

PROLOGUE.

Go forth, my soul, into the mighty East,
Where the vast spirit of the race still broods
On elemental and eternal things,
And the deep mind in lands of morning calm
Still meditates in mystery, and dreams
Of what concerns its welfare and its peace.

And from that far abode of truth bring home
Some artistry of wisdom and of faith,
Some revelation or forgotten creed,
Some flower of ancient culture flung away
And lost long since, discarded in the spoil
Of conquerors, or trampled under foot
By teeming generations on the march.

For yet beyond our last meridian,
Beyond the night, where primal dawn begins
And the great sun gets up in scarlet gold,
The mystic blossom of perfection still
Must bloom somewhere to gladden mortal eyes.
Perhaps within some temple garden dim,
Where Buddha sits and smiles in tranquil bronze,
Watching the slow process of the days
Go by him like a pageant of the rain,
Some wise old priest tends it with loving care,
Amorg his white and purple irises,
Shedding their beauty on the quiet world.

There with a patient and benignant regard
Born of his toil, his flowers, and his dreams,
He cultivates that pure philosophy,