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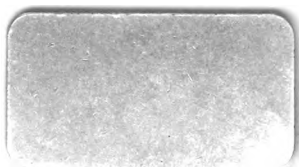
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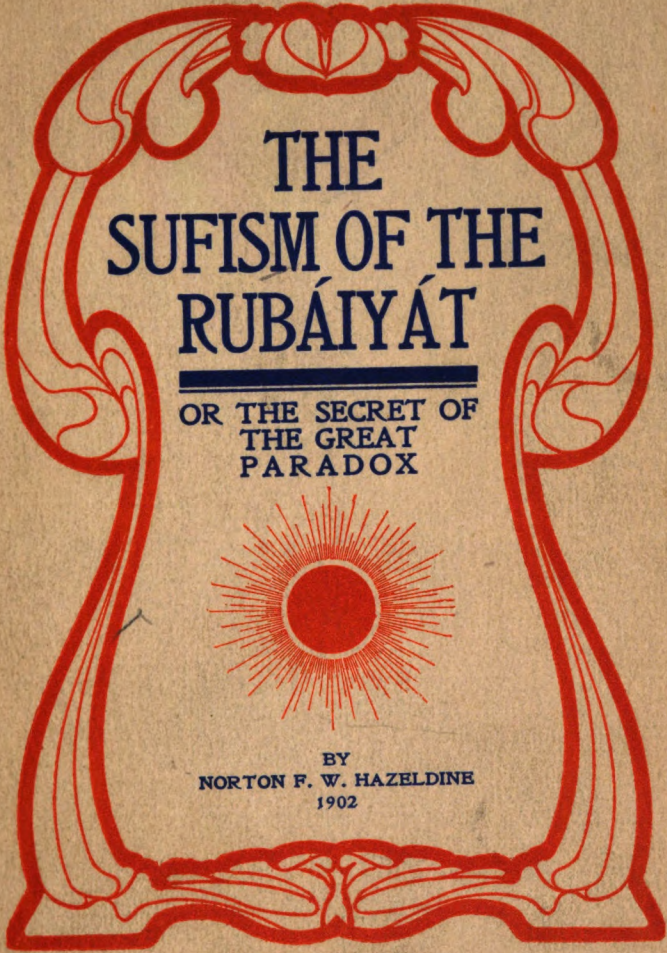
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**The sufism of
the Rubáiyát;
or, The secret
of the great
paradox**

Omar Khayyam,
Norton F. W.
Hazeldine

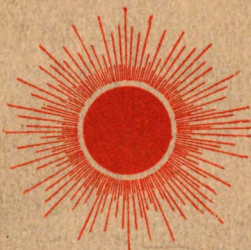


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THE
SUFISM OF THE
RUBÁIYÁT

OR THE SECRET OF
THE GREAT
PARADOX



BY
NORTON F. W. HAZELDINE
1902

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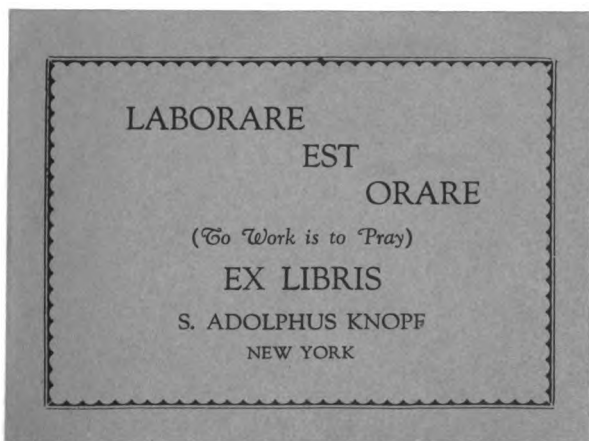
To Present to the Author:

Dr. S. A. Knopf

with the Author's best
wishes.

Dec 18th 1902

Yakov F. W. Steeldins.



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Very truly yours.

Walter F. W. Hazeldean.

ع Umar Khayyām

THE SUFISM OF THE RUBÁIYÁT

OR THE SECRET OF
THE GREAT PARADOX

ITS



SEAL

By
NORTON F. W. HAZELDINE
1902

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PREFACE.

In placing this volume before the public I only hope that I may be able to convey to my readers the higher and deeper truths of this most famous of Persian Poets, who so ably attempted to portray to his countrymen the benevolent God the subtle life within the grosser of our material forms.

Also the mysterious force within the grape which renders possible fermentation, thereby changing its character from matter to spirit. Therefore, I sincerely trust that this may be a means to enlighten many seekers after truth, and to my Critics will but add this line, "that they in me can find no opponent for them," for what little I have done has been done to bless, to illuminate, not to destroy the works of others, to whom myself with the rest of the world's readers owe our many thanks. Hoping that all may realize the spirit in which I here present it, and may it comfort and bless those who read to learn of its sublime truths, is the sincere wish of thy brother man.

The Author.

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NOTES.

RUBÁIYÁT. A reading between the lines, a meaning within a meaning, a quartrain, a paradox.

Omar Khayyám. The Tent Maker, an ancient Persian manner of expression, signifying the Supreme Creator, for a tent to their minds represented the universe, the earth formed its level or floor, and the heavens its canopy. Again, the expression Astronomer Poet was another title for the Creator, He who laid out the heavens as a garden and placed the stars in design or order. He was also the Controller of the seasons, the Lord of the Vernal Equinox and the Prince of Horsemen.

The White Hand of Moses. The white hand of truth, honesty and friendship, not the hand of leprosy or untruth, an expression of the day, the same as we use the term "the red hand of murder," or "he is the whitest man of them all."

IRAM. The nameless center of the universe, the womb from whence all things are born; the heavenly garden where Jamshyd the King of Splendor (or wisdom) sits enthroned, and reads from out his seven orbited cup (the inverted heaven) wherein the orbits of the seven planets

circle around within its sphere, and there divines the astronomical mysteries of seasons, years and all hidden things.

RUSTIM and ZÁL. The personification of the universal positive and negative creative energies, the elements of causation, the great opposites, summer and winter, youth and age, etc.

HÁTIM TAI. The personification of charity, benevolence and generosity.

TAKHT-I-JAMSHYD. The throne of wisdom, the mid-heaven, whereon Jamshyd the King of Splendor (or wisdom) symbolized by the sun when he reaches his zenith at high noon. The ancient Persians like the more modern Parsee do not worship the Sun as God, but to them it is the symbol of God, the All Seeing Eye, the Surveyor of the worlds, etc.

Bahrám Gúr. This character symbolizes the sun in the astronomical sign of Sagittarius wherein he represents the ass or old year, which will soon be lost in the swamps of winter or the sign of Capricorn, the extreme point of the southern elliptic.

Saturn. Lord of the Seventh Heaven, the symbol of old age or ripeness.

Máh to Máhi. From fish to moon, an expression denoting the period from conception to birth, the state of transition between matter and spirit and between life and death, or as we use

the same expression in the words "it is neither fish nor fowl."

Parwin. The Pleiades, the symbol of gentleness, kindness, etc.

Mushtari. The Planet Jupiter, the symbol of benevolence, religion, toleration and big heartedness.

Ramazán. The lunar month, beginning about the middle of March and ending about the middle of April; it is the Easter of the Mohammedans, the birth of regeneration or the spring.

“SUFISM OF THE RUBÁIYÁT.”

AWAKE! AWAKE! Oh, slumbering souls,
arise like **HIM** who rules the morn and stars
dismiss with song.

Oh, MASTER hail to **THEE!** Strike **THOU**
with **Wisdom's** shafts the enemies of man's
progression,

THOU who art known as the **DISPELLER**
OF MORTAL DARKNESS AND THE
LIGHT OF THE LIFE TO COME.

Lead us by that SURE PATH to where the
SPIRITUAL SUN doth rise and where
MORTAL DARKNESS sets beyond the
clouds of **FEAR, ANGER, SORROW, IN-**
DOLENCE and **CRIME,**

Where THE GREAT PEACE reigns and
THOU OH LORD ABIDES.

