

# 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.

**Y**OU 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.

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## Youth Speaks

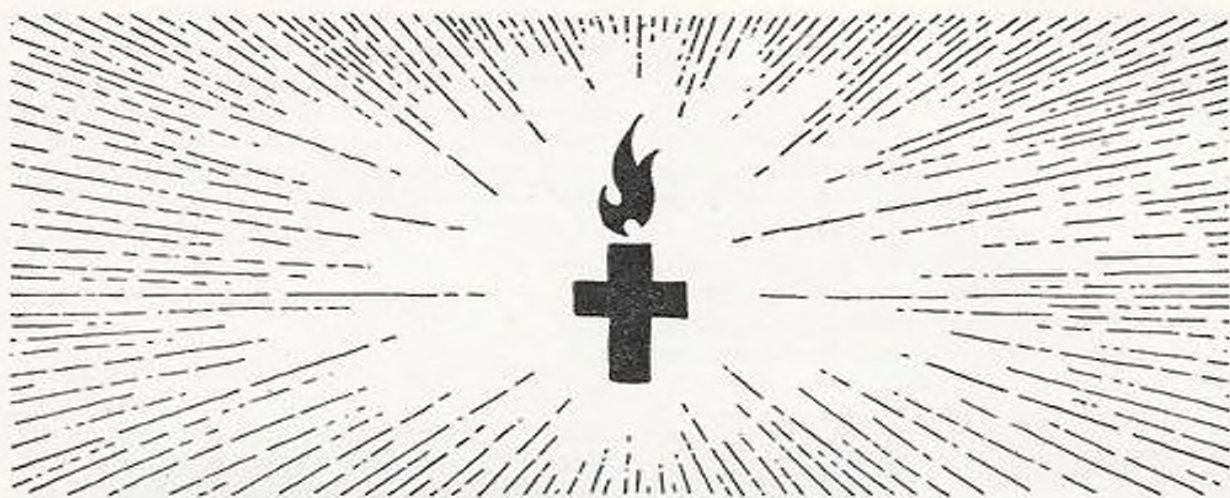
**D**R. WILL DURANT, the prominent author, put the question recently to several of his famous friends, asking them "What Meaning has Life for You?" In his opinion, the question was answered in the most interesting way in an article printed in the Red-book Magazine, written by Helen Wills Moody, the internationally 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.)

**B**EWARE 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 protegee 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 ( $300^{\circ}\text{F.}$ ) 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 ( $400^{\circ}\text{F.}$ ) 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 pecans.



# My Faith and Yours

By SRI RANENDRA KUMAR DAS

**H**OPE 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.

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## 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.

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.



# 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 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 Baba, 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 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 caveway, 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 Gira 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, (Gira 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 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 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 pronamed 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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Inner Culture



# Directory of Self-Realization Fellowship Centers

(Yogoda Sat-Sanga Society)

## Ranchi, India

New EASTERN HEADQUARTERS of YOGODA SAT-SANGA (Self-Realization Fellowship), SHYAMA CHARAN MISSION, with Ashram accommodations and departments for Fortnightly Instructions by Correspondence, and the Brahmacharya Vidyalaya, a Residential School for Young Boys. Patrons: Yuvaraja of Mysore and Maharaja S. Nundy of Kasimbazar, Bengal.

Western disciples, guests, and visitors are welcome and will find hospitable and suitable accommodations.

## Puri, India

Self-Realization Fellowship (Yogoda Sat-Sanga) at the Kararashram.

## Calcutta, India

Self-Realization Fellowship (Yogoda Sat-Sanga Society) and the Students' Home. Secretary: S. Majumder, B.A.; 293 Upper Circular Road, Calcutta, India.

## Tukumā, Latvija

Mr. Harry Dikman, Conducting Teacher; Zigfr. Meierovica iela Nr. 20. J. Vessel, Secretary.

## Los Angeles, Calif.

Western Headquarters of THE SELF-REALIZATION FELLOWSHIP (Yogoda Sat-Sanga Society), founded by Swami Yogananda. Free public lectures when announced. All sincere Souls are welcome to come and meditate and read at any time in the day. Address, 3880 San Rafael Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif. Phone CAPITOL 9531.

Self-Realization Fellowship Church, 711 West Seventeenth Street. Seva Devi, Assistant Leader-in-Charge. Services held every Sunday at 11 a.m. Phone: CAPITOL 9531. Other speakers when announced.

## \*Santa Barbara, Calif.

Mrs. Lloyd Briggs, Conducting Teacher. Self-Realization Fellowship Center meetings held each Thursday evening at 8 p.m., at 227 E. Arrellaga Street. Phone 3384 or 27984.

## Boston, Mass.

Dr. M. W. Lewis, Conducting Teacher, 29 Edgell Road, Arlington, Mass. Meetings on the 1st and 3rd Monday evenings of each month, at 8:15 p.m., at 543 Boylston St.

