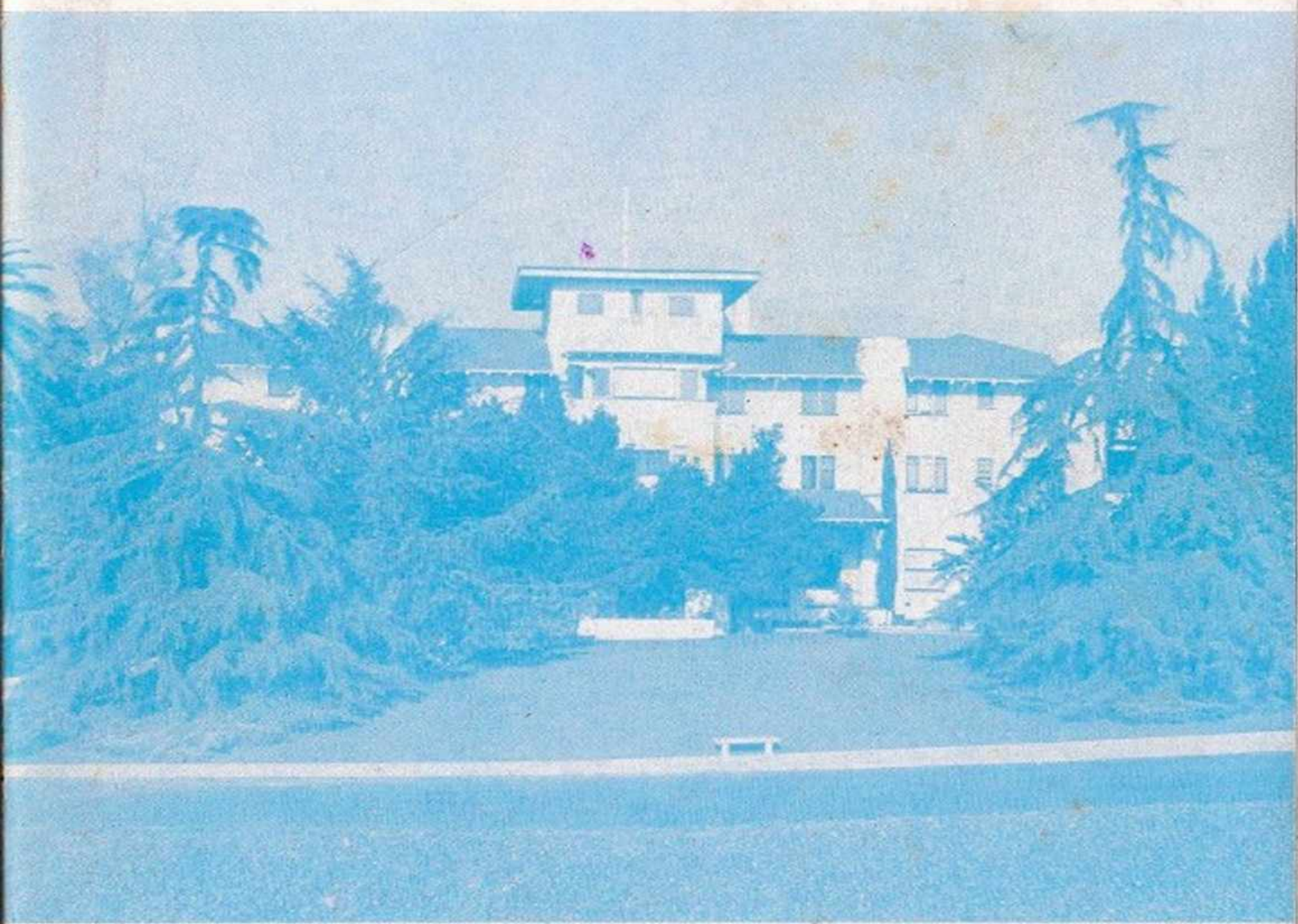


# Self-Realization

## MAGAZINE



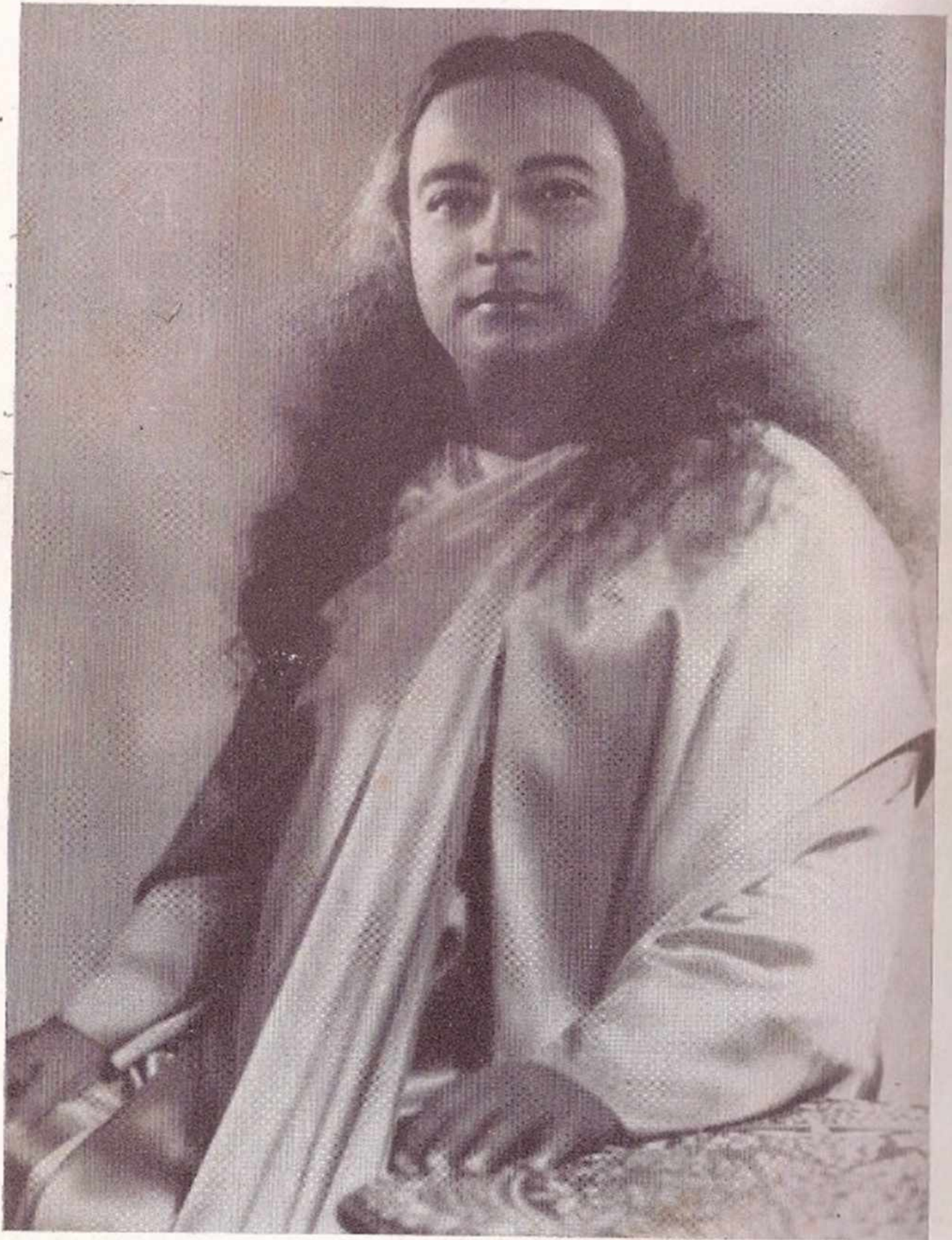
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Mt. Washington Center, Headquarters of Self-Realization Fellowship.  
A world-wide SRF Convocation will be held in Los Angeles in August.

*Healing of Body, Mind, and Soul*

JULY-AUG., 1957  
25¢



PARAMHANSA YOGANANDA, 1940

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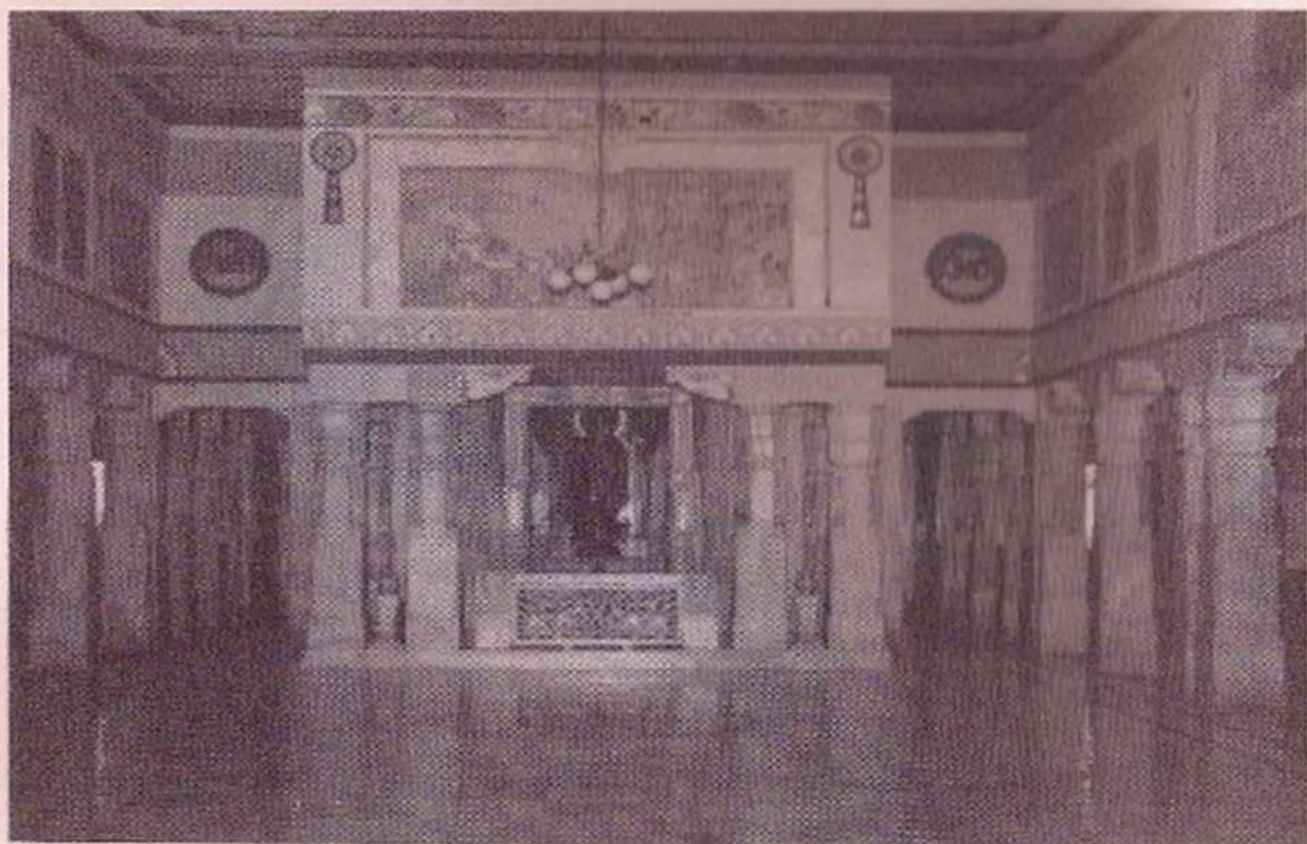
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(ABOVE) Interior of Birla Temple, near Brindaban

(BELOW) *Dharamshala* (rest house for pilgrims) at Birla Temple

# The Art of Developing Memory

By PARAMHANSA YOGANANDA

*Excerpts from a lecture at SRF Mt. Washington Center,  
Los Angeles, August 28, 1932*

By virtue of the faculty of memory, a human being is unique. The souls of all creatures, through unconscious recollection of their divine Origin, tend naturally to seek their Source. This accounts for the upward evolution of everything in the universe. But, in conformance with God's plan for creation, it is only upon attaining a human body, with its superior brain and nervous system, that each soul is at last endowed with the means to remember consciously its original oneness with Spirit.

Memory is that power by which we mentally reproduce our experiences. If it were not for memory we would forget all our perceptions of life; we would have to start afresh, like infants, every day. People that have "lost" their minds and hence their memory, behave like children.

There is no value in having experiences if we cannot recall and relive them. We learn by introspection and by analyzing our past behavior. In man's memory lies the value of being a human creature. John *remembers* that he is John each morning upon awakening; and it is through memory that he associates his life-experiences with his identity as John.

Whenever we wish it or need it, all the experiences that we have had can be reproduced by the subconscious mental faculty. By remembering what we have done we can perform again some skillful action that we have learned, or reason out which actions to repeat or avoid in a particular situation.

The subconscious mind is always active, recording experiences during the daytime and working even in sleep, like an old janitor looking after the bodily house. Upon waking up, one always knows whether he has had a good or a bad sleep. That memory power of the subconscious mind is a faculty of God. He is always awake, ever-living, ever-joyous. In each soul lies the memory-seed of that consciousness, in which it finds itself ever-living in God. Memory is the seed of immortality by whose cultivation we may recall all the events of this life and of our past lives.

If we can remember all our experiences as mortal beings in this life, why is it that we do not remember all the divine experiences that have happened in the soul? Memory has two natures: mortal memory reproduces the experiences of this life, and divine memory reproduces the experiences of the soul through all lives. Most people are aware only of mortal memory.

Why is our divine memory asleep? Some people are able to recall

many experiences, both mortal and divine; others cannot well remember their past. Memory has different grades in different people according to brain capacity. To develop a good memory one requires education, concentration, meditation, and various good experiences. Without developing memory one cannot become a well-educated person. If one has an experience and subsequently forgets it, all the values of that experience are lost.

Salvation lies in being able to awaken the divine memory whereby we can recall all the experiences that we have had in all our past lives and by realizing that we are immortal souls. By increasing the quality of memory, we can make it powerful enough to remember all things, even our divine origin.

### Unlimited Possibilities

Memory can be developed by exercise. It would be wrong to say that because a man has been born a physical weakling, he can never become strong. There is always the possibility of becoming and accomplishing something greater in all departments of our lives. One has to know how to seek the right ways. According to some doctors, a person that has a hereditarily weak brain will retain that mental weakness to the end of his days. But it has been proved that many mental weaknesses may be overcome by the practice of concentration exercises. There has been little research in this direction in the West; hence many psychologists are unacquainted with the art of deep concentration, which has been taught for centuries by India's great yogis.

Asanas and proper physical exercise are useful in developing memory power. Today, when machines are made to take the place of man in so many functions and activities of life, man is becoming lazy and is in dire need of regular exercise. He has begun to devise machines and other indoor equipment to help him exercise his body. It is necessary to concentrate the mind when one does physical exercises, in order to reap the fullest benefit. It is the inner power of concentration for awakening the life force that gives the body strength, not just the flexing of muscles.

The right methods for developing concentration are unknown to most persons. The mental faculties are there, but they are not developed. Failure to develop one's mental capacities eventually leads to serious trouble. The brain, like the physical body, requires right exercise for health.

There are certain foods that are brain foods, and there are muscle foods, nerve foods, and foods that help to build up and maintain the different body organs. In order to develop memory we should eat those foods that increase brain power. Proteins are helpful in developing memory. Ground pecans and almonds, mixed with a few drops of lime or orange juice, taken before bedtime, will improve one's brain power. Milk and cheese are also good brain foods.

Yogis claim that, at times of worry or strain, one should drink the

juice of one or two limes in a glass of water, shampoo the head with cold water, and put cold water on the temples and between the eyebrows and at the nostrils and ears. The nerve processes are calmed immediately, the mind becomes more peaceful, and good memory returns.

