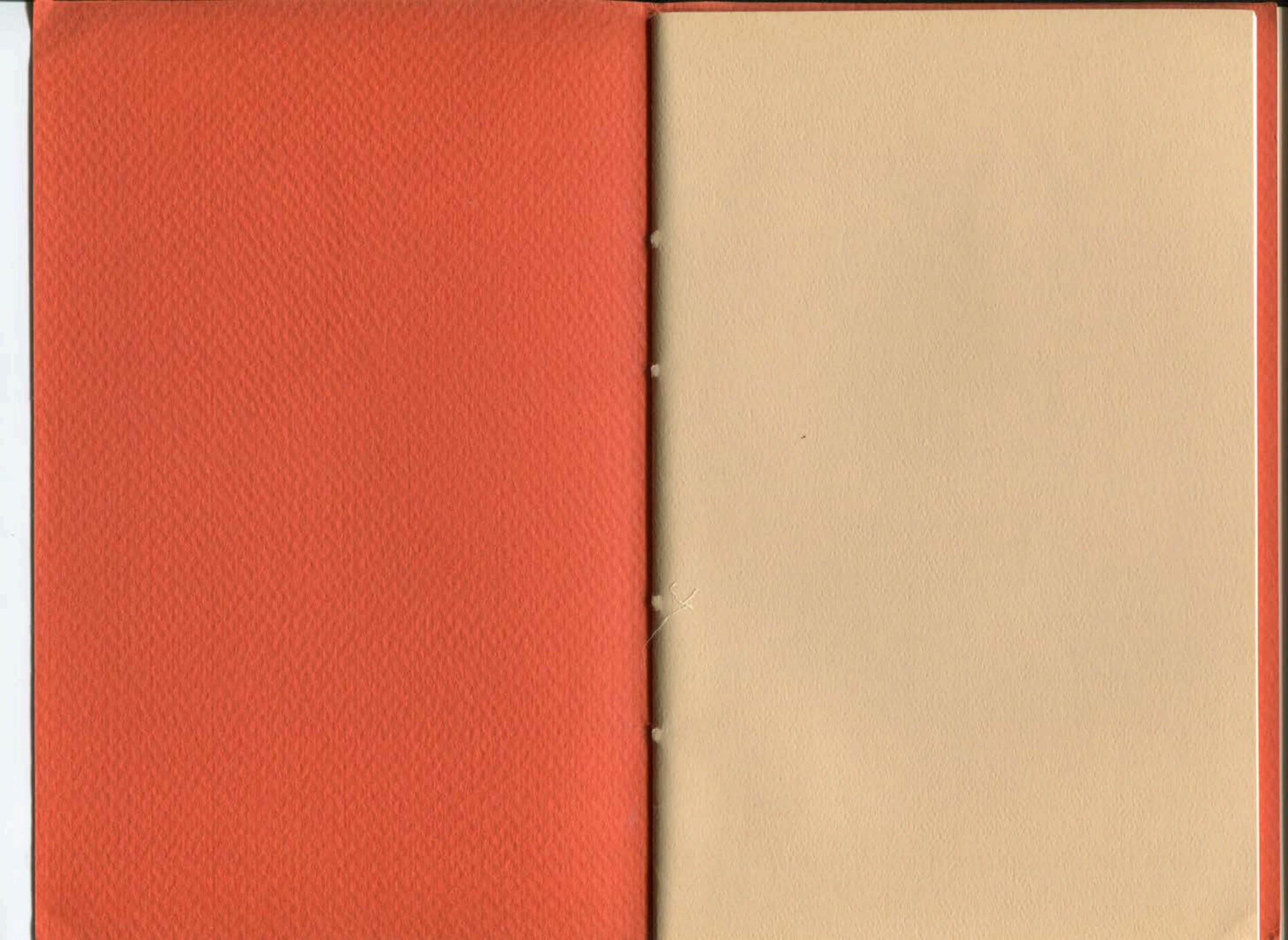


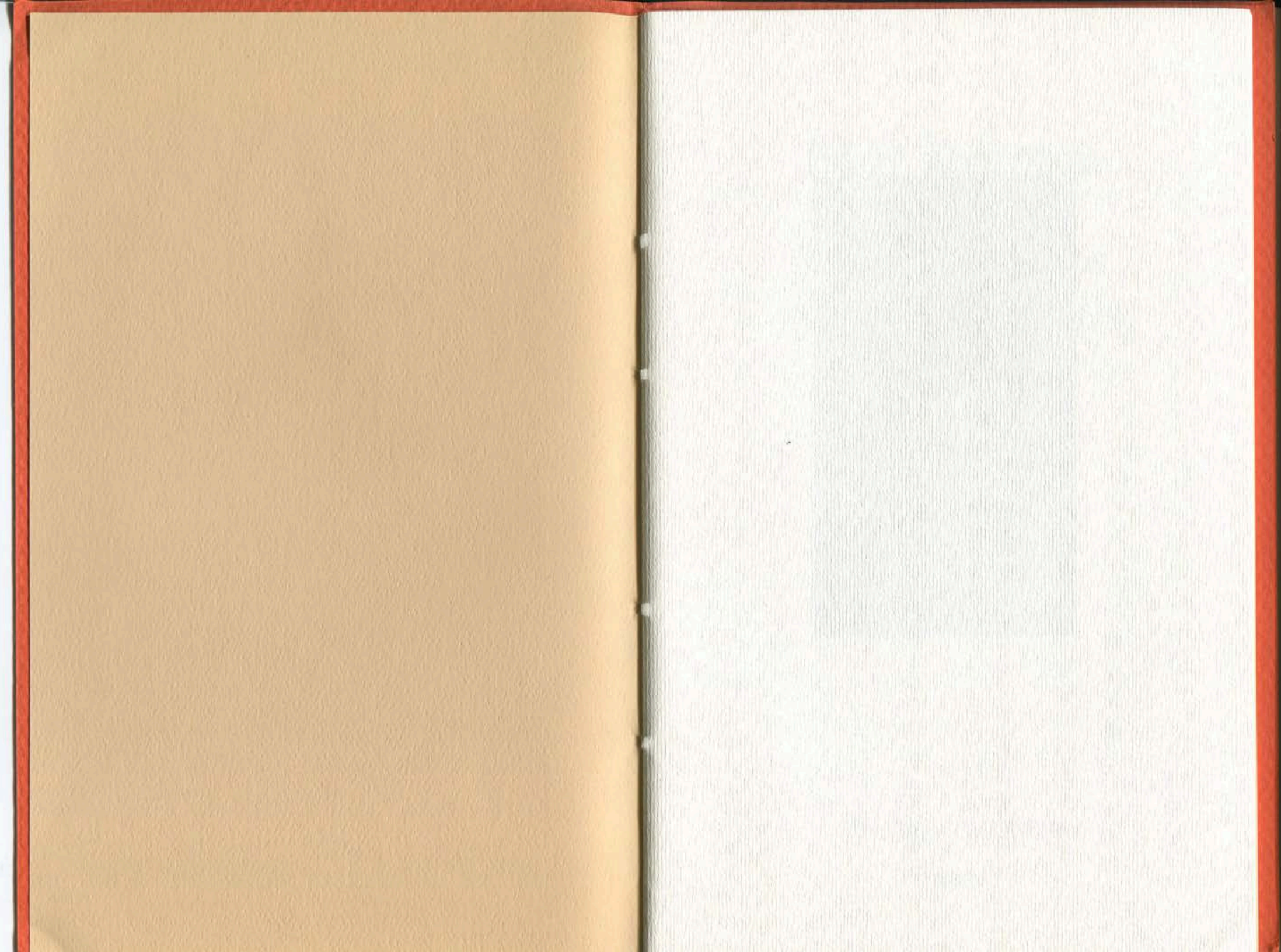
**PAUL
BRUNTON**

*Three Articles
from the
1930s*



The Short Path Press







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MCMXC

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WITH A SOUTHERN INDIAN TANTRIST

I.

THE Adyar river flows past the southern boundary of picturesque Madras, and then joins the ocean amid the ceaseless rise and fall of the Coromandel surf. Not many miles from where the Theosophical Society has its central habitation beside this broad and beautiful stream I met a remarkable young man, Bramasuganandah.

The manner of our meeting was unexpected. He was a real Yogi, and a particularly reserved and reclusive member of that solitary species. For several years he had peregrinated beside an unfrequented part of the Adyar river, but held himself so aloof from his fellow countrymen that none knew him. Yet it was ordained that we should meet.

His age was somewhere in the early thirties. He had the dark skin of the Dravidian, and with his broad flat nose, thick lips, and muscular body, looked almost negroid.

His bearing was quiet and self-reliant. During the first days of our friendship he spoke little, but listened much. Later, as we sat together hour after hour, I plying him with eager questions, he patiently answered them.

Slowly I pieced together the story of his life. At about the age of twelve he had heard of the occult path, the way of yoga, through listening to the conversations of older people. This gave him a desire to learn something more about it. He bought some books on the subject and studied them. As a result his interest increased, and he developed a keen thirst to obtain the marvellous happiness which yoga is believed to bestow upon its devotees. But his books could give him no more than a theoretical knowledge, and he did not seem able to make satisfactory

progress. One day a sentence which he had read forcibly impressed itself on his mind. It was: "To succeed on the Path one must have a guru" - a teacher or master, usually one who not only knows the Path, but has himself pursued it to the point of complete success.

