



Abba Hillel Silver Collection Digitization Project

Featuring collections from the Western Reserve Historical Society and
The Jacob Rader Marcus Center of the American Jewish Archives

MS-4787: Abba Hillel Silver Papers, 1902-1989.

Series V: Writings, 1909-1963, undated.

Reel
171

Box
62

Folder
14

Verily, God is in this place, 1915.

R.T. the wise man & the East.

151

One of the most thought-provoking bits of symbolism from the pen of that other wise man from the East R.T. is that poem which tells of the would-be ascetic who ~~set~~ ^{went} out to find God.

(These poems) - The Gardener - At Midnight

The poet in a few bold strokes ^{has} paints one of the saddest ^{phases} ~~incidents~~ of human life. It is sad enough to stumble over the burning sands of a desert following the same glistening mirage. It is sad enough to pursue in despair some will-o-the-wisp of hope. But how infinite and human life is full of such futile quests and heart-beating pursuits. But how infinitely sadder it is to behold men forsaking garden lands for the sake of distant meadows, ^{heat-giving, light-giving fields} ~~sweet-smelling flowers~~ for ~~cherished~~ will-o-the-wisps. And yet how many are the men and the women who waste the ~~flowers~~ opportunities which life has laid at their door because their eyes are forever scanning the distant horizon. How many are the men and the women who fail to hear the soft, soul-satisfying music of every-day life because their ears are attuned to the wild, hair-raising song of some unseen Pan which calls irresistibly to them ~~beckons~~ ~~calls~~ ^{their} irresistibly to ~~see~~ those far-off sun-kissed fields of delight which prove to be but howling wildernesses and marshes of despondency. How many ^{as the} men and women ~~are~~ who like the ascetic of the poem, ~~are~~ seek God while, in truth, they are forsaking him!

That other great mystic of the age, Martin Luther, has also embodied this wisdom and pathos of life in his play - The Blue Bird. The eternal quest for happiness in the great Beyond - How tragic that is! And yet ^{in the great drama of even little things} ~~we~~ ^{are} not all ~~of~~ ⁱⁿ fond children, seeking the blue-bird in far and distant lands, in ~~worlds~~ ^{realms beyond} other than our every-day one. And how few are those who return from the quest to ~~be~~ ^{afford} learn that the blue bird is to be found in our very home, in our own little world, in the near and present things.

2
The human race is not in want of ^{the} motive force, ^{of the} propelling impulses, ^{of the} driving ambitions. Men do strive! But it is after things beyond their ken! They lift up their eyes to the mountains thinking that there is the abode of help and happiness. They leave the valley which ^{is rich in} ~~seems with~~ promises and opportunities, and climb with bleeding feet the barren mountain - heights and when the top is reached - they find neither help nor happiness ^{there} but wide stretches of emptiness. ~~and still~~ They cannot even return to the valley! For from the top of the mountain, the valley and its homes and its people look so appear so small and ^{aimless and} insignificant as ~~billiard balls~~ to them. ~~to~~ so that they are lost in the very richness of life - and their days are spent in ~~contemplation~~ ^{contemplation} of what might have been.

I knew ^{such} a man. ~~He~~ ^{He} called him a success. which he was - a tremendous success! But a gigantic human failure! He too, had sacrificed all for the Great Beyond! for the ultimate goal! In the final great success! (Book).

Look about you and see how the many lives ^{that} ~~which~~ have been wrecked, the many souls that have been crushed by this same fatal obsession or delusion - this thought that happiness is bound up with the ultimate things - that it is to be found in the goal only and not on the road, that it is there and not here, then and not now. How many are the men who have spoiled their lives, driven all beauty all sweetness, ^{all} ~~all~~ expansive contentment from it because of their hard, desperate ~~purious~~ drive after some distant

success which to them was synonymous with ³
happiness. How many women have tampered
~~and spoiled~~ the crystal stream of their life by embel-
~~lising~~ ^{brought} ~~themselves~~ ^{to} ~~brought~~ every hatred, unhappiness
into their lives by forsaking the infinite opportu-
nities for real ^{contentment} ~~happiness~~ which their life, their
home, their ^{narrowed} ~~family~~ afforded and setting out in
desperate pursuit of social recognition, social
position and such flummery! ^{and the Jewish people who} ~~we~~ ^{are} all
seeking our gods away from home. We are all
miserably the present for the future.