Avoid eating too many fatty foods, which tend to deposit fat around the brain. The Hindus claim that pork and beef are injurious to man's health; these two meats contain much uric acid. The pig and cow have poor memories. By eating their flesh, man tends to develop their conditions, both physical and mental.

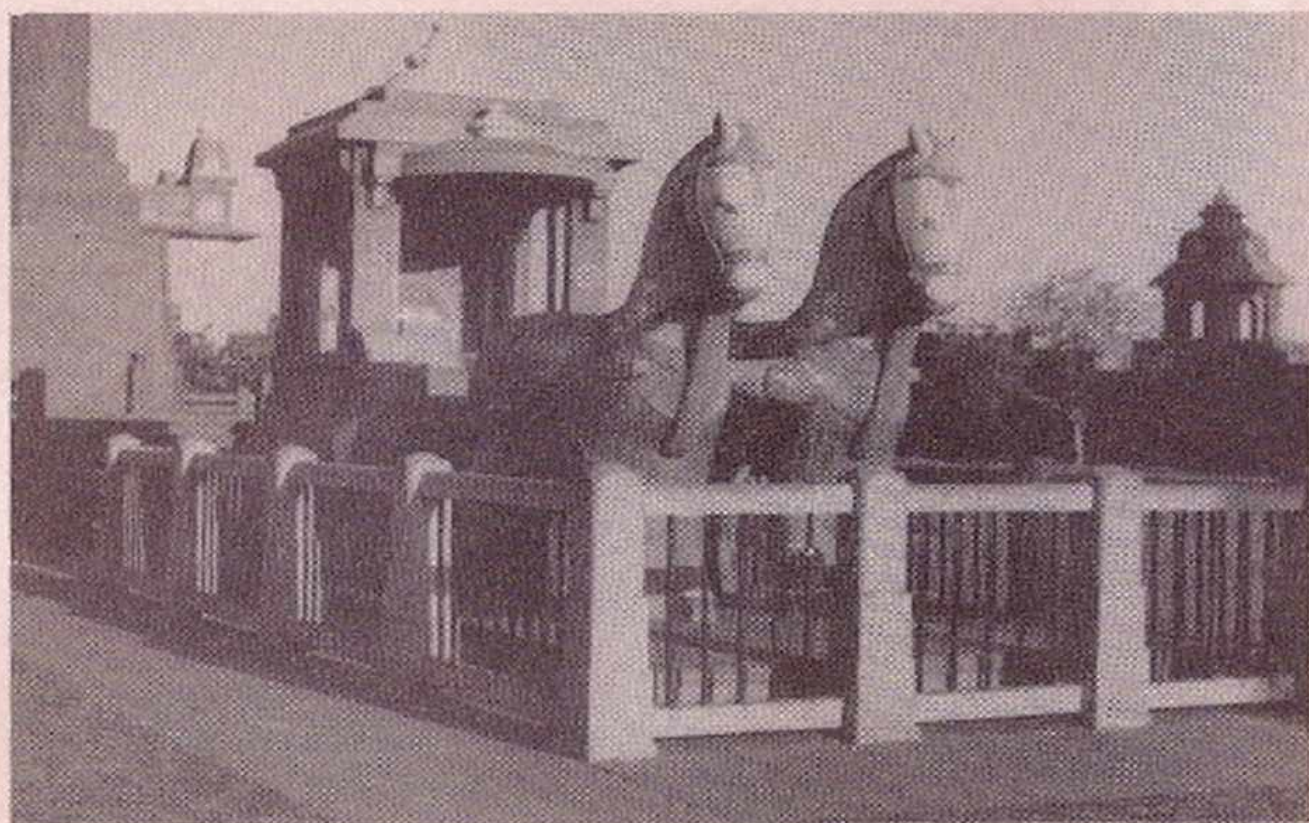
To develop a good memory, one should eat proper food, exercise the body, and engage in mental discipline. Make an effort to remember things. Practice the art of visualization: look at a certain object or at scenery and then try to reproduce that picture in your mind. Try mentally to recall the strains of songs and chants. To sing mentally develops memory. Anything that is done with feeling, or that rouses feeling, develops memory. Both poetry and music have emotional values. All of us remember easily the greatest sorrows and the greatest joys of our lives. Why? Because those experiences were felt deeply. Anything that one strongly feels develops one's power of memory. Writing poetry, and adding and subtracting mentally are also good methods for developing memory and concentration.

To develop one's powers of concentration, one should do everything with deep attention. Most people perform activities absent-mindedly. There is a great gulf between their actions and their thoughts. That is why they cannot remember anything very well. What one wants to remember he should perform with great attention. One should not be fussy, but whatever he undertakes should be done with his whole mind. In church one should listen to the sermon with great attention. While working at tasks in the home, one should utilize the opportunity to reflect on God. And whenever one meditates he should think only of God. The power of memory is increased by meditation.

### **Awaken Divine Memory by Meditation**

What is meditation? Becoming one with the soul. It means banishing the consciousness of being related to the body and to human limitations, and trying to remember that one is a soul. When man begins by conscious mental effort to relate himself to the immortal soul, rather than to the body that he inhabits for one life only, he will recall more of his past experiences, and will eventually remember that he has come down from the bosom of God. In Him lies the memory of all the experiences of one's life and of all lives. When man contacts his soul within, the forgotten times and powers of the immortal Self will come back into his consciousness. Meditation means to remember that one is not a mortal body but an immortal soul, one with God.

*(Continued on page 7)*



(ABOVE) Reproduction of chariot of Lord Krishna in courtyard of Birla Temple. (BELOW) Birla Temple, near Brindaban, India.



During the daytime we tend to think of ourselves as mortal beings, but at nighttime in meditation we can try to reverse that attitude; we can drop the consciousness of the body and remember we are Spirit. Those that persevere in this practice will become masters.

Memory was given to man to reproduce good. To abuse the power of memory is harmful. To think hatefully of another person because of some remembered injury that he has done to one is a misuse of memory. However, to reproduce unhappy experiences in order to learn the lessons inherent in them is a proper use of memory, as then one may analyze his past behavior and avoid repeating in future the wrong acts that caused the painful experiences. One should not bring back any wrong thought in the consciousness, and relive it; for then it will stay longer in the mind. Memory was given to us to keep alive only life's good experiences. Get rid of wrong past thoughts by avoiding recalling them.

Let me repeat: to remember bad experiences and dwell upon them is an abuse of God's gift to us of memory. Rather one should avow: "I shall use memory only to remember good things. From this moment I banish from my mind all wrong memories. They belong to the mortal being. I am a child of the Spirit. I am going to see, hear, taste, touch, feel, and will everything that is good. I will take only the good from my life's experiences and will preserve only the good in my memory."

A person that feels good emotions, and thinks good thoughts, and sees only good in nature and people, will remember only good. Beholding goodness in everything, he will certainly find that one day the Invisible Power will shatter all the little windows of thoughts and senses and feeling, through which he has been seeing only glimpses of the great Goodness; and he will then behold through one infinitely large opening the omnipresent Goodness — God.

Memory was given to us that we may practice the remembrance of good things until we can fully remember the highest good — God. Banish forever the abuse of memory. Rouse the eternal flames of divine memory with the recollection of good things until they burn a vast opening through which you can see and remember that you always have been, and are even now, one with God.

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#### FROM INDIA, A WAY OF SALVATION

"The Indian religions are not exclusive-minded. They are ready to allow that there may be alternative approaches to the Mystery. I feel sure that in this they are right, and that this catholic-minded Indian religious spirit is the way of salvation for human beings of all religions in an age in which we have to learn to live as a single family if we are not to destroy ourselves."

— *Arnold Toynbee, famous historian*

## Letters From an American SRF Disciple Traveling in India

*Several months ago, Sister Sailasuta, a disciple at SRF headquarters, was granted a leave of absence to accept an opportunity to visit SRF-YSS centers in India. Extracts from a few of her letters follow. Readers of Paramhansa Yogananda's "Autobiography of a Yogi" will recognize the names of many persons and places mentioned here. Sanyal Mahasaya, about whom the last letter is written, is one of the few remaining living disciples of Yogavatar Lahiri Mahasaya, the param-paramguru of all SRF Kriya Yogis. (See "Self-Realization Magazine," September 1955.)*

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### Pilgrimage to Tarakeswar

Baranagar, India  
May 1, 1957

One early morning five of us — Atmanandaji, Prabhasda, Brahma-nanda, Paramananda, and I — piled in the little station wagon and away we went. It was a jovial group, but it was April Fool's Day and each one was on guard. Prabhasda had brought along a beautiful box of sweetmeats, but the rest of us wouldn't touch them. Finally, our appetites got the best of us. That's when we found out that the joke was on us: the sweetmeats were delicious!

As we came nearer to Tarakeswar each had withdrawn into his own thoughts. I was thinking of Master and how he had come by practically the same route, even though by train; and of how he was trying to flee to the Himalayas. I was wishing too that Ram Gopal were still there, but I knew within my own heart that his message would have been nearly the same to me as it was to Master... that my Himalayan cave is within, and that that is where I will find God.

Prabhasda's thoughts were different to a degree, I'm sure. He must have been thinking of his father. For it was he (Master's Uncle Sarada) who had been cured of a chronic malady by an herb materialized in the hand of his wife after seven days of fasting and prayer at Tarakeswar Temple.

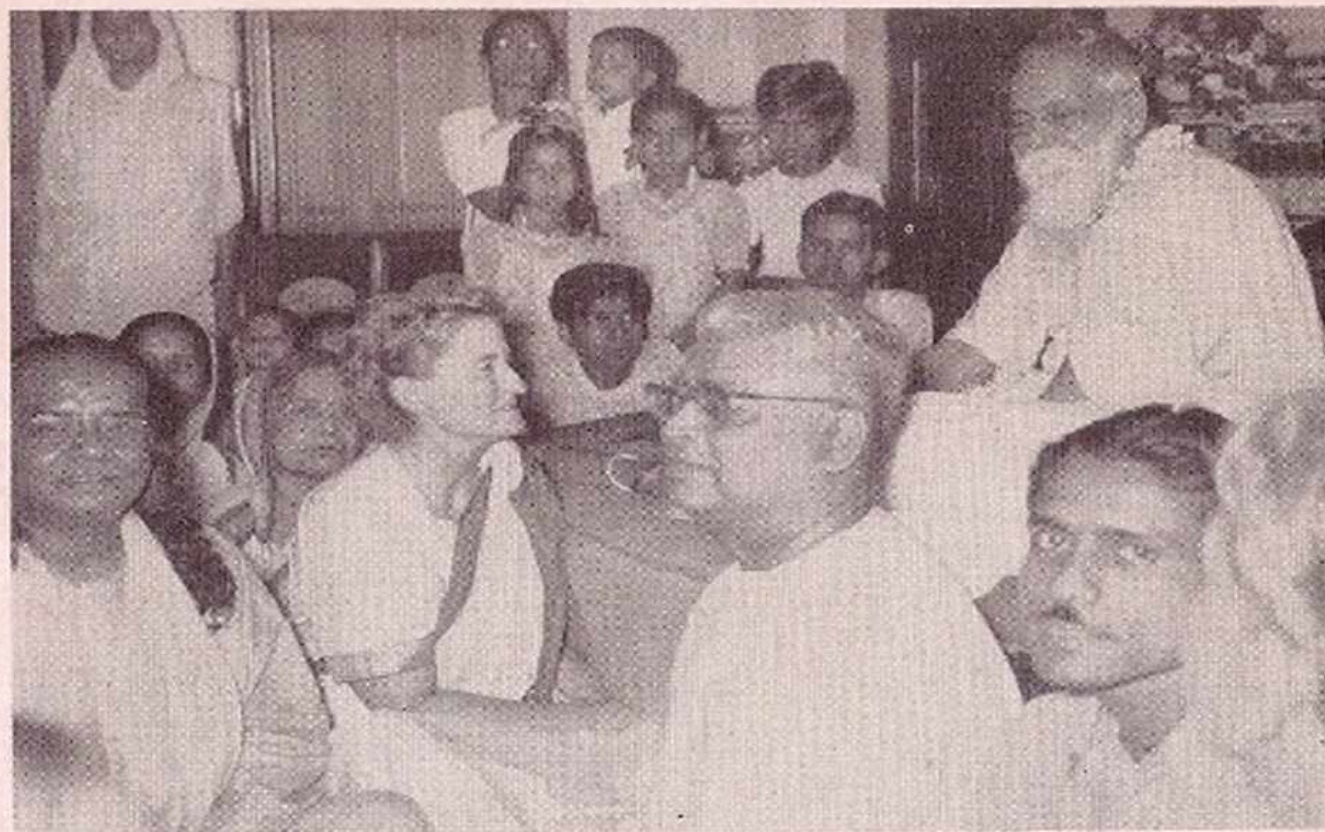
After riding along the Ganges for a while and then through many little villages and paddy (rice) fields we arrived at Tarakeswar, about forty miles from Calcutta.

It is a small village. The temple is the main attraction. It is thought of in much the same way as Lourdes. Just before reaching the temple and village you see many people with sickly bodies but with faces filled with the expression of divine hope such as only those have that pray to be cured.

The temple itself is about as big and as square as our office at the Mt. Washington Center. It has walls of yellow tile with plaques inserted

depicting Shiva in the Himalayas; also a silver dome with Shiva and an *Aum* symbol on top.

As we arrived I wondered if they were going to admit me (a foreigner). We stood in a little lane between the temple entrance and an open pillared hall where many people were lying and praying to be cured and would not leave until they had received an answer from God. Soon a priest came up to us and he said I could go in. We got some flowers and sweetmeats on a little earthen plate and a small earthen jug of purified milk and then the priest took Prabhasda and Brahmananda and me (only a few at a time go in) by the hand and led us into the temple. We stood over the sacred round stone inside the room and he poured the milk over our hands and asked us to repeat a mantra that meant something like this: "I am washing my hands and offering sweets and flowers in worship of Shiva. I offer myself to Thee; Thou art the way." He then placed my hands on the stone. Our group stood in silent prayer for a moment or two and then bowed and came out. I thought of Master, how he hadn't bowed; and of how he came back to bow the next day, after his meeting with Ram Gopal. As we stepped out into the scorching sunlight and stopped to have



A group of YSS-SRF devotees at the home of Sri Bhupendra Nath Sanyal (*right, on dais*), Puri, April, 1957. (*Left to right, foreground*): Swami Atmananda, Sister Sailasuta, and Sri Prabhas Chandra Ghosh.

a drink of coconut milk I gazed out over the paddy fields and tried to visualize the meeting of Ram Gopal and Master.

On our way home we passed through Serampore. There we met Master's relative, his only living sister, Thamu. She is very sweet, just a little thing, and has the smile of Master. We didn't get to see her long and plan to go back again one day. Also we met the widow of Ananta (Master's older brother). She is very sweet, too, and lives in the former home of Prabhasda.

We walked down Rai Ghat Lane, where Master and Sri Yukteswarji used to walk to the Ganges. At the bathing ghat I waded in the Ganges. I also sat under the banyan tree\* nearby, where Sri Yukteswarji met Babaji the second time. You can imagine my feelings. I placed your pictures there. We then went by the old hostel where Master stayed when he was going to college, and then to the *mandir* (little shrine or temple) of Motilal Mukerji, a disciple of Sri Yukteswarji. Sri Yukteswarji used to visit Motilal's home quite often and meditate there, so the vibration of the place is tremendously spiritual.

I want to go back to Serampore again and meditate longer under the banyan tree by the Ganges. Thamu has asked me to come back. She doesn't speak English but I still hope to hear some stories of Master.

It is just dusk now as I finish this letter. I hear the conch shells blowing and the bells and gongs of *puja*: a devotional service that is held morning and evening in most temples and *mandirs*.