## \*Des Moines, Iowa

Meetings held every Thursday afternoon at 1:30, at the home of Mrs. Flora M. Lucas, 1428 W. 46th Street.

## \*Canton, Ohio

Sri Ranendra Kumar Das, Conducting Teacher. Miss Erna Coleman and Miss Mary Singer, secretaries; Mrs. J. E. Bowen, treasurer. Phone 23129. Meetings every Thursday evening at 8 p.m., also Sunday evening services at 8 p.m., at the Self-Realization Temple, 127 Clark Bldg., Suite 260, Second and Market Sts., Canton, Ohio.

## \*Akron, Ohio.

Sri Ranendra Kumar Das, Conducting Teacher. Mrs. LeVeta English Daries, secretary; Phone, Walbridge 1407. Sunday morning services at 11 a.m. at 201 Everett Bldg., Self-Realization Temple.

## \*Dayton, Ohio

Conducting Teacher, R. K. Das. Secretary, Mrs. Florenceada Woditsch, 65 Pinchurst St. Phone: TA 1155. Center meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p.m., Gibbons Hotel.

## Cincinnati, Ohio

R. K. Das, Conducting Teacher, 2917 Sander St. Phone: University 1631 J. Several weekly meetings, held in Parlor A, Sinton St., Nicholas Hotel.

## \*Topeka, Kansas

Meetings the first and third Thursdays of each month at the Y.W.C.A. Building, until further notice. Mr. Roy H. Clark, chairman, 532 Kansas Ave.; Mr. A. E. Seal, teacher, 2732 Wisconsin Ave.; Mrs. Alta M. Redmond, Sec. and Treas., 1908 N. Kansas Ave., North Topeka.

## Milwaukee, Wis.

Meetings every Thursday evening at 8 p.m., at the Wisconsin Hotel, North Third Street, Room 157. Conducting Teacher, Miss Lillian Grabler, 3035 North Richards St.

## Denver, Colorado

Friday weekly meetings in Room 303, Y.W.C.A. Building, 1545 Fremont Place, at 8 p.m. Fredrick H. Wadley, Conducting Teacher, 3428 Colfax Ave. "A." Miss Dorothy J. Ladwig, Assistant Teacher and Secretary, 1536 Willow St. Study Class every Tuesday evening at 429 Acoma St., at 7:30 p.m., Mrs. J. Leo Friend, Teacher and Treasurer. Inner Culture Magazine on sale at Daniels and Fishers, and the Publication Book Store.

## Minneapolis, Minn.

Sunday evening services held in Pioneer Hall, Lumber Exchange Bldg., 5th St. and Hennepin Ave. Mondays, open class at Center, 7:30 p.m. Tuesday, closed class at 8 p.m. Wednesdays, Inner Group, for all students, at the home of Mrs. Elisabeth Backus, 2201 E. Lake of Isles Blvd. Course No. 1 taught by Miss Ednah Hall, Conducting Teacher. Consultation by appointment, 2215 Colfax Ave. South. Phone: Kenwood 0643. Noon meditations at Center, 12:15 to 1:00 p.m. every day except Saturday and Sunday. Yogoda monthly supper, 25c, last Sunday of each month, 6:30 p.m., Pioneer Hall, before services. Self-Realization Fellowship Center, 433-34 Lumber Exchange Building. Rental Library.

## Salt Lake City, Utah

Mr. B. J. L. Merck and Alyce Gubler in charge. Self-Realization Fellowship Center Meetings held every Sunday evening at 7 o'clock in the Newhouse Hotel.

## St. Louis, Mo.

U. Punditji, Conducting Teacher. Daily Meditation, 1:30 p.m., open to public. Sunday, 10:00 a.m., Self-Realization Fellowship Sunday School. Morning Services, 11:20 a.m. Evening services, 8 p.m. Each Friday at 8 p.m., Psychological Study and Question Class, free and open to all. The last Thursday of each month is observed as Guru's Night, and the "Higher Art of Realization" is practiced by the Initiated Group. The Center is open every day after 11:30 a.m. All are welcome to visit the library and Center at 825 Maryland Hotel, 9th and Pine Sts.

## \*Indianapolis, Indiana

R. K. Das, Conducting Teacher; Sunday School, 10:30 a.m. Sunday services held at 11 a.m. and 8 p.m. Thursday, 8 p.m.; new and advanced Yoga Philosophy Class Friday. Open class in applied Psychology, 8 p.m. Reading room and lending library open to the public daily from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Noon meditations at 12:15. All services are held at the following address: 38½ N. Pennsylvania Street, Pennsylvania Building, Rooms 408-409, Indianapolis, Indiana.

## Washington, D. C.

Brahmacharee Jotin, Conducting Teacher. Several meetings weekly at 1758 Columbia Road, N.W.

\*These Centers are newly inaugurated and will be acknowledged and ordained after three years' trial.



## Teach Us to be One with Thee

**O**N 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.