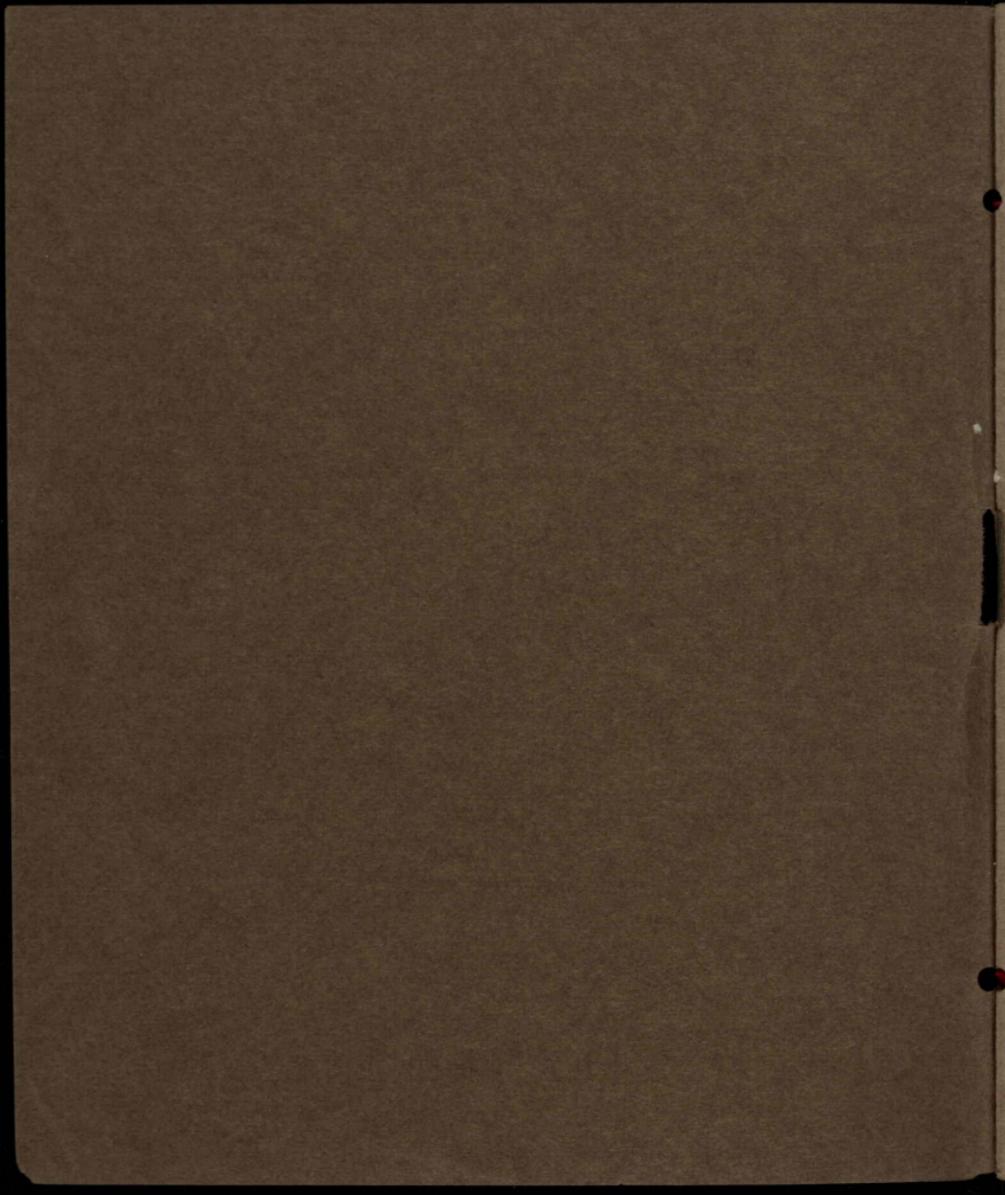




THOUGHTS BY

SRI MAZZININANANDA
MAHA THERO







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BY

SRI MAZZININANANDA MAHA THERO

BUDDHIST BISHOP



1916

SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

P. O. BOX 460



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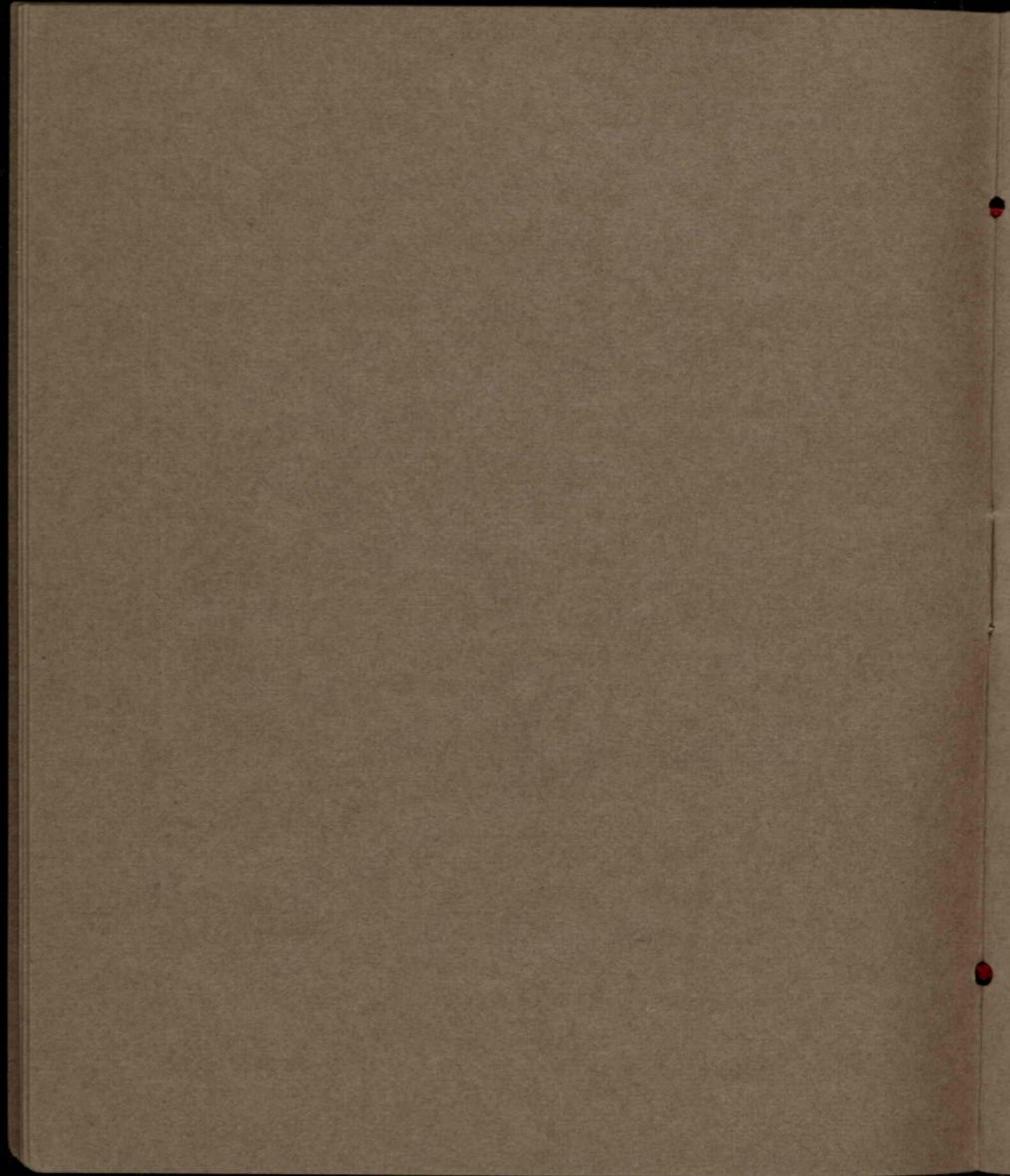
Faithfully Yours
Sri Muzhimanda K. Lehero

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BY SRI SRI MAZZININANANDA MAHA THERO



DEDICATED WITH LOVE
to
DR. and MRS. LAWRENCE GERHMANN
For their many kindnesses
AND TO THE RAJA YOGA STUDENTS







A HAND BY THE WAY.

Morning.

I know it's early morn, and hope is calling aloud
And my heart's afire with youth's desire,
To hurry along with the crowd.
But linger awhile by the roadside,
And lend a hand by the way,
It's a curious fact that a generous act
Brings leisure and luck to the day.

Noon.

I know it's almost noontide,
There's chance enough to be kind,
But the hours fly fast when Noon is past,
And the shadows are close behind.
So I think while the light is shining,
And I act ere the set of the sun,
For the sorriest woe a soul can know
Is to think what it might have done.

Evening.

I know it's almost evening,
But the twilight hour is long,
If you listen and heed to each cry of need,
You can right full many a wrong.
For when we are through with life's journey,
We can all look back and say,
On life's long mile there was nothing worth while,
But the good we did by the way.

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LOVE.

Is not Love

Of all those memories, which, to parent skies
Mount struggling back (as to their source above
In upward showers imprisoned founts arise)

Oh! is not Love the strongest and the clearest?

Love, and thine eyes instinctive seek the heaven

Love and a hymn from every star thou hearest.

Love and a world beyond the sense is given

Love and how many a glorious sleeping power

Wakes in thy breast and lifts thyself from thee

Love and until then so wedded to the hour

Thy thoughts go forth and seek Eternity.

