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PHOTOGRAPHS OF PARAMAHANSA YOGANANDA
INTRODUCTION

I offer my simple songs at the shrine of humanity, that all share my soul joy. May the Spirit in these devotional outpourings restore in many men the wilting blossom of high aspiration.

In naming the book Whispers from Eternity I mean, by Eternity, God in the aspect of the Eternal Mother. In the Lord’s transcendent aspect, the Absolute, He is unreachable by human thought; but in His immanent aspect—permeating the atoms of the universal structure, externalizing Himself in man and Nature—He is near and approachable, the Refuge and Redeemer of every creature.

In the Hindu scriptures His immanence is symbolized as the Mother that presides with watchful love over the destinies of countless beings and over the developments of the endless cycles of creation.²

It is this personalized aspect of the Ultimate Reality that may be said to have “longings” for the rightful behavior of Her children and to answer gladly their prayers.

Those who imagine that the Impersonal cannot manifest Itself in a personal form are in effect denying Its omnipotence and the possibility that man can commune with his Maker. The Lord has often appeared in living tangibility before true bhaktas (devotees of a personal God). Down the ages He has materialized Himself before the gaze of His devotees in whatever forms they hold most dear. A Christian sees Jesus, a Moslem sees Mohammed, a Hindu sees Krishna or Rama,³ and so on.
The Lord yearns to behold each man playing perfectly his given role on earth. It is by misuse of free will that human beings thwart the divine plan. Absence of the clamor of egotistical desires enables us to hear and heed the guiding Voice within. Free from self-will, men of wisdom carry on their activities in effortless accordance with God’s design.

“Not as I will, but as Thou wilt,” Jesus prayed. No karma accrues to the man who rightfully enacts his part in the drama of earthly life.

Divine recollection is the simplest way to achieve God-communion. Our inner assertion of spiritual identity is sufficient to operate the law for fulfillment of prayers. This law has been utilized by saints of all lands. From the depths of his own experience, Christ was able to give us this glorious assurance:

“If ye have faith, and doubt not...if ye shall say unto this mountain, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea, it shall be done. And all things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive.”

Supplications to the Indwelling Spirit should be made with intense fervor. They will be answered by soul whispers—silent mysterious responses that quickly transform one’s life.

Devotees who, with closed eyes, repeat over and over the affirmations in this book, trying to feel their deep truths, will spiritualize them; that is, rouse their inspiration slumbering beneath the thick silken quilt of words.

Invocations to the Lord are like ever-living plants that ceaselessly put forth new blossoms. The prayer plants in Whispers from Eternity retain the same branches of words; yet, if watered by the
divine dew of meditation, each plant will daily yield fresh soul flowers of inexhaustibly varied insights.

2 See here and yuga in glossary.

3 See Mohammed, Krishna, Rama in glossary.

SECTION I

PRAYERS AND SOUL THOUGHTS
Salutation to God as the Great Preceptor

(Sanskrit scriptures)

Full of bliss, bestowing joy transcendent, Essence of wisdom, untouched by duality, clear as the taintless sky, the utterer of Thou art That, the One, eternal, pure, immovable, the omnipresent Witness, free from Nature’s three qualities, beyond the reach of thought—my Divine Preceptor, I bow to Thee!

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5 See *maya* in glossary.

6 See *gunas* in glossary.
The melody of human brotherhood

Heavenly Spirit, we are traveling by many right roads to Thine abode of light. Guide us onto the highway of Self-knowledge, to which all paths of true religious beliefs eventually lead.

The diverse religions are branches of Thy one immeasurable tree of truth. May we enjoy the luscious fruits of soul realization that hang from the boughs of scriptures of every clime and time.

Teach us to chant in harmony the countless expressions of our supreme devotion. In Thy temple of the earth, in a chorus of many-accented voices, we are singing only to Thee.

O Divine Mother, lift us on Thy lap of universal love. Break Thy vow of silence and sing to us the heart-melting melody of human brotherhood.
I am Thy tiny hummingbird

I am Thy tiny hummingbird, whirring with Thy power and ever searching for Thee.

I am Thy tiny hummingbird, darting afar to discover Thy rarest blooms; and to revel on high mountain crags in Thy color symphonies.

I am Thy tiny hummingbird, creating by my swiftness the hum that is praise of Thy Name.

I am Thy tiny hummingbird, dipping my beak into the hearts of life’s multicolored flowers. May Thy grace prevent my tasting any poison plants of evil.

I am Thy tiny hummingbird, sipping nectar from blossoms in humble wayside plots of human sweetness and in Thy secret gardens of glory.
Prayer before meditation

O Father, I cleanse the shrine of my heart with the holy waters of repentance. My bold passions, my long-sheltered ignorance, tremblingly await sacrifice upon Thine altar.

My little prayers arouse themselves in reverence, expecting Thee. My little joys dance in harmony with the temple bells of the far-flung spheres.

The muffled drum of my craving beats deep for Thee. I repeat Thy Name on mystic beads, fashioned of my crystal teardrops and polished with my love for Thee. Come, Spirit, come!
The untutored song of my heart

I sing a hymn unuttered by any other voice. To Thee I offer the virgin theme that my heart chants secretly. Alone I have nurtured my song child; now I bring it to Thee for Thy training.

To Thee I give no intellectual, premeditated, and disciplined aria; only the untutored strains of my heart. For Thee no hothouse flowers, watered by careful emotions; only rare wild blossoms that grow spontaneously on the highest tracts of my soul.