

INNER CULTURE

EAST-WEST MAGAZINE



Finding the Joy in Life



Does this Conflict with
my Belief?

*A Magazine Devoted to the Healing
of Body, Mind and Soul*

INNER CULTURE

EAST-WEST MAGAZINE

Master Minds of the East and the West are contributing their best efforts to this magazine, dedicated to the super-art of living.

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Finding the Joy in Life

By S. Y.

YOU want a thing as long as you are not able to get it; when you have secured it, sooner or later you will tire of it, and then you will want something else. Have you ever tried to find that will-o'-the-wisp of "something else" which you seek at the end of all accomplished desires?

No matter what you seek, you must seek it with joy, in expectation of having joy by possessing it, and you must feel joyous when you actually get it. When seeking different things directly or indirectly, in reality you are seeking joy. When seeking all things, it is really joy that you seek through all these things and the fulfillment of all desires.

Then, why not seek joy directly? Why seek it through the medium of material desires and material things? You do not want those things in life which bring you sorrow. Neither do you want those things which promise a little joy in the beginning but sink you in deep remorse and suffering in the end.

Why seek joy by supplicating the favor of short-lasting material things? Why depend upon short-lasting material things for short-lasting joys? Material things and fulfillment of material desires are short-lasting, therefore all joys born of them are short-lasting. Joys born of eating, smelling fragrance, listening to music, beholding beautiful objects, and touching pleasing things, are short-lasting. They last only as long as the sensations born of the senses of taste, smell, hearing, sight, and touch last.

You do not want a tantalizing joy; you do not want a transitory joy which brings sorrow in its trail; you crave joy which will not disappear like the sudden flicker of gossamer wings beneath the

flash of lightning. You should look for joy which will shine forever steadily, like the ever luminous radium.

Neither do you want a joy which has too much sameness; you want a joy which changes and dances itself in many ways to enthrall your mind and keep your attention occupied and interested forever. Any joy that comes by fits and starts is tantalizing; any joy that is monotonous is of course tiresome; any joy that only comes for a little while and brings sorrow at last is undesirable. Any joy that comes for a little while, then flits away, sinking you in a state of indifference, and thus deepens that state by contrast, is torturing.

The joy that rhythmically changes all the time like the different poses of an actor, and yet remains unchangeable in itself, is what all of us are seeking. Such joy can only be found through regular, deep meditation. Such an ever-new, unchangeable fountain of joy alone can quench our joy-thirst.

If Nature gave to us all at once everything we wanted; wealth, power, and lost friends, we would sooner or later get tired of all of these, but one thing we can never get tired of, and that is Joy itself. By its very nature, ever-new Joy is the only thing that can never tire the mind or make it want to exchange Joy for something else.

In the pursuit of evil or of good, you are always seeking joy. The former promises joy and gives sorrow; the latter may promise sorrow but will surely give lasting joy in the end. Lasting, ever-new Joy is God, and when you have found Him you have the eternally elusive will-o'-the-wisp "something else" which you always seek at the end of all fulfilled desires. Finding this "something else," you will not seek any far-

ther. Finding this ever-new joy, you will find everything in it that you ever sought.

Material objects which give joy remain outside of the mind; they only gain entry into the mind through imagination. Joy, from its very nature, is something born of the mind and lives closest in it. External, material objects can be destroyed, but this joy within can never be destroyed if one knows how to keep it and unless the possessor of joy changes his mind and becomes sorrowful. This joy is ever-new and indestructible.

Do not seek joy through material mediums, or desires born of such contact. Seek the unconditioned, indestructible Pure Joy within yourself, and you will then have found the ever-conscious, ever-new Joy-God. This joy is not an abstract quality of mind, but it is conscious, self-born, and is the conscious, self-expressing quality of Spirit. Seek it and be comforted forever.

When you have attained this ever-new joy, you will not have become a cynic, hating everybody. Rather, it is then that you will be in a position fit to enjoy everything rightly. As an immortal child of God, you are supposed to enjoy everything with a lasting attitude of your eternal nature of perpetual joy. People who enjoy material things become materially-minded. It is a disgrace to behave like a discontented mortal when you are made in God's image, and when you are immortal.

When immortals behave like mortals, they experience the changes of joy, sorrow, and indifference in their natures. That is why you must destroy this grafted nature of changeability on your unchangeable nature of joy. And when you have found your own nature of unchangeable joy, you will be able to enjoy everything, either pleasant or disagreeable, with your unchangeable, indestructible joy. Your joy will stand unshaken amidst the crash of breaking earthly pleasures.

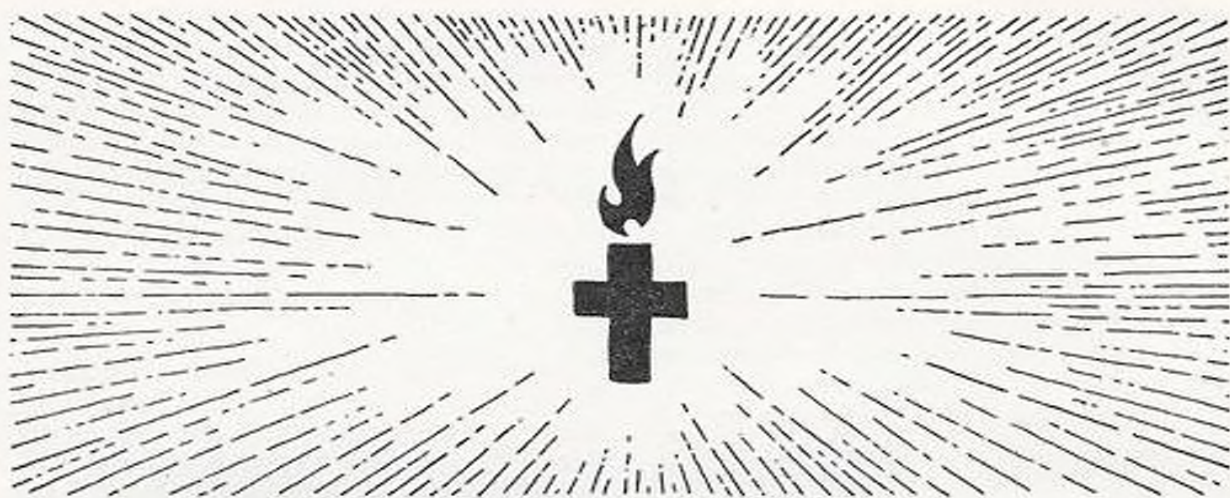
Youth Speaks

DR. WILL DURANT, the prominent author, put the question recently to several of his famous friends, asking them "What Meaning has Life for You?" In his opinion, the question was answered in the most interesting way in an article printed in the Red-book Magazine, written by Helen Wills Moody, the internationally known tennis star. She said, in part:

"For me, life is interesting, entertaining, happy, if only I can have some activity for the restlessness that is in my heart. I want that activity to be ceaseless, never finished, and I would like to have it at almost all times dominating my thoughts. I would like to have a "one-track mind," not closed, of course, to information, but I would like to be able to enclose myself on my engine on my one track and close my door, and rush away toward the horizon and the Infinite, or whatever its name is.

I do not wish to conform to rules of Religion that are laid out like so many squares bounded by fences—that you must go here, that you cannot go there. I loathe the Form of religion, and I know that I would hate life if I were deprived of the right of trying, working for some objective within which lies the beauty of perfection.

I always want to be in action, and to be trying for some kind of beauty and perfection. If I may be lacking in talent, I shall at least have the pleasure of action, and there is always hope, at least, in a young restless heart."



The Second Coming of Christ

Steps Toward the Attaining of the Consciousness
Which was in Christ Jesus

By S. Y.

Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves. Ye shall know them by their fruits. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Even so, every good tree bringeth forth good fruit, but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit. A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit. Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire. Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them.

("Walks and Words of Jesus,"
by Rev. M. N. Olmsted.)

BEWARE of so-called teachers who use religions as a means of exploitation to gain the wealth of sheep-like indiscriminating people. They commit the highest sin against God, against the Master of the Universe, by trying to use and sell Him for monetary gain. Such teachers are wolves of evil, dressed in the sheep's skin of humbleness and outward spirituality. Do not judge a teacher by his outward dress of superficial behavior, but try to know him through practical dealings. Any man dressed in pontifical robes may look

holy, but he cannot hide his wicked heart; it must come out in his wicked actions. As you cannot pluck grapes from a thorn bush or figs from thistles, so you cannot reap goodness from a recognized evil individual who is hiding behind the veneer of goodness.

On the other hand, you may pluck a beautiful lotus, even if it grows in a mirky pond, or you may use the sweetmeats of a person who lives on starch alone. You may even read a good book written by an evil man and be profited by it, but it is an undeniable truism that if you study books written by God-inspired individuals your profit will be greater. The words of Self-Realization Teaching burn with the fire of Truth and impart unending warmth and glow to those who are spiritually cold and hungry.

Especially in the spiritual path must you follow a God-inspired person or a guru-preceptor who is chosen for you by God. You are free to judge an ordinary teacher, but once you choose a guru-preceptor, you must follow him unquestioningly without judging him, his merits or demerits. When you first desire to tread the path of Heaven, God

sends you teachers and books, but when your desire is strong, ripe, and ready, God brings you a guru or preceptor-messenger celestial, through whose commands, reason, and advice God will lead you through one life, or through as many lives as necessary, until you are free. In freeing the disciple, the guru also becomes free. The guru and disciple form the unconditional spiritual pact: "We will spiritually love and redeem each other, high or low, good or bad, under all circumstances, until we both find redemption." Human love is conditional and based upon specific merit. Divine love is unconditional, and the guru-preceptor and disciple who aspire to experience it must necessarily practice such unconditional divine love through many incarnations, until both are emancipated.

Eliseus was Jesus and Elijah was his Master. Jesus developed spiritually into Christhood as the son of Joseph the carpenter. His guru, Elijah, was incarnated as John the Baptist in a lesser spiritual manifestation. Yet Jesus (Eliseus) acknowledged John the Baptist (Elijah) as His guru-preceptor, and thus asked to be anointed by him.

A guru can never be a false prophet. A false prophet is one who knows at heart his extreme hypocrisy and moral weakness and yet professes goodness and delights in deceiving people just to make them follow him blindly for his own financial ends.

A real prophet does not bring evil to his followers and an evil reformer does not bring any good to his blind disciples. Every false prophet is cut down in time by the axe of wise and just criticism and is exposed and cast into the fire of oblivion. By the fruits of his actions, which emanate from the tree of inner thoughts, you will know the difference between a good prophet and a false prophet. A guru may teach a few people or a great many, but his whole intention is to make Christs, or Krishnas, out of his disciples.

A great prophet is one who aspires to reform a portion of mankind or the entire people of the earth, and who comes on earth as a special messenger to answer a specific need of mankind.

Anyone who knows himself as only wicked, and yet outwardly makes a colossal claim to be a prophet or protege of God, is indeed a stupendous hypocrite and a sinner against God. However, if you are trying to be good and still have a few inner weaknesses, it is all right for you to try to help others spiritually, if you are sincere and do not make false spiritual claims about yourself.

Not everyone that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in Heaven. Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in Thy Name? And in Thy Name have cast out devils? And in Thy Name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you; depart from me, ye that work iniquity.

("Walks and Words of Jesus,"
by Rev. M. N. Olmsted.)

Hearken ye, self-styled Christians or followers of Churchianity: just by uttering the name of Jesus, "Lord, Lord, Lord," in conversation and preaching, you may impress others as being devout, but you cannot enter into the Kingdom of God. So-called Christians, who are satisfied with attending church on Sunday morning and absent-mindedly listening to Sunday sermons and hymns, reach that kind of Heaven—only that much and nothing more. Real Christians are those who embrace the Cosmic wisdom and Bliss of Jesus Christ in their own consciousness through meditation and ecstasy. This is the meaning of, "He that doeth the will of the Father which is in the Heavenly region of Bliss."

The true devotee is one who retraces his prodigal footsteps from the land of sense-pleasures back to the home of Cosmic Bliss in God by daily intense meditation. He who is one with God in the ecstasy of meditation knows how to behave correctly on earth and how to act according to God's will here.

At death, many people silently recall in their souls their professed virtues and try to gain the recognition of Christ Consciousness, but they are turn-

(Continued on Page 26)

Diet and Health

By ELLEN EASTON, B. Sc.

DINNER MENU

Split Pea Soup
Asparagus and Cucumber Salad
Cauliflower Italienne
Beets in Cream
Baked Squash
Graham Cracker Brown Betty

SPLIT PEA SOUP

2 cups dried green split peas
2 quarts water
4 stalks celery
2 carrots
1 onion
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon thyme
1 bay leaf
mineralized salt

Wash peas, clean and dice vegetables, and place all ingredients in a saucepan. Boil hard for 20 minutes, then simmer for about 4 hours—until peas are cooked. Strain through a colander and serve.

ASPARAGUS AND CUCUMBER SALAD

$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sliced cucumbers
24 cooked asparagus tips
4 onion slices
 $\frac{1}{3}$ cup French dressing
Lettuce or cress

Chill all ingredients, arrange on the lettuce or cress and serve.