Lose what thou lovest and the life of old

Is from thine eyes, oh soul! no more concealed

Look beyond death and through thy tears behold

There where Love goes thy future home revealed

Arise, then, O soul! take comfort from thy sorrow

Thou feel'st thy treasure when thou feel'st thy load

Life without thought, the day without the morrow,

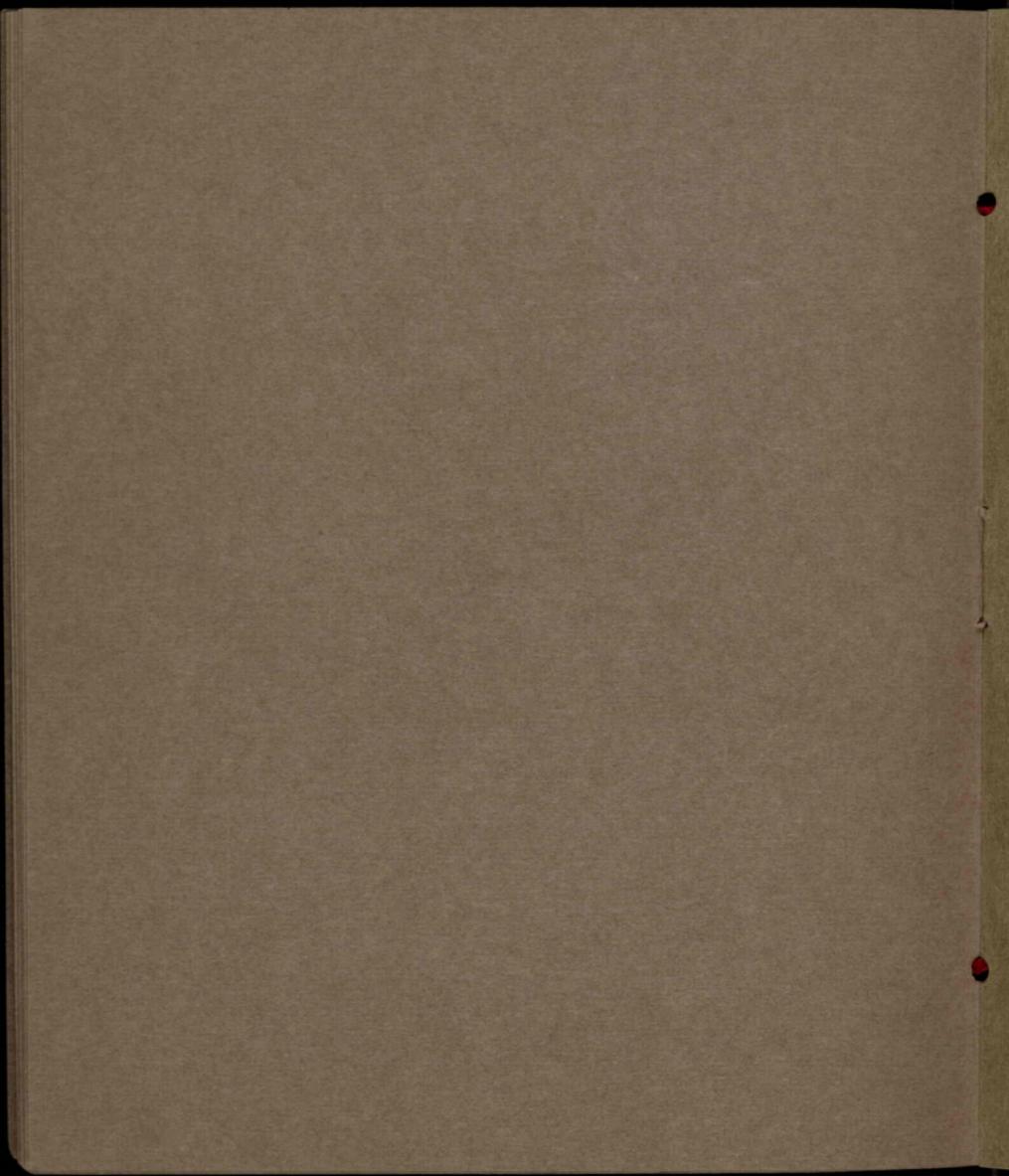
God on the brute bestowed.

Longings obscure for a native clime,

Flight from what is, to live in what shall be

God gave the soul, thy discontent with time,

Proves thine Eternity.

