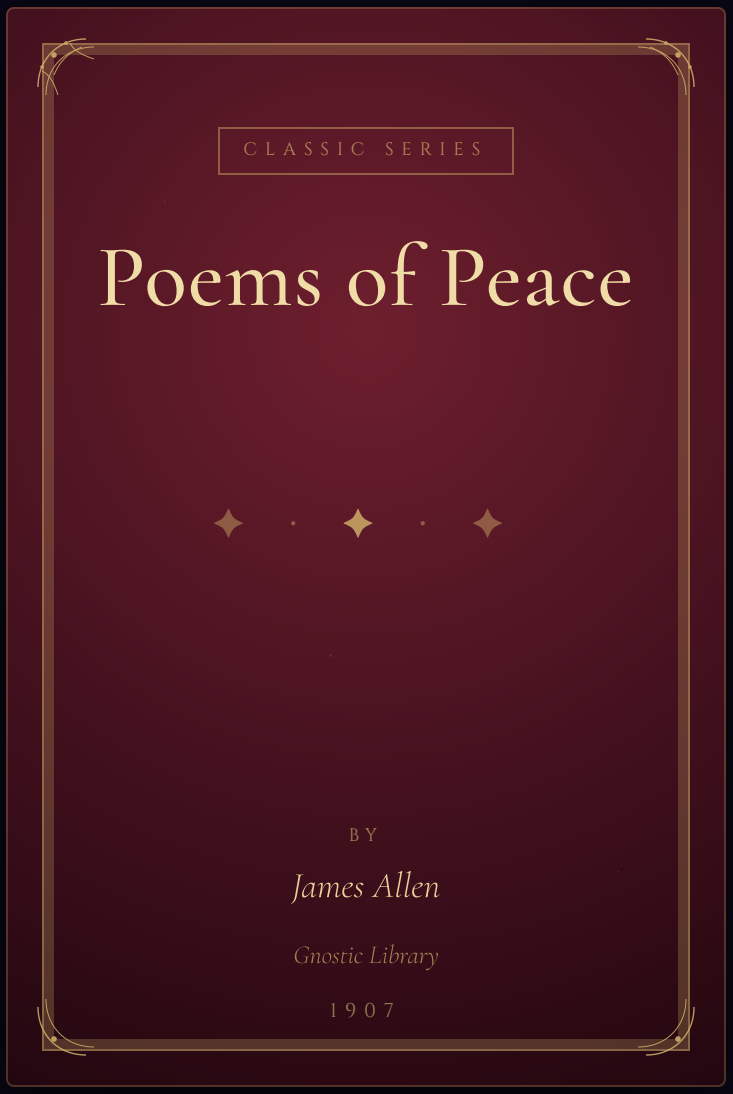

Poems of Peace

Allen's collected poetry, including the long lyrical-dramatic poem Eolaus, alongside shorter pieces on devotion, nature, and the inner life. A different Allen than the essayist: looser, more rhythmical, more openly tender. The poems carry the same teaching as the prose, but met from another side of the heart.

Poems of Peace

POEMS OF PEACE

including the lyrical dramatic poem Eolaus. By James Allen

Poems of Peace. James Allen on the inner life. Public-domain text, restored for online reading.

James Allen

Eolaus

A lyrical dramatic poem

Dramatis Personae

Eolaus.

The Prophet.

Earth.

Heaven.

Cosmos.

Voices of Nature.

Voices of Truth.

Echoes.

Scene: — *A beautiful Island, wooded. *Eolaus *sitting on a fallen tree near the sea-shore.*

*Eolaus. *Unto this lonely Island I repair

To search for peace. After long, days and nights

Upon the waters, storm-tossed and fatigued,

My skiff Touched thy fair harbour, blessed Isle.

Now on thy fragrant bosom I will rest,

And in thy spiritual ecstasy

Sweetly participate : thy loveliness

Entrances me; thy restfulness enweaves

My thoughts with peace imperishable ; thou

Art silent, solitary, beautiful;

And I am lonely ; yet thy solitude

Perchance will comfort me, and take away

My loneliness and pain, O Solitude !

Thou habitation of aspiring hearts ;

Thou light and beacon of the pure ; thou guide

Of them that cry in darkness ; thou sweet friend

Of sorrow stricken wanderers; thou staff

And stay of the strong climber up the hills,

Trackless and strange, of Truth; instructor thou,

And teacher of the teachable and true,

Beloved of the lowly, wise and good,

Be my companion now, and take away

The world's ache from my bosom! I am tired

Of the vain Highways, where the noise and din

Drowns all but sad remembrance ; tired of all

The tumult and the terror and the tears

That rule discordant in the House of Life;

Shaking but not destroying, as the storms,

Confederate with the oceans, shake the shores

And rock-bo'und margins of the continents.

I seek the peace that does not change ; the calm

That knows no storm ; the Silence that remains.

Pleasure disturbs, and does not satisfy :

When the excitements of the senses fade,

Sorrow and pain return, and leave the heart

Remorseful, desolate. As o'er the waste

And barren moor the lonely curlew cries,

So wails the bird of anguish o'er the mind

Sated with pleasure; Woe and Want repair

To the abode of Selfishness, and take

Legions of miseries with them. I would find

Where Wisdom is, where Peace abides, where Truth,

Majestic, Changeless, and eternal, stands

Untouched by the illusions of the world.

For surely there is Knowledge, Truth, and Peace

For him who seeks, seeing that ignorance

And error and affliction are; these prove

The unseen truths obversely: darkness makes

Light sure and certain, though we see it not.

We sleep and wake, and, waking, know the dream

That troubled us in sleep ; how it arose,

Phantasmal and chaotic, in the mind

Left all ungoverned ; even so perchance

This life of passion and of wild desire

(Troubled, chaotic, and not understood),

May be, as 'twere, a dream ; and if a dream

Of the unmastered mind, we shall awake

Out of the nightmare of our miseries,

And know the gladness of Reality.

But how shall one awake ? How, if not by

Bridling his passions, curbing his desires

By masterful dominion of the will ?

If passions be the troubled dreams of life,

And not its substance and reality,

Then he who shakes off passion shall awake

And know the Truth ; surely this must be so !

Therefore unto this unfrequented place

I have I addressed myself, that I may gain,

By purity and strong self-mastery,

Th' awakened vision that doth set men free

From painful slumber and the night of grief.

Here unobserved and solitary, I

Will purify my heart and train my mind

In the true ways of sweet unselfishness,

Subduing self and passion ; so perchance

The changeless Truth will be revealed to me,

And I shall move, wherever Duty calls,

Serene and sorrowless.

Moreover, here

An aged Prophet dwells, so I am told,

Who will instruct me in the Silent Way

Which winds through the morasses of the mind

Unto the firm heights of accomplished Truth.

Him will I seek when I have slept awhile,

For weariness now urges me to rest.

Lies down.

Thou Zephyrus! thou sweet and cooling breath

That temperest the broiling mid-day rays

Of June's extremest heat, blow o'er me now,

And fan me into sweet forgetfulness!

I am a-wearied, battling with the waves.

Now will I sleep: after my long, long search

Upon the waters, I am spent with toil.

Watch o'er me, Nature, I am safe with thee.

Sleeps.

Voices of Nature.

First Voice.

Listen, O Eolaus!

Woven of passion is the Universe;

Vain is thy puny strength to break its web.

Submit thyself to that which in thee cries;

Gratify nature; do not fly delight.

Eolaus, come!

Let me lead thee, Eolaus!

Let me guide thee, Eolaus!

Come, Eolaus! Eolaus, come!

Echo.

Eolaus, come!

Second Voice.

There is sweet intoxication

In the Pleasure-house of Earth;

Awe—renewed exhilaration,

Love and happiness and mirth.

First Voice.

Come, Eolaus! Eolaus, come!

Echo.

