

POEMS
TO THE MASTER

BY
MARY C. A. BRIGHT

PUBLISHED BY
THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE
ADYAR, MADRAS, INDIA

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DEDICATED
TO THE
MASTERS OF THE WISDOM
FOR THE
SERVICE OF HUMANITY

INTRODUCTION

The authoress of these poems—Mrs. Mary C. A. Bright, a member of the Blavatsky Lodge of the Theosophical Society, Sydney, N. S. W.—has kindly asked me to pen a few words of introduction to this her first published book.

Poems are not yet very plentiful in Theosophical literature. The Theosophical Society was launched fifty years ago to promote knowledge of the occult side of things, because it was known to those who founded it that such knowledge would advance human brotherhood, and would in time lift mankind out of the existing welter of strife and poverty into a new life of happiness and prosperity.

Those founders were two of the Elder Brothers of humanity—Adepts of the Great White Brotherhood. Such Supermen are also called Masters, because they have become perfect, have completed their long series of human incarnations, have acquired all the knowledge and power possible in the human kingdom of life, and have united those with love for all mankind. They have entered the superhuman kingdom, and stand in their various grades, assisting the evolution of humanity and beckoning the worthy into their ranks.

Exalted members of Their Brotherhood have from time to time incarnated to teach mankind—and so great were They—as the Christ in Palestine, and the Buddha and Shri Krishna in India—that men have sometimes hailed Them as living Gods. In India disciples speak of the *Guru* or Spiritual Teacher as God; they mean that all that their imagination can clearly picture of high mental, moral and spiritual qualities—and more—are actual in the Teacher, whose glory is visible on the higher planes.

After fifty years the movement inspired by the Masters has spread in many ways. The effect of its knowledge has gone out into various lines of life—religion, both devotional and ceremonial, science, art and social service. In the field of poetry our authoress desires to give to the world the feeling which that knowledge has brought to her.

All the poems in this book are dedicated to the Masters. Our poetess has cared only to express her devotion in the most beautiful words she knows. Some like poetry mentally, for the subtle idea which it may cleverly convey—it is half the form and half the life that they love, these people of the fourth ray. But this book is mainly of the sixth ray; its object is simply to give expression to devotion to the Masters, that it may grow from more to more, and that in its depths the fire of intuition perchance may play. We wish well to her efforts.

ERNEST WOOD.

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The Poet dreams, and as he dreams

He sees the thing that only seems

To other men to be ;

Then in the face of his Ideal

He gazes, till he finds the Real—

So sought I, and found—Thee !

POEMS TO THE MASTER

THE POET'S DREAM

To realms of bliss, my soul, rise up,
And sit thou at the Master's feet,
And sip thou from the Master's Cup,
The Cup that holdeth Joy complete !

Fly through the Gates of Gold, my soul,
And look upon the Master's face ;
Of that thou findest, bring the whole,
That with my pen I may retrace

That which thou tellest, that my Art
May somewhat of the truth reveal ;
That I may teach some other heart
To feel the rapture that I feel !

Thou dost return ! What did'st thou find
Within that wondrous golden Bowl ?
What found'st thou in the Master's mind ?
Haste thee and tell me, O my soul !

.

The Master's face is fair, so fair,
His voice so sweet, it filleth me
With much desire that thou should'st share
In that divine Epiphany.

So tender, so serene, His eyes
Would put to shame the violet ;
And on His hair the glory lies
Like sunlight on a gilded fret.

His hands, sweet poet ? If thy mind
Could soar to where you eagle stands,
His long, strong wings, thou'dst surely find,
Would tell thee of the Master's hands !

His feet, His gentle Lotus-feet ?
 Symbols of Knowledge, Wisdom—rare
 Twin buds where Joy and Sorrow meet—
 Thou may'st lay all *thy* sorrow there !

Yet these are only outward signs
 Of that which hides within, for see
 His heart ! A thousand endless lines
 Of wondrous love and purity—

All drawing ever night and day,
 Thy heart to His, like golden strings,
 That thou may'st nearer come, and stay
 Where Harmony forever rings.

That thy sweet Lyre may ring with His,
 Three golden Notes—Love, Joy and Peace,
 Truth, Beauty, Good—and pour their bliss
 On all the world, and never cease.

Till from thy pen a mighty Theme,
 And from thy tongue an Anthem flows,
 That shall tell men how thou did'st dream,
 And what thy Dream did thee disclose.

Then strive each day to come more near,
 And strive to tune each golden string,
 That thou the Master's voice may'st hear,
 That thou may'st with the Master sing.

THE MASTER

That form so fair, that perfect face,
 That God-like look, that heav'nly grace,
 That Wisdom true, that Love divine,
 That Power supreme, may all be thine,
 If thou wilt bravely struggle on
 Till all that hinders thee is gone.

The Master stood where thou dost stand,
In some far-distant, long-lost land,
And vowed, as thou hast done, to seek,
And sought, and fell with strivings weak
As thou dost fall, but not too low
To rise again and onward go.

Life after life He straightly strode
With steady steps along the Road,
Nor cared for aught, could He but share
With men the Joy He gathered there.
Then toil thou on as ceaselessly,
And thou a Master too shalt be!

STAR GARDENS

Make thou a garden of thy heart
Where Christ may walk with thee.

Hang thou a lamp above the door
That He His way may see.

Within the fairest spot of all
Place thou a seat for Him,

A pathway straight make thou to it—
No darkened path nor dim,

But lighted all along with Love
And Peace, and Purity,

That He may come whene'er He will
And spend an hour with thee.

BAPTISM

Glory so wondrous hath never been seen!
Beauty so splendid! Remove Thou the screen
From my blind eyes once again, that the sight
Fill all my being with holy Delight!

Under the shadow of earth-life I sit,
 Yet are my heart-strings to Thee ever knit,
 Ever to Thee doth my golden Lyre ring,
 Splendour of Splendours! Humanity's King!

Mighty, all-mighty Thy Name, Lord of Love!
 Blazing with beauty, the stars up above
 Shine not so bright as Thou shinest, dear Lord,
 Strike Thou for me Thy great Seven-fold Chord!

Sound Thou the mystical Note, that I may
 Hear once again, hear by night and by day,
 Hear evermore the sweet, thunderous Song;
 Lord of true Beauty, Thou singest, so strong!

Lord of Compassion, Thou callest me home—
 Back to the Mountain of Pity, to roam
 Never again from Thy side, but to stand
 Singing with Thee in Thy great chosen Band!

Vision Ineffable! Harmony blest!
 Now let me pass to my place in the West!
 Sit in my seat, nevermore to go forth,
 Till I come with Thee to stand in the North!

TRANSFIGURATION

O Sun burn Thou ever,
 O Light die not down,
 But set on my singing
 Thy Symbol and Crown,
 That I may an Antiphon
 Joyous to Thee
 Forever upraise
 For Thy great Victory!

O Glory of Glories,
Stoop Thou from Thy throne,
Touch me with Thy sceptre,
Seal me for Thine own !
Unveil my blind eyes,
If it be Thy decree,
That seeing Thy Beauty
Like Thee I may be !

O measureless Rapture !
O fathomless Bliss !
Be not Thou removèd,
Thou heavenly Kiss !
O Vow, fail Thou never,
Unbend not, O Knee !
Rabboni ! Rabboni !
My Master ! 'Tis He !

O dear, blessed Vision,
O sweet golden Rod !
End Thou for me now,
Earthly life, for my God,
My Lord, and my Master,
Are One and yet Three,
Infinite—undying—
A Great Trinity !

.

O Unity endless !
Diversity fleet !
I kneel me in worship
Right down at Thy feet,
To serve Thee forever
Whose service is free,
Till Time is absorbed
In Eternity's Sea !

CRUCIFIXION

Men said that Thou upon a cross
Of agony wert hung ;
From Thy dear face great drops of sweat
By pain and grief were wrung ;
And from Thy brow great goutts of blood
Fell slowly, slowly down ;
Drip-drop, drip-drop upon the earth,
Drawn by Thy thorny Crown.

But I know better ! Thou wert glad
That thou wert hung up there.
I saw Thy face, and Thou did'st smile,
And say, " I do not care !
I have but joy in being slain
If I can only hear
Thee say thou lovest Me, My child,
For thou to Me art dear ! "

O, Thou did'st gaily wear Thy Crown ?
They offered it to Thee
And said 'twould hurt Thee ? " Yea, I laughed—
A Crown could not hurt Me !
It was a Crown of roses twined,
Crimson and white—such sweet
Emblems of Love and Purity—
And from it to My feet

" Some petals fell—men called them blood,
But look, and thou wilt see
There are no drops of blood, but flowers—
Roses, and all for thee.
If thou wilt kneel before My Cross
And gather up each leaf
That falleth there, thou too shalt have
Sweet balm for all thy grief.