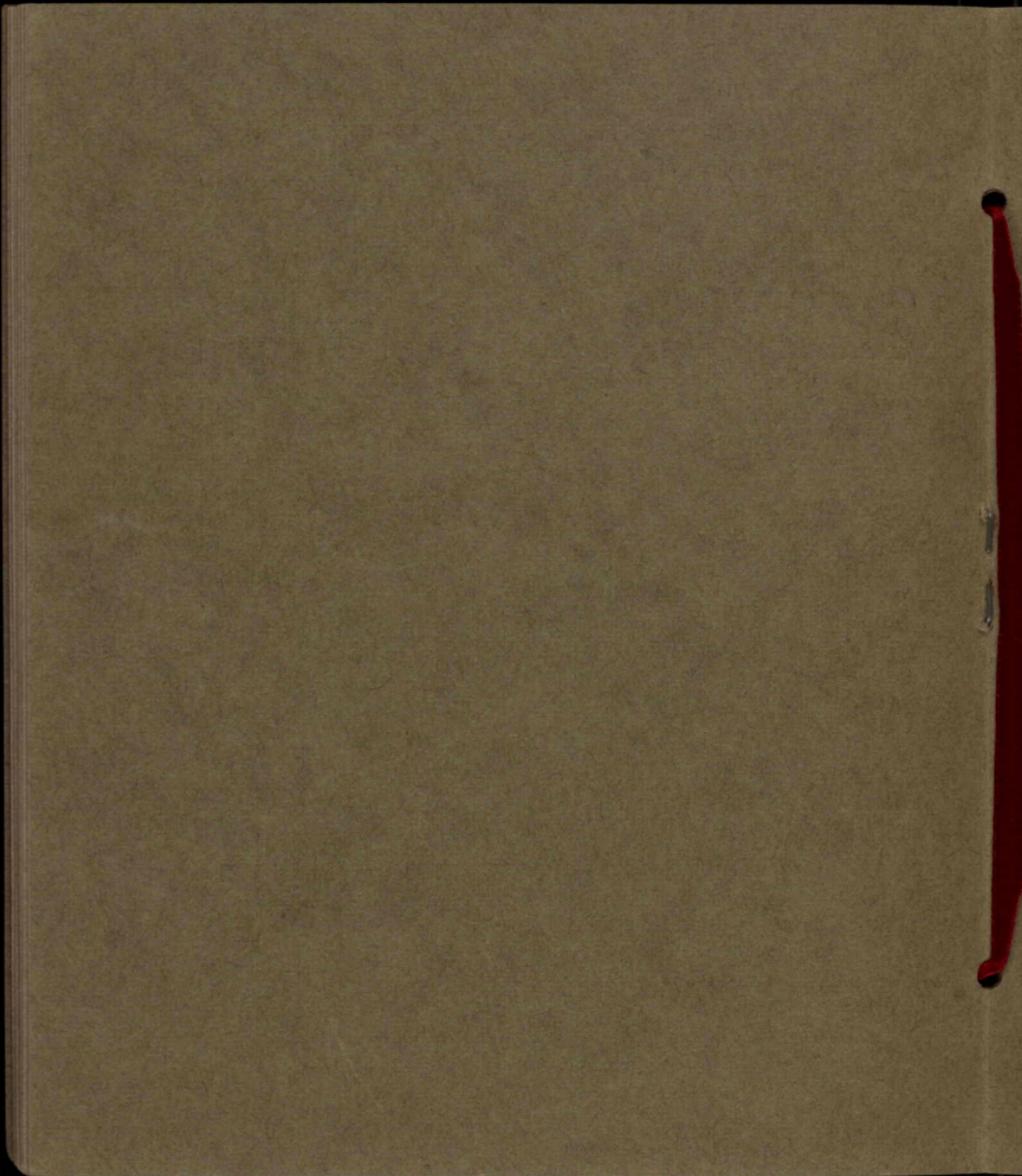




FAITH.

O! balanced like a whirling star,
The all-untiring forces are,
Enveloped in their vast career,
With their own silent atmosphere,—
A Faith, that in its calmness great,
Shows the self-consciousness of fate,
And that unconquerable Will
Which, mastering all, is swift and still.
Ah, then, possess thy soul in peace,
Thou Builder for the centuries.
Since all our mightiest forces run,
Still and resistless as the sun.

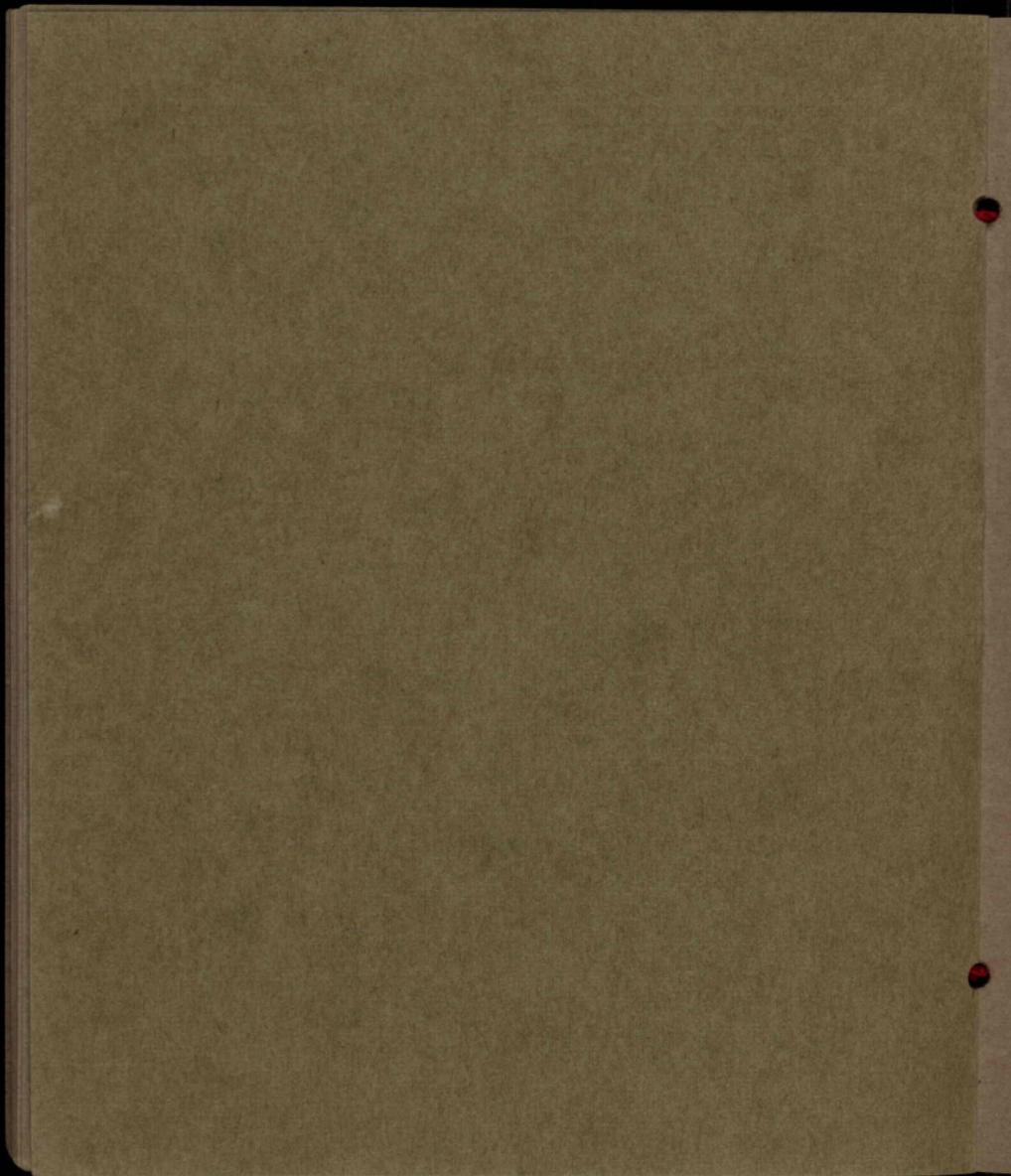






WHY I SMOKE A PIPE.