Eolaus, come!

Third Voice.

What is seen is sure;

What is felt is known

Pleasure is secure;

Joy is life alone.

First Voice.

Come, Eolaus! Eolaus, come!

Echo.

Eolaus, come!

Second Voice.

Come and drink the wine of life;

Pleasure's vintage come and taste;

Leave thy fruitless search and strife;

Holy vigils wear and waste

Youth, for love and revels framed:

Nature thus is blindly blamed.

First Voice.

Come, Eolaus ! Eolaus, come !

Echo.

Eolaus, come !

Third Voice.

Think no more of low and high ;

Leave thy climbings, and forget

Aim and struggle, doubt and sigh ;

Level is the pathway set

Of enjoyment: seek no more ;

Rest thou here, thy woe is o'er.

First Voice.

Eolaus come!

Let me lead thee, Eolaus !

Let me guide thee, Eolaus !

Come, Eolaus! Eolaus, come!

Echo.

Eolaus, come !

Earth.

Unnumbered ages have I rolled

Through the abysmal spaces ;And eons new from eons old

Th' Eternal Finger traces ;And I must follow where it moves ;

No rest ! no rest!

With hopes and fears and hates and loves

Unblest ! unblest!

Fourth Voice.

Listen, O Eolaus !

Sorrow doth darken all the universe ;

Its creatures are involved in pain and woe ;

Helpless they cry, and no one hears or aids ;

Dark, dark is life, and none its meaning know.

Eolaus, hear!

None can lead thee, Eolaus!

None can guide thee, Eolaus!

Hear, Eolaus! Eolaus, hear!

Echo.

Eolaus, hear!

Fifth Voice.

There is pain and woe and sorrow

In the hospital of Earth;

Every night and morn and morrow

Bringeth drought and death and dearth.

Fourth Voice.

Hear, Eolaus! Eolaus, hear!

Echo.

Eolaus, hear!

Sixth Voice.

What is Sean's unsure;

What is felt is blown;

Self is insecure;

Life is pain alone.

Fourth Voice.

Hear, Eolaus ! Eolaus, hear !

Echo.

Eolaus, hear !

Several Voices.

We moan and sigh ;

We sob and cry ;

We wander, like the wind upon the stream,

Vainly for peace,

Seeking release

From the keen pain of our unending dream.

Fourth Voice.

Eolaus, hear!

None can lead thee, Eolaus !

one can guide thee, Eolaus !

Hear, Eolaus ! Eolaus, hear!

Echo.

Eolaus, hear!

Voices of Truth.

First Voice.

Awake, O Eolaus!

Arise ! Shake off the dreams of Night,

Open thine eyes, and see the Light;

Passionless Wisdom waits for thee

In sorrowless serenity.

Leave thou the fleeting shapes of Time,

The rugged Way of Truth sublime

Walk thou ; nor fear, nor grieve, nor lust,

Scorning the self whose end is dust.

Wake, Eolaus! Eolaus, wake !

Chorus of Voices.

Eolaus, wake!

Second Voice.

Knowledge is for him who seeks ;

Wisdom crowneth him who strives;

Peace in sinless silence speaks;

All things perish, Truth survives.

First Voice.

Wake, Eolaus ! Eolaus, wake !

Voices.

Eolaus, wake!

Third Voice.

Follow where Virtue leads,

High and still higher;

Listen when Pureness pleads,

Quench not her fire.

Lo ! he shall see

Reality,

Who cometh upward, cleansed from all desire.

First Voice.

Wake, Eolaus ! Eolaus, wake !

Voices.

Eolaus, wake!

Fourth Voice.

He who attaineth unto Purity

The faultless Parthenon of Truth doth see.

Awake! disperse the dreams of self and sin !

Behold the Shining Gateway ! enter in!

First Voice.

Wake, Eolaus ! Eolaus, wake !

Voices.

Eolaus, wake !

Fifth Voice.

Conquer thyself.

Then thou shalt know;

Climb to the high,

Leave thou the low;

Deliverance

Shall him entrance

Who strives with sins and sorrows, tears and pains

Till he attains.

First Voice.

Wake, Eolaus! Eolaus, wake!

Voices.

Eolaus, wake!

Heaven

In the visions of the ages

I am evermore reflected;

In the precepts of the Sages

I am spoken and rejected.

I can suffer no distortion,

Sin and sorrow cannot stain me ;

Fixed and faultless in proportion,

He must bend who would attain me.

Eolaus, *waking.*

Who will lead me, who will guide me

In my deep perplexity?

Heaven.

In the middle of the Island

Waits the sage whom you are seeking;

On the Rock which cannot crumble

Sits the Prophet who will guide you.

Eolaus *wakes.*

*Eolaus. **Mid the conflicting visions of the mind

I darkly grope, and nevermore can find

The steadfastness and surety that I seek ;

Where clamour reigns the Silence cannot speak;

So many voices and so many ways !

So many wand'rings the nights and days!

One way I seek, one voice I long to hear,

But Truth eludes me and does not appear;

Now to this Island's centre I repair

To seek the Prophet who abideth there.

*The scene changes to the centre of the Island. An aged and venerable man appears, sitting upon a rock.

Eolaus. *Art thou the Prophet whom I seek?

Prophet. I am.

*Eolaus. *Be thou my guide, for thou art wise, and I

Am ignorant; speak thou, and I will hear;

Teach me, and I will be instructed; make

Me to behold the Path which leads to Truth,

And I will walk it though it be o'erstrewn

With flints and burrs; and if it needs must come

Within the round of holy discipline

That one shall walk that way with naked feet,

Or else forego the end and view of Truth,

Then barefoot I will walk it, and account

Bleedings and wounds and lacerations

As aids unto my will and fortitude,

As tasks wisely ordained, and so to be

Gladly encountered in my pilgrimage.

Mine ears are open, open thou mine eyes,

For I am blind, and cannot find my way.

*Prophet. *He who would see with the all-seeing eye

Single of Truth, must first his blindness know.

He cannot see who does not wish to see,

Thinking he sees already, while his acts

Proclaim his spiritual blindness. Truth

Waits on the Lowly-hearted. He who knows

That being passion-bound, he yet is blind,

Has groped his way to Wisdom. Thou dost see.

*Eolaus. *I see naught but the darkness of my mind,

And in that darkness ever-changing shapes

Of things phantasmal that perplex and haunt;

Eluding knowledge ; I am ignorant;

Yet strive to know ; nor will I cease to strive

Till I attain.

*Prophet. *Seeing thy darkness, thou

So far dost see ; knowing thine ignorance,

So far hast thou attained to knowledge : seek,

And thou shalt surely find.

Eolaus. How shall I seek ?

*Prophet. *Increase thy strength and self-reliance; make

The spectres of thy mind obey thy will :

See thou command thyself; nor let no mood,

No subtle passion nor so swift desire

Hurl thee to baseness; but, should'st thou be hurled,

Rise and regain thy manhood, taking gain

Of lowliness and wisdom from thy fall.

Strive ever for the mastery of thy mind;

And glean some good from every circumstance

That shall confront thee; make thy store of strength

Richer for ills encountered and o'ercome.

Submit to naught but nobleness; rejoice

Like a strong athlete straining for the prize,

When thy full strength is tried; be not the slave

Of lusts and cravings and indulgences,

Of disappointments, miseries and griefs,

Fears, doubts, and lamentations, but control

Thyself with calmness; master that in thee

Which masters others, and which heretofore

Has mastered thee; let not thy passions rule,

But rule thy passions; subjugate thyself

Till passion is transmuted into peace,

And wisdom crown thee; so shalt thou attain

And, by attaining, know.

*Eolaus, *Hard is the path.