A most intensely human prayer is that
prayer, the Psalmist - ^{וְלֹא יִסְמְךָ יָמֶיךָ} "Teach
us to number our days!" ^{אֲמַרְנוּ לַיהוָה} "To number our days!
to count them as one would count a string of
pearls! One by one! Each one sufficient unto itself
and all blending into a perfect harmony. To number
our days! To live each day fully, intensely, richly! Not
to sacrifice it for another day but to live it! to fill
it with glory and the splendor of achievement. The
song which should forever be upon our lips is
- ! וְלֹא יִסְמְךָ יָמֶיךָ אֲמַרְנוּ לַיהוָה

"This is the day which the Lord hath made - let us
find our joy and happiness in it." -

And rich in spiritual intimations is that
biblical legend of Jacob fleeing from his home.
^{I read} ¹ ² ³ ⁴ ⁵ ⁶ ⁷ ⁸ ⁹ ¹⁰ ¹¹ ¹² ¹³ ¹⁴ ¹⁵ ¹⁶ ¹⁷ ¹⁸ ¹⁹ ²⁰ ²¹ ²² ²³ ²⁴ ²⁵ ²⁶ ²⁷ ²⁸ ²⁹ ³⁰ ³¹ ³² ³³ ³⁴ ³⁵ ³⁶ ³⁷ ³⁸ ³⁹ ⁴⁰ ⁴¹ ⁴² ⁴³ ⁴⁴ ⁴⁵ ⁴⁶ ⁴⁷ ⁴⁸ ⁴⁹ ⁵⁰ ⁵¹ ⁵² ⁵³ ⁵⁴ ⁵⁵ ⁵⁶ ⁵⁷ ⁵⁸ ⁵⁹ ⁶⁰ ⁶¹ ⁶² ⁶³ ⁶⁴ ⁶⁵ ⁶⁶ ⁶⁷ ⁶⁸ ⁶⁹ ⁷⁰ ⁷¹ ⁷² ⁷³ ⁷⁴ ⁷⁵ ⁷⁶ ⁷⁷ ⁷⁸ ⁷⁹ ⁸⁰ ⁸¹ ⁸² ⁸³ ⁸⁴ ⁸⁵ ⁸⁶ ⁸⁷ ⁸⁸ ⁸⁹ ⁹⁰ ⁹¹ ⁹² ⁹³ ⁹⁴ ⁹⁵ ⁹⁶ ⁹⁷ ⁹⁸ ⁹⁹ ¹⁰⁰ ¹⁰¹ ¹⁰² ¹⁰³ ¹⁰⁴ ¹⁰⁵ ¹⁰⁶ ¹⁰⁷ ¹⁰⁸ ¹⁰⁹ ¹¹⁰ ¹¹¹ ¹¹² ¹¹³ ¹¹⁴ ¹¹⁵ ¹¹⁶ ¹¹⁷ ¹¹⁸ ¹¹⁹ ¹²⁰ ¹²¹ ¹²² ¹²³ ¹²⁴ ¹²⁵ ¹²⁶ ¹²⁷ ¹²⁸ ¹²⁹ ¹³⁰ ¹³¹ ¹³² ¹³³ ¹³⁴ ¹³⁵ ¹³⁶ ¹³⁷ ¹³⁸ ¹³⁹ ¹⁴⁰ ¹⁴¹ ¹⁴² ¹⁴³ ¹⁴⁴ ¹⁴⁵ ¹⁴⁶ ¹⁴⁷ ¹⁴⁸ ¹⁴⁹ ¹⁵⁰ ¹⁵¹ ¹⁵² ¹⁵³ ¹⁵⁴ ¹⁵⁵ ¹⁵⁶ ¹⁵⁷ ¹⁵⁸ ¹⁵⁹ ¹⁶⁰ ¹⁶¹ ¹⁶² ¹⁶³ ¹⁶⁴ ¹⁶⁵ ¹⁶⁶ ¹⁶⁷ ¹⁶⁸ ¹⁶⁹ ¹⁷⁰ ¹⁷¹ ¹⁷² ¹⁷³ ¹⁷⁴ ¹⁷⁵ ¹⁷⁶ ¹⁷⁷ ¹⁷⁸ ¹⁷⁹ ¹⁸⁰ ¹⁸¹ ¹⁸² ¹⁸³ ¹⁸⁴ ¹⁸⁵ ¹⁸⁶ ¹⁸⁷ ¹⁸⁸ ¹⁸⁹ ¹⁹⁰ ¹⁹¹ ¹⁹² ¹⁹³ ¹⁹⁴ ¹⁹⁵ ¹⁹⁶ ¹⁹⁷ ¹⁹⁸ ¹⁹⁹ ²⁰⁰ ²⁰¹ ²⁰² ²⁰³ ²⁰⁴ ²⁰⁵ ²⁰⁶ ²⁰⁷ ²⁰⁸ ²⁰⁹ ²¹⁰ ²¹¹ ²¹² ²¹³ ²¹⁴ ²¹⁵ ²¹⁶ ²¹⁷ ²¹⁸ ²¹⁹ ²²⁰ ²²¹ ²²² ²²³ ²²⁴ ²²⁵ ²²⁶ ²²⁷ ²²⁸ ²²⁹ ²³⁰ ²³¹ ²³² ²³³ ²³⁴ ²³⁵ ²³⁶ ²³⁷ ²³⁸ ²³⁹ ²⁴⁰ ²⁴¹ ²⁴² ²⁴³ ²⁴⁴ ²⁴⁵ ²⁴⁶ ²⁴⁷ ²⁴⁸ ²⁴⁹ ²⁵⁰ ²⁵¹ ²⁵² ²⁵³ ²⁵⁴ ²⁵⁵ ²⁵⁶ ²⁵⁷ ²⁵⁸ ²⁵⁹ ²⁶⁰ ²⁶¹ ²⁶² ²⁶³ ²⁶⁴ ²⁶⁵ ²⁶⁶ ²⁶⁷ ²⁶⁸ ²⁶⁹ ²⁷⁰ ²⁷¹ ²⁷² ²⁷³ ²⁷⁴ ²⁷⁵ ²⁷⁶ ²⁷⁷ ²⁷⁸ ²⁷⁹ ²⁸⁰ ²⁸¹ ²⁸² ²⁸³ ²⁸⁴ ²⁸⁵ ²⁸⁶ ²⁸⁷ ²⁸⁸ ²⁸⁹ ²⁹⁰ ²⁹¹ ²⁹² ²⁹³ ²⁹⁴ ²⁹⁵ ²⁹⁶ ²⁹⁷ ²⁹⁸ ²⁹⁹ ³⁰⁰ ³⁰¹ ³⁰² ³⁰³ ³⁰⁴ ³⁰⁵ ³⁰⁶ ³⁰⁷ ³⁰⁸ ³⁰⁹ ³¹⁰ ³¹¹ ³¹² ³¹³ ³¹⁴ ³¹⁵ ³¹⁶ ³¹⁷ ³¹⁸ ³¹⁹ ³²⁰ ³²¹ ³²² ³²³ ³²⁴ ³²⁵ ³²⁶ ³²⁷ ³²⁸ ³²⁹ ³³⁰ ³³¹ ³³² ³³³ ³³⁴ ³³⁵ ³³⁶ ³³⁷ ³³⁸ ³³⁹ ³⁴⁰ ³⁴¹ ³⁴² ³⁴³ ³⁴⁴ ³⁴⁵ ³⁴⁶ ³⁴⁷ ³⁴⁸ ³⁴⁹ ³⁵⁰ ³⁵¹ ³⁵² ³⁵³ ³⁵⁴ ³⁵⁵ ³⁵⁶ ³⁵⁷ ³⁵⁸ ³⁵⁹ ³⁶⁰ ³⁶¹ ³⁶² ³⁶³ ³⁶⁴ ³⁶⁵ ³⁶⁶ ³⁶⁷ ³⁶⁸ ³⁶⁹ ³⁷⁰ ³⁷¹ ³⁷² ³⁷³ ³⁷⁴ ³⁷⁵ ³⁷⁶ ³⁷⁷ ³⁷⁸ ³⁷⁹ ³⁸⁰ ³⁸¹ ³⁸² ³⁸³ ³⁸⁴ ³⁸⁵ ³⁸⁶ ³⁸⁷ ³⁸⁸ ³⁸⁹ ³⁹⁰ ³⁹¹ ³⁹² ³⁹³ ³⁹⁴ ³⁹⁵ ³⁹⁶ ³⁹⁷ ³⁹⁸ ³⁹⁹ ⁴⁰⁰ ⁴⁰¹ ⁴⁰² ⁴⁰³ ⁴⁰⁴ ⁴⁰⁵ ⁴⁰⁶ ⁴⁰⁷ ⁴⁰⁸ ⁴⁰⁹ ⁴¹⁰ ⁴¹¹ ⁴¹² ⁴¹³ ⁴¹⁴ ⁴¹⁵ ⁴¹⁶ ⁴¹⁷ ⁴¹⁸ ⁴¹⁹ ⁴²⁰ ⁴²¹ ⁴²² ⁴²³ ⁴²⁴ ⁴²⁵ ⁴²⁶ ⁴²⁷ ⁴²⁸ ⁴²⁹ ⁴³⁰ ⁴³¹ ⁴³² ⁴³³ ⁴³⁴ ⁴³⁵ ⁴³⁶ ⁴³⁷ ⁴³⁸ ⁴³⁹ ⁴⁴⁰ ⁴⁴¹ ⁴⁴² ⁴⁴³ ⁴⁴⁴ ⁴⁴⁵ ⁴⁴⁶ ⁴⁴⁷ ⁴⁴⁸ ⁴⁴⁹ ⁴⁵⁰ ⁴⁵¹ ⁴⁵² ⁴⁵³ ⁴⁵⁴ ⁴⁵⁵ ⁴⁵⁶ ⁴⁵⁷ ⁴⁵⁸ ⁴⁵⁹ ⁴⁶⁰ ⁴⁶¹ ⁴⁶² ⁴⁶³ ⁴⁶⁴ ⁴⁶⁵ ⁴⁶⁶ ⁴⁶⁷ ⁴⁶⁸ ⁴⁶⁹ ⁴⁷⁰ ⁴⁷¹ ⁴⁷² ⁴⁷³ ⁴⁷⁴ ⁴⁷⁵ ⁴⁷⁶ ⁴⁷⁷ ⁴⁷⁸ ⁴⁷⁹ ⁴⁸⁰ ⁴⁸¹ ⁴⁸² ⁴⁸³ ⁴⁸⁴ ⁴⁸⁵ ⁴⁸⁶ ⁴⁸⁷ ⁴⁸⁸ ⁴⁸⁹ ⁴⁹⁰ ⁴⁹¹ ⁴⁹² ⁴⁹³ ⁴⁹⁴ ⁴⁹⁵ ⁴⁹⁶ ⁴⁹⁷ ⁴⁹⁸ ⁴⁹⁹ ⁵⁰⁰ ⁵⁰¹ ⁵⁰² ⁵⁰³ ⁵⁰⁴ ⁵⁰⁵ ⁵⁰⁶ ⁵⁰⁷ ⁵⁰⁸ ⁵⁰⁹ ⁵¹⁰ ⁵¹¹ ⁵¹² ⁵¹³ ⁵¹⁴ ⁵¹⁵ ⁵¹⁶ ⁵¹⁷ ⁵¹⁸ ⁵¹⁹ ⁵²⁰ ⁵²¹ ⁵²² ⁵²³ ⁵²⁴ ⁵²⁵ ⁵²⁶ ⁵²⁷ ⁵²⁸ ⁵²⁹ ⁵³⁰ ⁵³¹ ⁵³² ⁵³³ ⁵³⁴ ⁵³⁵ ⁵³⁶ ⁵³⁷ ⁵³⁸ ⁵³⁹ ⁵⁴⁰ ⁵⁴¹ ⁵⁴² ⁵⁴³ ⁵⁴⁴ ⁵⁴⁵ ⁵⁴⁶ ⁵⁴⁷ ⁵⁴⁸ ⁵⁴⁹ ⁵⁵⁰ ⁵⁵¹ ⁵⁵² ⁵⁵³ ⁵⁵⁴ ⁵⁵⁵ ⁵⁵⁶ ⁵⁵⁷ ⁵⁵⁸ ⁵⁵⁹ ⁵⁶⁰ ⁵⁶¹ ⁵⁶² ⁵⁶³ ⁵⁶⁴ ⁵⁶⁵ ⁵⁶⁶ ⁵⁶⁷ ⁵⁶⁸ ⁵⁶⁹ ⁵⁷⁰ ⁵⁷¹ ⁵⁷² ⁵⁷³ ⁵⁷⁴ ⁵⁷⁵ ⁵⁷⁶ ⁵⁷⁷ ⁵⁷⁸ ⁵⁷⁹ ⁵⁸⁰ ⁵⁸¹ ⁵⁸² ⁵⁸³ ⁵⁸⁴ ⁵⁸⁵ ⁵⁸⁶ ⁵⁸⁷ ⁵⁸⁸ ⁵⁸⁹ ⁵⁹⁰ ⁵⁹¹ ⁵⁹² ⁵⁹³ ⁵⁹⁴ ⁵⁹⁵ ⁵⁹⁶ ⁵⁹⁷ ⁵⁹⁸ ⁵⁹⁹ ⁶⁰⁰ ⁶⁰¹ ⁶⁰² ⁶⁰³ ⁶⁰⁴ ⁶⁰⁵ ⁶⁰⁶ ⁶⁰⁷ ⁶⁰⁸ ⁶⁰⁹ ⁶¹⁰ ⁶¹¹ ⁶¹² ⁶¹³ ⁶¹⁴ ⁶¹⁵ ⁶¹⁶ ⁶¹⁷ ⁶¹⁸ ⁶¹⁹ ⁶²⁰ ⁶²¹ ⁶²² ⁶²³ ⁶²⁴ ⁶²⁵ ⁶²⁶ ⁶²⁷ ⁶²⁸ ⁶²⁹ ⁶³⁰ ⁶³¹ ⁶³² ⁶³³ ⁶³⁴ ⁶³⁵ ⁶³⁶ ⁶³⁷ ⁶³⁸ ⁶³⁹ ⁶⁴⁰ ⁶⁴¹ ⁶⁴² ⁶⁴³ ⁶⁴⁴ ⁶⁴⁵ ⁶⁴⁶ ⁶⁴⁷ ⁶⁴⁸ ⁶⁴⁹ ⁶⁵⁰ ⁶⁵¹ ⁶⁵² ⁶⁵³ ⁶⁵⁴ ⁶⁵⁵ ⁶⁵⁶ ⁶⁵⁷ ⁶⁵⁸ ⁶⁵⁹ ⁶⁶⁰ ⁶⁶¹ ⁶⁶² ⁶⁶³ ⁶⁶⁴ ⁶⁶⁵ ⁶⁶⁶ ⁶⁶⁷ ⁶⁶⁸ ⁶⁶⁹ ⁶⁷⁰ ⁶⁷¹ ⁶⁷² ⁶⁷³ ⁶⁷⁴ ⁶⁷⁵ ⁶⁷⁶ ⁶⁷⁷ ⁶⁷⁸ ⁶⁷⁹ ⁶⁸⁰ ⁶⁸¹ ⁶⁸² ⁶⁸³ ⁶⁸⁴ ⁶⁸⁵ ⁶⁸⁶ ⁶⁸⁷ ⁶⁸⁸ ⁶⁸⁹ ⁶⁹⁰ ⁶⁹¹ ⁶⁹² ⁶⁹³ ⁶⁹⁴ ⁶⁹⁵ ⁶⁹⁶ ⁶⁹⁷ ⁶⁹⁸ ⁶⁹⁹ ⁷⁰⁰ ⁷⁰¹ ⁷⁰² ⁷⁰³ ⁷⁰⁴ ⁷⁰⁵ ⁷⁰⁶ ⁷⁰⁷ ⁷⁰⁸ ⁷⁰⁹ ⁷¹⁰ ⁷¹¹ ⁷¹² ⁷¹³ ⁷¹⁴ ⁷¹⁵ ⁷¹⁶ ⁷¹⁷ ⁷¹⁸ ⁷¹⁹ ⁷²⁰ ⁷²¹ ⁷²² ⁷²³ ⁷²⁴ ⁷²⁵ ⁷²⁶ ⁷²⁷ ⁷²⁸ ⁷²⁹ ⁷³⁰ ⁷³¹ ⁷³² ⁷³³ ⁷³⁴ ⁷³⁵ ⁷³⁶ ⁷³⁷ ⁷³⁸ ⁷³⁹ ⁷⁴⁰ ⁷⁴¹ ⁷⁴² ⁷⁴³ ⁷⁴⁴ ⁷⁴⁵ ⁷⁴⁶ ⁷⁴⁷ ⁷⁴⁸ ⁷⁴⁹ ⁷⁵⁰ ⁷⁵¹ ⁷⁵² ⁷⁵³ ⁷⁵⁴ ⁷⁵⁵ ⁷⁵⁶ ⁷⁵⁷ ⁷⁵⁸ ⁷⁵⁹ ⁷⁶⁰ ⁷⁶¹ ⁷⁶² ⁷⁶³ ⁷⁶⁴ ⁷⁶⁵ ⁷⁶⁶ ⁷⁶⁷ ⁷⁶⁸ ⁷⁶⁹ ⁷⁷⁰ ⁷⁷¹ ⁷⁷² ⁷⁷³ ⁷⁷⁴ ⁷⁷⁵ ⁷⁷⁶ ⁷⁷⁷ ⁷⁷⁸ ⁷⁷⁹ ⁷⁸⁰ ⁷⁸¹ ⁷⁸² ⁷⁸³ ⁷⁸⁴ ⁷⁸⁵ ⁷⁸⁶ ⁷⁸⁷ ⁷⁸⁸ ⁷⁸⁹ ⁷⁹⁰ ⁷⁹¹ ⁷⁹² ⁷⁹³ ⁷⁹⁴ ⁷⁹⁵ ⁷⁹⁶ ⁷⁹⁷ ⁷⁹⁸ ⁷⁹⁹ ⁸⁰⁰ ⁸⁰¹ ⁸⁰² ⁸⁰³ ⁸⁰⁴ ⁸⁰⁵ ⁸⁰⁶ ⁸⁰⁷ ⁸⁰⁸ ⁸⁰⁹ ⁸¹⁰ ⁸¹¹ ⁸¹² ⁸¹³ ⁸¹⁴ ⁸¹⁵ ⁸¹⁶ ⁸¹⁷ ⁸¹⁸ ⁸¹⁹ ⁸²⁰ ⁸²¹ ⁸²² ⁸²³ ⁸²⁴ ⁸²⁵ ⁸²⁶ ⁸²⁷ ⁸²⁸ ⁸²⁹ ⁸³⁰ ⁸³¹ ⁸³² ⁸³³ ⁸³⁴ ⁸³⁵ ⁸³⁶ ⁸³⁷ ⁸³⁸ ⁸³⁹ ⁸⁴⁰ ⁸⁴¹ ⁸⁴² ⁸⁴³ ⁸⁴⁴ ⁸⁴⁵ ⁸⁴⁶ ⁸⁴⁷ ⁸⁴⁸ ⁸⁴⁹ ⁸⁵⁰ ⁸⁵¹ ⁸⁵² ⁸⁵³ ⁸⁵⁴ ⁸⁵⁵ ⁸⁵⁶ ⁸⁵⁷ ⁸⁵⁸ ⁸⁵⁹ ⁸⁶⁰ ⁸⁶¹ ⁸⁶² ⁸⁶³ ⁸⁶⁴ ⁸⁶⁵ ⁸⁶⁶ ⁸⁶⁷ ⁸⁶⁸ ⁸⁶⁹ ⁸⁷⁰ ⁸⁷¹ ⁸⁷² ⁸⁷³ ⁸⁷⁴ ⁸⁷⁵ ⁸⁷⁶ ⁸⁷⁷ ⁸⁷⁸ ⁸⁷⁹ ⁸⁸⁰ ⁸⁸¹ ⁸⁸² ⁸⁸³ ⁸⁸⁴ ⁸⁸⁵ ⁸⁸⁶ ⁸⁸⁷ ⁸⁸⁸ ⁸⁸⁹ ⁸⁹⁰ ⁸⁹¹ ⁸⁹² ⁸⁹³ ⁸⁹⁴ ⁸⁹⁵ ⁸⁹⁶ ⁸⁹⁷ ⁸⁹⁸ ⁸⁹⁹ ⁹⁰⁰ ⁹⁰¹ ⁹⁰² ⁹⁰³ ⁹⁰⁴ ⁹⁰⁵ ⁹⁰⁶ ⁹⁰⁷ ⁹⁰⁸ ⁹⁰⁹ ⁹¹⁰ ⁹¹¹ ⁹¹² ⁹¹³ ⁹¹⁴ ⁹¹⁵ ⁹¹⁶ ⁹¹⁷ ⁹¹⁸ ⁹¹⁹ ⁹²⁰ ⁹²¹ ⁹²² ⁹²³ ⁹²⁴ ⁹²⁵ ⁹²⁶ ⁹²⁷ ⁹²⁸ ⁹²⁹ ⁹³⁰ ⁹³¹ ⁹³² ⁹³³ ⁹³⁴ ⁹³⁵ ⁹³⁶ ⁹³⁷ ⁹³⁸ ⁹³⁹ ⁹⁴⁰ ⁹⁴¹ ⁹⁴² ⁹⁴³ ⁹⁴⁴ ⁹⁴⁵ ⁹⁴⁶ ⁹⁴⁷ ⁹⁴⁸ ⁹⁴⁹ ⁹⁵⁰ ⁹⁵¹ ⁹⁵² ⁹⁵³ ⁹⁵⁴ ⁹⁵⁵ ⁹⁵⁶ ⁹⁵⁷ ⁹⁵⁸ ⁹⁵⁹ ⁹⁶⁰ ⁹⁶¹ ⁹⁶² ⁹⁶³ ⁹⁶⁴ ⁹⁶⁵ ⁹⁶⁶ ⁹⁶⁷ ⁹⁶⁸ ⁹⁶⁹ ⁹⁷⁰ ⁹⁷¹ ⁹⁷² ⁹⁷³ ⁹⁷⁴ ⁹⁷⁵ ⁹⁷⁶ ⁹⁷⁷ ⁹⁷⁸ ⁹⁷⁹ ⁹⁸⁰ ⁹⁸¹ ⁹⁸² ⁹⁸³ ⁹⁸⁴ ⁹⁸⁵ ⁹⁸⁶ ⁹⁸⁷ ⁹⁸⁸ ⁹⁸⁹ ⁹⁹⁰ ⁹⁹¹ ⁹⁹² ⁹⁹³ ⁹⁹⁴ ⁹⁹⁵ ⁹⁹⁶ ⁹⁹⁷ ⁹⁹⁸ ⁹⁹⁹ ¹⁰⁰⁰ ¹⁰⁰¹ ¹⁰⁰² ¹⁰⁰³ ¹⁰⁰⁴ ¹⁰⁰⁵ ¹⁰⁰⁶ ¹⁰⁰⁷ ¹⁰⁰⁸ ¹⁰⁰⁹ ¹⁰¹⁰ ¹⁰¹¹ ¹⁰¹² ¹⁰¹³ ¹⁰¹⁴ ¹⁰¹⁵ ¹⁰¹⁶ ¹⁰¹⁷ ¹⁰¹⁸ ¹⁰¹⁹ ¹⁰²⁰ ¹⁰²¹ ¹⁰²² ¹⁰²³ ¹⁰²⁴ ¹⁰²⁵ ¹⁰²⁶ ¹⁰²⁷ ¹⁰²⁸ ¹⁰²⁹ ¹⁰³⁰ ¹⁰³¹ ¹⁰³² ¹⁰³³ ¹⁰³⁴ ¹⁰³⁵ ¹⁰³⁶ ¹⁰³⁷ ¹⁰³⁸ ¹⁰³⁹ ¹⁰⁴⁰ ¹⁰⁴¹ ¹⁰⁴² ¹⁰⁴³ ¹⁰⁴⁴ ¹⁰⁴⁵ ¹⁰⁴⁶ ¹⁰⁴⁷ ¹⁰⁴⁸ ¹⁰⁴⁹ ¹⁰⁵⁰ ¹⁰⁵¹ ¹⁰⁵² ¹⁰⁵³ ¹⁰⁵⁴ ¹⁰⁵⁵ ¹⁰⁵⁶ ¹⁰⁵⁷ ¹⁰⁵⁸ ¹⁰⁵⁹ ¹⁰⁶⁰ ¹⁰⁶¹ ¹⁰⁶² ¹⁰⁶³ ¹⁰⁶⁴ ¹⁰⁶⁵ ¹⁰⁶⁶ ¹⁰⁶⁷ ¹⁰⁶⁸ ¹⁰⁶⁹ ¹⁰⁷⁰ ¹⁰⁷¹ ¹⁰⁷² ¹⁰⁷³ ¹⁰⁷⁴ ¹⁰⁷⁵ ¹⁰⁷⁶ ¹⁰⁷⁷ ¹⁰⁷⁸ ¹⁰⁷⁹ ¹⁰⁸⁰ ¹⁰⁸¹ ¹⁰⁸² ¹⁰⁸³ ¹⁰⁸⁴ ¹⁰⁸⁵ ¹⁰⁸⁶ ¹⁰⁸⁷ ¹⁰⁸⁸ ¹⁰⁸⁹ ¹⁰⁹⁰ ¹⁰⁹¹ ¹⁰⁹² ¹⁰⁹³ ¹⁰⁹⁴ ¹⁰⁹⁵ ¹⁰⁹⁶ ¹⁰⁹⁷ ¹⁰⁹⁸ ¹⁰⁹⁹ ¹¹⁰⁰ ¹¹⁰¹ ¹¹⁰² ¹¹⁰³ ¹¹⁰⁴ ¹¹⁰⁵ ¹¹⁰⁶ ¹¹⁰⁷ ¹¹⁰⁸ ¹¹⁰⁹ ¹¹¹⁰ ¹¹¹¹ ¹¹¹² ¹¹¹³ ¹¹¹⁴ ¹¹¹⁵ ¹¹¹⁶ ¹¹¹⁷ ¹¹¹⁸ ¹¹¹⁹ ¹¹²⁰ ¹¹²¹ ¹¹²² ¹¹²³ ¹¹²⁴ ¹¹²⁵ ¹¹²⁶ ¹¹²⁷ ¹¹²⁸ ¹¹²⁹ ¹¹³⁰ ¹¹³¹ ¹¹³² ¹¹³³ ¹¹³⁴ ¹¹³⁵ ¹¹³⁶ ¹¹³⁷ ¹¹³⁸ ¹¹³⁹ ¹¹⁴⁰ ¹¹⁴¹ ¹¹⁴² ¹¹⁴³ ¹¹⁴⁴ ¹¹⁴⁵ ¹¹⁴⁶ ¹¹⁴⁷ ¹¹⁴⁸ ¹¹⁴⁹ ¹¹⁵⁰ ¹¹⁵¹ ¹¹⁵² ¹¹⁵³ ¹¹⁵⁴ ¹¹⁵⁵ ¹¹⁵⁶ ¹¹⁵⁷ ¹¹⁵⁸ ¹¹⁵⁹ ¹¹⁶⁰ ¹¹⁶¹ ¹¹⁶² ¹¹⁶³ ¹¹⁶⁴ ¹¹⁶⁵ ¹¹⁶⁶ ¹¹⁶⁷ ¹¹⁶⁸ ¹¹⁶⁹ ¹¹⁷⁰ ¹¹⁷¹ ¹¹⁷² ¹¹⁷³ ¹¹⁷⁴ ¹¹⁷⁵ ¹¹⁷⁶ ¹¹⁷⁷ ¹¹⁷⁸ ¹¹⁷⁹ ¹¹⁸⁰ ¹¹⁸¹ ¹¹⁸² ¹¹⁸³ ¹¹⁸⁴ ¹¹⁸⁵ ¹¹⁸⁶ ¹¹⁸⁷ ¹¹⁸⁸ ¹¹⁸⁹ ¹¹⁹⁰ ¹¹⁹¹ ¹¹⁹² ¹¹⁹³ ¹¹⁹⁴ ¹¹⁹⁵ ¹¹⁹⁶ ¹¹⁹⁷ ¹¹⁹⁸ ¹¹⁹⁹ ¹²⁰⁰ ¹²⁰¹ ¹²⁰² ¹²⁰³ ¹²⁰⁴ ¹²⁰⁵ ¹²⁰⁶ ¹²⁰⁷ ¹²⁰⁸ ¹²⁰⁹ ¹²¹⁰ ¹²¹¹ ¹²¹² ¹²¹³ ¹²¹⁴ ¹²¹⁵ ¹²¹⁶ ¹²¹⁷ ¹²¹⁸ ¹²¹⁹ ¹²²⁰ ¹²²¹ ¹²²² ¹²²³ ¹²²⁴ ¹²²⁵ ¹²²⁶ ¹²²⁷ ¹²²⁸ ¹²²⁹ ¹²³⁰ ¹²³¹ ¹²³² ¹²³³ ¹²³⁴ ¹²³⁵ ¹²³⁶ ¹²³⁷ ¹²³⁸ ¹²³⁹ ¹²⁴⁰ ¹²⁴¹ ¹²⁴² ¹²⁴³ ¹²⁴⁴ ¹²⁴⁵ ¹²⁴⁶ ¹²⁴⁷ ¹²⁴⁸ ¹²⁴⁹ ¹²⁵⁰ ¹²⁵¹ ¹²⁵² ¹²⁵³ ¹²⁵⁴ ¹²⁵⁵ ¹²⁵⁶ ¹²⁵⁷ ¹²⁵⁸ ¹²⁵⁹ ¹²⁶⁰ ¹²⁶¹ ¹²⁶² ¹²⁶³ ¹²⁶⁴ ¹²⁶⁵ ¹²⁶⁶ ¹²⁶⁷ ¹²⁶⁸ ¹²⁶⁹ ¹²⁷⁰ ¹²⁷¹ ¹²⁷² ¹²⁷³ ¹²⁷⁴ ¹²⁷⁵ ¹²⁷⁶ ¹²⁷⁷ ¹²⁷⁸ ¹²⁷⁹ ¹²⁸⁰ ¹²⁸¹ ¹²⁸² ¹²⁸³ ¹²⁸⁴ ¹²⁸⁵ ¹²⁸⁶ ¹²⁸⁷ ¹²⁸⁸ ¹²⁸⁹ ¹²⁹⁰ ¹²