“ He who can look upon My face
And see it wreathed in flowers,
And keep it always in his mind
To gladden all his hours
With brightest thoughts of holy Joy,
Of Peace, and Love divine,
Shall straightway gain the strength to wear
A Crown of thorns like Mine. ”

RESURRECTION

Out from the dark and gloom
Of His lone Prison,
Out from His earthly Tomb
The Lord is risen.
The wonder of that birth
But few can tell—
Its mystery, its worth ;
Yet all is well.

O Sacrament Divine !
Thou long in Prison
Did'st languish and repine,
Yet Thou art risen !
Thou hast revealed Thy face
To all Thine own—
To give them of Thy Grace
Stooped from Thy throne !

From Thine abundant store
To men in prison,
That Thou might'st give the more,
So hast Thou risen !
That none may feel or know
The slightest loss,
To succour those below
Hast left Thy Cross !

Till from the Gates of Death,
 From Life's great Prison
 We cry with our last breath,
 "The Lord is risen!"
 O Lover pure and true,
 Forgetting none,
 Help us, that we may do
 As Thou hast done!

ASCENSION

Thou hast gone up in glory
 Into the Courts of Heaven,
 And all the realms supernal
 With shouts of Joy are riven.
 The saints and martyrs bless Thee,
 The Angels praise Thy Name,
 Who art the Lord Triumphant
 O'er sin and pain and shame!

Thou hast gone up in glory
 And to the farthest height
 All things are filled with Beauty,
 With gladness and delight.
 The Dawn of Day is bright'ning,
 The shades of night are fled,
 For Thou, the Lord Triumphant,
 Hast risen from the dead!

Thou hast gone up in glory,
 Yet Thou wilt come again,
 The hosts of Hell to vanquish,
 O'er men to rule and reign.
 The WORD by wisdom sounded,
 The one undying BREATH
 Art Thou, the Lord Triumphant
 O'er Time and Life and Death!

Thou hast gone up in glory,
In Power and Majesty,
To reign as King forever
Throughout Eternity.
The one great Mediator
Till earth and heaven are one
Thou art, the Lord Triumphant,
Thou endless, burning Sun !

BENEDICTION

O Lord of Peace and Beauty,
Open in me Thine eyes,
That I may see each duty
That on my Pathway lies.

To come when Thou dost call me,
To stand at Thy "be still!"
To take what both befall me
As thy sweet, holy will.

Help me to so endear me
To men, with love like Thine,
That none may ever fear me,
Nor any act of mine.

Give me sin's full conviction
Within my inmost heart
Which Thy sweet Benediction
Forever doth impart.

Oft do I say I offer
All that I am to Thee,
Yet in a secret coffer
Keep hate and cruelty ;

Beneath a smiling cover
Hide wrath and bitterness,

Then ask Thee, the One Lover,
My offering to bless !

Yet Thou can'st give Thy blessing
Only when I can bring
The cares around me pressing,
The daily song I sing.

O do Thou with Thy gladness
My being fill each day,
Till all that makes for sadness
Is driven far away.

That I may truly serve Thee,
Nor from my serving cease
Till I for aye reserve Thee
A Sacrament of Peace...

THE MASTER'S LOVE

The Master's Love ? Ah, who can tell ?
Only the heart that loveth well
All things in heaven and earth below
The Master's Love can truly know.

He is at-one with all that lives.
Who, striving for at-onement, gives
The best he can to other men,
The Master's Love shall know again.

The Master's Love is pure and true,
And so that we His work may do
He fills us with a gentle glow
Which we may take where'er we go.

Then let us do as He has done,
Till all around us are at-one,

That when He comes from Heaven above
All men may know the Master's Love.

.

O Life, that holdest joy so great,
Can it be true that it is mine?
'Twas worth those years of wrath and hate
To know at last that Love divine.

THE LOVE-SONG OF MARY MAGDALENE

Long did I seek Thee, Lord of Love most dear,
 And ruin wrought
That I might find Thee! That Thou wert so near
 I never thought;
I sought for Thee in countries far and wide,
Knowing not Thou wert ever by my side!
I sought for Thee in foolishness and mirth;
 Steeped in dark sin
I sent my soul a-seeking through the earth
 The prize to win
Of Love, eternal Love, which through my mind
Forever ran, yet Thee I did not find!
I sought in human beauty Thee to know,
 Most loving Lord!
I staked my all upon one mighty throw,
 Yet did afford
Myself no pleasure, for I found not Thee,
Nor knew I Thou did'st ever seek for me!
Long did I seek, yea, many lives, I wis,
 Thy Light to find,
Yet never till sad Sorrow did me kiss
 Did seek to bind
My soul to Thine own soul—till cruel pain
And anguish sore brought me to Thee again!

Then gently did'st Thou smile, and gently chide,
 " Ah, Frail and Fair,
 Though thou so far did'st wander from My side
 In thy despair,
 Yet nought I feared, knowing some sunny noon
 Thou would'st return and take My proffered Boon! "

O wondrous Lover! Radiant Love! Divine
 Eternal Light!
 Thou to Thyself did'st draw me, and Thy Wine
 By Thy great Might
 From out Thy glowing heart on me did'st pour
 In rosy flood, and bid me thirst no more!

Now at Thy feet I hide me, with my tears
 Anointing them,
 Casting away my sorrow and my fears;
 The torrent stem
 Of passion, anguish, pride, and cleanse my soul
 In draughts of Wisdom from Thy mighty Bowl!

O Bowl of Gold! O mystic Wine of Life
 That cleanseth all;
 That falleth as a healing balm on strife,
 Forever fall
 Upon my soul, and brighten all my way,
 Till pain shall vanish in the Light of Day!

Dear Lord of Love, do Thou who knowest all
 The care and grief
 Which hide our souls from Thee, remove the pall
 And give relief.
 Bless all our efforts made for Thy dear sake
 And draw us all to Thee Thy Wine to take!

AMO—AMAS—AMAT

When clouds arise on the Perfect Way
Which He has laid down for me,
I ask the Master what He would say,
And what He would do, what be.

When talk, like an angry sea, runs high ;
When actions unkind are done ;
He says, " Be still till the storm goes by,
Loud talking can harm no one ! "

When hateful thoughts like a hot rain fall,
He shields me with gentle hands ;
I only need on His Name to call,
And there at my side He stands !

He folds me round with His two strong arms,
He holds me *so* close and warm,
And then from my heart the pain He charms
Which followed that mighty storm.

He tells how sorrow no Master knows,
Forever His tears must cease ;
The healing balm from His great heart flows
Till nothing I feel but peace.

Then over my head the White Fire plays,
The Fire from the Star above ;
And in the Light of those wondrous Rays
I learn what He means by Love !

GREATHEART

(TO C. W. L.)

I would that I to Thee might send
A gift this Christmas-tide,
Who art my dearest, truest Friend,
My Teacher and my Guide.

The darkest ways that any soul
On earth hath ever trod
Have all been mine, yet Thou the Goal
Hast shown to me—and God.

All that I am I owe to Thee,
The Joy that day and night
In dreams doth ever come to me
To fill me with delight.

No more I mourn in grief and pain,
No more in Sorrow's Bark
I seek to sail Life's Sea again,
For on the waters dark

I see the Light—far, far ahead—
One tiny, little gleam
That shineth star-like, and doth shed
Its glow on each sweet dream.

My heart is flowing o'er with songs,
My soul is filled with peace.
I would I could right all men's wrongs,
Cause all their pain to cease ;

I would that I the Love could give
That hideth in my breast,
That I could teach them how to live,
And where to find their rest.

.

Take Thou this wish I send to Thee :
"I wish that I may bring
Some other soul where he may see
Thy worth, and to Thee sing!"

THE BEAUTY OF THE MASTER

The beauty of the Master
No tongue could tell to thee ;
If thou would'st know His beauty,
Then thou thyself must be
As beautiful as *He* is,
Though in thy humble way,
By doing all thy work for Him
In beauty every day.

If thou would'st see the Master,
And see that radiant Light,
That softly-gleaming beauty
Now hidden from thy sight,
Then thou must search within thyself
And find the Golden Rose
That burneth in thy inmost heart,
Which doth thy soul enclose.

His beauty is a Fire divine,
A blazing glowing Sun,
The light of all the stars of heaven
If they could shine as one,
The brightness of the Lady-moon
That silvers all the sea,
The softness of the mountain snow,
Its spotless purity.

THE EXECUTION OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS

Open, that I Thy face may see,
The Portal of the Sanctuary ;
The Furnace where the living Flame
Abides that burns away all shame !

Hold wide the Doorway to Thy heart,
That I may come where Love doth start,

Bathe in that fiery Fountain clear,
And wash away all thought of fear !

Lay Thou Thy hand upon mine eyes,
That at Thy touch a Paradise
Upon my trembling sight shall break,
That none my faith may ever shake !

Once seeing Thee, I shall be blest,
For Joy and Hope and Truth and Rest
I shall find with Thee—such a store
I shall not fear nor tremble more.