And before the *FALSE MORN of Earthly
Life doth fade, that Voice Supreme within
this TAVERN cries;

The Sacrifice is ready, loiter not outside, all is
prepared, enter in, those wishing here to pray.
This is the way by which the soul doth learn, of
GOD, of WORLDS, of THINGS KNOWN
and UNKNOWN.

Whilst those who worship through man's
carved creeds, pomps, rituals and dumb
forms,

Worship like tongueless bells seeking to sound
their tidings to the world.

All cries within THINK! THINK! THINK!
It was not WORSE BEFORE, NOR BET-
TER THAN 'TIS NOW.

*The False Dawn is the reflection of the coming
day upon the horizon before the sun is high enough to
reflect himself or the true dawn.



Then the Higher Nature springs up the old to greet, who always dwells within the doors where intelligence does live.

And with a mighty shout calls OPEN WIDE!
COME FORTH! MY PEACE I BRING,
IN TRUTH I GREET, ALL YE WHO
LOVE THE TRUE.

Earthly Life 'tis short; oh, slumber not I pray,
for once ye have onward passed, prayers and
repentance then are vain.

Seek whilst on earth the HEAVENLY GOAL
to find, for MORTAL LIFE 'tis short and
comes but once!

Take heed, TIME IS LIFE'S JEWEL!
MARK WELL, THIS IS THE WAY.

Thus the NEW YEAR OF LIFE has now commenced, and the awakened soul being revived with a love of knowledge deep and true, Which was written of by *MOSA, HIM OF THE WHITENED HAND and TONGUE THAT WAS SLOW OF SPEECH.

Under the TREE of LIFE whose roots in the lives of all are planted deep.

This is the SAVIOR OF WELL-BEING in which all EXISTENCE RESTS AND BREATHES.

*The White Hand of Moses does not here signify leprosy, but the white hand of truth, honesty and friendship. It was an expression of the times, the same as we use the expression "the red hand of murder" or "he is the whitest man of his tribe." It did not signify the color of his skin then, any more than it does now, but simply a moral qualification. Thus the white hand of Moses (or wisdom) was described by the ancient Hebrews as "One who was slow of speech;" and though apparently it may take longer to express itself than untruth or dishonesty in the realm of mental evolution, yet in the end its victory is complete.

The night indeed has passed away, and with it gone that CAUSE OF ALL DECAY.

†The King of Splendor holding the Seven Orbited Cup of Wisdom to the earth,

Through which the Powers of Divination came to their birth in man, commanding all life's powers control though living here in clay,

For none but the Wise this POWER DIVINE!
Nor none may of its commencement know, or of its end,

Till they the answer for themselves have wrung.

*Where gushes the RUBY of the VINE, which in the Garden of Mortal Memory has stored many a past recollection,

Which when watered by past experiences brings forth WELL RIPENED FRUIT.

†The King of Splendor here represents the transcending of the Supreme Intelligence into the realm of intellect or the objective world.

*Or the fountain head from whence flow the life forces.

*The soul of man the LIPS OF THE BE-
LOVED, in that high inspiring voice with
which that INNER MAN doth speak,
Cries, LIVE! LIVE! LIVE! an active ruddy
life; the Nightingale, that Bird of night,
Calls to the Beauteous Rose that blooms by day,
to bring life's color to her shallow cheek.
So doth this Voice Divine bid us, to turn to
Wine the waters of doubt and cold despair.
Thus the DEEP from out of the DEEP doth
call, in a voice of thunder, HEAR ye all!!
MAN IS BORN TO LIVE.

*The soul of man is here called the LIPS of God,
through which the Spiritual Voice speaks in a differ-
ent tone, or a high, inspiring sound.

***Then take this CUP and with the FIRE of RESOLUTION fill, lay now aside forevermore those garments of FEAR and INDOLENCE:**

**The time on earth is far too short to waste on self upbraidings;
Nor stand ye shivering on the banks of repentance, but seek ye deliverance from within,
And the BIRD of LIFE has TAKEN WING.**

***The cup here denotes the earthly life, which must be filled with resolution to succeed.**

*Whether one in order or confusion lives, or whether one on the sweets of this life eats which in the next the bitter do become,

†Or those who on the bitter live which in the next the sweet become; the LAW OF COMPENSATION surely straightens out.

The WINE of LIFE is KNOWLEDGE GAINED, upon which Justice can lay no claims.

The LEAVES of LIFE are USELESS WORKS for which Justice decrees that RIGHTEOUS ONES MUST BE PERFORMED TO BALANCE LIFE'S ACCOUNT.

*The sweets of this life refers to the worldly pleasure, the sensuous enjoyments, which retard our spiritual progress here and for which we suffer in the next if we become a slave to them in this life.

†The bitter here refers to the virtuous, strenuous life, the life of physical denying, renouncing the so-called pleasures, and seeking to conquer our animal qualities.

Each month a thousand new thoughts bring but
of the thoughts of yesterday which brought
the *Summer Bearing Rose to view,
On which the King of Splendor sits and rules
all reverence be.

OH, THOU OF PRISTINE PURITY, MAS-
TER AND DREAD JUDGE OF ALL
THAT BREATHE,
WHO ART THE LIGHT WITHIN THE
LIGHT, AND WHO OF NO DISTINC-
TIONS KNOWS.

*The Rose is here used as an interrogation point,
meaning to ask the question, where springs forth the
spirit of regeneration where with a man from evil is
reclaimed?

Rest well content; what matters it to you,
 whether the dead do live? for the live do
 surely die.

Let argument and praise thunder as they will,
 and though the loud voice of orthodoxy bids
 you to the FEAST of DREAD, FEAR and
 ARROGANCE, take thou no heed.

All life and death are but transcending states,
 all is LIFE and all is DEATH to those who
 know where DEATH IS DEAD.

*Thus learn of sleep its opposite awake, from
 sorrow learn of joy, for between these PAR-
 ALLELS doth that STREAM most surely
 flow,

Which is bereft of NAME, of FORM, of
 LIFE, of DEATH!

It is THAT which we know as THE INFIN-
 ITE, from whence comes all, and to where
 again all go.

*Death is not found in the state of Infinitude, thus
 death ceases to be when the Infinite is reached.

Thus between the lines of love and hate, of
pure, impure, modesty, unchaste, lust of days
and lust of fame,

That RIVER of CONTENTMENT smoothly
flows.

The name of slave and monarch cease to be,
PEACE IS THE NAME OF ALL IN
THE INFINITE UNITY.

Profitable recollections beneath the shade of
time, with a *jug of wine, a loaf of bread,
and thou, oh memory, well stored with SA-
CRED LORE,
What wilderness of life doth not a paradise be-
come?

*The jug of wine here denotes the life of oppor-
tunities, the loaf of bread experience, with which we
of wisdom learn and thus memory perfect.

Sigh not in vain for what can never be, the
glories of the morn depart as wanes the day.
So with each succeeding race to come the Chris-
tian Heaven or the Heathen Hell will but live
in the dead words of memory.

Every generation a higher conception grasps of
Creation's Laws the CAUSE DIVINE of
LIFE.

So take the real no matter what 'tis styled,
whether GOD, JEHOVAH, CHRIST, or
BUDDHA, DJAINA, BRAHM.

It is the same the sages say though called by
various names, and those who stand that
PATH to bar,

Which unto that TEMPLE of SUPREME
PEACE leads, are but the wanton enemies of
GOD and likewise MAN.

Look round and note what in all nature sighs of self:

Willingly she yields the bounty of her love,
Spring unto Summer, Summer to Autumn
pledged;

Winter that Chariot of Sorrow to the Steeds of
the Spring is yoked fast.

Live as it were in this sorrow for from its con-
quest comes the reward! for what ended last
night in tempest will with the dawn become
calm.

What self in sorrow doth sigh for, would surely
if gratified sting, for real prayer cannot be of-
fered, till the *HEART FROM DESIRE
HAS BEEN FREED.

Hold thyself as the rose doth its petals, which
when its bloomed ready to shed,

Cast its treasures of beauty and perfume, into
this GARDEN called EARTH.