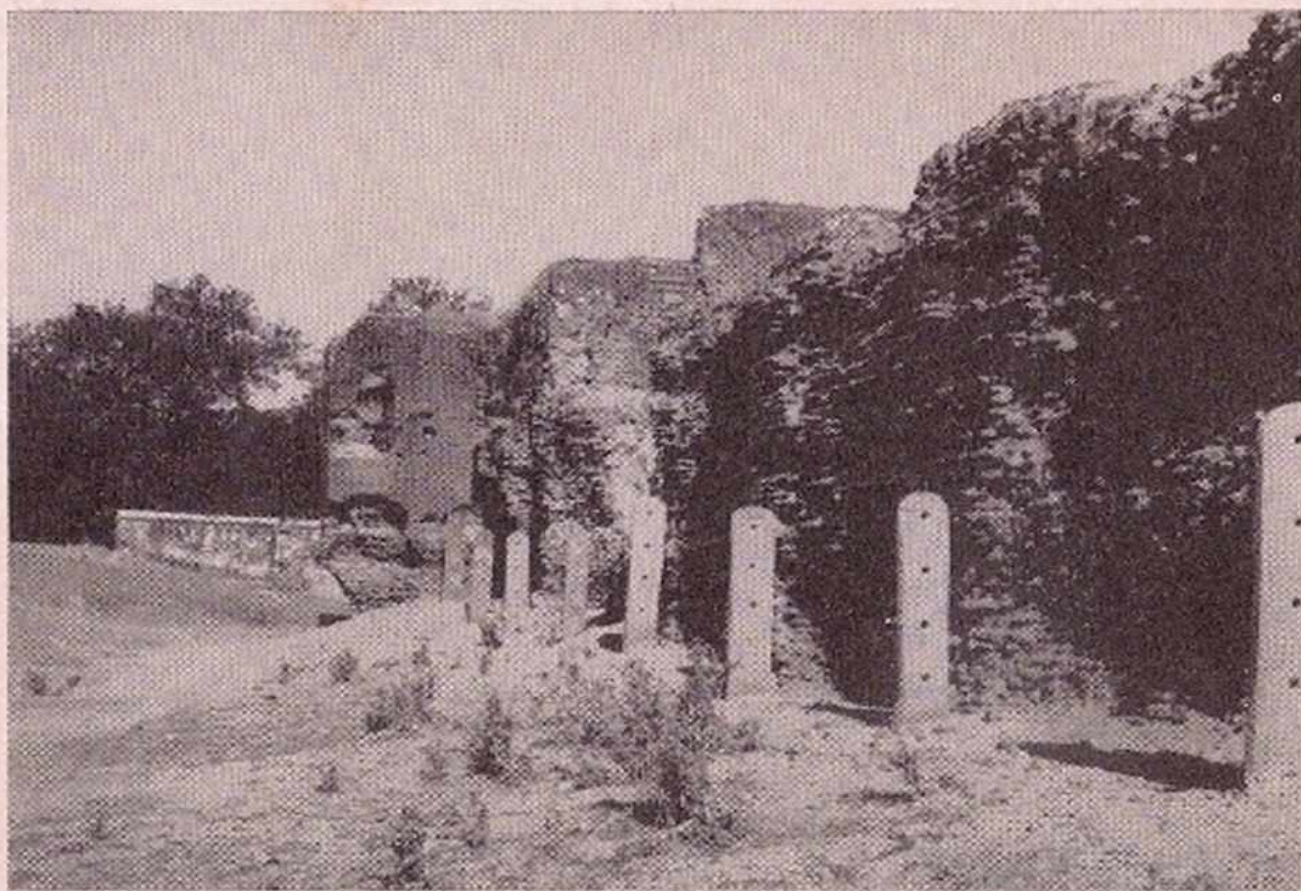
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### Sat-Sanga in Sonagoan

We started out early one morning, fifteen of us, to go to the village of Sonagoan, about seventy miles from Calcutta in the Midnapore district. This is what they call the interior, the real village life. We left Calcutta by second-class train passage. This consists of a compartment of several long hard benches. Our group occupied two of these facing each other so we did have a certain amount of privacy. We traveled about forty miles to a river junction and then boarded a little river launch. Atmanandaji soon brought out the lunch basket of fruit and *luchis* and fried potatoes and an Indian sweetmeat to top it all.

As we approached the village upriver one of the men began blowing a conch shell so the village people would know we were coming. By the time we reached there, many of the people had gathered, blowing conch shells and beating the drums and cymbals to greet us. We then marched in a procession to the two-storied mud hut where the YSS temple room and the rooms we were to sleep in were located. We were garlanded in great fashion; then we proceeded to the temple room for a little service. It was quite touching to see an altar with the pictures of the Masters in

\*A photograph of this banyan tree appeared on page 9 of the May-June 1957 issue of *Self-Realization Magazine*.



(ABOVE) Ruins of prison in which Lord Krishna was born 5000 years ago  
(BELOW) View of Jumna River as seen from the Taj Mahal in Agra

this remote place. After this we were taken to our rooms. All the women (seven of us) slept in one room and the men in two other rooms. There was just a hard wooden bed with a blanket spread over the top ... no top covers. None were needed, it was so hot.

We ate our meals off banana leaves on the mud floor of the temple. Later we strolled through the village. It is very near a jungle; about two weeks earlier, the people had killed a Bengal tiger in the village. The village dogs sound like coyotes when they bark. I had a grand time with one little puppy. Speaking of animals, there were crocodiles in the river on which we came to Sonagoan.

The village people are very kind and hospitable. They tried to please us in every way. After supper we had a *kirtan* and then to bed.

Next morning at 5:30 A.M. the Sat-Sanga procession went through the village to inform the people of the meeting that evening. It was so sweet to hear them singing as they marched along: "Sat-Sanga boat is leaving! Come aboard and we will take you to God!" This song was a favorite of Sri Yukteswarji.

After the procession, we returned to attend a *puja* service before the Masters' pictures; then, that evening, a big open-air meeting. In the afternoon a big rainstorm broke loose but there was a good turnout just the same.

We arose at three o'clock the next morning to get the river boat, but it got "caught" in the mud by the tide so we had to take a river-boat canoe for about two hours in the boiling-hot sun to a place where we could catch one of the large river launches. After about three hours in the launch we transferred to a train... this time third-class. The only difference between second- and third-class is that second-class has a fan!

All in all it was a wonderful experience and a great thrill to see Paramhansaji's work spreading in the small villages. Master's work started in a mud hut and I was grateful to have the privilege of participating in a meeting in the simple surroundings of this humble village.



### East Indian Easter

Easter Sunday was spent at an interior village called Dabra. Eight of us had left early the preceding evening by third-class train passage to a junction about seventy-five miles from Calcutta. En route Atmanandaji pulled out the old faithful lunch basket filled with fruit and fried potatoes and *luchis* and sweetmeats. After we had eaten, one of the devotees got out the harmonium and we chanted for the rest of the way. We didn't let ourselves be bothered by the fact that there were forty or more other passengers in the same compartment!

When we finally reached the junction it was after midnight. There was a big lorry (similar to one of those large American dump trucks) at the station to take us ten miles to our destination. There were other devo-

tees with us, too, disciples of Motilal Mukerji — a brother-disciple, with Master, of Sri Yukteswarji. This was to be a big Sat-Sanga meeting of about 1500 to 2000 people.

The villagers were still up to greet us when we arrived, about 1:30 A.M. We were then taken to a new stucco building to spend the night.

No sooner had I thought that I slept than I heard conch shells blowing and the beating of drums and cymbals and the chanting of devotees. I peeked through my window and saw them before a humble outdoor altar. Dawn was just breaking through a brilliant sky. This was Easter Morn, 1957 — Dabra, Midnapore District, Bengal, India.

My reverie was broken by Atmanandaji's call to me that a Sat-Sanga *kirtan* (a religious procession with music and chanting) would soon start through the village and that the participants wanted me to be with them. I hurriedly dressed and joined the group before the altar.

Everyone bowed before the altar, a mantra was chanted, and then, with great blasts of the conch shell, the march began. We walked up and

(Continued on page 31)



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# The Law of Virtue

By RALPH WALDO EMERSON

*An address delivered at Divinity College,  
Cambridge, Massachusetts, July 15, 1838*



One is constrained to respect the perfection of this world in which our senses converse. How wide; how rich; what invitation from every property it gives to every faculty of man! In its fruitful soils; in its navigable sea; in its mountains of metal and stone; in its forests of all woods; in its animals; in its chemical ingredients; in the powers and path of light, heat, attraction, and life, it is well worth the pith and heart of great men to subdue and enjoy it. The planters, the mechanics, the inventors, the astronomers, the builders of cities, and the captains, history delights to honor.

But when the mind opens and reveals the laws which traverse the universe and make things what they are, then shrinks the great world at once into a mere illustration and fable of this mind. What am I? and What is? asks the human spirit with a curiosity new-kindled, but never to be quenched. Behold these outrunning laws, which our imperfect apprehension can see tend this way and that, but not come full circle. Behold these infinite relations, so like, so unlike; many, yet one. I would study, I would know, I would admire forever. These works of thought have been the entertainments of the human spirit in all ages.

A more secret, sweet, and overpowering beauty appears to man when his heart and mind open to the sentiment of virtue. Then he is instructed in what is above him. He learns that his being is without bound; that to the good, to the perfect, he is born, low as he now lies in evil and weakness. That which he venerates is still his own, though he has not realized it yet. *He ought*. He knows the sense of that grand word, though his analysis fails to render account of it. When in innocency or when by intellectual perception he attains to say, "I love the Right; Truth is beautiful within and without forevermore. Virtue, I am thine; save me; use me; thee will I serve, day and night, in great, in small, that I may be not virtuous, but virtue"; then is the end of the creation answered, and God is well pleased.

The sentiment of virtue is a reverence and delight in the presence of certain divine laws. It perceives that this homely game of life we play,



covers, under what seem foolish details, principles that astonish. The child amidst his baubles is learning the action of light, motion, gravity, muscular force; and in the game of human life, love, fear, justice, appetite, man, and God interact. These laws refuse to be adequately stated. They will not be written out on paper, or spoken by the tongue. They elude our persevering thought; yet we read them hourly in each other's faces, in each other's actions, in our own remorse. The moral traits which are all globed into every virtuous act and thought—in speech we must sever, and describe or suggest by painful enumeration of many particulars. Yet, as this sentiment is the essence of all religion, let me guide your eye to the precise objects of the sentiment, by an enumeration of some of those classes of facts in which this element is conspicuous.

The intuition of the moral sentiment is an insight of the perfection of the laws of the soul. These laws execute themselves. They are out of time, out of space, and not subject to circumstance. Thus in the soul of man there is a justice whose retributions are instant and entire. He who does a good deed is instantly ennobled. He who does a mean deed is by the action itself contracted. He who puts off impurity thereby puts on purity. If a man is at heart just, then insofar is he God; the safety of God, the immortality of God, the majesty of God do enter into that man with justice. If a man dissemble, deceive, he deceives himself, and goes out of acquaintance with his own being. A man in the view of absolute goodness, adores, with total humility. Every step so downward, is a step upward. The man who renounces himself, comes to himself.

See how this rapid intrinsic energy worketh everywhere, righting wrongs, correcting appearances, and bringing up facts to a harmony with thoughts. Its operation in life, though slow to the senses, is at last as sure as in the soul. By it a man is made the Providence to himself, dispensing good to his goodness, and evil to his sin. Character is always known. Thefts never enrich; alms never impoverish; murder will speak out of stone walls. The least admixture of a lie—for example, the taint of vanity, any attempt to make a good impression, a favorable appearance—will instantly vitiate the effect. But speak the truth, and all nature and all spirits help you with unexpected furtherance. Speak the truth, and all things alive or brute are vouchers, and the very roots of the grass underground there do seem to stir and move to bear you witness. See again the perfection of the Law as it applies itself to the affections, and becomes the law of society. As we are, so we associate. The good, by affinity, seek the good; the vile, by affinity, the vile. Thus of their own volition, souls proceed into heaven, into hell.

These facts have always suggested to man the sublime creed that the world is not the product of manifold power, but of one will, of one mind; and that one mind is everywhere active, in each ray of the star, in each wavelet of the pool; and whatever opposes that will is everywhere balked and baffled, because things are made so, and not otherwise. Good is posi-

tive. Evil is merely privative, not absolute: it is like cold, which is the privation of heat. All evil is so much death or nonentity. Benevolence is absolute and real. So much benevolence as a man hath, so much life hath he. For all things proceed out of this same spirit, which is differently named love, justice, temperance, in its different applications, just as the ocean receives different names on the several shores which it washes.

All things proceed out of the same spirit, and all things conspire with it. Whilst a man seeks good ends, he is strong by the whole strength of nature. Insofar as he roves from these ends, he bereaves himself of power, or auxiliaries; his being shrinks out of all remote channels, he becomes less and less, a mote, a point, until absolute badness is absolute death.

The perception of this law of laws awakens in the mind a sentiment which we call the religious sentiment, and which makes our highest happiness. Wonderful is its power to charm and to command. It is a mountain air. It is the embalmer of the world. It is myrrh and storax, and chlorine and rosemary. It makes the sky and the hills sublime, and the silent song of the stars is it. By it is the universe made safe and habitable, not by science or power. Thought may work cold and intransitive in things, and find no end or unity; but the dawn of the sentiment of virtue on the heart gives and is the assurance that Law is sovereign over all natures; and the worlds, time, space, eternity, do seem to break out into joy.

This sentiment is divine and deifying. It is the beatitude of man. It makes him illimitable. Through it, the soul first knows itself. It corrects the capital mistake of the infant man, who seeks to be great by following the great, and hopes to derive advantages *from another*—by showing the fountain of all good to be in himself, and that he, equally with every man, is an inlet into the deeps of Reason. When he says, "I ought"; when love warms him; when he chooses, warned from on high, the good and great deed; then, deep melodies wander through his soul from Supreme Wisdom. Then he can worship, and be enlarged by his worship; for he can never go behind this sentiment. In the sublimest flights of the soul, rectitude is never surmounted, love is never outgrown . . . .

That is always best which gives me to myself. The sublime is excited in me by the great stoical doctrine, Obey thyself. That which shows God in me fortifies me. That which shows God out of me makes me a wart and a wen. There is no longer a necessary reason for my being. Already the long shadows of untimely oblivion creep over me, and I shall de cease forever.

The divine bards are the friends of my virtue, of my intellect, of my strength. They admonish me that the gleams which flash across my mind are not mine, but God's; that they had the like, and were not disobedient to the heavenly vision. So I love them. Noble provocations go out from them, inviting me to resist evil; to subdue the world; and to Be.

(Continued on page 51)



## A Letter From Sister Gyanamata

*Sister Gyanamata (1869-1951) was the most spiritually advanced woman disciple of Paramhansa Yogananda. She met him in Seattle, Washington, in 1924; eight years later she took the vows of a Sister of the SRF Order.*



New Year's Day, 1941

My blessed and beloved Master:

You gave me a star of great brilliance in the words you wrote on my Christmas greeting card. You said that I have given you "divine cooperation" in "countless" ways. This star will shed a consoling, uplifting, and inspiring light on my heart forever.

With deep devotion,

GYANAMATA

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### "CONDUCT COUNTS MORE THAN CREED"

All the sects of Hinduism, whatever be their creed and dogma, emphasize the need for ethical life as an indispensable condition of spiritual realization. He whose life is disorderly and who maintains no right relations with his fellow men will not be able to have the vision of God. It will be "easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle" than for the unrighteous man to enter the kingdom of God. Right speech, right thought, and right action are insisted upon by every school of Hindu thought. Conduct counts more than creed. If a person takes care of his morals, right belief will follow. Hinduism, both as a philosophy and religion, is not so much a way of thought as a way of life.—T.M.P. Mahadevan in "Outlines of Hinduism."