Brama wanted to go out and find a guru. Domestic troubles, however, prevented him from leaving. Instead, he took upon his own initiative the practice of Pranayama. For several years he persevered with these breathing exercises, but through lack of proper supervision so mishandled matters that one day he found himself in a parlous state. A small rupture appeared at the top of his head, the skull apparently having been injured at its weakest point, and blood poured from the wound. His body grew cold and numb, and poor Brama imagined he was dying.

At this point someone appeared to him in a psychic vision and said: "See what a dangerous position you have brought yourself into by this practice." Thereafter he slowly recovered. He had learned a severe lesson and gave up the practice.

He realized that it was imperative to obtain a guide; and so, still in his teens, he left home and went out on his quest.

Henceforward he divided his time between studying with some new-found "guru" and returning home in disappointment. In this way he met no less than ten of the species, none of whom satisfied him.

"One day, on reaching the Tanjore district," he said, "I went down to the riverside in a town there. As I walked along I came to a small stone shrine, built like a miniature temple. I peeped inside and beheld a number of students gathered respectfully around a man clad only in a loin-cloth. The moment I saw him I felt awed, and a strong mental impression persuaded me that this was a real guru, a true

master. I walked slowly inside, when the man greeted me, saying, 'Six months ago my own guru directed me to take you as a chēla [pupil] and initiate you. Now you have come.'

"In this manner I found my master, and went with him wherever he travelled."

With such help Brama made satisfactory progress along the yogic path. Once he had to prepare himself to receive some higher powers by undergoing a fast of forty days. He then became conscious of occult forces behind his life, and strange visions came to him.

One day his Teacher sent for him and said: "The life of total renunciation is not yet for you. Go back into the world and live there. You will marry and have one child. At the age of thirty-nine certain signs will be given you, after which you will find yourself free to retire to the forests and live in solitary meditation until you attain the goal. I shall be waiting, and you can return to me."

The young Yogi went back to the world, in due time married, and became the father of one child, exactly as his guru has predicted. At the time of our meeting he was waiting patiently for the next stage of the prophecy to be fulfilled.

II.

Brama expressed a wish that I should visit him in a little "Study" he had built in the garden of his house. In due course I came, and after passing through the bungalow, with its typical Indian interior, found him sitting in his hermitage. The latter lay in the shade of a spreading peepul-tree, near a well.

After we had partaken of refreshment I asked Brama a question which had been some time on my mind: "Who is your guru?"

For a while he did not answer. Then he said

slowly and quietly, "If I tell you what I really believe, you will laugh at me."

I assured him, however, that I would treat his words with the utmost respect.

"I believe my guru to be over four hundred years old," he declared. "Many times he has described to me incidents which occurred during the reign of the Moghul Emperors; he has also told me of happenings during the early days of the East India Company's rule."

"But any child who has studied history could tell you such things," I countered, my Western scepticism coming to the fore.

Brama ignored my remark and went on:

"He is known by the name of Yerumbu Swami, meaning 'The Ant Teacher', because he always carries a bag of rice-powder with which to feed ants."

"Tell me," I asked, "how is it possible for a man to live beyond our normal human span?"

He smiled faintly and, gazing into space, seemed to forget my presence. Then he answered slowly:

"There are three means of rejuvenating the body and prolonging life. The first is to partake regularly of certain rare herbs known only to and procurable only from genuine gurus who have studied this matter. They carry these herbs secretly - hidden in their dress, or even tucked into a loin-cloth. When the time arrives for the final departure of such gurus they will select a worthy disciple, present him with the herbs, and make known to him the secret. To none else is the latter communicated.

"The second means is to practise Hatha Yoga until one is proficient in the complete system. This develops perfect equilibrium in the body. It entails control of breath and conserves life in proportion as one masters breath. Twenty-one thousand six hundred breaths are allotted by Nature to human beings

to be used up every twenty-four hours. Quick, noisy, and forceful breathing exceeds this quantity and therefore shortens life. On the other hand, slow, mild and silent breathing economizes this 'stock' and hence prolongs life. A perfect Hatha Yogi builds up an immense breath reserve, out of which he draws the extra years.

"The third method I can only hint at. There is an electricity lying latent in the human body. This force has to be awakened into activity under the guidance of a master and then raised to a point between the eyes. There is a kind of psychic safety-valve at this point which again must be opened by a master. Once this is done the force flows through and becomes a veritable elixir of life. Our name for it is 'The Nectar of Longevity'.

"I have been taught that one who has mastered all three methods can live for more than a thousand years. Even when he dies the worms will not attack his body. A hundred years after death his flesh will still be perfect."

I wondered.

"Where is your guru now, Brama?"

"He is in seclusion among the Himalayas. Whether he will ever return to the plains again I do not know."

III.

The eve of our parting had arrived. I had planned to go northeast to Calcutta. "You will return here," said Brama.

I shook my head. "There is much for me to do, and time presses."