CAULIFLOWER ITALIENNE

1 head cooked cauliflower
 $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups cooked tomatoes
mineralized salt
1 cup grated cheese
buttered whole wheat crumbs

Put cauliflower in a shallow baking dish. Season tomatoes and cook until most of the water has evaporated. Pour the tomatoes over the cauliflower, sprinkle with cheese and buttered crumbs. Bake in a slow oven (300°F.) about 15 minutes, or until cheese is melted.

BAKED SQUASH

1 banana squash
3 tablespoons butter
mineralized salt

Cut squash in halves. Discard seeds and pulp. Place squash in shallow pan and add rest of ingredients. Place $\frac{1}{2}$ inch of water in pan and bake 40 minutes in moderate oven.

GRAHAM CRACKER BROWN BETTY

Pare, core and slice 6 tart apples. Add 1 cup water. Cover and cook till apples are almost tender.

Stir in:

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon nutmeg
1 teaspoon lemon rind
1 tablespoon lemon juice

Line a loaf-shaped baking dish with 12-15 graham crackers, buttered. Pour in apple mixture. Dot top with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter. Sprinkle over top: 6 graham crackers, finely crushed, and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup brown sugar. Bake in a hot oven (400°F.) until top is brown and crusty, 15-20 minutes. Serve hot or cold with whipped cream. Serves 6.

HEALTH

Nitrogen acts as a vitalizer and tissue builder. Since nitrogen does not support combustion, people who have too much nitrogen have low oxidation. It is found in most proteins. Nitrogen absorbs the dark pigments from plant food and therefore people who have an abundance of nitrogen in the system are always dark complexioned.

DIET

Some nitrogen foods are: wheat germ, pignolia nuts, soy beans, butter, lentils, dried beans, cheese, pistachios, almond butter, dried peas, cottage cheese, walnuts, yolks of eggs, and peacans.

My Faith and Yours

By SRI RANENDRA KUMAR DAS

HOPE springs eternal in the human breast." Our hopes are our prayers, and our prayers are an indication of the kind and quality of our faith.

These faiths are as many and as diversified as the peoples that populate the world today. Each has come into his belief according to the particular need of something that he innately believes, or is influenced through association with others to believe, is a necessity for him in that particular habitat. My need may not seem to be your need nor your need your brother's need.

In this scientifically-minded world of today, science is exacting more and more a crucial test from all things as its answer. Things must possess a practical as well as a theoretical value.

Can your faith withstand the test of application so that it puts meaning into your living? Does it meet your heart's need? Has it a scientific application to the needs of your daily living? It matters not just what you label your faith, what "ism" you may choose to call it. We are living in a finite world, a sense world, where all things must be labeled or named for convenience, for use. Our limiting of limitless Time and Space is an example. But in their essence, in the world of Infinity, these labels disappear and are lost in the sea of unity. They are of no value there and, consequently, in the economy of the grand scheme, they lose their significance, their seeming reality. They have been accustomed to filling their place in their own little world, but as that world expands through knowledge and understanding, they take on a new significance and meaning.

Is your faith a potent factor in the daily routine of your living or does it hold only a small part and parcel of your thoughts?

Out of the maze and intricacies of life, fashion or hew a staff from the mass of material at hand that will vigorously protect you from the conflict that is being waged continually with the world but which, in reality, is but a battle within yourself, the battle of the personal ego against the Divine Ego, the true Ego.

In what we choose to call our practical or every-day life, man as a rule tends to cling to the side on which the majority stands. It carries with it a feeling of security, a sense of safety. It seems reasonable to conclude that the Eternal Source, Primeval Energy, the Absolute, the Supreme Being, God, whatever you may choose in your understanding to call it, and *your inner self* constitute that majority. To the end that we can so realize and live each moment of our lives in that realization, can we transcend to the heights that are welling up eternally in the soul for expression.

A true faith will offer a sustaining inward peace when we are launching forth, often dangerously, into matters of the world. Your greatness, or the quality of your living, registers how deeply you live within your faith, within the being of your soul.

The soul may be likened to a spring. As it becomes choked or stifled with surface material, it is lost to view and is apparently robbed of its helpfulness in that particular channel. In the instance that pressure is applied toward the clearing away of this surface material, the spring will gush forth with its clear, cool

waters, significant of the depths from which it came.

The soul, with its deep-seated possibilities, in a similar manner, is seeking for expression. The mind is capable of clogging this expression by permitting an accumulation of undesirable thoughts which ripen into acts of a similar nature, until the pure qualities of the soul are turned aside and lost sight of. It is then that man's vision becomes clouded. He clashes with his neighbor. He loses faith in him. Barriers of thought are raised that tend toward separation. My faith is right, yours is wrong.

These stray thoughts that drift unbidden into the mind, choke the deep spring waters of the soul from coming into expression as a quiet, healing, soothing, babbling brook that will gather momentum and power on its way to the great ocean. Even so, the irrepressible nature of the soul cannot be thwarted permanently, and just as the choking of the spring only causes its course to be de-

flected toward the seeking of another channel or outlet, circuitous as it may be, only to gush forth, in the exuberance of its freedom, as a beautiful and forceful fountain. It is seeking and gaining the level of its eternal source.

A fuller knowledge of one's inner being begets a faith that stands every test. So have faith in your inner self, your Divine Self, and it then follows that you can but have faith in every other man, in every human being, faith in the Divine plan, wherever and into whatever capacity it may lead you. Then one can see unity in all diversity and is in a position to understand the reason for the many different beliefs, manners, and customs of people, and understanding them will respect them in their place. Then, instead of pulling in opposition to the universe and creating unwanted conditions against which we must battle, we place ourselves in harmony with the universe, and moving with it receive its blessings, comforts, and the inspiration that will animate our lives.

Life's Bazaar

By Mary Isabel Buchanan.

At Life's market counter we have purchased glasses by which we see all creation and life as the world sees it.

Let us purchase new glasses from the market counter of the Sages, and see with their vision the hidden radiance permeating all life.

We are wearing the ear-trumpet sold to us by very knowing mortals, which record both sweet music and harsh vibrations.

But now let us listen through the ear-trumpet which the immortal saints have to sell, to hear Divine celestial sounds in a realm beyond discord.

til it has become a menace to the peace of mind of mothers. The battle waged at many a meal provides an atmosphere for the development of any and every sort of behavior problem.

Dr. Sweet suggests that parents let a child direct his own eating for three weeks while the parents keep a record of what and how he eats. Taking away foods a child says he does not like sometimes has a magic effect. He may soon ask for them. No normal, healthy child can long resist the demands of his body for food when there is added to it the example of the other members of the family eating the food that appears on the table, or omitting it without remark, in an atmosphere of comradeship and enjoyment. Temporary loss of appetite may mean only that the child is not hungry, while prolonged absence from food is usually the first symptom of illness.

The Future Motor Car

THE motor car of the future will be air-conditioned, shaped like a teardrop, have self-inflating tires, and individual movable seats, declared Austin M. Wolf, automotive consultant, in an address before the meeting of the Society of Automotive Engineers. Project yourself 10 years ahead in time.

Time—Summer of 1946. Place—A cross-country super-highway. A motor car speeds by.

The car is compact but shaped like a teardrop, traveling large end forward. Its five passengers sit in individual movable seats in air-conditioned comfort despite the sweltering day. Their luggage is concealed in the bulbous front end. They sit three in front and two in the rear, just ahead of the motor.

The car has six tires, two in front, and four in the rear, where the power is applied. But the car's occupants have no worries about those tires. They are self-inflating, and if a blowout occurs, they will not collapse. Despite the heat, there are no worries about the battery running dry, for it is self-filling. And in the cold winter, the car owner will have no sleepless nights worrying about starting in the frosty morning. He knows that his car has two fuel tanks.

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In cold weather it starts with a light volatile fuel and then, when hot enough, switches over automatically to the ordinary variety.

Moreover, the old troubles back in 1936 about cooling the engine and the brakes are ended. The air-conditioning system is used to cool both of them, in addition to making the car interior comfortable in all ranges of temperature and humidity.

On the dashboard only two instruments are calibrated: the speedometer and the gasoline gauge. The oil pressure, ampere charging or discharging rate, and the engine temperature indicator consist only of red and green lights, with the red flashing when something is wrong.

The trend, started in 1936, when the brake lever went up on the instrument board, has been followed by putting the gear shift in the same place. There is now plenty of leg room for all occupants. Those gadgets of 1936 have come a long way in the last ten years.

Ancient Medical Practice

A notebook written by an Arabian eye surgeon 1000 years ago was published today as the first known reference to anesthetics. The book described 143 eye disease remedies and advocated "putting the patient to sleep" before painful operations. The author, Ali Ibn Isa, gave no instructions on how the sleep should be induced but was positive anesthesia should be administered. The book prescribed operations for cataract, trachoma, squint, and headache, and advocated such well known remedies as white lead, zinc, ash, vitriol, opium, camphor, musk, and amber.

I have never met a person, I don't care what his condition, in whom I could not see possibilities. I don't care how much a man may consider himself a failure, I believe in him, for he can change the thing that is wrong in his life any time he is prepared and ready to do it. Whenever he develops the desire, he can take away from his life the thing that is defeating it. The capacity for reformation and change lies within.

—Dr. Preston Bradley.

Inner Culture

News From India

By C. RICHARD WRIGHT

AT 4:30 a.m., Soshi Babu shook my shoulder and announced: "Swamiji wants you to get ready to go to Bankura Balsura, about 125 miles from Ranchi. So, after the usual oblations and delays we (Swamiji, three other disciples, and myself) started at 6:30 a.m. A beautiful hilly road wound in and about the hillsides, with a cool breeze slipping in through the windows, urging me on to greater speed. How delightfully cool it was; such a sharp contrast to the memorable journey from Calcutta to Ranchi a few days back.

The scenery was very picturesque, with wooded hillocks, terrace rice fields, shaded serpentine roads, occasionally crossing and re-crossing the midge rail-way running between Ranchi and Purulia, energetic natives bearing burdens of logs, straw, and what-not, and straggling bullock carts, rolling and heaving like a ship at sea—a picturesque sight are these skeleton, two-wheeled carts drawn by small, equally-skeletal, hump-shouldered bullocks, yoked by a long pole resting on a ridge in the necks. And such carts are forlornly tossing to and fro on the ruts of the road and hesitatingly moving aside as we fiercely honk our way. At 10:30 a.m. we arrived at Purulia, met the brother of Giri Baba, finished curry and luchi in a street shop, and were again on our way to Bankura.

Our way led out into plains, with baked rice fields suggesting the poverty of the people, and still these undernourished natives are obliged to work endlessly from dawn to dusk, yet perhaps a bit leisurely or lazily. Along the way we passed many groups of natives repairing the road, breaking stones, bearing baskets of rocks and broken stones, with many village girls burdened with a baby in a hammock-like swing

slung from the shoulders and strapped at the side, who were bearing loads of stones. Others were sitting in the shade of a tree, smashing stones.

On and on we paced over this dry, sun-tortured area (luckily we were blessed with a breeze cooled by yesterday's clouds.) Finally we arrived at Bankura. After a lavish meal at Soshi's family house in this old small town, we set out for Biur, in the depths of the Bankura District, to fulfill a pilgrimage to visit Giri Bala, who is said to have fasted for many years. The trip was our first real experience of penetrating into the heart of the interior, where the rest of the world may go by, unknown, with no regrets.

Our way twisted and turned through groves of palms, through unspoiled, unpolluted, untouched villages, nestling beneath a forest of trees. Very fascinating are these villages of thatched mud huts, decorated with the name of a God on each door, with many small naked children, boys and girls, innocently playing around, pausing only to stare at or run wildly toward this big black bullock-bus cart tearing madly around and through their village. The women folk merely peeped from the shadows of their homes at the moving auto, while the men leisurely lolled beneath the trees on the roadside, staring nonchalantly. We passed very quaint villages, with the villagers all bathing in the community tank and the women carrying to their homes large brass and earthen jars, filled with water.

(As I am writing these notes, Swamiji is chanting and playing the harmonium with a small gathering of eager souls sitting on the floor in rapturous silence.)

The road led us a merry chase over rut and ridge, finally growing worse and worse as we neared the minute vil-

lage of Biur. We bounced and tossed over the jutting causeways, dipped into small streams, detoured around a new, unfinished cave-way, slithered across dry, sandy river beds, and toward 5:30 p.m., after going some 48 miles from Bankura, we arrived at Biur, a very quaint village, isolated in the interior of Bankura District and hidden in the protection of palms and dense growths, and isolated from strangers during the rainy season, when the rivers are raging torrents and the roads as serpent-like as the mad rivers.

Asking for a guide from among a party of worshippers on their way from a temple, we were besieged with hordes of small, bare bodies and scantily clad lads climbing on the sides of the car, eager to show us Giri Baba's hut.