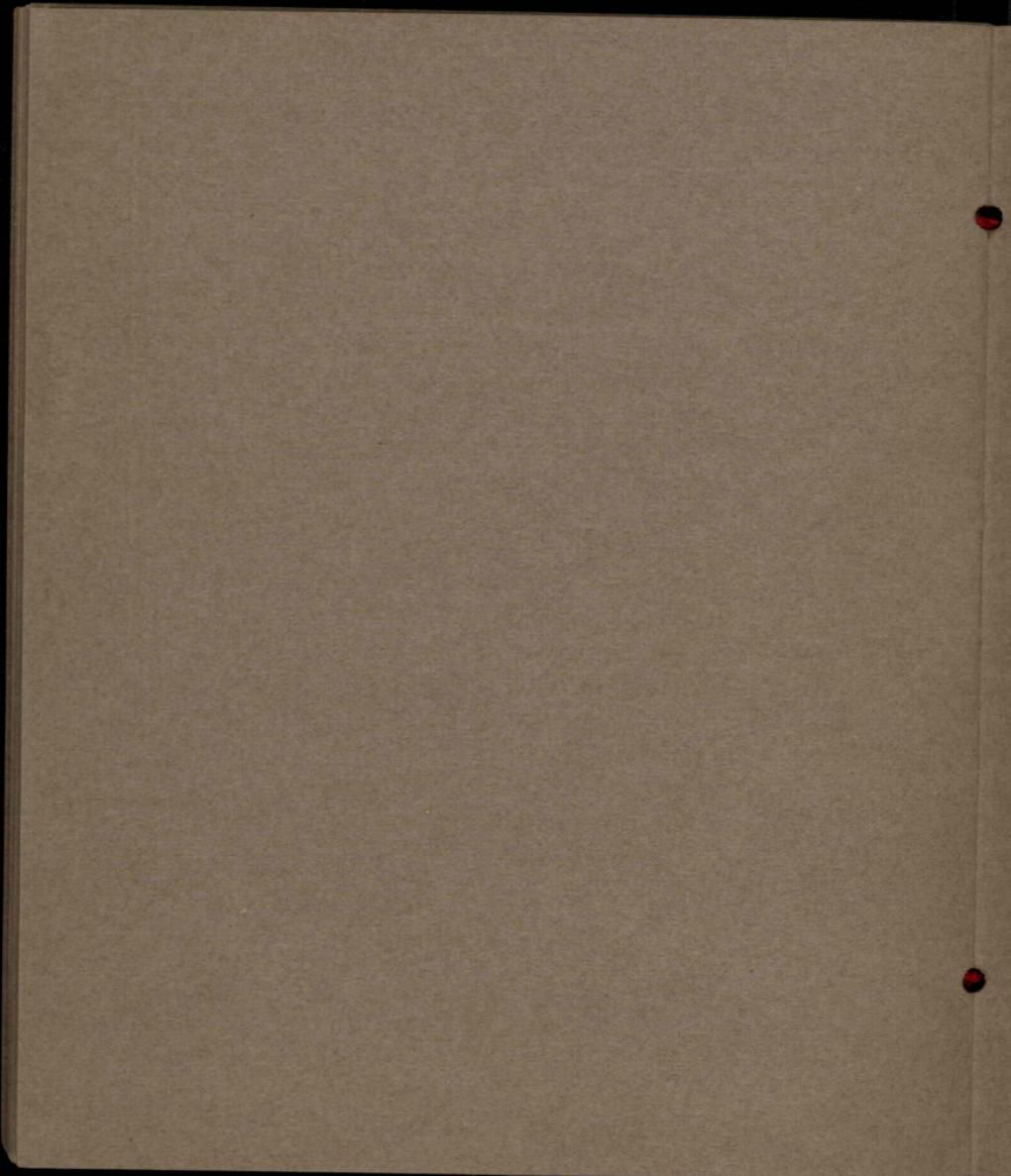
I like to fill my pipe at night,
And settle in my easy chair,
And let an hour or two take flight,
That is devoid of sordid care,
To dream my little dreams of peace
Away from money chasing crowds,
To seek the mental golden fleece,
And build my castle in the clouds.
I like to watch the smoke wreaths curl
As lazily they float away,
To picture in each hazy swirl
The glories of a by-gone day,
To see once more the sun-kissed hair,
Of her, who laughs no more,
To see her standing by my chair,
And smiling sweetly as before.
Then all is well no matter how,
The day with troubles was beset,
The fragrant smoke around my brow,
My eyes, perhaps, a trifle wet,
As smiles I loved look back again,
And eyes I loved look down at me.
And little hands I fondled then
Are waving at me merrily.





No hate, no envy, no despair,
No scrambling wild to reach my goal,
Just visions sweet about my chair,
And pictures rising from the bowl,
Forgot are present charms or woes,
With past or future joys I dwell,
Thus bringing each day to a close,
With faith renewed that all is well.



