

## BINDWEED

Love is a thing which is born of the intellect.

It is the brain which gives birth to this noble passion—do not believe that passion alone can be the parent of true love.

As there are two parents for the conception of the child, so two elements alone can create true love.

Passion—if alone—passes, since it belongs only to the life animal and material.

True love is eternal and born of the spirit; but demanding the abnegation of the whole—ever the body—thus true love is not perfect without passion.

But passion without spiritual love—cast it from you; for this belongs also to the beasts that perish and the eternal soul has no part in it.

True love is the marriage between the intellect—the divine side—of the human being, and passion—which is the animal and perishable side.

In this marriage the divine becomes human, and the human glorified unto divinity.

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Passion is a hideous bindweed, which, when it has flowered, withers away, leaving nothing behind it. But love is the true vine which, binding in holy wedlock, brings forth fruit unto the world.