THEE !

If I were deaf—had never heard the sound
Of song-bird, or the music of the lute,
I yet would know the voice
Which called to me, when in the deeps was drowned
My soul—my Muse was fled—my golden Lyre was
mute--

“Look up again ! Rejoice !”

If I had never smelt the smallest flower,
Knew not the scent of roses or of balm,
I still would know the scent
Which cometh from Thy presence, such a shower
Of sweetness falleth from Thee—like the charm
Of Love with Silence blent !

If I had never tasted bitter—sweet—
Knew not the flavour of bright, luscious fruits,
I still would know Thy taste ;
For the rich food Thou givest me, replete
With Joy, doth taste like sparkling wine, or roots
Of Lotus lilies chaste !

If I knew not the feel of having held
 A son within my arms through all my days,
 I still would know and feel
 True love, and loving, for 'twas Thou compelled
 Me near to Thee, that Thou my soul might'st raise
 To know the True, the Real!

If I had sightless eyes—had never seen
 Were that my portion and my daily lot,
 I still Thy face could see.
 If light and dark were one—had never been
 I still would know Thee, for in every spot
 Where Thou wert, I should be!

THE TREMENDOUS LOVER

Lord of Love, what are lovers to me,
 Now that Thou Thy dear face hast revealed?
 What are lovers? Nought, nought! There can be
 No lover like Thee, though concealed.

Though hidden, though never again
 I see Thee, yet once having seen—
 What are lovers, Lord? Nothing but pain
 They are, as they ever have been!

Thou art the One Lover my soul
 Hath longed for by day and by night,
 Hath sought in a terrible toll
 That covers my heart like a blight.

Yet now I have found Thee, Beloved!
 "Belovèd!" O sweet, mystic Name!
 Not again could I ever be moved
 By lovers of earth, though they came

In thousands, in hundreds, in scores,
 In battalions, in armies—not one

Could move me—the great golden Doors
 Have opened, I have seen the Sun,
 Have gazed on the face of my Lord,
 Have looked in the calm eyes of Peace,
 Have heard the great Seven-fold Chord;
 My spirit hath found its release!

AN INVOCATION TO THE DIVINE FLAME.

Glorious Spirit of cleansing and power,
 Give me, O give me Thy wonderful Dower!
 Goodness and Beauty and radiant Youth,
 Give me, O give me, sweet Spirit of Truth!

Teach me to still every thought that is wrong,
 Till all my thoughts in a grand Triumph Song
 Blend with Thine own in high heaven above,
 Spirit of Mystery, Lord of true Love!

Help me to silence each word, till Thy Light
 Shines through my speaking by day and by night;
 Till with Thy Beauty my being doth shine,
 Spirit of Joy, Holy Spirit divine!

May all my deeds be by Thee consecrate,
 Till I shall stand at the Beautiful Gate,
 Hear Thy sweet voice, Thy pure glory shall see,
 With Thee, sweet Spirit of Peace, ever be!

O make me spotless as Thee—every part—
 All that I am, all my life, all my heart
 Filled with Thy Brightness, Thou Trinity sweet,
 Good, True and Beautiful, One and Complete!

THE HOPE OF REWARD

When thou can'st say, "Thy will be done!"
 And though it be a poison cup,

Can'st drink until the set of sun,
Then thou with thy dear Lord shalt sup.

When thou can'st cry, "Give all—give more!"
Though it should be a heavy Cross,
And bear it till thy back be sore,
Then thou shalt never suffer loss.

When thou can'st lay thee down and die
Although the bed be hard and rough,
Then thou shalt hear, "Lo! It is I!"
Surely that were Reward enough?

THE INEFFABLE MYSTERY OF COMPASSION

Fair as the flowers at morn or dewey eve
Is He, my Master, and my soul doth long
To lose herself within His loving heart,
That she may listen ever to the song
Which He doth sing to her. "Not yet that goal
For thee, yet thou may'st taste that bliss, may'st **know**
His beauty and His glory; the annoy
And fret of life may'st soothe if thou wilt pass
Into the Peace each day, and sit thee down
And listen to the Voice which only speaks
Of holy things. More radiant than the Sun
In all its splendour is the Master. See!
Where'er He stands, and where He walks, His feet
Press the sweet flowers down. When He hath **passed**,
Then do they rise and sing a hymn of praise,
"Now hath the Master passed, and now have we
Ta'en on fresh beauty, where His feet have trod!"
So shalt thou rise when life hath trodden thee.
When He, the Master, shall have passed thy way,
Thou too shalt rise the stronger for thy pain.
Then get thee up; gird thou thy loins, and seek

To do His bidding, and thou too shall find
The strength thou needest to withstand all storms."

THE OUTCASTE

Fill with Thy beauty my heart till it gloweth
Like a great Jewel, reflecting Thy face.
Till from each facet Thy bright glory floweth,
Till of my sorrow is left not a trace.

Give me the Wisdom to cross the great River,
Stand at the foot of the mighty Pine Tree,
Where I may fill with sharp arrows my quiver,
Slay all the foes that would keep me from Thee.

Give me the Strength to destroy the fierce Dragon
That bars my way to the great Castle gates,
Give me to drink of the red, rosy Flagon
That for Thy loved ones in Thy keeping waits.

Into Thy hands all my future resigning,
Nought for myself, all, my Master, for Thee;
By Thy true Pattern my whole life designing,
Strength, Wisdom, Beauty, in one I shall be.

THE ONE REALITY

He is coming! On the mountains
Of my heart I hear Him tread.
He is coming! I can feel His
Sunshine beating on my head.
Though the pathway black and stony,
Rough and rugged, hurt His feet,
Yet He ever cometh onward,
Never beateth a retreat.

Though with spite and hate I greet him,
Though I spit upon His face,

Yet He smiles, and cometh onward,
Till He finds His rightful place.
Till the brightness of His presence
Chases all the gloom away,
Till the pressure of His footsteps
Makes for me a smoother way.

Makes a way that I may follow
Till I reach the very end,
Till I stand within the sunlight,
Know Him for my dearest Friend!
" Lord of Love and Lord of Pity,
Come Thou on, nor look Thou back,
Till the shadows all have vanished
From those mountains big and black,

Till the briars and the brambles
Thou hast shifted from my path,
Till Thy tenderness and pity
Have removed the hate and wrath,
Till I see Thee in Thy beauty,
Know Thee in Thy purity,
Know that Thou, my Lord and Master,
Art the One Reality ! "

THE PEACE OF THE MASTER

The Peace of the Master ! Ah, what can compare
With that which He doth with His Little Ones share ?
'Tis like a great Fountain that never doth cease
To flow from His bosom, a Fountain of Peace.

Though weary the journey and far be the Goal,
Yet ever He stands at my side, that my soul
May drink from that Fountain, and fill up a Cup
From which all my friends and my neighbours may sup.

He keeps for me ever a place near His feet,
 Until I get troublesome, then a retreat
 He sounds, and far down to the depths of despair
 I drop, while my soul flies high up in the air!

So far do I fall and so sharp is my pain,
 I feel I can never be happy again;
 Then fearful lest Satan my future should mar,
 I turn once again to that wonderful Star.

O never give way to your hate! Try to rise
 And go where your soul has her home in the skies,
 That you may the sooner your spirit release,
 And drink evermore from that Fountain of Peace!

THE TRIUMPH OF SAPPHO

What does it matter though darkened and dim
 Be the long Path, if it lead me to Him
 Who is the Centre whence floweth the Fire
 Which fills with Beauty my wonderful Lyre?

What does it matter that passion has marred
 Often my life—though at times I retard
 My struggling soul with a tear or a moan,
 If I can bathe in the Light from His throne?

What does it matter if folks think me mad,
 If in my heart I am happy and glad?
 Oft have they called my dear Master the same,
 Called Him the Friend of the sinner, and shame!

What does it matter though I cannot see
 Him in His beauty? I know He sees me;
 Sees that I try to be good, true, and sweet,
 Fit to kneel down and anoint His white feet.

What does it matter what anyone says,
 If He will let me sing songs in His praise?

If He will let me join in with His Choir,
Learn the great Anthem, "Tis nought, saith the Buyer!"

What does it matter that nobody cares,
So that His Joyousness with me He shares?
What does it matter? Why, nothing at all,
Though all the world should the Outcaste me call!

What does it matter though all things be gone,
Leave me with nothing to stand me upon?
What can it matter, if I can but feel
He is there too, living, loving, and Real!

LAUS DEO

The darkness covers Thee as with a garment,
Thy glory hideth 'neath an earthly pall,
Thy splendour, half revealed to me, doth blind me,
My spirit doth in ecstasy down-fall
Before Thy feet, enraptured with Thy beauty.
Though nought my mind recovers that is there,
Yet will I strive for evermore to serve Thee,
Till of Thy Joy I take my promised share.