# Thought Seeds

By PARAMHANSA YOGANANDA



*Nurtured in the soil of consciousness by daily meditation, watered with showers of the heart's devotion, may these thought seeds blossom into beautiful divine realizations.*



He that seeks the Divine Magnet by concentration on It becomes a part of that Magnet, and thus attracts to himself all that is good.



The way to contact God is to meditate deeply, with utmost devotion, in the silent hours of the night, at the break of dawn, or in the hidden glow of the twilight.



There is no safety without God, no joy without Him, no love without Him, no rest without Him. There is no life without God.



God's shining light cannot be seen through the closed doors of blind sentiment. But through the open windows of true logical seeking we may at last behold Him.



The forces of evil that seem so terrible in the world ultimately will be the means of revealing the virtue of God. Without darkness, we would not appreciate light.



Everything is an expression of God. Therefore I will walk reverently through each day, ever listening for His message to me.

✧

Today I will be a master of my feelings. I will keep alive the awareness of God that brought me to a new understanding of life and its beauties. I will not let lesser feelings kill this higher one. I will be cautious and steadfast.

✧

I am made of the one universal God-substance. The healing power of Spirit is flowing through all the cells of my body.

✧

God's power is inexhaustible; as I am made in His image, I, too, have limitless power with which to overcome all obstacles.

✧

I will guard my thoughts and words so that they call forth into manifestation only that which is beautiful and true.

✧

I will go forth to meet life's experiences with perfect faith in the power of omnipresent Good to bring me what I need at the time I need it.

✧

I will use my creative thinking ability to gain success in every worth-while project that I undertake. God will help me if I also try to help myself.

✧

I will guide the ship of my life, ever beholding the polestar of God's peace shining in the firmament of my deep meditation.

✧

I will keep my mind receptive. Then I shall see God templed in every blade of grass and in every human being.

# Yoga Postures For Health

By B. TESNIERE, M.D., and BRAHMACHARI LELAND

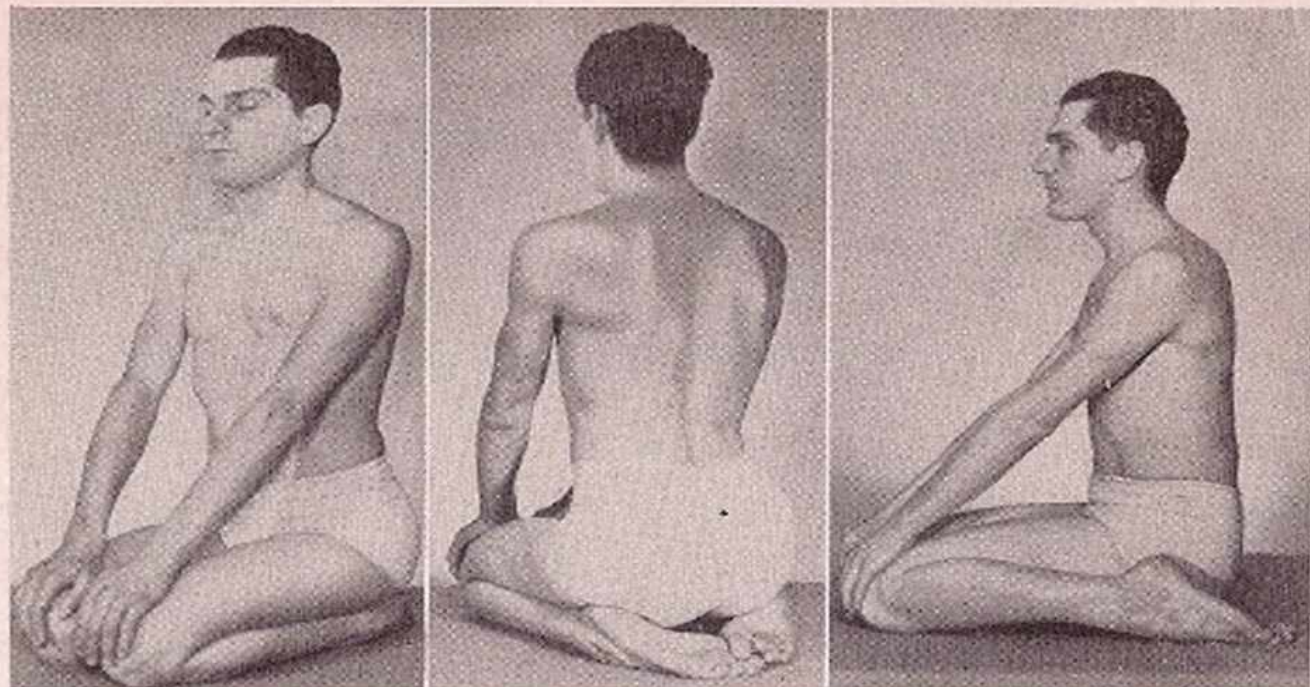
## VAJRASANA—THE PELVIC POSE

Yoga asanas (body postures) should be practiced for three reasons: (1) to help prepare the body for yogic methods of meditation; (2) to train the body to sit still easily while practicing meditation; and (3) for all-round benefit to body and mind, such as an increase in stability, poise, and calmness. Some asanas bring forth these results more quickly than do others. *Vajrasana*, the Pelvic Posture, is one that bestows immediate benefits.

Although *Vajrasana* is often used as a meditation pose, we are here especially concerned with its other values. Unlike the many asanas that should *not* be practiced after eating, the Pelvic Pose may be performed right after meals, to help digestion; or at any other time one wishes.

### How to Assume the Pelvic Posture

- (1) Kneel with knees together and feet together.
- (2) While keeping the big toes touching, spread the heels apart.
- (3) Slowly sit down until the buttocks touch the feet.
- (4) Straighten the spine.
- (5) While extending the arms forward, cup the hands on the knees, or just above the knees on the thighs.
- (6) Concentrate on the feeling of stability and poise.



Breathe normally. In the beginning, practice up to thirty seconds at a time. As one becomes proficient he may sit up to half an hour in this posture. Always follow *Vajrasana* with *Savasana*, the Relaxation Pose.

There are several slight variations to the Pelvic Pose; for example, sitting between the feet rather than on them (see figure at right in three-part illustration). This variation may be done more easily at first with the knees apart. Later one may practice with knees together; especially if he wishes to prepare for the more difficult *Suptavajrasana*, which we will describe in a future article.

### Hints For Success

While sitting in *Vajrasana* it is easy to keep the spine erect, but sometimes one may think that the spine is straight when it is not. Therefore, when first learning the pose, it is advisable to practice in front of a mirror or in the company of another person so that he may observe your position and tell you if your posture is correct or not.

The practice of an inverted pose such as *Sarvangasana* (*Self-Realization Magazine*, July 1953 and November 1953) before attempting *Vajrasana* will be found helpful because an inverted pose reduces the amount of blood in the lower limbs and thus facilitates the bending of the legs.

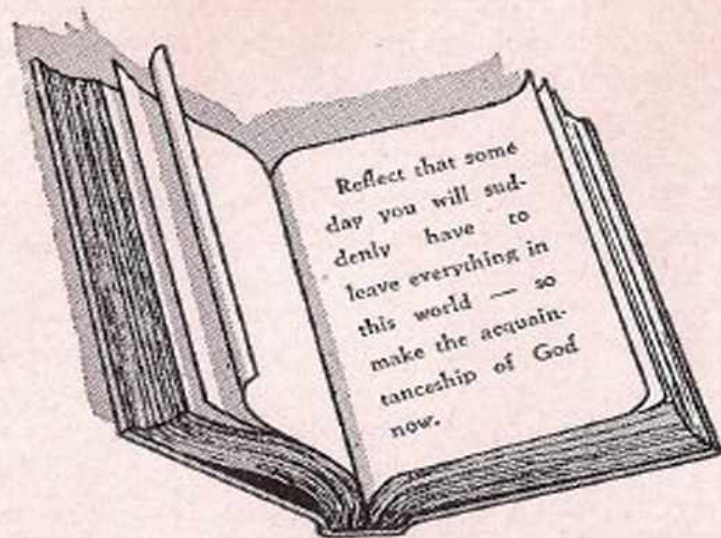
It is important to avoid putting more pressure than is comfortable on the knees, ankles, and feet. In the beginning, while lowering oneself to the sitting position, it is advisable to support the weight of the trunk with the arms by putting the hands on the floor. A way to limber up stiff knees is gently to swing the torso up and down while one is in a kneeling position, using the hands and arms as supports. One may place pillows between the feet and buttocks if he cannot sit down completely. To ease the pressure on the ankles, a pillow may be placed between them and the floor.

### Benefits of the Pelvic Pose

*Vajrasana* gives pronounced benefits, especially for the legs and lower trunk. The legs take on the suppleness of youth. The knees and ankles become stronger, yet more limber. The muscles of the legs receive a better circulation, as we shall explain. The muscles are like sponges filled with blood. During *Vajrasana* the folding of the legs has the effect of squeezing the blood out of the leg muscles. This fills the leg veins to a fuller extent than usual and consequently reduces the flow of arterial blood in the legs. When the limbs are again extended there is an extra demand for blood. The activation of circulation is particularly noticeable in the knees. *Vajrasana* promotes the nourishment of the nerves of the legs, and a freer flow of life energies in them.

The checking of the flow of blood in the lower limbs during the performance of the Pelvic Pose results in an increase of arterial blood

(Continued on page 44)



### "Autobiography of a Yogi" Reviewed on Television Program in Nevada

*On May 20th, during a book-review program on the Dot Young Show, KSHO-TV, Las Vegas, Nevada, Mrs. Young gave an extemporaneous review of "Autobiography of a Yogi." Extracts from the review follow:*

"This is a book such as I have never before read in my life. It has startled and shaken me beyond measure. I'd like to go deeply into this book, but to cover thoroughly just the bare essentials would require a week or more. It is a book that is inspiring, controversial, amazing, lucid, and lavish with the most beautiful English I have ever read in my life. I know that I shall not be able to do it justice. This book is so profound that I shall remember it as long as I live. If you don't have it, go to one of the book shops for it, keep it in your home, give it as a gift; it is priceless. It takes a long time to read, but every word will burn a living picture in your mind.

"Many times you've heard Americans say something facetious about yoga or yogis. Some people even have the nickname of 'Yogi.' Never, after reading this book, could I endure such facetiousness again. Because the philosophy of yoga is something so deep, so old, so all-encompassing that you cannot forget it if you gain even an elementary initiation into it.

"This volume is the life, from birth to death, of Paramhansa Yogananda. The whole concept of the book is man's unity with God. You draw in your breath with amazement in the very first chapter to know that such a thing as miracles exist — not magic, but actual miracles — in this atomic day and age. And yet, because Yogananda is a university graduate, with one of the most versatile intellects that I have ever met in the pages of a book, he is able to show that there is no line of demarcation between scientific and spiritual truths. He feels that they are one.

"This book contains the basic outline of the study of metaphysics:



that within man exists a cosmic relationship with God. The healings of Christ, such as his restoring the ear of a man after it had been severed by Peter, are nothing more than the yoga concept—the unity of mind and body. It is very hard to put these thoughts into words, very hard for us to depart from the orthodoxy of our beliefs and to accept the divinity of man. But in a lifetime the yogis do it. They maintain that Christ was one of the greatest of all yogis, because he knew the spiritual relationship between himself and the Infinite.

"The yogis believe that the human spine is the center of power for all activities, spiritual and physical; and they are not wrong, as far as some of our great neurologists are concerned. Yogis prove to themselves that even in this life they can become a part of Divinity. They can heal illness, and they do it without effort and quietly, without advertisement. There is a scientific explanation for everything that is expounded in this book. Yogananda knows science; he holds a university degree. He has discussed the yogic philosophy at great length with the greatest living people of his time. He said that to adopt the philosophy of the ancient *Vedas* or Yoga is to ask: 'Why? Who am I? Why was I born? What is my relationship with God? Why must I die? What is death?' He said we have a right to ask these questions.

"To my mind, yoga is the basic philosophy of metaphysics—man's spiritual at-one-ness with a *loving* God. A very loving God.... You should read this book; you should depart from fiction into nonfiction; from unreality into Reality, into the greatest spiritual vision that you've ever had in a lifetime or could ever have again. That's what I believe about this book.

"Yogananda's teacher, his beloved *guru* as he calls him, was Sri Yukteswar. And a great man he was. Such words of wisdom! The book is so full of these priceless jewels that you will be enchanted. You'll want to quote something or other to a friend because the validity of its logic is all-encompassing and stays with you forever.

"It is a great book. It is an unusual book. It is a controversial book. It has given me one of the greatest experiences, emotional and otherwise, that I've had in my life. It will move you to tears. It is written by a giant among men. It costs four dollars; it's worth a million to you. I am so profoundly interested that I want you to go to your bookstore and ask for *Autobiography of a Yogi*. It would take a long time to give it a review that would do it justice.

"Easy to read, humorous, breathtaking, a high emotional experience that I want to experience again and again until I've had my fill; and I've only just tasted it. That's how great this book is. Give it to a friend or a relative. Give it to yourself; you deserve it too. I will close with this thought from *Philippians* (4:13): 'I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.' Keep that in your heart. You can do anything—through God."

## BOOK REVIEWS

*MY CHILDHOOD WITH GANDHIJI*, by Prabhudas Gandhi. (Paper, 212 pp., \$1.00; order from Navajivan Publishing House, Ahmedabad 14, India.)

Prabhudas Gandhi spent eight years in the Phoenix Settlement founded in South Africa by his granduncle Mahatma Gandhi. The high principles of plain and moral living that obtained in Phoenix were the foundation stones Gandhi deemed necessary for success in the *Satyagraha* movement he was then preparing to launch. The Mahatma himself was frequently away in Johannesburg attending to urgent affairs. Many letters of instruction, encouragement, and sometimes chastisement, written to his sons and to other members of the Phoenix Settlement, are included in the text of this book.

Without really being aware that anything unusual was going on, the boy Prabhudas took part in some of his granduncle's experiments with education, with diet and nature cure, with nonviolence; in short, with Gandhi's "experiments with truth." "How could I have imagined," he writes, "that Uncle Mohandas, who let me ride on his back, would one day be recognized as one of the greatest men the world has known?"

The account of his own and others' reactions to life in Phoenix during Prabhudas' childhood days with Gandhi is written without pretension; even his adult observations about the Mahatma have an unself-conscious air that lends charm to a story which in all its aspects is an intensely interesting one.

The first few chapters of the book are devoted to a history, with many fascinating anecdotes, of the Gandhi family. The author learned much about the Mahatma as a boy from Gandhi's sister Raliatbehn. Among other things, she told him the following:

"Moniya (a boyhood name of Gandhi) seldom liked to stay at home. He would come for his meals and run away again to play in the compound of a nearby temple where he would climb trees or amuse himself in other ways. If one of his brothers pulled him down from a tree or beat him he would complain to his mother. His mother would ask why he did not hit back. His answer would be, 'How can you teach me to hit people? Why should I hit my brother? Why should I hit anybody?'

"Moniya was quite an adept at various games in vogue among children at the time. His role was that of a truthful witness in all these games. This was specially brought out in games played between Hindu and Muslim children in Shitla Chowk (square) near Gandhiji's house.

In the evenings when the boys collected in the Chowk to play games Moniya would act as an unofficial referee even though he was among the youngest and weakest of all. The Hindu and Muslim boys would wrestle, and it was left to Moniya to decide who had been defeated. Once he had given his decision, there were no objections from either side. All the boys, whether Hindu or Muslim, agreed that Moniya's verdict was the right and truthful one."

The author gives the following description of Gandhi as a young man, when he was just organizing the Phoenix Settlement.

"When the Phoenix Settlement was started in South Africa, Gandhiji was in the prime of his youth. That far-off country had begun to feel the influence of his manifold activities. Like the flowering of trees that do not even wait for the advent of spring, his faculties were coming to fullness. His work in various spheres had begun to give meaning to the life around him.