And now our first experience penetrating into an interior by motor car. The road led toward a grove of palms sheltering a mass of mud huts, but not until it tipped the car at a sharp angle, tossed it up and dropped it down; this narrow path led to the trees, around the trees, around tanks, over ridges, down banks, and on into the bowels of the mud hut village.

First, the car became anchored on a clump of earth, requiring a lift of earth clods, then it was stopped by clumps of trees in the middle of the cart track, necessitating a detour down into a dry tank, which also required some scraping, edging, and leveling; again and again the road appeared to be impossible, but the pilgrimage must go on, so a native lad cleared the debris away while hundreds of natives stared at us.

Soon we were again threading our way along the twisting, shifting, rutted road, following the two ruts of antiquity. The car leaned to one side, all of us got out, pushed the car along, all got in, and we were off again through the trees with women staring at us from their homes and men trailing along beside and behind us, with children scampering and racing to swell the procession—around clumps of earth, clumps of brush, and over ruts and tiny hillocks, always pausing to clear the way by scraping, edging, etc. Several times it seemed as if we could go no farther, but with a little edging and leveling we

were able to go over this sharp ridge, over this clump, over this rut, and so forth. Perhaps ours was the first car to traverse these roads, penetrating so far. Bullock carts are far more common. What a sensation we created—a white man pioneering in a big black car right into the isolated fastness of their village, destroying the privacy and sanctity of their cluster of thatched mud huts.

Halting within a few hundred feet of her home, (Giri Baba's) we felt that our pilgrimage was reaching fulfillment, after a long struggle, a 15,000-mile journey, and a rough jaunt at the end. We approached a large, two-storied building, quite a dominating building among these mud huts, with its brick and plastered construction. It appeared to be rather misplaced amidst the humble, ancient mud huts, and it was under the process of repairs, for the typically Indian scaffolding of bamboo was skeletoned around it.

With feverish anticipation and suppressed rejoicing, we finally stood before her open doors, awaiting her appearance—the climax to a long, eventful journey, and how curious the simple village folk were, young and old, women aloof somewhat, but just as anxious, and men and boys right at our heels staring with intense curiosity at this spectacle.

Suddenly, from the darkness within, there appeared at the simple open doors a short figure hidden behind a cloth of dull goldish silk of indigenous manufacture, typical of Indian women. She drew forward hesitatingly and modestly, peering slightly from beneath the head-fold of her "swadeshi" cloth. Her eyes glistened like glowing coals in the shadows of her headpiece and we were enamored by a most benevolent and kindly face—a face of realization and understanding. Meekly she approached and graciously assented to our snapping a few pictures in the "still" and "movie." Patiently and shyly she endured our photo techniques and adjustments, etc. Most motherly was her expression as she stood before us, clad in the simple loose-flowing cloth of plain yellowish silk, with only her downcast face and her tiny feet showing, a face of rare peace and innocent poise; a

childish, quivering lip, a feminine nose, narrow, sparkling eyes, and a wistful smile.

Humbly she took her seat on the verandah, cross-legged, hands in pronam gesture, and with silent patience she answered our questions and comments. Very briefly, in one or two words, often just "yes" or "no," and very quietly, she answered only those questions which did not refer to the teachings; on those questions which delved into her secret reservoir, she remained mute and distant. Several questions caused her to lapse into deep silence and she paused as if in deep reflection before answering our questions. Her voice was low and reserved, her spirit deep and serene.

But scientific reasons led us to ask:

1. "Is it true that you have fasted for 52 years? We want to hear this from your own lips." After a minute of reflection she said: "Yes, since I was 12 years, 4 months old, and I am now 63." (Her answers, of course, were given in Bengali and interpreted for me by Swamiji.)

2. Q. "How is it explained?" A. "I had a contact with a Sadhu, who gave me a Kriya."

3. Q. "Do you not even drink water?" A. "I have no necessity of drinking water. If drinking water were a necessity, it could not be resisted."

4. Q. "What is this Kriya method?" A. "I am forbidden by the Sadhus to teach this Kriya to others."

5. Q. "Have you made up your mind never to teach it to others?" Her only answer was a blank silence.

6. In answer to the many other questions asked by Swamiji she gave the following: "The Sadhu is my Sanyasini Guru. I also have a domestic Guru. My fasting is not due to medicines, but to

the power of the mind. My practice consists of chanting a mantra and practicing a certain breath control (very difficult for ordinary persons). I had this power from my previous birth. I haven't taught anybody—have no willingness to do so. I have no disease, nor experience of any."

7. Q. "Do you know how long you will live?" No answer.

Thrice the Maharaja of Burdwan took her to his palace for visits of two months, 20 days, and 15 days in order to test her. She has no hunger or thirst. Feels only slight pain when injured. Can control her heart and breathing. Has no excretions. The sunlight and air are somewhat necessary. Was married; no children. Meditates at night. Attends to domestic duties daily. Slightly feels the change in climate from season to season. Often sees her Guru in visions, as well as other great souls. Met her Guru at the age of 12 years, 4 months, when at a bathing ghat on the Ganges at Nawab, near Itshapure, as he materialized before her and gave her the teachings. On that day her domestic Guru initiated her. She sleeps very little, for sleeping and waking are the same to her.

By this time dusk had closed down around us like an immense veil. Many shadows, cast by a small kerosene lantern, danced in the trees above us, reflections of some thirty natives, all eagerly and curiously watching the proceeding.

As we paid our homage to the enlightened one, others crowded about and pronounced at Swamiji's feet; Giri Bala also followed suit, showing her humbleness, the sign of a realized one. So touching was the scene that it is even now emblazoned on the memory. When great ones meet, the humbleness is a joy to behold.

Regretfully we parted, but joyous for the experience.



The Second Coming of Christ

(Continued from Page 6)

ed away and cast into the whirling wheel of earthly incarnations. Those who have acquired fortunes by selling the name of God, or who have cast out evil from people in imagination only, or have performed spiritual miracles according to their own deluded estimation only, will not be able to enter into the Kingdom of Eternal Bliss.

All mechanical church-and-temple-goers, and all theological students, must remember that verbal praise to the Lord without His corresponding response and theological study without gaining Self-Realization, is of little value in the eyes of God. The principles governing divine life are exact, like those of any other branch of science in God's Creation. People who want to be Christians must know and feel the presence of Christ all the time, must commune with Him in ecstasy, and be guided by Him and know that He is, and ever will be, and not just somehow be superficially satisfied by uttering the name of the Lord a few times every day without knowing whether the Lord actually exists or responds. If Jesus and God ever existed, they exist now and ever will exist. If they are perpetually existent, then that Truth must be verified in the lives of all Truth-loving Christians.

Those who profess Christianity and teach it, without knowing or trying to feel the presence of Christ in meditation, are blaspheming by their iniquity and are not accepted into the eternal Bliss in Christ Consciousness.

Why Struggle?

(Continued from Page 8)

it is only a panacea in part and may be adapted to good or evil. Spiritual power, in the fruit of conscious recognition, is greater, yet it harms not, neither is afraid. "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help," is not a product of will but a gift of wisdom. Wrapt in the joyousness of recognition, the clouds of struggle are dissolved and dissipated to the four corners of the earth. Each day is a new

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day unto the spirit of righteousness, where joy blossoms with each unfolding rose. Do not struggle.—Peace, Peace be still.

Does this Conflict with my Belief?

(Continued from Page 7)

be there or because it appears in your soul's way. Proceed farther. Look to the higher cliffs and keep your gaze fixed on the towering peak. That peak is Freedom.

As long as you are distrustful of the thoughts of others, fearful of everything, narrow and selfish with everyone but the few who believe as you do, or shut your eyes to the opportunity of climbing higher for fear that there can be no step higher than the one you are on, so long are you bound and limited. Know Truth in its entirety, then you shall be free.

The only way in which one human being can properly attempt to influence another is in encouraging him to think for himself, instead of endeavoring to instil ready made opinions into his head.

—Sir Leslie Stephen.

Our gifts and attainments are not only to be light and warmth in our own dwellings, but are also to shine through the windows into the dark night, to guide and cheer bewildered travelers on the road.

—Henry Ward Beecher.

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Teach Us to be One with Thee

ON THE ALTAR of silence I lay the flowers of my devotion, O Lord of Silence. He who humbly twinkles through the stars, breathes through our breath, circulates through our blood, talks through our hearts, is the same Spirit who is the Light of Lights. He is ours. To Him we give our utmost devotion.

Father, teach us to contact Thee. Teach us to pray with devotion. Teach us to demand Thy Presence. Teach us to feel united with Thee. No more mechanical prayers, no more empty words, but the humble devotion of our Souls we offer Thee.

With the language of our Souls we demand Thy Presence, for Thy presence is our wealth, wisdom, and devotion, for Thou art the essence of everything, and we are Thy children. We could not be sinners, for we are Thy children. Take away the nightmare of evil. We drown when we are not awake in Thee.

Father, we are awake in Thy presence. Thou art the Light. Make us feel Thee and Thy Presence in every fiber of our Being, in every wisp of thought.

Father, twinkle Thy Light through our thoughts and our Beings. Strengthen us. Make us realize that we are immortal and teach us to follow the One Highway that leads to Thee. Awaken our Souls. Awaken our hearts that are needing to know Thee.

Father, deliver us. Forget us not, though we forget Thee; remember us, though we remember Thee not; be not indifferent unto us, though we are indifferent unto Thee. We are Thy children, Thou art our Father; naughty or good, we are Thy children; ignorant or wise, we are Thy children, and as such, Father, reveal Thyself, reveal Thyself. Teach us to contact Thee. Be with us. Teach us to be One with Thee.

—By S. Y.

~~Make us in Thy image.—
We offer Thee our adoration,
Our soul yearnings.—
May Thy love shine forever—
On the sanctuary of our devotion,
And may we be able—
To awaken Thy love—
In all hearts.—
Peace, Joy, Peace.—~~

~~SWAMI YOGANANDA London, England, September 1936 In the photograph Paramahansaji was showing a news photographer how he would demonstrate spiritual control over fatigue in a forthcoming lecture by holding his arms upraised for an unlimited time without tiring. The great yogi's lectures on balanced development of body, mind, and soul were very much appreciated by Londoners. They showed it by continuous applause and cheers until he retired from the stage~~

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The Second Coming of Christ
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Teach us to be One with Thee

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NITROGEN

THIS AND THAT

Letters of Appreciation

CENTER NEWS

Center Page—By ORPHA L. SAHLY

Cleveland Ohio

Canton Ohio

Minneapolis Minn.

St. Louis Mo.

Health, Happiness, Prosperity

By Dr. Elisabeth Hinckley

HEALTH:

Health is the Presence of God in Man,

Moving without interruption

In his physical organism.

Health comes in response to the act of faith.

We are the recipients of the return currents

Of our own thoughts of health.

Health thoughts evolve

In the physical organism

By materializing conditions like themselves.

God in His Love fills me with life and health.

I am cleansed, strengthened,

And healed by His power.

Day by day I am gaining

A new appreciation of health and strength.

Without reservation or hesitation

I now trust my life and all that belongs to me

To the Power that created my body,

And which will give me HEALTH in fullness.

HAPPINESS:

Happiness is the serenity and contentment

Born of our ability to appreciate
And wisely accept
The Wisdom of God's Guiding Hand.
"Happiness cannot come from without.
It must come from within."
"It is not that which we see, or touch, or feel,
Or that which others do for us
That makes us happy.
It is that which we think and feel and do,
First for the other fellow
And then for ourselves. There is no honest happiness apart from others."
Happiness is born of right living.
Real happiness is being useful,
Not for some compensation,
But for the development
Of strength of character.
If we are happy,
We must let the light of our happiness
Illuminate and warm
The shadowed hearts about us.
One foundation of happiness is to know
When we have what we want
And with its attainment
Cease restlessly seeking something else.
Seek first the Kingdom of Heaven and HEALTH, HAPPINESS, and PROSPERITY Will be
yours.

PROSPERITY:

Prosperity is man's ability to freely dispense
What he possesses that he counts of value.
We are magnets drawing from the universe
All things necessary
For our happiness and PROSPERITY.
God has poured out upon us all
In bountiful measure
HEALTH, HAPPINESS, and PROSPERITY.
Build your dominant desire,
Group your ideas about it,
Then work for the realization of your aspiration And PROSPERITY
Will crown your efforts.

God In Everything By Walter Belasco

The goal of all religions is to become One with God—the All that IS, the sole Reality. This Oneness the Christian calls "at-one-ment," and the Buddhist "nirvana." Such a state is not what atheists deride as "pie in the sky by and bye." It is attainable right here on earth in this present instant of time. The proof lies in the fact that we know people living in perfect poise and bliss. What is their secret?
A young rajah, observing the charmed and happy lives of the disciples of a great teacher, set out to find the answer.
"Holy one," said the youthful king, "Your chelas live so serenely—all my kingdom would I give to possess that priceless boon. In thy compassion impart to me that secret. What should I eat? How live? . . .
"Keep your dominion, go back to your people in peace," interrupted the Master:

your desire is granted:

See God in Everything.”