"Nevertheless, you will be here again in March, and we shall meet for the space of one day."

In the sequel his prophecy proved true to the letter.

Then he handed me a sheet of paper about

foolscap size. It was covered with glyphs in red, green, and black ink. Two columns of Tamil words formed a right and left border around a central blank space. Below appeared planetary symbols and more Tamil characters. At the top he had drawn a large Tantrik symbol such as I have seen pictured in Arthur Avalon's books on Tantra Yoga. Brama explained the meaning and use of this weird talisman - for it apparently possessed a protective value. He requested me to paste into the central space one of the camera snaps I had taken of him.

"If you will concentrate on this for only five minutes every night, we shall be able to enter into conscious contact on the astral plane, no matter how many thousand miles away you may be," he declared. (Unfortunately I am unable to testify as to the value of this advice, because, having other ideas upon such matters, I have never more than glanced occasionally at the paper.)

Next I became aware of something glistening in the palm of Brama's hand. It was a ring whose golden claws held an ordinary Indian bloodstone. Brama said simply: "One equal in wisdom to my guru gave me this. Now I beg you to wear it. There is a charm within the stone. It will help you to discover your spiritual self. Wear it always."

I promised to do so. Whether the ring has any real efficacy I do not know, but within two days of my beginning to wear it my plans were unexpectedly upset. Instead of going to Calcutta I took the Indo-Ceylon boat-train, and went further south. On the second day of my departure I came face to face with the man who was destined to become my spiritual master; for he took me into the presence of my spiritual self and helped me, dull Westerner that I am, to translate a meaningless term into a living and blissful experience.

CROWLEY'S "MAGICK"

THE appearance of a new book [*Magick in Theory and Practice*] by Aleister Crowley recalls to memory an earlier work by that author which came for review into the hands of G. K. Chesterton some years ago. Writing in the *Daily News*, G.K.C. wittily remarked:

We have all possible respect for Mr. Crowley's religious symbols and we do not object to his calling upon Shu at any hour of the night. Only it would be unreasonable of him to complain if his religious exercises were generally mistaken for an effort to drive away cats!

There are several exercises in the present book whose purpose might similarly be mistaken if a neighbour overheard one practising them.

It is known that Aleister Crowley has been working on the manuscript of this book for several years, though not continuously, and that he regards it as his supreme contribution to technical or practical magic. It is not quite clear, however, why Crowley has resumed his old pseudonym of the "Master Therion".

Magick in Theory and Practice runs to the length of 436 pages and consists of four parts, each separately bound in strong paper. Before I turn to the work of the author, I would like to pass a deserved compliment to the printer.

Crowley persists in using the archaic spelling of the word "magic" throughout his books. This is undoubtedly a matter wherein he is right. "Magick" certainly upholds the wider and more philosophical connotation of the term which it possesses among

the initiated. One would like to follow Aleister Crowley in restoring the true spelling of the term, but editors and printers are pontiffs whose bidding must be obeyed.

Part One of this book opens with an appropriate introductory chapter wherein the author presents his twenty-eight theorems in the science and art of Magic. The first theorem is simple but interesting: "*Every intentional act is a Magical Act.*" The twentieth is equally interesting: "*Man can only attract and employ the forces for which he is really fitted.*"

In a further chapter Crowley proceeds to describe his theory of the universe. His aim would appear to be a reconciliation of the Dualistic, Monistic and Nihilistic theories. His conclusion is that our true knowledge of the material universe consists principally of the concepts of pure mathematics.

The remaining chapters take up a consideration in detail of those Magical formulae which compose the rituals of the art. Thus we have the wand, the cup and the pentacle among elemental weapons; Tetragrammaton, Alhim and I.A.O. among evocative names.

I am afraid that on page 65 Crowley loses his head when he tells readers that not even God can check the Magician upon his chosen path, but must be obedient to him. The part is declared to be greater than the whole!

An unpleasant chapter on blood sacrifices contains this astonishing statement:

For the highest spiritual working one must accordingly choose that victim which contains the greatest and purest force. A male child of perfect innocence and high intelligence is the most

satisfactory and suitable victim....It appears from the Magical Records of Frater Perdurabo (i.e. Aleister Crowley) that he made this particular sacrifice on an average about 150 times every year between 1912 and 1928.

This is doubtless nothing more than one of Crowley's practical jokes, though a particularly nasty one. Crowley once boasted that he had killed and ate the bodies of two native bearers in India. A prominent journal heard of this boast and sent a reporter to obtain his authentication, which was readily given. Thereupon the next issue of the journal appeared with the headline: "Crowley the Cannibal!" I regret to say that a humorless audience was completely deceived by this posturing. Crowley has a predilection for practical jokes. He holds nothing sacred, not even himself.