Which thou hast set before me, steep and strange

Its ascent, unfamiliar and unknown

The Place whereto it leads: I see it rise

Precipitous but yet accessible,

Beyond the reach of vision: what awaits

The climber, none but he who climbs may know;

For if one ask, and, with believing ears

Attend the spiritual Mountaineer

In his depicture of the unknown heights,

What knows he more, though more believing? What

Gains he but words, and wonderings, and dreams,

Unless he also climb? I would o'ermount

Faith, and ascend to knowledge; I would not

Rest idly in the valleys of belief,

Content with speculation; I would be

The Mountaineer, and know.

"Prophet," The Mountaineer

Is he who, dauntless, climbs.

Eolaus. But yet the way,—

Where leads it? All beyond the reach of sight

Is dark, unknown, mysterious. What avails

The strenuous ascent, if some precipice

The daring climber claim, or loosened rock

”

Lo, in the midst of change
Abides the Changeless; at the heart of strife
The Perfect Peace reposes.

Dash him to death, or cold and hunger make

Ravage upon his strength? Passion is sweet,

And 'tis enjoyed and known; and round about

The habitations at the mountain's base,

In the familiar valleys of the mind,

Twine the sweet flowers of soft affections,

Filling the air with fragrance and delight,

And mellow fruits of love and labour hang

Ripe for the plucking; shall I these renounce,

The sure and known, for the unsure, unknown?

Are these not safe, substantial and possessed?

While that I seek,—Where is it? Is this Truth,

This idea of Reality which haunts

My mind, and drives me whither I know not,

Itself a speculation? What abides?

Alas! all that we have and know is caught

In transiency; changes that never end

Roll wave-like o'er the restless universe

And man is tossed therein; so it befalls

That everything which comes into his grasp—

Bearing the face of an enduring joy—

After a little fever of delight Is torn away again: nothing endures:

All things are dying even while they live;

And life is passing while it seems to wait.

There is no sweet possession, no rare joy,

No cherished circumstance, no prized delight

No lovely thing, of which it can be said,—

"There is no time when this will never be."

What comes to pass, passes, and comes no more;

What grows, decays; what rises, falls; what lives

And flourishes, dies and doth fade away;

Where then is surety; Where is knowledge? Where

Is rest and refuge?

Prophet. There is rest in Truth

*Eolaus. *Is there no rest in death?

Prophet. There is no rest

In death.

*Eolaus. *No rest in death nor life?

Prophet. No rest

In death nor life; yet or in death or life,

Where Truth is, there is rest.

Eolaus. Prophet of Good

Lead me to the Abiding; set my feet

Upon the austere Highway which doth lead

To the Eternal City ; I would find

The rest and refuge of undying Truth.

*Prophet. *Look thou within. Lo, in the midst of change

Abides the Changeless; at the heart of strife

The Perfect Peace reposes. At the root

Of all the restless striving of the world

Is passion, and at passion's heart is stored

Truth; yea, the Law of laws is in thy mind,

And written on the tablet of thy heart

Are its eternal edicts: subjugate

Thy passions, and the truth will be revealed.

For whoso follows passion findeth pain;

But whoso conquers passion findeth peace.

*Eolaus. *Not to be subject unto passion, but

To subject passion,—is this then the way?

*Prophet. *Thou hast well said. As the sweet nut is held

In the hard shell, and cannot be enjoyed

But by destruction of the husk, so Truth

In passsion is preserved, but is not known

Till passion be destroyed and cast away.

He who preserveth passion, dreading loss

Of sweetness and enjoyment, cannot know

The bliss of Truth, nor find where wisdom is:

He is a prodigal, feeding upon

The husks of life, the empty shows of things,

And knowing not its kernel, seeing not

The changeless substance of Reality.

He only knows who conquers evil; he,

Who masters self, passes beyond the dim

Uncertain light of faith, and on him breaks

The light of Perfect Knowledge which enfolds

Emancipation, gladness, perfect peace.

*Eolaus. *I know that sorrow follows passion; know

That grief and emptiness and heartaches wait

Upon all earthly joys ; so am I sad ;

Yet Truth must be, and, being, can be found;

And though I am in sorrow, this I know—

I shall be glad when I have found the Truth.

*Prophet. *There is no gladness like the joy of Truth.

The pure in heart swim in a sea of bliss

That evermore nor sorrow knows, nor pain ;

For who can see the Cosmos and be sad ?

To know is to be happy; they rejoice

Who have attained Perfection; these are they

Who live, and know, and realize the Truth.

*Eolaus. *I strive for that Perfection; shall I reach

The Heights of Blessed Vision ?

Prophet. Comfort ye,

The Heights of Blessed Vision ye shall reach.

*Eolaus. *Yet how, and when, and where? I am confused.

The Way is near, and yet I see it not!

*Prophet. *He must be friendly with the worm and toad

Who would be the companion of the wise;

And know the Cosmic Splendour; he must stoop

Who seeks to stand; must fall who fain would rise;

Must know the low, ascending to the high:

He who would know the Great, must not disdain

To diligently wait upon the small:

He wisdom finds who finds humility.

*Eolaus. *Speak on, O Prophet! I attend thy words.

*Prophet. *The beasts can neither bend nor stand erect

Being beasts,—abandon bestial tendencies;

But man can bend, and man can stand erect,

Being man,—embrace pure thoughts and stainless deeds;

Here is deliverance. Man's redemption lies

In man himself, yet is not born of self;

But takes its rise in Truth: man can achieve

He findeth Truth who findeth self-control.

*Eolaus. *When I have found the meaning of thy

words,I know I shall be wise as thou art wise ;

But now I hear thee, and yet hear thee not.

*Prophet. *Thou wilt perceive the substance of my words,

And understand their meaning, when they stir

That meaning in thyself, and in thy mind

Stand clear and well-reflected; thou canst know

Only by subjugation of thyself,

And practice of the highest: all that's real

Is inward; outward things are fleeting shows,

Vain and illusory, holding not rest

Nor refuge for the wise : obey the Right,

And wrong shall ne'er again assail thy peace;

Nor error hurt thee more: attune thy heart

To Purity, and thou shalt reach the Place

Where sorrow is not, and all evil ends.

The Holy Ones know not the name of sin;

Goodness and Truth make glad the good and true:

The Perfect Ones behold the Perfect Law;

Struggle and strife are ended in the Truth.

All things are holy to the holy mind,

All uses are legitimate and pure,

All occupations blest and sanctified,

And every day a Sabbath.

Eolaus. I perceive

Some glimmering of a Light transcending light,

Some outline of a mighty Principle

More beautiful than beauty; see some dim

Appearing of the vision of a Life

Vaster than life: the Cosmos is sublime!

My eyes will open, I shall see the Truth,

And, seeing, shall be glad for evermore !

*Prophet. *Be mindful, or the thought that soars will sink :

Be lowly, patient, well-instructed; hold

Thyself in check-, by many single steps

All journeys reach completion: as the tree

That rears its stately head toward the sky—

Bestowing shade and shelter—issued from

A tiny seed, and, waiting patiently

Upon the law of growth, it came to be

The thing majestic that it now appears,—

So wisdom from a single act of good

Well-planted, watched, and watered, comes at last

To its sublime proportions.

Eolaus. I will tend

The plant of wisdom with all diligence,

And watch its growth toward perfection.

Show me the unobserved and lowly Way ;

Let praise, reward, and popularity

Be no more sweet to me, and no more sought;

Let self be blotted out, I seek the Truth.

"Prophet, "Now listen, and attend:—the pigeons pick

Holes in the buildings, and the storm o'erturns

That they had weakened: little failings eat

Holes in the citadel of Character

Which, weakened thus, cannot withstand the storms

Of circumstance, but weakly falls before

Tempestuous temptations. As the bee

Buildeth the honeycomb, the bird its nest,

The builder his strong house, e'en bit by bit,

Straw unto straw, and stone laid upon stone,

Until the finished thing and perfect whole

Crowns effort with success,—so the wise man,

By adding thought to thought and deed to deed

In ways of good, buildeth his character.