The prince returned to his kingdom overjoyed. He saw God in the wonders of Nature, in the trees and the flowers, the birds and the stars, in his fellowmen, and in saint and sinner, rich and poor.

One day he strolled in the beautiful jungle section of his domain in silent meditation, seeing God in the loveliness of its verdure. Suddenly an elephant crashed into that part of the forest.

“Get out of the way quickly,” cried its driver. “The animal is mad and will harm you.”

The king remained in its path, saying: “God is in everything. God is in this elephant. He cannot hurt me.”

The demented beast in rage hurled him into a prickly bush. The impact broke the bush, rolling it and the sovereign down into slimy pool.

Heartbroken, he limped up to the cave of the holy man and unceremoniously broke into his samadhi. “You deceived me. I did see God in everything; I tried to see him in an elephant. Now look at me!”

The venerable sage could hardly constrain himself from laughing as the mud bedaubed king with torn garments and scratched body assumed a comical aspect of righteous indignation.

Then the wise man grew grave. “My son, did I not tell you to see God in everything? Why did you not see him in the voice of the elephant driver?”

So it happens, we often ignore God’s voice in (to us) insignificant things.

Nothing is unimportant in the All that Is. If we but heed the voice of God in EVERYTHING, our lives will ever be sublime.

Finding the Joy in Life By S. Y.

Y

YOU want a thing as long as you are not able to get it; when you have secured it, sooner or later you will tire of it, and then you will want something else. Have you ever tried to find that will-o'-the-wisp of “something else” which you seek at the end of all accomplished desires?

No matter what you seek, you must seek it with joy, in expectation of having joy by possessing it, and you must feel joyous when you actually get it. When seeking different things directly or indirectly, in reality you are seeking joy. When seeking all things, it is really joy that you seek through all these things and the fulfillment of all desires.

Then, why not seek joy directly? Why seek it through the medium of material desires and material things? You do not want those things in life which bring you sorrow. Neither do you want those things which promise a little joy in the beginning but sink you in deep remorse and suffering in the end.

Why seek joy by supplicating the favor of short-lasting material things? Why depend upon short-lasting material things for short-lasting joys? Material things and fulfillment of material desires are short-lasting, therefore all joys born of them are short-lasting. Joys born of eating, smelling fragrance, listening to music, beholding beautiful objects, and touching pleasing things, are short-lasting. They last only as long as the sensations born of the senses of taste, smell, hearing, sight, and touch last.

You do not want a tantalizing joy; you do not want a transitory joy which brings sorrow in its trail; you crave joy which will not disappear like the sudden flicker of gossamer wings beneath the flash of lightning. You should look for joy which will shine forever steadily, like the ever luminous radium.

Neither do you want a joy which has too much sameness; you want a joy which

changes and dances itself in many ways to enthrall your mind and keep your attention occupied and interested forever. Any joy that comes by fits and starts is tantalizing; any joy that is monotonous is of course tiresome; any joy that only comes for a little while and brings sorrow at last is undesirable. Any joy that comes for a little while, then flits away, sinking you in a state of indifference, and thus deepens that state by contrast, is torturing.

The joy that rhythmically changes all the time like the different poses of an actor, and yet remains unchangeable in itself, is what all of us are seeking. Such joy can only be found through regular, deep meditation. Such an ever-new, unchangeable fountain of joy alone can quench our joy-thirst.

If Nature gave to us all at once everything we wanted; wealth, power, and lost friends, we would sooner or later get tired of all of these, but one thing we can never get tired of, and that is Joy itself. By its very nature, ever-new Joy is the only thing that can never tire the mind or make it want to exchange Joy for something else.

In the pursuit of evil or of good, you are always seeking joy. The former promises joy and gives sorrow; the latter may promise sorrow but will surely give lasting joy in the end. Lasting, ever-new Joy is God, and when you have found Him you have the eternally elusive will-o'-the-wisp "something else" which you always seek at the end of all fulfilled desires. Finding this "something else," you will not seek any farther. Finding this ever-new joy, you will find everything in it that you ever sought.

Material objects which give joy remain outside of the mind; they only gain entry into the mind through imagination. Joy, from its very nature, is something born of the mind and lives closest in it. External, material objects can be destroyed, but this joy within can never be destroyed if one knows how to keep it and unless the possessor of joy changes his mind and becomes sorrowful. This joy is ever-new and indestructible.

Do not seek joy through material mediums, or desires born of such contact. Seek the unconditioned, indestructible Pure Joy within yourself, and you will then have found the ever-conscious, ever-new Joy-God. This joy is not an abstract quality of mind, but it is conscious, self-born, and is the conscious, self-expressing quality of Spirit. Seek it and be comforted forever.

When you have attained this ever-new joy, you will not have become a cynic, hating everybody. Rather, it is then that you will be in a position fit to enjoy everything rightly. As an immortal child of God, you are supposed to enjoy everything with a lasting attitude of your eternal nature of perpetual joy.

People who enjoy material things become materially-minded. It is a disgrace to behave like a discontented mortal when you are made in God's image, and when you are immortal.

When immortals behave like mortals, they experience the changes of joy, sorrow, and indifference in their natures. That is why you must destroy this grafted nature of changeability on your unchangeable nature of joy. And when you have found your own nature of unchangeable joy, you will be able to enjoy everything, either pleasant or disagreeable, with your unchangeable, indestructible joy. Your joy will stand unshaken amidst the crash of breaking earthly pleasures.

Youth Speaks

DR. WILL DURANT, the prominent author, put the question recently to several of his famous friends, asking them "What Meaning has Life for You?" In his opinion, the question was answered in the most interesting way in an article printed in the Redbook Magazine, written by Helen Wills Moody, the internationally known tennis star. She said, in part:

"For me, life is interesting, entertaining, happy, if only I can have some activity for the restlessness that is in my heart. I want that activity to be ceaseless, never finished, and I would like to have it at almost all times

dominating my thoughts. I would like to have a “one-track mind,” not closed, of course, to information, but I would like to be able to enclose myself on my engine on my one track and close my door, and rush away toward the horizon and the Infinite, or whatever its name is.

I do not wish to conform to rules of Religion that are laid out like so many squares bounded by fences—that you must go here, that you cannot go there. I loathe the Form of religion, and I know that I would hate life if I were deprived of the right of trying, working for some objective within which lies the beauty of perfection.

I always want to be in action, and to be trying for some kind of beauty and perfection. If I may be lacking in talent, I shall at least have the pleasure of action, and there is always hope, at least, in a young restless heart.”

The Second Coming of Christ

Beware of false prophets,
Which come to you in sheep's clothing,
But inwardly they are ravening wolves.
Ye shall know them by their fruits.
Do men gather grapes of thorns,
Or figs of thistles?
Even so, every good tree
Bringeth forth good fruit,
But a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit.
A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit,
Neither can a corrupt tree
Bring forth good fruit.
Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit
Is hewn down,
And cast into the fire.
Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them.

B

BEWARE of so-called teachers who use religions as a means of exploitation to gain the wealth of sheep-like indiscriminating people. They commit the highest sin against God, against the Master of the Universe, by trying to use and sell Him for monetary gain. Such teachers are wolves of evil, dressed in the sheep's skin of humbleness and outward spirituality. Do not judge a teacher by his outward dress of superficial behavior, but try to know him through practical dealings. Any man dressed in pontifical robes may look holy, but he cannot hide his wicked heart; it must come out in his wicked actions. As you cannot pluck grapes from a thorn bush or figs from thistles, so you cannot reap goodness from a recognized evil individual who is hiding behind the veneer of goodness.

On the other hand, you may pluck a beautiful lotus, even if it grows in a murky pond, or you may use the sweetmeats of a person who lives on starch alone. You may even read a good book written by an evil man and be profited by it, but it is an undeniable truism that if you study books written by God-inspired individuals your profit will be greater. The words of Self-Realization Teaching burn with the fire of Truth and impart unending warmth and glow to those who are spiritually cold and hungry.

Especially in the spiritual path must you follow a God-inspired person or a guru-preceptor who is chosen for you by God. You are free to judge an ordinary teacher, but once you choose a guru-preceptor, you must follow him unquestioningly without judging him, his merits or demerits. When you first

desire to tread the path of Heaven, God sends you teachers and books, but when your desire is strong, ripe, and ready, God brings you a guru or preceptor-messenger celestial, through whose commands, reason, and advice God will lead you through one life, or through as many lives as necessary, until you are free. In freeing the disciple, the guru also becomes free. The guru and disciple form the unconditional spiritual pact: "We will spiritually love and redeem each other, high or low, good or bad, under all circumstances, until we both find redemption." Human love is conditional and based upon specific merit. Divine love is unconditional, and the guru-preceptor and disciple who aspire to experience it must necessarily practice such unconditional divine love through many incarnations, until both are emancipated.

Eliseus was Jesus and Elijah was his Master. Jesus developed spiritually into Christhood as the son of Joseph the carpenter. His guru, Elijah, was incarnated as John the Baptist in a lesser spiritual manifestation. Yet Jesus (Eliseus) acknowledged John the Baptist (Elijah) as His guru-preceptor, and thus asked to be anointed by him.

A guru can never be a false prophet. A false prophet is one who knows at heart his extreme hypocrisy and moral weakness and yet professes goodness and delights in deceiving people just to make them follow him blindly for his own financial ends.

A real prophet does not bring evil to his followers and an evil reformer does not bring any good to his blind disciples. Every false prophet is cut down in time by the axe of wise and just criticism and is exposed and cast into the fire of oblivion. By the fruits of his actions, which emanate from the tree of inner thoughts, you will know the difference between a good prophet and a false prophet. A guru may teach a few people or a great many, but his whole intention is to make Christs, or Krishnas, out of his disciples.

A great prophet is one who aspires to reform a portion of mankind or the entire people of the earth, and who comes on earth as a special messenger to answer a specific need of mankind. Anyone who knows himself as only wicked, and yet outwardly makes a colossal claim to be a prophet or protege of God, is indeed a stupendous hypocrite and a sinner against God. However, if you are trying to be good and still have a few inner weaknesses, it is all right for you to try to help others spiritually, if you are sincere and do not make false spiritual claims about yourself.

Not everyone that saith unto me,
Lord, Lord,
Shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven;
But he that doeth the will
Of my Father which in Heaven.
Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord,
Have we not prophesied in Thy Name?
And in Thy Name have cast out devils?
And in Thy Name
Done many wonderful works?
And then will I profess unto them,
I never knew you;
Depart from me, ye that work iniquity.

H
earken ye, self-styled Christians or followers of Churchianity: just by uttering the name of Jesus, "Lord, Lord, Lord," in conversation and preaching, you may impress others as being devout, but you cannot enter into the Kingdom of God. So-called Christians, who are satisfied with attending church on Sunday morning and absent-mindedly listening to Sunday sermons and hymns, reach that kind of

Heaven—only that much and nothing more. Real Christians are those who embrace the Cosmic wisdom and Bliss of Jesus Christ in their own consciousness through mediation and ecstasy. This is the meaning of, “He that doeth the will of the Father which is in the Heavenly region of Bliss.”

The true devotee is one who retraces his prodigal footsteps from the land of sense-pleasures back to the home of Cosmic Bliss in God by daily intense meditation. He who is one with God in the ecstasy of meditation knows how to behave correctly on earth and how to act according to God’s will here.

At death, many people silently recall in their souls their professed virtues and try to gain the recognition of Christ Consciousness, but they are turned away and cast into the whirling wheel of earthly incarnations. Those who have acquired fortunes by selling the name of God, or who have cast out evil from people in imagination only, or have performed spiritual miracles according to their own deluded estimation only, will not be able to enter into the Kingdom of Eternal Bliss.

All mechanical church-and-temple-goers, and all theological students, must remember that verbal praise to the Lord without His corresponding response and theological study without gaining Self-Realization, is of little value in the eyes of God. The principles governing divine life are exact, like those of any other branch of science in God’s creation. People who want to be Christians must know and feel the presence of Christ all the time, must commune with Him in ecstasy, and be guided by Him and know that He is, and ever will be, and not just somehow be superficially satisfied by uttering the name of the Lord a few times every day without knowing whether the lord actually exists or responds. If Jesus and God ever existed, they exist now and ever will exist. If they are perpetually existent, then that Truth must be verified in the lives of all Truth-loving Christians.

Those who profess Christianity and teach it, without knowing or trying to feel the presence of Christ in meditation, are blaspheming by their iniquity and are not accepted into the eternal Bliss in Christ Consciousness.

Does this Conflict with my Belief?

By SRI NERODE

I FREQUENTLY hear a blasphemy expressed by truly good and well-meaning people, in the words: “Will your teachings conflict with my beliefs? I am so and so and a member of this particular faith.”

My friends, there is not a single belief in the world which can claim the absolute truth, because in this world of manifestation, everything is relative.

Every faith has a certain amount of perceptions based upon intuition, experience, and divine inspiration.

No universal Truth, like the Self-Realization teaching, can conflict with any faith for the simple reason that all the teachings of Self-Realization can be proved or disproved by one’s own realization or intimate divine perception, as well as by material manifestation in the form of better health, better conditions, and better mental attitudes.