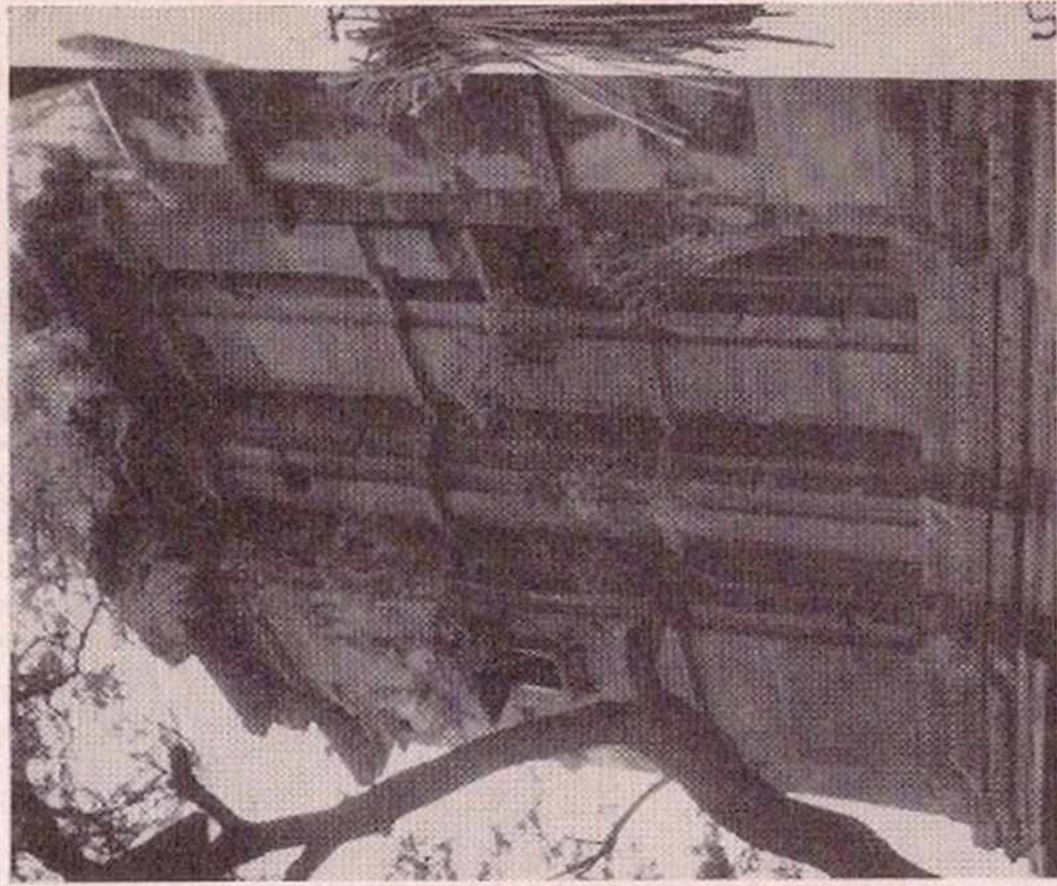
"He was strong and resolute. There was never any sign of wavering. In his personal life and in the social, political, and domestic spheres he had started experiments of great significance. On the one hand, he took a vow of celibacy for life, and, on the other, he decided to launch a campaign of *Satyagraha*. He had shown a new pattern of life to the young men around him so that they did not waste their entire youth... This was grand enough but grander still was the use of these ideas in the field of education... Some educationists familiar with Gandhiji's system have told me that his methods were old-fashioned. Spirituality played such a great part in them that they were almost impractical. But I am convinced that if Gandhiji had devoted as much time to education as experts do, his contribution in this field would have been supreme."

While in prison in Pretoria, Gandhi wrote to his son Manilal Kaka on this subject:

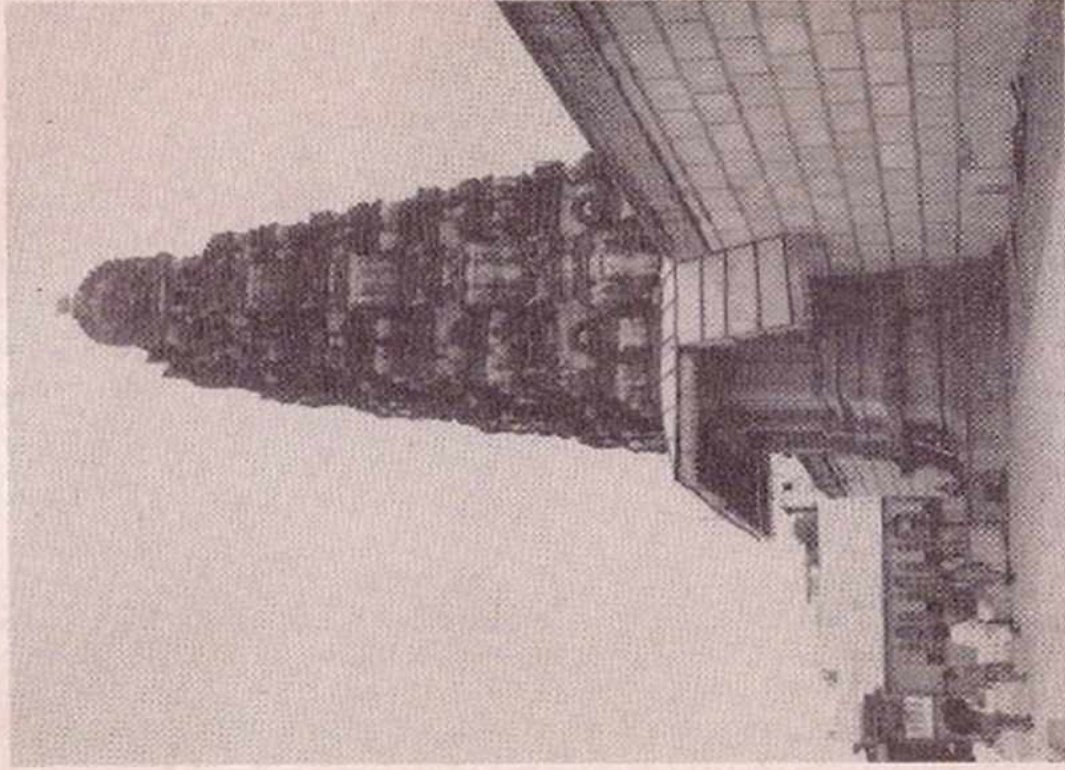
"I have been reading Emerson, Ruskin, Mazzini. I have also been reading the *Upanishads*. All confirm the view that education does not mean a knowledge of letters but means character building. It means a knowledge of duty... If you practice the three virtues, if they become part of your life, so far as I am concerned, you will have completed your education—your training. Armed with them, believe me, you will earn your bread in any part of the world, and you will have paved the way to acquire a true knowledge of the soul, yourself, and God."

That Gandhi was far from an impractical idealist, however much he emphasized the highest spiritual principles, is shown by another extract from the same letter:

"Do give ample work to the gardening, actual digging, hoeing, etc. We have to live upon it in future. And you should be the expert gardener of the family. Keep your tools in their respective places and keep them absolutely clean. In your lessons you should give a great deal of attention to mathematics and Sanskrit. The latter is absolutely necessary for you.



Home of Lord Krishna during his boyhood days in Brindaban



One of the many temples dedicated to Lord Krishna in Brindaban

Both these studies are difficult in after life. You will not neglect your music. You should make a selection of all good passages, hymns and verses, whether in English, Gujarati, or Hindi, and write them out in your best hand in a book. The collection at the end of the year will be most valuable. All these things you can do easily if you are methodical. Never get agitated and think you have too much to do and then worry over what to do first. This you will find in practice if you are patient and take care of your virtues. I hope you are keeping an accurate account. It should be kept of every penny spent for the household."

The purpose of the strict discipline upon which Gandhi insisted in the Phoenix Settlement was twofold: he was keenly interested in developing the character of the young ones; and of preparing young and old residents for jail, which he foresaw as their inevitable lot once the *Satyagraha* movement was launched.

Gandhiji himself was usually the first one up, and he would call all the boys to work in the garden. School came next, then more work in the fields.

"We did not like leaving the cool shade of our school to go out in the blazing hot sun. But Gandhiji did not give in. Once a boy gathered the courage to suggest to Gandhiji that instead of making us dig in the fields during the middle of the day, he might let us put in half an hour's extra digging in the morning. Gandhiji's reply was:

"I am not in the least prepared to change the time. You must get into the habit of working in the fields in the heat of the sun. Today you are studying here, but if the struggle starts and you have to go to jail, who will then let you rest in the shade? There you will have to work like brave workers in the hot, scorching sun. If you get tired and give up or lose courage there, it will be a grave insult to you and me."

Even Gandhiji's method of grading the children's papers was a form of discipline. "Gandhiji himself examined our answer books and in the evening when we assembled for prayers, he would announce the results. He would tell us the mistakes we had made... If we had any shortcomings, if we did not understand something, there was no reason for us to be nervous over it, for each of us knew that Gandhiji would explain everything to us. If we were not successful one month we worked hard and tried to obtain better results the next and looked forward to the examination days.

"At the time Gandhiji's method of marking papers often appeared unjust to me. If two boys in one class answered the same question, the one who had done better would sometimes receive less high marks than the other boy. In transcription especially, it seemed to me that Gandhiji marked some exercise books with partiality. If we asked him why he had given so few marks to such a good formation of letters he would reply

*(Continued on page 46)*

A SPIRITUAL INTERPRETATION  
OF THE *BHAGAVAD GITA*

By PARAMHANSA YOGANANDA



*Chapter VII, Stanza 27*

**Literal Translation**

*At birth all creatures are immersed in delusion, O Arjuna! because of subjection to desire and hate—the pair of opposites that spring from Maya.*

**Spiritual Interpretation**

A man witnessing a dream is affected from the very start by its pleasant or unpleasant nature. Similarly, as soon as a human being is born in a particular part of this cosmic dream, he begins to respond emotionally. Beholding the drama of contrary elements, he knows desire and aversion. This subjection from birth to oppositional states or *maya* is man's state of "original sin."

A person who looks out of a clean window and who then gazes through a dirty window will first see the objects outside clearly and in their natural colors, and then obscurely, as though dimmed by darkness. Similarly, according to the good or evil character of his own dream drama, a man is happily or adversely affected.

To be born in a physical body at all is a clue that man is in soul ignorance and has not realized his identity as formless Spirit. (The ex-

ceptions are masters that return here at God's command to guide their stumbling brothers.) To breathe at all is to breathe in *maya*. Thus from their very birth children are exposed to cosmic delusion and grow up helplessly under it. God gives them delusion first, and not Himself, in order to carry on His dramatic scheme of creation. If He did not cover Himself with the veils of *maya*, there could be no Cosmic Game of creation, in which men play hide-and-seek with Him and try to find Him as the Grand Prize.

When man is disillusioned by the lesser temptations of sense pleasures, he seeks the supreme temptation of life, God's bliss. In this way man learns to use His divine gifts of discrimination and free choice to find the Reality behind the appearances of life. At birth human beings fall into delusion, that they be disposed to play at least a little while with God. Then by discrimination or by suffering for misbehaving, they make the effort to return forever to His Eternal Blessed Home. Knowing this truth, no devotee should be despondent about finding ultimate liberation.

When the water in a pot is agitated, the moon reflected there looks distorted. The moving water disturbs any reflected object. Similarly, when the calm waters of a man's heart are stirred by likes and dislikes, he is unable to solve his problems and to make wise decisions. Nor can a restless heart reflect the inward presence of the blissful soul.

Owing to prenatal habits of desires and aversions, a human being is agitated from birth by the triple qualities of cosmic *maya*. Except the wise, all men are born with delusion, i.e., with body consciousness. When a boy from early childhood shows signs of soul qualities, he has been born with superconsciousness earned by good karma in the past.

#### *Chapter VII, Stanza 28*

#### **Literal Translation**

*Righteous men, their sins obliterated, and subject no longer to the oppositional delusions, worship Me steadfastly.*

#### **Spiritual Interpretation**

Advanced yogis that performed good actions in past lives are reborn with their seeds of karma roasted by the past fires of self-discipline. Thus the calm waters of their hearts are free from the ripples of likes and dislikes; they devotedly concentrate on the Spirit reflected within the human soul.

Men of good actions, without sinful, misery-making attachments and repulsions to sense objects, find their hearts free from the battle of opposite qualities. Wholeheartedly and with purified minds they worship God firmly as the Abode of All Goodness.



LLOYD A. KENNEL, M.D.  
1888 — 1957

Our dear brother disciple, Dr. Lloyd Kennell of San Diego, died on May 8th. He was noted for his pioneering medical researches. Dr. Kennell served for a number of years as a minister of the San Diego SRF church. The following extract is from a tribute by Sister Dayaji that was read at his memorial service on May 19th.

"We deeply mourn the loss of our dear friend, Dr. Lloyd Kennell.

"From the time he met Paramhansa Yoganandaji, in 1933, Dr. Kennell never wavered in his devotion and loyalty as a beloved disciple of the Master. In the spirit of a true devotee, he manifested his love for God and Guru through many years of selfless service to Their work. We cannot adequately express our appreciation for all that Dr. Kennell did for the SRF cause."

## A SONG

By Richard Crasbaw

Lord, when the sense of thy sweet  
grace

Sends up my soul to seek thy face.  
Thy blessed eyes breed such desire,  
I dy in love's delicious Fire.

O love, I am thy Sacrifice.  
Be still triumphant, blessed eyes.  
Still shine on me, fair suns! that I  
Still may behold, though still I dy.

Though still I dy, I live again;  
Still longing so to be still slain,  
So gainful is such losse of breath.  
I dy even in desire of death.

Still live in me this loving strife  
Of living Death and dying Life.  
For while thou sweetly slayest me  
Dead to my selfe, I live in Thee.

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## SRF CONVOCATION

An SRF convocation will take place from August 7th through August 11th. The convocation will include the annual series of classes in basic SRF techniques and principles, and the sacred *Kriya Yoga* Initiation ceremony for all eligible students that have never before received it. Announcement of time and place of events was mailed to SRF students on June 24th. Other interested persons may procure a copy of the schedule and other particulars by writing to SRF headquarters in Los Angeles, or by inquiring at any SRF branch center.



(Continued from page 13)

down the dusty lanes for about an hour, chanting the "Sat-Sanga Song," "Desire, My Great Enemy," and many other songs. On our return many of the village people had gathered in the "center of town," and as we passed they showered us with flower petals and offered fruit and sweetmeats. Suddenly everyone shouted, "Jai Guru!" Ah, Easter Morn in India!

When we reached our "stucco hut" it was about 6:00 A.M. Kiddies had gathered by the scores. What to do for them? Then I remembered that I had planned to make Easter baskets for Hasi, Sivarani, Matan, and Atmanandaji, with the little "Hallmark" paper baskets that H..... had sent me. When I started to work on them the children were beside themselves with curiosity. At first they kept at a rather respectful distance, but soon they gathered so close around me I could hardly work or even breathe. At last their little hands could resist no longer the temptation to help. In a short time the baskets were "finished" (in a rather dilapidated state), but what gleeful proudness shone in the little ones' eyes!

I lined up the baskets on the window ledge and then went to breakfast. On my return I found that the mothers had gathered to see the masterpieces. It was then I wished I had a thousand Easter eggs to give them all. As it was, I had just enough candies to fill the baskets.

I spent the rest of the day walking here and there and watching people prepare food for 2000. The rice pile had become a "mountain" by late afternoon.

The people continued to gather throughout the day and in the early evening the meeting began. They had asked me to say a few words, so I was scared to death. When the time came I managed something, I don't know what; and then I suddenly felt an urge to sing Master's song, "I Love You, My Dear India." I almost didn't get through it, though, for suddenly there were all your faces before me, as you had looked when you stood on the pier at Los Angeles to see me off, and I really was homesick.