The choicest literary piece of *Part One* has been reserved for the final chapter. With that characteristic modesty for which he is so justly celebrated, Aleister Crowley explains that the outbreak of war in 1914 was due to the publication of his *Book of the Law* the previous year. "The intrinsic power of the truth of the Law," he adds proudly, "and the impact of the publication, were sufficient to shake the world...the might of this Magick burst out and caused a catastrophe to civilization."

At last we know the truth! It was not Kaiser Wilhelm; it was not the fear and suspicion among national governments which caused the war; it was none other than Aleister Crowley himself!

Part Two of this remarkable book covers some of the operations in Magical ceremonies.

Some interesting chapters on Clairvoyance and Divination close this part. A common method among the adepts is that involving fixation of sight.

Crowley's method is very different. He instructs the pupil to imagine a shape resembling his own body, standing immediately in front of him. When the concentration is strong enough, he is to transfer consciousness to this "body of light" while keeping the physical eyes shut. Then one is to use the eyes of this thought-body.

Part Three inaugurates a series of appendices, which provide the reader with a variety of informative notes. We are given a glimpse of the structure of Crowley's organization, to which he mysteriously refers as the A. A. and to which he applied the designation in earlier days of "The Great White Brotherhood". It can be stated here, however, that the letters stand for "Atlantean Adepts".

Part Four contains a noteworthy Dictionary of Correspondences, harmonizing the Cabbala with Egyptian, Hindu and Chinese magical systems. It is reprinted from his pre-war work, *Liber 777*, which, I believe, is now wholly unobtainable. Letters, numbers, names, etc., belonging to these systems are brought into line with each other. Crowley explains that there is a natural connection between them all as well as with certain symbols.

The later chapters describe a series of rituals and incantations. I append a fair and funny sample of the kind of matter they contain:

The Animadversion towards the Aeon.

Let the Magician, robed and armed as he may deem to be fit, turn his face towards Boleskine.

Let him strike the battery 1-3-3-3-1.

Let him describe a circle about his head, crying
NUIT!

Let him touch the centre of his forehead, his mouth,
and his larynx, crying AIWAZ!

Let him break into the dance, tracing a centripetal spiral widdershins, enriched by revolutions upon his axis as he passeth his quarter, until he come to the centre of the circle.

Is this Practical Magic? Or is it lunacy? Or is it just another bit of fooling on Crowley's part?

One chapter deals with the control of breath. It gives certain Hatha Yoga practices in an altered form, but their dangers can hardly have been lessened. Crowley informs us that his last birth in a physical body was Eliphas Levi, the French writer on Magic. As an interesting confirmation of this statement he tells us that Levi died six months before the birth of the author of *Magick in Theory and Practice*. I will supplement this with the information that Crowley told his friends in pre-war days that the illustrious Count Cagliostro was another earlier incarnation of his, a claim that was also made, or at any rate implied, by Mdme. Blavatsky when requested by Dr. Franz Hartmann to tell him what was her last incarnation. She went to a drawer and took out a portrait of Cagliostro, and gave him to understand that this distinguished personage had provided a sheath for her soul.

I am therefore forced to the conclusion that Aleister Crowley and H. P. Blavatsky are one and the same person. But since this theory scarcely seems tenable, the final judgment must be, in Lord Tennyson's phrase, that "someone had blundered!"

EGYPT - THE HOME OF THE KABBALA

ONE sultry African evening last year, when an opalescent sky set a perfect background to the black silhouettes of Cairo's mosque, minarets, and houses, a friend took me to an office building in the business quarter of the city and led me into a square, plain room. There I found a dozen people gathered together. They were members of a study class which met weekly to hear a paper read out by a Russian ex-officer, and to ply him with questions thereafter.

The subject which engrossed their minds was a wide one - the origin, culture, religion, language, and literature of ancient Egypt - and it was viewed in a manner at once unorthodox and, possibly, unusual among students of Egyptology. These topics, curiously enough, find but scant interest among native Egyptians, and hence the speaker's little audience was almost wholly drawn from Cairo's European colony. After question-time was over, I had a conversation with the Russian and found that he was engaged in difficult but fascinating researches along lines that ran part of the way parallel to my own. I discovered, too, that he was the author of some well-known treatises on the Hebrew Kabbala which had been published in Paris, where he had studied Egyptology under the famous Maspero. In his researches he did not rely entirely upon purely materialistic facts and then setting his logic to work upon them, but also upon an inner sense which he called intuition. He would not walk into the occultists' camp, but hesitated half-way thereto. Nevertheless, he accepted the system of the Kabbala, on its literary side, and his treatises in French, published under the pen-name

of Enel, revealed the profundity of thought which he had given to the subject.

