

SONG OF THE OPEN ROAD.

From this hour I ordain myself loos'd
 of limits and imaginary lines,
 Going where I list, my own master total
 and absolute;
 Listening to others, considering well
 what they say;
 Pausing, searching, receiving, contem-
 plating;
 Gently, but with undeniable will, divest-
 ing myself of the holds that would
 hold me.

I inhale great drafts of space;
 The east and the west are mine, and
 the north and the south are mine.

I am larger, better than I thought;
 I did not know I held so much goodness.

All seems beautiful to me;
 I can repeat over to men and women,
 "You have done such good to me, I
 would do the same to you;

I will recruit for myself and you as I go."
 I will scatter myself among men and
 women as I go;

I will toss a new gladness and rough-
 ness among them.

Whoever denies me, it shall not trouble
 me;

Whoever accepts me, he or she shall be
 blessed and shall bless me.

—Walt Whitman.

THE MODERN SAINT.

No monkish garb he wears, no beads he tells,
 Nor is immersed in walls remote from strife;
 But from his heart deep mercy ever wells;
 He looks humanely forth on human life.

In place of missals or of altar dreams,
 He cons the passioned bark of deeds and
 days;
 Striving to cast the comforting sweet beams
 Of charity on dark and noisome ways.

Not hedged about by sacerdotal rule,
 He walks a fellow of the scarred and weak;
 Liberal and wise his gifts: he goes to school
 To Justice; and he turns the other cheek.

He looks not holy; simple is his belief;
 His creed, for mystic visions, do not scan;
 His face shows lines cut there by others' grief,
 And in his eyes is love of brother-man.

Not self nor self-salvation is his care;
 He yearns to make the world a summer clime
 To live in: and his mission everywhere
 Is strangely like to Christ's in olden time.

No mediæval mystery, no crowned
 Dim figure halo-ringed, uncanny bright;
 A modern saint! A man who treads earth's
 ground
 And ministers to men with all his might.

—Richard Burton in *The Independent*, 10th August.

THE EARTH'S POLES.

The two poles are called the right and left ends of our globe—the right being the North Pole—or the head and feet of the earth. Every beneficent (astral and cosmic) action comes from the North; every lethal influence from the South Pole. They are much connected with and influence "right" and "left" hand magic.

Occult teaching corroborates the popular tradition which asserts the existence of a fountain of life in the bowels of the earth and in the North Pole. It is the blood of the earth, the electro-magnetic current which circulates through all the arteries, and which is said to be found stored in the "navel" of the earth. — *Secret Doctrine, II. Notes, p. 400.*

SOME MEN by meditation, using contemplation upon the Self, behold the spirit within; others attain to that end by philosophical study with its realization, and others by means of the religion of works. Others, again, who are not acquainted with it in this manner, but have heard it from others, cleave unto and respect it, and even these, if assiduous only upon tradition and attentive to hearing the Scriptures, pass beyond the gulf of death.

Know, O chief of the Bharatas, that whenever anything, whether animate or inanimate, is produced, it is due to the union of the Kshetra and Kshetrajna—body and the soul. He who seeth the Supreme Being existing alike imperishable in all perishable things sees indeed. Perceiving the same Lord present in everything and everywhere, he does not by the lower self destroy his own soul, but goeth to the supreme end. He who seeth that all his actions are performed by nature only, and that the self within is not the actor, sees indeed. And when he realizes perfectly that all things whatsoever in nature are comprehended in the ONE, he attains to the Supreme Spirit.

As a single sun illuminateth the whole world, even so doth the One Spirit illumine every body, O son of Bharata. — *Bhagavad-Gita, xiii.*