Little by little he accomplishes

His noble ends; in quiet patience works

Diligently, while others sleep, or slake

Their hot desires in riot; nowise moved

From his main purpose by perplexities,

Falls, errors, failures, difficulties, pains,

Daily he builds into his heart and mind

Pure thoughts, high aspirations, selfless deeds,

Until at last the edifice of Truth

Is finished, and behold! there rises and appears

The Temple of Perfection.

Eolaus. I have found

The little Gate mean and moss-grown which leads

Into a dark, despised, neglected Way

Which, further, leads to glorious esplanades

And heights of Splendour; foolish men avoid

The lowly, and thereby the lofty lose;

Despise the small, and the majestical

Miss, and see not. Prophet of Good and Truth,

Wisely and well hast thou instructed me ;

Thou hast revealed to me the Path of Peace ;

My eyes are opened, and at last I see

Thy lowly Way, and I will enter in.

*Prophet. *The Perfect Way awaits thy strenuous tread ;

Behold where rise, precipitous, yet grand,

The Hills of Virtue ; higher, and beyond,

The Peaks of Blessedness ; and yet again,

Upon the lofty Summits of the Truth,

Where clouds and darkness are not, and where rests

Eternal Splendour, there, abiding Joy

Awaits thy coming. Onward, and disperse

The dark delusions of thy self! Evil

Is Good denied, is darkness and no more.

Let self be nothing, and the Truth be all ;

Thus conquer pain; acquire serenity;

Wisdom accompanies tranquillity;

The self-subdued the fadeless Glory know :

Be watchful, fearless, faithful, patient, pure :

By earnest meditation sound the depths

Profound of life, and scale the heights sublime

Of Love and Wisdom. He who does not find

The Way of Meditation, cannot reach

Emancipation and enlightenment.

But thou wilt find the Way of Holy Thought;

With mind made calm and steadfast, thou wilt see

The Permanent amid the mutable,

The Truth eternal in the things that change :

Thou wilt behold the Perfect Law: Cosmos

From Chaos rises when the conquered self

Lies underneath man's heel: Love be thy strength;

Look on the passion-tortured multitudes,

And have compassion on them ; know their pain

By thy long sorrow ended. Thou wilt come

To perfect peace, and so wilt bless the world,

Leading unto the High and Holy Way

The feet of them that seek.—And now I go

To my Abode; go thou unto thy work.

*Eolaus. *Prophet of Peace, I go: and unto Thee,

Spirit of Truth, I come. To all the world,

And all that lives, for evermore be peace.

Cosmos

I am; Perfection is, and Peace ;

Evil is gone, beholding Me ;

And they from sin and sorrow cease

Who look upon my Symmetry.

When fault and failure find my Form,

Lo, fault and failure are no more !

I am the sunshine and the storm,

The whisper, and the ocean's roar!

The creeping action that deceives,

The lie, the theft, the murderer's ire,

All these my Crucible receive,

They burn in my Celestial Fire.

All superstitions, errors, wiles,

The crawling craft, the cruel lust,

All that debases and defiles

I grind, and scatter in in the dust.

The Nations rise, the Empires fall,

And I eternally rehearse,

To scene and strain majestical,

The Drama of the Universe.

The Eons pass, the systems pale,

Unchanged their changes behold;

They listen, and I tell my Tale.

I all their fleeting forms enfold.

Who knoweth Me, becometh Me;

Who hath my Vision finds release

From Darkness and Captivity.

I am ; Perfection is, and Peace.

Miscellaneous poems

Buddha

Under Mount Ratnagira's western shade,

Weary and worn with his long search for Truth,

Sorrowing, unsatisfied, disconsolate,

Sat Buddha, knowing not where he should turn

To find the Truth that he had so long sought—

The Truth that maketh steadfast, strong, and pure,

The Truth that bringeth peace and blessed rest.

The Schools had failed him, the philosophies,

Hoary and ancient, had not stilled the cry

Of passion in his heart, and passion's child,

Sorrow, was with him still; the scriptures, creeds,

Proud pillars of the State, had failed to bear

The weight of his great woe, crumbling away

Under temptation, leaving him the prey

Still of desire and pain and clouded mind.

Mortifications he had tried, and they

Had left him strengthless, wan, wanting the Truth;

And now he seemed as one defeated, borne

Upon the stream of Fate, helpless, alone.

But while the Buddha brooded in the shade,

Suddenly on his ear there fell a cry,

A sob of pain, a pitiful strange sigh;

Whereat he rose, and left the shade, and sought

(He scarce knew why, but that there leaped within

His sorrowing heart a mighty unknown love)

Whence came the cry; and presently he saw,

Upon the road, 'mid thirsty clouds of dust,

Under the fierce blaze of the Indian sun,

A shepherd, driving hard a flock of sheep;

And in the rear there lagged a little lamb

With wounded feet, bleating most piteously;

The while the ewe, with anguish deep and sore,

Cried o'er her little one, knowing that she

Was helpless to relieve her.

When Buddha saw

The piteous spectacle, compassion slew

His own deep sorrow; and he straightway took

The wounded lamb, and bore it in his arms,

Saying, 'Vain are the strivings of the soul

After vain knowledge; vain the learned lore

That hath not pity in it; vain is life

That hath not love; and whatsoe'er is false,

And what uncertain, though it seemeth true,

This thing is true, that I should pity thee.

The priests who pray and read, and read and pray,

Die in their sins at last, and do not find

The Love I mourn for, the deep Truth I seek ;

And better where it that I ease thy pain

Than pray with them, and seek and never find.

Thee will I love; yea, I will pity thee

Whom none will pity; thee will I relieve ;

Tired of the soulless theories of men,

I, Buddh, will stoop to thee, thou dumb, weak thing,

Whom men despise, knowing that this is true,

Whate'er is doubtful, and whate'er unsure,

Pity and Love are right; what ever fades

And perishes, Compassion will not fade,

And Love will never perish." So he took

Into his arms the weary, wounded thing

Which nestled in his bosom, and became

Quiet and peaceful, and the anxious ewe

Walked by his side, looking into his face,

Glad that her lamb had found those blessed arms ;

And so she walked, and dumbly worshipped him,

Knowing him Buddha, the compassionate.

And Buddha in that hour entered the Way

Which he had vainly sought in schools and creeds;

Entered the Path which no philosophy

Leads unto, and which none shall ever find

But by sweet deeds of Love, forgetting self;

And in his heart there grew a holy Love ;

And in his mind a knowledge new and strange ;

And his whole being felt a painless peace ;

Sorrow and pain were not ; and then he knew

hat he had found the holy Truth at last.

And from thenceforward Buddha lived the Truth,

And taught its practice; and from far and near

Came men and women who had sought the Truth,

And at his feet they sat and worshipped him.

Learning of love and pity ; finding bliss

And peace that cannot fail; and him they called

Deliverer, Redeemer, Blessed Lord.

And even they who understood not, sensed

Faintly this truth which one day they should know :—

Better than learning is a loving heart;

And to give comfort to one wounded lamb

Is higher than the wisdom of the schools,

And greater than the world's philosophy.

If men only understood

If men only understood

That the wrong act of a Brother

Should not call from them another,

But should be annulled with kindness;

That "their "eyes should aid his blindness,

They would find the Heavenly Portal

Leading on to Love immortal—

If they only understood.

If men only understood

That *their *wrong can never smother

The wrong-doing of another ;

That by hatred hate increases,

And by Good all evil ceases,

They would cleanse their hearts and actions,

Banish thence all vile detractions—

If they only understood.

If men only understood

That the heart that sins *must *sorrow,

That the hateful mind to-morrow

Reaps its barren harvest, weeping,

Starving, resting not, nor sleeping;

Tenderness would fill their being,

They would see with Pity's seeing—

If they only understood.