*Selfishness stands in the way of spiritual suppli-
cation; the prayers for the things which in them-
selves are forever changing cannot be profitable to any
one, but the prayers which spring from the soul for
its emancipation are the prayers which count.

**Learn then in life from uselessness and use, and
cast not aside OPPORTUNITY YOUTH'S
GOLDEN CROWN.**

**For they who shun such moments like to the
desert wastes become, which must be dug and
watered again and yet again,
Before the grain will start and bring forth well
nourished fruit.**

Vain are the worldly desires upon which men
set their hearts : like a fool who in a mirror
looks and wisdom there perceives,
So do the desires of men deceive them, for all
CREATED THINGS do surely perish.
And though the like may prosper for awhile,
there comes unerringly the fate to all struc-
tures that upon the sands are built !
They out of sight for aye do pass away.

Think not this life of joy and woe is the only
life there is to know?

It is but here our earthly task, which when com-
pleted, fades from view, when its destined
hour arrives,

**INTO THAT PEACE WHICH FOR ETER-
NITY ENDURES.**

*The Courts wherein the KING of SPLENDOR holds full sway, betwixt the EAGLE and the BULL, and where the LION and MAN doth play,
 HE there doth glory and drink deep each day at noon, then falling from HIS throne is speeded to HIS doom.
 This is the SPARKLING WINE of which all on earth may drink, that brings the harvests to the barns,
 And is that GREAT CAUSE OF LIFE which none may turn, nor its harmony destroy.

*The Courts here represent the heavens, the King of Splendor the Sun in the month of June when at twelve high noon the Sun is then in 15 degrees of Cancer, when the signs of Taurus, Leo, Scorpio and Aquarius which form the signs of the Equinox are at the feet as it were of the King.

What puts value on some deed, some thought,
some fondly cherished memory of a friend or
future hope?

Answer thou who value gives and takes,
WORK! LOVE! GRIEF! and PAIN.

Work gives the value to deeds done and un-
done, love adds her charm like the twilight
the sun,

Grief brings us fear that subtle mental pain,
which binds to earth, till **DEATH THE
KNOT UNTIES.**

Ah, this *REVIVING HERB that's called the
FUTURE STATE, upon its lovely lips hang
the DEW OF HOLIER THINGS.
Thine is the †RUBY which is set in VIRGIN
GOLD, and those who know that FOUN-
TAIN HEAD from whence streams forth
that LIGHT DIVINE,
Have stood FACE TO FACE WITH GOD,
and from the BONDS OF DEATH ARE
FREE.

*The Reviving Herb stands here for immortality.

†The Ruby here represents the sum total of life's
experience, which is set in Virgin Gold or the ring of
eternity.

Thus break from this wheel of strife and stress,
with all its sorrows, fleeting joys and chilling
fears;

Thy *arrow having plucked from out thy flesh!
With pain and grief no more and sorrows
ended,

To-morrow, what? †Thou with thy past totali-
ties shall be joined again.

*Pride, Anger, Fear, and Greed, which are the
parents of all ills.

†The unity with your past existences for life be-
longs to all times and to all planes.

That which is *FINITE is revealed, that which
is INFINITE is concealed, this pair the part
of Father and of Mother play, till time their
purpose doth make plain.

What to our senses seemed so fair, that which
our minds so oft aside has cast ;

That which in void and emptiness lay hidden
has the FAIREST of the FAIR become,
when freed from PRISON.

*The Finite is the objective or revealed, the Infinite
is the subjective or concealed.

That which was the DARKNESS in the
DARKNESS hidden, that which was JOY
enrobed in SORROW'S somber garb,
We who make merry in this hostlery of life, re-
turn the robe of earth to HIM, who will an-
other body make, for thy soul to upward take,
upon its homeward way.

The only thing of profit here to take is the
GOOD from all things, which causes hurt to
none.

Those who otherwise partake the LAW pro-
nounces invalidate, which like the dust must
to the dust descend.

Yet in that dust the GOLDEN GERM is found,
which like a thought, a seed brought forth
that ripened fruit may bear.

So comes forth again the BREATH, the
BIRTH, the LIVING, and the END.

Look not to the morrow to solve thy doubts, nor
question oracles for good or better days,
As naught from the SILENCE SPEAKS but
THOU, OH VOICE DIVINE, the
DWELLER of the HEART, who bids all
good works perform.

No day on earth is better than the rest, each day
is what you make it, neither more nor less.

They who deliverance seek beyond the clouds,
and they who look for rewards for good
works done, both here themselves deceive.

REWARDS my friends are neither THEN nor
THERE, REWARDS ARE SENT TO
THOSE RIGHT HERE, WHO MAKE
NO CLAIM ON MERIT WON.

Neither the sages of the past, nor those yet forth
to come, or what the books have said though
of Holy Men inspired.

To us HE only doth reveal HIMSELF in
WORKS, in ACTS, in DEEDS done and
undone, and by no other way may we hope to
KNOW or SEE HIM.

It is but the foolish who cry forth I SAVE!
I SAVE! For unto the smallest insect, not
again can they impart that BREATH DI-
VINE when it has onward fled.

Such claims as these, which some lips here do
make, by WISER LORE are closed AT
LAST.

Why then consult the Doctor or the Saint, they both from the same place came, and both to the same place went.

If for the confirmation of the FUTURE LIFE ye seek, look to the Universe and know that the same GREAT CAUSE that cast its mould gave you your birth of clay.

THINK! KNOW THOU! THAT THOU AND IT ART PART AND PART, OF WHICH BEGINNING SAW NO DAWN, NOR EVE NO ENDING.

The same doth regulate the hours, the days, the weeks, the years, the INFINITE TIME SPACE, and likewise thine.

This then is the Law of Fate and how of the way of Freedom all may learn, who freedom seek.

Know thou that THOUGHTS MATURE INTO DEEDS AND ACTS! AND ALL SEEDS SOWN IN THE FLESH SHALL RIPEN WITH THY YEARS.

This life is but the harvest of what you've sown before; sift out the tares before thou cast THE GRAIN FOR FUTURE YEARS.

Out of the ENDLESS came I here! Into the
ENDLESS will I once more flow;
Out of it again in trust I come! Better for the
TRIALS OF DUST BELOW.

Ushered into being by an ENDLESS UN-
SPENT CAUSE which moveth unto good,
and by all on earth adored.

Whence and where I went, only in deep rever-
ence these words were spoke,

Oh Cup, from whence the very Gods have
drank, *EXPERIENCE is thy name, Oh let
me freely drink from THEE, THOU
SLAYER OF MY FOES.

*Experience is the only teacher, and thus becomes
our liberator from the bonds of selfishness and greed,
the parents of crime and ignorance.

What is it but madness to compare yesterday's sorrows with to-day's despairs, or to-morrow's triumphs;

For they but lend the means to quicken our perceptions of whence we came here, why, and where we go.

Drink thou of Life's Ruby Wine, and to those who dare for more to ask within themselves the answer will be found!

DRINK DEEP!! THIS IS ENOUGH.

*What if the sun of the Moon should question why? What if the Stars of the world should ask, where did you die, for what, when and why?

Friends, deep in the hearts of all a Voice exclaims, cease why, what, whence, where, the solution is not thus found.

Dismiss the I, dismiss the You; with you and I dismissed, the Universe is THOU, in which is found neither what, why, whence, where, nor how.

*The moral to this paragraph is simply waste not your time in questioning, but act, and thus through action the knowledge you will gain.

Then waste not thy life in the letter of dispute,
argument is death to the voicing of the Truth.
Religion debate with none! For it but only
tends to widen out the breach and thus defeat
the ends.

Let thy acts declare the life within, happiness
doth express the soul that dwells therein.

Whilst SADNESS that BITTER FRUIT
which some have here maintained, as the
VINE from which all LIFE its being had,

Ah friends, this is an error sad indeed, for
HAPPINESS WAS THE GRAPE from
which the WINE OF LIFE WAS
PRESSED, NOT SORROW'S PRICKLY
PEARS.

From those FAIR POINTS the *FIVE
GREAT TRUTHS, by which we're
RAISED by MASTER HANDS,
Their SECRETS then within the MAN are
placed, GUARD WELL! For once RE-
VEALED NO MORE CAN THEY BE
HID!!!!