It is blasphemous even to ask if your faith will be jeopardized by following the life-building, practical, and scientific training of the Self-Realization wisdom. No faith or belief is so delicate that with the slightest touch of a different thought it will be bruised and take to bed. If it does bruise, the sooner, the better for the person holding the belief, because this will bring immediate freedom to the believer.

Why stick to something that will not let you dare to investigate anything else? How do you know that yours is the best thought that ever came to the earth? Why

are you so sure that you are on the only right path? The fallacy of your belief lies in the fact that you lack the scientific attitude of mind which investigates and searches. Without searching, you are convinced of the uselessness of your searching. Without the least conception of the good of other ideas you have already decided that they are all bad. You may not so express yourself publicly, but if your heart is the open book of God, there you have written your secret thoughts.

Has not every faith on every crossroad of human history claimed its superiority over all else until the light of higher scholarship and research brought out the folly of such erroneous conception? Have not groups of unsuspecting people rejected Truth, or higher Truth, just because they blindly thought that theirs was the best? By so doing have not many generations of humanity checked the march of the soul's freedom on this planet?

My friends, if you are students, learn the message of history. Do not shut your eyes to Truth, thinking that you belong to a different Truth. Truths are one, but each represents a different phase of the Absolute, so how do you know that by denying one aspect you are not depriving yourself of perhaps the very phase of Truth you need most in your life at this particular moment? Therefore, why be foolish because others are blind? Stand before the ocean of Truth and drink of the vital air, no matter from what direction it comes, no matter from what sea it gathers its power. If you are afraid of its power, follow it until you fear the fear of its power. Remember, freedom is the goal of all souls. Do not stay forever in a half-way house because you happen to be there or because it appears in your soul's way. Proceed farther. Look to the higher cliffs and keep your gaze fixed on the towering peak. That peak is Freedom.

As long as you are distrustful of the thoughts of others, fearful of everything, narrow and selfish with everyone but the few who believe as you do, or shut your eyes to the opportunity of climbing higher for fear that there can be no step higher than the one you are on, so long are you bound and limited. Know Truth in its entirety, then you shall be free.

The only way in which one human being
Can properly attempt to influence another
Is in encouraging him to think for himself,
Instead of endeavoring to instill
Ready made opinions into his head.
—Sir Leslie Stephen.

Our gifts and attainments are not only
To be light and warmth in our own dwellings,
But are also to shine through the windows
Into the dark night, to guide
And cheer bewildered travelers on the road.
—Henry Ward Beecher.

Why Struggle? By CHARLES N. GASKIN

W

E HAD better effervesce with joy and gladness. An Intelligent Test will never bring us into that state of joy and bliss that we believe to be perfection; a joy and bliss that is perfect health; a joy and bliss that knows no want, is self-satisfying and self-satisfied, and hence is the door to all supply.

Desire is ever under the law of limitation. You cannot desire the universe or infinity—that would necessitate infinite desire. Much of our discussion hinges upon the word “Recognition,” which is a state rather than an act to acquire. So why struggle? The very effort is a blindfold of our own making. To struggle is to acknowledge a law of bondage with an intensity equal to that directed against it.

“Fear not, little flock, it is your Father’s good pleasure to GIVE you the KINGDOM.” Do not struggle, be at peace and He will give you the kingdom. Effervesce with joy and gladness and your magnetism will bring the kingdom to you. A pendulum swings equal distances on either side of the center, a stabilizer within the law of gravitation.

Within the human sphere of action and reaction, joy is a great stabilizer, precluding struggle. What is the motive power behind the blooming rose? Force in action—but how differently do we interpret that action from struggle. Through naturalness we should inherit the kingdom; that is, the kingdom within, unto outward manifestation.

What is man in his wholeness? Surely you would not limit him to a physical body, the instrument of physical plane manifestation only. We know that man functions on a higher plane also, in a greater field of freedom, and this viaduct of the soul eliminates the necessity of passage through paths of much obstruction. When we learn and know our greater selves, circumscribed limitations fade away.

Establish within your mentality justice toward all men and you will free yourself from the seeming injustice of others. Broadcast through the body, which is equivalent to giving out. Dial in through consciousness, where discrimination and selection are operative. With joy, let your choice be unto the purifying of the body temple and make it a fit habitation for the indwelling of a perfect harmony.

The mind, free from struggle, meets and accomplishes that which the struggling mind sees as an invincible enemy of war. Be still, do not struggle, be still and know. Those things embedded in desire forever present the law of struggle. That which is not of desire but of the spirit comes with joy and thanksgiving. The secret lies in holding your head above the waves of mortality.

Consciousness is where you place it; you may choose the basement or the attic. The upper rooms, where the opportunity of dispensing the bread of life freely, is its own sweet reward, are to be preferred. We do not struggle when we give with a heart filled with merriness, but only when we try to acquire unto ourselves, and yet the promise of the kingdom is ours as an inheritance. “Not as the world giveth peace give I unto you,” illustrates the upper room consciousness, free from struggle, and yet the joy we can give and the good we can do because of the fullness thereof.

Many struggle for power of will, but it is only a panacea in part and may be adapted to good or evil. Spiritual power, in the fruit of conscious recognition, is greater, yet it harms not, neither is afraid. “I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help,” is not a product of will but a gift of wisdom. Wrapt in the joyousness of recognition, the clouds of struggle are dissolved and dissipated to the four corners of the earth. Each day is a new day unto the spirit of righteousness, where joy blossoms with each unfolding rose. Do not struggle.—Peace, Peace be still.

Slavery

By FREDRICK H. WADLEY

M

ANY years ago Abraham Lincoln issued what is known as the “Proclamation of Emancipation,” thereby releasing thousands of individuals from physical slavery. In this Proclamation, Lincoln stated that every person is a free individual, not

to be controlled, regulated, or commanded by anyone else as long as the individual does not presume on the life, liberty, or happiness of some other person.

Since that time, there has existed practically no physical slavery in this country, whereby one human being could buy or sell another. But there has existed a very definite mental and spiritual slavery among our people. We have the slavery of a husband or a wife to his or her mate, the slavery of a family to a father or a mother, the slavery of an employee to an employer. All this slavery is based upon one person's physical or mental control over another. Perhaps it has been a needed slavery, and it may necessarily continue until each one grows strong enough to become a free individual. Whether this be true or not, the fundamental fact still exists that we are all slaves to our emotions, our desires, our wishes. Our slavery begins there. We are slaves because we want to be. Fantastic as this sounds, a little calm reflection and analysis will show that it is correct.

Any good salesman will tell you that the first requirement of a sale is the creation of the desire for what he has to sell. If a salesman can stimulate that desire sufficiently, a customer will buy regardless of whether he needs the article or not, whether it is economical, or whether he can afford it. The fostering of the desire will overcome almost all objections to the sale, while logic and intellectual reasoning have little effect. In other words, we do what we want to do—because we want to. Then we are slaves to those wants and desires. Now, if in addition to desire, our thoughts and actions are influenced by envy, jealousy, anger, hatred, lust, laziness, carelessness, and all the other wrong influences that tempt us, we are indeed in slavery. When we prefer to criticize a person or a thing instead of praising them, we are slaves to our own opinions, for no matter how correct that opinion may seem, it is rarely based upon sufficient or exact information, as we often discover later.

And so we are whipped about, lashed by our own emotions, into doing things we regret, making statements that hurt others, sending out thoughts and feelings that antagonize people against us. All of these actions result in their being returned to us; and they fasten themselves upon us like leeches, sapping our spiritual blood and leaving us morally weaker and more dissatisfied. In this way is the law fulfilled which requires an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, except that it is ourselves who lose the eyes and the teeth. As we give, so do we receive.

There is only one way to emancipate ourselves from this slavery. The control of our emotions is not always an easy thing to accomplish from the standpoint of using our human will power. But when our overwhelming desire is to feel Divine Love flowing through us to every person, and toward every condition, then all other desires and emotions gradually disappear. The consuming Flame of Divine Love can and does purge from us all dross and all impurities, and leaves us in perfect control of our emotions, thoughts, and wishes. Then are we in command and entitled to the peace, joy, happiness, and supply that is our own, by Divine Law.

The feeling of Divine Love comes through the recognition of the God-Self within, the adoration and acknowledgment of the "God Presence" in each one of us, and the knowledge and conviction that We and God are One. And also through the thanks and gratitude which we pour forth that we are the Sons of God are we made perfect in his image and likeness, and reflect every God attribute, every minute of every day. Meditation upon these facts brings us freedom from this slavery which grips the world; brings to fruition the statement Jesus made, when He said, "Ye are Gods, and ye shall control everything that is upon the earth." If we want power, success, joy, and control over our circumstances, and who does not, then we must keep ourselves tuned to that God-Head Within, and to That alone. Allow nothing to interfere with this contact, for it is only by this

contact that we can become Masters, capable of helping ourselves and the world. Our vision must be broad, our interest must be keen, our thoughts must be controlled, our actions and desires must be mastered. By the use of Divine Love, the definite recognition and acknowledgement of It, by applying It constantly and constructively, do we put God into action. When these things are accomplished, we shall have Supremacy over our world and slavery will become a forgotten thing.

Resistance to Colds

A

MEASURING stick for resistance to cold and possibly pneumonia seems to have been found in the capacity of the body to work. Experiments indicating this have been reported by Dr. Arthur Locke of the Western Pennsylvania Hospital Institute of Pathology, Pittsburgh, to the Society of American Bacteriologists.

This does not mean that hard workers are necessarily the most resistant to colds and pneumonia, Dr. Locke explained. It is the body's ability to do work, rather than the person's inclination to work, that is important.

Rabbits that are able to perform quickly the simple task of warming up after chilling are also able quickly to get invading pneumonia germs out of their blood, he found. The work on humans has only just begun. Already, however, Dr. Locke found that persons who use about two quarts of oxygen—2,000 CC—in a minute during hard work have fewer and less severe colds than those who use less than this amount of oxygen. Here, it appears, is pioneer work that may make it possible in the future for patients to have a simple test of their resistance to cold and pneumonia made in the doctor's office. What to do in cases that show a low measure of resistance is the next point to be studied. Work with rabbits suggests that the solution of this part of the problem may be concerned with diet.

Beyond the Shores of Mistakelessness

By Sri Bibhuti Bhuson Sarkar

My days are passing away reluctant,
In heaps of blunders.

Only plays of mistakes are playing on,
'Midst the environment of mistakes.

Why are these blunders in all my actions?

Ah! The course of my life's limited span

Is about to pass away.

Why is my every step in such mistakes?

Why are mistakes woven with mistakes?

Why the enormous

Gatherings of mistakes I see all around me?

The actions of mistakes

Are in my life of mistake.

The delicacies of mistakes

Are in the very nature of mistakes.

Doth the Infinite lie hidden

In the deep of mistake?

Will the Boat of Mistake ferry me over

To the far shore of all mistakelessness?

COMMANDING OTHERS

Charles K. Ober
The man who would lift others
Must be uplifted himself,
And he who would command others
Must learn to obey.

Meditations

By S. E. M.

Gratitude and praise
Have great power of attraction.

That which you do not appreciate
Is either not attracted to you
Or is removed from you.
Therefore give praise and thanks
For that which you desire in your life.

Never neglect to praise a generous act,
A kind thought, or a good quality,
No matter how small it seems.

We can help each other
By looking past the commonplace
And the little annoying, every-day faults
And seeing the beauty
And fineness of character
Which is the reality of each of us,
And which we all hope to express fully.

Be loving and understanding
As Christ loved and understood.

Do not forget for a moment
That whatever work you are doing
Is God's work
And therefore sacred
And worthy of your best effort.

Your present work is your assignment
For this particular time and through it
You can learn some lesson
And can prepare yourself
For something better if you so desire.

You cannot successfully perform greater tasks Until you have the knowledge and
experience Necessary for greater responsibility.

If you expect the Father
To do great works through you—
Prepare yourself.

You must acquire the basic technique
Before a masterpiece can be created
Through your brain and hands.

No matter how great the difficulty or obstacle Which faces you, you can overcome it.
At some time, in some place,
Someone has conquered a greater one.

You have all of the energy and intelligence
Of the universe at your command.

There is a Divine Power within you.
Become conscious of it and you can succeed
Under any circumstances.

Your body and mind are instruments
For your soul to use
For its complete expression on this plane.

Have you cleared the way so that the soul
Can function through you without obstruction,
Or are you still harboring secret faults,
Desires for fame or power,
And greedy ambitions?

Are there still corners in your life
Where you dare not
Let the light of the Christ shine?
Now is the time
To clean them up and be free.

Now is the time
For you to reveal Christ in your daily life.

Forget your past failures,
Your past disappointments,
And even your past attainments.

Continual dwelling on your past
Only blinds you
To the happiness and opportunity

Of the present moment.

Each moment spent in regret
Is a moment lost—
And life is made up of moments.

Use your past experiences
As material with which to build
Nobility of character
And wisdom of mind and soul.