If men only understood

All the emptiness and aching

Of the sleeping mid the waking

Of the souls they judge so blindly,

Of the hearts they pierce unkindly.

They, with gentler words and feeling,

Would apply the balm of healing—

If they only understood.

If men only understood

That their hatred and resentment

Slays their peace and sweet contentment

Hurts themselves, helps not another,

Does not cheer one lonely Brother,

They would seek the better doing

Of good deeds which leaves no rueing—

If they only understood.

If men only understood

How Love conquers ; how prevailing

Is its might, grim hate assailing;

How Compassion endeth sorrow,

Maketh wise, and doth not borrow

Pain of passion; they would ever

Live in Love, in hatred never—

If they only understood.

Practice and perception

Questioning Life and Destiny and Truth,

I sought the dark and labyrinthine Sphinx,

Who spake to me this strange and wondrous thing :—

"Concealment only lies in blinded eyes,

And God alone can see the Form of God."

I sought to solve this hidden mystery

Vainly by paths of blindness and of pain,

But when I found the Way of Love and Peace,

Concealment ceased, and I was blind no more ;

Then saw I God e'en with the eyes of God.

Liberty

The unwise say, " Our sufferings are unjust,

Our pains and woes rise from the scattered dust

Of sinful ancestors ; we are not free ;

Our fathers robbed us of our liberty

By what they did ; and we are weak and frail

Because they erred; they fell, and we must fail.

" Our drunkenness comes from their love of wine ;

Our lusts their revels made ; and we divine

Our manifold diseases by the ways

In which they walked; and as they trod the maze

Made by their feet, so we must likewise tread,

For we are bound and driven by the dead."

Thy sins are thine, O man ! and from thy deeds

Thy life, with all its weal and woe, proceeds ;

By self, and not by others, thou art bound ;

In thine own will and heart the root is found

Of all thy lack of peace; ope thou thine eyes,

Leave the dead past, and look within ; be wise.

Make pure thy heart, and thou wilt make thy life

Rich, sweet, and beautiful, unmarred by strife ;

Guard well thy mind, and, noble, strong, and free,

Nothing shall harm, disturb or conquer thee ;

For all thy foes are in thy heart and mind ;

There also thy salvation thou wilt find.

Mind is the Master-power that moulds and makes,

And Man is Mind and evermore he takes

The Tool of Thought, and, shaping what he wills,

Brings forth a thousand joys, a thousand ills :—

He thinks in secret, and it comes to pass ;

Environment is but his looking-glass.

In his own heart he fosters dark desires,

Or strives for good, or loftily aspires ;

In his own life he reaps what he has sown,

Or pain or peace, he garners in his own.

Thou man, that bowest to heredity,

Know this—the Law of life is Liberty,

By Thought we rise ; by Thought we fall ; by Thought

We stand or go: all destiny is wrought

By its swift potency; and he who stands

Master of Thought, and his desires commands,

Willing and weaving thoughts of Love and Might,

Shapes his high end in Truth's unerring Light.

Long I sought thee

Long I sought thee, Spirit holy,

Master Spirit, meek and lowly,

Sought thee with a silent sorrow, brooding o'er the woes of men ;

Vainly sought thy yoke of meekness

'Neath the weight of woe and weakness;

Finding not, yet in my failing, seeking o'er and o'er again.

In unrest and doubt and sadness

Dwelt I, yet I knew thy Gladness

Waited somewhere ; somewhere greeted torn and sorrowing hearts like mine ;

Knew that somehow I should find thee,

Leaving sin and woe behind me,

And at last thy Love would bid me enter into Rest divine.

Hatred, mockery, and reviling

Scorched my seeking soul, defiling

That which should have been thy Temple, wherein thou should'st move and dwell ;

Praying, striving, hoping, calling ;

Suffering, sorrowing in my failing,

Still I sought thee, groping blindly in the gloomy depths of hell.

And I sought thee till I found thee;

And the dark Powers all around me

Fled and left me silent, peaceful, brooding o'er thy holy themes ;

From within me and without me

Fled they when I ceased to doubt thee ;

And I found thee in thy Glory, mighty Master of my dreams !

Yea, I found thee, Spirit holy,

Beautiful and pure and lowly;

Found thy Joy and Peace and Gladness ; found thee in thy House of Rest;

Found thy strength in Love and Meekness.

And my pain and woe and weakness

Left me, and I walked the Pathway trodden only by the blest.

Reality

I see men gaze upon the distant skies

Of ideals inaccessible and vain;

And miss the Holy Way which near them lies—

The hourly conquest over sin and pain.

I see uplifted and imploring hands

Aching with emptiness; I see the cause;

Self-made, of man's long sorrow; see his bands

Self-wrought, self-bound; I see the broken laws.

Wisdom lies hidden in our common life,

And he will find it who shall rightly ask ;

Where springs the fretful fever and the strife

There Truth abides—e'en in the daily task.

Behold where Love Eternal rests concealed !

(The deathless Love that seemed so far away!)

E'en in the lowly heart, it stands revealed

To him who lives the sinless life to-day.

Wrapped in our nearest duty is the Key

Which shall unlock for us the Heavenly Gate ;

Unveiled, the Heavenly Vision he shall see,

Who cometh not too early nor too late.

The glory of the Truth no Future veils

From tear - stained eyes, no Past obliterates.

For toil - worn feet, the narrow, weed - grown trails

Which wind through common ways to joyful Gates.

Where'er we go immortal splendour goes ;

But eyes, self-blinded, look and cannot see ;

Th' Eternal Glory shines upon man's woes,

Piercing the dark night of his misery.

Lo ! where the shadowless Effulgence gleams—

In tasks well done, in stainless thoughts and deeds,

In words of love and pity, not in dreams

Of sky - bound glories holding future needs.

Peace cometh only to the peaceful soul;

Love, painless, nestles in the Love-born heart ;

Joy springs where self is sunken for the whole;

From conquered sins immortal beauties start.

Our task is with us, and the Path Sublime,

Rising from swamps of self, through Duty's way,

Cuts its clear course up the steep hills of Time

Unto the splendour of the Perfect Day.

To-morrow and to-day

In the dark land of To-morrow

I dwelt with pain and sorrow,

And I sighed for joys and blessings that escaped me as I ran ;

And the darkness gathered round me,

For the morrow ever found me

Living in "What I ought to do," and not in *what I can.*

And I sought for loving-kindness

In the dim, dark haunts of blindness ;

In the lightless caves of self I searched for blessedness and rest;

And I reached out hands appealing,

Sadly groped for light and healing,

Striving for "what I want to have," not *what is true and best.*

Then I found that selfish hoping,

Darkly seeking, blindly groping

In vain wishing and regretting chased life's glory from my brow;

So I ceased from selfish fretting,

Turned to Love, and, self-forgetting,

Left "what I hope to get and keep," for *what I will be now.*

So I fled from self and sorrow,

Left the dark land of To-morrow,

And thought of what kind deeds to do, what loving words to say;

And the light of peace and gladness

Chased away the clouds of sadness,

For I lost the past and future in the bright world of To-day.

Star of wisdom

Star that of the birth of Vishnu,

Birth of Krishna, Buddha, Jesus,

Told the wise ones, Heavenward looking,

Waiting, watching for thy gleaming,

In the darkness of the night-time,

In the starless gloom of midnight;

Shining Herald of the coming

Of the kingdom of the righteous;

Teller of the mystic story

Of the lowly birth of Godhead

In the stable of the passions,

In the manger of the mind-soul ;

Silent singer of the secret

Of compassion deep and holy

To the heart with sorrow burdened,

To the soul with waiting weary:—

Star of all-surpassing brightness,

Thou again dost deck the midnight ;

Thou again dost cheer the wise ones

Watching in the creedal darkness,

Weary of the endless battle

With the grinding blades of error ;

Tired of lifeless, useless idols,

Of the dead forms of religions ;

Spent with watching for thy shining ;

Thou hast ended their despairing,

Thou hast lighted up their pathway ;

Thou hast brought again the old Truths

To the hearts of all thy Watchers ;

To the souls of them that love thee

Thou dust speak of Joy and Gladness,

Of the Peace that endeth sorrow.