Thus born of the FIRE the CAUSE of LIFE
SUPREME, in earth your soul was cast, in
AIR thy thoughts took wing.

And from the BROODING WATERS,
KNOWLEDGE took shape and came, as the
means of man's DELIVERANCE from
BIRTH and from the GRAVE.

This TRIPLE KNOWLEDGE has been told
how EARTH the BODY is, and FIRE the
Soul, AIR is LIFE'S THOUGHTS, and the
WATERS the SACRED LORE CON-
TAIN.

EARTH is the INFANT, FIRE is the
YOUTH, the WATERS ENLIGHTENED
MANHOOD, and AIR the CARRIER to
the GREAT UNKNOWN BEYOND THE
GRAVE.

Of which DEATH IS BUT THE MESSEN-
GER, NOT THE STING, and the GRAVE
but the SEPARATION OF LIFE'S ELE-
MENTS AND HENCE THE VICTORY
OF ALL LIVING THINGS.

*Here refers to our intellectual senses, or Intuition,
Perception, Retention, Imagination and Analization,
which raise us from our lower or physical conditions,
and exalt us into our spiritual or higher nature.

Thus in the earth thy roots of life are struck,
and from thy mother receives their nourishment.

Quickened into BEING by that CAUSE DIVINE TO BE! Who hands to thee the clay
*to mould, Oh FRIEND, to mould.

*All beings are created equal, and each for himself must individualize their work or actions.

And this all here may know, how came the
FIRST GREAT LIGHT to earth, that
KINDLER of LOVE'S FLAME, that
CONSUMER of earthly hate.

When thou hast received one ray of this IM-
PERISHABLE LIGHT then thou art
saved, *THOUGH THY TEMPLE IS DE-
STROYED.

*When we can perceive that through our conven-
tionalities and self formed opinions we delay our spir-
itual progress through limitations, we then embrace
the inclusive and forego the exclusive, thus chang-
ing our manner of living and entering the path that
unto freedom leads.

Up to the ETERNALS cast thy weary eyes,
earth is not thy home, no more than heavenly
skies.

Question those Heavenly *Symbols of MARS
the GOD of WAR, of JUPITER BENEV-
OLENCE, MERCURY of LORE, VENUS
of LIFE'S PLEASURES,

SATURN of OLD AGE, ask, URANUS of
what is HIDDEN, the MOON of BRING-
ING FORTH, and the SUN of LIFE'S FE-
CUNDITY, and each will in turn declare
that they like thee are DEPENDANTS,

Upon that ONE GREAT CAUSE to share, the
knowledge of their being, which all may read
WHO DARE.

*The planets, signs and constellations symbolized
to the ancients the universal creative energies, their
powers and equivalents.

Here then is the KEY, thy WILL that DOOR
UNLOCKS, thy FUTURE FAITH must
be the KNOWLEDGE of THYSELF.
Shirk not this task, for in it ye will find the way
in which to solve, that the *UNIVERSE
IS I!!

*Through the analyzing of our natures we learn
that we are as it were a miniature of the universe and
that we are potentially its equal.

Earth, Fire, Air, Water, Ether, the elements
that compose the sum of all that under heaven
blows,

And if ye then should ask, how they their birth
received, or from whence they came, or of
what consist, or where they go, and of their
final destiny?

**THIS WILL ALL AGES ANSWER! HE
ONLY KNOWS! HE ONLY KNOWS!**

The Heavenly signs are but the SYMBOLS of that BOOK, whose chemistry the secrets of Birth doth here make plain.

Thus written in characters eternal, where none can erase one word of those recorded histories of MÈN, of THINGS, of WORLDS: From oft its open pages bound in HEAVEN'S ETERNAL BLUE.

Here then is the VEIL, the LAMP, the VOICE WITHIN; learn thou to be LORD and MASTER, PROPHET, PRIEST and KING.

Thy BIRTHRIGHT here now enter, and know ye the LAW OF LAWS, the WISE MAN RULES, THE FOOL DOTH TREAD WHERE ANGELS FEAR TO GO.

Thus from the Law of Life and Death we learn,
and why with hate and strife this earthly urn
doth burn.

Yet a Voice from out of the DEPTHS doth
SPEAK: "MURMUR NOT! Make ye
the best of life,

Waste not thy OPPORTUNITIES! For
when once ye have onward passed, to CLAY
YE NEVER SHALL RETURN."

This is the way of Happiness and how to live free from vain regrets :

Whatsoever thy mind findeth to think, think ye only of such things, that ye will never have the same to here unthink.

Whatsoever thy hands findeth to do, do only such things that ye will never have the same to here undo.

That which ye give seek never to reclaim, nor profit seek from friendship, nor of the STRANGER within thy gates, except what the LAW prescribes as lawful and just ;

This is an Old but a well proved Path, and
KISSES FROM SUCH LIPS AS THESE
NEVER BECOME DRY, NEITHER
PARCH THEY THE MOUTH OF THE
GIVER, OR THE GIVEN.

In passing through this Life of Clay, I came
across a Barren Waste of life, and enquiring
of a friend its name he merely answered
INSANE! INSANE!

And when I asked if here the Potter's hand had
not surely blundered, seeing so many mon-
strous shapes in clay called MAN,

He but answered nay, it is the same that made
the poison, and gave the antidote.

Ah, Friends and Foes, let us here unite, and
make war on this all consuming vice; don't
blame the Potter or his clay, we have but here
OURSELVES to BLAME.

Listen a moment whilst I quote from a book
 which no man wrote; it is quotations from
 our Mother Earth, so friends give ear, at-
 tend! attend!

“It is you who knead and mould not I, I’m but
 the plastic side of life, and THOU ART
 THE POTTER who doth spin this wheel of
 life continually.”

Thus, Oh Brothers and Sisters learn, who will
 while here give birth to child;

Seek ye to mould it Free from Fear, seek ye to
 mould it STRONG and firm; let not
 thoughts its mind pervert, mould it TRUE
 and free from CRIME;

MOULD IT FRIEND, OH MOTHER,
 MOULD, IN THAT LIKENESS GOD OF
 OLD, THOUGH THY NAME ON
 EARTH IS MAN, YET HIS SON MUST
 THOU BECOME, YET THOU ART HIS
 ONLY CHILD.

That which we mould again returns to earth,
and this is the lesson, friends, which the
Bright Ones unto thee have sent!

“The Beauteous Lily that neither toils nor spins
will to the earth return again.

Pure was its perfume and its life, pure its color,
snowy white; from its seed shall others come,
which will bloom, then fade and die.”

May we in such simple trust, hope again a lip to
touch, FAIRER MOTHER, FAIRER
CHILD, GOD AND MAN MAKE REC-
ONCILE.

Let not this Cup of Life contain that Bitter
Drug Remorse by name, neither Brother,
neither Friend let us cause a burning tear :
Since these tears again give back SALT FOR
SALT AND SMART FOR SMART.

Never let thy Salt Tears fall on this clay to
bring forth more.

Then drink not from this Cup of Pain, for here
is the secret of the Potter and his wheel—
Life is the clay with which the soul doth spin,
the Potter is the will by which the wheel is
turned.

The Pot so called the Mind, which doth the
thoughts contain, Experience is Life's Wheel
which ACTION TURNS! Do Good, it rec-
ompenses with PEACE and BLISS the
EVILS here performed with PAIN and
DEATH.

Thus do we learn the unwinding of life's en-
tangled skeins, of FEAR, of HATE and of
all THINGS UNLOVABLE.

Yet there's another RUBY WINE, which fresh from the vintage of this life is drawn into the CUP OF IMMORTALITY.

*It is in color RUBY RED, resurrected from the DEAD. Drink ye! Drink ye of this wine, the product of the VINE OF VINES. They who from this CUP do DRINK with ETERNAL BLISS do meet.

Born of the Perfumes of the Flowers, watered by these tears of ours, nourished by the trials of life, OUR CROWN OF THORNS OUR CROWN OF GLORY IS.