Some day my tongue shall speak within Thy presence,
Some day my feet shall stand quite near Thy feet,
Some day mine ears shall hear Thy voice repeating
My true Name one again—that Name so sweet,
That nought on earth the sound can ever silence,
The Name of Names! Like an unending Sun
That riseth and that setteth not, its splendour
Doth beautify all thing—my Name—the One
Great Name Ineffable—the Name mysterious
Which by Thy Power Thou did'st confer on me,
When in Thy heart of hearts Thou did'st enfold me,
That my dear soul might be at-one with Thee.

Praise God for all His Goodness to me ! Never
 Have I forgotten, though the time be long
 Since that glad day, and long and stern the trial,
 The Voice, which taught me how to sing that Song.

LANCELOT'S DREAM

O Mystery Transcendent !
 O Ecstasy divine !
 To see that holy Chalice,
 To taste that heav'nly Wine !
 From Love's great Heart it floweth
 In an unending stream,
 Goodness and Truth and Beauty,
 One in a glorious Dream.

A dream of heaven, and Angels
 Chanting an endless song,
 Sweeter than comb of honey,
 And as a lion strong.

A dream of brave knights riding
 To seek a holy Grail,
 And Him whose Blood is hidden
 Beneath a golden Veil.

A dream of peace and glory,
 Of Love from heaven renewed
 By just one sip of Nectar
 With Hope and Strength imbued.

See where it flows in splendour
 From out that magic Bowl !
 Raise both thy hands, and take it
 Into thine inmost soul !

Draw it into thy bosom,
 Drink it into thy heart,

So shall thy dream of Beauty
Transfigure every part.

Dream then a dream of Duty.
Take once again a sup!
See how the power flows through thee
From that enchanted Cup!

Power to fulfil thy Promise,
Power thy great task to do,
Power to approach the Inmost,
See all thy dreams come true.

O may no earth-life tempt thee
From Me again to stray,
Seek for the mystic Chalice,
Drink from It every day!

THE JOYOUS DREAM

The way is long, the path is steep
That leads to my belovèd Lord.
My lagging footsteps slowly creep
To where He stands, my Great Reward.

He waits for me—has waited long.
Through ages past; life after life;
Through many years of doubt and wrong,
Through many years of sin and strife.

But now the Mountain shines out clear,
The Bridge is crossed, the Goal is won.
The precious moment draweth near
That maketh me the Master's Son.

Never to leave the Master's side;
Never from Him to stray away;
Always to have Him for my Guide;
O Joyous Dream! O Happy Day!

BROKEN MELODIES

Falling gently like the rain
 On the parchèd earth,
 Comes a ling'ring, haunting strain.
 "Try to give it birth!"

Harmony so perfect, pure,
 Mind can hardly hold;
 Tender, it can scarce endure
 In: a world so cold.

Melody so subtle, sweet,
 Ear can hardly grasp.
 "Haste to catch it ere it fleet
 And evade thy clasp!"

Mercury, dear Mercury,
 Catch this strain divide,
 Fix it in my memory,
 Make its music mine!

"Master, from Thy heart of Peace
 Send Thy Harmony,
 That the Song may never cease
 Which I sing for Thee!"

PEACE, BE STILL

"Peace, peace, be still!" O secret, silent Message!
 As day by day I try to do the will
 Of my great Lord, methinks I hear Him murmur,
 So tenderly, so gently, "Peace, be still!"

"Peace, peace, be still!" Although the noisy tumult,
 The anguish of the world the Cosmos fill,
 Ever within my heart resounds the echo
 Of His sweet voice repeating, "Peace, be still!"

“Peace, peace, be still!” And when some raging torrent,
Turning the stones of God’s mysterious Mill
Drowns with its roar my song of Truth and Gladness,
Then do I hear Him calling, “Peace, be still!”

“Peace, peace, be still!” Behind the stormy tempest,
Within the Silence, ’neath the joyous thrill
With which my being answers to His presence,
He whispers to me always, “Peace, be still!”

“Peace, peace, be still!” He singeth it forever
Unto my soul His promise to fulfil.
O may I keep my vow, nor cease from singing
Till all the world can hear that “Peace, be still!”

THE VEIL OF ISIS

Reveal Thyself to me that I may see Thee,
That I may know Thee, Ancient of the Days!
Know Thee, great God of Love and God of Beauty,
That I may fill with harmony my lays!

That I may tell of Thee in songs celestial,
In hymns more sweet than men have ever heard;
That all the world may know that Thou, Thou glorious,
Great God of Wisdom, art the Sacred Word!

Thou art the Word! When I can sound Thee truly,
Then I shall know Thee, see Thy face, O Christ,
Sing of Thee as Thou’dst have me sing—so sweetly
That other hearts with Thee may keep a tryst,

Before Thy Table, in Thy Bread partake Thee,
In Thy sweet Wine resolve the Mystery,
Find the true Light that through Them ever shineth,
Know themselves one with all Mankind through Thee!

ON THE MOUNT

Before Thine Altar I have laid my soul,
 Praying that Thou wilt fill me with Thy fire,
 That I may burn with added strength and zeal
 To drink the Cup that cleanseth from desire.
 That I may pour on every man Thy Power
 Through such a perfect channel and complete,
 That everyone who tasteth from my Bowl
 May come to Thee and kneel down at Thy feet;
 May take thy Gift, the greatest of all Gifts,
 The rosy Wine that welletth from the Fount
 Which hath its rise within Thine inmost heart;
 And see Thy face, as I have, on the Mount.

IN HIS NAME

All that I am, though small,
 All I shall be, though great,
 All that I have, I offer—all
 To Thee I dedicate.

Knowing that Thou wilt give
 Quite gladly all I ask,
 Wisdom to teach men how to live,
 Strength to perform my task,

Beauty, that like a Flame
 Shall burn from me the dross,
 Till for Thy sake, and in Thy Name,
 I carry but a Cross.

"HE WHO RENOUNCES, WALKS CROWNED"

Work thou for Us! Throw off thy foolish fears,
 Thy folly and thine ignorance, thy tears.
 Drive them all back again into the past;
 On Time's great rubbish heap the whole lot cast!

Why let the Ancient Evil leave its grave?
 Can crying o'er thy sins one atom save,
 Or change, of all their consequences wrong?
 Nay, close thy door to It—make thyself strong!

Work thou for Us! We will thy future take;
 Will gladly teach thee true amends to make;
 To all thou'st wronged, will lend a helping hand,
 Then get thee up, and come and join Our Band!

THE LORD'S SONG

To sing a perfect song to Thee
 Must be my aim,
 For Thou dost sing so perfectly.
 If I would claim
 To be a singer of great themes,
 Then I must sing
 Songs that will send through all men's dreams
 Thoughts that will bring
 Them nearer to Thy holy feet,
 Dear Lord of Love,
 Till they too sing a song so sweet
 That that White Dove
 Which hovers now above our land
 May come so near
 That she beside each one may stand,
 And in his ear
 Whisper the wondrous Song She sings,
 That doth not cease,
 But ever through Creation rings—
 The Song of Peace.

JEZEBEL'S PRAYER

I sat beside the sea-shore
And watched the waves roll in,
So sleepily, so lazily,
They 'minded me of sin,
And how it creeps and how it climbs
The heart of man within.

And as I musing, pondered,
The soul of me was sore,
Well knowing that the heart of me
Was cankered at the core.
"How long shall I be thus?" I cried,
"Shall I be clean no more?"

Just then the spirit in me
Stooped from his lofty tower
And whispered me, "The tide will turn
At its appointed hour,
And carry out to sea again
The sea-weed dank and sour.

"Then fear thou not! Go onward
With silent, steady tread;
Do all thy daily work for Me
As those who toil for bread,
And thou another heart shalt have,
New-swept and garnishèd!"

Now know I that the waters,
Although they look so dark,
Will never roll right over me,
Because the Little Spark
That lights the Passage Perilous,
Still burns within the Ark!

THE ROSE OF JOY

When thou can'st pierce the secret
Of the beauty of the star
Shining in all its splendour in
The heights of heaven afar ;
When thou can'st say how came it there,
And what makes it to shine
And glow with light supernal,
Then the Rose will soon be thine !

When thou can'st pass the Door of Heaven
And see the Angel band,
Know them in all their beauty as
They round the Master stand,
Catch the thoughts that from them flow,
A stream of love divine,
Then thou wilt know all secrets,
And the Rose of Joy be thine !

When thou can'st tell the whiteness
Of yon pearl of beauty rare,
And know the message of the wind
That bloweth here and there,
Catch the faint whisper of the ant,
The murmur of the pine,
Then thou wilt be a Master, and
The Rose of Joy be thine !

If thou would'st know the Mysteries,
Then for that day prepare,
By seeking beauty underneath
And hidden everywhere ;
Find beauty in the mire of earth,
And drink the magic Wine
Within the Bowl of Life and Love,
The Self within, divine !