Blessed are they that can see thee,

Weary wanderers in the Night-time ;

Blessed they who feel the throbbing,

In their bosoms feel the pulsing

Of a deep Love stirred within them

By the great power of thy shining.

Let us learn thy lesson truly ;

Learn it faithfully and humbly;

Learn it meekly, wisely, gladly,

Ancient star of holy Vishnu,

Light of Krishna, Buddha, Jesus.

Would you scale the highest heaven

Would you scale the highest heaven,

Would you pierce the lowest hell,—

Live in dreams of constant beauty,

Or in basest thinkings dwell.

For your thoughts are heaven above you,

And your thoughts are hell below ;

Bliss is not, except in thinking,

Torment naught but thought can know.

Worlds would vanish but for thinking ;

Glory is not but in dreams ;

And the Drama of the ages

From the Thought Eternal streams.

Dignity and shame and sorrow,

Pain and anguish, love and hate

Are but maskings of the mighty

Pulsing Thought that governs Fate.

As the colours of the rainbow

Make the one uncoloured beam,

So the universal changes

Make the One Eternal Dream.

And the Dream is all within you,

And the Dreamer waiteth long

For the Morning to awake him

To the living thought and strong,

That shall make the ideal real,

Make to vanish dreams of hell

In the highest, holiest heaven

Where the pure and perfect dwell.

Evil is the thought that thinks it ;

Good, the thought that makes it so ;

Light and darkness, sin and pureness

Likewise out of thinking grow.

Dwell in thought upon the Grandest,

And the Grandest you shall see;

Fix your mind upon the Highest,

And the Highest you shall be.

To them that seek the highest good

To them that seek the highest Good

All things subserve the wisest ends;

Naught comes as ill, and wisdom lends

Wings to all shapes of evil brood.

The darkening sorrow veils a Star

That waits to shine with gladsome light;

Hell waits on heaven; and after night

Comes golden glory from afar.

Defeats are steps by which we climb

With purer aim to nobler ends;

Loss leads to gain, and joy attends

True footsteps up the hills of time.

Pain lead to paths of holy bliss,

To thoughts and words and deeds divine;

And clouds that gloom and rays that shine,

Along life's upward highway kiss.

Misfortune does but cloud the way

Whose end and summit in the sky

Of bright success, sunkissed and high,

Awaits our seeking and our stay.

The heavy pall of doubts and fears

That clouds the Valley of our hopes,

The shades with which the spirit copes,

The bitter harvesting of tears,

The heartaches, miseries, and griefs,

The bruisings born of broken ties,

All these are steps by which we rise

To living ways of sound beliefs.

Love, pitying, watchful, runs to meet

The Pilgrim from the Land of Fate;

All glory and all good await

The coming of obedient feet.

One thing lacking

E'en at the Master's holy feet, low kneeling,

Came one who knew nor wordly want nor stress

Yet sad with fruitless search for Truth, and feeling

Perchance the Teacher of the world might bless.

Then asked he softly, and with humble pleading,—

"Good Master, canst Thou calm my inward strife?

Show me the lofty highway of Thy leading;

What shall I do to gain Eternal Life?"

Then He, the Lord of Life, looked down in kindness

Upon the Kneeling form, and, answering, said,—

"Thou knowest the commandments, be not mindless

Of these, and thou shalt live, though thou wert dead."

Replied the Kneeling one,—"All these things keeping

From my youth up, I sought Thee out this day,

Yet still I wander, unawakened, sleeping;

I have not found the high and holy Way."

Yet lackest thou one thing, yield thy desiring,"

(Thus spake the Master), "do not grasp, but give;

Self that thou holdest, and, with free aspiring,

Come, follow Me, and thou shalt truly live;

For whoso follows Me, all selfish clinging

Yielding with pure and undivided mind

Shall nothing lack; yea, for his earthly bringing

Surely the Heavenly Treasure he shall find."

Now he who knelt was very rich, and cherished

His earthly treasure in his inmost heart;

And even there his spirit paused and perished,

Losing renunciation's better part.

Noble but not complete, the Master leaving

To cleave unto his perishable day,

He chose the path of passing things and grieving,

And, sorrow-stricken, went his lonely way.

Yashas

Lo, in the night, when all the world was sleeping,

Yashas, the noble and aspiring youth,

Pondering upon the world's great sorrow, weeping,

Searched for the holy pathway unto Truth.

"I search in vain," said he, "and will betake me

Unto the Blessed One, and seek release;

Healer of sorrow, he perchance will make me

Partaker in his deep, Nirvanic peace."

Then came the youth, with footsteps fast and faster,

Unto the Blessed Teacher of mankind,

And, weeping, fell before the Holy Master,

Saying: "Great Lord, I seek and cannot find.

How great is my distress and tribulation!

Thou knowest all my sorrow and my pain;

Give me the holy balm of thy salvation,

Let me depart not from thy side again."

The Blessed One, seeing his perturbation,

Spake softly thus unto the gentle youth

" Lo, here is no distress, no tribulation ;

Come unto Me, and I will show you Truth

The Truth will bring you joy, dispelling sadness,

And as the night before the light of day

Flees and departs, e'en so your rising gladness

Sorrow and pain and care will chase away."

Then spake He of things pure and high and holy

Giving full freely of His wisdom's store,

And Yashas, listening, rapt, all meek and lowly

Drank deeply of the Master's wondrous lore ;

And lo! the cooling breath of Wisdom o'er him

Stole softly, fanning all his care to rest ;

Sorrow departed, and Compassion bore him

Unto the Path the Master's feet had prest.

The lowly way

All ways are waiting for my feet to tread,

The light and dark, the living and the dead,

The broad and narrow way, the high and low,

The good and bad, and with quick step or slow,

I now may enter any way I will,

And find, by walking, which is good, which ill.

And all good things my wand'ring feet await,

If I but come, with vow inviolate,

Unto the narrow, high and holy way

Of heart-born purity, and therein stay ;

Walking, secure from him who taunts and scorns,

To flowery meads, across the path of thorns.

And I may stand where health, success, and power

Await my coming, if, each fleeting hour,

I cling to love and patience: and abide

With stainlessness, and never step aside

From high integrity ; so shall I see

At last the land of immortality,

And I may seek and find; I may achieve;

I may not claim, but, losing, may retrieve;

The Law bends not for me, but I must bend

Unto the Law, if I would reach the end

Of my afflictions, if I would restore

My soul to Light and Life and weep no more.

Not mine the arrogant and selfish claim

To all good things; be mine the lowly aim

To seek and find, to know and comprehend,

And wisdom-ward all holy footsteps wend

Nothing is mine to claim or to command,

But all is mine to know and understand.

The music of the sea

I love to hear the music of the sea,

As, playing on the everlasting shore,

Its strange, profound, and mystic melody

It chants the soul of man for evermore;

It sings of wreckful passion when it beats

With unrestrained wildness on the rocks;

Then with succeeding sorrow it retreats,

Sobbing o'er pain of self- inflicted shocks.

”

What event,

What circumstance, what mutability

Can shake the Changeless?

Of martyrdom and silent pain it speaks

When, dumbly moaning, languidly it rolls;

And weirdly wails, as on the rocks it breaks,

The deadness and despair of human souls.

Its scintillations on the pebbly beach,

Mingling with sunshine and the playful breeze,

Are bubbling merriment and mirth that reach

No deeper than the sensuous vision sees.

