

## EPILOGUE.

WHEN the chill of earth black-breasted is uplifted at  
the glance  
Of the red sun million-crested, and the forest blossoms dance  
With the light that stirs and lustres of the dawn,  
and with the bloom  
Of the wind's cheek as it clusters from the hidden  
valley's gloom :  
Then I walk in woodland spaces, musing on the  
solemn ways  
Of the immemorial places shut behind the starry  
rays ;  
Of the East and all its splendour, of the West and  
all its peace ;  
And the stubborn lights grow tender, and the hard  
sounds hush and cease.  
In the wheel of heaven revolving, mysteries of  
death and birth,  
In the womb of time dissolving, shape anew a  
heaven and earth  
Ever changing, ever growing, ever dwindling, ever  
dear,  
Ever worth the passion glowing to distil a doubtful  
tear.  
These are with me, these are of me, these approve  
me, these obey,  
Choose me, move me, fear me, love me, master of  
the night and day.  
These are real, these illusion ; I am of them, false  
or frail,

True or lasting, all is fusion in the spirit's shadow-  
veil,  
Till the knowledge-Lotus flowering hides the world  
beneath its stem ;  
Neither I, nor God life-showering, find a counter-  
part in them.  
As a spirit in a vision shows a countenance of fear,  
Laughs the looker to derision, only comes to disap-  
pear,  
Gods and mortals, mind and matter, in the glowing  
bud dissever :  
Vein from vein they rend and shatter, and are  
nothingness for ever.  
In the blessed, the enlightened, perfect eyes these  
visions pass,  
Pass and cease, poor shadows frightened, leave no  
stain upon the glass.  
One last stroke, O heart-free master, one last cer-  
tain calm of will,  
And the maker of Disaster shall be stricken and  
grow still.  
Burn thou to the core of matter, to the spirit's ut-  
most flame,  
Consciousness and sense to shatter, ruin sight and  
form and name !  
Shatter, lake-reflected spectre ; lake, rise up in  
mist to sun ;  
Sun, dissolve in showers of nectar, and the Mas-  
ter's work is done.  
Nectar perfume gently stealing, masterful and  
sweet and strong.  
Cleanse the world with light of healing in the an-  
cient House of Wrong !  
Free a million million mortals on the wheel of being  
tossed !  
Open wide the mystic portals, and be altogether  
lost !