THE KING'S BOUNTY

He is just the Master—more can not be said.
 All He does is well done. When upon His head
 His great Crown is resting, when into His hand
 His great Rod is given, He rules well His land.
 He perforce rules wisely—He perforce rules well.
 He the road to heaven points out—none can tell
 More than that. A Master is a Master—thou
 Art a servant—toil then, keep to Him thy vow.
 Try with all thine efforts thy weak soul to free.
 Serve Him well and truly, as He serveth thee.
 Then into thy keeping a great Crown and Throne
 Some day shall be given, thou a Rod shalt own.
 Thou shalt rule thy people as a Master should,
 Thou shalt teach thy people as a Master would.

LOVE'S AWAKENING

O fold me around with Thy two mighty arms,
 And draw me right into Thy heart,
 And keep me quite safe from all fears and alarms,
 And never from love-ing depart !

The way to Thy side has been weary and long,
 Yet now I have found Thee at last.
 The thorns and the briars were many and strong,
 Yet now they are vanishing fast.

The light of Thy presence hath shone on my path,
 And cheered me for many a mile ;
 Hath turned back the demons of hatred and wrath
 That tried with their charms to beguile.

The night that we met in the Temple of Truth
 Forever returns to my mind ;
 The past sprang to life, the glad days of my youth,
 When Thou wert so loving and kind.

One look in Thine eyes, and the curtain that hung
 Between us grew ragged and thin ;
 One touch of Thy hand, far aside it was flung,
 And the Light of the Future shone in.

O never from Thee shall I part, nevermore—
 My Master, my Father, my Friend,
 Until on the Sea of Eternity's shore
 I stand with Thee, world without end.

THE QUEEN'S NECKLACE

My soul doth seek bright gems of Thought
 That I may make great shining chains
 Of Poesy for Him I love,
 To bind me to Him, till remains
 No spot that is not filled with peace,
 No part of me that does not burn
 With fierce, exultant energy,
 That I the tide of Life may turn
 For some poor soul o'erwhelmed as I
 Within a raging sea of hate
 And hot resentment of the wrongs
 Brought on himself. O blessèd Fate,
 Thou Arbiter of Destiny,
 Drive Thou me on, till I shall make
 A chain of Love, so wonderful,
 That not one link shall ever break !

THE LOVE OF THE MASTER

The love of the Master is like a great fire
 That burneth up higher and higher and higher ;
 The more that I feed it, the brighter it burns,
 For all that I give Him He ever returns.
 Good measure, pressed down, running over and o'er,

He gives, till my soul will not hold any more.
 Right down to the depths of my being it goes
 And nothing can stop it. So softly it flows
 No mortal can hear that great flowing, nor see
 That wonderful Fountain of glory; but He ;
 Yet over the world doth it flow night and day,
 And no one the end of its journey can say.

The wonderful Love of the Master is such
 It surely the heart of the hardest would touch.
 Then haste thou to come where thou too mayest know,
 And bathe in that glorious, fiery flow !

AT LAST

Naught can come between us,
 I the Bridge have crossed.
 I have learned the Secret,
 Told at Pentecost.
 Gone are all the shadows,
 Gone is the mirage,
 Now I know that Thou art mine,
 I Thy sacred charge.

Ever Thou wert standing
 Close, quite close to me,
 Seeking to entice me
 To return to Thee.
 Waiting till I hastened
 My Reward to claim,
 To receive from Thee Thy Gift
 Of the Burning Flame.

Leave me not, Belovèd !
 Stay with me always,
 Till by Thy love strengthened
 Whom I ever praise,

I shall stand quite firmly
 Fixed upon the Stone
 That upholds the Universe,
 The One Born-alone !

“ ALL'S WELL ”

What though the house that I dwell in
 Far from Thy dwelling may be ?
 Distance or Time cannot matter,
 Nothing can part me from Thee.

What though mine eyes cannot see Thee
 When to Thy presence I rise ?
 Darkness or Light are no hindrance,
 If thou turn on me Thine eyes.

What though my hands cannot touch Thee,
 When on my head I can feel
 Thy gentle hands ever resting,
 Know Thou art true and art real ?

What though my footsteps may falter ?
 Always I know Thou art there
 Just where I need, though I need Thee
 Always and everywhere.

UNREQUITED LOVE

To give no love for all the love
 That Thou dost give to me,
 Were base ingratitude, dear Lord ;
 O may'st Thou never see
 Such lack of justice in my heart,
 Such utter uncontrol ;
 Thou who hast done so much for me,
 Who gav'st me back my soul !

For many years and many lives
 I strayed so far and wide,
 'Twas Thou who found'st me, brought me home,
 And placed me by Thy side.
 What can I do to show to Thee
 How I appreciate
 Thy care, Thy tenderness to me ?
 Do not Thou hesitate,

Dear Lord, to say what Thou would'st have
 Me give Thee in return !
 "All that I ask of thee, My child,
 Is this, that thou wilt burn ;
 That that great, round, red, fiery Sun
 Which poured its beams on thee
 May fill thy heart with zeal to do
 Thy very best for Me !

"There is but little thou can'st do ?
 Yet if it is done well,
 There is no ending to the tale
 That thou to men may'st tell.
 Thou hast the gift of Song ? Then sing—
 Sing thou for my dear sake.
 Fill thou the world with songs of love,
 Till all men's hearts shall wake ;

"With songs of joy, till all men's hearts
 Shall sing for pleasure too ;
 With songs of peace, that through the world
 Shall ring so sweet and true
 Men shall desire to know their source,
 That every day, each hour,
 Some man shall feel that mighty force,
 My Wisdom, Love and Power ;

"Some man shall seek to find that Sun,
 Shall long My face to see,
 Shall strive to know the Self as One,
 And come and sing for Me."
 I thank Thee, Holiest, Thy Grace,
 On me so freely poured,
 Shall surely show to men that Thou
 Art Love's Incarnate Lord.

THE TRANSIT OF VENUS

The Master's love? It is the mightiest thing
 That ever thou could'st dream; yet if thou cling
 To self so tight, and wilt not let it go,
 Then thou the Master's love can'st never know.
 Dost think because some little fault mars thine
 That His can lessen? Nay, He is divine!
 His love can never lessen nor subside,
 It is a mighty Fountain, far and wide
 Forever flowing to embrace all men.
 If thou would'st care to taste it, come thou, then,
 And ask that He will show thee how He loves;
 Call thou on Venus, that She send Her Doves
 To carry thee aloft, that thou may'st see,
 And know, and feel, thy Master's love for thee!

THE MASTER OF MASTERS

Thy Wisdom as a burning Flame
 Doth teach my soul the way of Love,
 It filleth all my heart with power
 To sing and praise The every hour,
 And magnify Thy Name.
 Thou art a Rock of Strength to me
 From which my soul can never move.

She resteth safely in Thy care,
 In joy and holy rapture there,
 And glorifieth Thee.

Nought that my mind can think or feel
 Is half so beautiful as Thou—
 Thy radiance surpasseth all,
 Upon my heart one ray doth fall,
 And doth Thyself reveal.

.

Not e'en the very grandest strain
 My loving heart could sing of Thee,
 Though it from martyrdom should spring,
 Could tell of Thee, my Lord and King ;
 Silent I must remain!

THE SONG CELESTIAL

I know there is a song somewhere
 Which I shall some day bring
 And offer, an unending Prayer,
 To Thee, my Lord and King.

Yet though the realms of Thought each day,
 The realms of Bliss each night
 I search unceasingly, always
 That song evades my flight.

I find it not, where'er I seek ;
 I scarce can find its trace
 E'en when I listen—if I speak
 It seeks a hiding-place.

“The song thou seekest is too great
 For thy dull ears to hear.
 That song is his to dedicate
 Who only knows no fear.

“ It is the Satisfaction Song—
 The Song of perfect Bliss,
 The Song that grows more sweet and strong
 Each time two pure souls kiss.

“ The Song of all that ever was,
 That is and that shall be,
 The Song of the first mighty Cause,
 The mystic One in Three.

“ When thou art unified with all
 In earth and heaven above,
 Then thou that sweet Song shalt recall,
 The Song of perfect Love ! ”

JOY-LOVE-PEACE

To stand within Thy presence, O
 Thou Lord of love most sweet,
 To come quite near Thee, see Thy face
 And kneel down at Thy feet ;
 To hear Thee whisper, “ Peace, be still ! ”
 And know that all is well,
 Is joy unspeakable—is joy
 No tongue on earth can tell.

To taste the precious Food that Thou
 Dost daily give to me
 Is Peace beyond imagining ;
 To come and take from Thee
 That I may give to other men
 This treasure rich and rare,
 That they may know how Thou dost taste,
 Is peace beyond compare.

To know that I may drink with Thee
 From Thy great Loving-Cup,

To feel that I may come to Thee
 Each day, dear Lord, and sup,
 Is Love beyond all telling—far
 Beyond all dreams, to share
 With Thee the love of Thy great heart
 That beateth everywhere.