When, scarcely murmuring, placidly it lies,

It whispers of the silent heart of peace;

Of that unutterable state where dies

Passion, and all our human sorrows cease.

Playful, perturbed, peaceful, tempestuous,

Reflected in thy heart, thy peace, thy strife,

Is the strange passion and peace in us,

The madness and the wisdom of our life.

Thou symbol of the human soul, O sea!

I love to hear thee, on the lonely shore

Chanting thy everlasting melody,

Singing the soul of man for evermore.

Love's conquest

I stood upon the shore, and saw the rocks

Resist the onslaught of the mighty sea,

And when I thought how all the countless shocks

They had withstood through an eternity;

I said, "To wear away this solid main

The ceaseless efforts of the waves are vain."

But when I thought how they the rocks had rent,

And saw the sand and shingles at my feet

(Poor passive remnants of resistance spent)

Tumbled and tossed where they the waters meet,

Then saw I ancient landmarks 'neath the waves,

And knew the waters held the stones their slaves.

I saw the mighty work the waters wrought

By patient softness and unceasing flow;

How they the proudest promontory brought

Unto their feet, and massy hills laid low;

How the soft drops the adamantine wall

Conquered at last, and brought it to its fall.

And then I knew that hard, resisting sin

Should yield at last to Love's soft ceaseless roll

Coming and going, ever flowing in

Upon the proud rocks of the human soul;

That all resistance should be spent and past,

And every heart yield unto it at last.

To my daughter Nora on her tenth birthday

Since when thou earnest, with thy native charms,

A weeping infant to thy mother's arms,

Ten fleeting years have lifted up thy head

Unto my breast; ten years of love are fled,

But all their store of innocence and bliss

Remains with thee; thy mother's and my kiss

Seal it for ever thine! Those guileless ways

Which, walking, have filled up thy tender days,

May'st thou for ever keep; may thy pure heart

Keep always pure, that no unholy dart

Pierce it with anguish; may remorse and pain

Shrink from thy hallowed presence; and no stain

Soil thy white robes of peace, O! be thou sure

Bliss follows in the footsteps of the pure.

And whatsoe'er shall tempt of wrong or strife,

Hold fast the rare gem of a blameless life;

Nor lose, nor lightly hold, but bind to thee

The priceless jewel of thy purity.

The inward purity

Find ye that life is anguish, and that self-love is a chain

That binds thy quivering soul, and cuts with biting stings of pain?

Grieve ye where Slander's serpents trail beneath fair flowers of Trust?

Or weep where Friendship buried lies 'neath Hatred's fulsome dust?

Then listen,—Selfish sweets are brief, and fleeting self-hood's ties,

But there abides a fadeless Love, a Life that never dies;

A path there is which Serpent slime hath never yet defiled,

Where weary feet find rest and peace, and are no more beguiled.

And that pure Love and Life are his whose innostheart is free

From unforgiveness, judgment false, and self and enmity;

And that fair Path of Peace he walks whose memory holds no stain

Of injuries past; that blameless heart hath reached the end of pain.

Self-sacrifice

Great glory crowns the heights of hope by arduous struggle won;

Bright honour rounds the hoary head that mighty works hath done;

Fair riches come to him who strives in ways of golden gain,

And fame enshrines his name who works with genius-glowing brain:

But greater glory waits for him who, in the bloodless strife

'Gainst self and wrong, adopts, in love, the sacrificial life;

And brighter honour rounds the brow of him who, 'mid the scorns

Of blind idolaters of self, accepts the crown of thorns;

And fairer, purer riches come to him greatly strives

To walk in ways of love and truth to sweeten human lives;

And he who serveth well mankind exchanges fleeting fame

For Light eternal, Joy and Peace, and robes of heavenly flame.

I take refuge in truth

I come to thee, O Master! on thy breast

I lay my weary head; I have thy feet

With tears and kisses, travail of my quest;

I bring my aching heart and sore defeat,

And seek thy holy joy and perfect rest.

Place thou thy hand upon my burning brow;

Soothe thou my soul, and bid my sins depart;

I ask thy sweet salvation even now;

Thy rest I seek to ease my throbbing heart;

Thou art the Truth, to thee I cling and bow.

Thou changest not amid Earth's changing scenes;

All worldly joys, strong passions that decay,

The sordid thought, the action that demeans,

These are not thee, and they will pass away;

On thy abiding strength my spirit leans.

Lead thou my feet unto thy Holy Place;

I take thy chastening; thy great love I see;

Thy rod I kiss, and in my deep disgrace,

With longing, humble heart I cling to thee,

Knowing thou wilt not turn away thy face.

I, truth, am thy redeemer

I, Truth, am thy Redeemer, come to Me;

Lay down thy sin and pain wild unrest;

And I will calm thy spirit's stormy sea,

Pouring the oil of peace upon thy breast.

Friendless and lone—lo, I abide with thee.

Defeated and deserted, cast away;

What refuge hast thou? Whither canst thou fly?

Upon My changeless breast thy burdens lay;

I am thy certain refuge, even I.

All things are passing; I alone can stay.

Lo I, the Great Forsaken, am the Friend

Of the forsaken; I, whom men despise,

The weak, the helpless, and despised defend;

I gladden aching hearts and weeping eyes.

Rest thou in Me, I am thy sorrow's end.

Lovers and friends and wealth, pleasures and fame—

These fail and change, and pass into decay ;

But my Love does not change ; and in thy blame

I blame thee not, nor turn My face away :

In My calm bosom hide thy sin and shame.

The white robe

The White Robe of the Heart Invisible

Is stained with sin and sorrow, grief and pain,

And all repentant pools and springs of prayer

Shall not avail to wash it white again.

While in the path of ignorance I walk,

The stains of error will not cease to cling;

Defilements mark the crooked path of self,

Where anguish lurks and disappointments sting.

Knowledge and wisdom only can avail

To purify and make my garment clean,

For therein lie love's waters; therein rests

Peace undisturbed, eternal, and serene.

Sin and repentance is the path of pain,

Knowledge and wisdom is the path of Peace ;

By the near way of practice I will find

Where bliss begins, how pains and sorrows cease.

Self shall depart, and Truth shall take its place ;

The Changeless One, the Indivisible

Shall take up His abode in me, and cleanse

The white Robe of the Heart Invisible.

The righteous man

No harmful shaft can reach the righteous man,

Standing erect amid the storms of hate,

Defying hurt and injury and ban,

Surrounded by the trembling slaves of Fate.

Majestic in the strength of silent power,

Serene he stands, nor changes nor nor turns ;

Patient and firm in suffering's darkest hour,

Time bends to him, and death and doom he spurns.

Wrath's lurid lightnings round about him play,

And hell's deep thunders roll about his head ;

Yet heeds he not, for him they cannot slay

Who stands whence earth and time and space are fled.

Sheltered by deathless love, what fear hath he?

Armoured in changeless Truth, what can he know

Of loss and gain? Knowing eternity,

He moves not whilst the shadows come and go.

Call him immortal, call him Truth and Light

And splendour of prophetic majesty

Who biderh thus amid the powers of Night,

Clothed with the glory of divinity.

Choice

The will to evil and the will to Good

Are both within thee: which wilt thou employ?

Thou knowest what is right and what is wrong;

Which wilt thou love and foster? which destroy?

Thou art the chooser of thy thoughts and deeds;

Thou art the maker of thine inward state;

The power is thine to be what thou wilt be;

Thou buildest Truth and Love, or lies and hate.

If thou dost choose the evil, loving self,

Thy cries and prayers for Good shall all be vain;

Thy thought and act bringeth thee good or ill;

Deep in thy heart thou makest joy and pain.

As thou pursuest Good, striving to make

Evil depart, thou shalt rejoice and say,—

"Lo! Light and Love and Peace attend on me;

Truth fadeth not, and Good abounds away."