*The grapes must pass through the press to give up the wine; so must we through our earthly experiences give up the material before we can accept the spiritual.

So when Death's Angel doth us call, instead of
pains its joys we know :

THE FEARS AND STINGS OF DEATH
WERE MADE BY EARTHLY PRIESTS,
BUT NOT THE POTTER'S HAND.

This Dark Wine quaff and the Cup to earth re-
turn, for you that stream have crossed and
the further shore attained.

There's where thy soul its heavenly garb as-
sumes, of which this dust of earth is too gross
its frame to build.

This life is but the Pathway that unto FREE-
DOM LEADS, from pains and grievous sor-
rows, to where the soul is free.

To roam to worlds and spheres sublime and
gather there from off that VINE, those
ripened grapes for wine.

From limits then it's freed and towards its sun
it soars, and there in BLISS SUPREME
THAT SOUL IN GOD IS MERGED.

Thus the body is a tent wherein the soul a day
or two must dwell, when Death that life
again demands.
And that freed soul above must speed to some
new realm of thought unknown to it.
Would that all this simple truth did know, there
then would be no fear of the after life to
come.

Here then we learn that Law of FATE, as into
this world we're born from different planes
of life.

And here we all must tarry till this Earthly Life
has run, when turning down this earthen cup,
The fluid of the soul is poured into a vase of
finer ware.

Countless thousands have come and gone
through these SILENT GATES OF FATE,
Which but open once, then close till death, like
ripples playing on a wind swept lake.

Thus do we lift veil after veil before, thus do we
drop veil after veil behind;
Onward, ever onward, do all who're born pro-
gress, none from this wheel break free, none
can this law control.
Born of endless rounds, from sphere to sphere
we climb, through countless suns of systems,
through countless terms of years.
Systems of worlds we leave, whilst approach-
ing unknown suns, with colors of nameless
hues, which no tongue a name has found.
ON THOSE HEAVENS THE SUNSETS
REST, AND THE TINTS OF THE
MORNING SKIES.

Ah, questioning Friend, what is it you would know, from whence EXISTENCE comes, and how EXISTENCE stays?

This is the CROSS you'll carry, as long as you will cast the RUBY of the PRESENT in the DUST HEAP OF THE PAST.

It was not BORN, nor does IT EVER DIE; It from no place came, nor of anything was it; UNBORN, ETERNAL, EVERLASTING, DEATHLESS, IT WILL REMAIN, though all should PASS AWAY.

This is the SECRET that the Wise alone can solve, how EXISTENCE the thread does cut, which perhaps divides those FOUR, THE FINITE FROM THE INFINITE, AND THE FALSE FROM EVERY TRUE.

Could you right here this problem solve of
what is false and true, no more would heaven
yonder be, no more would erring thought
heaven's truths obscure,

For the false is here out-grown at last, then the
Finite Mind ceases to reflect the evils of the
past, which are forever lost in forgetfulness;
And only the Infinite Thoughts (which are
life's pearls) are then reflected in that Mind
Supreme.

So whilst in this home of clay we live, could we
for a moment grasp this CAUSE SU-
PREME in its entirety, which moveth all,
that life doth know, to GOOD, to BETTER,
then to BEST,

GOD then would there and here be known
alike, and of that PEACE SUPREME we
would stand on earth possessed.

So seek within this TREASURE HOUSE
OF CLAY, for the KEY you'll therein find,
which will unlock the Palace Gates and the
MYSTERIES it contains.

And seated there all pure and white that KING
OF KINGS who reigns supreme, and known
of all the hosts of heaven, as THOU, OH
SOUL, DIVINE.

A secret here I have to tell which I'll write between these lines, how one may find *the SERPENT COILED which is lodged in the HUMAN SPINE.

Deep in the BREATH of the SENSES his secret presence you'll find, running divided, united, its the BREATH OF LIFE DIVINE.

It brings to name and form all thought, and though these change and pass from sight, yet it here remains to bring that WISDOM OF THE GODS TO MEN.

*This means the seat of the sense functions.

Look to thy body there to find the Mystic Numbers it contains, the Coccy Four on which the Sacrum Five does rest, where spirit matter joins, and the TREE OF LIFE AGAIN PUTS FORTH.

Upon this NINE, though to FIVE this NINE returns, rests the DORSAL TWELVE, the Sacred Temples of those Mysteries from which the tribes of IS and RA were named.

In the Cervical Seven dwells supreme THOSE POWERS OF GOD ENTHRONED in man; these do contain the THREE IN ONE of which the ages have all sung, about that TRINITY SUBLIME which moves the worlds to GOOD.

Now THREE in ONE, and FOUR plus FIVE, and TWELVE plus SEVEN, and you've found those MARKS THIRTY AND TWO OF PERFECT BIRTH.

There is a LINE that all may find, stretched
from the utmost heavens (or maybe far be-
yond) that towards the earth comes unerr-
ingly,

Which has by all the Sages here been called
"THE PLUMB LINE OF THE UNI-
VERSE," adored and revered by all the
WISE.

And where this LINE the EARTH does
GREET the LEVEL FORMS on which all
MEET,

There that SETTING SUN YOU WILL
THEN FACE, AND LIFE'S FATAL
SQUARE will upon THEE FALL NO
MORE.

Being thus FREE, and ACCEPTED of the
GODS, RAISED by the MASTER'S
HANDS, EXALTED from the DEAD, to
GREET again, and yet again, THY
BRETHREN.

Brothers, tell them who have the rule forgot,
how time is measured dot by dot; how the
MASTER from the EAST must RISE and
in splendor sit upon the noonday's skies.

How at HIGH TWELVE upon that ARCH
DIVINE HE SITS, and the QUARTERS
of the world doth there survey each noon.

And upon that *TRESTLE-BOARD, which is watched and guarded by the FOUR REGENTS, HE the orders writes, for the MASTERS to transcribe.

Then that MYSTIC LINE HE crosses and hastens to HIS FALL, and thus are the days all reached, in which HE and all HIS FELLOW-CRAFT REPOSE MUST SEEK.

None can here deny that this forms not a perfect day, for it has been TRIED and PROVED by that UNERRING LINE.

NO YESTERDAY, NO TO-MORROW, ALL IS ENDLESS DAY ENWRAPPED IN ENDLESS NIGHT, IN WHICH ALL SLEEP, IN WHICH ALL WAKE, BOTH HERE AND THERE.

*These Jewels of Masonic Lore must appeal to all true readers of the TRESTLE-BOARD. May they hear the fraternal voice of the past, which is now speaking through the lips of the present, and seek that reward which alone can come when the earthly lodge is closed and the heavenly is declared open for work to all who have been found worthy and qualified.

Thus in the hands of mortals are placed the
TOOLS to BUILD, the PLUMB the GUID-
ING LINE, 'twixt HEAVEN and the
TOMB.

The SQUARE most blessed of all KNOWN
TOOLS for its multiple reveals THAT
GLORIOUS CROSS from which the WISE
their LORE OF LIFE HAVE GAINED.

And though it's hidden FOURFOLD DEEP
its ROOT can be obtained, which will the
CUBE-STONE form again, OH MYST-
ERY SUBLIME.

Born thus of the EARTH, by AIR, by FIRE
and WATER TRIED, NAILED to the
CROSS the PROOF OF LIFE TO FIND.

Ushered in the EAST the WAY of BIRTH
for ALL, in the SOUTH is MANHOOD
reached, in the WEST where ALL must
FALL, it is the PLACE OF DEATH of
which we all must taste;

It is there that you MARK WELL, and the FA-
TAL SQUARE REVERSE, the NORTH
of DARKNESS KNOWS from whence ye
have come forth,

To take within thy hand THE BUILDER'S
MYSTIC TROWEL.

And having built my EARTHLY HOME, one day in its porch I sat, and coming through its shades and glooms was a FACE THAT FIXED ITSELF upon my memory.

It was my SOUL INVISIBLE that brought a MESSAGE DIVINE, which from EARTHLY FETTERS SAVED ME and in FREEDOM bade me RISE;

To those EFFULGENT SKIES OF SKIES, the FOUNTAIN HEADS FROM WHENCE DOTH FLOW THE WATERS OF ETERNITY.