After the meeting Atmanandaji showed the film of Master at the Lake Shrine dedication. It gave me a strange feeling to see it here in far-away India under the starlit sky.

After the film the people were fed. Those that were to be served lined up in long rows, sitting back to back; others walked up and down the rows serving the food on banana or lotus leaves. I had heard Master talk of feeding hundreds of people. This was a sight to behold!

\* \* \*

### Visits with Bhupendra Nath Sanyal

May 17, 1957

I spent a most wonderful week in Puri, the ancient city of spirituality — 4000 years of it. I guess that explains the subtle and uplifting forces that one feels at work there. Puri is a comparatively small town, built

mostly on sand dunes. Every building is either an ashram or a temple or a *mandir* (shrine or small temple); and in the center of all this stands the giant Jaganath Temple. The streets are filled with spiritual aspirants of every type, and there isn't an hour of the day that some form of worship is not going on. There is not one of you that wouldn't love it as I did.

I will combine the description of my three visits with Bhupendra Nath Sanyal Mahasaya into one, as they were almost the same. We always left the YSS Ashram by the same old gate and as we started down the road I would sense the presence of Sri Yukteswarji very strongly.\* In my mind's eye I could see him with Master, lining up the other little boys for a walk. And I could almost hear him singing, "Boys go to and fro, in a pretty little row." Somehow you just fell into step. Believe me, when you walk about in Puri, there is hardly a place that you don't feel Sri Yukteswarji by your side. I'd find myself automatically taking big steps to keep up with him.

The ashram of Sri Yukteswarji is about a mile from Sanyal Mahasaya's house. The latter is in a rather secluded spot among the sand dunes, a large two-storied home with a compound enclosed by a wall. As you enter the gate there is a *mandir* for Lahiri Mahasaya. In this lovely little temple is a small marble statue of Lahiri Mahasaya. Sanyal Mahasaya said that many times our beloved Sri Yukteswarji, whom he knew very well, would come to visit him and spend time meditating in the *mandir*.

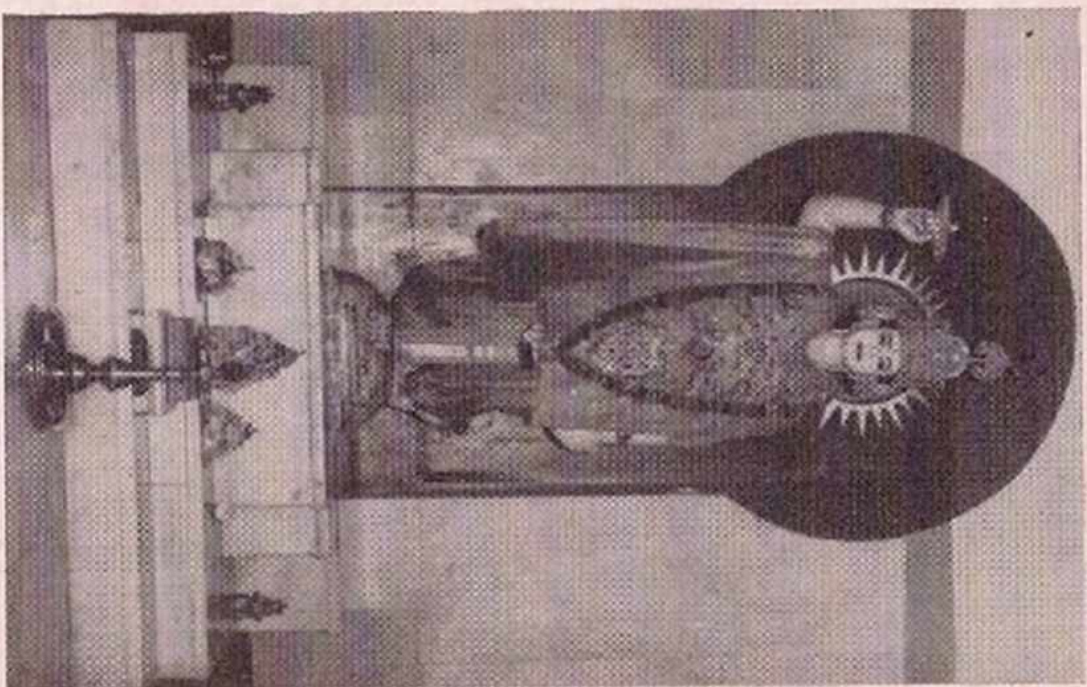
We always made our visits at the hour of sunset, because Sanyal Mahasaya doesn't see anyone until after four. This was perfect as far as I was concerned, because by then it was cool with a wonderful sea breeze. Also, it was the hour of *puja* and so as you walked along you could peek in this temple and that — of Krishna, Kali, Durga — and the *mandirs* of many great saints. One time we stopped long enough to visit the *mandir* of Swami Shankara. Puri has changed a great deal during the centuries. The "sands of time" have practically covered Shankara's place, so you have to walk down many steps to reach the sanctuary. I was permitted to touch his wooden sandals. Imagine!

Now, just a little farther, and we are at Sanyal Mahasaya's. Always before going in to see him we would stop at the *mandir* outside to pay our respects to Lahiri Mahasaya. Then we would proceed up the stairs to greet him — the gentle Sanyal Mahasaya — on the veranda. His face would break into a benign smile, and that would thrill me through and through, for then I knew he was glad to see me.

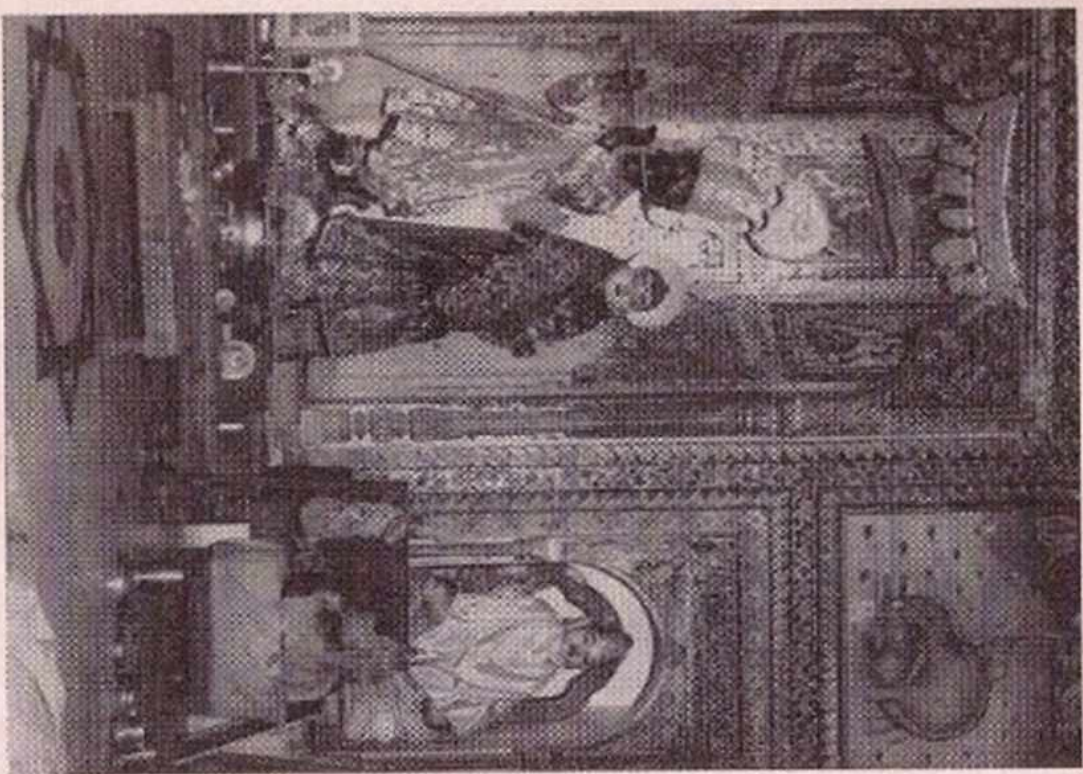
I'm lost for words as how to describe him. You are first conscious of how gentle and tender he is and then you realize how *still* he is. As you look into his beautiful eyes his great power lifts and withdraws you into another world, into a great Presence. You become so still you don't want

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\*The YSS Ashram in Puri was founded by Sri Yukteswar.



Life-size marble statue of Lord Krishna  
inside Birla Temple near Brindaban



Statues of Krishna and Radha in Lord Krishna  
Temple in Brindaban

to move or utter a word but just to keep expanding yourself in the great Presence. Such a joy and peace steals over you!

You come with all sorts of questions to ask him but as soon as you are with him they vanish into thin air. He doesn't mind your asking questions but you just don't feel like it.

When he laughs he just bubbles all over; and oh, when he speaks of Lahiri Mahasaya he lights up like a Christmas tree — his eyes are like stars and a love comes into them such as I have seen only in our Master's eyes. Now I know what it means to "see" the Master through the eyes of the disciple.

### **Lahiri Mahasaya Appears in the Flesh One Year After His Death**

We asked him if he had ever seen Lahiri Mahasaya after his death. This is what he told us:

"I was nineteen years old when Lahiri Mahasaya left his body. For one year after his demise I was very sad at heart, grieving continually. I couldn't eat or work. I went to Deogarh, a hill-station about one hundred and fifty miles from Calcutta, for my health. One day I was so upset that I wept from morning until night in a closed room. Suddenly I became aware that Lahiri Mahasaya was standing before me. At first I couldn't realize it was he in flesh and blood — I thought it was a vision. But when Lahiri Mahasaya began to speak to me I realized it was really he, in the flesh. I questioned him, 'How can I live when you are no more with me?' Lahiri Mahasaya replied with a smile, 'Who said I have left you? Am I not present before you?' Then I laughed, realizing how foolish I had been. As soon as I laughed Lahiri Mahasaya laughed and all the sorrow left me. He spoke of other things and then said, 'When there is any necessity for me to come, I will come. Don't feel sad, for I am always with you.' Then he dematerialized himself before me."

Another time Sanyal Mahasaya had a great vision of Lahiri Mahasaya. He told us:

"One day I was in deep meditation. I found myself rising on a mountaintop where I saw many saints that I recognized, including Jesus Christ. They were all seated within different caves. There were several stairlike places and I climbed these. I wasn't satisfied because I hadn't seen Lahiri Mahasaya. In this way I went from one peak to another; and finally, being disappointed, I sat down on a slab, most dejected. Then I heard the voice of Lahiri Mahasaya speaking to me from a higher peak and calling me to come to him there. I went to his place and touched his feet and stayed with him for a while. Then the vision disappeared."

We asked if he had seen Babaji in that vision. He said, "I didn't seek to see him for I was satisfied to be with Lahiri Mahasaya."

We asked which place he liked better, Puri or Benares. "Benares," he said, "for that is where my Master was."

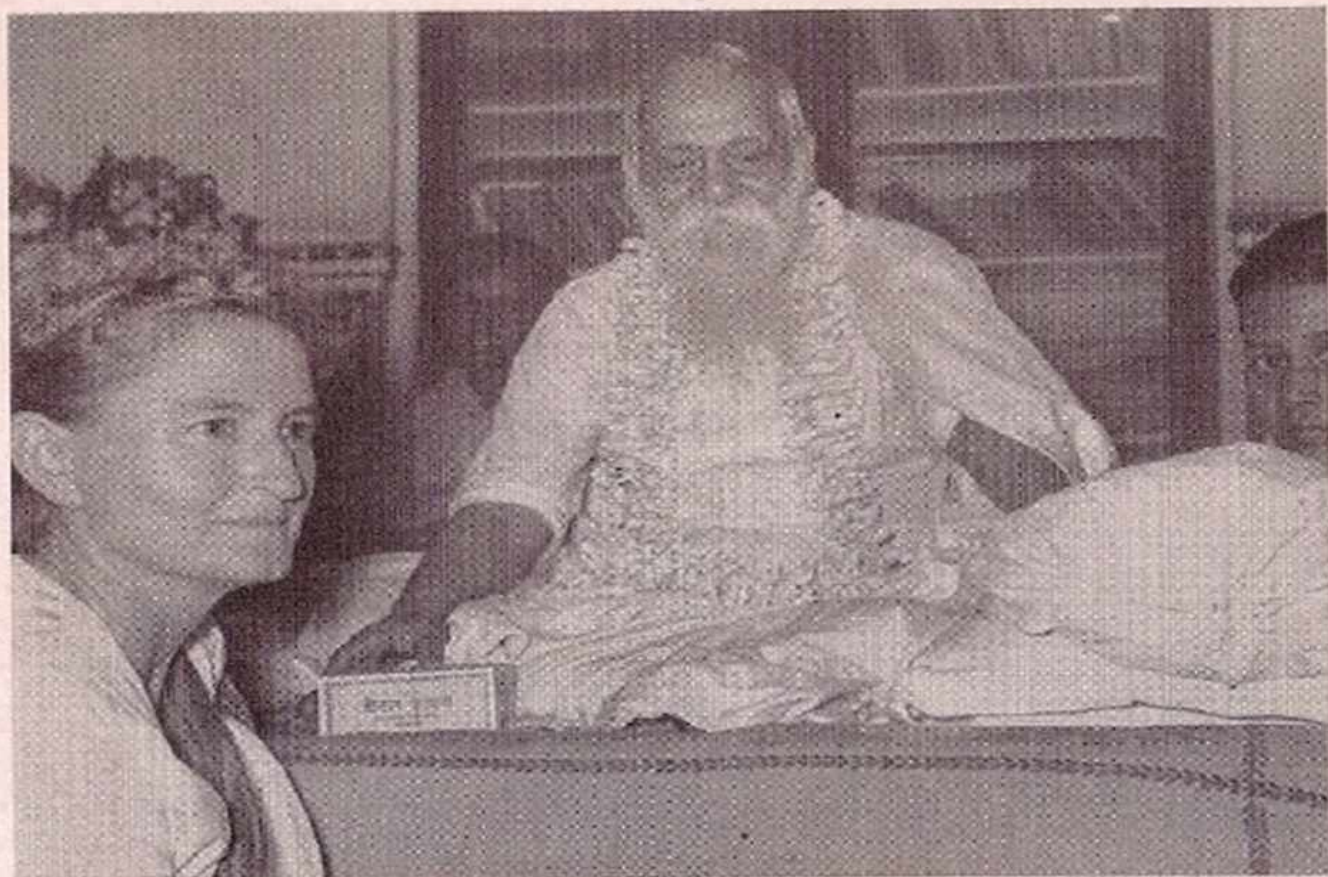
Sanyal Mahasaya asked us if we found peace and tranquillity of mind when meditating. We answered, "Yes, but the mind is fickle and soon reverts to old habits." He said, "Fickleness of mind is man's greatest enemy, but the more often we become still, the sooner we rise above it. Meditate deeper and deeper and love God. In that love for God our bad habits are taken away. Do the maximum duties demanded of you, and the rest of the time keep silence."