Today is a perfect day—
Full of wonder, beauty,
Delight, and miraculous possibilities.

O, wake up
And be what you are and where you are.
Life is yours now. Do not let it flow past
Without your awareness.

No matter how long you live,
You can never realize
More than one instant at a time.

Why will you be so dull?
Why do you persist
In remaining less than half conscious?

Why do you let the golden moments slip by
While your attention is riveted
On something which will probably
Never happen
In a future that will never come—
When right now
You might be vigorously, vibrantly awake;
When you might thrill
With the wondrous glory,
Beauty and opportunity of Life?

God cannot use you as an instrument
Through which to perform
Fine, splendid and brave things
Unless you make it possible for Him to do so.

Have you made yourself efficient?

Is your body
Strong, beautiful, graceful, untiring?

Is your mind keen and trained
So that it can be used as a mental searchlight?

Are your emotions
Civilized, refined and controlled?

Is your manner kindly and gracious always?

Is your soul in tune with
Infinite Harmony, Beauty and Intelligence?

Consecrate your whole being today
To divine service and prepare yourself
To carry on your Father's business perfectly.

Learn to handle your mind lightly.
You keep such a firm grip
On your troubles and problems,
You keep your mind so tense with resistance,
That the needle of intuition
Cannot swing at all—
Much less can it point the direction
Out of your difficulties.

Get yourself quiet and posed
Through meditation
If you wish to receive divine guidance.

You will never find health,
Peace and happiness
As long as there is hatred in your heart.

You will never be free and joyous;
You will never find salvation
As long as you harbor a grudge
Against someone
Who seemingly has wronged you.

Clear your mind and heart
Of all festering ill-feeling and go free now.

Try to understand your defaulting friend;

Try to see and appreciate
The fine and worthwhile things about him.

On the cross of your bitter experiences,
Try to forgive the ones who put you there
And to say, "Father, forgive them,
For they know not what they do."
If you can really do this,
You are well on your way to enlightenment;
You have drawn near to Christ
And to the understanding of Divine Love.

Are you in the tomb
Of despair, loss, betrayal or failure?
Then know that, because of the Master,
Your resurrection is possible.

You can rise to new joy,
To new understanding,
To new love, to complete success,
And to the realization of life in its fullness.

Beauty, glory and wisdom
Await your coming.

Have you known the awful ache of loneliness?
Then to your bewildered, struggling friend
Give the loving kindness
And understanding interest
Which you desire for yourself.

Have you suffered?
Then smooth away the agony of suffering
From some other tortured brow.

Have you ever tried to realize
The utter, devastating loneliness of the cross?
Because it was possible for the Christ
To triumph over that excruciating experience,
It is possible for Him to understand
And to help you through any trial now
No matter how hopeless the situation appears.

Rely on His willingness and His power
To aid and to sustain you.

No matter how old you are,

What your training is,
Or lack of it to date, it is never too late
To begin to cultivate wisdom, kindness,
Graciousness, sympathy, understanding,
Will power, self-control, faith and tolerance.

Pray that you may be adequate
To meet your tests, that you may not fail God When He needs you as His messenger
To perform some difficult and important task.

Pray that you may be strong, true, courageous,
And ready no matter what the assignment.

The Father will lead His child
Through all difficulties.

Reality cannot be conveyed to you
In the words of another.

Life is to be lived
And your purpose here
Is to live it victoriously and intelligently.

God and beauty must be experienced
By each soul alone.

If you live, you must act,
And the results of your deeds will be either
Sorrow and bondage,
Or understanding and freedom.

You are choosing one way or the other
Each minute of the day.

How can love reach you
If your heart and mind
Are filled with hatred, anger and resentment?

How can the fineness of Spirit reach you
If you are a snob; if you are hard, righteous,
Self-satisfied and think yourself
Better than the rest of God's children?

Cleanse your mind and heart

So that you can hear and recognize
The voice of God when He speaks to you.

How do you expect to be touched
By the grace and love of God if your mind
Is filled with bitterness, jealousy,
Criticism, fear and doubt?

Free yourself from obstacles.
It is God's purpose for you to express Him
As love, kindness, forgiveness,
Gladness and beauty, for these qualities
Are in reality your very nature.

If you want to grow old,
Just worry and hate and find fault.
If you want to be youthful,
Beautiful, radiant, happy,
Just express your real hidden self,
The part of you
That is made in God's image and likeness.

Let Life flow through you freely, joyously,
Without negative obstructions.

Your real nature
Is kindly, wise and understanding.
Let it govern your thoughts,
Emotions and actions.

The essence of all creation is the one life
Which permeates all manifestation.
Let it express through you
In all its radiance and glory.

Consecrate your whole being to service
And give your body to the performing
Of generous, brave, splendid, unselfish deeds;
Your mind to wise,
Beautiful, creative thoughts;
And your heart to kindness, tenderness,
And all-embracing love.

Constant watchfulness and effort are necessary
In judging your thoughts and motives
In order to free your life
From non-essential encumbrances;
And continuous practice in meditation

Is necessary in order to attain
Serenity, poise and stillness of spirit.

After contacting God in meditation,
Go about your work knowing that the Presence
Is with you, directing, giving you power,
Attracting to you the right people,
Things or ideas
Needed to bring forth into manifestation
That for which you have spoken the word.

So live that your life is always
An inspiration and an example to those
Who have not yet reached enlightenment.

As people see you radiate joy, health,
Success and wisdom, they will be encouraged
To put forth the effort to attain understanding.

You are a living demonstration
That real success and happiness
Can be attained.

Yours is a sacred trust and duty.
Keep ever in touch with your Source
And you will not violate it.

Being Ourselves By Katherine Maurine Haaff

If we would travel with the clouds that float just high enough above life's discouragements and failures to be not too seriously affected by them, we would find it necessary to realize our place in the scheme of things and not allow difficulties to keep us down. Perfection in human nature does not exist and we could not please all even if we were to try. We can only live the best we can.

No one can do better than his best.

Everyone has some talent for a particular work and, as time passes, we come to the realization that we must be as nearly our real selves as possible if we are to make the most of our talent and ability. We may expect approval and disapproval. It is said that if we try to please everyone we simply succeed in pleasing no one. We may strive for self-improvement, but our ideals and our goal must always be beyond our reach. No one can reach the state of perfection, but humans may approach perfection. Even if it were possible to make ourselves conform exactly to the pattern of what a few thought we should be, we would still remain short of the ideal of many others. It is obvious that the only way

to live successfully is to practice being ourselves; to be individuals with original thoughts and ways of living; in other words, to be independent thinkers: to have minds of our own. Everyone can conform to the laws of society and standards which are made for the benefit of all, but no one should try to conform to an exact pattern set by another. He should retain his individuality.

Everyone has a goal to which to aspire and has to sacrifice to try to reach it. Apprenticeship days are usually difficult days, often filled with opposition and misunderstanding. But this is the time to keep on keeping sight of our goal. In terms of modern slang, this is the time to watch life “hand it out” and to prove our ability to “take it.” With much patience and effort, you should be able to attract many congenial and appreciative souls who will try to help and not to hinder your progress. Your appreciation of others will grow, and in turn, many will respond to that appreciation.

It is important to set a goal, but to remember that the true value is not in the thing accomplished, but in the effort expended in the process of accomplishment; in the character that is strengthened and developed through surviving the hard knocked. We should seek perfection but know that we shall never attain it. But in seeking perfection, we should know that we shall experience improvement and human progress as we go. Whatever comes, better luck will follow if we can always remember to practice being ourselves.

In the Temple of Silence

In the temple of Silence,
In the temple of Peace
I will meet Thee I will touch Thee
I will love Thee
And coax Thee to my altar of Peace
And coax Thee to my altar of Peace
In the temple of Samadhi
In the temple of Bliss
In the temple of Samadhi
In the temple of Bliss
I will meet Thee I will touch Thee
I will love Thee
And coax Thee to my altar of Bliss.

Mistress and Maid By Julia Brown Calvert

Abandoned, quite, was her superior air,
This morning as I brushed her shining hair.
“Things being equal,”—
My attention tends—
“I’d love to introduce you to my friends.”
I bow me low, my thoughts flown far away:
A garden, sweet, in the embrace of May,
A gentle mother’s aristocracy,
None but a darkened mind can fail to see,
A father’s warm, uncalculating good,
Dispensed throughout
A grateful neighborhood,
An invalid whose fingers, white as wool,
Still render service through the beautiful,
Eyes sacrificed to “save democracy.”
A cheerful laundress with her helpful brood;
Blithe-footed children, promising and good,
And, O, my heart!
My love who’ll no more see;
Eyes sacrificed to “save democracy.”

A master mystic, bearer of true light,
Yet, color-barred by her whose face is white,
A face unfurrowed, touched by artful bloom,
Like to a heart in which no care finds room.
I am recalled by lofty accents sweet—
Proffered privilege—
"You may bathe my feet."
Towel-girdled, I, then, softly kneeling there,
Lave, gently,
Those unblemished feet, and fair,
Praying for Christian grace to know and see,
All souls in their potential purity.
"Things being equal,"—
How one's thoughts descend—
"I'd love to introduce YOU to MY friends."

Death Beautiful

By Sri Bibhuti Bhuson Sarkar

Come Death! Beautiful!
Come with the flow of Thy fascinating flute
Inspired deeply with the sweetness of Spirit!
Come! Come! Sweet! Beautiful!
Smiling! Kissing me with rosy lips of Thine!
Come! Come! Love! Ceaseless! Song!
Beauty! Come! Come! Truth ever! Secret!
Gentle! Come! Come! Jingling! Rhythmic!
Dancing! Dear!
Come! Come! Music! Vision!
Golden Love!
Here life mine spirited everywhere
In the Infinite Home!
Come! Come! My Love!
The flow of stream Divine!
Oh! Over-sweep the banks!
Agitate the vision Golden!
Come! Come! Ever! Drowsy Self of Mine!
Sweet! Beauty! Love!

PEOPLE

Bruce Barton

We get from people what we give;
We find in them what we bring;
And the changes
Are not changes in them so much
As changes in ourselves.

From the Sanskrit
Through work,
Not wishes,
Every plan
Its full fruition reaps.

DINNER MENU

Split Pea Soup Asparagus and Cucumber Salad Cauliflower Italiane
Beets in cream Baked Squash Graham Cracker Brown Betty

SPLIT PEA SOUP

2 cups dried green split peas
2 quarts water
4 stalks celery
2 carrots
1 onion
1/4 teaspoon thyme
1 bay leaf
mineralized salt

Wash peas, clean and dice vegetables, and place all ingredients in a saucepan. Boil hard for 20 minutes, then simmer for about 4 hours—until peas are cooked. Strain through a colander and serve.

ASPARAGUS AND CUCUMBER SALAD

1-1/2 cups sliced cucumbers
24 cooked asparagus tips
4 onion slices
1/3 cup French dressing
Lettuce or cress
Chill all ingredients, arrange on the lettuce or cress and serve.

CAULIFLOWER ITALIENNE

1 head cooked cauliflower
2-1/2 cups cooked tomatoes
mineralized salt
1 cup grated cheese
buttered whole wheat crumbs

Put cauliflower in a shallow baking dish. Season tomatoes and cook until most of the water has evaporated. Pour the tomatoes over the cauliflower, sprinkle with cheese and buttered crumbs. Bake in a slow oven (300° F.) about 15 minutes, or until cheese is melted.

BAKED SQUASH

1 banana squash
3 tablespoons butter
mineralized salt

Cut squash in halves. Discard seeds and pulp. Place squash in shallow pan and add rest of ingredients. Place 1/2 inch of water in pan and bake 40 minutes in moderate oven.

GRAHAM CRACKER BROWN BETTY

Pare, core and slice 6 tart apples. Add 1 cup water. Cover and cook till apples are almost tender.

Stir in:

1/2 cup brown sugar
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
1/4 teaspoon nutmeg
1 teaspoon lemon rind
1 tablespoon lemon juice

Line a loaf-shaped baking dish with 12-15 graham crackers, buttered. Pour in apple mixture. Dot top with 1/4 cup butter. Sprinkle over top: 6 graham crackers, finely crushed, and 1/4 cup brown sugar. Bake in hot oven (400 o F.) until top is brown and crusty, 15-20 minutes. Serve hot or cold with whipped cream. Serves 6.

NITROGEN

Nitrogen acts as a vitalizer and tissue builder. Since nitrogen does not support combustion, people who have too much nitrogen have low oxidation. It is found in most proteins. Nitrogen absorbs the dark pigments from plant food and therefore people who have an abundance of nitrogen in the system are always dark complexioned.

Some nitrogen foods are: wheat germ, pignolia nuts, soy beans, butter, lentils, dried beans, cheese, pistachios, almond butter, dried peas, cottage cheese, walnuts, yolks of eggs, and pecans.