And from a CHALICE wrought of GOLD the WINE OF IMMORTALITY WAS POURED and having drank of that wine so old, I returned the Cup, that was made from Gold.

*The Cup wrought out of gold here refers to our collective experiences.

And having quenched my thirst of years wherefore I asked of HIM, why are there so many who spend their lives in tears,

And waste their days in arguments over what is RIGHT or WRONG?

HE in these powerful words his answer gavel
"ALL MEN AND WOMEN WERE EQUAL
MADE! AND OF TEARS AND SORROWS
GAVE HE NONE TO MAN;
NONE CAN SUFFER EXCEPT THOSE
WHO SUFFERING CHOOSE."

Which sufferings being but DELIVERANT
PAINS OF BIRTH GIVE TO THE SOUL
ITS FREEDOM.

To my second question HE answered thus!
WHO DARES OF RIGHT OR WRONG TO
JUDGE, since the motive of a crime in ages
past has disappeared, and crimes that were
unknown to them are living here with you?

But to those who seek TRUE JUDGMENT
this is the way it's found!!

There is a Judge who never errs who sits in the
human heart, whose judgments are not heard
without, but in life's deeds it's PROVEN.

No human tongue can yet define, nor will it
here be given, that power on earth to understand
that INFINITE LAW OF HEAVEN.

HE gave to meet my needs through life these
beauteous words of praise!

**THOU MIGHTY PEACE, TRUTH
BREATHING LORD, OF ALL THE
HORDES OF DARKNESS AND OF
LIGHT ADORED.**

THOU subduer of fears and sorrows which this
earthly life infest, and **LEADER FORTH
TO THAT FUTURE REST BEYOND
THE GRAVE, WHERE DWELL THE
SAGES OF ALL THE PASTS.**

In that **NAME** thy refuge seek, take thou thy
refuge in its **LAW OF PEACE**, take thou its
hand of **FUTURE HOPE**, and rest thou in
its **LAW** which worketh unto **GOOD**, to
BETTER and to **BEST.**

Thus of the LOVE DIVINE was I heretaught!

***This life is the vine on which the grape doth grow, and fresh from its PRESS THE WINE OF LIFE DOTH FLOW.**

And there on the WASTE HEAP of sorrow lies the PULP OF WANTONNESS, from which the fool a strong and hurtful beverage brews, that

Works DESTRUCTION UNTO ALL WHO OF IT DRINK!

THEY WHO ARE CLEAN NEED NO STIMULANTS, EXCEPT THAT ONE CONTAINED WITHIN THE VINTAGE OF LIFE'S EXPERIENCE.

All other wines are rods of pain in which REMORSE IS FOUND in many garments DRESSED. BEWARE! BEWARE!!

Many men do question thus, Why was it put here if a curse? The swine the question here might put, Why must he eat what's on him thrust?

Present no more such reasoning pray for its answer is here given :

NONE BUT THE FOOL THE WINE OF EARTH DOTH QUAFF, NONE BUT THE WISE THE WINE OF LIFE DO DRAW.

***All that this life is, is the sum total of what the preceding one was.**

Here I am compelled to write about another form of vice; some endure it in its LEGAL, FORM whilst others are slaves to a NAME-LESS FORM;

Never Brother, never Friend, wreck thy lives on these shoals of shame, nor cast thy virtue in the dust.

NO TWO WRONGS WILL ONE RIGHT MAKE, NO HANDS IN PRAYER CAN A FOUL DEED CHANGE OR A VIRTUE MAKE.

Ah, this is the BITTER CUP OF LIFE and who-so-ever from it drinks into the dust descends. BEWARE! BEWARE!

The means that do the ends of life defeat are:
DRINK! FORNICATION and other UN-
LAWFUL ACTS committed by the FLESH,
GAMBLING and UNTRUTH.

No threats of HELL, no hope of HEAVEN,
can lift that cloud which here enshrouds a
DEFILED EARTHLY TEMPLE.

SUCH FLOWERS AS THESE FOREVER
DIE, USELESSNESS HAS NO PLACE
IN CREATION'S FERTILE FIELDS.

Oft has this WAY on earth been blazed, that all
the PATH might see and rightly follow.
Sages the *PATERAN have placed at every
cross-road.
And though so many have pushed those DARK-
ENED DOORS aside, NONE HAVE RE-
TURNED OF THAT WAY HERE TO
TELL!!
WHICH TO DISCOVER ALL FOR THEM-
SELVES MUST TREAD.

*Pateran means a leaf which travelers used to place at the crossroads to show the way to their followers.

Yet some may question the WISDOM OF THE
LAW, that FREE SALVATION grants
TO ALL ON EARTH WHO FALL.

Yet falling they must rise again, OH SLAYER
OF OUR FOES, RENUNCIATION IS
THY NAME!!

With THEE we fight the hordes of PAIN, and
PASSION SLAY, and thus destroy the
CAUSE OF ALL OUR ILLS.

EACH HIS OWN SALVATION WINS!
EACH ALL EARTHLY SIN MUST
HERE RENOUNCE! THUS HAVE
THE WISE ALL TAUGHT.

Let us call HIM THE ALL, MERCIFUL, for
HE the Path doth LIGHT, so man from
MORTAL, DARKNESS may be lead into
the RIGHT.

Hear ye then this simple, yet most ancient of
the truths, how man can gain the knowledge
of the life beyond the tomb.

“CONTROL THYSELF, and with thy senses
send thy soul unto its elements, there to wring
out the SECRET of its BIRTH and END.”

And the gentle voice of the SILENCE, whis-
pers soft and low, and bids me, reader, write
you the answer here below !

I MYSELF AM HEAVEN, I MYSELF AM
HELL, I AM THE CAUSE CREATIVE,
I AM THE WAY, THE END.

This then is a vision of heaven that FUL-
FILLER OF ALL DESIRES, and this is
the shade of GEHENA the sorrows that life
here acquired.

Cast boldly thyself on this ocean, FEAR NOT
THOUGH THE CURRENT IS STRONG,
thy body's the Boat, thy WILL the HELM,
thy LIFE the SAILS doth fill.

And serenely sitting, all composed, thy Soul
doth grasp the helm and steers thy Barque
through storms and stress, in safety past the
SHOALS of DEATH,

With its cargo that's consigned to HIM WHO
RULES THE WINDS! THE TIDES!
OH MASTER PILOT, HAIL TO THEE!
THOU GIVER OF ETERNITY.

Coming events their shadows cast, on this all
have agreed ;
In an endless procession that Mirror reflects the
ACTS, The Thoughts, The Deeds.
Oh, happy the man who has led a good life, who
fears not in that Mirror to gaze,
For he sees that VIRTUE REWARD HATH
WON, AND THAT THE WAGE OF SIN
IS DEATH.

Some of this life would have you believe that this FATE is no use to evade, as all EMBODY here again, and thus by the LAW OF BIRTH out run the ACTIONS of PAST LIVES!

Friends, you're reasoning in quicksands which in the end engulfs, last night no more returns to earth though followed by countless suns;

Neither the soul once FREED from CLAY to a body of clay RETURNS, nor doth the Spirit inhabit again this cast off matter of earth.

THIS IS THE LAW; OH MORTALS LEARN, ALL YE WHO LOVE THE TRUE.

This is the LAW of LIFE, written bold that all
may read aright and learn THE WAY OF
MASTERSHIP!
THOUGHTS ARE THE SHUTTLE OF
LIFE'S WORKS, EXPERIENCE THE
WARP, AND LIFE THE WOOF.
THE CLOTH THE DEEDS WHEN SPUN,
which when cut according to RIGHT MEAS-
UREMENT fit well, and the garment of ev-
ery soul becomes.
REASON MEASURES ALL! AND WIS-
DOM GUIDES, and thus are the garments
of life both small and great by a strict meas-
urement made, wherein that law declares.
THOU THYSELF THE LAW OF LIFE
DOTH RULE; LIFE! THOU ART
RULED BY ALL THE WISE;
HE WHO THUS DOTH KNOW, KNOWS
ALL IN LIFE TO BE, AS THE FUTURE
LIFE'S DETERMINED BY THE PRES-
ENT ONE WE LEAD.