### **"Keep Trying Your Best With What the Guru Has Given You"**

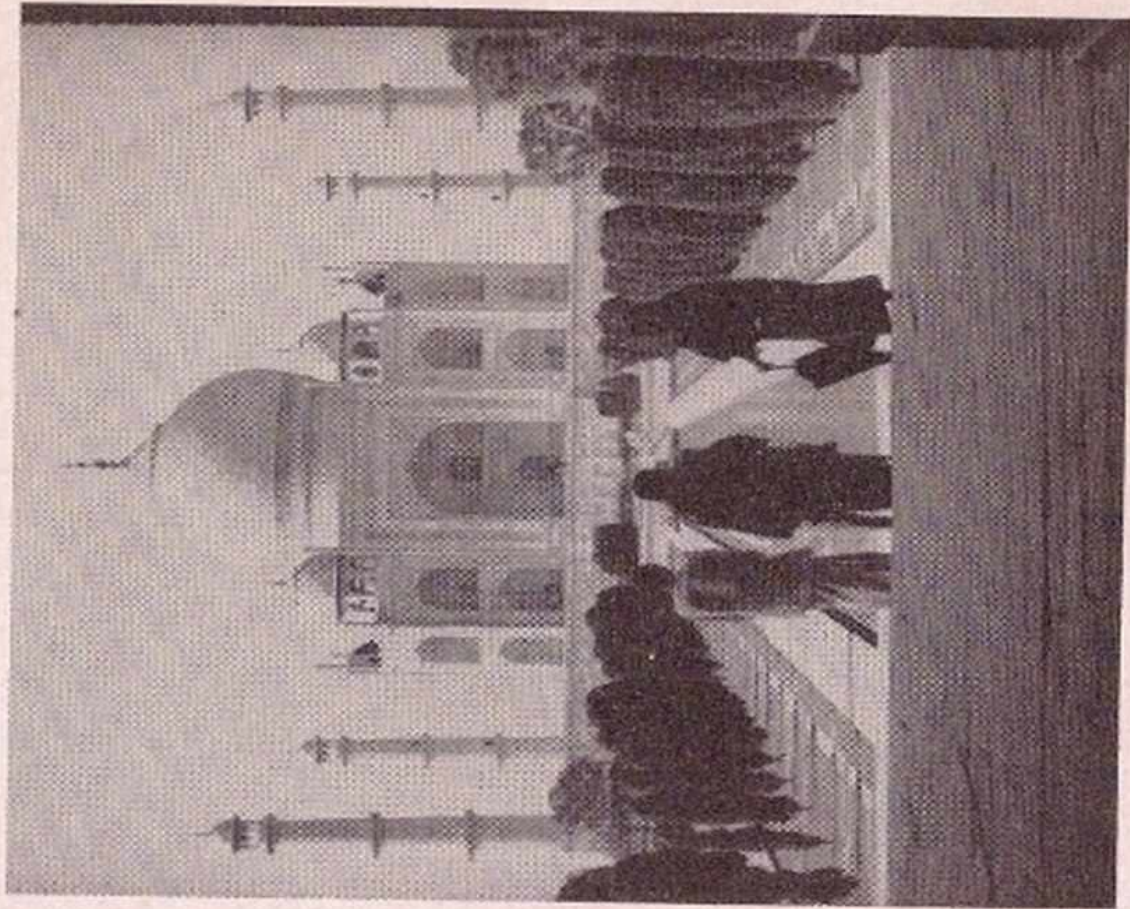
We asked what was the greatest spiritual advice Lahiri Mahasaya had given him. He said it was this: "Keep going, keep going, and trying your best with what the Guru has given you. It takes time."

He said Lahiri Mahasaya was jovial at times but was almost always in deep meditation and never talked unless asked a direct question. Lahiri Mahasaya knew what people were going to ask him before they asked it.

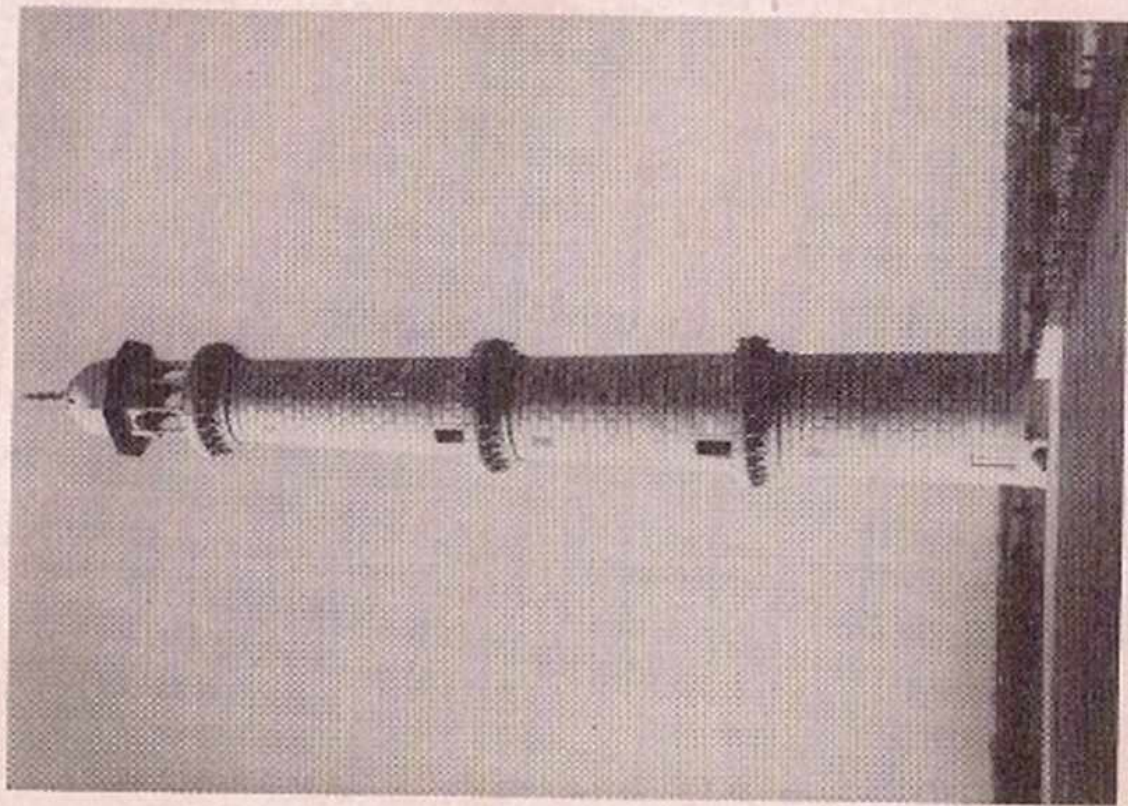
Sanyal Mahasaya knew our Master... and Paramhansaji would go to see him at Puri and take food with him. I know I shall never see another sunset without thinking of these cherished moments with Sanyal Mahasaya.



Sister Sailasuta and Sanyal Mahasaya, Puri, April, 1957. The venerable saint is one of the few living disciples of Lahiri Mahasaya.



Swami Atmananda and two YSS disciples before the Taj Mahal, April, 1956



One of the four main watchtowers on the grounds of the Taj Mahal in Agra

## Letters From SRF Students



"Truly, this is a major part of the great plan of God. Before I learned of the Master, I was an ardent Christian and God gave me much joy and peace in that path; but still my heart longed for something beyond it, and God told me that I would find it. This is it! Never before have I known such bliss, fulfillment of the desires of my heart, wisdom, power, and freedom in body, mind, and soul. I now see all my life as well as all of life and history falling into a perfect whole. Christ said, 'Be ye therefore perfect,' and Master says, 'I will show you the way to perfection.' The best proof of the truth of his teachings is that, if properly followed, they bring perfect harmony in one's life. I thank God, Christ, and Master Yogananda for these lessons, and for Yogananda's life."—*H.L. Seattle, Wash.*

"I have enjoyed the Lessons. I'm glad that I am studying and living a life that has permanent values, that will not grow old and tiresome — a life that will increase in happiness and joy."—*L.W., Phoenix, Arizona.*

"The study of SRF teachings belongs to the most interesting pursuits I know. Friends who know that I do all these exercises may be thinking I could spend time better in earning money or in doing some 'more useful thing,' but I find that the time one spends at night in meditation and in practicing the other SRF techniques is doubly recovered during the day because one is able to work far more intensely."—*B.V., Enschede, Netherlands.*

"May I offer deepest thanks to the Guru-Preceptor, Paramhansa Yogananda, whom we both revere with our hearts and whose blessed help we experience each day anew. Except for Christ, I cannot think of a more lovable Master than Yogananda. The teachings in his SRF Lessons are so true, effective, and impressive, that I am ever newly astounded. I feel that to our Guru-Preceptor Paramhansa Yogananda it is not of much importance merely to satisfy the intellect of students; but more important to hammer into them daily his basic ideas for Self-realization — always from a different aspect, to help even the simplest mind to understand. And to those that understand it within, he offers the highest. One feels how deeply Master was concerned about this: 'Seek God now.' He seems to be saying, 'So much — yes, everything! — is at stake.'"—*Mr. and Mrs. H.E., Goggingen b./Augsburg, Germany.*

"The picture of Paramhansa Yogananda that I received from you has

become for me a mirror of my conscience. Those eyes, both sweet and firm (eyes of love that forgive but at the same time demand the best of one and that do not let slip by any negligence) inspire and compel me to make a greater and greater effort, without delay; and compulsively obtain my promise to work ever more eagerly on myself.

"I am assiduously studying the Lessons and have read all the books of Yoganandaji (translated into Spanish) with boundless emotion and devotion. His words lift me up and move me to the farthest depths of my soul, and often make me shed tears. I would like to know all his works, which are so deep in thought and so wonderfully artistic in expression. Nothing else that I have read up to now (even the mystical poems of Rabindranath Tagore) has given me such an impression of majesty. Yoganandaji's writings move me both by their beauty and by satisfying the demands of reason. This is what I have been looking for all my life, in vain up to now; this my soul, heart, and intelligence have needed and been hungry for."—*L.Z., Buenos Aires, Argentina.*

"I feel greater peace, power, and joy. I am blessed to know this greatest religion in the world and to be able to liberate myself (of course, it is up to me) in this very life."—*F.S., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.*

"I was led to join Self-Realization Fellowship through reading Master's *Autobiography*. In making the decision to apply for membership I actually obeyed an inner call. I was not attracted by the prospect of eventually being endowed with immense powers; but I wanted as never before to be capable of a love as powerful and divine as that of Yogananda. I wanted to be one of those to whom he promised that, provided our love for God became of such quality and permanence that He could not resist it; and provided we prefer to follow wisdom, rather than the dictates of the senses, in order to become masters of the body and mind; and provided our sole pleasure and aim would be to become attuned to Him rather than to be held in the clutches of material life, we would surely get to know Him. I knew that Master is the guide I needed so much, and that although I had not met Him physically, I could call on him spiritually and consider him as my Guru. I knew also that the joy ahead of me would become mine only when and if my will to acquire it became stronger than my habits of spiritual loafing. I knew for certain that, if God is not impatient, He is at least in a hurry to see me His again; and that Master would show me how to go to Him in reality. I am not sure that I dare speak of what I have gained through my association with SRF, since I must admit in all humility that I am still a rather poor disciple; but I can say that I have acquired a more permanent and greater poise; that my physical appearance and state of health have seldom been as good; that I can certainly concentrate more completely in my work; and that the latter, however difficult, I can do with the greatest ease; that I am possibly more 'intelligent' than I used to be; that my intuition is



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developing; that my predominant state both within and without is that of a smiling and happy man; and that the ever-new joy Master has promised is gradually invading me."—*M.T., Geneva, Switzerland.*

"I wanted God very badly, felt awfully alone and lost, and had the feeling that He was no more with me. I could not find Him, and fell from one illness into another, and could not do my work. I read the book of our blessed Guru Paramhansa Yogananda, then studied the SRF Lessons. Every day I tried and tried to meditate and the results were astonishing. Happiness did come back. I am feeling the blessings of our Father, and can trust again now that everything is coming from Him and that He is doing all for the best."—*J.M., Bilthoven, Holland.*

I was led to join Self-Realization Fellowship through reading Paramhansaji's book, *Autobiography of a Yogi*, which came to me just at a period of spiritual stagnation. I had studied another teaching for about eight years and had reached a stage of "intellectual indigestion" wherein I knew there was something more, something different, somewhere; but did not just know where until I found Yogananda's book. Then I knew that my search was ended. It has been like finding a fresh spring, an oasis in the desert. I feel the Unseen Spirit to be much closer, though still unseen. It is very difficult to describe one's intangible feelings, but when I try to compare myself with what I was in the beginning of my SRF studies, I realize that I have changed slowly and indefinitely in many ways. It has been like the opening of another door in my soul. The guru-disciple relationship is the most sacred bond, that of love and loyalty and willingness to follow the teachings of the guru unswervingly in his guidance along the wonderful path to the Infinite."—*I.P., North Wales, Great Britain.*

"I have been helped wonderfully (physically, mentally, and spiritually) by doing the exercises regularly. Living in a tropical country is very pleasant, for Nature is always at her best; after doing the exercises early in the morning, I feel and see God's presence in something different each morning, and the memory remains fresh all day, helping me to be cheerful and happy. I am conscious of a great sense of calmness and an overwhelming love for God and all His creatures. I feel at times like a prisoner, restless and eager to be free to devote my life to His service.

"The practice of *Hong-Sau* has helped on three occasions. The occasions were similar; I was under great nervous tension and I needed to be calm in order to solve a difficult problem. I practiced *Hong Sau* for several minutes. I became calm and the mental block was miraculously removed. I shall never forget the experiences. Our blessed guru has indeed brought me close to God through his wonderful teachings. I am deeply grateful to SRF. My life has become a joyous inspiration to many of my friends as well."—*L.M., Jamaica, British West Indies.*

## Comments on "Autobiography of a Yogi"



"I have just finished reading *Autobiography of a Yogi*. It's the book I have spent almost half a lifetime looking for and hoping some day to find. It's truly a masterpiece, by a truly great Master. I am so glad that I have been spared to live and to receive his message, so beautifully telling all mankind how to find a path leading to Self-realization."—C.L., Memphis, Tennessee.

"I read the German edition with great joy. I believe that through the technique of *Kriya Yoga* the many windings of our earthly path will be changed into a straight and hence much shorter road to our Creator."—J.V., Giengen, Germany.

"It is with the utmost respect and devotion that I write to you. Words cannot describe the deep emotion that *Autobiography of a Yogi* awoke in me and words cannot thank you.... Yoganandaji's wonderful book has opened new worlds for me."—B.H. (Ph.D.), Montevideo, Uruguay.

"I have gone through its pages at least twenty or thirty times, and each time have been newly uplifted."—M.H., Portland, Oregon.

"Until I read our wonderful Yoganandaji's *Autobiography* I had never found what I sought. I have now found a truer understanding of God, a sense of inner peace, and a small measure of inner bliss."—D.M., New Westminster, B.C., Canada.

"After reading *Autobiography of a Yogi*, I felt I had found a path of truth long searched for. I felt the sublime vibrations of sacredness and spirituality. The book imparted to me a desire to change definitely to the inner life with all my heart."—C.W.C., Pacific Palisades, California.

"The wonderful book by Paramhansa Yogananda has made on me the greatest impression of my life."—H.C., Vienna, Austria.

"Many delusions and disappointments in life had driven me, in spite of my best will to resist, to despair. Orthodox religion gave me no satisfaction. Sometimes, when I didn't know if I were wrong or right, I feared I would go mad. Yoganandaji's *Autobiography* was a revelation to me and gave me comfort and new hope. It convinced me that without a spiritual guide it is next to impossible to proceed on the path leading to peace; and that Yogananda has eternal power to guide his devotees."—F.F., Trieste, Italy.

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By PARAMHANSA YOGANANDA

Foreword by W. Y. Evans-Wentz, M.A., D. Litt., D. Sc.

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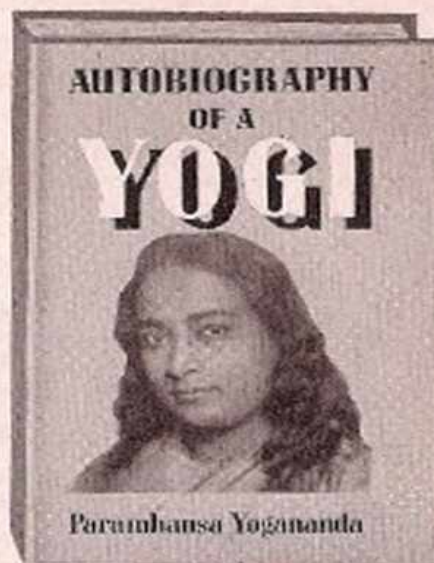
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"*Autobiography of a Yogi* is a storehouse of peace and strength and faith—the most wonderful book I have ever read."—P.S., Benton City, Washington.