15-1
Verily, God is
in this place

One of the most thought-provoking bits of symbolism from that
of
other wise man ~~from~~ the East, R.T., is that poem which tells of the
would-be ascetic who set out to find God: (Read poem) "The gardener-at
midnight!"

The poet, in a few bold strokes, here paints one of the saddest
phases of human life. It is sad enough to stumble over the burning sands
of a desert following some glistening mirage. It is sad enough to pursue
in despair some will-o-the-wisp of hope. And human life is full of such
futile quests and heart-breaking pursuits. But how infinitely sadder it
is to behold men forsaking garden lands for the sake of distant mirages,
heat-giving, light-yielding fires for ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ elusive will-o-the-wisps.
And yet how many are the men and the women who waste the glorious oppor-
tunities which life has laid at their door because their eyes are forever
scanning the distant horizon. How many are the men and the women who fail
to hear the soft, soul-satisfying music of everyday life because their
ears are attuned to the wild ravishing song of some unseen Pan which calls
them irresistably to those far-off sun-kissed fields of delight which
prove to be but howling wildernesses and marshes of despondency. How many
are the men and women who like the ascetic of the poem, seek God while in
truth they are forsaking Him!

That other great mystic of the age, Maeterlinck, has also em-
bodied this wistfulness and pathos of life in his play, "The blue bird".
The eternal quest for happiness in the Great Beyond - how tragic that is!
yet life even like these
And in the great drama of ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ are we not all fond children,
seeking the blue-bird in the far and distant lands, in realms beyond, in
worlds other than our everyday one. And how few are those who return
from the quest to learn that the blue bird is after all to be found in
our own home, in our own little world, in the near and present things.

70-5

The human race is not in want of the motive force, of the propelling impulses, of the driving ambitions. God blessed man with the gift of restive longing. Men do strive! But it is after things beyond their ken! They lift up their eyes to the mountains thinking that there is the abode of help and happiness. They leave the valley which is rich in promises and opportunities, and climb with bleeding feet the barren mountain heights, and when the top is reached, they find neither help nor happiness, but wide stretches of emptiness. They cannot even return to the valley! For from the top of the mountain the valley and its homes and its people ~~look~~ appear so small ~~XXXXXX~~ and aimless and insignificant to them, So that they are lost in the grey sadness of life, and their days are spent in sorrow and contemplation of the things that might have been.

I knew such a man. Men called him a success. Which he was - a tremendous business success! But a gigantic human failure! He, too, had sacrificed all for the great beyond! For the ultimate goal! For the final Great Success! (Book)

Look about you and see the many lives that have been wrecked, the many souls that have been crushed by this same fatal obsession or delusion - this thought that happiness is bound up with the ultimate things, that it is to be found in the goal only and not on the road, that it is there and not here, then and not now. How many are the men who have spoiled their lives, driven all ~~XXXXXX~~ beauty, all sweetness, all nobility, all expansive contentment from it because of their hard, furious drive after some distant success which to them was synonymous with happiness. How many women have brought bitterness, envy, hatred, unhappiness into their lives by forsaking the infinite opportunities for real contentment which their life, their home, their surroundings afforded them and setting out in desperate pursuit of social recognition, social position, and

such flummery. And the young people who find their homes too humble. We are all seeking our gods away from home. We are all sacrificing the present for the future.

An intensely human prayer is that prayer of the Talmudist -
(Hebrew see p 3 of mss)

"Teach us to number our days". To number our days! To count them as one would count a string of pearls! One by one! Each one sufficient unto itself and all blending into a perfect unity. To number our days! To live each day fully, intensely, richly! Not to sacrifice it for another day but to live it! To fill it with glory and the splendor of achievement. The song which should forever be upon our lips is *(Hebrew - see p 3 of mss)*, "This is the day which the Lord hath made - let us find our joy and happiness in it".

And rich in spiritual intimations is that Biblical legend of Jacob fleeing from his home. (Read) of Jacob: "Verily, God is in this place and I did not know it". Jacob's descendants also received a similar revelation. (Read)

(mss. ends here)