To know that I a heart of love
 Will some day have like Thine,
 A radiating Fountain, filled
 With golden-rosy Wine,
 That I may pour it on the world
 In full and flowing tide—
 Words fail me, Lord! When this is mine,
 I *shall* be satisfied!

TO THE WELL-BELOVED

Forever to my heart Thy sweet voice calleth,
 "Come higher! Here is room!" its tones repeat
 And then upon my ears there gently falleth
 The sound of Thy dear footsteps' steady beat.

Trampling upon my passion, my wrong-doing—
 Treading them down that I Thy peace may find.
 Stilling my fevered senses, gladly wooing
 Me near to Thee, my soul to Thee to bind.

Nearer each day Thou drawest me, and daily
 Thou drawest near to me, that I may know
 The joy of heart Thou givest those who gaily
 Along Life's Highway with a sweet song go.

The Path of Sorrow from me Thou concealest,
 The Path of holy Joy dost show each day.
 To my blind eyes Thou in Thy love revealest
 The glories ever waiting by the way.

Thou givest all so freely, never caring
How much, how little I return to Thee.
Thou soothest all my pain, as gladly sharing
My greatest as my smallest joy with me.

What can I do for Thee, that I may show Thee
How much I love Thee, how Thy name I bless?
What would'st Thou have of me? Only to know me
Stripped of the cares that on my spirit press!

Gladly I give Thee—gladly do Thy bidding—
From off my heart these loathsome rags shall fall.
Quickly my soul of all their foulness ridding,
Here in Thy presence I destroy them all.

Here do I swear forever to adore Thee,
All that I am to Thee to consecrate.
Till, free of all things false, I stand before Thee
In my right mind, re-clothed and re-create.

THE NEOPHYTE'S SONG

My heart doth hold no memory of Thee,
And yet I love Thee! In Thy soft, dark eyes
Which hide so many things from mortal sight
I see no thought but love for me—no glance
But addeth inspiration to my dreams.
Oft do I think of Thee, and as a spark
Set to dry tinder doth a flame create,
So dost Thou set my living soul on fire
With energy to do some mighty work,
To sing some song that shall uplift the world—
Inspire some heart to imitate my zeal
Till all are one within Nirvana's Peace,
That God be glorified; His mighty Plan
Be perfected, which I am sworn to aid.

"FORWARD IN THE RIGHT."

As swiftly as a homing dove
 My soul flies up to seek the love
 That filleth all the realms above.

Kneeling before the Master's feet
 She finds with Him a sure retreat,
 A place of rest, of peace complete.

And as she nestles there, she sings
 Of Faith and Hope; then on her wings
 From out His heart great thoughts she brings—

Thoughts of true healing and of balm,
 Thoughts of true prudence and the calm
 Of Heav'n's own Song, the mighty AUM,

She beareth then to earth again
 And with them stilleth all the pain
 That holds o'er my sad heart the rein.

Now go I forward in the right,
 And all my fear and my affright
 Are gone, for I have seen the Light.

He who can see that rosy glow
 Shall nevermore earth's darkness know.
 As is Above, so is Below!

THE THIEF ON THE CROSS

Such love as Thine my soul had never dreamed,
 All earthly love was only that which seemed.
 Such love as Thine my soul had never known,
 Until I knelt me down before Thy throne,
 And saw Thy heart leap out upon Thy breast
 And draw my heart to Thee, that it might rest

A season there, and taste the wondrous bliss
That cometh with Thy pure and holy Kiss.

Not ever hath that bliss removed from me,
But stayeth with me, and when I am free
It rises in me like a living Fount
And beareth me again into the Mount.
At times when life seems only sore and sad
I feel Thy Kiss again, and I am glad.

If e'er I wrong Thee, still Thy love doth flow
In never-failing stream, and then I know
It floweth from an endless, living Source—
It welleteth from within, a mighty Force
That nought in all the Universe can quell,
That searcheth to the very depths of Hell.

But this I feel, more than all else I feel,
That Thou dear Lord of Love, art true and real.
No matter if afar I stray away
Thy love wanes not nor faileth, night nor day,
But ever gives the sense that Thou art near.
Thou heedest not mine errors, O Most Dear,

And no fear have I that Thou wilt with wrath
Repulse me, or wilt push me from Thy path,
But wilt forever love, and love me more
When that I fail Thee, that the Golden Door
By love alone may be revealed to me,
That openeth to endless Bliss with Thee !

.

O such a song of Joy my heart doth sing !
I would that I could die, and through the ring
Which Thou hast placed about me, hie me forth
And where Thou art, forever, in the North,
At Thy right hand in safety sit with Thee,
Who in Thy Wisdom hast so blessed me.

SILENCE IS GOLDEN

Within the Master's presence
 I must ever gently speak,
 And though I say but little,
 Yet my voice must not be weak.
 If I would speak that He may hear
 I must be courteous too,
 And I must be quite certain
 That each word I say is true.

He is my Master, so my speech
 Must ever helpful be,
 Or else He will not listen,
 Neither will He speak to me.
 So kindly does He speak always,
 If I would be His Son
 Then I must speak as He would speak,
 That we may be as one.

He is my Master, so His will
 Must ever be my choice.
 I must still every painful sound
 That would conceal His voice.
 My tongue must be quite Self-controlled
 By night as well as day,
 That I may do the Master's work
 Just in the Master's way.

CHRISTE ELEISON

Fill me with zeal that I may toil
 From morning until night,
 Nor cease until the Victor's spoil
 Be mine, who fearless fight ;
 Until the Gold that hidden lies
 Within the Silent Sea

Be mine, and I a Christ arise
Of Nations yet to be!

Fill me with Energy divine
That I may never cease
To sing, until my song entwine
About the feet of Peace ;
Until the Strength that ever tries
To lift me from the Sea
Be mine, and I a Christ arise
Of Nations yet to be!

Fill me with Gladness till shall glow
Like fire my countenance,
Till from my eyes the laughter flow
My beauty to enhance ;
Until my soul, strong, lovely, wise,
Be lifted from the Sea,
And I, a Christ at last, arise,
Of Nations yet to be!

“ Christè Eleison, Christè !
Compassionate and pure,
Give me Thine aid to tread each day
The upward Path Secure,
Till, like a bird that sunward flies,
I leave behind the Sea,
Perfect at last, a Christ arise,
Of Nations that shall be !

BE BIG

If thou would'st help the Great Ones in Their work,
Then make thyself more “ big ” in heart and mind.
Rise to Their level. Never try to shirk
The tasks They set thee. Teach all men to find

In Their great Love the comfort and relief
They need, whose souls are overwhelmed with grief.

Know this, thy littleness, thrust out before
Their greatness, hinders Them, and holdeth back
The power with which They help the world, so sore
And so oppressed, and every soul doth lack
Through thee, who though so petty, small, and weak,
Dost hinder both the Mighty and the meek.

Flies mar the sweetest ointment. On a wheel
A tiny thread may wreck a mighty train.
Just so a glorious Universe can feel
The limitations of thy feeble brain.
Then hasten thou to seek Their strength, and make
Thy small self bigger, for the world's sweet sake!

THE CRUCIFIX

For all that our Master was hung on a Cross
He suffered no pain, nor was conscious of loss,
But cheerfully died, that the whole world might see,
How happy his lot, who can hang on a tree.

No wonder, no splendour so great can be found
As his who is raised so far up from the ground.
He shines with the light of the Sun, for saith he,
"I am nearer my God to Thee, nearer to Thee!"

O never let fear from your bosom afar
Drive out your great longing to look on your Star;
But follow forever that blest Trinity,
Though to reach it you first must the Crucified be.

Go steadily on, never alter your course,
But strive to endure, lest regret and remorse,
And darkness so great that the boldest might flee
Hide from you the Joy of encountering Me!

“ HE WHO RUNS MAY READ ”

More lovely than the morning is Thy face!
Thy form the incarnation of true grace!
Thine eyes as clear as liquid pools of light,
Blue as the flowers that lovers' hearts delight!
Thy hands as tender as a babe's, yet strong
As hands of steel! Each word a glorious song!
Each whisper filled with purest melody
Which thrills me to my depths, till Phantasy
Cries, “Weave for me a sweet, tremendous Dream
About the Master! Make a mighty Theme
That shall tell all the world how beautiful
That man may be, who will be dutiful!”

.

Grant me, O Lord, the strength this work to do,
And I to my great trial will be true!

BECAUSE

All-glorious Vision of my Lord
From my heart never fly,
Until I learn the secret sweet
About the “how,” and “why”!

How did'st Thou heal my broken heart?
Why did'st Thou do so much?
How did'st Thou know what I would need?
Why my soul did'st Thou touch?

What made Thee do these things for me?
“And doth thy soul not know
The reason why, O Heart's Desire?
Because I love thee so!”