"I will never forget the day I picked up *Autobiography of a Yogi* and *Whispers From Eternity*. Through these books I have learned how to talk to my Father; I have changed into a new person altogether."—H.C.G., Oakland, California.

"I am a girl 14 years old. I read the magnificent *Autobiography of a Yogi*. The book has transformed my life. I have finally understood that my vocation and mission on earth is the yogic life, to search for the path to God, and to arrive at a level of spiritual understanding through which I may reach the end of my reincarnations."—M.L.R., Moca, Puerto Rico.

"I recently read *Autobiography of a Yogi*. Concerning Christ, it had seemed to me that I didn't understand and love him; but I always tried to, during all the years I searched for the truth. Now I can understand him much better and I am very happy about this."—S.L., Berlin, Germany.

"Having just completed my reading of *Autobiography of a Yogi*, I am overwhelmed with its philosophy of God and man, and with the marvels that Yoganandaji created and accomplished here in the United States. There is a vast need for such spiritual and humanitarian enlightenment."—L.C., Vallejo, California.

"The death of my father was a shock that started my thinking about life and death and rebirth. One day somebody handed me a book with these words: 'Read this; it is very beautiful.' It was *Autobiography of a Yogi*. I have read it three times. Although I was very much grieved to hear that Paramhansa Yogananda is no longer physically with us, deep down I know that he will eventually answer all my questions and lead me to the fountain of truth."—L.K., London, England.

"The interest the book has aroused in me is inexpressible. I am attending college, and my roommate is from India. He advised me to get some books on Yoga. Blessed was that day in my life! Not only does *Autobiography of a Yogi* offer me a method for receiving answers to all my questions, but I now have a much better understanding of the Bible. A deep warmth pervades me with the anticipation of my realization of God."—R.W.H., Lubbock, Texas.

"I see in *Autobiography of a Yogi* the most valuable work that has ever come into my life. The comfort and strength it gives is indescribable. Now I know for certain that God lives, that Self is immortal, and that everything has its place in a great plan. In its religious ardor, India is an example for the entire world. May her ideas change mankind. Her holy men, Paramhansaji and other masters, represent the love of God that has become flesh."—E.I., Voelklingen/Saar, Germany.

(Continued from page 21)

supply just above the legs, in the lower trunk. The functions of the digestive and eliminative systems are thus improved.

The reproductive system is also greatly benefited by the pose. By increasing the circulation of blood in the sexual organs, *Vajrasana* improves their secretions, both external and internal. In men, the control of the external secretion through yogic methods brings a natural increase of the internal secretion of hormones, which are very important to physical health and spiritual accomplishment. It is a physiopathological law that within those glands which produce mixed secretions there is a balance of internal and external secretions: the reduction of the external secretion tends to increase the internal secretion. This law has been long recognized by yogis in their practice of psychophysical techniques for transmuting the sex impulse into spiritual energy.

With this explanation we have the key to the naming of this pose *Vajrasana*. The Sanskrit *vajra* means penis. But as the pose affects the whole pelvic region, this asana is usually referred to in its more comprehensive sense as the Pelvic Pose. *Vajrasana* may be practiced with advantage by both men and women. However, women should abstain during the menstrual period.

In this pose the firm and comfortably fixed position of the pelvis affords a stable basis for holding the spine erect. When one is proficient in performing *Vajrasana* he experiences a deep sense of well-being, stability, and calmness. Try it!

The next article will cover *Utkatasana*, the Chair Pose.



Entrance to SRF Mt. Washington Center, showing newly paved drive

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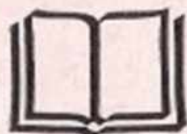
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that it was not his aim to compare one boy with another. He was only interested in seeing how far each single boy had progressed and in giving him marks accordingly."

Gandhi's fatherly interest in and patience with the progress of each child is highlighted in the following incident related by his grandnephew:

"Finishing his conversation, Gandhiji began to play with us. He carried each one of us on his shoulders and then dropped us on the sloping garden plot to roll down it. We returned to him again and again to be rolled down the slope by him. This boisterous fun continued for about half an hour, after which Gandhiji took us on a round of the settlement. He called at the houses of all settlers to find out how they were. He was wearing a half-sleeved shirt of thin gauzelike white material and a pair of white trousers. We were walking behind him. Noticing that Ramdas was not among us I began to shout for 'Lamdak Kaka.' Gandhiji asked me to pronounce 'Ramdas,' but I still lisped. He thereupon asked all the children to shout, 'Hip, hip, hurrah.' He asked us to repeat it again and again, and then asked me to shout 'hurrah' by myself. When I had succeeded in doing so he asked me to say 'Hurr-ramdas.' I had to repeat the name several times and was let off only when I pronounced the word correctly. This was my first lesson from Gandhiji. The innumerable others which followed were given with the same affection."

Great men characteristically always find time for services and pursuits that their lesser brethren are usually "too busy" to accomplish. It is not surprising to read that in addition to being the headmaster of the school, "Gandhiji spent a good deal of time in the kitchen. He was always concerned about the children, who were 25 to 30 in number. He did not want them to be kept waiting for their meals and was anxious to see that the bread was not burnt or underdone. He, therefore, went to the kitchen himself to lend a hand. In this manner Gandhiji was not only our headmaster but also the chief cook. While doing all this he would also receive visitors from Durban or elsewhere and answer their questions."

Gandhiji had an unusual method of punishing those that lapsed in any way from the ideals of the Phoenix Settlement. "Gandhiji never wanted to hurt or punish anyone. If one in error understood and accepted his fault, he would be forgiven. But if any one of Gandhiji's students or companions ran away from such acceptance, Gandhiji would himself undertake penance on his behalf." Prabhudas describes one such incident.

"One of the students once found a shilling while on his way to the station and I found a threepenny bit when we were on a walking trip. The boys, after some deliberation, decided that one of them should take a day off and go to Durban and buy some eatables with the money. One of our teachers was an accomplice in this surreptitious activity.... Then one day suddenly the secret was out and investigations began. An atmos-



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My Lord, I Will Be Thine Always  
What Lightning Flash Glimmers in Thy Face!

No. 101 (*In English*)

No. 103 (*In Bengali*)

O God Beautiful  
In the Temple of Silence

No. 102 (*In English—Organ Background*)

Prayers at Dawn, Noon, and Evening  
Prayer at Night

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phere of apprehension overcame us. We talked in whispers.... After the evening prayers everyone looked towards Gandhiji expectantly. After a few minutes' silence Gandhiji spoke the following words softly.

"I had some food this afternoon but I did not have my supper in the evening. Even the water I drank seemed to taste bitter. That a son should deceive his father to such an extent has been causing me deep hurt though I have remained calm... The boys tell one story and X (the teacher) another, and it is difficult to say who is telling the truth. Until I can get at the truth my life is less than dust. Therefore unless I can know the truth, it is useless for me to live. After thinking over the matter I have come to the conclusion that I should not touch food and water. Until the boys themselves come to me with the truth I shall neither touch food nor water...

"Anyone who pities me should not come to me with the request that I should eat. If I died in the search for truth, what better death could I have? You should celebrate such a day when my body falls for the sake of truth."

Happily, the Mahatma's fast lasted only one day. The boys went to him with the truth, having been affected deeply by his action, and being sad and disturbed that they had hurt him so much. Gandhi left for Johannesburg and returned a week later. That evening, after prayers, the Mahatma announced that he was undertaking a seven-day fast. He called attention to the fact that in India there are *sadhus* that fast for forty days at a time.

"I do not wish anyone to think that I am undertaking this fast to punish those who have done wrong," Gandhi explained. "I am doing it to strengthen myself. Anyone who takes upon himself the task of showing the right path to others must first himself strive for perfection. I have no such claims. Involved as I have been in worldly matters, I have had no opportunity to live away from the world and practice austerities in order to attain Self-realization..."

"Work, like breathing and eating, is no more than an everyday routine. If a man wishes to fulfill his real destiny he must strive for Self-realization."

Meanwhile the *Satyagraha* movement had been gaining momentum, and many Indians had been sent to jail for their passive resistance to the discriminatory laws against Indians. "We now decided to take a step which we had reserved till the last," Gandhi wrote. "I had contemplated sacrificing all the settlers in Phoenix at a critical period. That was to be my final offering to the God of Truth. The settlers at Phoenix were mostly my close co-workers and relations. The idea was to send all of them to jail, with the exception of a few who would be required for the conduct of *Indian Opinion*, and of children below sixteen. This was the maximum sacrifice open to me in the circumstances."

On the afternoon of the day the Phoenix settlers were to leave, for the sole purpose of courting jail, everyone gathered in the prayer hall and Gandhi addressed them in quiet, serious tones.

"Truth is our royal road. We must not stray from this path. There will be storms, but they will clear. Just as happiness cannot last forever, misery also has its end. The fact is that those who are made unhappy by misery find the period of suffering never-ending. If we keep our mind in control and do not stray from the straight path of truth we can be sure of success. It is better not to look too far ahead than be miserable about the distant future. If our steps are firm and true we can cover the journey, however long.

"When you are burdened by difficulties and suffering and have to fast for days on end to secure justice in jail, you may begin to ask yourself why you should suffer for others... These thoughts do not become us even for a minute. According to Narsinh Mehta, good men are those who do not feel proud even when helping others. It is our duty to share others' suffering. Not that we can always remove suffering. Suffering is removed only by God. How then can we be proud if we feel the suffering of others?"

Gandhi then advised the mothers not to worry about the children they were leaving behind, for they were in the hands of God. Among the women were the Mahatma's wife, Kasturba, and the author's own mother and aunt. With their departure Gandhi consummated the "maximum sacrifice" that he had contemplated. Without his fanatic devotion to Truth, his unswerving faith in the might of Truth, it is not likely that such a voluntary communal sacrifice of home and family as the Phoenix settlers made would have come to pass.

It was because the Mahatma made an example of his own life that he was able to influence thousands. The *Satyagraha* movement that he inspired is unique in history. The pressure he brought to bear with the lever of Truth was sufficient to relax the grasp of empire on India. The ideals that motivated his life are well summed up in the following extracts from letters to his nephew Maganlal:

"All else except the Spirit is evanescent. It is necessary not only to go on reminding ourselves of this thought but to keep ourselves engrossed in work connected with it. As I think more and more about truth and celibacy my mind fills with joy over their importance. Celibacy as well as other aspects of morality are inherent in truth. Even so I often think that celibacy has the same high position as truth itself. I am of the firm belief that through these two all obstacles can be overcome. The real obstacle, of course, is our own mentality. If we are entirely independent of external factors for our happiness we shall no longer pay attention to what others say, but shall think of only what we should do."

And again: "Even if the whole world is against what I have told you

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I shall not be disappointed. This is the truth, not an expression of conceit. Our desire is not only to serve India but also to improve ourselves. That should be the ideal. The rest is vain. One who has not realized the Self has realized nothing."

(Continued from page 16)

And thus, by his holy thoughts, Jesus serves us, and thus only. To aim to convert a man by miracles is a profanation of the soul. A true conversion, a true Christ, is now, as always, to be made by the reception of beautiful sentiments. It is true that a great and rich soul, like his, falling among the simple, does so preponderate, that, as his did, it names the world. The world seems to them to exist for him, and they have not yet drunk so deeply of his sense as to see that only by coming again to themselves, or to God in themselves, can they grow forevermore.

It is a low benefit to give me something; it is a high benefit to enable me to do somewhat of myself. The time is coming when all men will see that the gift of God to the soul is not a vaunting, overpowering, excluding sanctity, but a sweet, natural goodness, a goodness like thine and mine, and that so invites thine and mine to be and to grow.

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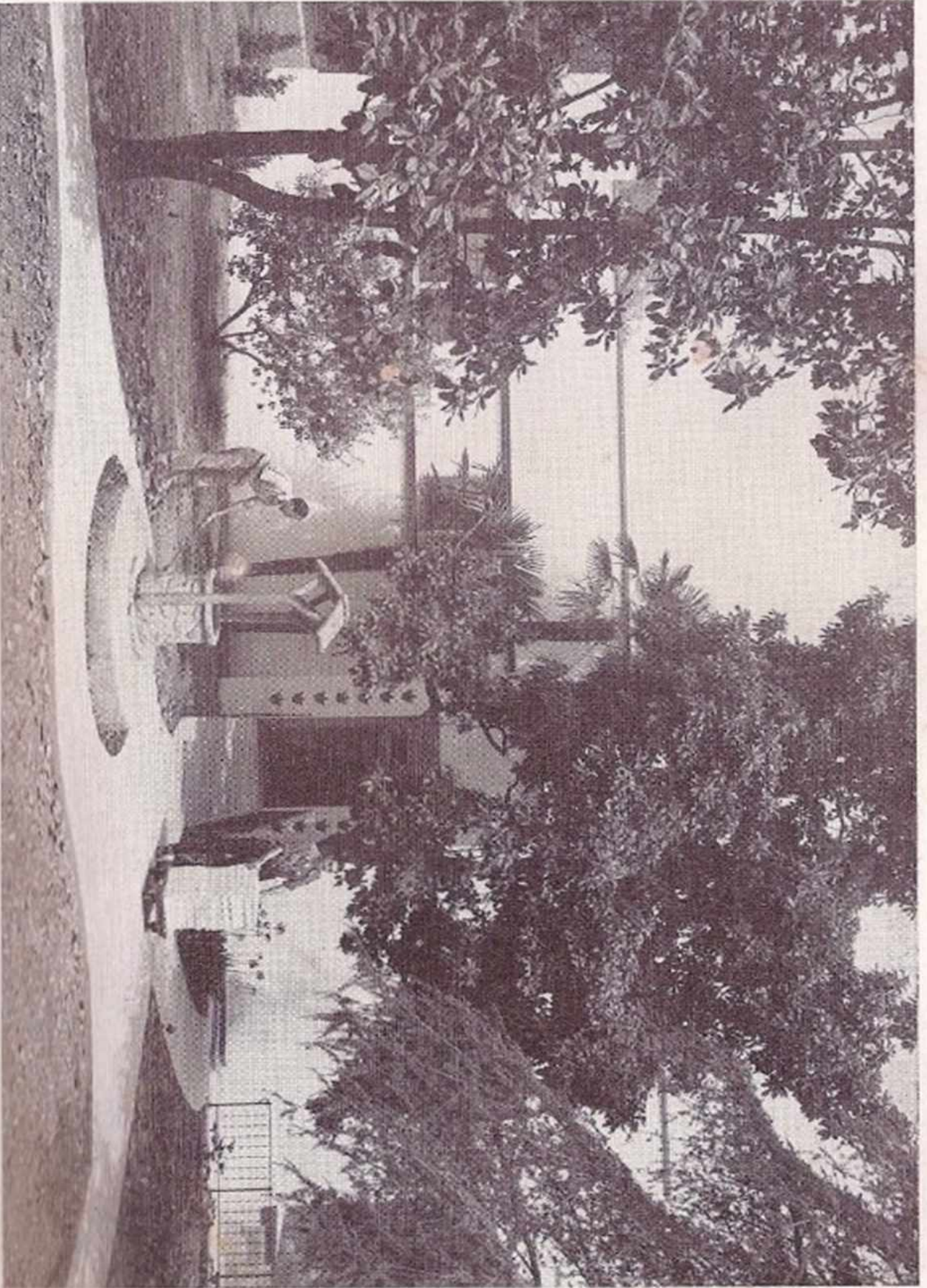
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