Choose as thou wilt thy thoughts and words and deeds,

And as thou choosest so shall be thy life;

The will to Good shall bring thee Joy and Peace;

The will to evil, wretchedness and strife.

Truth triumphant

There is no height to which thou canst not climb;

There is no grandeur that thou may'st not view,

If thou wilt reach beyond the things of Time,

Unto the Pure, the Beautiful, the True.

There is no saintly vision, no glad sight

Of seer, nor no dream of holy sage

But may be thine; nay, is thy heavenly right,

If thou wilt claim thy regal appanage.

There is no sin but thou may'st overthrow;

There is no vileness that, octopus-like,

Binds thee its victim, but thou soon canst know

The way and weapon thy strong foe to strike.

Thou art not framed for sin and grief and shame;

Thou art not bent to grovel in the mire;

But thou art made erect, and given a name,

Hast hands to reach, and spirit to aspire,

Glory and strength and triumph — these are thine;

Rise up, and conquer every inward foe ;

Behold the heavens, how radiantly they shine !

Stand up and strike, O conqueror of woe!

O thou who would’st teach!

O thou who would’st teach men of Truth!

Hast thou passed through the desert of doubt?

Art thou purged by the fires of sorrow? hath ruth

The fiends of opinion cast out

Of thy human heart ? Is thy soul so fair

That no false thought can ever harbour there ?

O thou who would’st teach men of Love !

Hast thou passed through the place of despair ?

Hast thou wept through the dark night of grief? does it move

(Now freed from its sorrow and care)

Thy human heart to pitying gentleness,

Looking on wrong, and hate, and ceaseless stress ?

O thou who would'st teach men of Peace!

Hast thou crossed the wide ocean of strife?

Hast thou found on the Shores of the Silence, release

From all the wild unrest of life?

From thy human heart hath all striving gone,

Leaving but Truth, and Love, and Peace alone?

If thou would'st right the world

If thou would'st right theworld,

And banish all its evils and its woes,

Make its wild places bloom,

And its drear deserts blossom as the rose,—

Then right thyself.

If thou would'st turn the world

From its long, lone captivity in sin,

Restore all broken hearts,

Slay grief, and let sweet consolation in, —

Turn thou thyself.

If thou would'st cure the world

Of its long sickness, end its grief and pain,

Bring in all-healing Joy,

And give to the afflicted rest again,—

Then cure thyself.

If thou would'st wake the world

Out of its dream of death and dark'ning strife,

Bring it to Love and Peace,

And Light and brightness of immortal Life,—

Wake thou thyself.

What of the night?

What of the night, O Watchman! see'st thou yet

The glimmering dawn upon the mountain heights

The golden Herald of the Light of lights,

Are his fair feet upon the hilltops set?

Cometh he yet to chase away the gloom,

And with it all the demons of the Night?

Strike yet his darting rays upon thy sight?

Hear'st thou his voice, the sound of error's doom?

The Morning cometh, lover of the Light;

E'en now He gilds with gold the mountain's brow,

Dimly I see the path whereon e'en now

His shining feet are set toward the Night.

Darkness shall pass away, and all the things

That love the darkness, and that hate the Light

Shall disappear for ever with the Night:

Rejoice! for thus the speeding Herald sings.

Knowledge

We find the Good by being good, the True

By being true, the Real by dissolving

Our fond illusions, thereby piercing through

Shadow, and knowing substance. By resolving,

We can attain, and by attaining, know;

And, knowing, who shall cause us grief or harm?

What trembling victim of the world's vain show

Shall pierce the armoured heart, or foil the arm

Of him whose Shield is Wisdom? What event,

What circumstance, what mutability

Can shake the Changeless? And whoso hath blent

His life with Changeless Good, stands steadfastly

In Knowledge, fearing nothing, hating naught;

His heart and mind Love-fashioned, Wisdom-wrought.

The end of evil

All evil passes from us when we find

The Way of Good; when word and deed and mind

Are shaped to Truth and Wisdom, then we see

The end of bondage and captivity.

All good is ever with us; we but want

Wisdom to take it; we are poor and scant

Only in lacking wisdom; that acquired,

The good is ours that we so long desired.

Be still my soul and know that peace is thine;

Be steadfast, heart, and know that strength divine

Belongs to thee : cease from thy turmoil, mind,

And thou the Everlasting Rest shalt find.

Man divine

Man is superior to sin and shame,

Evil and error he will yet dethrone,

The beasts within he will o'ercome and tame,

The brute will pass, the Angel will be known ;

Yea, even now the Man divine appears,

Crowned with conquest, victor o'er all fears.

Hail to thee, Man divine ! the conqueror

Of sin and shame and sorrow, no more weak,

Wormlike and grovelling art thou ; no, nor

Wilt thou again bow down to things that wreak

Scourgings and death upon thee; thou dost rise

Triumphant in thy strength ; good, pure, and wise.

Patience

Why this fierce struggle to achieve thine ends ?

This selfish argument ? This fire which lends

Heat to resentment, ashes to remorse?

Canst thou bend Truth and Nature to thy will ?

Bend thou, and work and wait; be strong and still ;

Soft growth is stronger than vehement force.

Be as a flower, content to be, to grow

In sweetness day by day; content to know

The hidden blessing in the seeming curse ;

A child of Love, unargumentative;

Content to be and know — as thou dost live —

The simple secret of the Universe.

Restored

Eager for strife and struggle, Self and gain,

And heeding not the gentle Voice of Truth,

We strive and wrestle in dark ways of pain,

And, blind and lost in passion, we disdain

The unobtrusive Way of Love and ruth;

So live we on in sorrow and in woe,

Nor rest can find, nor blessed gladness know.

Tired of strife and anger, hate and pain,

And weary of the wranglings of the Schools,

We turn, and look into your face again,

Beloved brother, sister; nor in vain

Search we with purer eyes; but as in pools

Soft, deep, and silent, gaze we, finding rest;

So pass we on our way, refreshed and blest.

On releasing a captive bird

I found a little bird held fast, ensnared

By ruthless hands; a gentle, captive prey

Thirsting for freedom, piteously scared,

Struggling in vain to 'scape and soar away.

I marked his terror, and I took him up ;

His fluttering heart spoke out his wild despair.

"Look, you and I with the great gods shall sup

This day," I said ; then threw him into air.

Whereat he soared, and wheeled, and flew away;

Great was his joy, and ruth - born bliss was mine ;

Thus supped we both with the high gods that day ;

Thus tasted we their nectar, drank their wine.

Art thou in sorrow?

Art thou in sorrow? Art thou in despair,

Involved in doubt and deep perplexity?

Leave thou thyself, and with thy fellows share

The good thou hast, and thou wilt blessed be.

Let Love's bright sunshine play upon your heart;

Come now unto your gladness, peace, and rest ;

Bid the dark shades of selfishness depart,

And now and evermore be truly blest.

When I am pure

When I am pure

I shall have solved the mystery of life,

I shall be sure,

When I am free from hatred, lust, and strife,

I am in Truth, and Truth abides in me.

I shall be safe and sane and wholly free

When I am pure.

Immortality

He shall not die who seeks the Way of Truth ;

He shall not see the corruption who doth walk

With stainless feet the Path of Purity ;

He shall not wander in dark worlds of woe

Who finds the Gate of Good and enters there.

For he shall taste of immortality

While feasting at the table of his Lord.

Are you searching?

Are you searching for the happiness that does not fade away?

Are you looking for the joy that lives, and leaves no grievous day?

Are you panting for the waterbrooks of Love, and Life, and Peace?

Then let all dark desires depart, and selfish seeking cease.

Are you ling'ring in the paths of pain, grief-haunted, stricken sore?

Are you wand'ring in the ways that wound your weary feet the more?

Are you sighing for the Resting-Place where tears and sorrows cease?

”

Then sacrifice the heart of self, and find the Heart of Peace.

THE END

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THE END

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