THE HOLY GRAIL

My Master, I have found Thee.
 At last Thy Joy is mine ;
 At last mine ears are opened,
 I hear Thy voice divine.
 Thy splendour and Thy glory
 Even my eyes can see,
 Taught by Thy holy Angel Band,
 I song Thy Song with Thee.

My Master, I have sought Thee
 Through long and weary days ;
 Have sought so hard to know Thee
 That I might sing Thy praise ;
 And now the mists have vanished
 That hid Thy face from me,
 Now stand I in Thy Holy Place
 And sing Thy Song with Thee.

O may I be found worthy
 Each day to come and take
 From Thy dear hand Thy Chalice,
 And drink It for Thy sake ;
 That I may give to all men
 The Joy Thou givest me,
 That all the world may hear Thy voice,
 And come and sing with Thee.

THE ANGER OF THE MASTER

Call to thy mind the sweetest glance
 That ever did thy soul entrance
 From one beloved of old ;
 Then add a thousand glances more,
 And then a thousand, thousand score,
 And then a sum untold

Of glances sweet, and thou shalt know
How angry He can be—I trow

 If thou could'st only see His eyes,
If thou could'st only see Him smile,
If thou could'st know His thoughts, the while
 Thou ang'rest Him, surprise

Would fill thy heart. Nought but pure Love,
Joy all-divine, Peace far above

 All earthly Peace is there.
Anger? He knoweth not the word!
Anger? No lover ever heard
 Of love like His—so rare.

So true, so sweet! There is no voice
In all the World like His! Rejoice
 That thou art brought so near
That thou can'st hear Him speak to thee
In His soft tones—so tenderly
 He loves, thou need'st not fear

No anger ever mars His face,
His anger never leaves a trace
 Of pain in any heart.
From Him no anger could proceed,
The Master's Love is Love indeed,
 Perfect in every part!

THE HOLY SPIRIT

With just one ray of light
Illumine Thou my heart,
That I may shine as bright
As Thee in every part!

With just one ray of light
Touch Thou my seeking soul,

That I may walk aright
Until I reach the Goal!

With just one ray of light
Do Thou my spirit flood
That by Thy power and might
I may drink of Thy Blood!

With just one ray of light
Irradiate Thou me,
That through the long, dark night
I may be true to Thee!

With just one ray of light
O purify my mind,
That in Thy precious sight
True I may be, and kind!

With just one ray of light
Light Thou for me my Way,
Till free from all affright
I walk with Thee away!

“JOYOUS GARDE”

One with the Master! O what Joy!
To think that He thought it worth His while
To touch with His gentle hand my cheek,
And say with a tender smile,

“I salute thee!”

One with the Master! More than all
The treasures of earth could they be mine,
That He should stoop from His lofty height
And say with a look divine,

“I anoint thee!”

One with the Master! If my tongue
Could tell the tale of ten million years

I could not echo the tale He told
 Who said as He soothed my fears,
 “I approve thee!”

One with the Master! O the bliss!
 Go sing it, my heart, from pole to pole!
 Tell all the world what the Master said,
 Who knit to His soul my soul,
 “I accept thee!”

MY TASK

I go to sound Thy harmony
 Wherever discord reigns,
 That men may know the mighty power
 That freed me from my chains.

Thou art the centre and the source
 From whence all beauty flows;
 Irradiate this world through me,
 Till all with beauty glows.

I would that I could teach all men
 How great my Master is,
 That they might long to know Thee too,
 And seek Thy feet to kiss.

The joy Thou ever givest me
 Is past my power to tell;
 It is the joy Thou givest those
 Who try to serve Thee well.

O nevermore from Thee, dear Lord,
 May I, despairing, part,
 But serve Thy cause with thankfulness
 And with a cheerful heart!

NOT I, BUT CHRIST

If I should hold one atom back
 Of loving Thee, or serving Thee,
 What most I value I would lack,
 And know but want and misery.

If I gave not to those in need,
 Begrudged the gift—counted the cost,
 Then were my Lyre a satyr's reed,
 Thy bounteousness to me were lost.

So few can sing! Shall I then keep
 From Thee the praise Thou dost deserve?
 Nay, tears of blood my heart would weep
 If I could not with singing serve.

Help me to slaughter every fault,
 The indolence, the silly sham,
 The fear that makes me lame and halt,
 That I may be just what I am—

A Godhead knowing nought but toil,
 A Virgin that no stain can touch,
 A Christ that knows not sin nor soil,
 Who loving much, forgiveth much.

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN

Not a vibration—not a flow—
 But a pulsation strong,
 A constant movement to and fro
 'Tween Thee and me! How long
 Hath that great Fountain ebbed and flowed
 'Tween Thee and me? How oft
 Hast Thou Thy holy Kiss bestowed
 On me? On me! Now soft,
 My soul! Go whisper thou my thanks

Into the Master's ear,
That He Hath stepped from out the ranks
Of heaven to draw me near !

“ Long lives My love hath been bestowed
On thee—a constant stream
Hath ever ebbed and ever flowed,
And purified each dream
That ever thou hast had, and now
I have my thanks in this,
That thou hast taken such a Vow,
And that My holy Kiss
Upon thy heart hath ope'd thine eyes,
And flooded all thy soul
With Light, that thou may'st see the prize,
And reach the Splendid Goal.”

THE FIVE SENSES

If I had not the sense of taste
How should I know which food
To take that I might strengthened be,
And fit to bear Thy Rood ?

If I had not the sense of smell,
How should I find the Rose
That burns so brightly on Thy breast,
That hideth all my woes ?

If I had not the sense of touch
How should I find Thy heart,
And take the thoughts Thou givest me,
To glorify my Art ?

If I had not the sense of sight,
How could I see Thy face,
Or know the symbols of Thy power,
Which Thou for me dost trace ?

If I had not the sense of sound,
 How could I hear Thee sing,
 How could I ever learn Thy Song,
 My Master and my King?

I thank Thee, pure and holy One,
 Who dost such bounty give,
 My senses shall be used for Thee
 As long as I shall live.

.

"If thou should'st forfeit every sense,
 Thou never could'st lose Me,
 For ever, and in every place
 I still would be with Thee!"

THE FOUR-FOLD CHORD

If I were a thousand miles away,
 How could I the Master see?
 Suppose my feet from His side should stray,
 How could He be close to me?

I often wonder! I think I know!
 His Harp has a thousand strings,
 And ever one chord, do-re-me-do,
 In concert with my chord rings.

His Harp burns bright like a mighty Sun,
 Mine burns with a flick'ring flame,
 Yet ever the note in both is one,
 And ever the Chord the same.

My chord is feeble, and His is strong,
 Yet ever, like beating wings,
 I hear in my heart the same sweet song,
 The song that the Master sings.

And ever, when discords flow through mine,
When sorrow would drown my strain,
He strikes His Harp to a Note divine,
And sets me the tune again.

O could I ever that song sound out,
Chant ever that Note with Him,
I need not wonder nor fear nor doubt,
My life would be one long hymn.

If only a thousand strings had I
Then never my song should cease,
My heart would echo, my soul reply
With Harmony, Light and Peace,

My voice would ring like the Master's voice,
I soon would a Master be ;
Yet even now I may sing, rejoice,
Be glad, though I have but three.

Ah, now I know what the secret is !
Whenever I strike the Chord
That rings in tune with the Harp of Bliss
I am one with my mighty Lord.

It does not matter how far I go,
Nor whether my sight be dim,
As long as I sing do-re-me-do,
And sing it in tune with Him.

ALADDIN'S CAVE

Into the Master's heart I swiftly fly
On wings of Silence, for the Golden Door
Is never closed to me, and nevermore.
Debarred from entering that room am I.

Sometimes He draws me near to Him—so near
That I can see His face—close to Him stand,

Look in His eyes, and learn His least command,
And by His perfect love cast out my fear.

He Loves me, yes, He loves me well, I know,
More than a thousand lovers. To each one
Who looks beneath the surface, a great Sun
Of Glory is His heart, it shineth so.

Always I think of Him—by night and day
Counting the hours since last we met—anon
Counting the joyous hours, too quickly gone,
Spent in His presence, whom no fears can sway.

No man need scoff at me, nor any scorn,
No man need pity me, nor any blame,
No man need cry aloud, "Shame on thee! Shame!"
I care not—no, not I—I am Twice-born!

FORTITUDE

Peace, thou Dove of pearly whiteness,
Cover me with Thy white wings,
That I may live in Thy brightness;
While my soul far upward springs
Through the Courts and Towers of Silence,
Let no shadow fall on me
Save the Cross, on which for violence
My blest Master hung when He
Died for me, that I might know
How to hang, and how to grow
Like to Him in fortitude.
That no taint of self intrude,
Come, sweet Peace, and stay with me
Whilst I hang upon that Tree!

THE PARTI-COLOURED STRING

The tie that bindeth me to Him
 Whom I adore, is blue and red—
 Devotion and true Love. Though dim
 Its tints may be, yet He the thread
 Will never cut, nor loose the knot,
 But will forever strengthen it,
 That wheresoe'er may be my lot,
 I still may to His heart be knit.