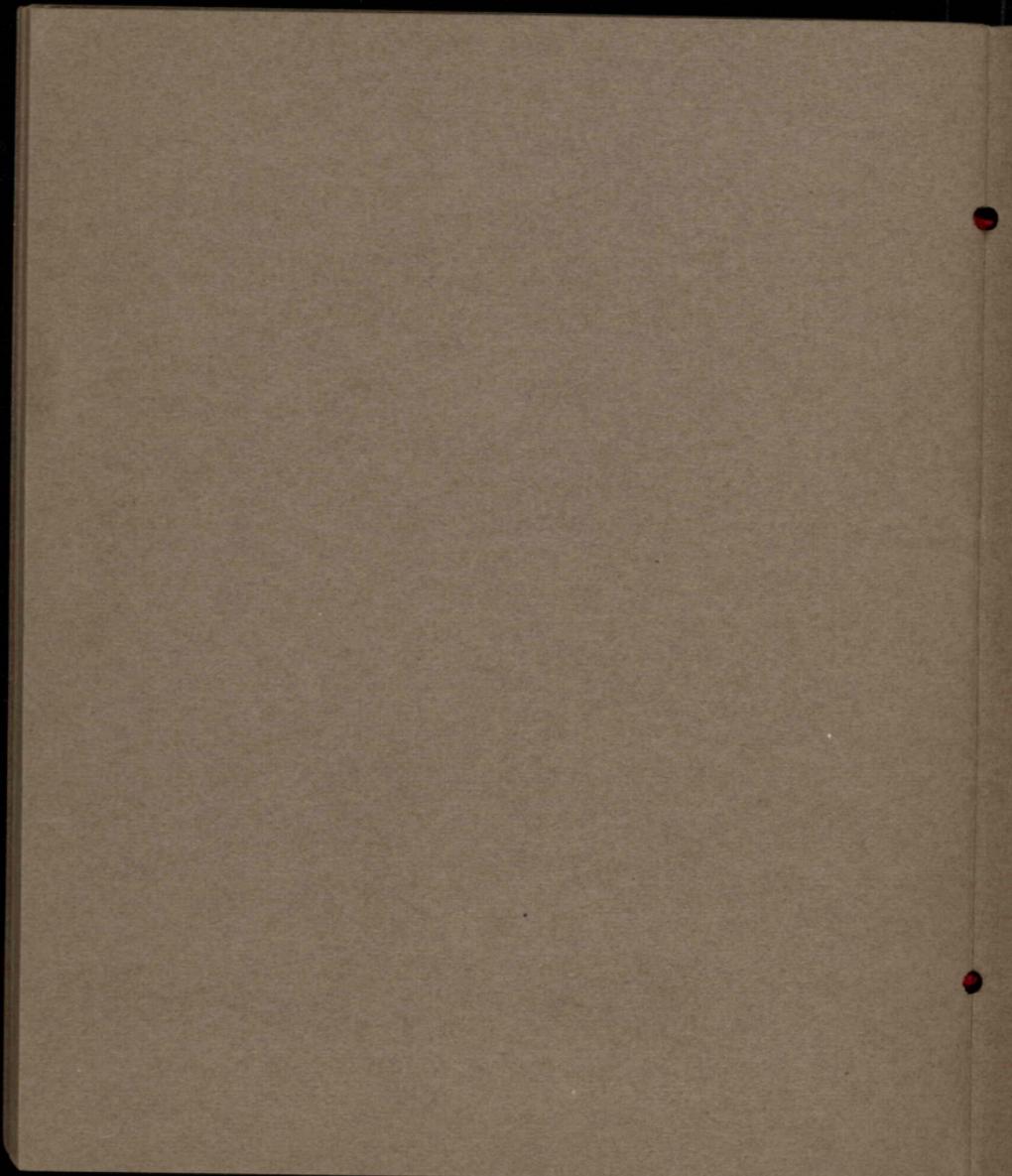




THE SOUL'S AWAKENING

Man goeth the way that seemeth best,
From cradle to the grave;
Through Incarnations one by one,
That he "himself may save."
Through everyone that he has passed
Experience has he gained,
That leads him on to know himself,
That self in all contained.
Until he sees, the way he thought
Would lead him into life,
Is but the shadow of the real,
And full of death and strife.
To overcome, he stands appalled
And longs the truth to see;
As consciousness awakes in him
That truth will set him free.