The Symbol By Julia Brown Calvert

I DENIED myself
That I might possess you,
Little Blue Cup.
Denied myself a draught of milk
With which to refresh my fainting body
That you, Little Blue Cup,
Might refresh my fainting soul.
On a remnant counter amid a clutter
Of marred and broken things
You awaited me,
Little Blue Cup.
You yourself
Marred and broken even as I.
But, O your color! Your color!
Little Blue Cup!
Toward me it radiated that hidden,
All-pervading Something ...
That gives an inherent glow
Even to marred and broken things.
Your color! Your color!
Little Blue Cup!
That sprig of apple blossoms;
That sprig of apple blossoms
Painted against the blue
Of your porcelain side
As by an Invisible Hand
Against the heavenly blue of Infinity.
I have known apple blossoms,
Little Blue Cup.
I have known the blue of a canopying sky.
You make me to feel as an apple blossom,
Little Blue Cup,
An apple blossom
Pressed by Everlasting Arms
To the Heart of Eternal Love.
You are a symbol,
Little Blue Cup.

A symbol that causes
The dull confines of my small, mean room
To vanish into glowing Immensity.
A symbol of the blue lotus
Of Mother's feet,
At which I would persistently kneel;
I, an empty cup,
Her Divine Presence,
Unceasingly, to fill.

My Faith and Yours
By SRI RANENDRA KUMAR DAS

Hope springs eternal in the human breast." Our hopes are our prayers, and our prayers are an indication of the kind and quality of our faith.

These faiths are as many and as diversified as the peoples that populate the world today. Each has come into his belief according to the particular need of something that he innately believes, or is influenced through association with others to believe, is a necessity for him in that particular habitat. My need may not seem to be your need nor your need your brother's need.

In this scientifically-minded world of today, science is exacting more and more a crucial test from all things as its answer. Things must possess a practical as well as a theoretical value.

Can your faith withstand the test of application so that it puts meaning into your living? Does it meet your heart's need? Has it a scientific application to the needs of your daily living? It matters not just what you label your faith, what "ism" you may choose to call it. We are living in a finite world, a sense world, where all things must be labeled or named for convenience, for us. Our limiting of limitless Time and Space is an example. But in their essence, in the world of Infinity, these labels disappear and are lost in the sea of unity. They are of no value there and, consequently, in the economy of the grand scheme, they lose their significance, their seeming reality. They have been accustomed to filling their place in their own little world, but as that world expands through knowledge and understanding, they take on a new significance and meaning.

Is your faith a potent factor in the daily routine of your living or does it hold only a small part and parcel of your thoughts?

Out of the maze and intricacies of life, fashion or hew a staff from the mass of material at hand that will vigorously protect you from the conflict that is being waged continually with the world but which, in reality, is but a battle within yourself, the battle of the personal ego against the Divine Ego, the true Ego.

In what we choose to call our practical or every-day life, man as a rule tends to cling to the side on which the majority stands. It carries with it a feeling of security, a sense of safety. It seems reasonable to conclude that the Eternal Source, Primeval Energy, the Absolute, the Supreme Being, God, whatever you may choose in your understanding to call it, and your inner self constitute that majority. To the end that we can so realize and live each moment of our lives in that realization, can we transcend to the heights that are welling up eternally in the soul for expression.

A true faith will offer a sustaining inward peace when we are launching forth, often dangerously, into matters of the world. Your greatness, or the quality of your living, registers how deeply you live within your faith, within the being of your soul.

The soul may be likened to a spring. As it becomes choked or stifled with

surface material, it is lost to view and is apparently robbed of its helpfulness in that particular channel. In the instance that pressure is applied toward the clearing away of this surface material, the spring will gush forth with its clear, cool waters, significant of the depths from which it came.

The soul, with its deep-seated possibilities, in a similar manner, is seeking for expression. The mind is capable of clogging this expression by permitting an accumulation of undesirable thoughts which ripen into acts of a similar nature, until the pure qualities of the soul are turned aside and lost sight of. It is then that man's vision becomes clouded. He clashes with his neighbor. He loses faith in him. Barriers of thought are raised that tend toward separation. My faith is right, yours is wrong.

These stray thoughts that drift unbidden into the mind, choke the deep spring waters of the soul from coming into expression as a quiet, healing, soothing, babbling brook that will gather momentum and power on its way to the great ocean. Even so, the irrepressible nature of the soul cannot be thwarted permanently, and just as the choking of the spring only causes its course to be deflected toward the seeking of another channel or outlet, circuitous as it may be, only to gush forth, in the exuberance of its freedom, as a beautiful and forceful fountain. It is seeking and gaining the level of its eternal source.

A fuller knowledge of one's inner being begets a faith that stands every test. So have faith in your inner self, your Divine Self, and it then follows that you can but have faith in every other man, in every human being, faith in the Divine plan, wherever and into whatever capacity it may lead you. Then one can see unity in all diversity and is in a position to understand the reason for the many different beliefs, manners, and customs of people, and understanding them will respect them in their place. Then, instead of pulling in opposition to the universe and creating unwanted conditions against which we must battle, we place ourselves in harmony with the universe, and moving with it receive its blessing, comforts, and the inspiration that will animate our lives.

Life's Bazaar

By Mary Isabel Buchanan

At Life's market counter

We have purchased glasses by which

We see all creation and life

As the world sees it.

Let us purchase new glasses

From the market counter of the Sages,

And see with Their vision

The hidden radiance permeating all life.

We are wearing the ear-trumpet sold to us

By very knowing mortals,

Which record both sweet music

And harsh vibrations.

But now let us listen through the ear-trumpet Which the immortal saints have to sell,

To hear Divine celestial sounds

In a realm beyond discord.

Scientific Digest

Your Social Age

A

RE you grown up socially? A scale for measuring your ability to get along in the world has been described by Dr. Edgar A. Doll, director of research at the

Training School, Vineland, New Jersey.

Originally designed to test an individual's social competence or ability to care for himself when suspected of mental deficiency, the scale is also well adapted for the study of the family history of persons of extraordinary ability and worth to society. It can measure the whole gamut of human ability from feeble-mindedness to genius, and does not depend upon a test given the individual himself, but upon reports on the things he is able to accomplish. The socially mature person is able to systematize his own work, for instance, to make purchases for others, and to promote civic progress. The person with a social age of 18 should be able to make long trips alone and control his own expenditures.

Difference in Taste

D

DIFFERENCES in a person's ability to taste the same thing at various times may be used to diagnose various internal disturbances, it was suggested by tests made by Dr. A. W. Blakeslee of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, D.C.

Sensations of taste vary enormously among different persons, and the same individual, because of some unexplained bodily changes, is unable to taste at one time 100 times as much of a substance as he previously succeeded in detecting. Aspirin tastes sour to most people, salty to some people, and bitter to others. Hydrochloric acid normally tastes sour, but some of the persons reported that it seemed sweet, salty, bitter, or astringent. One person was sure that cascara was twice as bitter as quinine, but another person argued that quinine was 200 times as bitter.

"No two of the subjects," reported Dr. Blakeslee, "were alike in their taste thresholds. Each of us lives in a different world and each within limits, lives in a world that changes in sense impressions without notice."

Grass Juice is Growth Promoter

D

RS. C. A. Elvehjem and E. B. Hart, of the University of Wisconsin, have discovered that the growth-promoting properties of milk can be greatly enhanced by adding some fresh grass juice. As a test, the juice squeezed out of lawn clippings was added to the daily milk ration of young rats, causing them to gain weight much more rapidly than rats that received just plain milk.

If this proves applicable to human nutrition, it may be desirable to fortify winter milk with the material containing the growth factor which it lacks. Such addition will not be necessary with milk produced in summer, for cows having access to pasture give a product which is potent in promoting growth. Caratene, cod liver oil, orange juice, and irradiation have all failed to improve milk as far as the growth factor is concerned.

Don't Force Children to Eat

T

THE common mistake of forcing a child to eat was recently attacked vigorously by Dr. Clifford Sweet of Oakland, Calif., at a meeting of the American Medical Association. Malnutrition has been over-emphasized, until it has become a menace to the peace of mind of mothers. The battle waged at many a meal provides an atmosphere for the development of any and every sort of behavior problem.

Dr. Sweet suggests that parents let a child direct his own eating for three weeks while the parents keep a record of what and how he eats. Taking away foods a child says he does not like sometimes has a magic effect. He may soon ask for them. No normal, healthy child can long resist the demands of his body for food when there is added to it the example of the other members of the family eating the food that appears on the table, or omitting it without remark, in an

atmosphere of comradeship and enjoyment. Temporary loss of appetite may mean only that the child is not hungry, while prolonged absence from food is usually the first symptom of illness.

The Future Motor Car

T

HE motor car of the future will be air-conditioned, shaped like a teardrop, have self-inflating tires, and individual movable seats, declared Austin M. Wolf, automotive consultant, in an address before the meeting of the Society of Automotive Engineers. Project yourself 10 years ahead in time. Time—Summer of 1946. Place—A cross-country super-highway. A motor car speeds by. The car is compact but shaped like a teardrop, traveling large end forward. Its five passengers sit in individual movable seats in air-conditioned comfort despite the sweltering day. Their luggage is concealed in the bulbous front end. They sit three in front and two in the rear, just ahead of the motor. The car has six tires, two in front, and four in the rear, where the power is applied. But the car's occupants have no worries about those tires. They are self-inflating, and if a blowout occurs, they will not collapse. Despite the heat, there are no worries about the battery running dry, for it is self-filling. And in the cold winter, the car owner will have no sleepless nights worrying about starting in the frosty morning. He knows that his car has two fuel tanks. In cold weather it starts with a light volatile fuel and then, when hot enough, switches over automatically to the ordinary variety. Moreover, the old troubles back in 1936 about cooling the engine and the brakes are ended. The air-conditioning system is used to cool both of them, in addition to making the car interior comfortable in all ranges of temperature and humidity. On the dashboard only two instruments are calibrated: the speedometer and the gasoline gauge. The oil pressure, ampere charging or discharging rate, and the engine temperature indicator consist only of red and green lights, with the red flashing when something is wrong. The trend, started in 1936, when the brake lever went up on the instrument board, has been followed by putting the gear shift in the same place. There is now plenty of leg room for all occupants. Those gadgets of 1936 have come a long way in the last ten years.

Ancient Medical Practice

A

notebook written by an Arabian eye surgeon 1000 years ago was published today as the first known reference to anesthetics. The book described 143 eye disease remedies and advocated "putting the patient to sleep" before painful operations. The author, Ali Ibn Isa, gave no instructions on how the sleep should be induced but was positive anesthesia should be administered. The book prescribed operations for cataract, trachoma, squint, and headache, and advocated such well known remedies as white lead, zinc, ash, vitriol, opium, camphor, musk, and amber.

POSSIBILITIES OF MAN

Dr. Preston Bradley

I

have never met a person, I don't care what his condition, in whom I could not see possibilities. I don't care how much a man may consider himself a failure, I believe in him, for he can change the thing that is wrong in his life any time he is prepared and ready to do it. Whenever he develops the desire, he can take away from his life the thing that is defeating it. The capacity for reformation and change lies within.

News From India

By C. RICHARD WRIGHT

A

T 4:30 a.m., Soshi Babu shook my shoulder and announced: "Swamiji wants you to get ready to go to Bankura Balsura, about 125 miles from Ranchi. So, after the usual oblations and delays we (Swamiji, three other disciples, and myself) started at 6:30 a.m. A beautiful hilly road wound in and about the hillsides, with a cool breeze slipping in through the windows, urging me on to greater speed. How delightfully cool it was; such a sharp contrast to the memorable journey from Calcutta to Ranchi a few days back.

The scenery was very picturesque, with wooded hillocks, terrace rice fields, shaded serpentine roads, occasionally crossing and re-crossing the midget railway running between Ranchi and Purulia, energetic natives bearing burdens of logs, straw, and what-not, and straggling bullock carts, rolling and heaving like a ship at sea—a picturesque sight are these skeleton, two-wheeled carts drawn by small, equally-skeletal, hump-shouldered bullocks, yoked by a long pole resting on a ridge in the necks. And such carts are forlornly tossing to and fro on the ruts of the road and hesitatingly moving aside as we fiercely honk our way. At 10:30 a.m. we arrived at Purulia, met the brother of Giri Bala, finished curry and luchis in a street shop, and were again on our way to Bankura. Our way led out into plains, with baked rice fields suggesting the poverty of the people, and still these under-nourished natives are obliged to work endlessly from dawn to dusk, yet perhaps a bit leisurely or lazily. Along the way we passed many groups of natives repairing the road, breaking stones, bearing baskets of rocks and broken stones, with many village girls burdened with a baby in a hammock-like swing slung from the shoulders and strapped at the side, who were bearing loads of stones. Others were sitting in the shade of a tree, smashing stones.

On and on we paced over this dry, sun-tortured area (luckily we were blessed with a breeze cooled by yesterday's clouds.) Finally we arrived at Bankura. After a lavish meal at Soshi's family house in this old small town, we set out for Biur, in the depths of the Bankura District, to fulfill a pilgrimage to visit Giri Bala, who is said to have fasted for many years. The trip was our first real experience of penetrating into the heart of the interior, where the rest of the world may go by, unknown, with no regrets.