There is a GARDEN of which the Wise have told, with a RIVER that FLOWS through-out, which when divided has FOUR HEADS. Oh Students, find this out.

There is a "WORD" the Wise declare though "LOST" its yours to find, that would unite these FOUR again; of this there is no doubt. It is FOUR-FOLD when opened out and the CROSS it doth bring to view; your life's engraved upon its "SQUARE," of which no erasion can be made nor "THY MARK" efaced carved there.

*This paragraph refers to the center of creation or the garden of Iram. The River means the flow of vital energy, which, when it meets with its points of resistance or the earth, forms a pyramid of light. Each side of this mythical pyramid were named after the four great sciences in the following order: Astronomy, Mathematics, Psychology and Metaphysics, which all emanated from God and which again to him return.

This inverted bowl that we call the sky is that GARDEN we've been told; the FOUR HEADS there have thus been named the LION, the MAN, the BULL, the BIRD:

Within these names four more are found, SOUL, SPIRIT, MIND and BODY, and yet again four more you have, BIRTH, YOUTH, MANHOOD, AGE.

When added TWELVE all told they make, and the names of the TRIBES reveal, from which all things their being take, and yet there are four to spare;

REPTILES, BEASTS, and BIRDS of song, with FISH of various kinds, when added go to make the MAN, OF SIXTEEN PARTS ALL TOLD.

*This paragraph gives the symbolic names for the divine qualities that are to be found in man.

Who then doth hold this **SECRET** of the
WAY, which from this **CARNEL HOUSE**
of clay to **FREEDOM** makes?

Or are we like the ever changing sea, **IMPO-**
TENT to change its currents or the winds?

It is only a sluggard who doth question the rea-
son of his birth; the **Brave** like soaring eagles
rise high above the earth,

They but know the **PATH** of **DUTY**, its **GOL-**
DEN WAY they tread, where trod the **AN-**
CIENT FATHERS Who desolved this life
of earth.

Thus look not on **HIGH** the **GOOD TO FIND**,
nor search for it **BELOW**; **GOOD IS THE**
WHOLE, AND **DEATH BUT LIFTS**
THE SCENES AS THEY UNFOLD.

This world no more endures than THEE, or
ME, only the MAKER, for 'twas HE who
loosed its soul and thine to learn,
From whence came all, to where all go, the
destiny, the end.

And should'st thou not learn from whence all
pain doth spring, as ripples follow ripples so
doth pain ever follow pain.

Till FREED FROM SENSUOUS YEARN-
INGS, THY HEART TO GOD RE-
TURNS, THIS IS THE FINAL CON-
QUEST, THIS IS THE FINAL END.

And thus the man was made and placed in this
GARDEN OF IRAM fair, with his soul
to comfort and give cheer, till DEATH
makes free again.

He in this INVERTED BOWL is poured, and
there must remain, 'tis said, till dust to dust
returns again, and that FREED SOUL, has
winged its way to where the DEATHLESS
DWELL.

He out of his earthly origin wrought his desire
of upward striving, for the Wise the RIGHT
do prefer to the SWEET,
Whilst the Foolish the SWEETS do prefer to
the RIGHT, and thus they're bound to this
WHEEL of PAIN till they the KNOT untie
again,
Which is the END AND THE BEGINNING
OF THINGS.

Now in this GARDEN a SERPENT was placed and a man from the hand of a woman did taste,

Not the WOMAN of this CLAY nor any FRUIT of earthly NAME, but EXPERIENCE wrung from life and handed down from birth to birth.

GOD HAS JOINED THESE TWO IN ONE,
WEDDED HERE FOR LIFE TO COME,
EVER FAITHFUL! EVER GOOD!
THEY MAY HERE BE UNDERSTOOD.

*He ate of the GOOD and the EVIL, OF
FRUITS from the hand of the woman who
dwelt by his side,
And after he'd tasted he stood face to face with
the laws he had taken in vain.
The bitter thus changed the sweet did become,
HATE changed to LOVE, and sorrow to
joy, strife had ceased, and peace had come.
When he had thus conquered lust, he had also
conquered thirst; that man from pain does
free become, WHO THE BATTLE WINS,
THAT CONQUERS SELF.

*One must always taste of their thoughts, deeds or
actions, and whether they are sweet or sour that alone
depends upon our actions; and likewise our past
lives must forever stand beside us, like a loving wife
sharing our joys or sorrows, and comforting in the
time of need.

And if but for the asking all wisdom could be
thine, what value would'st thou place upon
things thus obtained?

**WORK MAKES THE VALUE! Values
CARES DO BRING! Cares bring forth
SORROW, DEATH'S COMPLAISANT
FRIEND.**

**Few from this womb are born that to MATUR-
ITY ARRIVE; it is here that all VALUES
END, AND IT IS HERE THAT THEY
ALL BEGIN.**

And under cover of departing day slunk hunger
stricken doubt away, and with its departure
came back once more the LIGHT OF REA-
SON and passed within my door.

Again strange shapes I did behold in clay, and
one came forth and licked my hand; it was a
DOG!

And of the Potter I did ask why was such a
faithful soul sunk so low at birth?

The Potter merely turned his wheel, and there
upon the further side of a beauteous vase I
beheld a wondrous design, executed with
great skill.

It was a Temple to the GREAT, and holding
one of its main supports was a DOG, and at
its base was carved these words in bold relief:
"PILLAR OF FAITHFULNESS TO MAN
I GAVE; DOG WAS THY NAME ON
EARTH, BUT FAITHFULNESS IN
HEAVEN."

Some of the shapes were large and small, and some were rough and some were smooth, and as the Potter turned the last I saw it was a MAN.

Out of the EARTH had he been wrought, by experience he was taught; out of the VOICELESS came he here, into the VOICELESS he will once more pass.

OH, THOU WONDROUS VESSEL,
THOU; LEARN TO KNOW THAT GOD
IS MAN.

Shaped as a man again a vase I saw ; it looked
so smooth, so bright and tinted with colors
rare,

All looked harmony without, a beauteous ves-
sel one would say, but to the Potter's know-
ing eye it was a FRAUD!

And taking a mallet in his hand he beat it back
to dust again.

And when I questioned why he had thus done,
he paused and answered : "It's not true."

This was the life of one on earth who never had
his second birth ; all things wished for had he
here, BOUND TO GREED! A SLAVE TO
FEAR!

Then the Potter a vase of modest ware did
show, but oh, how exquisite was it in com-
parison with the former ware.

The Potter answered : "THE SAME SOUL
DWELLS NOW HERE IN PEACE SU-
PREME."

THUS PASSED TO GREATER THINGS
THAT SOUL OF YORE.

Then a beautiful vase of a maid I saw, and by
it standing in the gloom and shade was another
of a man!

Both were covered deep in dust; it was a LESSON
THUNDERED BACK TO EARTH,
how both of them from LUST HAD DIED
and thus destroyed the purpose of their lives.

And on a column reaching high these words
burst forth in fiercest flame: THE CURSE
OF LIFE IS LUST OF SEX, AND THE
COMMITTING OF ACTS UNLAWFUL
AND UNFIT.

And in the corner of the Potter's shed stood a mighty vase, in shape a BULL, and this was written o'er its head :

PILLAR OF ENDURANCE cast in clay, thy name on earth is BULL; as a SIGN in the heaven I placed thee there that all on earth might read,

That when thou bathed in the Sun's bright rays the Spring Time has begun :

So let men with ENDURANCE meet the trials of earthly life, that they their Spring Time may begin and RIPEN BY THE FALL.

And some were crusted with old age, and some
were bright as from the Potter's hand they
came,

But neither YOUTH nor AGE could tell who
was the POT, the POTTER or the MOULD.
They only knew that ONE GREAT CAUSE
CREATED ALL!! And then again dis-
solved.

HE MADE THEM ALL! TO HIM AGAIN
THEY WENT! THIS WAS HIS SE-
CRET; search it out they said,

Then of the difference ye will know between the
POTTER, POT and THOU.