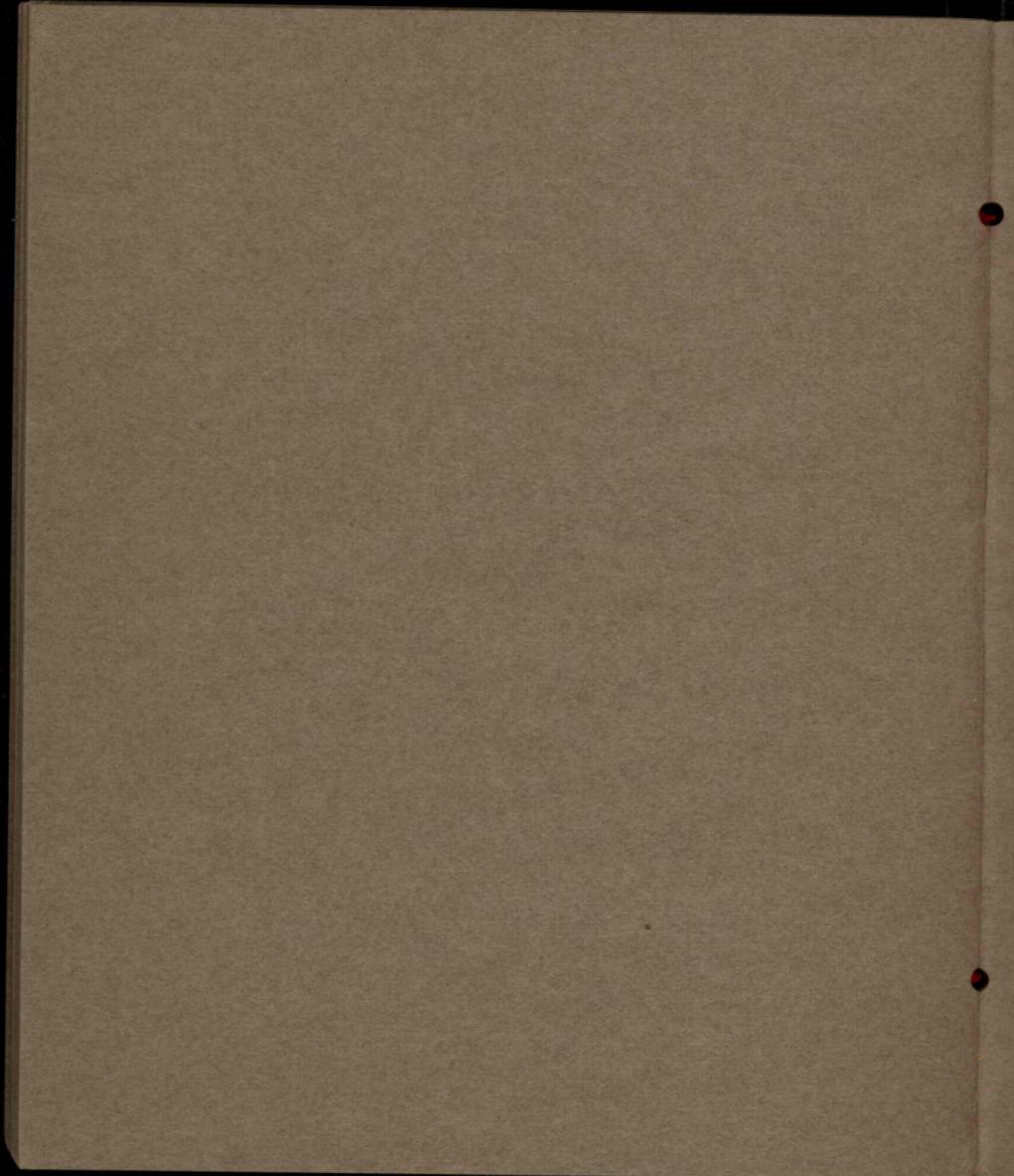






THE SOUL'S VOYAGE.

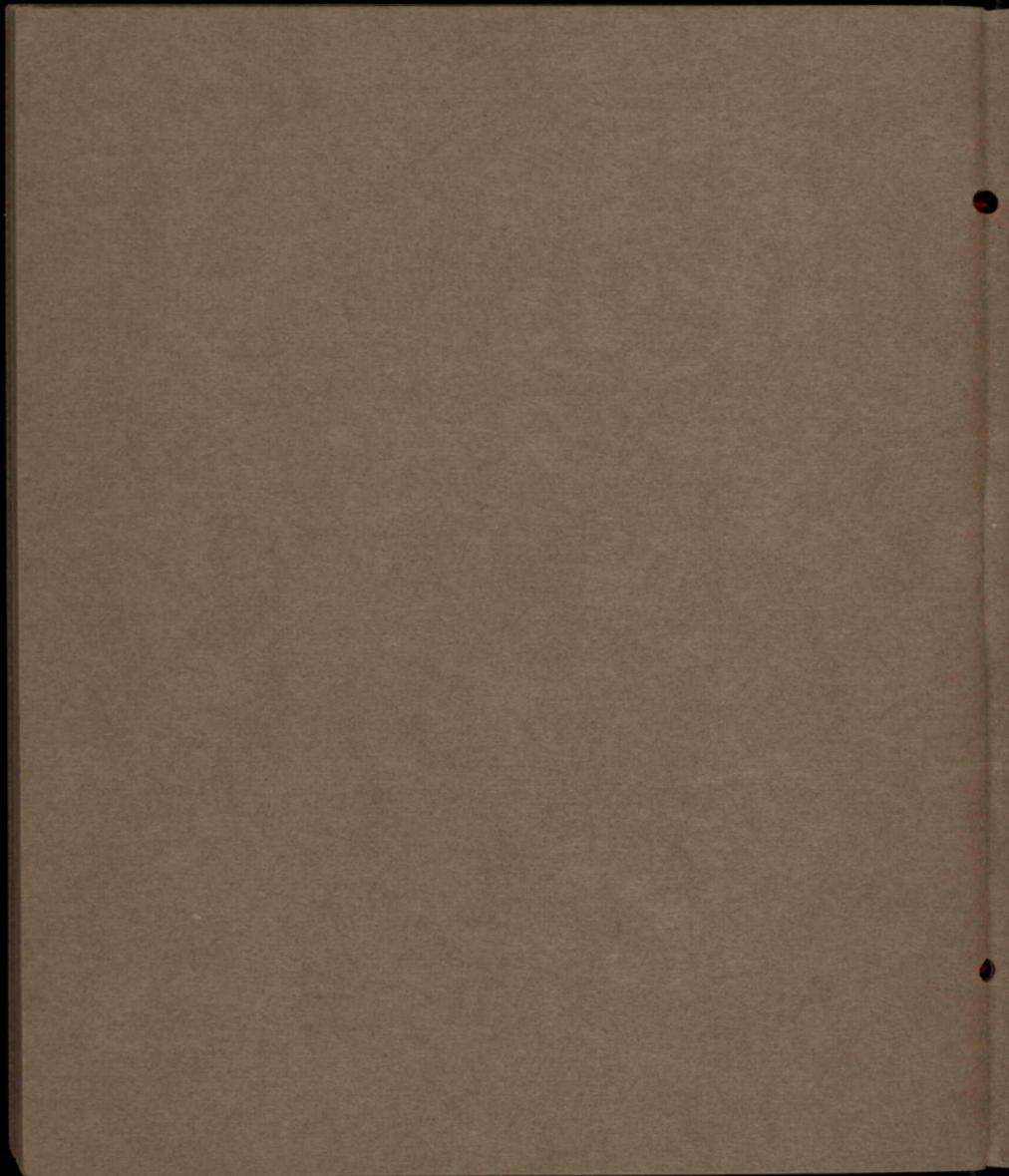
As my mind in Meditation,
Takes a look into the Past,
With its pleasures and its heartaches
That would seem to ever last.
Now I see with clearer vision,
As my soul reveals to me,
That itself was only sailing
In the barque it made of me.
That itself was only sailing
In the barque it made of me.
First the wee, small tiny vessel
Anchored in the Harbor of Love,
There the Soul, the Master-workman
Doth his own creation prove;
Until he doth lift the anchor,
Letting ship drift out to sea.
Glad it is to break its moorings,
Sailing free, sailing free.
See it rides the waves majestic,
As it bears up to the breeze;
Strong and mighty and elastic,
Seems to sail where'er it please.
With its precious cargo laden,
Calling at the ports of life,





