

Through the Valley of Humiliation

August 7, 1925

The soul plods wearily on his way
Tired, tired yet dares not turn back.
Darkness around and enemies fierce and bold,
Dangers threaten, temptations on every hand,
Yet he holds, holds to the path.
Holds, though he cannot see a step ahead,
Each step forward but increases the blackness;
Yet not to the right nor to the left.
Alone he travels—like one that's lost.
On! On! and still onward!
Fatigue o'ercomes the body and weariness
The mind. But one thought remains, one alone;
If this be the way to the Celestial City,
If this be the highway to God,
If this alone is the road to salvation,
This the Peace to Peace, the Street called "Straight"
Then dwells not here Doubt and Despair.

On! on! thou Traveler! night abideth not forever!
The day will come and light in due season,
Prayer and humility are thy weapons,
List to thy heart and fear not.
Others have gone before thee;
Others have passed this way and found Peace;
Thou art not the only traveler,
Keep to thy tracks and have faith,
Faith in thy Maker! thy Beloved! thy All!
If thou canst fight this battle,
If thou canst fight and win,
What hast thou to fear in the future?

Buddha fought with Mara, Horus with the serpent,
Christ with the devil, Hercules with Hydra,
Ahura battled Ahriman, and who were the victors?
Light! light won every time. Troy fell, the Achaeans were not beaten,
Armageddon is a daily battle,
Therefore fight, O son of man, fight!
Krishna stands behind thee, why turn back?
Strength and courage comes from the Lord.
Remember Him in thy despair and hope,
Hope ... the sun still shines by day,
The stars illumine the sky by night.