More strange, more fair, more beautiful designs
I saw of leaves, of bloom, of ferns, of flowers,
the choice of the choice.
And of such Wild Flowers their like I had never
seen before which from the tropics and tem-
perate zones of earth had come.
And others of color wondrous fair from the
depths of the ocean had come there,
To compare with the flowers of earth the rich-
ness of their marine birth.
All had been spun on the self same WHEEL, all
to the earth their lives will yield,
Except their beauty and perfume, which with
their SOULS TO HIM HAVE GONE.

All is thus spun by the POTTER on his WHEEL, in his shop the UNIVERSE, wherein he GRINDS, then KNEADS, then FIRES the LIVES of ALL, into shapes and things most lovable.

NAUGHT DOTTH HE WASTE IN ALL HIS WORKS, FOR WHAT HE MAKETH UNTO TO-DAY HE MAKETH UNTO ETERNITY.

Thus do all things speak of HIM in praise,
LORD OF ALL HEAVEN, CREATOR
and the GRAVE,
OF WHOM PRIESTS AND WARRIORS
BUT HIS DIET FORM, WITH DEATH
FOR SEASONING.

Thus the earth her welcome sings to the
WATER CARRIER SPRING, who with
his RAIN SKIN on his back calls to the
WINTER, BACK! BACK! BACK!

Then he gently pulls the strings and descend
those warming rains on the barren winter
fields; COMFORTER DIVINE IS HE.
THIS THEN IS THE HOLY SPIRIT
WHICH FROM HEAVEN UNTO MAN
IS GIVEN.

The VINE NEW LEAVES DOES NOW
PUT FORTH and the GRAPES though
sour at first SWEETEN WITH THE SUN.
So may we bring this life of ours to close, for
the GRAPES OF YOUTH will ripen with
the FROSTS of YEARS.

Then shrouded in the LEAVES WHICH
FROM THE TREE OF LIFE HAVE
BROKEN FORTH, IN THIS VINE-
YARD OF OUR LIVES WE'RE LAID
AWAY TO REST.

There facing the RISING SUN, THAT RE-
SPLENDENT MESSENGER OF HIM
WHO IS FOREVER NAMELESS,
WE'LL BRING TO AGE AGAIN A BET-
TER GRAPE FOR WINE.

Here is where our dust is mingled with the earth
that goes to nourish many unborn vines;
Think then of thy DEEDS, thy ACTS and
THOUGHTS in LIFE, for they the nutri-
tion form, with which the future vines are
fed.

Would that all dust could return to earth as
pure as when it first gave man this GAR-
MENT OF HIS SOUL.

THIS WOULD INDEED BE TRULY
GREAT!!!

HE who fashioned all so fair, **HE** who gave
that **GREAT COMMAND**, **HE** whose
LOVE IS INFINITE, **HE** whose
BREATH IS PEACE DIVINE,

Wilt thou Doubter here declare **WHO PER-
ISHES**, **WHEN** and **HOW**?

Each for himself this **NOBLE PATH** does
tread, each for himself the **CROWN** of **LIFE**
must **WIN**.

Unto thee, oh Doubter, hear! What **HE**
CREATED IN HIS LOVE SHALL NOT
BY WRATH BE HERE DESTROYED!
or **THERE!**

Let all men dwell in PEACE and FREEDOM
and bring forth those beauteous flowers that
they have learnt to cultivate.

Then thine will be a kingdom of blooms most
rare, wherein the WEEDS OF REMORSE
AND SHAME CAN NO HIDING FIND.

All will work towards that END DIVINE, to
ILLUMINATE NOT DESTROY THE
SPIRITUAL GARDENS OF MEN'S
MINDS.

Then will the VINES of LOVE, TRUTH,
PEACE and CHARITY flourish, and all
will be in HARMONY WITH GOD; THIS
IS OF THINGS THE END!!

In a Garden where such Vines do climb there
can no INFIDEL, be found!

AH, INFIDEL, THOU ART THE FRUIT
OF PRIESTLY ARROGANCE.

May peace be granted unto them who sought
thy mind to here enslave.

BEFORE GOD THERE IS NO INFIDEL,
NO PAGAN, NO HEATHEN; ALL ARE
CALLED FRIENDS.

NO MORE MAY THESE HARD NAMES
BE SPOKEN; THEY ARE UNLAWFUL
AND UNFIT, AND THEY THE LOVE
OF GOD DENY WHO UTTER THEM.

When these names are heard no more the ROSE
OF LOVE puts forth, and perpetual youth
doth greet the sons of every clime.

Upon the branches of the trees perch the *Eagle
with the Dove, and the †Tiger with the Lamb
at the River side make play.

This is a view of heaven that unto man de-
scends; THE NIGHT INDEED HAS
PASSED, THE DAY LIGHT'S COME.

*The Eagle and the DOVE here describe the
forces of sympathy and antipathy which form a
duality within our natures, which when conquered
by love cease to be active, hence we become at peace
with all the world.

†The Tiger and the Lamb typify the physical and
the spiritual sides of our nature, which so long as they
are not absolutely controlled are at variance with our-
selves, till love vanquishes greed, selfishness and avar-
ice; then we learn that matter and spirit harmonize
when properly adjusted.

Every desert will then have its spring, and every man and woman will have found "THAT FREEDOM WAS THE GOAL FOR LIFE TO WIN,"

Making the best of what doth here befall, and to live in that PEACE which COMFORT BRINGS TO ALL,

Ah, thou Angel of Repose! Fan thou the brow
of those who suffer PAIN, and in their EAR
THAT MAGIC WORD IMPART,
That turns the FEAR OF DEATH into LIV-
ING THOUGHTS OF LOVE.
Bid all AWAKE and RISE, and for evermore
lay their ACHES and PAINS ASIDE,
For this end they were born, NOT SLAVES
FEARING TO LIVE, NOR LIVING,
AFRAID TO DIE.

And now my pen a few lines here doth write, in
praise of THEE, thou SOUL, DIVINE OF
LOVE.

THOU ART THE CONQUEROR OF THIS
SORROW PILE OF LIFE; THOU ART
THE SONG, THE SINGER, AND THE
DANCE.

Thou art the shade of all repose and peace;
better thy smile than a TRIUMPHANT
WREATH.

Better thy FRIENDSHIP THAN A MON-
ARCH'S WEALTH, STRONGER THY
HAND THAN ALL ARMED FORCE.

Fountain Divine, thou LIFE OF ALL, that's
born, THOU RUBY OF THE WINE, thou
PERFUME OF THE MORN.

FRIEND AND LIGHT OF THE WIN-
TERY PATH, THE DEW DROP'S
SPARKLE, and the FLAME THAT
BURNS.

COMFORTER DIVINE, THOU ART THE
WINE THAT CHEERS; MAY WE
EVER OF THY VINTAGE DRINK.

Once more the Moon has waned and fulfilled, and
with each wane and full many have come and
many have passed away.

Still many more shall come, and many more will
follow when SHE again IN G L O R Y
ROBES HERSELF.

Silently SHE comes, the same way SHE de-
parts; SHE brings to age the life of every
mortal.

And as the Night the Day removes so does SHE
the HUMAN GENERATIONS.

Ah, Earthly Home, my last clasp now I take, of
all thy pleasures and thy sorrows a fond fare-
well.

Oh, piteous and most fair, I've LOVED THEE
AS A LOVER, and for my Misdeeds let
none other suffer.

Forgive the sins that I've committed; what I to
others have done, may they in mercy pardon.
And as succeeding generations follow MAY
THEY BUT KNOW THEE AS THOU
ART.

FARE-WELL! FARE-WELL! OH, FATH-
ER! MOTHER! TEACHER! May this
my dust be mingled once again with thine,
And o'er my tomb let the Flurring Petals of
Autumn Blooms keep the Vigil Watch of
this my last of many sleeps:

The Murmuring Winds shall chant the
REQUIEM FOR THE SOUL THAT'S
DEAD TO EARTH,

And in thy gentle arms, oh Mother, YIELD I
UP THIS LIFE FOREVER!!

FARE-WELL! FARE-WELL!

THE END.

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