Where it meets the Might force of
Human heart with all its strife.
Thus free from one sea to another,
Doth it voyage on its way;
Sometimes drifting, sometimes stranded,
By the storms that hold full sway.
When at last, the voyage ended
Soul doth lay this barque away
Only to create a greater,
And again to sail away.







THE SOUL'S ABIDING.

Abide with me thou Soul of Love,
That I may know thy Heaven above,
Dwells in me now the conscious man,
Revealed through Love's Infinite plan.
To know Thee is to know I AM
Infinite Love expressed through man,
And as I AM, so must I be,
Thou Soul of Love, Infinity.
Abide with me so I may know,
That all I do from Thee doth flow,
E'en though the world may know it not,
Thy love my choice; Thy Will my lot.
Thus would I live, Oh! Soul with Thee,
Conscious of Thine Infinity,
"Till time and space. and all I see,
Is Thine Omnipotence in me."



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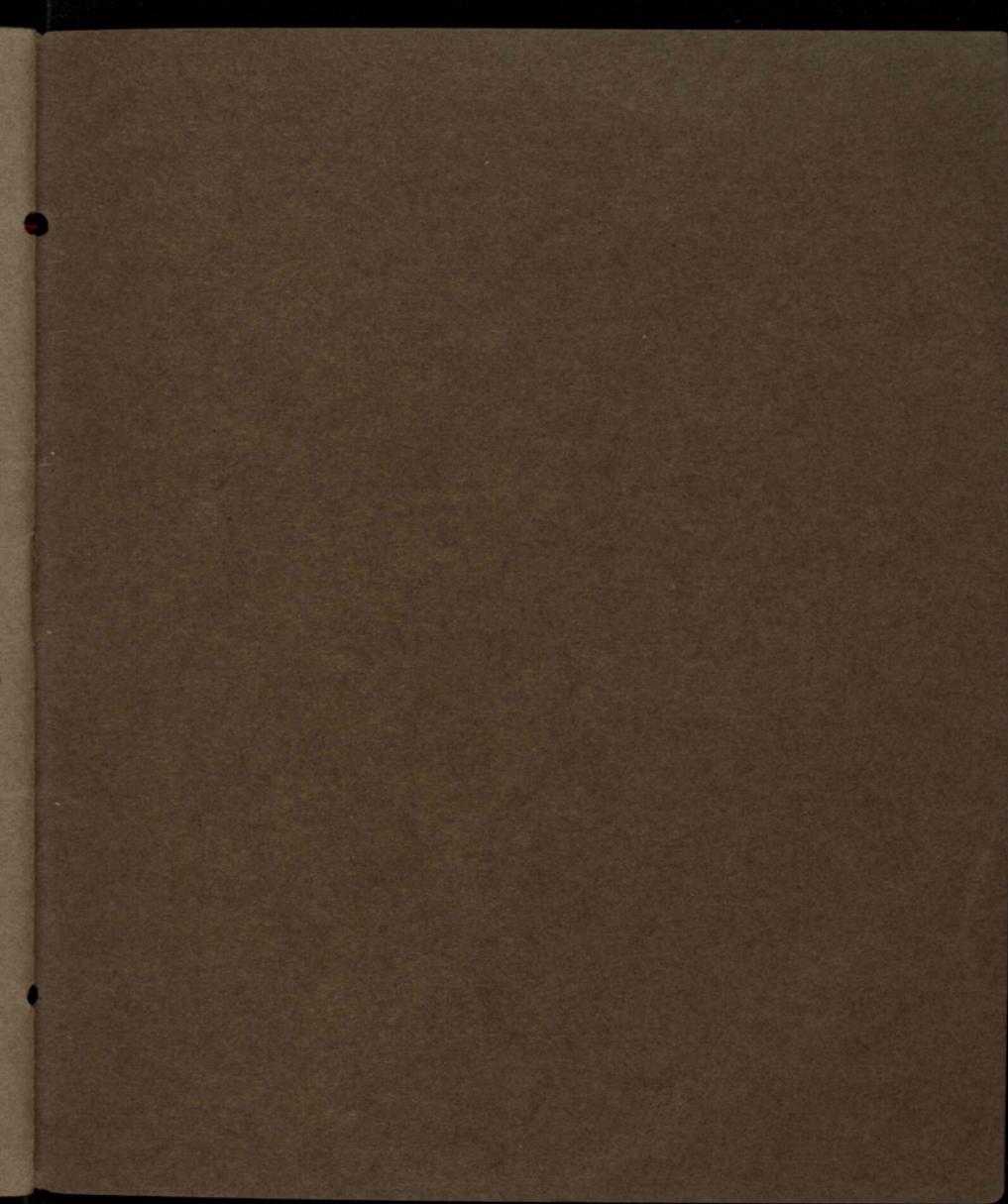
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