Our way twisted and turned through groves of palms, through unspoiled, unpolluted, untouched villages, nestling beneath a forest of tress. Very fascinating are these villages of thatched mud huts, decorated with the name of a God on each door, with many small naked children, boys and girls, innocently playing around, pausing only to stare at or run wildly toward this big black bullock-bus cart tearing madly around and through their village. The women folk merely peeped from the shadows of their homes at the moving auto, while the men leisurely lolled beneath the trees on the roadside, staring nonchalantly. We passed very quaint villages, with the villagers all bathing in the community tank and the women carrying to their homes large brass and earthen jars, filled with water.

(As I am writing these notes, Swamiji is chanting and playing the harmonium with a small gathering of eager souls sitting on the floor in rapturous silence.)

The road led us a merry chase over rut and ridge, finally growing worse and worse as we neared the minute village of Biur. We bounced and tossed over the jutting causeways, dipped into small streams, detoured around a new, unfinished causeway, slithered across dry, sandy river beds, and toward 5:30 p.m., after going some 48 miles from Bankura, we arrived at Biur, a very quaint village, isolated in the interior of Bankura District and hidden in the protection of palms and dense growths, and isolated from strangers during the rainy season,

when the rivers are raging torrents and the roads as serpent-like as the mad rivers.

Asking for a guide from among a party of worshippers on their way from a temple, we were besieged with hordes of small, bare bodies and scantily clad lads climbing on the sides of the car, eager to show us Giri Bala's hut.

And now our first experience penetrating into an interior by motor car. The road led toward a grove of palms sheltering a mass of mud huts, but not until it tipped the car at a sharp angle, tossed it up and dropped it down; this narrow path led to the trees, around the trees, around tanks, over ridges, down banks, and on into the bowels of the mud hut village.

First, the car became anchored on a clump of earth, requiring a lift of earth clods, then it was stopped by clumps of trees in the middle of the cart track, necessitating a detour down into a dry tank, which also required some scraping, edging, and leveling; again and again the road appeared to be impossible, but the pilgrimage must go on, so a native lad cleared the debris away while hundreds of natives stared at us.

Soon we were again threading our way along the twisting, shifting, rutted roads, following the two ruts of antiquity. The car leaned to one side, all of us got out, pushed the car along, all got in, and we were off again through the trees with women staring at us from their homes and men trailing along beside and behind us, with children scampering and racing to swell the procession—around clumps of earth, clumps of brush, and over ruts and tiny hillocks, always pausing to clear the way by scraping, edging, etc. Several times it seemed as if we could go no farther, but with a little edging and leveling we were able to go over this sharp ridge, over this clump, over this rut, and so forth. Perhaps ours was the first car to traverse these roads, penetrating so far. Bullock carts are far more common. What a sensation we created—a white man pioneering in a big black car right into the isolated fastness of their village, destroying the privacy and sanctity of their cluster of thatched mud huts.

Halting within a few hundred feet of her home, (Giri Bala's) we felt that our pilgrimage was reaching fulfillment, after a long struggle, a 15,000-mile journey, and a rough jaunt at the end. We approached a large, two-storied building, quite a dominating building among these mud huts, with its brick and plastered construction. It appeared to be rather misplaced amidst the humble, ancient mud huts, and it was under the process of repairs, for the typically Indian scaffolding of bamboo was skeletoned around it.

With feverish anticipation and suppressed rejoicing, we finally stood before her open doors, awaiting her appearance—the climax to a long, eventful journey, and how curious the simple village folk were, young and old, women aloof somewhat, but just as anxious, and men and boys right at our heels staring with intense curiosity at this spectacle.

Suddenly, from the darkness within, there appeared at the simple open doors a short figure hidden behind a cloth of dull goldish silk of indigenous manufacture, typical of Indian women. She drew forward hesitatingly and modestly, peering slightly from beneath the headfold of her "swadeshi" cloth. Her eyes glistened like glowing coals in the shadows of her headpiece and we were enamored by a most benevolent and kindly face—a face of realization and understanding. Meekly she approached and graciously assented to our snapping a few pictures in the "still" and "movie." Patiently and shyly she endured our photo techniques and adjustments, etc. Most motherly was her expression as she stood before us, clad in the simple loose-flowing cloth of plain yellowish silk, with only her downcast face and her tiny feet showing, a face of rare peace and innocent poise; a childish, quivering lip, a feminine nose, narrow, sparkling eyes, and a wistful smile.

Humbly she took her seat on the verandah, cross-legged, hands in pronam gesture, and with silent patience she answered our questions and comments. Very briefly,

in one or two words, often just “yes” or “no,” and very quietly, she answered only those questions which did not refer to the teachings; on those questions which delved into their secret reservoir, she remained mute and distant. Several questions caused her to lapse into deep silence and she paused as if in deep reflection before answering our questions. Her voice was low and reserved, her spirit deep and serene.

But scientific reasons led us to ask:

1. “Is it true that you have fasted for 52 years? We want to hear this from your own lips.” After a minute of reflection she said: “Yes, since I was 12 years, 4 months old, and I am now 63.” (Her answers, of course, were given in Bengali and interpreted for me by Swamiji.)

2. Q. “How is it explained?” A. “I had a contact with a Sadhu, who gave me a Kriya.”

3. Q. “Do you not even drink water?” A. “I have no necessity of drinking water. If drinking water were a necessity, it could not be resisted.

4. Q. “What is this Kriya method?” A. “I am forbidden by the Sadhus to teach this Kriya to others.”

5. Q. “Have you made up your mind never to teach it to others?” Her only answer was a blank silence.

6. In answer to the many other questions asked by Swamiji she gave the following: “The Sadhu is my Sanyasini Guru. I also have a domestic Guru. My fasting is not due to medicines, but to the power of the mind. My practice consists of chanting a mantra and practicing a certain breath control (very difficult for ordinary persons). I had this power from my previous birth. I haven’t taught anybody—have no willingness to do so. I have no disease, nor experience of any.”

7. Q. “Do you know how long you will live?” No answer.

Thrice the Maharaja of Burdwan took her to his palace for visits of two months, 20 days, and 15 days in order to test her. She has no hunger or thirst. Feels only slight pain when injured. Can control her heart and breathing. Has no excretions. The sunlight and air are somewhat necessary. Was married; no children. Meditates at night. Attends to domestic duties daily. Slightly feels the change in climate from season to season. Often sees her Guru in visions, as well as other great souls. Met her Guru at the age of 12 years, 4 months, when at a bathing ghat on the Ganges at Nawab, near Itshapure, as he materialized before her and gave her the teachings. On that day her domestic Guru initiated her. She sleeps very little, for sleeping and waking are the same to her.

By this time dusk had closed down around us like an immense veil. Many shadows, cast by a small kerosene lantern, danced in the trees above us, reflections of some thirty natives, all eagerly and curiously watching the proceeding.

As we paid our homage to the enlightened one, others crowded about and pronounced at Swamiji’s feet; Giri Bala also followed suit, showing her humbleness, the sign of a realized one. So touching was the scene that it is even now emblazoned on the memory. When great ones meet, the humbleness is a joy to behold.

Regretfully we parted, but joyous for the experience.

Letters of Appreciation

Gentlemen:

Though I have received but four Lessons thus far, I am much pleased with the plan and material for study. It is truly what we need in this day and age. Yours sincerely, L. M., Canada.

Dear Sir:

I am beginning to realize the opportunity I have to be acquainted with the Self-Realization Fellowship. Have my first Lesson studied and I always can read the Lesson over and over again and live and enjoy it thoroughly like reality. My second Inner Culture Magazine I received is interesting and gives a clear

understanding vision of life. Yours truly, K. S., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Friends:

I do look forward to my Lessons each week and it is a pleasure to study them each morning as they fill me with joy and hope, besides giving me something to think about for the rest of the day. God bless you all at Self-Realization Fellowship Headquarters, and loving fellowship with our beloved Swami. Yours in Christ,

C. E., Canada.

Dear Sir:

I enjoy the Praeceptum each week very much and gain much help from them. Wishing you all great success in your wonderful Organization. Yours sincerely, M. C., London, England.

Dear Friends:

I have been very fortunate in obtaining a good job. I have a conviction that my good fortune has not only a little to do with my association with your Movement and I am very happy that I got to know of you so early in my life.

Yours, D. M., Scotland.

Dear Friends:

I am so thankful that R. K. Das was sent to Dayton and I was led to find Self-Realization Fellowship Teachings. Just what I have been seeking all my life. The Lord's Prayer by S. Y. is so satisfying and beautiful. I could never pray: "Lead me not into temptation" and "Forgive me as I forgive others." The Lessons are just wonderful. I thank Swami Yogananda a million times for giving me just what I have been seeking.

Sincerely, D. V., Dayton, Ohio.

Dear Friends:

I am sending you \$3.00 which I have saved in the Horn of Plenty bank, and I will say that our money has increased some since I started using it. My husband got his back pay that he did not think we would get.

I wish to thank you for the wonderful letter you sent me June 17th. I do appreciate all the letters I get from you. Very sincerely, Mrs. M. L., Ketchikan, Alaska.

VISION

Jenkin Lloyd Jones

The vision of things to be done

May come a long time

Before the way of doing them becomes clear,

But woe to him who distrusts the vision.

Center Page

By ORPHA L. SAHLY

(Director of Center Activity)

Cleveland, Ohio.

A Center is being established in Cleveland, under the direction of Dr. Roman Ostoja, who has been teaching in that city for several weeks. Dr. Ostoja is very enthusiastic in his praise of his Cleveland class, and expects this Center to be a fine one, indeed. He is continuing classes in Cleveland. His headquarters at present are: Allerton Hotel, 16th floor, E. 13th St. and Chester Ave. We are very happy to welcome you, Cleveland students.

Canton, Ohio.

Following his classes in Canton, Sri Ranendra Kumar Das has organized a Center in that city. A Cordial welcome is extended to you, Canton students. May you

find ever-increasing joy on the upward path of Self-Realization.

Minneapolis, Minn.

Minneapolis students enjoyed a picnic at the home of a friend on beautiful Lake Harriet, on July 14. This was one occasion on which "rain on a picnic" was welcomed with open arms instead of with the usual dismay, for it occurred at the peak of the heat record and was a blessed relief. The cool of the evening was then happily enjoyed. Another picnic on August 1, "By the Water of Minnetonka," was enjoyed by Minneapolis students.

St. Louis, Mo.

St. Louis students also enjoy many social gatherings wherein pleasure is interspersed with spiritual refreshment. On the evening of July 10 a special Garden Party was held. On this occasion three prominent ministers and Punditji took part in the program. On August 14 a birthday party for Punditji was enjoyed. Tropical fruit delicacies and India sweets were served. Punditji was the recipient of some very lovely gifts presented by his appreciating students. A discourse, "Applied Religious Life" was given by Punditji. Six new students were enrolled in the Fellowship. Several Centers discontinued meetings during the extreme heat of the summer months. Many, however, disregarded the heat and met regularly as usual. With the advent of autumn there is a renewal of interest and an increase in attendance. Let us all work together to make this the greatest year so far in the Self-Realization Fellowship Movement. It will not be long now until the home-coming of our beloved Guru and Teacher, Swami Yogananda. The fruits of his labor is in the Self-Realization of his students. Let him see by the harvest that his efforts have proved fruitful, indeed.

Teach Us to be One with Thee

By S. Y.

ON THE ALTAR of silence

I lay the flowers of my devotion,

O Lord of Silence. He who humbly

Twinkles through the stars,

Breathes through our breath,

Circulates through our blood,

Talks through our hearts, is the same Spirit

Who is the Light of Lights. He is ours.

To Him we give our utmost devotion.

Father, teach us to contact Thee.

Teach us to pray with devotion.

Teach us to demand Thy Presence.

Teach us to feel united with Thee.

No more mechanical prayers,

No more empty words,

But the humble devotion

Of our Souls ...we offer Thee.

With the language of our Souls

We demand Thy Presence, for Thy presence

Is our wealth, wisdom, and devotion,

For Thou art the essence of everything,

And we are Thy children.

We could not be sinners,

For we are Thy children.

Take away the nightmare of evil.

We drown when we are not awake in Thee.

Father, we are awake in Thy presence.
Thou art the Light. Make us feel Thee
And Thy Presence in every fiber of our Being,
In every wisp of thought.
Father, twinkle Thy Light
Through our thoughts and our Beings.
Strengthen us. Make us realize that we are Immortal and teach us to follow
The One HighWay that leads to Thee.
Awaken our Souls. Awaken our hearts
That are needing to know Thee.
Father, deliver us ...Forget us not,
Though we forget Thee; remember us,
Though we remember Thee not;
Be not indifferent unto us,
Though we are indifferent unto Thee.
We are Thy children, Thou art our Father;
Naughty or good, we are Thy children;
Ignorant or wise, we are Thy children,
And as such, Father, reveal Thyself,
Reveal Thyself. Teach us to contact Thee.
Be with us. Teach us to be One with Thee.

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