That is my Master's love—a cord
 Of mighty, ever-growing strength,
 Each weakness by His hand restored,
 Forever lessening its length,
 Which as it lessens, brighter grows,
 Fresh-painted by the tender love
 He showers on me, which no one knows,
 Save him whose soul can soar above.

THE DWELLER ON THE THRESHOLD

kneel in silence at Thy sacred shrine,
 I drink with Thee from Thy great Cup divine,
 Burn Thou the dross from out my cruel heart,
 That in Thy Mystery I may take part!

So like a log is my poor feeble self,
 Peevish, perverse, tormented by an elf—
 A score of elves, who whisper in my ears,
 "Such bliss is not for thee!" O idle fears!

O foolish, wild forebodings! Fly! The Fire
 Is lighted! It shall burn forever higher,
 Till in that mighty Furnace all shall be
 Burned from my heart which keepeth me from Thee!

A LOVE-SONG TO THE HOLY ONE

Most Holiest! Most True! Most Sweet!
 I kneel me down before Thy feet
 And touch Thy soft white garment's hem,
 And all my latent passion stem,
 Transforming it to Love divine,
 In Thy pure Sympathy benign!

Dear Lord, I would not to the past
 Return for love-songs, but would cast
 Them far away, and in Thy heart
 Seek from Thee just a tiny part
 Of Thy great Love, that I might sing
 For evermore to Thee, my King!

O Master, who dost keep Thy sheep
 So close beside Thee, I would creep
 Into Thy heart the whole day long
 And hide me from the noisy throng,
 That I might tell my love to Thee,
 Whose beauty hath so smitten me!

.

No glory that my pen could trace
 Could speak the brightness of Thy face!
 No human tongue could ever tell
 Thy beauty, nor what me befell,
 When thou did'st touch me with Thy Rod,
 O Lord my God! O Lord my God!

THE MAGIC CARPET

(TO E. W.)

Fire—white snow—a sweet pink rose—
 Sparkling dew-drops, which enclose
 In their globes the myriad rays

Of the sun—the blue of bays
Nestling on some sandy shore—
All true things and pure things—more
Than the heart could think or know—
Are there hidden down below
In that delicate, refined,
Exquisite, pure Master-mind!

Gentleness and strength combine
In an intricate design,
Crimson, golden, amethyst,
Sapphire, topaz, sunshine-kissed.
Sympathy, devotion true,
Flashing emerald, and blue,
Full of fire, yet tender, soft,
Make a picture fair, and oft
O'er my soul the mem'ry flies;
Then aloft once more she hies,
Takes a glance and whispers me,
"Never thought I such could be!
Naught in all the world so fair
As the Master! I would dare
Climb a thousand heights, could I
At His feet forever lie.

"For He is so great, so wise!
As I look, into His eyes
Such a tender, sweet smile steals!
Then I hear the merry peals
Of the golden Bell that rings
Every time a Poet sings,
And He smiles and softly says,
'Peace be with thee all thy days!'"

LORD OF THE WORLD
(TO A. B.)

I am the Monad, born alone
 Before the worlds were made ;
 The Cross of Fire, the Corner-stone
 On which God's House is laid ;
 I sit above the water-floods,
 And though the earth were hurled
 From off its base, I still would be
 The Lord of all the world !

I know the thoughts of every man,
 I dream with him his dreams,
 I lead and guide, I build and plan
 Till all is gone that seems.
 And though the sun should fall, the sky
 Should like a flag be furled,
 I would remain for evermore
 The Lord of all the world !

Upon my golden Lotus-throne
 Within the heart I sit,
 I watch and wait, till man can own
 " Thou, Thou alone, art IT !"
 For I am He that was, and is,
 And shall be till is whirled
 The Cosmos to the deep again,
 The Lord of all the world !

TRANSMUTATION

Upon the Holy Mount the Masters stand.
 They gather up the hatred of the world,
 And lifting high a mighty Funeral Pyre,
 They lay it all thereon,
 And burn it in the fierce fire of Their love,

Transmuting it to peace and gentleness.
 Thus do the holy Masters ever work—
 Turning to purity each evil force
 That stains the world below.

And thus the sons of men must learn to work—
 Build a High Altar in their inmost hearts,
 Where all their hatred may be turned to love,
 That Brotherhood may sooner be complete,
 And all the world be one!

RABBONI!

O Day of Days! As boundless as the sea
 Is Thy great Love! It poureth through my soul
 Enflooding all my earthly dreams of Thee
 With splendour thousand-fold! An organ grand
 Thy heart is, pouring forth the loveliest tones
 In unison with all created things!

Soft zephyrs sweep across Thy mind to me,
 Wafting thy thoughts, that I may make a song
 So beautiful, it shall glad all the earth!
 Upon the wings of love my soul doth rise
 Into Thy presence, drawn there by the Peace
 Which Thy sweet voice doth in my heart create,
 My Master! Mine! O Christ, the Joy, the Bliss
 Of knowing Thou art mine at last! At last!

THE MASTER'S FACE

The fairest face
 That ever hath been seen
 Is His, my Master's;
 And although a screen
 Between Him and my eyes
 By Him is placed,

I have such beauty with
 My memory traced
 Upon the waxen tablets
 Of my mind,
 I am content to wait
 Until the blind
 Be drawn aside
 That hideth Him from me,
 For well I know
 That He can always see.

CONSUMMATION

Across Thine eyes' dark splendour
 No cloud takes its way ;
 Nor o'er Thy greeting tender
 Doth one shadow stray—
 Naught but the soft reflection
 Of a true, pure love
 That hath no imperfection.
 In the heavens above
 Where, o'er a lofty Mountain
 Rises a great Star,
 Floweth a crystal Fountain,
 All things near and far
 With Its warm radiance lighting.
 There Love's rosy Spray
 My happy heart delighting,
 O'er my soul doth play ;
 There, with Thy Peace enfolding,
 Doth my spirit kneel,
 In Thy dear face beholding
 Every lost ideal.

There I, Thy true creation,
In the Silence wait,
Till Thou, Joy's Consummation,
Openest the Gate.

There from the world close-shielded,
On Thy tender breast,
All things to Thee up-yielded,
Safely do I rest.

With the pure, gentle Mother,
With the Father, Son,
With the great Elder Brother
Ever I am one !

“THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT THERE”

Day by day I gather strength,
Day by day I nearer draw
To the Land where nought of length
Hath the night—the Light no flaw.

I an understanding heart
By Thy power at last have gained,
I from Thee no more shall part,
By Thee be no more constrained.

This the consummation sweet
For a life spent far from Thee
In Thy service ; at Thy feet
I accept it joyously !

No more morn and no more eve,
Nought but one long, sunny noon,
When from Thy hands I receive
Once again Thy glorious Boon.

Lord of Truth and Lord of Light,
Grant Thou soon that I may stay

Always where there is no night,
Nought but everlasting Day!

THE PEACE-MAKER

How blest is he whose golden Lyre's strings
Are set to catch the song the Master sings,
The Song of Moses and the Paschal Lamb
Slain from the world's foundation, the I AM!

He who the weary Way with gladness trod
Cried, "Ever blest is he! A Son of God
Shall he be called who makes a place of peace
Where men may find Me, when their labours cease!

"A Child of God, whose Name no man may name!
A Child of Mary, the eternal Flame!
A Child of Christ, the ever-blessèd One!
A Son of that great Mystery, the Sun!"

O Poets all, bring ye your Lyres to Him,
And let Him teach you how to sing that Hymn,
The Song the Angels sing each Happy Morn,
When to the earth a Little Child is born!

THE FULFILMENT

Kneeling before Thee, lost in adoration
Of Thee, most holy Lord,
I touch Thy garment's hem, and all Creation
Responds! In one great Chord
A burst of music from Thy Courts comes pealing;
Upon my seeking soul
The glorious light of Day comes softly stealing;
And as an endless scroll
Unrolled before mine eyes, the Path of Duty
Stretches—far, far ahead—

Bright with the glow of Thine eternal Beauty.
 Now is the darkness fled
 That gathered thick around me—gone and scattered
 By the great golden Sun
 That lights my way—all the old ties are shattered,
 A sweet, new life begun.

The Light is Thine, most Holiest! The glory
 Comes from Thy radiant Star,
 That, shining in the East, tells me the story
 Of the great Gates ajar!
 Into Thy heart It draws me! O so tender
 That refuge for my soul!
 The Universe is flooded with Thy splendour!
 I have acheived my Goal!



THE SINGAPORE LODGE
 THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY
 20 Moulmein Rise (S) II

*So found I Thee—and nevermore
 Can life be as it was before
 I Dreamed that Dream so Sweet.
 I will go dreaming boldly on
 Until the shadows are all gone,
 and I have reached Thy Feet.*

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