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CONSECRATION

At Thy feet I come to shower
All my full heart’s rhyming flower:
Of Thy breath born,
By Thy love grown,
Through my lonely seeking found,
By hands Thou gavest plucked and bound.

For Thee, the sheaves
Within these leaves:
The choicest flowers
Of my life’s season,
With petals soulful spread,
Their humble perfume shed.

Hands folded, I come now to give
What’s Thine. Receive!
THE GARDEN OF THE NEW YEAR

The echoes of last year, its sorrow and laughter, have died away. The song-voice of the New Year—encouraging, hope-imparting—is chanting: "Refashion life ideally!"

A bandon the weeds of old worries. From the forsaken garden of the past garner only seeds of joys and achievements, hopes, good actions and thoughts, all noble desires.

Sow in the fresh soil of each new day those valiant seeds; water and tend them until your life is fragrant with rare flowering qualities.

The New Year whispers: "Awaken your habit-dulled spirit to zestful new effort. Rest not till th' eternal freedom is won and ever-pursuing karma outwitted!"

With joy-enlivened, unendingly united mind let us all dance forward, hand in hand, to reach the Halcyon Home whence we shall wander no more.
MY SOUL IS MARCHING ON

Never be discouraged by this motion picture of life. Salvation is for all. Just remember that no matter what happens to you, still your soul is marching on. No matter where you go, your wandering footsteps will lead you back to God. There is no other way to go.

The shining stars are sunk in darkness deep,
The weary sun is dead at night,
The moon's soft smile doth fade anon;
But still my soul is marching on!

The grinding wheel of time hath crushed
Full many a life of moon and star,
And many a brightly smiling morn;
But still my soul is marching on!

The flowers bloomed, then hid in gloom,
The bounty of the trees did cease;
Colossal men have come and gone,
But still my soul is marching on!

The aeons one by one are flying,
My arrows one by one are gone;
Dimly, slowly, life is fading,
But still my soul is marching on!

Darkness, death, and failures vied;
To block my path they fiercely tried.
My fight with jealous Nature's strong,
But still my soul is marching on!
WHEN WILL HE COME?

When every heart’s desire pales
Before the brilliancy of the ever-leaping flames
of God-love,
Then He will come.

When, in expectation of His coming,
You are ever ready
To fearlessly, grieflessly, joyously
Burn the faggots of all desires
In the fireplace of life,
That you may protect Him from your freezing
inner indifference,
Then He will come.

When no inclinations or unfulfilled cravings
Can be sure of your stability toward them;
When He shall be certain you will never leave
the guru,
Then He will come.

No matter how you feel—helpless, forsaken,
Tortured by temptation, karma, or tests—
If you ever keep hoping He will come,
He will come.

When your mind says piercingly,
“You can’t have Him, you don’t deserve
having Him’;
Still, if your soul, disregarding all this,
Shall ever keep chanting within, “He will come,”
He will come.

When He shall be sure nothing else can claim you,
Then He will come.

Even if you are the sinner of sinners,
Still, if you never stop calling Him deeply
In the temple of unceasing love,
Then He will come.