As I was on the point of leaving for Southern Egypt, he invited me to visit him on my return and to pursue further the several fascinating points about Egyptology in which we were both interested. Thus it was that later, following the winding course of old Nile, I made my way back to Cairo and thence to Heliopolis to fulfil my engagement. Enel lived in one of those pleasant modern villas which have sprung up all over the site of the ancient city where Moses learnt his recondite lore and where Plato was shown the priestly treasures of papyri and inscriptions. But the Heliopolis of their days has vanished, being buried below the surface of the earth by the all-covering hands of time.

Enel's further talk revealed a mind that for thirty years had been treading a lone path in the fields of Egyptology, for he welded the learning and methods of the academic student to the intuitive faculty, which did not hesitate to leap boldly into that dark period of pre-history at whose frontiers science stops for lack of data. He seemed to me to be a man who was suffering from undeserved but inevitable neglect, rejected by the orthodox and unwilling to become a naturalized citizen of the land of the occultists. I felt it incumbent upon me to encourage him to continue his researches, even though my own experiences far outran his probable acceptance. Enel was attempting to do by intellectual and intuitive research what others, including myself, are attempting to do by psychic and spiritual investigation. The two lines of study need not be inimical. To a balanced onlooker, they are complementary and may even help each other.

Because the Egyptians are so lacking in interest in their own native antiquities, because the French

have shown and continue to show some appreciation of Enel's efforts, I felt that he ought to be introduced to the world of English readers attracted to Egypt. In a short time his first publication in English, entitled *The Message from the Sphinx* will be issued by the House of Rider, and will probably be followed by the larger and more important work, *The Origins of Genesis and the Temple-Teachings of Ancient Egypt*, which represents Enel's *magnum opus*.

The first volume of the latter work has just made its appearance in French. It is well illustrated with numerous hieroglyphs and sketches of symbolic tomb-wall scenes. It is fully documented with a large number of references to the works of Budge, Petrie, Brugsch, von Bissing, Naville, Lepsius, and other well-known names in the annals of Egyptology. Enel's ability to interpret hieroglyphs directly stands him in good stead in his opposition to several academic opinions.

The ground covered by this volume is too spacious to permit more than a mention of a representative selection of the most important points. Enel, in his introduction, supports the thesis that alone can solve forever the difficulties which bristle like porcupine needles around the problem of the derivation of Egypt's impressive culture and civilization. Where and how did they first blossom into being? - for it is generally acknowledged that they were imported fully grown. For answer he points to the ill-fated continent of Atlantis, which, he says, sent the initial stream of emigrants into the land of Khem. He combats the theories of Egyptologists who seek sources elsewhere, such as Arabia, Mesopotamia, Sumeria, etc., and will admit that these places were only supplementary and helped in supplying Egypt with its people and culture. He

mentions that scientific evidences are yet to be found, vestiges of a widespread lost civilization which existed around the Bay of Biscay in France and Spain and which scientists term Cro-Magnon; these were once coeval with Atlantis, he declares. Needless to say, I agree with his derivation and regret that in *A Search in Secret Egypt* I was compelled to withhold much material on Atlantean connections with Egypt; this, however, will be made available eventually, when I return to the subject.

Enel also supports the opinion that the early stream of conquerors entered the country from the north and slowly progressed up the Nile towards Upper Egypt. There was, however, another stream of population which entered from the south, and thus we have the spectacle of "The Two Kingdoms", as they were called, whose union under Menes, the first historical Pharaoh, produced the Egyptian civilization whose remnants savants now study. This latter stream came at a different time and not from Atlantis but from that part of Lemuria where I am penning these lines today - South India. Africa and India were then united by a land-bridge, and so we need not be surprised at the possibility of such an emigration. There are definite Tamil traditions of this connection with Egypt, while anyone familiar with the ancient temples of Egypt who steps into one of the massive Dravidian temples of South India must necessarily be astonished at the striking architectural and ritual resemblances.

I doubt whether Enel would accept this addition to his theory, but I hope one day to produce the facts when I can spare time to garner and arrange them. Much curious lore is hidden away in untranslated Tamil records, awaiting interested eyes and patient hands.

That ideas upon which both the Hebrew and

Christian religions, as well as the Kabbala, were based, were drawn primarily from Egypt is an important contention made by the author, and one which he well documents. Much space is given to the doctrine of "the divine Word" - of which St. John wrote at the head of his Gospel: "In the beginning was the Word." Enel compares the phrase with one in the Papyrus of Ani: "In the beginning Ra raises himself." He explains how Ra signified simultaneously both the creative word and the sun considered as a visible manifestation of the Logos. Or, as Michelet expressed it: "Speech and light are two identical words in the sacred language [of hieroglyphs]." The links between Christian and Egyptian religions formed by this doctrine are lengthily and pertinently expounded, with numerous hieroglyph illustrations.

He quotes a number of parallelisms between the Hebrew Book of Genesis and the Egyptian texts, sufficient to indicate that Moses must have borrowed certain things from the Egyptians without even troubling to change or modify their forms. He theorizes that the somewhat primitive and simple story of Creation given in the Old Testament owes its shape to the fact that the more scientific teachings as well as hosts of details were withheld from the profane masses and reserved for the elect few - hence the origin of the complicated and esoteric system of the Kabbala.

Among the interesting details pointed out by Enel are that the form and measurements of the Tabernacle of the Children of Israel correspond proportionately to those of the Shrine in Egyptian temples; that the rite of circumcision is pictured as an Egyptian one on the tomb-walls of Memphis; that the fumigations and sacrifices of the temples were introduced within the walls of the synagogues; that

the magic rod was a standard appurtenance of Egyptian priestly magic, where it was given a serpentine design, and was the same that Moses used for performing his miracles; and that practically an entire chapter and a half of the Book of Proverbs in the Old Testament have been copied word for word from the text of the Egyptian sage Amenemope.

Much of the author's effort is devoted to philological considerations and to an attempt to unveil the profounder sacred meanings of hieroglyphs, that truly remarkable picture-alphabet which forms the key to ancient Egypt's wisdom and culture. Paragraphs in the old texts which are meaningless when read by the candle of orthodox Egyptological interpretations, become vivid and meaningful when read by the light of Enel's lamp. He takes many of the leading words, names, and phrases which occur and recur in the texts and upon the inscribed walls, and analyses them into their original components in such a philosophical manner as to impart to them the meaning which they bore to the learned priests in relation to the highest doctrines of their religion. For hieroglyphs admittedly carried three meanings, and the final interpretation was purely esoteric, unrevealed to the laity and generally understood only by the initiated.

Egyptian views on such topics as the soul, death, resurrection, astronomy, the gods, universal laws, etc., are explained and discussed respectively in separate chapters. The correspondences these bear to the Kabbala are likewise given. A good deal of miscellaneous lore is included which will fascinate the student of ancient Egypt.

Enel's comparisons between the Egyptian, Kabbalistic, Christian, and Hindu conceptions of

Nature and man are worth quoting: "According to the Kabbala, man presents a ternary reunited in a unity, just as is the case for his prototype, the One God, Whose aspects are the Trinity." And then he gives the hieroglyph representing the human being, a picture of *three* uprights tied together at the top! Finally, he mentions the triple Brahminic division of man as being composed of material, subtle, and causal bodies.

He accepts the view that the Egyptians believed not only in life beyond the tomb for the soul, but also in a resurrection of the complete human being, including the embalmed body. "Thus in the ritual of 'The Opening of the Mouth', which symbolizes the restitution of the functions of the body of the mummy, the first act consisted in placing the latter on some sand. This act showed symbolically that the deceased had emerged from the passive state 'above the sands', as the dawning sun emerged above the surface of the earth for his new appearance."

The large increase in public interest in things Egyptian is noteworthy enough today to render Enel's contribution, based on original and painstaking studies, likely to take a permanent place in its literature. It is a book, nevertheless, which demands and should receive close attentive reading. He treats his subject with all the dignity and restraint it requires. I am glad to commend it to those who read French.

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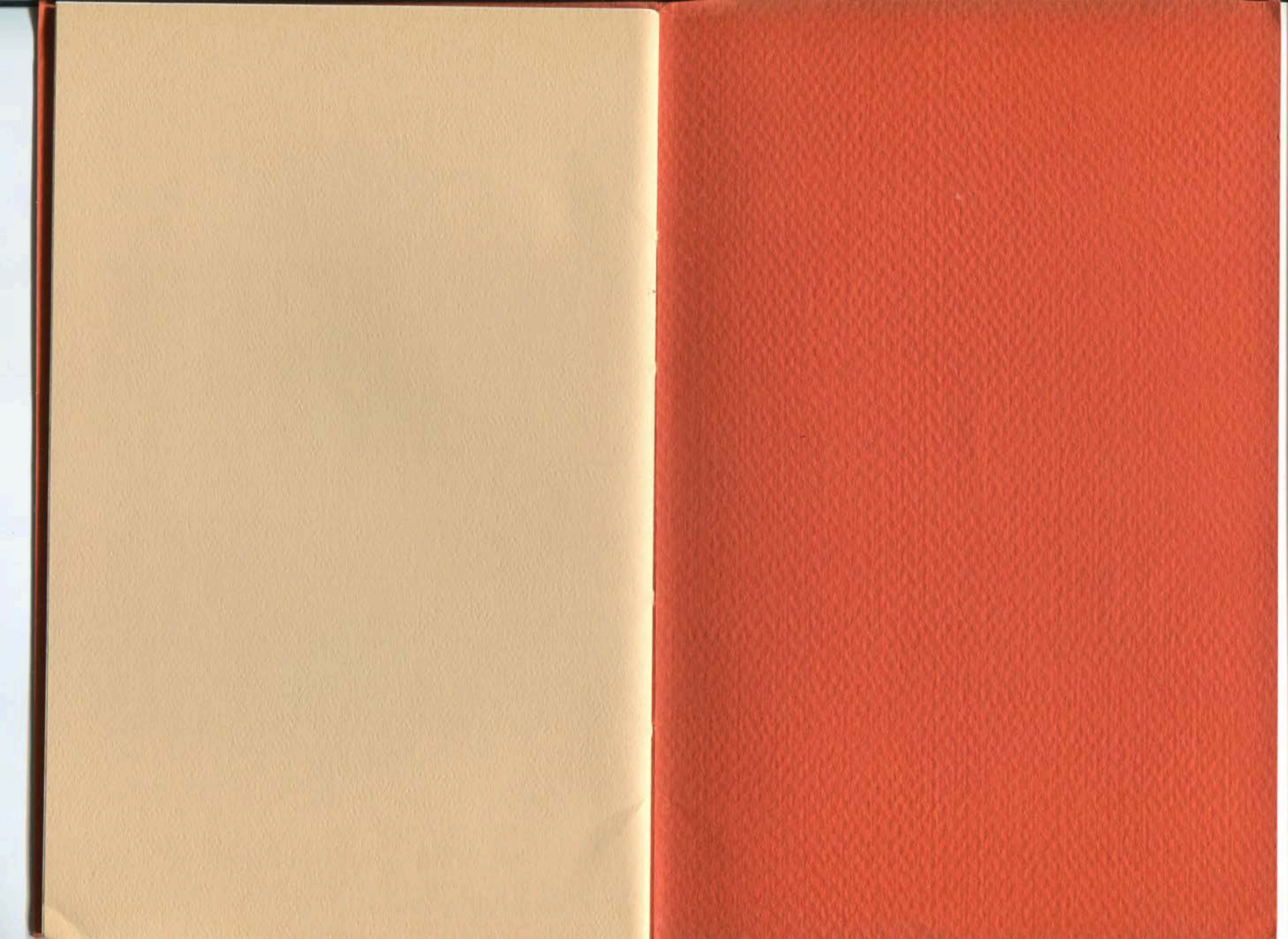
"Crowley's 'Magick'," by Paul Brunton, November 1932, pp. 313-6 [a review of *Magick in Theory and Practice*. By the "Master Therion." London: W. & G. Foyle, Ltd.];

"Egypt - The Home of the Kabbala," by Paul Brunton, October 1936, pp. 267-72 [a review of *Les Origines de la genèse et l'enseignement des temples de l'ancienne Egypte*. Volume premier. Par Enel. Le Caire: Imprimerie de l'Institut Français d'Archéologie Orientale].

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ALONG THE MYSTIC ROAD

MY eyes have sought, since I could see,
the things that set the spirit free,
The wondrous magic of the key
To chainless life.

With sweeping glance they hunt and find,
all ecstasy of heart and mind,
All mystic roads that leave behind
The scene of strife.

And oh, the sense of broken bliss,
when I must flee from Dian's kiss
To wander in the black abyss
Where bubbles thrive.

When secret haunts where god-men stray,
whitened lands where fairies play,
Fling me, a stranger, far away
To wear my gyve.

Yet I must thank the Tireless One,
whose hidden heart in the blazing sun
Will rain his love till I have won
The final fight;
For the daily gleam of the far-off goal,
for constant flights of the loosened soul,
And welcome words from Truth's great scroll,
My best birthright!

Ah! let me never lose the line
that leads into the spangled shrine,
And is to me a battle-sign
That flashes hope.
For ages yet will race me by,
before my toil shall fructify
And prove no man can e'er belie
His horoscope.

ALONG THE MYSTIC ROAD

My dear friends,
I have just received your letter
of the 15th and am glad to hear
that you are all well.

I am writing you now from
the city of New York.

I have just received your letter
of the 15th and am glad to hear
that you are all well. I am
writing you now from the city
of New York.

I have just received your letter
of the 15th and am glad to hear
that you are all well. I am
writing you now from the city
of New York.

I have just received your letter
of the 15th and am glad to hear
that you are all well. I am
writing you now from the city
of New York.

My bleeding feet shall fail and fall,
 my wincing lip must quaff the gall,
The days in hell again appal,
 But never a cry.

For the wakened soul is done with fear,
 and sees behind each sorrow-spear
A coming brightness shining clear
 Through blackened sky.

And if I meet along the road
 a brother burdened with his load,
A stumbling soul that feels the goad,
 A heavy heart;
Then let me give with eager hand,
 all strength he needs upright to stand,
All love and light that I command,
 Till pain depart.

For every man must sink in slime,
 before he e'er begins to climb,
Before he pass the bounds of Time
 Where all is one.
So send me, Lord, on every side,
 that to the blind I come, a guide,
And bring each soul, a willing bride,
 Unto the Sun!

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